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## Le Forum, Vol. 41 No. 3

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# *Le* FORUM



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

VOLUME 41, #3

FALL/AUTOMNE 2019



*Photo:*  
WAYNE NADEAU

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**Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002**

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

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

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

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

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## Lettres/ Letters

### THE WAY IT IS..... no apologies, s.v.p.

We all have pet peeves. One that is really annoying is the continued apology, "Oh, we speak Canuck French" or "Our French is not Parisian French." Let's face it, even Parisian French is not standard French. Standard French is the French spoken in the Loire Valley. The French spoken by our ancestors in Quebec was the standard French of the time. King Louis the XIV would say, "L'état c'est moé". Today, "moé" and "toé" are part of the old French known as "joual", referring to the way the settlers would say "cheval". Among the settlers there were colonists, soldiers, and mariners with different degrees of education. In the 1600's the French spoken in Quebec was the standard French of the day among the elite (educated). What changed were several facts, including the passage of four centuries. First and foremost was the battle on the Plains of Abraham where the destiny of 60,000 French colonists changed in a 20-minute battle between Generals Wolfe and Montcalm. With the Treaty of Paris, the English permitted the settlers to continue to speak their language and practice their religion because they were outnumbered. However, if settlers wanted to participate in trade or government, they had to be bi-lingual. Being a stubborn race not everyone cooperated. Many sought the

support of their religion and their religious schools to keep their French culture alive. It is thanks to the Catholic church and the Parochial schools that French is still spoken in Quebec. Another factor was the yearning for a better life in the second life --- Paradise. Consequently, many parents did not promote education as much as the English. A new child for "l'habitant" (the farmer) was another hired hand. In seven or eight years, that child could gather eggs, clean the chicken coop, pull weeds, etc. A current philosophy for many at the time was that you never wanted your children to be smarter than you or you would lose them. Therefore, a lot of children were taken out of school after three or four years of schooling to help on the farm. Even though many settlers did not have a formal education, they were not stupid. They were very resourceful and they had to be. They were "les survivants", the survivalists.

Other factors were the lost of contact with the Mother Country and the necessity to work side by side with the English who often owned the large companies. User manuals were another factor. When Pèpère bought his Buick, the manual did not say "la calandre" for grill, "l'enjoliveur" for hubcaps or "les pneus à flancs blancs" for whitewalls. Consequently, many English words became incorporated in "la langue québécoise" this way. Today, manuals are required by law to be translated into standard French.

Words were also made up because there was little contact with the French for decades, e.g. "la bacasse" (the back house) instead of "la vespasienne", "le tripoteur" (the chiropractor) instead of (le kinésthéra-

peute), or (le blé d'Inde" (corn) instead of (maïs) became part of the vocabulary.

However, the French themselves cannot be so sanctimonious, they do the same e.g. "la redingote" (riding coat), "le week-end" (la fin de semaine) and "mail" (e-mail). Also, thanks to "la langue québécoise", most of the new tech vocabulary added to the French language is developing in the computer industries around Montreal.

Noah Webster had a big influence on the American English dialect with the publication of his "American English Dictionary". Today, there exists an equivalent by Léandre Bergeron, "le Dictionnaire de la langue québécoise". After four centuries, an American English dialect exists alongside a Quebec French dialect, as well. French Canadians have no qualms about the way they speak. An educated Quebecker can easily converse with an educated Frenchman just as an educated American can easily converse with an educated Englishman. So, the difference is education. Francos picked up their French at home and in the streets. Unfortunately, they were not offered the opportunity to learn or speak "school French". Case in point, a friend told my mother once, "Hier, j'ai baïké un cake", now that is Canuck (hillbilly) French. At least she knew how to put the sentence into "le passé composé".

So that is the way it is. Never, ever tell a Quebecois that they speak Canuck (bad) French. They speak French "avec un zeste", like Americans who speak English "with a twist"

*Xavier de la Prade  
Petaluma, CA*

*Chère Le Forum;*

Je reçois et lis fidèlement "*Le Forum*" depuis plusieurs années.

Vous trouverez ci-inclus un chèque pour renouvellement de souscription et un peu de surplus pour les oeuvres du Centre Franco-Américain, à l'Université du Maine.

Je vous envoie également deux petits poèmes pour insérer dans votre prochaine numéro. Je les ai écrits pour lire à une réunion du Club Richelieu ici à Woonsocket. Je ne continue à vous envoyer de mes poésies. (J'en ai un trentaine, et aussi des articles intéressants si vous voulez. J'ai écrits dans les journaux français de la Nouvelle Angleterre il y a plus de cinquante ans quand ces journaux existaient encore. Ça me vieillit n'est ce pas? (84 ans) mais j'ai fait

des études à Rivier, et j'ai travaillé dix ans au Bureau chef de L'Union St. Jean Baptiste d'Amérique à Woonsocket, (1954-1964).

Mon ordinateur est en panne depuis deux jours et ma fille doit venir à mon secours la semaine prochaine pour me remettre brochés. Donc je vous écris à la main aujourd'hui.

Bonne Chance dans votre entreprise du **FORUM**, ainsi qu'à votre équipe. Vous faites un bon travail très utile.

*Trudy Lamoureux  
Woonsocket, RI*

(Voir page 29)

*Dear Le Forum;*

Lisa you are the force behind *Le Forum* and what a great job you are doing! Enclosed is my renewal for 2 years.

Thanks for all you do for the Franco-American population.

*Sincerely,*

*Ken Soucy, Pinellas Park, FL*



# P'tit Jean & le vieux magicien

*Par Don Levesque*

*Notez b'en: Le conte traditionnel de Petit Jean m'a été conté par M. Thadée Lausier de Grand Isle dans les années 1970 quand j'travaillais pour Roger Paradis à l'université de du Maine à Fort Kent. Pour entendre M. Laurier raconter le conte, allez au Archive Acadienne de l'université du Maine à Fort Kent et demandez pour le CD.*

Ont commence: **P'tit Jean pi le vieux magicien**

Une fois y avais un p'tit gah a peut près de ton âge qui restais dans un village pas mal comme icitte. Y restais tous seul avec sa mère en cause que son père travaillais loin. Une bonne journée, la mère a P'tit Jean lui d'mande d'aller chercher du pain pi du lait au magasin. P'tit Jean dit oui toute suite pi y décolle a pied vers le magasin.

Y avais un p'tit vieux avec un vieux damier assis su' un banc pas loin du magasin. Y dit, "Bonjour, P'tit Jean."

P'tit Jean connaissais pas le p'tit vieux mais y répond poliment, "Bonjour, messieur."

Le vieux dit a p'tit Jean, "Vien jouer une game de dames avec moué."

P'tit Jean explique qu'y avais pas l'temps en cause qu'y allais en commission pour sa mère. Le p'tit vieux dit, "Vien, vien. Ca prènera pas d'temps, tu va ouaire."

P'tit Jean voulais pas être éfonté pi y savais qu'une game de dames ça prend pas grand temps d'habitude. Y dit, "Okay. Juste une game."

"Merci, merci," dit le p'tit vieux. "J'm'ennuyais assis icitte tous seul." Y sort les dames de sa poche, les place sur le damier pi y dit, "Enouaye, mon jeune homme, commence."

P'tit Jean pousse une dame rouge. Le p'tit vieux pousse une dame noir. Mais, bang-bang-bang! la game était fini pi P'tit Jean avais gagné. "T'es bon en tabarouette!" dit le p'tit vieux. "Viens, ont va en jouer une autre. T'as vu que ça prend pas d'temps."

P'tit Jean pousse une dame rouge. Le p'tit vieux pousse une dame nois. Pi bang-bang-bang! P'tit Jean gagne encore.

"T'es a plein a plein meilleur que j'pensais," ris le p'tit vieux. "On devrais

faire une p'tit gagure pour le fun. Cosse tu dit?"

P'tit Jean voulais pas vraiment gager mais le p'tit vieux souriais pi y avais l'aire assez gentil. "Okay," repond p'tit Jean. "Juste pour le fun."

Le p'tit vieux part a rire pi y faise la main su' sa vielle quisse. "Okay okay," y dit. "Ce lui la qui pert trois games de file va être l'esclave du gagnant pour l'restant de sa vie." Pi y part a rire.

P'tit Jean ris lui itou pi y s'assis su' l'banc sure de gagner.

P'tit Jean pousse une dame rouge. Le p'tit vieux pousse une dame noir. Pi bang-bang-bang! le p'tit vieux gagne. Trois fois de files le p'tit vieux gagne.

Y s'lève déboute, le visage en grimace, les poings fermées b'en dur. Ces vieux yeux, maintenant rouge comme l'enfer r'garde P'tit Jean sans cligner. "La j'tes, mon p'tit snoreau! La j'tes!" cri le p'tit vieux a pliene tête. "La t'est mon esclave pour l'restant d'ta vie, mon P'tit Jean!"

Pauvre P'tit Jean, y savais pas quoi dire. Y avais faite une gagure avec le p'tit vieux pi y avais perdu trois games de files. Y avais pas d'choix. "Oui, c'est vrais," dit P'tit Jean tous bas.

"Quoi? C'est quoi que tu dit, mon p'tit snoreau? Parle plus fôrt que j't'entendre."

"C'est vrais que je suis votre esclave," dit P'tit Jean un peut plus fôrt.

"Plus fort!" cri le p'tit vieux en dansant su'une patte pi l'autre en riant comme une vielle corneille. "Plus fôrt! Plus fôrt!"

"C'est t'assez fôrt," dit P'tit Jean, voulant pas qu' sa mère entendre le p'tit vieux. "Ou resté vous, messieur?"

Le p'tit vieux ris encore plus fôrt. "J'rest a l'autre bôrd du soleil!" y cri. Pi, tous d'un coup, le p'tit vieux disparaiss.

P'tit Jean s'lève deboute pi y r'garde allentours mais y voyais pas l'ptit vieux. Y commence a marcher vers le soleil. Y avais pas d'choix. Y avais donné sa parole. Y' avais faite une gagure pi y avais perdu. P'tit Jean était l'esclave du p'tit vieux pour l'restant de sa vie. C'était au simple que ça.

Avant trop trop longtemps y passe une maison blanche sur une petite colline. Y avais une femme su' l' perron apres accrocher du linge su' 'a ligne. "Bonjour, P'tit Jean," a dit, une clothes pin entre les dents.

"Bonjour," dit P'tit Jean.

"Ésyous que t'est partis pour aller, P'tit Jean?"

P'tit Jean conte a la femme quoi qu'avais arrivé. La femme met ses deux mains sur les hanche et a r'garde P'tit Jean

avec des gros yeux. "Va pas la, P'tit Jean," elle dit serieusement.

"Mais j'ai donné ma parole pi j'ai perdu," dit P'tit Jean, la tête basse.

"J'te dis, P'tit Jean, faute pas que tu alle la. C'est un vieux magicien! Ma fille, Petite Chaperon Vert ces faite prendre dans un piège la s'maine passée, pareil comme toué. La elle est l'esclave du vieux magicien pour l'restant de sa vie. Va pas la, P'tit Jean!"

P'tit Jean dit, "J'ai pas de choix, madame. Y faut que j'y alle."

"B'en, si c'est ça que tu veut, prend mon joul Gros Gris. Va su' l' bôrd d' la rivière pi tu va ouaire une grosse île. Appel Gros Gris pi y va mnire a toué. Ride Gros Gris jusqu'a l'autre bôrd du soleil, P'tit Jean. J'me fie a toué."

P'tit Jean remerci la madame pi y decsend un p'tit ch'min étroite jusqu'au bôrd de la rivière. Comme de faite, y avais une grosse île au mitant de la rivière. P'tit Jean cri, "Gros Gris!" Rien. Y cri encore, "Gros Gris!" Y cru d'ouaire que chôse grouillé a travers les abres. "Gros Gris!" Tous d'un coup, un beau gros joul gris, le plus beau joul que P'tit Jean avais jamais vu, sôrt du bois en courant. Le joul saute a l'eau pi y nage jusqu'a côté de P'tit Jean.

P'tit Jean grimpe su' l'dos de Gros Gris pi l'joul décolle comme une balle. P'tit Jean s'tchènaiss aussi fôrt qui pouvais. Le joul courais tous l'temps plus vite. Y courais assez fôrt qu'y ont commencé a flyer. P'tit Jean avais quissement peur mais Gros Gris volais comme un nuage, très vite mais très solide.

Dans rien d'temps sontais rendus chez l'vieux magicien.

P'tit Jean met Gros Gris dans l'étable pi y va a maison, cogner a la porte d'en arrière. Une voix douce dit, "Entrée." P'tit Jean rentre dans la cuisine pi y voie la plus belle fille qu'y avais jamais vu après faire la vaiselle. C'était Petite Chaperon Vert. Elle se tourne vers lui et dit, "P'tit Jean! Cosse tu fait icitte!"

P'tit Jean lui conte s'qu'y étais arrivé. A dit, "Mon djieu, P'tit Jean. Tu peut pas rester icitte. Le vieux magicien est près a revenir. Sauve toué, P'tit Jean, sauve toué en attendit que tu peut!"

P'tit Jean dit, "Non, j' me sauve pas sans toué, Petite Chaperon Vert. J'peut pas t'laisser icitte avec le vieux magicien!" Y s'en va a l'étable pour essayer de trouver une manière de s'sauver avec Petite Chaperon Vert.

(Suite page 5)

*(P'tit Jean & le vieux magicien suite de page 4)*

Après tchuque minutes, y s'en dort. "P'tit Jean!" P'tit Jean fait un saut. Y r'garde allentours pi y oué personne. Y s'farme les yeux. "P'tit Jean!" La P'tit Jean étais sur qu'y avais pas rêvé. "P'tit Jean!" P'tit Jean s'assis pi y r'gard Gros Gris. Gros Gris dit, "P'tit Jean, faut faire tchuque chöse." Gros Gris parlais!

"J'sais," dit P'tit Jean, "mais shu pas sure quoi faire, you know."

"Moué j'sais," dit Gros Gris. Gros Gris étais un joul magique qui pouvais dire l'avenir. Gros Gris dit, "Demain matin le vieux magicien va te demander de jouer a la cachette. Tu ira su' bôrd du pondou, tu t'coupera une branche, pi tu pêchera dans l'pondou. Quand tu poignera un petite poisson toute lette, ratatinée, pi qui fait pitché, tu prendra ton couteau de poche pi to commencera a le cleaner."

Comme de faite, le vieux magicien arrive a l'étable l' lendemain matin pi y dit a P'tit Jean, "Aujourd'hui a jouent a la cachette. C'est toué qui conte jusqu'a cent!" Pi y disparais.

P'tit Jean s'ferme les yeux pi y conte jusqu'a 100. Après ça y descend jusqu'au pondou pi y s'coupe une branche pi y commence a pêcher. Y poignais des beaux gros poissons, plus beau pi plus gros qu'y avais jamais vu. Tous d'un coup, y poigne un p'tit poisson lette, toute ratatinée, qui faisais vraiment pitché. P'tit Jean perd pas d'temps pi y commence pour cleaner le poisson. BANG! Le poisson devien le vieux magicien. Pi y étais pas content! "Mon p'tit snoreau! Tu gagne aujourd'hui mais ont ouaira b'en demain!" Pi y disparais.

P'tit Jean étais fier de son coup. Y r'tourne a l'étable pi y conte toute ça a Gros Gris en riant. Gros Gris dit, "Demain matin vous allez encore jouer a la cachette. Tu ira au milieu du verger. Tu va ouaire un beau gros t'ahbre de pomme. Tu grimpera dans l'toppe de l'ahbre. La tu va trouver une p'tite pommette verte a moitié pouris. Tu prendra ton couteaux de poche pi to commencera a éplûcher la pommette."

L' lendemain matin le vieux magicien vien a l'étable très de bonne heure pi y dit a P'tit Jean, "Ont jouent encore a cachette pi c'est toué qui conte!" pi y disparais.

Quand P'tit Jean a fini de conter y va au milieu du verger ou y trouve un beau gros t'ahbre de pomme, remplis de belle pomme rouge. P'tit Jean grimpe jusqu'au toppe de l'ahbre. Y avais une p'tite pommette verte a

moitié pouris. P'tit Jean commence a éplûcher la p'tite pommette. BANG! La pommette devien le vieux magicien. Y étais encore plus malin que la journée d'avant. Y étais assez fâché qu'y avais d'la misère a parler. "Mon! Mon! Mon p'tit snoreau! Mon p'tit vera! Mon! Mon! Mon! Demain! Demain! On ouaira b'en demain qui va gagner!" pi y disparais.

P'tit Jean avais assez envie d'rire que c'est effrayable. Voir le vieux magicien trembler de rage l'avais fessé assez drôle qu'y avais envie de buster. Y s'dépêche pour aller a l'étable conter toute ça a Gros Gris. Mais Gros Gris riais pas. "Ris pas, P'tit Jean! Le vieux magicien a figuré que shu un joul magique. Y va mnir s't'enuite pi y va m'tuer."

P'tit Jean cri a tous coeur, "Non! J'va tuer l'vieux magicien!"

Gros Gris dit, "C't'enuit ride moué d'un boute du ciel a l'autre, aussi vite que tu peut. Ramasse ma sueur dans un crûchon. Demain matin frotte moué avec ma sueur. Asteur, couche toué pi r'pose toué une p'tite secouse."

Aussitôt que l'soleil étais couché P'tit Jean saute su' Gros Gris pi y décolle tou' 'es deux a pliene vitesse, d'un boute du ciel a l'autre, aussi vite que possible. P'tit Jean ramasse un crûchon de sueur de Gros Gris pi y r'tourne a l'étable, épuisés.

L' lendemain matin P'tit Jean s'reveille en peur. Gros Gris étais mort. "Gros Gris," dit P'tit Jean tous bas, les larmes aux yeux. "Gros Gris, reveille toué." Rien. Gros Gris étais vraiment mort. P'tit Jean prend le crûchon de sueur pi y commence a frotter Gros Gros. Y frottais pi y frottais pi y frottais pi rien arrivais. Y continue a frotter pi a frotter, ses larmes se mélans avec la sueur a Gros Gris.

Tous d'un coup, Gros Gris ouvre un oeille pi y dit, "Vite, P'tite Jean! Y faut s'sauver toute suite. Mé que l'vieux magicien ouaie que shu pas mort, y va nous tuer tous 'es deux!"

P'tit Jean dit, "Faut que j'alle chercher Petite Chaperon Vert. J'peut pas la laisser icitte avec le vieux magicien."

"Dépêche toué! Dépêche toué! Ont a pas d'temps a perde," dit Gros Gris, deboute pi près pour partir.

P'tit Jean prend sa course pi y rente dans 'a cuisine. Petite Chaperon Vert etais après ballier. "Vien t'en, Petite Chaperon Vert! Y faut s'sauver au plus sacrant!" Petite Chaperon Vert lâche le ballette drette la pi a part a courir avec P'tit Jean vers l'étable.

Y saute tous 'es deux su' Gros Gris qui décolle comme un balle. Dans rien d'temps y flyais. Après une p'tite éscouse, Petite Chaperon Vert dit, "Le vieux magicien vien par darrière nous autres! Y ses viré en nuage pi y fly lui itou."

Gros Gris dit, "P'tit Jean a tu ton peigne avec toué?"

P'tit Jean sôrt son peigne. "Tire les en arrière," dit Gros Gris.

Le peigne tourne en montagne pi le nuage du vieux magicien reste stucke après l'bôrd d'la montagne.

Après une p'tite sécouse, Petite Chaperon Vert dit, "Le vieux magicien vien encore par darrière nous autres. Y ses tourné en géant pi y pile par desus les montagnes!"

Gros Gris dit, "P'tit Jean, as tu ton couteaux d'poche?"

P'tit Jean sort son couteau d'poche. "Tire les en arrière," dit Gros Gris.

Les montagnes tourne en rasoirs.

Après une p'tite sécouse, Petite Chaperon Vert dit, "Le vieux magicien s'coupe le devant des jambes avec chaque pas, mais y continue a mnire par darrière nous autres."

Gros Gris dit, "P'tit Jean, a tu encore un caré d'sucre comme tu m'donne a manger?"

P'tit Jean sort le darnier caré d'sucre. "Tire les en arrière," dit Gros Gris.

Le caré sucre tourne en sel pi vous savez toute comment ça fait mal du sel sur une coupure. Le vieux magicien tourne de bôrd pi y s'en va chez eux toute découragé.

Gros Gris ramène P'tit Jean pi Petite Chaperon Vert chez eux. P'tit Jean va au magasin chercher du lait pi du pain pour sa mère.

Pi tous l'monde vive un belle vie plaisante.

*Don Levesque est un gah de Grand Isle, Maine, qui a été a high school a Van Buren, au collège a Fort Kent, travaillais a Madawaska, a marié une fille de St-André, NB, pi qui reste a St-Basile, NB.*

*Il a été au St. John Valley Times pour 25 ans, de vendeur d'annonce a journalist a Publisher et Editor a partir de 1996 jusqu'a 2010 quand il a pris sa retraite. Il a écrit une chronique, Mon 5ç, de 1988 a 2015.*

*Il est dans le Maine Franco-American Hall of Fame et dans le Maine Journalism Hall of Fame.*

# More of The Early years in Biddeford

*From a Memoir, Leaving Maine*

*By Gérard Coulombe  
Fairfield, CT*



Wedding party, Felix Coulombe and Clara Coutu [my mom and dad] at my grandparents' home, a half-duplex with barn and shed attached at rear of yard.

L.R. Joseph Coutu [my grandfather], Marie, Lucie Poirier, Coutu [my grandmother], Joseph LeFevre [best man], Eva Coutu [mom's youngest sister & maid of honor],

Clara Coutu [my mom], Felix Coulombe [my dad], Olivia Grenier [my dad's sister-in-law] and Joseph Grenier [Olivia's second husband standing in for my deceased grandparents, my dad's parents]. The little girl, the flower girl is Gabrielle Chabot, [oldest child, but at this point, maybe the only, of one of my mom's sister's, Eugenie Chabot, who had married a lumberjack. "Gabe" married a paratrooper named Herson, who was, going into WW II. A glider trooper, Herson's glider "successfully" landed; he survived the war.

*I believe that Mrs. Olivia Grenier's former husband was deceased, making her related to my dad by marriage to a relative named Coulombe, whom I never knew or whose exact relationship to my dad I ever knew. My dad was like that, and my mom was never completely honest with past relationships, given that one of her sister's had been given up for adoption [on the church doorstep], as far as I knew, and which fact I did not learn until much later when my mother, again, failed to reveal the complete details... such were the early relationships as far as we children knew. Whereas my dad was a silent man, although an actor by avocation, my mom was a more secretive woman than I ever knew. Something that I neither understood nor ever learned why that was. While, for many reasons my father was no better at explaining things, it seems far more reasonable that I knew him as the "silent type" simply because... well, I rationalize, he was always more at ease in his role of "acting" parent, as he was never home, choosing to work second shift, than he was when he was at home, at which time, he was either silent, mostly, or sleeping because he was either back from work or soon going to work, second shift. Mr. Grenier remained my father's best friend for all of his life. He was the more jovial of the two. My dad remained pretty much the silent man, unless, the door was left opened for him to assume the dramatic pose that allowed him to declaim. (See page 9)*

# The Franco-American: "Le Jeune Homme, Gerard"

*By  
Gerard Coulombe*

Growing up in Biddeford, Maine, as a Franco-American citizen was hardly a unique experience. Many others had done so before me and after me. While I left home at seventeen, soon after graduating from high school, it was not to attend college, as my parents neither knew how to help me to apply, nor did they have the savings to send me because, for all of their lives, my parents lived week to week on dad's paycheck; woe to the family had either of them fallen ill, for my mother never had the savings to cover rent, ever, and, as far as Dad was concerned, It was never that life was ever so dire for him, it was that wages were low, throughout the years that he worked; even overtime, when it was available during the war years, meant that the extra money went to pay those extra expenses, like visits to the dentist, which rarely resulted in a cavity being filled, but, more naturally, in a tooth being extracted

There were three parishes in Biddeford, proper, serving Catholics when I enlisted. There was the Irish church, Saint Mary's which was closed sometime between my enlistment and graduation from college, and there were the Franco-American churches: Saint Joseph, on Elm Street, the oldest church and the only one still functioning, and Saint Andre, on Bacon Street, which was closed long after I left Biddeford altogether. [I heard, recently that its beautiful, stained glass windows, the ones I looked at as an altar boy, as the pastor preached, were sold to someone in Japan--years ago, already. Correction or confirmation requested.]

There was no unwinding of the clock. Franco-Americans assimilated into the ordinary, Anglo population. High school graduations, one after another, and wars saw to that. Horrors: With my G.I. Bill, I earned a master's degree in English, and, I had grown,  
*(Continued on page 7)*



*(The Franco-American continued from page 6)*

as had my best friends in our French speaking neighborhoods of Biddeford, Maine, a bedrock Yankee town, had grown. And, all of a sudden, parishes in town could no longer support secondary schools.

My Catholic School education never depended on my teachers ever advising me that I could or should attend college, although in elementary and grammar school, priests, or teachers or both advised some of us to seek a religious vocation through prayer. There was no counselor at Saint Louis High School. Although, some of my classmates did attend college. Some who did had no need of teacher advice on that score.

Their parents were, themselves, educated enough to value education and to have been able to manage well-paying jobs or own their own businesses, in which case, they might have been better able to support education, particularly for a son, as a lawyer or dentist or, even a doctor. We had no counselors; as an aside, I do not recall that Saint Louis, Biddeford, 1947-1950, had a library, for, I was so accustomed to the public library. One of my Saint Andre Elementary School Teachers had compelled me to go with her to get my library card, and she had, every time, accompanied me to the library after school, and, thereafter, simply to see to it that I not only returned the books that I had taken out to read or look at, but to assure herself, also, that I checked out even more books to read.

The miracle of this “compulsory guidance” is that I was both shameful to be escorted across town to the library by Miss Grenier, but, it was difficult or impossible to avoid her, my third and fourth grade, lay, teacher.

She would have dragged me down and up Main Street to the MacArthur Library and back to school if I had tried to skip out of her parental grasp. Later, in my adulthood, when I visited her home to thank her, I called her a saint because, had she not dragged me to the library, I might never have gone. Seriously. None of my friends ever did; and neither did my parents because, although I saw my dad read. I never knew that he could read English. But he had to have known how to read some French, because I had seen him read *La Presse*, and, as he had been an actor before he married in 1930, and he could not have acted without having known how to read his lines before memorizing them, something I had to learn to do, too,

because I, following, innocently, in my dad’s footsteps, did get my first acting role, as “Sergeant Javorsky” in *The Great Sebastian*, a community theatre production when I was about his age when he acted. After all, “He took the late train when he married.” I heard my mother say, many times.

Interestingly, neither my dad nor my mom ever talked about our dad’s acting—not while I was at home, as far as I can recollect. My sisters have never, to my knowledge, commented on the subject of our dad as an actor, for, later, what was retrospect at the time, he surely had been an actor all of his life, for declaiming was dad’s only manner of speech. Parenthetically, what I can say now is that our father never changed. My sisters and I had to have known all along that all of our father’s speech was that of a voice that declaimed; to be sure, he never spoke in answering or asserting something in any, normal way. I mean, our Dad always spoke as if he were delivering his lines, call it “speech.” For him, life which included marriage was like acting the part in a theatrical production: Everyday life, to our father, was like a play with assigned parts, and for all of his life, he had his role to play. I must say, Felix Coulombe, actor and father played his role to the hilt when he had to. Otherwise, he knew his roll to be that of the silent onlooker on the stage of daily life. But, surely, in the dank weave room, he, paradoxically sweated away all of his natural life, mostly, alone at the task.

To make a longer story even shorter, my dad, our dad, certainly knew his part very well from one point of view, only, and that was that of the officious parent—this, in retrospect: I could not have, ever, faulted him on his lines, I suppose. I was not or rarely at home when he was getting himself ready for work after dinner with my mother. We were at school. We children were also in school when he left home with his lunch pail for work at two-thirty p.m., and from which he would return, walking all the while, to get home at around midnight.

I was up at five-thirty a.m., often, as an altar boy for the six a.m. Mass at either the convent or the Church. When I returned home for breakfast, Dad was asleep, when I left for school, he was asleep; I had a job after school, and on weekends, when I was older. When I was young, I was out and about, playing, because, in our day, kids wandered far and wide. Were kids today to do what we did, parents would go absolutely nuts, out of their minds. In my day, our only

restrictions as kids were that we had to be back in time for supper; otherwise, we had leftovers, or we would and could go without.

But, in those days, there were corner stores on every block or on every corner where we kids could buy a wide range of candy varieties and sodas to fill-up on. We had to beg for money! But barring any available small change from the small change purse in mom’s pocket, there wasn’t any small change available to us. Oh! During the War. We collected all that we could sell at a junk yard, and with the pocketed money, we bought chewing gum which we kids, as a group, managed to stick under our folding seats, and later as we were older and sat no longer in the front row, hut way up in the balcony under the projectionist’s window, we manage to maneuver ever closer to one of the girls who sat up there, too, and managed to kiss a girl, having held her hand, first, before maneuvering an arm safely across the back of her neck to grab a hold of her right arm and hold it ever tighter.

It was the only thing, then, that we knew how to do when hugging a girl in our movie theatre seats, when young and thinking to ourselves, “What do I do with this gum that I’m tired of chewing, and I certainly don’t want to exchange pieces of gum with her while kissing...”

So, we, I, just stuck it under my seat with the fingers of my left hand, having successfully removed the gum from my mouth and properly disposed of it before smothering her mouth by successfully placing my lips on hers, as she, too, sought mine. It was an initial accommodation, of sorts, one that was not easy, but became exciting and terrifying.

I worked throughout secondary school and helped, in this way, with the household income, and I became, to some extent, independent.



(N.D.L.R. this article first appeared in the Maine Sunday Telegram, Sunday, November 5, 2017. Titled: *Fall should remain the season of silence.*)

## Noise Pollution

by *Linda Gerard*  
*DerSimonian*

As we travel down the technological superhighway of our lives, the world is getting noisier, despite my deep affection for silence. There is a calmness in the air as Autumn unfolds with its colored splendor, and leaves quietly twirl to the ground. But when the branches become bare, the ambience changes. I hear the roar of leaf blowers being fired up, spewing toxic gasoline, and vandalizing Autumn's spirit of quietude. The shrill, ear piercing noise disconnects me from the gentle whisper of the natural sounds in my neighborhood; squirrels and chipmunks scratching through the dry, fallen leaves, and breezes tiptoeing through the trees. With bated breath, I wait for the machine to be turned OFF.

Today, it is rare to see people using

the human caress of their hands to rake and sweep leaves up in a pile. The exercise that raking leaves commands from us would eliminate the need to visit an inside gym that day. It might foster the gift of a conversation with a neighbor or a walker passing by, and it leaves the air and ground cleaner. Leaves deserve to go their final rest without pollution and motor noise, which is not in tune with their nature's flow and grace.

On my walk yesterday, I saw a family with two children on their front lawn. The parents were raking leaves into a pile as the children, with mile long smiles on their faces, and belly laughs, were jumping in them. It was a sentimental scene that renewed old memories of my siblings and I having the same fun when I grew up in the fifties and sixties. I juxtapose that warm scene with seeing a covered pick up truck stop in front of a large apartment complex. Out come six men carrying gas-powered backpack leaf blowers, holding the blowing wands in their hands, like soldiers ready to attack with their guns.

There are many other noise pollutions in our daily lives that could be eliminated, but our society seems to be afraid of quiet, and thinks that we need constant auditory

stimulation. Establishments assume we need background music. For example, most restaurants, hair salons, grocery, furniture, and other stores have nonstop piped in music whether we like the music, or are in the mood to listen or not.

Then, there is the omnipresent noise from television screens, who never stop talking; grabbing our time in many of the common spaces in professional offices we visit. TVs delete the sounds of silence with their every other minute commercials, programs, and round the clock news. Do we need to focus our eyes on a loud box with constant flickering scenes as we wait to be seen by a doctor or dentist? I think it would be more dignifying to sit and listen to the rhythm of my own heartbeat, perhaps have the chance to bond with a stranger, or simply have quiet moments with other people sitting in the room.



(N.D.L.R. this article first appeared in the Maine Sunday Telegram, Sunday, January 22, 2017.)

## Opening Eyes to the Virtues of Squirrels

by *Linda Gerard*  
*DerSimonian*

Most people think of gray squirrels as tenacious thieves who raid their bird feeders and interfere with their good intentions of feeding and watching birds in their yards. It frustrates them that squirrels possess the keen native intelligence to outsmart most anti-squirrel tactics they employ to bar them from their premises. Others, like me, in the minority, find some virtue in this creature who does what he needs to do to stay alive.

On the outdoor stage, squirrels are vibrant characters in a silent nature film. They are nimble acrobats in a 3-ring circus, who perform death-defying feats for me to see throughout the theater of the four seasons.

They leap through the air like Spiderman springing from building to building, and careen across telephone wires like tightrope walkers.

It's when Autumn's dazzling colored leaves have grown old, and swirl down to



mingle with the ground, that you can vividly see squirrels scampering up and down bare branches and tree trunks with their tails spread over their backs like parachutes.

When old man winter breathes snow and ice upon our spirits, observing wildlife is scarce, but squirrels stay on the stage. I peer out my windows eager to see them chasing each other up and down and around, crisscrossing towering trees that reach to the sky, like capricious children playing tag with wild abandon. I focus my eyes on one squirrel on a lofty limb and follow

him...I worry if he will fall as he runs along unsteady, pencil thin branches that sway in the wind; but his sharp claws never seem to fail him. He rockets from branch to branch, and sprints up and down the tree trunk like a well-greased zipper.

Squirrels are part of nature's checks and balances. Yes, they steal seed out of bird feeders, pull up new plants, and eat bulbs from gardens, but they're doing what comes naturally to them to survive. They prey upon nesting birds and their eggs, but cats, hawks, and owls prey on them. Occasionally, they may damage trees by chewing bark and branches, but since their two upper and two lower teeth continually keep on growing, they need to gnaw to keep their teeth filed down. They can hurt a tree's new growth if they eat its buds and shoots, but on the other hand, if they overlook and don't retrieve a seed or nut that they buried, it can germinate into a seedling tree in the spring, which helps replant our forests, or add to the natural landscape in our own yards.

I'm grateful for the lovely old Oak and Maple trees in my neighborhood who perform many kind deeds, one being to provide a habitat for squirrels. Like curtains  
*(Continued on page 9)*

# Franco Americans: 1931-1933

*By Gerard Coulombe*

I'm a Franco-American, and by definition, I am an American of French-Canadian descent. For my purpose, I am a Franco-American of the kind whose parents were Franco-Americans. My mother, Clara, Fabiola Coutu, who was born in the States of parents who were Franco-Americans. I believe her parents, my grandparents, were naturalized citizens, since they were admitted as citizens of the United States. It sounds stupid to say it this way, but in the day, there were people, Americans, who did not believe anyone who was Canuck, that is, born Canuck French could be either French or American. They, descendants of the Puritans, I suppose, could not believe that anyone here before them could be anything other than some other, whatever they were or however they called themselves. Whatever!

These Franco-Americans, our parents, lived in Biddeford, Maine, a textile mill town like any other in Maine that employed Quebecois Canadians because they were hard laborers who complained very little and could be trusted to do their work and be happy with it. One company in town, the Saco Lowell Company, made textile machinery for home and export use. They, too, employed French. The other industries were a box shop and, later, shoe shops.

The box shop got its wood from the logging industry on the Saco River, the same River that provided continuous power to the textile mills, the power of the water turned turbines that in turn generated the electrical power that ran all the motors powering the machinery in the various sections of the mills located in these huge brick and heavy lumber, multistoried buildings on the river that produced the cloth that made the sheets, pillows, towels of various kinds and other and varieties of magnificent textiles, such as parachutes during World War Two.

The descendants of the Quebec French were born Americans who grew up to vote and some even attended public schools at a time that Catholic Schools were functioning and the teaching, early on was in French, and the start of the day began with a prayer, followed by a singing of the French National anthem: "O Canada!" The Pledge of Allegiance might have followed. The start of the Second World War changed all of that. The State, I seem to recall, mandated that

all instruction be in English with the exception of French as a language and French as "literature." Previously, our instruction had been in French.

Had English been a foreign language to me? It certainly was. My friends in my French speaking neighborhood were all French. That's why we had moved from our former neighborhood where Irish kids ruled the street. So those of us French kids stuck together, as we spoke only French at home and so did our parents and in the tenement block that we lived in; everyone else spoke French.

My grandfather Coutu, my mom's dad, and his wife raised their children in a half-duplex with barn built in the shadow of Saint Joseph's Church on Lower Elm Street, which is U.S. Route 1. Three of their near dozen children were citizens until they were not. Two of them, girls, became nuns, sisters of a Canadian order. They took their studies and vows in Canada and worked their whole lives, as nuns, in Canada. One other girl was given away, for reasons unknown and was placed in a Canadian orphanage until she was old enough to marry; at which point, when her husband died, the children, whose stepmother she was, expelled her, their stepmother, from her [their] home. She, "my aunt," wrote to her older Sister Eugenie in Maine, and, having been accepted by Eugenie, an older sister of hers [as my mother was, too] who was married with grown, married children, in the town where she had been born, came to live in our hometown—this when I was still a teen.

Curiously, neither my mother nor any one of her two sisters living in the same town that we lived [repetition is so important to this story] in had ever mentioned, to me or to my sisters, this woman who was their sister who had been given away as infant, when both were children themselves, and who now was coming to town to live with her older sister, Eugenie

To me, and I'm sure to my two, younger sisters, just learning this from my mother was a strange and curious event in the late 1940's. Why had mother not told us about having had a sister given away "to the Church" as an infant and who became a "disappeared" person in the lives of my mother, her brother, Antonio, for another,

and my four aunts. Marie Louise and Rose Anna, the nuns, Eugenie, the oldest of the surviving girls, and my Aunt Eva who always favored me, and who had taken care of her parents, my grandparents in whose home my parents were living when I and my two sisters were born.

My grandfather spent his time looking after me when I was allowed to play on the grassy knoll or to climb a cherry tree, or to ride the lawn swing along with him, or to join him whenever he sat in the opening of the barn door to whittle a toy for me. From the time I was able to open the front gate to step on the sidewalk, Pepere was the one who had looked after me from the time I was able to walk until I was we moved away.

I tell you, walking out the front gate to my grandfather's property and step onto the sidewalk, I was allowed and able to wander way down the street [not that far, really] to the corner of Cutts and Bradbury where there was and still is a gathering of rock formations that allowed our imaginations to transform these crags into forts from which we could fight imaginary battles back and forth, and all this, in memory, at such a young age...I wasn't more than three, imagine the possibility today, wandering away, already, playing war games...as we kids already knew, how had we learned all these things? Cowboys and Indians from cereal boxes for sure, but where did war come from. I have an idea that it might have been a book on Eugenie's living room table that was always there for me to turn one page of photos after another, all about World War One.

*(Continued on page 10)*

*(Opening Eyes to the Virtues of Squirrels continued from page 8)*

opening up at a play I'm eager to watch, I anticipate seeing the daily show of squirrels in action as they go about their routines. If they packed up their nuts and took their act away, I'd surely miss them!



# Honoré Mercier “Takes the Heart of Young America” at Old Orchard Beach

August 21, 2019. Biddeford, Home, Maine, Old Orchard Beach, Politics, Quebec  
By James Myall

On August 4 1890, an overflow crowd packed Biddeford’s Opera House for a political speech. Community leaders from several parts of the state had come to pay their respects to the speaker and hear his ideas. The speaker that night was not a Maine politician, nor a federal official from Washington, but Honoré Mercier, the Premier of Québec, and his audience was largely made up of Franco-Americans.

tion, part politics.

By 1890, Old Orchard had already established itself as a vacation resort, and had become popular with Québécois, especially upper-class residents of Montréal. A correspondent for L’Electeur, a Quebec City newspaper, described the appeal in a pair of reports on August 15 and 21, 1890:

*“Perhaps like me, driven by a misplaced sense of patriotism, you have only*

The journey to Old Orchard Beach, some 280 miles from Montreal, was made possible by the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway’s connection to Portland in 1859, and to downtown OOB from 1873. The Électeur correspondent, writing under the pen-name of “O Varech,” (Varech is a French word for kelp) described the train journey as a hot day’s worth of stifling hot temperatures, followed by the sweet relief of the breeze brought by the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the trip into Maine.

Due to the Beach’s widespread appeal, Premier Mercier was not the only distinguished Canadian guest there that summer. Old Orchard House, perhaps the most famous of the town’s hotels, paid host to Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, Aldric Ouimet, Mayor James McShane of Montreal, several judges, members of the clergy, and other representatives of high society. According to Varech, about a quarter of the residents at the Old Orchard House that summer were French Canadians. Perhaps with some partisanship, Varech declared that the French Canadians were the envy of other guests, with their beautiful women and tasteful outfits (which he contrasted to the “screaming” clothes of the Americans). What’s more, at least according to Varech, the Americans delighted in hobnobbing with the Canadian elite:

*(Continued on page 11)*



*Biddeford City Opera House, June 1890.*

*Image: McArthur Public Library/ Maine Memory Network.*

The Premier had been asked to speak in Biddeford by Daniel Côté, a prominent member of the local Franco community, and one of Biddeford’s representatives in the state legislature. Mercier and his family were staying at nearby Old Orchard Beach, their first stop on a trip that was part vaca-

*previously had occasion to dive into the icy waters of the Gulf [of St Lawrence]. But in doing so, you haven’t known anything like the experience at Old Orchard...Those who have, once, put their foot on the long and silky shore at Old Orchard, always come back, or talk about coming back.”*

**(Franco Americans: 1931-1933 continued from page 9)**

My grandmother was blind and hard of hearing. She sat by a window in the kitchen in a comfortable chair and looked out of a window, where she could imagine seeing my grandfather and I on the lawn swing, going back and forth.

My “memere,” did not speak very much, so, all I could hear was my aunt, named Eva, who cared for her mother, my grandmother, of course. My aunt yelled, shouted, at her mother, repeatedly, so she could hear what little was being said to her. All that I recall of her is that she seemed small in her chair by the window.

My two little sisters were near in-

visible; maman kept the two of them away from my aunt, as she believed they were ruining the flower beds, and, apparently, had told my mother so. As for me, I was the exception, for Aunt Eva loved me. I knew that even then. But, I did not like her or the witch that I thought she was, even then, although I had not, as of yet, learned about witches and witchcraft. That would come much later.

My aunt never yelled at me. I learned that I was her favorite of “the children.” It was true. My aunt did not like my sisters who were aged two and one, at the time. I knew nothing about this then. I was too busy looking askance as I ate lunch with my grandfather who ate his peas with his knife

and much of everything else. That, to me, was pretty clever of him. I think I tried eating my peas like that, loading them up, in line on the blade part of the knife and then lifting the knife to my mouth to dump the load of peas into my opened mouth, but I never managed to get very far without first getting the knife to my mouth with even one left over pea still enjoying the distance between my plate and my mouth. I didn’t say how close to one’s plate one had to bring his mouth.

Papa worked for the WPA at the time. That’s the “Works Progress Administration.”

Father worked on a bridge somewhere. That, I seem to recall. But, as to what bridge and how he got to his work, I had and have no idea, and I do not recall ever asking.

(Honoré Mercier “Takes the Heart of Young America” at Old Orchard Beach continued from page 10)

**“The Yankees claim not to be attracted to titles whatsoever, yet in my observation, there’s nothing they want more, without wanting to let it show.”**

Mercier himself was treated like a celebrity as well. His speech appears to have been barely noticed by the local English-language journalists. The Portland Daily Press ran a short notice that botched the Premier’s name, calling him “L.A. Mercier.” Nonetheless, reports in French Canadian papers claimed that the audience included Yankees as well as Francos from Biddeford and elsewhere.

Mercier’s speech focused on education, which was a cornerstone of his policy agenda in Quebec. He had come to the premiership in 1887 as the head of the Parti National, a coalition of Mercier’s own Liberal Party with a small number of Conservative assembly members supporting them. Mercier’s nationalist platform had won him popularity in the aftermath of Louis Riel’s

arrest and execution by the federal government in 1885. Mercier’s government’s accomplishments included holding the first inter-provincial convention to curb the power of Canada’s federal government. Mercier’s views on education reflected his cross-party appeal. He advocated the expansion of publicly funded education, but within the existing Church-run system of schools.

L’Electeur reprinted a portion of Mercier’s speech in its August 11 issue:

**He spoke of education as a means of welfare and well-being for the working classes. He reminded parents that they must never neglect the schools in favor of the factories. He also made an allusion to the liberalism of the citizens of our province towards the Protestant minority, and expressed a wish that the American nationality take a step in the same direction towards our émigré countrymen, whose faith forbids them from attending the public schools.**

**He also gave a elegy to the Canadian woman who devotes herself to teaching. He posited that in principle education should be Christian before anything**

**else, if one wants to make good citizens. He said that he would be like to know how many of the impious have ever spilled their blood on the field of battle. “To be a good patriot you must love your country.” He said. “And to love your country well, you must have religious principles.”**

Mercier was an explicit supporter of Catholicism and the church. As Premier, he had pushed for the restoration of rights to the Jesuit Order, who had been expelled from Canada after the British Conquest in 1760. The day before his Biddeford speech, Mercier had attended Sunday Mass locally, and he was accompanied onstage by clergy from the local parishes.

His intertwined view of education and religion would have been familiar to Franco-Americans in the audience. Most Franco communities in Maine included parish schools in which most of the Franco children were educated. This parallel education system allowed Franco Americans to maintain their native language, but also their Catholic faith. Some parents, as Mercier noted, even saw public schools as an instrument of the Protestant establishment.

Outreach to Franco-Americans was also very much part of Mercier’s nationalist agenda. His government had sent official representatives to the 17th convention of Franco-Americans at Nashua New Hampshire in 1888. He supported efforts to entice Franco Americans to return to Quebec, but also saw a need to support international efforts to promote unity among people of French extraction, and would seek the support of governments in France for his goals.

The speech was apparently well received. L’Electeur said that it was met with a standing ovation and three separate rounds of applause. According to Varech, the Premier was a hit at the Old Orchard Hotel as well:

**The passage of Mr Mercier has left an impression which still lasts. The conversations of which he is the subject are like an echo of his visit. Not only has he stunned the Americans with his bold and practical ideas concerning primary education, in his speech at Biddeford, but he has still taken the heart of young America after having captured the intelligence of their fathers.**

In the wake of his speech, the Premier spent a couple of days “sampling the delights of Old Orchard Beach,” which included a visit to Portland, a trip around the islands and a fishing excursion. According to Va-

(Continued on page 12)



Old Orchard House, Postcard, 1884. Image: Maine Historical Society / Maine Memory Network



Honoré Mercier, 1890. Image: Bibliotheque et Archives Nationales de Québec.



# Help Wanted – The White, Protestant Kind

July 20, 2019 *Acadians, Agriculture, Home, Labor, Maine*

By James Myall



Abandoned Farm, Bethel, Maine, ca 1895. Image: Bethel Historical Society/Maine Memory Network

Rural Maine was in a bad way. Young people were leaving in droves, headed to the cities, or to other states to seek their fortune. Farms sat empty, while the farmers that remained couldn't find enough help.

It's a story that has resonance today, when economists are warning that Maine, especially its rural areas, are seeing economic stagnation and a lack of population growth. In 1908, the Maine Bureau of Labor Statistics summed up the problem like this:

*The great need of the State is for young blood, people who will increase the population by rearing families that will have a love and desire for agricultural pursuits. This is the kind of people that will solve the question of abandoned farms and decrease in population*

Then, as now, one solution was to encourage immigration to Maine. In the early 20th century, the hope was that Maine could see the same kind of population growth that the prairie and plains states had seen in prior

(Continued on page 13)

(Honoré Mercier "Takes the Heart of Young America" at Old Orchard Beach continued from page 11)

rech, "the day passed in the most agreeable way." Mercier may also have attended the costumed balls, witnessed the evening fireworks or bathed in the sea like the other beach-goers.



Old Orchard Beach Center, ca 1900. Image: Dyer Library / Maine Memory Network

This summer idyll was not to last. Unbeknownst to the crowds at the beach that summer, Mercier's premiership was in its final months. Despite having won an electoral victory in June 1890, he would be ousted by December 1891. Mercier's politics had made him many enemies, especially among Anglo-Canadians, the federal government and members of the Conservative Party. Accused of embezzling public funds in September 1891, Mercier was dismissed as Premier in December by the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. Although he was later exonerated, his career as an elected official was effectively over.

Instead, Mercier would turn his attention to the cause of wider Franco-American cooperation. In this capacity he visited dozens of Franco-American cities across New England, and would return to Maine in the summer of 1893.

*(Help Wanted – The White, Protestant Kind continued from page 12)*

decades. Maine had experimented briefly with incentives for immigration before. In 1870, the state offered cash assistance and tax abatements for families to travel from Sweden to Aroostook County, where they founded the town of New Sweden.



*Farm Life in New Sweden, ca 1910.  
Image: New Sweden Historical Society/  
Maine Memory Network*

State support for the New Sweden project ended by 1874, however, and while immigrants (especially French Canadians) continued to stream into Maine's manufacturing cities, the state's rural areas continued to suffer depopulation and stagnation in the later 19th century. Farming in Maine was (and remains) a tough occupation. Many young families moved to the cities for different lines of work, or headed west where land was cheap and productive.

In 1908, the Bureau of Labor took up the issue of rural decline in its annual report. In addition to examining the policy solutions adopted in other states, the bureau surveyed farmers across the state. The bureau asked town clerks to supply them with the names of six "representative farmers" who could report on local conditions. The 1908 report includes accounts from hundreds of communities, with details of the number of farms for sale, the local need for labor, prevailing wages, and key local industries.

The bureau also asked farmers about immigration. Respondents were asked, "in case immigrants from other countries were coming to your town to become permanent residents, what nationalities would you prefer?" While hardly a scientific survey by today's standards, the answers given in 1908, offer a rare and candid look at the attitudes of everyday rural Mainers of the time towards immigration.

The bureau itself recognized that there was "an aversion to anything that savors of alienism," but recommended Mainers put aside their prejudices. The perspective of the Bureau is emblematic of the ambivalence around immigration at the time. On the one hand, it warned:

***When we apply prejudice against everyone born outside of the United States, it is also well to remember that the people who discovered Maine and the rest of the Western Hemisphere were foreigners...In our own state we have communities made up of people from foreign countries and their presence is certainly not detrimental to the prosperity and prosperity of the Commonwealth.***

Yet even as it extolled the virtues of immigration, the Maine Bureau of Labor qualified that support. It distinguished between "desirable and undesirable [immigrants]" but was ambiguous about what made someone "desirable." The Bureau quoted President Theodore Roosevelt's recommendation that the quality of immigrants be assessed on "the individual qualities of the individual man" regardless of nationality or religion – but immediately followed this with reports of several Finnish communities in Maine, reinforcing the impression that nationality was a key component of desirability.



*Finnish Congregational Church Sunday School, West Paris, Maine, 1910. Image: Maine Historical Society/Maine Memory Network*

The farmers and town clerks surveyed by the Bureau displayed a similar range of opinions about immigration. Some of the respondents expressed outright hostility to immigrants. For example a Hodgdon farmer wrote

***I am not much in favor of foreign immigration except those from English speaking countries...I believe in encouraging our own people to settle on our land and keep up the old stock.***

At the other end of the spectrum, a few respondents expressed openness to newcomers, saying they would be happy to see any kind of immigrant in their town. Frequently, however, even this broad-mindedness came with a caveat. A common response was one from a Bridgton resident, who welcomed arrivals, "so long as the people are temperate, honest and industrious, and have intelligence enough to take advantage of the opportunities and benefits of American institutions and citizenship."

Those traits weren't just general descriptors. Americans of the time had strong ideas of which nationalities exemplified those qualities. They were generally Northern European Protestants. Immigrants from Eastern or Southern Europe, Catholics and Jews, were caricatured as lazy people who failed to assimilate, and who drank too much. One farmer from Greenwood, described by the Bureau as having "a general prejudice against foreigners" laid bare the stereotypes attributed to immigrants:

***Of course there are some good ones, as there are some good and bad Americans. I have more faith in those coming from the Protestant countries of Europe than the Latin countries...we also have quite***

*(Continued on page 14)*

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

***a number of Finlanders newly settled and they seem better than we ought to expect from the way their country is run.***

Aside from these prejudices, there was some general concern about immigration that would be familiar to readers today. A Prentiss farmer told the Bureau it should focus on attracting urban Americans to the countryside, rather than “foreign hoboos [sic].” He also worried that immigrants were “made voters for a political purpose.” Claiming that foreign-born residents had the same mental abilities as children, he proposed a waiting period of 21 years before new citizens could vote.

These outright hostile and discriminatory views may well have been minority opinions in early 20th century Maine. But even the vast majority of the responses listed in the Bureau’s report display a clear preference for white, northern European Protestants in favor of any other immigrants.

Overwhelmingly, the first choice of most farmers was for Swedish help. Of 447 responses, some 162 (36%) indicated a desire for Swedes. This might partly have been because Mainers were familiar with the New Sweden colony, and the presence of Swedish immigrants in the state. Several Mainers also said they thought Swedes made the best farmers. Yet Swedes also fit the model of white Protestants from Northern Europe who were thought to be most similar to the old Yankee stock in New England, and who were preferred to other groups. In his 1870 address to the Maine Legislature, then-Governor Joshua Chamberlain explicitly promoted the New Sweden colony by saying that “a little retouching of our color by the infusion of fresh, young Northern blood, would do us no harm.”

Other popular choices included immigrants from elsewhere in Scandinavia, the British Isles, and Germany. British immigrants and those from British provinces (like maritime Canada) were especially desirable from the respondents’ perspective because they already spoke English. A Smyrna resident preferred English speaking residents “as they have a language and a religion [i.e. Protestant Christianity] in common with our own.” Yet the same farmer was concerned that even these immigrants displayed “un-friendliness to American institutions.”

A Pownal farmer reported a “prefer-

ence for the English speaking races,” illustrating the nebulous nature of race theory at the time, which distinguished between different groups of “Whites.”

Somewhat surprisingly, a number of those surveyed expressed a preference for Irish immigrants. When they first came to Maine and the United States, the Irish were treated with suspicion and hostility. But by 1908, they had become part of the group of “good immigrants,” despite their Catholicism. This may partly have been due to their reputation as farmers.



*Immigrant workers at Hall Quarry, Mount Desert, 1905. Image: Maine Granite Industry Historical Society/Maine Memory Network*

Other nationalities were seen as preferable for certain jobs. In York, the correspondent said Italians were sought after, since the town planned several projects in the future, including “road building, brick making, and sewer construction...and they are desirable laborers for this kind of work.” An Oakland man preferred “Dutch for dairymen, Germans for all-round farmers, and Italians as truck drivers.”

**Table of Responses, 1908 BLS Report**

<u>Nationality</u>	<u>Number</u>	<u>Share</u>
Swedes	162	36%
Germans	59	13%
Irish	36	8%
Scots	32	7%
English	26	6%
(Anglo) Canadians	22	5%
Norwegians	20	4%
Danes	19	4%
French	18	4%
No preference	13	3%
Finns	9	2%
Poles	5	1%
Russians	5	1%
Welsh	5	1%
Italians	4	1%
Dutch	4	1%
Scandinavians	2	0%
Northern Europeans	2	0%
British Isles	1	0%
Great Britain	1	0%
“Russian Finns”	1	0%
Hungarians	1	0%
<b>Total</b>	<b>447</b>	

The preference for Northern Europeans expressed by the Maine farmers was very

*(Continued on page 15)*



(Acadian celebrations & family reunions planned in August at CMA 2019 continued from page 14)

different from the reality of immigration at the time. According to the records of the 1910 census, immigrants arriving to the US in 1908 were much more likely to come from Russia, Italy, or the Austrian Empire.

**Origin of Immigrants to the United States in 1908**

<u>Origin</u>	<u>Share</u>
Russia	17%
Italy	17%
Austria	14%
Hungary	7%
Germany	6%
England	5%
Ireland	5%
Canada (English)	4%
Mexico	4%
Sweden	3%
Canada (French)	2%

*Source: 1910 US Census, via the Integrated Public Use Microdata System (IPUMS). Canadian immigrants broken out by native language.*

**Origin of Immigrants to Maine, 1906-1910**

<u>Origin</u>	<u>Share</u>
Canada (French)	38%
Canada (English)	30%
Russia	8%
Turkey	6%
Italy	5%
Ireland	4%
England	2%
Finland	1%
Puerto Rico	1%
Denmark	1%
India	1%
Sweden	1%

*Source: 1910 US Census, via the Integrated Public Use Microdata System (IPUMS). Canadian immigrants broken out by native language.*

In the end, whatever plans the Bureau of Labor had for repopulating rural Maine by encouraging immigration never came to pass. As in the rest of the country, 1908 would represent the high water mark of immigration in Maine. New federal laws would place the first broad-based restrictions on immigration in 1917 and again in 1924. In retrospect The 1908 Bureau of Labor report is a reminder of a path not taken. Instead of attracting more residents from diverse backgrounds, Maine turned inwards in the 20th century, seeing a continued decline in population growth and the flourishing of anti-immigrant movements like the Ku Klux Klan.

Maine’s population continued to grow through the 20th century, but slowly. Between 1900 and 1970, Maine’s population grew by just 300,000, an average of 0.6% per year. As a result, the state’s influence relative to the rest of the country declined. In 1900, Mainers made up 1% of the US population and were represented by four Congressmen. By 1970, that share had halved, and the state now has two Congressional Districts.

Without welcoming more newcomers, Maine’s 21st Century decline could be even more dramatic.

**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.



Aroostook Potato Field, 1916.  
Image: Southern Aroostook Agricultural Museum/ Maine Memory Network

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# Finding the Franco Part II: What do you speak?

I never spoke French at home, like those my age. On the few occasions we did, they were flashwords like “cochon” (which I learned only a couple years ago is called a garbage disposal), “ma-tante”, “memere/pepere”, “maudit”, or “marde” when my mother would get angry. As a child, I had little understanding of these words. All I knew was that they were French, how they sounded, and when to use them, and that’s all I needed to know. My French vocabulary never extended beyond that until a French class in high school, and my pepere and memere were very content with myself taking the class. But in those two years of French I took, I never realized it wasn’t the French of my family and ancestors. It was a formal, Parisian French.

The story of the French language in the last three generations of my family is a familiar one indeed. My parents grew up speaking French as a first language, as they progressed through the 60s and 70s, they slowly gave up their French language in favor of English. Some common reasons for this were pressures from outside, assimilation, and my father’s reason was that, “it wasn’t cool to speak French,” even in Franco-American dominant Lewiston. From the inception of French Canada, French-Canadians and Franco-Americans (I use these terms to mean different things, as inspired from Mark Paul Richard’s book *Loyal But French*, which is a great influence to me and my identity. I will get to this in a later part of *Finding The Franco*) were often at the sharp end of the sword, and were rarely ever able to wield it in defense. In order to not be a social outcast at public school in the Cold War era, you would have to give up your mother-tongue. And to be a social outcast as a teen in the Cold War era, and even to this day, is to lose a coming-of-age story that mainstream culture makes us acclaim. So what choice do you have then, but to give up your language?

Growing up, I never spoke French except for those flashwords. And being in the United States, acclaiming mainstream culture, my language never crossed my mind. In fact, I was happy I didn’t have a barrier between myself and the English-dominant world around me. When middle school came around, one year, we took one semester

each of either foreign language, French and Spanish. I don’t have many memories of that, however French came to me easier than Spanish. Come high school, we were required to take two consecutive years of a foreign language. My choices were Spanish, Latin, and French, and I chose French.

It’s been over four years since I took a French class, but I’m still trying to learn the language. Why am I? I have no practical use for it, nor have I any plans to move outside the United States. After thinking about this for some time, I have realized what the French language means to me. The rest of the world has a set idea of what a Franco-American is, defined only as someone who speaks French and lives in America. The way society defines the Franco-American this way, indirectly affects the way

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***The way society  
defines the  
Franco-American  
this way, indirectly  
affects the way we  
define ourselves as  
Franco-American.***

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we define ourselves as Franco-American. Resulting in the false pretense that you are only Franco-American if you speak French and live in America, and if you speak French and live in America, you are automatically a Franco-American. In order for future differentiation, I call the Franco-Americans of Canadian Descent, Franco (hyphenated) American, and people who speak French and live in America as French (space) Americans. Over the past few centuries, French Americans have derived their own language. Starting from colonial French Canada of the 17th century, and ending with Franco-American towns of the 20th and 21st centuries, each region has its own unique French tongue, due to the rich histories of the people. Not to say these languages are that different. They’re still French, and someone from Lewiston can understand someone’s French from Van Buren, but these are those regional details which make the dialects worth preserving.

Beside the threat of linguistic assimi-

lation, there was another threat to the diverse array of French dialects in Maine, in 1919 a bill became state law which banned practical use of any language in schools beside English. This law lasted until 1960, but the effects were still felt after it was recalled, and even to this day, where most if not all public schools in Maine are English-only, not representative community’s language. Truly, the reason at fault for the loss of the French language is the government. The conservative party rallies for an English-only United States, primarily targeting Spanish-speaking Mexicans (and those in Puerto Rico, a US territory). But what that hypothesis also effects is the French-speaking communities; Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and every other Franco-American community. Our (and others’) language and culture is and always has been a threat to the Anglo-American agenda. Assimilation into Anglo-America is a gangway to that prison.

From the beginning of this article to its end, it may seem that I am wholly against Franco-Americans who speak only English. Instead, I would ask the reader to understand the history of linguistic oppression of the Franco-American population. Linguistic oppression is a common theme in the United States, French or other. If we define our or a culture through language in the United States, then that culture is sure to be lost. In turn, to ensure that Franco-Americans remain, and in large numbers, language should not be a consideration for Franco-Americans. It’s not right that there are so few French speaking Franco-Americans, but that is the status of our society, that languages are lost in favor of assimilation.

“Qui perd sa lange, perd sa foi,” or, “whoever loses their tongue, loses their faith.” This is one of the most common phrases of Franco-America, canonized by the fact that the main faith is in French, and more specifically, the Lord’s Prayer is in French. But as the modern Franco-American identity changes, must the faith be fixed? That’s for the third part of *Finding the Franco*.

— Daniel Moreau

# Franco-American heroine and nursing colleague – Muriel Poulin

*September 13, 2019. Franco-American News and Culture Boston University, polilo epidemic, Springvale*

*By Juliana L'Heureux*

SPRINGVALE, Me– A terrific friend to all, and an expert nurse, Dr. Muriel Poulin was a great lady who proudly represented her family's Franco-American heritage. She died on September 6, 2019, at 94 years old. Her obituary describes a wonderful nursing leadership career.

As a nurse, she was a giant in the profession. Thankfully, with my nursing friend Susan Henderson, we experienced the wonderful opportunity to record Poulin's oral history. She is among the heroines and heroes we wrote about in *Maine Nursing: Interviews and History on Caring and Competence*. "The patient has to be the focus of our attention. I know there is a money problem, but I am sorry, find the money from someplace else. We have to take care of that patient!," she said during the interview.

I first met Muriel because she followed my Franco-American writings. My family lived in Sanford at the time. We met shortly after she retired from Boston University and returned to live in her hometown of Springvale.

A double bond developed in our friendship, because I am a nurse.

She gave me the best advice about how to bake a tourtiere. "You can't bake a good tourtiere without using fat...". Her recipe was among the best. Guests attending many of her annual Christmas parties enjoyed Muriel's tourtiere. In 2017, Muriel and I were inducted into the Franco-American Hall of Fame.



*Franco-American Hall of Fame inductees in 2017, Juliana L'Heureux with Muriel Poulin at the Maine State House in Augusta.*

*Muriel Poulin always welcomed nurses into her Springvale home. We enjoyed this nursing "selfie" with Donna DeBlois, a nurse colleague, after we shared lunch at her home.*

She allowed me to publish her recipe for Rutabaga and Apple Casserole, because we discussed the origin of French words and the translation for "rutabaga" as having French-Canadian origins. Translated, "novet" the word means "turnip", but a rutabaga is much more regal than an ordinary "turnip", because (as every Franco-American knows) it mixes well with other ingredients. Also, novet is excellent when diced and sautéed with vegetable soup ingredients.

Novet et Pomme recette est ici.

<https://www.mainewriter.com/recipes/>

Here is Muriel Poulin's oral history, as it was published in Maine's nursing history. By the way, her unedited interview is also recorded.

The following oral history interview was conducted during a lunch meeting, in Biddeford, Maine, with Susan Henderson:

Muriel Poulin graduated in 1946 from Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing and was coordinator for staff development there early in her career. She was an internationally known administrator and educator whose early work in developing guidelines for the establishment of Magnet designation for hospitals was inspirational to Maine nurses as well as other professional nurses nationally and internationally. She was a Fullbright Scholar and a member of the American Academy of Nursing. In addition to her many roles, after retiring from Boston University, she served on the Board of Directors of the Southern Maine Visiting Nurse Association from 1989 to 1999, was a member of an early study group for the Hospice of Southern Maine and has been a long term supporter of the ANA, in Maine (American Nurses Association).

Nursing has really been the prime focus of my life. I left home to go to nursing school, and I worked all my life both as a staff nurse right up through when I got to be a supervisor at what was really then a city hospital which was in Washington, DC. While I was there, I went back to school and got my BS degree and got to be a head nurse and then got to be clinical director. I started out as head nurse on an orthopedic and medical-surgical floor and then, when I was promoted to supervisor, today it would be a director position, I had all of the medical-surgical unit, the emergency room and what we used to call the central supply, so I had a lot of experience.

From there I went to Damascus, Syria, which I shouldn't have done. But nobody else had a bachelor of science degree, and they were looking for someone with a BS degree. In 1953, 1954, those weren't common. I had gone to Catholic University to get my degree, and I was offered this job. When I was first asked, my reaction was, "Damascus, where is that?" But three months later, I landed in Damascus, Syria. I spent one year there.

I was Director of Nursing and charged with setting up the hospital, Damascus General Hospital, which had been built for several years, and they had just never opened it. We had a team that went over to  
(Continued on page 18)



## LA PIE BAVARDE

À tous et à chacun:

À chaque automne je m'amuse à regarder les feuilles. Chez moi je n'ai pas beaucoup d'arbres feuillus. J'ai transplanté beaucoup d'arbres conifères afin de couper le vent qui parfois veut tout apporter, surtout la neige. Les quelques feuilles qui visitent ma cour sont distinctes. Je peux facilement mettre mon attention sur une seule et la suivre. Il y en a que je peux suivre deux ou trois jours. Et hop! Elle est disparue. J'imagine

(Franco-American heroine and nursing colleague – Muriel Poulin continued from page 17)

help them open that hospital, but because of the political situation, we came home at the end of the year.

I think some elements of nursing is still very with us. The basic element of caring for people and trying to keep them as whole, I think, is still there. The human element is still there. In terms of knowledge, the nurse today has to know so much because there is so much new material: new drugs, new treatments. I can remember the first heart valve patient I took care of. You stood by the bed and could hear the clicking of the metal ball. That's not known today; people wouldn't know what you are talking about. But I can remember standing near a patient who had a valve replacement, and it was metal. And the ball clicked every time there was a pulse; you heard the ball click. If it bothered you a bit as a nurse, you had to get used to it. But just imagine what it felt like for the patient.

When I came back from Syria, I came back to Mass General to be in charge of the education department, and almost right away, it seems, we had this polio epidemic. It was the last big polio epidemic of the world, and patients just came in. Most of them were in iron lungs. We had to recruit, and I think we had to recruit medical students in force. I remember taking a whole class of medical students and teaching them how to run an iron lung. It was something, because those things were big, no doubt about it. The goal was, if the power went off, we had enough people to handle the iron lungs by hand. It was definitely a pressure thing, and you had to push the bellows at the end of the iron lungs in and out. That was what would keep the patient going. The iron lung would help

qu'elle est allée finir ces jours ailleurs.

Ma feuille



Elle est de taille moyenne; un bon quatre pouces à sa largeur et peut-être trois et demi à sa longueur avec une tige de trois pouces à peine. Intrigantes sont ses pointes

the patient survive, and it would relax the patient's body enough that eventually the lungs would start improving a little bit. A lot of the patients were not in the iron lungs; that's where the Kenny packs were used. You would use it every few hours.

I don't remember that we did get sick from patients. I mean if the staff did, it was probably while they were dealing with the public. But I don't remember one case of someone getting it working on that unit. I think people were very frightened, but they were very careful, too. You went around with masks on and used precaution measures. I don't think people understood what caused polio and how it was transmitted. We all used the whole bit: gowns and gloves and masks.

I was teaching. I was in charge of the program in nursing administration, first at the master's level and then, the last year, we had started a doctorate in nursing science with a major in administration. I think that the administrator has to be knowledgeable, and you don't get by by the seat of your pants. You're dealing with top-notch people when you're at that level. And today, you're a Vice President for Nursing, and it means that you're dealing with administrators, physicians, and assistants that are well educated and advanced, and you have to have a very knowledgeable director. They're no longer directors of nursing, but are VPs for Nursing and VPs for Patient Care, and I am all for that. You have to be very knowledgeable to get along with people at this level, because you're no longer a peon or somebody on the lower level. You're on the top of the ladder, and you have to function that way.

I am a strong believer in Bachelor of Science education. Now I don't want to demean or lower the importance of the two year programs, but it has to be baccalaureate education. Two year education to me is not professional nursing. It's technical nursing.

car elle en a cinq et tout autour une bordure finement dentelée. Il ne faut pas oublier sa couleur de rouge-orange la rendant très voyante. "D'où vient-elle?", je me demande.

Je l'ai vue arriver sur le chariot du Vent qui l'a déposée bien gentiment dans mon jardin. Au printemps de sa vie, attachée à une branche, ma feuille jouait avec Vent. Puis en automne Nature a asséché sa verdure (Suite page 21)

My adviser on my doctorate was Mildred Montag, who started the two year program, and Mildred never meant it to be a general degree. She meant it to be a technical degree. And it was taken on by people who did not know her, and it was turned into an RN program with the same education, the same credentialing. That's unfortunate. If you want to function on the level of other professionals, you have to have a professional degree, and the two year degree doesn't do it. That's the first thing I'd say if you're interested in nursing. I know why they go to the two year schools, to give them a reputation, to give them a job. But I'm sorry; it's worth looking at the four year program. There is help with scholarships to help people in the four year programs. I don't want to demean the two year program. But if at all possible, a young man or woman should go through the four year program.

I do think the emphasis on developing nursing education has slowed down because of what is going on with healthcare, what is going on with hospitals, how they are restructuring, and how they are merging. We are going to end up with big conglomerates, big corporations. I am afraid that nurses are going to have to fight to keep that patient in focus because, right now, the focus is on money. I don't care what anybody says, these mergers going on around us are not for the welfare of the patient. They tell me it's for the welfare of the patient. Show me. The patient has to be the focus of our attention. I know there is a money problem, but I am sorry, find the money from someplace else. We have to take care of that patient!

Muriel Poulin (1925-2019). Her obituary is published at this site. She lived a long and remarkably accomplished life.

With my husband Richard, we extend our sincere condolences to Muriel's family.

# Camille Lessard Bissonnette, suffragist, 1883-1970

*Rhea Côté Robbins, Brewer*

Camille Lessard Bissonnette, suffragist, 1883-1970, was a 1904 Maine immigrant woman born in Ste-Julie-de-Mégantic, QC and moved to Maine from Laurierville, QC. Camille was a proto-feminist in the early 1900s. She became a school teacher at age sixteen while living in Quebec and when she immigrated to Lewiston, she began working in the Continental Mill and two years later, 1906, she also joined the staff of *Le Messager*, Lewiston's French language newspaper. Camille was a correspondent of the paper until 1938. In 1910, Camille, as a journalist, writes her support of the suffrage movement, two years before the conversation began in Canada.

As a French heritage woman, immigrated from Canada, her views on pro-the-vote for women were unique and daring given the inherent reluctance on the part of the French speaking cultures, world-wide, to grant women the vote—women in Quebec were granted the vote in 1940 and women in France, 1945. In order to understand Camille's suffrage situation, it is necessary to be aware of her bi-cultural, bi-lingual, bi-border conversation with the women in French Canada as well as her commentary meant for the immigrant, working women in Lewiston for whom she wrote her columns in *Le Messager*.

Camille, as a woman of the French heritage, language, culture, ethnicity, struggled against the thinking and beliefs of the larger dominant group and also against many of her own, women and men, in the culture. Her struggle to voice her opinion of pro-the-vote for women existed in the cultural corridor, sound-proof vacuum of the deafness to cultural diversity.

Under the pen name, Liane, Camille expressed her views on the reasons why she believed women should be granted the right to vote despite the deterrents from the culture, the clergy, journalists and the arguments against giving women the right to vote were centered on their place in the home and their role as guardians of the French-Canadian race.

Meanwhile in Canada--1791 to 1849 Constitutional Act of 1791 granted certain landowners qualified voter status with no

distinction to gender. Women of Lower Canada, Quebec, interpreted this oversight as permission to vote and did so up until 1849 when this was "corrected" and women's right to vote was taken away. This happened ONE year after Seneca Falls which the Quebec men noticed and acted to rescind the vote. 1912-1922 Canada's suffrage movement era occurred with the vote granted nationally in 1918. After gradually obtaining the right to vote in federal elections, from 1917 to 1919, the struggle still continued for the same right to vote on



a provincial level.

This is the cultural mindset Camille was surrounded by and she took a stand, publicly, in voicing her opinion pro-the-vote for women in a debate and through her writings as early as in 1910. She presents her view in a speech and then a M. Poulin responds in Lewiston with a responding speech. She is a regular correspondent for *Le Messager* and her talk is printed on page two of the newspaper, simply entitled, "Le Suffrage des Femmes," signed with her pen name, Liane, while M. Poulin's address appeared three days later on page one of *Le Messager*, entitled, "Villante réplique au discours de Liane, advocate du suffrage des



*Camille Lessard Bissonnette*

femmes" ("Villante replies to the speech of Liane, advocate of women's suffrage."). Her message is reduced by the cultural press and men of the culture.

Camille debates with her readership in Maine and also across the border with the women in Canada about her desire that women be granted the vote. The larger picture for the French heritage woman had to include the conversation across the borders. Camille is seen as a force that influences the women in the province of Canada in regard to the vote. Using her journalistic platform, she expresses her opinions to both the women in the U.S., Maine and also to the women in Quebec, Canada as to why women should be able to vote. This was in 1911. In 1912, English Canada began their collective movement to work towards gaining the vote. 1922 was the beginning of the movement for suffrage in Quebec.

Camille was the lone voice speaking to the suffrage action in the Maine French heritage women's public space.

Recognition of Camille's efforts in voicing her opinion is important to understand that there was an immigrant woman of French heritage in Maine who was pro-the-vote for women and that she was vocal about those beliefs in an atmosphere that was hostile to such views.

The prejudices against the French heritage culture/people posits for women a double discrimination based on gender and ethnicity.

Even if Camille's voice lacked, or lacks amplification, she presents a very important aspect of the presence of the French heritage women in the state of Maine that is a reality today.

*(Continued on page 21)*

# A Kerouac Journey Winds Down

by Suzanne Beebe (text & photos)

For more than 30 years Roger Brunelle of Lowell, MA has guided devotees of Jack Kerouac —Lowell’s native son and internationally famous author — along the streets in Lowell where Jack was born, studied, prayed, worshipped, caroused, and finally was buried in his wife’s family plot in Edson Cemetery. A founding member of the *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac!* committee, Brunelle, like Kerouac, grew up in Lowell’s intensely French-Canadian neighborhoods, schools, and churches, speaking French as well as English, and being shaped as much by French-Canadian culture as by the surrounding Anglo-Saxon culture. He heard the rhythms of spoken Québécois

French in much of Kerouac’s writing long before researchers and academics became attentive to them. And, for all the lucky visitors who’ve taken tours with him throughout the years, he’s made Jack’s French connections absolutely clear in short readings pulled from Jack’s “Lowell” novels, with all their specific references to Lowell’s Franco people and places.

Now in his 80’s, Brunelle is pulling back from many of his longtime *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac!* activities, leaving it to other committee members to lead most of the private Kerouac tours requested through the year, as well as some of October’s annual

Kerouac Festival bus tours. He will, however, be co-leading his very popular “Mystic Jack” tour with Lowell historian Bill Walsh this October 13, beginning at the still-open St. Louis de France school attended by Jack’s brother Gerard before his death at age nine and described in key passages of Jack’s *Visions of Gerard*. (For detailed information about this and other Kerouac Festival events, go to [www.LowellCelebratesKerouac.org](http://www.LowellCelebratesKerouac.org))

Appreciative of his influence on both popular and scholarly awareness of Jack’s French background and its role in Jack’s life and writing, the *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac!* committee honored Brunelle on August 25 with a plaque expressing gratitude for his many years of dedication to Jack’s memory. As his Kerouac journey winds down, Roger is wished: *merci mille fois et tous nos meilleurs vœux!*



“I am French Canadian. When I am angry, I often swear in French; when I dream, I often dream in French...All my knowledge comes from my being French Canadian.”

— Jack Kerouac  
La Vie est d’Hommage



Roger Brunelle (left) listens intently as his longtime colleague on the *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac!* committee, John McDermott, reads the dedication on a plaque presented to him Sunday, August 25.

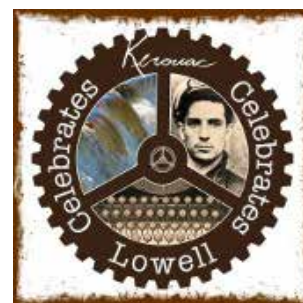


The plaque presented to Roger by the *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac!* committee, thanking him for his 33 years of work as a founding member of the committee.



Roger and his wife Alyce with the plaque presented on Sunday, August 25.

Roger and John, both of Lowell, display the plaque presented to Roger as his wife Alyce looks on.



Facebook:  
[@LowellCelebratesKerouac](https://www.facebook.com/LowellCelebratesKerouac)

Twitter:  
[@KerouacInLowell](https://twitter.com/KerouacInLowell)

(LA PIE BAVARDE  
suite de page 18)



et la peint de couleurs voyantes avant de la laisser tomber. Aujourd'hui, Vent l'a choisie et l'a promenée dans son chariot.

Quelle bon plaisir ils ont, Vent et ma feuille. Je l'ai vue, ma feuille, partir en tourbillon et redescendre sur terre en sautillant avec les quelques autres. Tantôt elle s'avance, hésite, puis recule, se branle un peu avant de repartir flottante, voyageant avec la brise, s'en trop s'éloigner. Une accalmie totale permet que ma feuille se trouve encore dans mon jardin le lendemain.

Patiente, elle attend que Vent revienne. Enfin, Il arrive soufflant de toute ses forces. Effrayée, elle résiste un peu à son ami féroce. Il réussit à la balayer avec les autres, les secouent et les trimbalent d'un bord à l'autre. Épuisée, mêlée avec les autres, elle est devenue insignifiante. Vent a bien réussi à l'entassée avec les autres dans un coin quelconque. A l'abri du vent, elles y resteront, se détériorant avant de retourner en terre. Nature l'a ordonné. C'est ce qu'elles doivent faire!

*Votre Pie bavarde, Marie-Anne*



## 2020 NH PoutineFest Event Date

Can you believe it's been five years?! We are officially the longest-running poutine event in the United States!

After a really fantastic 2019 event at Anheuser-Busch in Merrimack, NH, we are proud to announce NH PoutineFest will return to the grounds at Anheuser-Busch on June 13th, 2020!

We will be announcing our on-sale date for tickets later this year. We sell out quickly so keep an eye on our Facebook Page and website ([www.nhpoutinefest.com](http://www.nhpoutinefest.com))!

We want to thank the Arbor Restaurant, Hot Mess Poutine, New England's Taphouse Grille, Stark Brewing Company, Vulgar Display of Poutine, The Foundry Restaurant Kimball's Cav'ern and last but certainly not least Chez Vachon for their generous donations to the Franco-American Centre's fall auction.



[www.nhpoutinefest.com](http://www.nhpoutinefest.com)

*Camille Lessard Bissonnette, suffragist,  
1883-1970 continued from page 19)*

*Rhea Côté Robbins was brought up bilingually in a Franco-American neighborhood in Waterville, Maine known as 'down the Plains.' She is the author of the award winning, creative nonfiction, Wednesday's Child and 'down the Plains.' Through her work and studies, she has had the luxury and opportunity to spend much time contemplating and researching what does it mean to be Franco-American and female in the U.S. She is a founder and Executive Director of the Franco-American Women's Institute which is an organization that promotes awareness about the contributions of the Franco-American, French heritage women to the culture, their families and their communities. She developed and taught several courses for the University of Maine offered through the Franco-American, Women & Gender, and University Studies. Her writings and research are focused on the contributions of the French heritage women in order to better inform the scholarship and creative works of the state of Maine and beyond.*

**Rhea Cote Robbins, M.A.**  
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<https://mainestatemuseum.org/exhibit/temporary-exhibits/womens-long-road-100-years-vote/>



# Franco-American genealogy super ancestors

October 18, 2019 Franco-American News and Culture BALSAC, David Coutu, Quebec

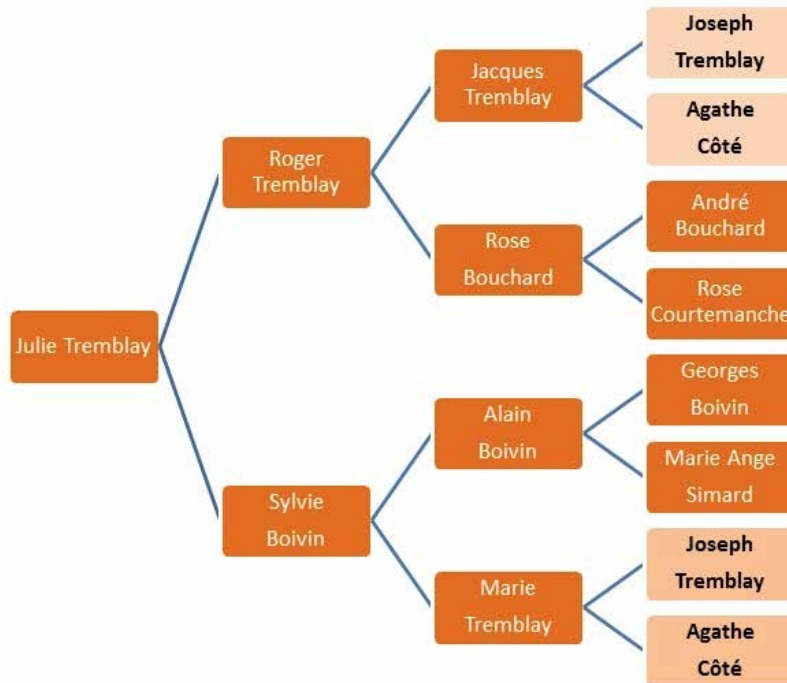
**By Juliana L'Heureux**

Franco-Americans are generally familiar with their genealogy because family reunions are celebrated during multiple generations, so it's fairly easy to keep track of the current data. For example, our L'Heureux family genealogy is well known going back four generations. Moreover, many of the ancestors' names have been hand written on small pieces of paper or printed in family reunion booklets. As a result of the amazing genealogical resources made available through the extensive access to the Internet, the documentation about hundreds of shared Franco-Americans genealogies are now much easier to authenticate.

One genealogy researcher on social media posted information about the French-Canadian "super ancestors". In other words, the names that are documented to have the most cross references in genealogy research. David Coutu is a native of Massachusetts who is now living in Georgia. Has been doing genealogy research for 36 years. He posed this interesting information about "super ancestors" and I requested his permission to credit his source. (Merci!).

The "super-ancestors in genealogy" of the French Canadian families are those names that stand out as having the largest number of occurrences in the same genealogy.

But, by which phenomenon can an ancestor appear several times in the same genealogy? This graphic demonstrates the occurrences in one genealogy chart published in BALSAC, a Quebec population database:

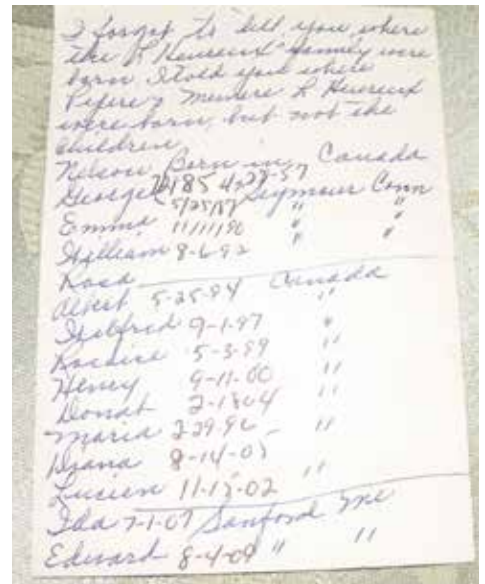


Example of how one name can appear in several genealogies.

Explained on the website: In a real family tree that spreads over many generations, the same phenomenon occurs very often. To demonstrate this, we reconstructed the genealogy of 25,757 individuals whose parents married in Quebec between 1925 and 1948. Nearly 600,000 ancestors distributed among 16 generations were found in the BALSAC database. Among these ancestors, certain couples stand out for their large number of occurrences within a genealogy. Here are the three most important.

**IN FIRST PLACE :**

Pierre TREMBLAY and Anne ACHON: This couple of French immigrants who married in Quebec in 1657 are ancestors to all the Tremblays of Quebec. Found in about



Hand written list of aunts and uncles composed in classic cursive by Rose Anna Morin L'Heureux. The dates (ie "94" etc) are 1800 and 1900. In other words, Diana was born on August 14, 1905.

46% of genealogies, the couple TREMBLAY-ACHON holds the record for the largest number of occurrences appearing up to 92 times within the same genealogy

**SECOND PLACE:**

Abraham MARTIN and Marguerite LANGLOIS: The MARTIN-LANGLOIS couple arrived in New France around 1620. They have a very large descent by their daughters. The couple appears in 77% of genealogies with a maximum number of occurrences of 69 in the same genealogy.

**THIRD PLACE :**

Zacharie CLOUSTIER and Sainte DUPONT : Married in France in 1616, this couple immigrated to New France with five children. It appears in nearly 82% of genealogies. We have counted it up to 50 times within the same genealogy.

Not surprising, is my husband's maternal genealogy with the name Martin falls into the second place category! His grandmother's name was Emma (nee) Martin.

Although the family's paternal L'Heureux genealogy does not include the name Martin, the connection with the Langlois name is documented through marriage.

*(Continued on page 23)*





# Thoughts on Studying Genealogy

by *Debbie Roberge*

As we trace the family tree we find its fraught with pitfalls. Too delve too deeply into the subject we find relatives that result in remarkable and sometimes painful discoveries. It is somewhat like fortune telling but in the case of genealogy we are dealing with a history of the people of the past and some in the present.

I started researching my lineage a long time ago due to a family story I just had to find out if it was true or not. It led to me to many books on many subjects. Like everyone else I looked into church and town records, graveyards and cemeteries (yes there is a difference) to try and find that right connection. It is an exercise in persistence, patience with checks and double checks for accuracy. Not like some I see today that grab potential ancestors for the sake of completing the tree.

Somewhere along the line we find something that spurs our attention that we might be a member of a “first family” whether it be a descendant of the Mayflower, Royalty or some other fancy lineage. But does that make us a better or more deserving person. Does it add a sense of assurance and stability, based on our ancestral branches?

## You don't have to go far to find things from home...

I recently attended Lombard Mill Days in Bradley at the Logging and Lumberman's Museum not knowing what to expect. What a great day's event and if you haven't been put it on your calendar for next year it is well worth going! I not only tried for the first time bean hole beans but found items from Waterville there—the Lombard Log Hauler and Tractor. Along with the history and pictures of the Lombard Factory that was once in Waterville. This was only about 8 miles from where I live now, I couldn't believe it, the rest of the day was in the plus column after seeing this. I hope you can see the pictures okay. Oh by the way—thanks to Pam Beveridge and not telling me what I was eating I also tried venison stew for the first time!

I find researching genealogy like making a puzzle or being a detective, putting the pieces together. I travel to places my ancestors lived or worked, I write inquiries to places I can't get to. I make telephone calls and interviews, send emails and yes research online. Many times I still can't find the answers but I don't give up, some may be lost to the ages but it doesn't stop me. There is that curiosity inside of me where I want to know who I am made up of and with every clue I need to know more. I have the “bug” and it can't be cured with a prescription or a visit to the doctor. It will be with me for ever.

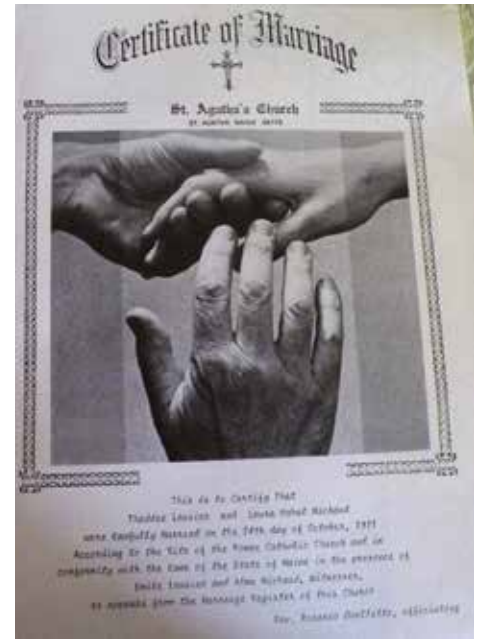
I am working with students right now who are interested but only when they find something that catches their attention, like what the person did. Is it an age thing or is it because of the time involved. I know the more involved one becomes the more intriguing the search becomes.

Blood ties are important in tracing ones personal history and today we see more and more about it with DNA. Most of this is closely tied with history which is an important aspect when studying genealogy. You can't have one without the other.



—by *Debbie Roberge*

(Franco-American genealogy super ancestors continued from page 22)



*Genealogy marriage certificate from the Lausier family reunion 60th anniversary book.*

A data base containing the names of thousands of descendants of the L'Heureux ancestors who trace their lineage to Simon Lereau dit L'Heureux and Suzanne Jaroussel is maintained by a distant cousin to my husband. His name is Jacques L'Heureux. At happyones.com, the genealogy page is at this site here. L'Heureux, had a family name with many variations, according to notarized writings: the name variations include Levreau, Lerreau, Leureau, L'Hérault, l'Heros, etc... But, out of all the spellings, maybe only one carries in its veins an historic sense: “Héraut, public officer who carried messages”.

I am an advocate for updating family genealogies as a tradition, every New Year or during Les Fetes, because it is important to document data for future generations. In other words, today's families must be our own genealogy notaries. Don't forget to document current family members as well as the ancestors!

[http://francoamerican.bangordailynews.com/2019/10/18/franco-american-news-and-culture/franco-american-genealogy-super-ancestors/?fbclid=IwAR3\\_M-KiRZxCB4esyVOWP1bcdsh8chf\\_ZuDShOMmVY86SV3j6-rYmK-Sp4o](http://francoamerican.bangordailynews.com/2019/10/18/franco-american-news-and-culture/franco-american-genealogy-super-ancestors/?fbclid=IwAR3_M-KiRZxCB4esyVOWP1bcdsh8chf_ZuDShOMmVY86SV3j6-rYmK-Sp4o)

# Franco American Portal Project

## Building an online discovery tool for Franco American Collections

### Our Mission

The histories of French-Canadian and Acadian communities in the US Northeast are an important part of the American story. We aim to help preserve these histories and use new information technology to make them more accessible to the public.

### Who We Are

Our team includes the Franco American Programs at UMaine, the Franco-American Collection at USM, the Acadian Archives at UMFK, the French Institute at Assumption College, and the Paradis Archives & Special Collections at St Anselm College. Our project is also supported by the Maine State Library.

### What We Do

We search the US and Canada to locate photographs, letters, scrapbooks, diaries, business records, family archives, and other materials that concern French-Canadian and Acadian communities in the Northeastern US, and we bring these collections together into a digital space — a “portal” — for the public to search and discover.

### What We Need

We need your support to digitize these historic materials, to maintain the portal that organizes them, and to pay for student interns to work on this portal with us.

*For more information about the Franco American Portal Project, contact Jacob Albert, Program Manager, at [jacob.albert@maine.edu](mailto:jacob.albert@maine.edu) or Susan Pinette, Director of Franco American Programs at [spinette@maine.edu](mailto:spinette@maine.edu).*

[francoamericanportal.org](http://francoamericanportal.org)



### How the portal works:

1. *Historic records tell our stories.*  
**The problem: these records are difficult to preserve.**
2. *Franco records are kept all over the US and Canada: in boxes, in digital form, or both.*  
**The problem: they are scattered, with no single source to help find them.**
3. *Access to these records improve how we understand the past.*  
**Our solution: Franco American Portal Project will help preserve Franco materials from the US and Canada. We will make them discoverable in one place online in order to make them easier to access and use.**



To find out more about making a gift to benefit this project, contact



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Learn more about UMaine Franco American Programs:

[umaine.edu/francoamerican](http://umaine.edu/francoamerican)

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

**COULOMBE**  
(Colombe, Conlogue# Columbus\* CoolongΔ)

Louis **Coulombe**, born 1641 in France, died 1720 in PQ, son of Jacques Colombe and Rolline Drieu from the village of le Neubourg, department of Eure, ancient province of Normandie, France, married on 30 September 1670 at Ste.Famille, Ile d'Orléans, PQ to "Fille-du-Roi" Jeanne Foucault (or **Boucault**), born 1651 in France, died in PQ, daughter of Nicolas Boucault and Marguerite Tibault from the suburb of St.Germain in Paris, France. Le Neubourg is located 14 miles northwest of the city of Evreux.

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.

A	Jacques		before 1641	Rolline Drieu	France	1
1	Louis		30 Sep 1670	Jeanne Boucault	Ste.Famille, I.O.	2
2	Jean	1m.	27 Apr 1706	Jeanne Balan dit Lacombe	Montmagny	3
	"	2m.	20 Apr 1716	Jeanne Leblanc	St.Michel	
	Louis		17 Nov 1710	Hélène Paulet	St.Pierre, I.O.	4
3	Jean-Baptiste		03 Jul 1730	M.-Anne Liénard	Ste.Foye	5
	Alexis		26 Jan 1733	Madeleine Groissard	Berthier	7
	François		25 Jul 1746	M.-Josette Lavoie	Berthier	8
4	Louis		16 Aug 1734	Mgte.-Angélique Pouliot	St.Laurent, I.O.	9
	Pierre		26 Oct 1739	M.-Anne Côté	St.Laurent, I.O.	10
			(b.8-3-1713 St.Laurent, I.O.)			
	Antoine		15 Jul 1748	Geneviève Magnan	Charlesbourg	11
5	Jean-Bte.	1m.	18 Feb 1760	M.-Louise Lagneau	Ste.Foye	
	"	2m.	29 Sep 1778	M.-Thècle Marceau	Ste.Marie, Beauce	12
	Pierre-Ignace		30 May 1768	Marie Boucher	Berthier	13
7	François		07 Jan 1756	Suzanne Vallière	St.Pierre-Sud	14
	Louis		15 Feb 1779	M.-Angélique Lessard	Berthier	15
8	Thomas	1m.	25 Nov 1783	Rosalie Perron	Baie-St.Paul	
	"	2m.	09 May 1808	Josette Rousseau	Baie-St.Paul	16
	François	circa	1784	Suzanne Lavoie	PQ	17
9	Louis		10 Oct 1757	Marie Audet	St.Laurent, I.O.	18
	Pierre					
			(b.10-6-1742 St.Laurent, I.O.)			
10	Pierre	1m.	11 Jul 1770	Mgte.-Benjamin Dureau	Bécancour, Nico.	19a
	"	2m.	28 Jul 1783	Geneviève Richer	Bécancour	19b
			(b.24-9-1741 St.Jean, I.O. - d.7-4-1823 Bécancour age 86)			
			NOTE: ages at death were often exaggerated then.			
	Louis		05 May 1780	M.-Charlotte Genest*	St.Antoine-Tilly	
			(b.5-11-1748 St.Jean, I.O.)		*dit Labarre	
	M.-Monique		24 Oct 1774	Amable Hébert	Bécancour	
			(b.1-3-1753 St.Antoine-Tilly)			
11	Pierre		24 Jan 1785	Madeleine Godbout	St.Laurent, I.O.	
			(b.14-2-1751 St.Laurent, I.O.)	(Louis Godbout & Madeleine Dufresne)		
	Antoine		03 Feb 1773	Louise Boissonneau*	St.Jean, I.O.	20
				*dit St.Onge		
	Louis		20 Nov 1783	Josette Dufresne	St.Laurent, I.O.	21
12	Pierre		16 Feb 1801	Josette Lionnais	Baie-du-Fèbvre	22
13	Marie		29 Oct 1787	Dominique Mérande	Berthier	
	M.-Geneviève		12 Jan 1789	François Vadenais	Berthier	
	Marguerite		27 Jan 1794	Antoine Brisset	Berthier	
	Félicité		09 Feb 1795	Joseph Brisset	Berthier	
	Pierre		19 Feb 1798	Magdeleine Lavallée	Berthier	23
14	Philippe	1m.	19 May 1783	Frse.-Ursule Cloutier	Islet	24
	"	2m.	08 Oct 1810	M.-Anne Deschesnes	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	
	Clément		03 Oct 1785	M.-Ursule Duval	Islet	25
	Pierre		19 Sep 1786	Marie-Roger Campagnat	Montmagny	26
			(b.26-9-1765 St.Frs.-Sud)			
15	Louis		14 Aug 1810	M.-Louise Proulx	Montmagny	30a
	Marcel-Laurent		31 Jan 1826	Luce Bernier	Montmagny	30b
16	Thomas	1m.	26 Jan 1830	Zénobie Gosselin	Baie-St.Paul	
	"	2m.	24 Nov 1840	Geneviève Duchêne	Malbaie	31
	"	3m.	18 Jan 1858	Olive Gauthier-Larouche	Baie-St.Paul	32
17	Éloi		07 Nov 1809	Marie Boucher	St.Joachim	33
	Élie		16 Feb 1819	Archange Patenaude	Longueuil	
	Léon		29 May 1826	Suzanne Boivin	Eboulements*	34
				*aka "les Eboulements"		

(Continued on page 26)

*(COULOMBE continued from page 25)*

18	Ambroise	1m.	04 Jul	1780	M.-Josette Côté	St.Charles	35a
	"	2m.	25 Jan	1833	Ursule Duquet	St.Charles	
	Louis	1m.	04 Apr	1785	Marie Carreau	St.Laurent, I.O.	35b
	"	2m.	20 Jun	1803	Marie Dallaire	St.François, I.O.	35c
					(Joseph Dallaire & Angélique Landry) - m.31-7-1752 St.Frs., I.O.		
19a	Pierre-Frs.		27 Jun	1803	Charlotte Genest-Labarre	Bécancour	36a
				(b.1772 - d.15-11-1819 Bécancour)			
19b	Joseph		06 Oct	1807	Marguerite Benoit	Bécancour	36b
20	Pierre		20 Jul	1801	Basilisse Audet-Lapointe	St.Jean, I.O.	37
21	Jean-Baptiste		05 Nov	1816	Modeste Bouchard	Eboulements	38
22	Jean-Baptiste		28 Jan	1833	Marie Prince	St.Grégoire, Nico.	39
	Olivier	1m.	01 Jul	1839	Louise/Luce Trottier	Bécancour, Nico.	40
	"	2m.	10 Jul	1888	Esther Ouellette	Victoriaville, Artha.	
23	Pierre		21 Oct	1823	Marie Roberge	St.Cuthbert, Berthier	41a
	Jean-Bte.		17 Jul	1827	Émérence Guilbault	Berthier	41b
24	Joseph		01 Jul	1817	Zoé Thibault	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	42
25	J.-Louis	1m.	07 Nov	1815	M.-Louise Guay	Islet	43
	"	2m.	04 Feb	1840	Françoise Fournier	Cap St.Ignace	44
	Charles	1m.	18 Jun	1816	Julie Lemieux	Islet	
	"	2m.	20 Feb	1827	Geneviève Larivière	Islet	45
	"	3m.	15 Jun	1847	Rosalie Pelletier	St.Jean, Port Joli	
	Laurent		13 Jan	1818	M.-Luce St.Aubin	Islet	47/25A
	Joseph		02 Oct	1821	Marguerite Morissette	St.Henri	48
	Germain	1m.	02 Oct	1827	Victoire St.Aubin	Islet, Islet	
	"	2m.	25 Jul	1854	Esther Bernier	Cap-St.Ignace	25B
	Frédéric		08 Feb	1831	Angèle Roy	St.Henri	50
26	Alexis		11 Apr	1831	Marguerite Thériault	St.Jean, Port Joli	51
30a	Pierre		29 Oct	1839	Lucie Mercier	Montmagny	55
	Pascal		21 Jan	1843	Rose Laberge	Montmagny	56
	François		25 Jan	1853	Léocadie Couture	Montmagny	58
	Marcel		18 Sep	1866	Luce Gaudreau	Montmagny	60
30b	Marcel		10 Jul	1849	Elisabeth Granger	Henryville, Iberv.	
31	Thomas		16 Mar	1882	Georgiana Gagnon	St.Jérôme, Lac StJn.	62
				(b.16-8-1844 Baie-St.Paul)	(b.1-8-1850 St.Agnès, Chlvx.)(François Gagnon & Apolline Dallaire)		
32	Clovis		14 Aug	1882	Alexina Murray	St.Gédéon	32A
33	Georges		20 May	1846	Justine Caron	St.Joachim	63
34	Marc		20 Sep	1852	Adélaïde Bouchard	Eboulements	64
35a	Ambroise	1m.	13 Oct	1807	M.-Anne Gosselin	St.Charles	5a
	"	2m.	13 Oct	1829	Marie Goulet	St.Charles	
	Louis		26 Feb	1820	Angélique Meunier-Lapierre	St.Hyacinthe	65b
35b	Ambroise		03 Feb	1824	Elisabeth St.Mars	St.Laurent, I.O.	66a
35c	Charles		08 Feb	1831	Cécile Curodeau	St.Laurent, I.O.	66b
36a	Louis		22 Jul	1823	Anastasie Boisvert	Ste.Croix, Lotb.	67
	Pierre-Frs.		31 Jan	1826	Marie Deshaies	Bécancour	36A
36b	Narcisse		26 Jul	1853	Aurélien Champoux	Bécancour	36B
37	Antoine		24 Nov	1845	Marie Hamel	Ste.Croix, Lotb.	68
					(David Hamel & Rose Biron)		
38	Jean-Nazaire		01 Jun	1940	M.-Cirille Perron	Baie-St.Paul	
	"	2m.	15 Jun	1957	Marie-Rose Desbiens	Eboulements	69/38A
				(b.1823 Les Eboulements)(b.1843 Isle-aux-Grues)	(Joseph Desbiens & Félicité Dufour)		
	Ubald		19 Feb	1849	M.-Luce Tremblay	Eboulements	71
39	Nazaire		13 Apr	1858	Philomène Nadeau	Stratford, Wolfe	74
	Moïse	1m.	09 Apr	1866	Céline Marcotte	St.Paul-Chester, Artha.	39A
	"	2m.	29 Apr	1895	Clarisse Poisson	Ham Nord, Wolfe	
	"	3m.	06 Oct	1913	Philomène Côté	Ham Nord	
	Jean-Baptiste		07 Jan	1868	Éliza "Alice" Boulanger	St.Paul-Chester	39B
40	Emélie		02 Oct	1860	Cyprien Nadeau	St.Norbert, Artha.	
	Nazaire "Henry"		23 Apr	1872	M.-Emélie Côté	Arthabaska, Artha.	40A
				(living in Gorham, NH)	(Frs.-X. Côté & Félicité Côté living in Ste.Hélène-de Chester)		
				(b.14-5-1849 Arthabaska)	(b.26-12-1854 St.Antoine-Tilly - d.27-9-1927 Gorham, NH)		
				(d.21-2-1924 Gorham, NH age 75-9-3)	(1900 Gorham census: 13 children, 12 then living, 7 at home)		
	Norbert-Adolphe	ca.		1877	M.-Henriette Côté	Gorham, NH !	40B
				(b.11-5-1854 St.Norbert, Artha.	(b.8-6-1856 St.Antoine-Tilly) (Frs.-Xavier Côté & Félicité Côté)		
				- d.17-12-1899 Lewiston; buried in Gorham, NH)	(widow with 8 children living in Rumford in 1900 census)		
41a	Norbert		03 Oct	1848	Isabelle/Elis. Coutu	Berthier, Berthier	41A
41b	Joseph	ca.		1848	M.-Zoé Gravel	??	41B
				(b.12-7-1828 Berthierville, Berthier)	(b.12-7-1828 Baie-St.Paul, Chlvx. cty.(Chls. Gravel & Félicité Tremblay)		
					(Zoé was a twin with M.-Hermine Gravel)		
					M.-Hermine m. Thomas Boudreault 8-2-1846 at Les Eboulements)		
					(M.-Zoé Gravel m. 12-8-1845 Joseph Gagnon at Les Eboulements)		

## 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!***

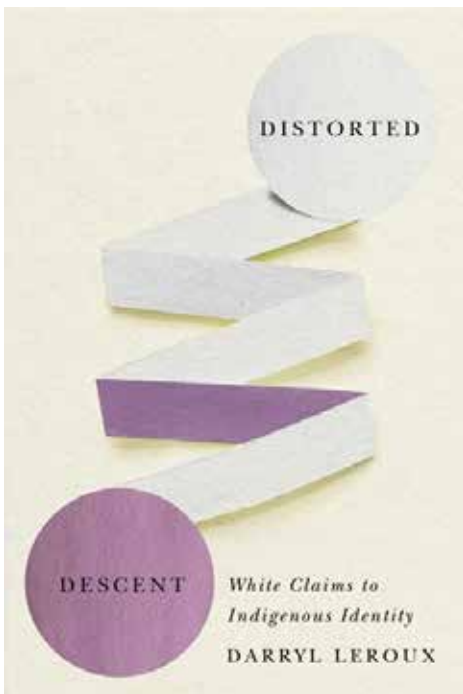


BOOKS/

LIVRES...

## DISTORTED DESCENT: WHITE CLAIMS TO INDIGENOUS IDENTITY

*by Darryl Leroux*



Distorted Descent examines a social phenomenon that has taken off in the twenty-first century: otherwise white, French descendant settlers in Canada shifting into a self-defined "Indigenous" identity. This study is not about individuals who have been dispossessed by colonial policies, or the multi-generational efforts to reconnect that occur in response. Rather, it is about white, French-descendant people discovering an Indigenous ancestor born 300 to 375 years ago through genealogy and using that ancestor as the sole basis for an eventual shift into an "Indigenous" identity today. After setting out the most common genealogical practices that facilitate race shifting, Leroux examines two of the most prominent self-identified "Indigenous" organizations currently operating in Quebec. Both organizations have their origins in committed opposition to Indigenous land and territorial negotiations, and both encourage the use of suspect genealogical practices. Distorted Descent brings to light to how these claims to an "Indigenous" identity are then used politically to oppose actual, living Indigenous peoples, exposing along the way the shifting politics of whiteness, white settler colonialism, and white supremacy.

***<https://www.chapters.indigo.ca/en-ca/books/distorted-descent-white-claims-to/9780887558467-item.html>***

*(See page 32 for more books)*

*POETRY/POÉSIE...*

*The Maine I Know*

I can't stand some of these magazines  
Yankee, Downeast, what have you  
I can't stand what they show Maine as  
"Best blueberry pie recipe"  
"10 things to do in Acadia National Park"  
It's all complete nonsense

I was just reading an article on the "best places in Maine"  
Are you willing to bet what towns they had?  
Portland, Bar Harbor, Camden, Biddeford, Kennebunk  
All tourist havens  
Well, you can argue Biddeford isn't exactly a tourist haven like the others  
I'm noticing because it's between Portland and Massachusetts  
It's definitely gentrifying and becoming one

The Maine I Know is different  
It's not lake homes, flannel, and LL Bean  
It's not pine scented pillows, or lobster boats on a foggy morning  
The Maine I Know has heart and soul  
Men with weather-beaten faces and calloused hands  
Women with strong soul, and humble eyes

The Maine I Know is modest  
She is kind and genuine, yet honest and loyal  
She is the fourth generation farmer hoping the next harvest is enough to put food on the table  
She is the millworker who has lost their hearing, yet too stubborn to get a hearing aid  
She is the fisherman away from their family, trying to stay on the island  
She is the lumberworker off the beaten path, with few yet true friends  
She is the hunter quiet as the night, ready to shoot the prey  
She is the laborer working overtime, with tired, aching bones  
She is the military veteran welcoming the peace of family, and the purpose of work  
She is the trucker on the lonely highway passing rivers, hopping from town to town

The Maine I know is beautiful  
She is towering pines, and rolling mountain ranges  
She is babbling brooks, and tranquil rivers  
She is snow covering an old wooden house  
She is colors of autumn that so many writers have been possessed by  
She is the red blueberry field  
She is the sound of a loon at sunset  
She is the roar, and warmth of a campfire  
And most importantly... she doesn't ask to be seen  
She is there for others to find  
Where only the true remain

— *Daniel Moreau*

## POETRY/POÉSIE...

**The Drunken Fire-Eater**

Quartier Latin, Paris, 1980s

We'd settled on a good prix fixe,  
 apéritifs, then wine with dinner.  
 As we ordered in French,  
 to explain our wants,  
 the serveur was quite helpful.  
 When he beckoned us to a sidewalk spot  
 we eagerly scurried towards it.  
 Fin-de-siècle fans didn't cool  
 that crowded, no-star restaurant.  
 While gazing at the passers-by, we ignored  
 the pesky hucksters.  
 Dog-eared post-cards, grungy Tour Eiffels  
 did not in the least entice us.  
 Then suddenly, while sav'ring our escargots,  
 we spied an intriguing artiste.  
 Out from a bistro, unlit torch in hand,  
 lurched a tipsy fire-eater.  
 After striking a match, a second,  
 a third, he finally ignited his torch.  
 At first, few noticed; that quickly changed.  
 As he belched out bright flames, many did.  
 We'd ordered enough to treat ourselves  
 to a modest but leisurely dinner...  
 We decided to add cafés and cognacs—  
 the fire-eater had hooked us.  
 As the evening wore on, we anxiously watched  
 while he weaved in and out of his bistro.  
 Was he truly drunk? Or was this an act?  
 We never found out for certain.  
 He bowed one last time as we settled our bill,  
 then picked up his chapeau full of coins.  
 Then, singing, he stumbled off 'round the block.  
 The evening's performance had ended.

— *Margaret S. Langford*  
*Keene, New Hampshire*

**Les Haricots Verts**

Mémère est venue de faire une visite  
 Avec mon oncle George ce jour chaud de l'été  
 Quand ma mère a des haricots verts  
 De faire à manger quand mon père est rentré.

Le jardin de mon père est grand et nous donne  
 Des fruits et légumes si beaux et si bons  
 Qu'on mange comme les rois et les reines à l'automne  
 Des tomates, et des courges, et des fraises et concombres

Et des haricots verts, qui exigent morceler  
 À souper ou peut-être à les conserver.  
 Et Mémère et mon oncle aiment beaucoup aider  
 Quand ils sont chez nous à nous visiter.

Bien, à la sale à manger, on est  
 Assis autour de la table — ma mère,  
 Mon oncle, Mémère, et moi — et on rit  
 Et on parle sur les haricots verts.

© 2019, *Suzanne Beebe*

**Naissance**

Américain de naissance  
 On garde notre héritage  
 On apprécie la connaissance  
 De la langue française à tout age

Après plusieurs générations  
 On continue à le parler  
 C'est une manifestation  
 D'une culture bien préservée

Dans nos église et nos écoles  
 On a appris à le conserver  
 Les anglophones nous pensent frévoles  
 Cette langue nous donne diversité

Avec les années on s'aperçois  
 Des bénéfices à ce niveau  
 On parle aussi l'Anglais c'est la loi  
 Mais pour toujours on est Francos!

— *par Trudy Lamoureux*  
*Woonsocket, RI*

POETRY/POÉSIE...

Intermezzo

When Margaret Murdock married Jim Sullivan in 1929, she closed her music school to become a housewife. Though her professional life ended then, she still filled her days with music. Later in life, in Fresno, this is how she passed her days.

After Breakfast

Pausing after dusting, mopping, gardening, . . . she removes her apron, smooths hair and patterned housedress. Transformed, she chooses music, positions bench, feet, hands, and wrists just so.

Soon come the scales, arpeggios, then, a new piece dissected¾just one portion of the future whole. In time the studied practice yields its harvest: Bach, Mozart, Liszt, Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy¾ sometimes old folk song and melodies.

After Lunch

Next, the day resumes its rhythms: clearing, dish-washing, composing dinner's menu—varied for each season and tastes of random guests.

After Dinner

Often as the conversation fades and grownups sip their coffee, for one short Cinderella moment she becomes herself again. All mundane worries leave as notes flow from her fingers. Sometimes a passing neighbor stops as music fills the night.

— Margaret S. Langford Keene, New Hampshire

MA VALLÉE (LA ST-JEAN)

Ma vallée, la St-Jean  
Quand je te revois, amène  
Des larmes à mes yeux  
Avec tes champs verdit  
Et ton ciel ensoleiller.

Je revois tes promesses  
Dans tes fermes et champs  
Remplis de fleurs sauvages  
Et ton ciel souvent nuageux.

Cherchant un arc-en-ciel  
Après une pluie chaude  
Voyageajnt sur ses chemins.

Après une rafale de pluie  
Un bel arc-en-ciel  
Encerle mon village  
Je fais un souhait,  
De toujours revenir  
Dans ma Belle Vallée!

La St-Jean, demeure de mon enfance.

MY VALLEY (THE ST. JOHN)

My VALLEY; THE St. John  
When I see you again  
Bring tears to my eyes  
With its green fields  
And it's sunny sky.

I still see promises  
In its farms and fields  
Full of wild flowers  
And it's cloudy sky.

Looking for a rainbow  
After a gentle rain  
Traveling on the highway.

A cloud burst show me  
A beautiful rainbow  
Encircling my village.

I make a wish  
To always return  
To my beautiful Valley.

The St. John, my childhood HOME!



Le Confessional

Une femme entre dans le confessional  
Un peu gênée elle se sent mal  
De dire au prêtre toutes ses sottises  
Dans la noirceur de cette bell église

A genoux ell commence par une prière  
Dit ensuite ses péchés qu'elle n'est pas fière  
S'accuse d'être toujours en retard  
Et pour les autres n'avoir pas d'égard

L'homme lui dit "Madame pour vos péchés  
Vous allez plus souvent épousetter  
Ensuite faire partout du ballayage  
Tout a besoin d'un bon ménage".

Mais pourquoi, Mon Père, cette pénitence?  
Et ainsi bouleverser ma conscience  
Etre en retard n'est pas péché  
C'est votre avis que j'ai demandé

C'est votre retard qui est votre ennui  
Le Père confesseur était déjà parti  
Je m'assis ici pour mon lunch en paix  
Je suis le bedeau qui ouvrit le guichet!

— par Trudy Lamoureux Woonsocket, RI



Adrienne Pelletier LePage





# Coin des jeunes...

## Halloween Vocabulaire



des bonbons



une bougie



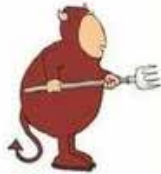
un cimetière



une citrouille



un déguisement



un diable



Une potion



un lutin



un masque



un potiron



une sorcière



un squelette



un loup-garou



un zombie



La maison hantée



une araignée



un balai



Voici une petite comptine du nord du Maine qu'on récite avec les jeunes enfants pour leur apprendre les traits du visage:

Menton fourchu  
Bouche d'argent  
Nez cancan  
Joue bouillie  
Joue rôtie  
P'tit oeil  
Gros-t-oeil  
Sourcillon  
Sourcillette  
Tempe, tempe, temponette

*Soumis par Jacqueline Blesso*

## DANS MA TROUSSE



un feutre

des crayons

une gomme

un taille-crayon

des ciseaux

un crayon à papier

un stylo

une règle

la colle



BOOKS/  
LIVRES...

# Another Book Review of A Distinct Alien Race

## The Untold Story of Franco-Americans

Industrialization, Immigration, Religious Strife By David Vermette

By Gerard Coulombe

I encountered the title in *Le Forum*, Printemps, 2019, p. 33, along with a review by Denise R. Larson.

There's a picture of a doffer in Miss Larson's review. When I saw it, I was reminded of the time I worked second shift at the Bates. It was 1948-1949. I went to work from Saint Louis High School after having had lunch at a popular lunch-car diner on Franklyn Street in Biddeford, my home town.

I remember well my job, which had me push a canvas cart on casters all over the large mill rooms and into any corner that could serve as a hiding place for one or two carts. I was hunting bobbins to collect, all the empty ones, of course, for my doffers--I called them "dobbers," not knowing what the term really sounded like or what was meant by it, for, it was the ladies' survival on the job that I cared about and not what their occupation was called. In any case, it was my ignorance, no one ever corrected me. Or, I was just a dumb "Canuck."

As for author/historian David Vermette's history, it is unlike any book about French Canadians, now Franco-Americans in the United States, that I have ever read. It is not only because it is a history, for me, it is also because it is a history from a historical viewpoint that looks first at the whole textile mill culture in its fractional totality that includes all aspects, from its foundational beginnings into the textile industry's modernity of the times, and then, the author attends to the place of the transitioning of Canadian "Francos-to-be" In Maine and all of the other New England States.

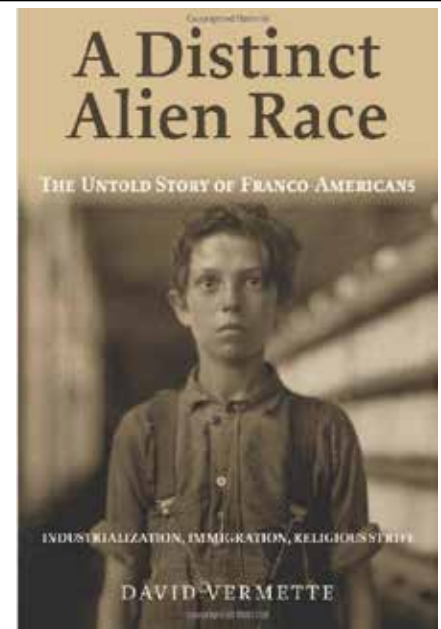
The first two parts of the book are extra long and detailed. The birth and rise of the textile industry are in its very beginnings with the shipping industry in its very infancy and of the men who worked it and made the money that was the stuff for more investments that led to the establishment of an industry, the textile industry, followed by investments in manufacturing, trial and error, bankruptcy, and failure at new mills throughout New England, and fresh starts with new found money, and virtually the same players.

Then comes the author's focus on the mills in Brunswick, Maine, with the influx of Canadian worker, their families, the hardships, the poverty, the diseases, their religion, their allegiances, and their wants. And there follow the struggles. Their religion, their tenacity, their health, their enemies, their organizations, their detractors and denigrators, their enemies, and even the Ku Klux Klan, no less.

As to the "raison d'être" for the book, Vermette tells us that it was upon coming to visit his grandmother's grave in Biddeford, that he, a boy with a French name, who had grown up speaking English, only, but knew that he was Franco-American, had suddenly realized that all of the people buried in Saint Joseph's Cemetery on West Street had French names; well, there are a few whose names are not French, but it is fair to say that the cemetery is overwhelmingly French, and, I might add that the vast majority spoke French, and a large number, including my father and grandparents, on both sides, spoke only French.

In addition, if my family's "plot" has my parents in it; it also has my grandparents and a goodly number of others who, for one reason or another, had no other plot of their own where they could rest their bones, and my dad provided one for them. I believe the last story may be legend. My father could be very generous with what he had, even if it were very little, indeed. So, you cannot tell, and I do not want to guess or to ask how all of the bones of my relatives could still be under the names now on the tombstone, as there are so few names and so many bones, the result of modernity and economy, when new bones substitute for old. "C'est la mort."

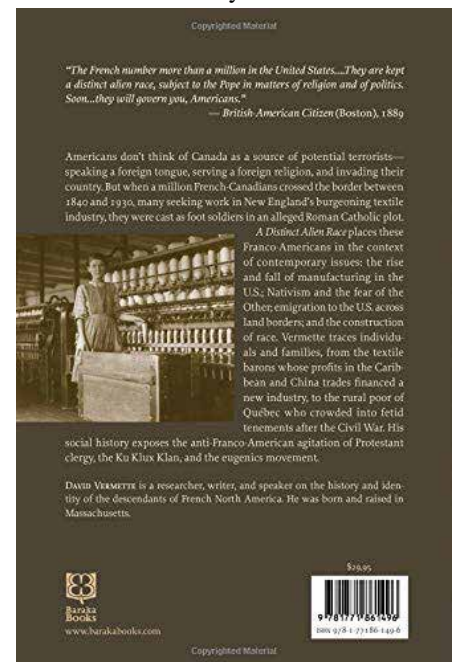
In conclusion, I offer this review in part, a living testament to the fortitude of Franco-Americans and to all other immigrants whose descendants even now, settle as



permanent residents of these United States, for as migrations have not ended, due to this or that cause, we feel the pressures that our ancestors felt-- just as the world changed then, it does now and adjustments, although difficult, needed to be made then, as they do now.

I view this book as an academic tome. It is not for everybody's read. I read it seated at an uncomfortable desk with a formal, studio portrait of my father in a 1920 studio pose; it's up on the wall to my left and to my right there's a snapshot of my long, grey-bearded, grandfather Coulombe sitting in a turn of the century chair. I never knew him or his wife, my grandmother.

There's a long distance in years and age between the latter and me. They come from the 19th Century.





BOOKS/  
LIVRES...

## *Hidden Gems in Jetté's Dictionnaire Genealogique*

*Denise R. Larson*

Genealogists collect generations like sports fans collect baseball cards. While doing some lineage research, I found a “Mickey Mantle” of an ancestor.

My original search was for a Levesque line that linked with the Miville family of Switzerland (Jean-Baptiste Levesque and Angelique Miville married in 1764 in Riviere Ouelle, Kamouraska County, Quebec). I was using René Jetté's *Dictionnaire généalogique des familles du Québec des origines à 1730*. My Miville line eventually joined with that of Catherine de Baillon, and that's when I hit pay dirt.

The “Ascendance de Catherine de Baillon” in Jetté's work includes her ancestors from numbers 2 through 431. Though not complete, the list runs for one and a half columns of small print and goes back to the early fifteenth century, to about 1420—six hundred years ago.

### Links to nobility and influential people

Among Catherine's—and my!—illustrious ancestors were a notary and secretary to the king of France in 1504, sieurs and seigneurs galore, a vicomte, a procurer serving King Louis XII at Blois, a “*gentilhomme ordinaire de la chambre du roi*” ca. 1590, members of the Election of Paris, and counselors and financial advisors to several kings of France. The *creme de la creme* were the sister and parents of Guillaume Budé, a celebrated humanist of the Renaissance. (Using a kinship chart, I figured out that Guillaume was my twelfth great-grand uncle.)

By amazing coincidence, on the same day I was researching Catherine's lineage, I found, among a local library's New Books, John Julius Norwich's *A History of France* (Atlantic Monthly Press, 2018). In it, the author references a letter written by Guillaume Budé, “the king's librarian,” to Erasmus of Rotterdam. That king was Francis I, who ruled France from 1515 to 1547. He was also a Renaissance man and loved hunting, feasting, jousting, art, and books. He brought Leonardo da Vinci to France from Italy.

Further digging found that Guillaume was also the king's secretary and as such

traveled extensively on diplomatic missions and Crown business. He sometimes complained in his letters that he would have preferred a more secluded life closer to his books and family, to which he was devoted. His wife was from a well-educated family who also served the Crown. She helped Guillaume with the preparation of his texts in Latin while managing household duties, including the care of the seven children she birthed in a ten-year span.

The Metropolitan Museum in New York City has in its collection a portrait of Guillaume Budé by Jean Clouet, who painted portraits for King Francis I. Amazingly, the portrait of Guillaume is the only known surviving work of Clouet. The Met describes Guillaume as “librarian to Francis I and the leading humanist of sixteenth-century France.” Guillaume was instrumental in the founding of the Bibliotheque Nationale and the College de France to encourage the study of ancient history and languages.

### Seeking sources

I wondered how and why the long lineage back to the fifteenth century came to be in Jetté's work, which has the parameter of 1608 to 1730. Checking the source list in Jetté's book, I saw that he explored beyond his intended parameters when the resources were available. In addition to the usual Canadian references, he also examined the holdings and publications of historical and genealogical societies and libraries. In the case of Miville and de Baillon, Jetté had accessed the municipal library of Dijon, France, and its copy of the genealogy of the House of Budé.

### Unindexed entries

Jetté's *Dictionnaire* does not contain cross references to the de Baillon nor the Budé families. Stumbling across the ascendancy while following the Miville line was a stroke of luck. I urge anyone who is tracing a family line to follow each branch in Jetté's work as far back as possible to see if it will link up with an illustrious ancestor or two. There are unindexed gems hidden here and there in the *Dictionnaire*.



### A soupcon of hubris dashed

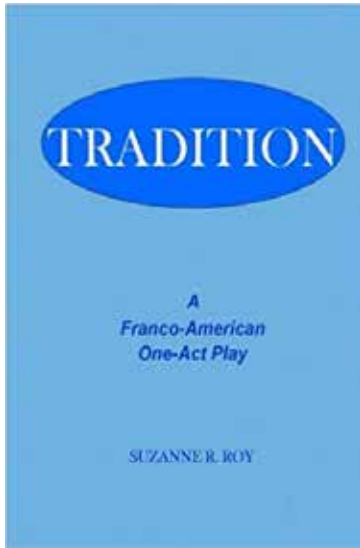
Finally, though, I do have to admit that my bragging rights of having a dab of nobility and a pinch of the humanities on the family tree quickly expired. The 1996 edition of corrections and additions to Jetté's *Dictionnaire* contained a note that the ascendance of Catherine de Baillon was incomplete and included “*quelque erreurs.*” So I might not have that tie to courtiers and grand financiers who whispered in the king's ear. Ah, well. *C'est la vie.*

*Denise R. Larson is a free-lance writer and author who lives in the greater Bangor metropolitan area. Her works of fiction can be found online in Apple's iTunes bookstore.*



*Portrait of Guillaume Budé by Jean Clouet. Metropolitan Museum. Photo in Public Domain.*

<https://www.metmuseum.org/art/collectio/search/435914>



## Tradition: A Franco- American One-Act Play

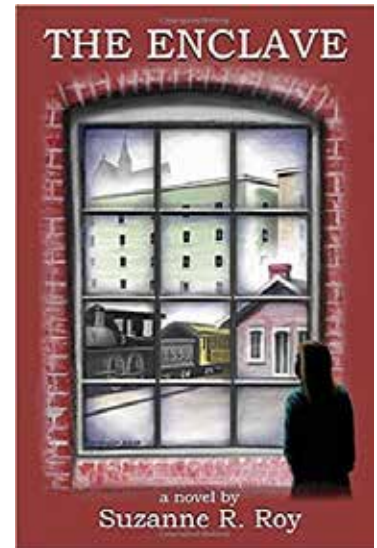
by *Suzanne R. Roy*

"Tradition" - a one-act play - focuses on three generations of a Franco-American family in Maine. The value of a French-Canadian tradition that calls for young women to sacrifice their personal dreams for the good of the family is called into question by an ailing woman as she and her elderly mother prepare for her daughter's wedding. This play was showcased for three nights at the Harold Clurman Theatre in NYC and produced in Australia.

[https://www.amazon.com/s?k=Tradition%2C+Suzanne+R.+Roy&ref=nb\\_sb\\_noss](https://www.amazon.com/s?k=Tradition%2C+Suzanne+R.+Roy&ref=nb_sb_noss)

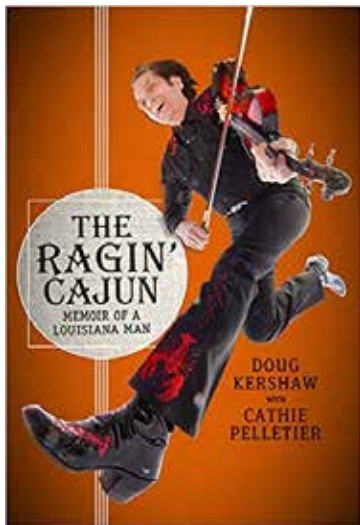
## THE ENCLAVE

by *Suzanne R. Roy*



A French-Canadian immigrant girl attempts to keep her dreams alive as she grows into womanhood in the "Little Canada" enclave her culture created to protect itself from the American melting pot. Her journey toward self-discovery and self-determination is one that women of all cultures are still struggling to complete.

<https://www.amazon.com/enclave/s?k=the+enclave>



## The Ragin' Cajun: Memoir of a Louisiana Man (Music and the American South)

by *Doug Kershaw (Author), Cathie Pelletier*

way of life.

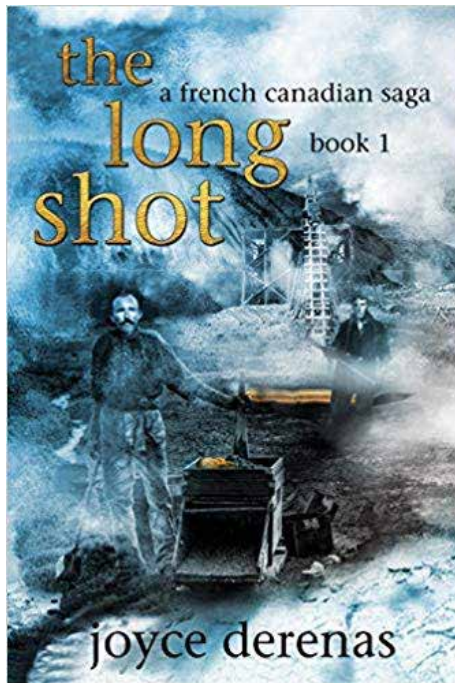
Until the Kershaws were forced to move into town following a family tragedy, Kershaw spoke only Cajun-French. He got his first pair of shoes when he was eight years old, the same year he began supporting his mother by playing fiddle and shining shoes. Throughout his career, he has mastered twenty-eight instruments. Because of his signature style of music-making and entertaining, Kershaw is considered by many to be a consummate performer and storyteller.

His is a classic American story of how one young man rose from poverty in the swamps to the stage at Carnegie Hall. Despite the pitfalls known to many enter-

tainers--alcohol and cocaine rehab, divorces, scandal, bankruptcy, music business woes, even cancer--Doug Kershaw's life was filled with exciting and comic adventures. The proof is in the amazing people he met along the way: Roger Miller, Johnny Cash, Mary Tyler Moore, Kris Kristofferson, Bob Dylan, Leon Russell, Jean Shepherd, Chet Atkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Bill Wyman, and many more.

Kershaw recalls the bad and the good with the same humor that helped him survive it all. While many accolades have since come his way, his greatest pride was hearing his autobiographical song, "Louisiana Man," broadcast back from space before Apollo 12 landed on the moon.

Doug Kershaw's musical career as a fiddler, songwriter, and singer has spanned over seventy years. Born on a houseboat tied to a cypress tree in the swamps of Southwest Louisiana, his family followed the fishing up and down the Mermantau River. Alligators and snakes lurked beneath the waters. Alcoholism and violence lurked above. The fais do-dos, those popular houseboat dances, were the only escape from a harsh

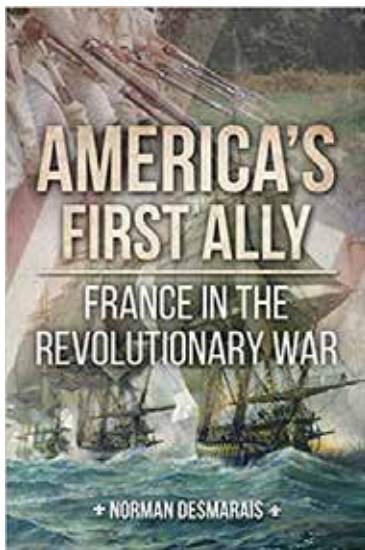
BOOKS/  
LIVRES...

## the long shot: a french canadian saga

by *Joyce Derenas*

Nazaire Poulin, a grain grower from Quebec, wants his old life back, but the sudden death of his spouse and the removal of his children have flipped his world upside down. He can't afford seed money for his coming summer crop. He is a man lost. His spouse is dead - His children are taken - His land is at risk. What man wouldn't fight for what is his? A dog-eared letter written in 1900 sits on the kitchen table. The last line reads, "If things bad at home, tell brothers come." Come to the Dawson gold fields. The Klondike Gold Rush has been over for a decade. Is it too late to find gold or a job rumored to pay six dollars a day? A spark of hope flashes in Nazaire's body. Dare he go? Everything that Nazaire has is at risk as he ventures thousands of miles from home on a long shot. Many men have gone. Most returned broken while some starved on the way. Nazaire Poulin embarks on a 4,000-mile journey with his youngest brother, Raoul. They cross Canada from Quebec to Winnipeg, walking through the Prairies to Edmonton, and then bridging the Rocky Mountains. Heartbreak, insult, and anger follow him, but an unlikely friendship with an Ojibway shaman turns his loss to hope. This exciting adventure story based on the real lives of five brothers brings Nazaire from despair to joy as he fights through the challenges that would flatten a lesser man. This novel, the long shot is Joyce Derenas' debut novel about Nazaire Poulin's incredible courage and resilience during one of Quebec's darkest hours. It's a slice-of-life portrait of a nation as it struggles to create stability amidst the chaos of a world depression.

<https://www.amazon.com/long-shot-french-canadian-saga/dp/1090787294>



## America's First Ally: France in the Revolutionary War Hardcover

by *Norman Desmarais*

This is a comprehensive look at how France influenced the American Revolutionary War in a variety of ways: intellectually, financially, and militarily. It raises the crucial question of whether America could have won its independence without the aid of France.

The book begins with an overview of the intellectual and ideological contributions of the French Enlightenment thinkers, called the philosophes, to the American and French revolutions. It then moves to cover the many forms of aid provided by France to support America during the Revolutionary War. This ranged from the covert aid France supplied America before her official entry into the war, to the French outfitters and merchants who provided much-needed military supplies to the Americans. When the war began, the colonists thought the French would welcome an opportunity to retaliate and regain their country. France also provided naval assistance, particularly to the American privateers who harassed British shipping and contributed to the increased shipping rates which added to Great Britain's economic hardships. France's military involvement in the war was equally as important.

America's First Ally looks at the contributions of individual French officers and troops, arguing that America could not have won without them. Desmarais explores the international nature of a war which some people have called the first world war. When France and Spain entered the conflict, they fought the Crown forces in their respective areas of economic interest. In addition to the engagements in the Atlantic Ocean, along the American and European coasts and in the West Indies, there are accounts of action in India and the East Indies, South America and Africa.

Also included are accounts drawn from ships' logs, court and auction records, newspapers, letters, diaries, journals, and pension applications.

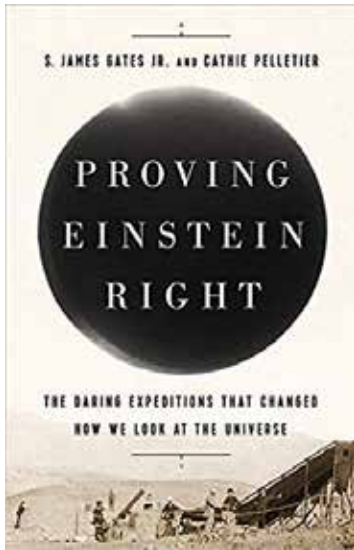


<https://www.amazon.com/Americas-First-Ally-France-Revolutionary/dp/1612007015>



## Proving Einstein Right: The Daring Expeditions that Changed How We Look at the Universe

*by Gates , S. James, Cathie Pelletier*



<https://www.amazon.com>

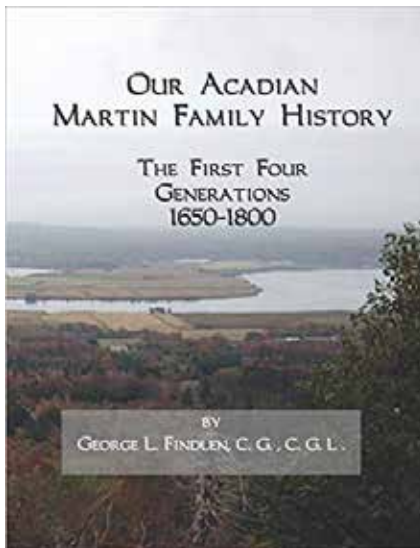
A thrilling adventure story chronicling the perilous journey of the scientists who set out to prove the theory of relativity--the results of which catapulted Albert Einstein to fame and forever changed our understanding of the universe.

In 1911, a relatively unknown physicist named Albert Einstein published his preliminary theory of gravity. But it hadn't been tested. To do that, he needed a photograph of starlight as it passed the sun during a total solar eclipse. So began a nearly decade-long quest by seven determined astronomers from observatories in four countries, who traveled the world during five eclipses to capture the elusive sight. Over the years, they faced thunderstorms, the ravages of a world war, lost equipment, and local superstitions. Finally, in May of 1919, British expeditions to northern Brazil and the island of Príncipe managed to photograph the stars, confirming Einstein's theory.

At its heart, this is a story of frustration, faith, and ultimate victory--and of the scientists whose efforts helped build the framework for the big bang theory, catapulted Einstein to international fame, and shook the foundation of physics.

## Our Acadian Martin Family History: The First Four Generations, 1650-1800

*by Findlen C.G., George L*



The story of Barnabé Martin and Jeanne Pelletret, son René, grandson Jean-Baptiste, and great-grandson Simon is the story of an Acadian family who developed a productive farm they left to escape the 1755 deportation. The family sought shelter along the lower Saint Lawrence during the French and Indian War, resettled on the central Saint John River until the arrival of the Loyalists after the American Revolutionary War, and resettled along the upper Saint John River. The work of 20 years, *Our Acadian Martin Family History* describes details of their daily lives and historical events impacting the family directly. Findlen takes readers to a richer understanding of an Acadian family's perilous journey from Acadia (Nova Scotia) to Northern Maine and New Brunswick, Canada. The book's genealogy not only supplies the genealogy of the Martin family but also provides the names of Acadians who served as godparents of baptized Martins and as witnesses to Martin marriages. Family historians and genealogists tracking their own Acadian families will find invaluable resources and leads for discovering their stories.

**ISBN: 978-10892000093**  
**(Books for Generations)**  
**336-pages**  
**Softcover**  
**Images, Bibliography,**  
**and Index**  
**\$19.99 retail (plus s/h)**

*George Findlen's long-awaited Martin family history is a valuable resource for descendants of Acadians in the Upper Saint John river Valley.*

*Available at: Amazon.com (search "George Findlen" and Our Acadian Martin Family History will result).*



BOOKS/  
LIVRES...

## The Story of an Acadian Family

by *George Findlen*  
(author)

Have you ever wanted to know where some of our Acadian ancestors came from? Or what crops they raised or even what they likely cooked and ate? Or how they built their houses? Or what route they may have taken if they escaped being deported to the American colonies?

For years I have wanted to know the answers to these questions and more. For me, genealogy—sheets of names and dates—is not enough. I want to know how my Acadian ancestors lived and what happened to them. I want family history which includes not only documents with my ancestors' names on them but also what was happening to them, the context. *Our Acadian Martin Family History: the First Four Generations, 1650—1800, from Barnabé Martin and Jeanne Pelletret of Port Royal, Acadia, to Simon Martin and Geneviève Bourgoin of Saint Basile, New Brunswick* answers these questions. (For those who are curious, my Martin ancestors likely came from a village within 50 miles of La Rochelle in France, their primary crop was wheat, they likely cooked *la chaudrée*, the walls of their houses had a lot of clay, and, in 1755, they likely took refuge at Sainte-Anne [today's

Fredericton, New Brunswick] after spending the winter at a place now named Morton).

As the title indicates, the book traces the lives of four generations of Martins from when our ancestor likely arrived from France to the move of a great-grandson and his wife to the Upper Saint John River Valley. (By the way, many other family histories give another individual as our ancestral immigrant. That individual is not our ancestor, and I explain why.) What applies to the Martins also applies to the many families who lived at Port Royal (today's Annapolis Royal). This book describes how other Acadian families lived, especially those who escaped deportation in 1755.

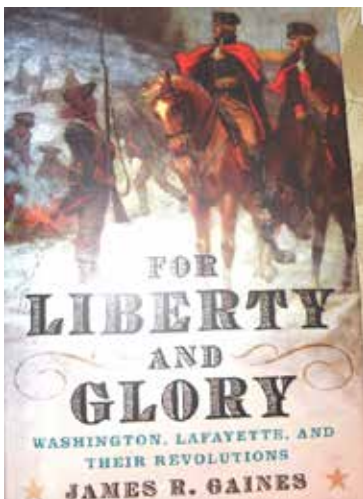
The book was written with two groups in mind. The first group is made up of those who want the story. Period. That they get, with maps and illustrations to help. Others of this group want just the genealogy. And they get that too, with a source citation for every name, date, and event. The second group of readers focuses on “How do you know?” and “Where did you get that?” This group wants sources and arguments that need to be justified. They get what they want in 86 pages of endnotes, some taking up most of a page. The book also has a short list of books so readers can learn more and a name index with an entry for every person named in the four genealogy sections.

My curiosity is not yet satisfied, and I am already doing the research and writing which will take the family from 1800 in Madawaska County, New Brunswick, to 1950 in Aroostook County, Maine.

The current volume is available for 19.99 (plus shipping) from Amazon.com. Search for “Our Acadian Martin Family



*Born in Van Buren, Maine, George Findlen grew up on a farm in Hamlin Plantation on the Upper Saint John River. His genealogical training and experience solidly prepared him for writing this in-depth family history. A certified genealogist and a certified genealogy lecturer, Findlen has presented talks and workshops at state, regional, and national conferences. His publications include The Genealogist's Handbook for Upper Saint John Valley Research, numerous articles in the National Genealogical Society Quarterly, and society publications in New England, Louisiana, New Brunswick, and Quebec. A former board member of the NGS, he currently serves on the editorial board of the NGSQ. Findlen is a direct descendant of the Martins in this book through his mother, a Martin.*



*For Liberty and Glory: Washington, Lafayette and their Revolutions* by James R. Gaines, published in 2007, First Edition.

## A Franco-American tribute to Marquis de Lafayette

September 20, 2019, *Franco-American News and Culture* Aurore Eaton, General George Washington, James R. Gaines, Julien Icher, Maine Historical Society, Senator Susan Deschambault

Lafayette Trail in Maine – Julien Icher is a French scholar who is leading the process of documenting the footsteps of General Lafayette, at the time he visited the United States, after the Revolutionary War (1775-1783). This historic visit by Lafayette was significant because the French General had been a close ally to General George Washington. He visited the United States, in 1824-1825, at the invitation of President James Monroe.

In addition to being a military hero, as well as a French aristocrat and a friend to George Washington, the Marquis de Lafayette (1757-1834) was also an inspired humanitarian.

During America's Revolutionary War, the Marquis de Lafayette was a close friend with General George Washington, who led the colonial armies. A history about their

(Continued on page 38)



BOOKS/  
LIVRES...

(A Franco-American tribute to Marquis de Lafayette continued from page 37)

friendship is documented in “For Liberty and Glory,” by James R. Gaines. I was glad to find my hard copy edition of this book when I learned about Icher’s work to document Lafayette’s last visit to the United States.

Lafayette was wealthy and an orphan when, at 16 years old and already a French army officer, he married Marie Adrienne Francoise de Noailles, who was from one of the wealthiest families in France. At a gathering in France on August 8, 1775, Lafayette heard about the struggle in the British colonies. He made clandestine arrangements to travel to America and joined the revolutionary cause.

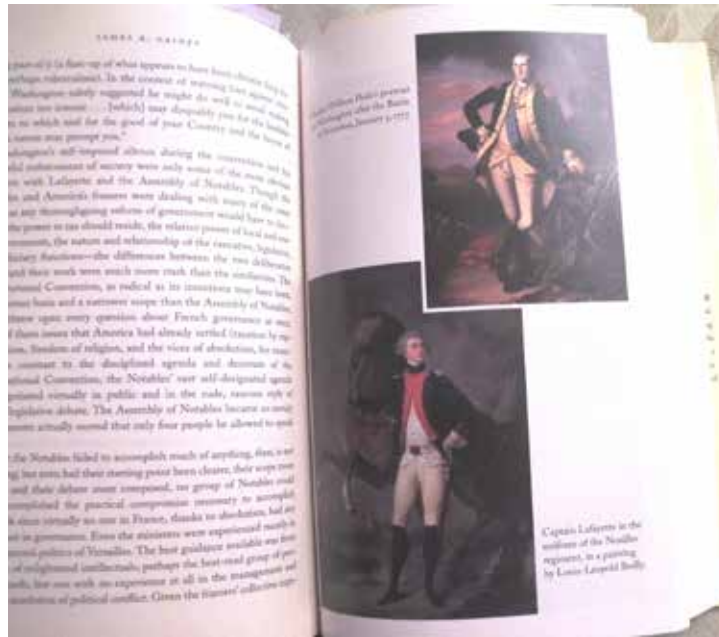
He landed near Charleston, South Carolina, June 13, 1777, and then traveled to Philadelphia, where he was commissioned on July 31, as a Major General. This reflected his wealth and social station, rather than years of battlefield experience, because, he was only 19 years old at the time. He was introduced to his commander-in-chief, General George Washington, who would become a lifelong friend. “They were often seen as father and son,” wrote Gaines.

Aurore Eaton, a New Hampshire writer, reported, “In addition to his military contributions, Lafayette was instrumental in obtaining vital aid from the French government in support of the new United States of America. After the American Revolution, Lafayette returned to France, where he was caught up in the perilous political conflicts that emerged at the time of the French Revolution. He was arrested in 1792, and held in captivity for more than five years.”

“Throughout his adult life, Lafayette advocated for human rights, including an end to slavery in the United States. His 1824-1825 tour of the 24 American states, a pilgrimage through his adopted country, was cause for celebration in the towns and cities where he stopped along his route.” (Including in Maine.)

On the Maine Historical Society website, it was reported, “Between July 1824 and

September 1825, the Marquis de Lafayette – the last surviving French general of the American Revolutionary War – toured the US at the invitation of President James Monroe to help mark the fledgling nation’s 50th anniversary. Lafayette’s tour encompassed several stops in Maine, including a visit to Portland, where he met Stephen Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow’s father.”



Portrait of George Washington after the Battle of Princeton January 3, 1777, and Captain Lafayette, in uniform.

Icher has a website, The Lafayette Trail. This nonprofit Franco-American effort will document Lafayette’s footsteps during his 1824-1825 tour.

From the website [www.thelafayettetrail.com](http://www.thelafayettetrail.com):

“We are **The Lafayette Trail**, a Franco-American effort to document, map and mark the footsteps of General Lafayette during his fourth and last visit to the United States in 1824-1825.”

Icher contacted me to explain the project, “I created The Lafayette Trail to increase mutual understanding between France and the US by building upon Lafayette’s ubiquitous legacy. The goal of the trail is to document, map, and mark the footsteps of Lafayette during his fourth visit to his adopted land in 1824. This is in preparation for the bicentennial celebrations, in 2024. The trail also aims at raising Lafayette’s critical contribution to the founding of the United States.”

“It is my intention to invite as many localities as possible to proactively engage

in the national conversation that we are building around Lafayette, his message and the values he consistently advocated for throughout his entire life.”

Read Aurore Eaton’s article in “Looking Back” at this site:

Looking Back with Aurore Eaton: Revolutionary War Hero Lafayette is remembered in New Hampshire.

Check out the social media page @thelafayettetrail for The Lafayette Trail.

Contact Julian Icher at [thelafayettetrail@gmail.com](mailto:thelafayettetrail@gmail.com)

Icher is wroking with Maine legislators, including York County Senator Susan Deschambault, and other across the United States, to secure official recognition about the significance of Lafayette’s 1824-1825 visit. He is looking to obtain from state legislatures the authorization to work with their transportation departments, to erect and maintain Lafayette Trail historical markers.



About Juliana L'Heureux

Juliana L'Heureux is a freelance 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.



N.D.L.R.: This article first appeared in the Twin City Times, Oct. 3, 2019.

Used with permission.

# Out & About with Rachel Morin: Meeting Franco author Ernest Herbert

October 3, 2019 | Author editor



was elevated to Monsignor, became a father figure for Ernie during his father's absence, serving in the U.S. Navy during WWII. Father Vac, a hunter and a fisherman, was Ernie's first mentor and taught him many useful things in life.

"Father Vac wasn't like any priest I know of today," Ernie reminisced. "He never talked to me as if I were a child. He was the only adult who actually conversed with me." When Father Vac died suddenly of a heart attack at age 61, Ernie remembers, "Father Vac's death was the most traumatic event of my teen years." Ernie was 14 at the time.

Ernie had a close relationship with his mother and read us a poem he wrote about her. He was especially pleased when she warmly welcomed his wife Medora Lavoie into the family, embracing her as the daughter she never had.

The author knows the value of a name. He dedicates ample time on names and their importance to him, giving examples throughout his presentation. He is very proud of his Hebert name and grew up with the pronunciation "Hee-ber't" in Keene. He paid particular attention to the different pronunciations of Hebert in the many places he lived or worked, or in his and Medora's travels. We loved hearing these pronunciations! Ernie ended with his favorite where they lived six winters: New Orleans, Louisiana! "Ay-bare, that's a fine South Louisiana name" a co-worker would often say. Ernie then said to us, "Nobody in my part of New Hampshire ever said 'Hebert, that's a fine New England name!'"

There are so many treasured and poignant memories in his memoir, which bears having Hebert return so others may have the opportunity to hear him speak again. The author remained with the audience for a question and answer session and a personal talk as well.

Herbert is a well-known Franco-American author and poet. His inaugural novel "Dogs of March", the first in a series of six books that take place in the fictional town of Darby, New Hampshire, created a stir when it was published in 1979. The following books completed the series: "A Little More Than Kin", "Whisper My Name", "The Passion of Estelle Jordan", "Live Free or Die", "Spoonwood", and "Howard Elman's Farewell". The books were very  
*(Continued on page 47)*



*Franco friends and book lovers posed for a photo before the evening began. Pictured l to r, Margaret Craven, Celia McGuckian, Bruce Pagliaroli, Doris Bonneau, Ernest Hebert, Author; Susann Pelletier, Denis Ledoux, Alette Couturier and Juliana L'Heureux*

I was looking forward to seeing how "Meet a Franco Author" sponsored by the Franco-American Collection's innovative reading series at USM's Lewiston-Auburn College was going to be, starting September 23. It sounded so interesting. I had heard so much about the first presenter, Ernest Hebert, renowned author and poet from Keene, New Hampshire.

I joined early arrivals gathered around Author Ernest Hebert. Denis Ledoux, FAC Board Member, came forward and introduced us. All of a sudden, I heard myself saying, "Je suis enchante du faire votre connaissance" as the author and I shook hands. It was spontaneous and I surprised myself, hearing this stilted greeting from my decades ago LHS French classes! (Merci, Mademoiselle Boucher.)

My jubilation was short lived as I learned later that Franco Author Hebert, by his own account, does not speak French. He explained he was fluent in French through the age of five when he entered kindergarten at Lincoln School in Keene, where no one spoke French—not teachers, not students. It was so upsetting to him as a young child, being unable to communicate with his classmates, that his parents spoke English only in his presence. He never spoke French again. English became his preferred language—his only language.

It was the same story at St. Joseph Elementary School, the only Catholic School in Keene. The priests, curates and nuns were Irish, it was an Irish Parish School.

and everyone, including the students with French names, spoke English and knew not a word of French. It was the sign of the times, as all his school friends and buddies now spoke English only and to blend in with them, Ernie did the same. (The author kindly requested I call him Ernie.)

He tells us he tried regaining his French language in high school and college French classes, but was unsuccessful. Ernie is not one to give up, however, so who knows one day we may attend one of his lectures and hear something different.

The audience soon settled into Hebert's recitation of his childhood memories taken from his Memoir of My Childhood, now in progress. He has a warm, friendly, down to earth, storytelling style of how it was growing up in a family with four boys. His delivery was just like he was talking to you alone, as you sit having coffee together. He also has humor thrown in, as one might expect with the antics and jostling of three male siblings.

Father, mother, four sons, aunts, uncles with nuns and priests in the family made a tight, close and loving family in the Franco-American tradition. They knew the value of hard work and had a good work ethic as the Franco-American people are known for.

Ernie proudly told us about his mother's brother, and leader of the family, for whom he was named after, the Right Reverend Father Joseph Ernest Vaccarest. Father Vac, as he was known, even after he

# Why is an Apology Necessary? Recollection of the Acadian Deportation and Historical Justice\*

*Jean-François Thibault*

Professor at *L'École des hautes études publiques* and dean of the *Faculté des arts et des sciences sociales* of l'Université de Moncton.

*"We are now upon a great and noble Scheme of sending the neutral French out of this Province [...] If we effect their Expulsion, it will be one of the greatest Things that ever the English did in America."*<sup>1</sup>

In light of other historical injustices that have been the object of various forms of restitution, reparation or repentance, does the Deportation, decided upon by the British Crown and endured by Acadian populations between 1755 and 1763, belong to this category of faults, wrongdoings and prejudices committed in the past, and for which amends must be made today?

In spite of the fact the answer should apparently go without saying, especially if we suppose that "having been a victim" gives certain rights including "to complain, protest, and make demands"<sup>2</sup>, the moral questioning is in all likelihood more complex than it appears. After all, the victims of this deportation are long since deceased. Furthermore, even if we posit that the descendants of this population – as members of an uninterrupted society whose relation to the deceased victims is a special one – are still subjected to "the repercussions and the effects of this disaster"<sup>3</sup>, the argument remains morally unsatisfactory if it rely only on the consequences from the point of view of those who live today. This would indeed signify that we no longer owe anything to these deceased victims as they can no more

be affected by events posterior to their deaths than have an impact on these same events. In short, the dead no longer exist, and as departed holders of rights, they cannot complain today. Even less recognize that any justice has been rendered.

There remains therefore the descendants of these victims who, though they have not been touched directly by the tragedy, nevertheless still hear the "call"<sup>4</sup> of their ancestors and possibly continue to suffer its repercussions and effects. Logically, the challenge would then consist in determining if these indirect victims' situation is worse today than that which they would be living had the events not occurred. If so, the situation would need to be rectified. For many, the feat consists then essentially in ruling first on the property titles in existence at the time of the Deportation, then to estimate the current value of what was unjustly acquired following the Deportation and, finally, to rectify the situation in the hopes of simultaneously repairing the injustice.

However, and beyond the difficulties that such a trans historical and intergenerational approach raises in the case of Acadian populations deported in the middle of the eighteenth century, is there not a risk of missing the moral issue by embarking on such a path? The moral issue consists essentially in answering to the fact *that individuals now deceased were victim of faults, wrongdoings and prejudices back*

*then?* This is the paradox raised by the idea of historical justice seeking to go beyond the notion of "reparation" to re-establish a moral equilibrium between involved parties. It is the spirit of this notion and consequently the demands expressed in the name of past victims of the Deportation that is the focus of my attention in this article.

\*\*\*

Let us consider the case of the Royal Proclamation signed by Governor General Adrienne Clarkson in December 2003 and the designation of July 28 as the "Day of Commemoration of the Great Upheaval"<sup>5</sup>. According to the Proclamation document, the British Crown recognizes having "made the decision to deport the Acadian people." The Crown recognizes that this decision "had tragic consequences" as well as "the trials and suffering" that it brought about upon "many thousands of Acadians." Ostensibly, this seems to be a "great victory", to borrow the expression used by Euclide Chiasson, president of the *Société nationale de l'Acadie*. However, is this really the case? Is the Proclamation truly satisfactory on a moral level? Does it genuinely make amends for the faults, wrongdoings and prejudices endured by Acadian populations between 1755 and 1763? I do not think so!

Let us continue with our reading of the Proclamation. The document specifies that the objective targeted by the recognition of these "historical facts" consist in allowing Acadians to "turn the page on this dark chapter of their history." Of their history! Nevertheless, are we not authorized to think that this chapter also belongs to the British Crown's history as well? Moreover, between Acadian populations living in Nova Scotia in the mid-eighteenth century and the British Crown who acquired this territory by way of the 1713 Treaty of Utrecht, in effect terminating the War of the Spanish Succession, is the Deportation not chronicling a common history?

Yet, thanks to this possessive adjective that literally turns on its head the rest of the Proclamation, the burden of hardship and  
(Continued on page 42)

\* Thank you to Fidèle Thériault for his comments on this text. All errors contained herein are mine alone. Thank you also to Marie Leconte for the translation. / Article first published in the *Cahiers de la Société historique acadienne* (SHA) vol. 36, no. 2 and 3, September 2005, p. 122-131. Republished in the 5th edition (Automne 2016, p. 79-85) of *Veritas Acadie, the Société internationale Veritas Acadie's (SIVA) journal of Acadian history*.

1 Anonymous correspondence published August 23, 1755 in the *New York Gazette*, September 4, 1755 in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, and September 18, 1755 in the *Maryland Gazette*

2 Tzvetan Todorov, "The Abuses of Memory" [1995], trans. Mei Lin Chang, *Common Knowledge*, vol. 5, issue 1, 1996, p. 24

3 Fidèle Thériault, « Oui à une commission d'enquête sur la déportation », *L'Acadie nouvelle*, 22 November 2002, p. 13. [Translated]

4 Antonine Maillat, *Pélagie The Return to Acadie* [1982], trans. Philip Stratford, New Brunswick, Goose Lane Editions, 2004, p. 13

5 *Canada Gazette*, Record SI/2003-188, December 31, 2003

# Pourquoi des excuses sont-elles nécessaires?

## Mémoire de la déportation acadienne et justice historique \*

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«Nous sommes actuellement engagés dans une grande et noble entreprise consistant à expulser les Français neutres hors de la province ... Si nous y parvenons, il s'agira d'un des plus grands succès accompli par les Anglais en Amérique.»<sup>1</sup>

À l'instar d'autres injustices historiques ayant récemment fait l'objet de diverses formes de restitution, de réparation ou de repentance, la déportation décidée par la Couronne britannique et subie par les populations acadiennes entre 1755 et 1763 appartient-elle à cette catégorie de fautes, de torts ou de préjudices commis dans le passé mais exigeant aujourd'hui de faire amende honorable?

Bien que la réponse ne fasse apparemment pas de doute – surtout si l'on suppose que le fait d'avoir « été victime » donne certains droits dont ceux de se « plaindre, de protester, et de réclamer »<sup>2</sup> – l'interrogation morale est vraisemblablement plus complexe qu'il n'y paraît. Après tout, les victimes de cette déportation sont aujourd'hui décédées depuis bien longtemps et si l'on peut certes avancer l'hypothèse que les descendants de cette population acadienne subissent toujours – en tant que membres d'une société continue dont les liens avec les victimes décédées sont spéciaux – « les répercussions et les effets de ce drame »<sup>3</sup>, l'argumentation demeurera moralement insatisfaisante si l'on s'en tient aux seules conséquences du point de vue de ceux qui vivent ici et maintenant. Cela signifierait en

effet que nous ne devrions rien à ces victimes décédées puisqu'elles ne pourraient pas plus être affectées par des événements postérieurs à leur décès, qu'avoir un réel impact sur ces événements. En somme les morts n'existent plus avec comme principale conséquence qu'en tant que porteurs de droits ayant autrefois existés, ils peuvent difficilement se plaindre aujourd'hui et encore moins reconnaître que justice a été rendue.

Resteraient donc les descendants de ces victimes qui, s'ils n'ont pas été directement touchés par le drame, entendent peut-être toujours « les appels »<sup>4</sup> de leurs ancêtres et en subissent possiblement encore les répercussions et les effets. En toute logique, l'enjeu consistera alors à déterminer si la situation de ces victimes indirectes est aujourd'hui pire que celle qui aurait été la leur si de tels événements ne s'étaient pas produits. Le cas échéant, il s'agirait de trouver une façon de rectifier la situation. Pour plusieurs l'enjeu consisterait alors essentiellement à statuer d'abord sur les titres de propriété existant au moment de la déportation, à estimer ensuite la valeur actuelle de ce qui aurait alors été injustement acquit suite à la déportation et, enfin, à rectifier la situation en espérant réparer du même coup l'injustice.

Pourtant, et au-delà des diverses difficultés que soulèverait vraisemblablement une telle démarche transhistorique et intergénérationnelle dans le cas de la déportation des populations acadiennes du milieu du 18<sup>ième</sup> siècle, ne risquerions-nous

pas en nous engageant dans une telle voie de passer à côté du problème moral à proprement parler? Un problème qui consiste, au fond, à répondre au fait que *des personnes aujourd'hui décédées furent alors victimes de fautes, de torts ou de préjudices*? C'est ce paradoxe soulevé par l'idée de justice historique que cherche à dépasser la notion de « réparation symbolique » dont l'objectif consiste notamment à rétablir un équilibre moral entre les parties impliquées. C'est l'esprit de cette notion et par conséquent *des demandes exprimées en mémoire des victimes passées* de la déportation qui retiendra mon attention dans cet essai.

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Considérons le cas de la Proclamation royale signée par la gouverneure générale Adrienne Clarkson en décembre 2003 et désignant le 28 juillet « Journée de commémoration du Grand Dérangement »<sup>5</sup>. Selon la lettre de la Proclamation, la Couronne britannique reconnaît avoir « pris la décision de déporter les Acadiens ». Elle reconnaît en outre que cette décision « a eu des conséquences tragiques » ainsi que « les épreuves et souffrances » que celle-ci a entraîné pour « plusieurs milliers d'Acadiens ». À première vue, il s'agit là selon l'expression utilisée par le président de la Société nationale de l'Acadie, Euclide Chiasson, d'une « grande victoire ». Mais, est-ce le cas? La proclamation est-elle véritablement satisfaisante sur le plan moral? Fait-elle sincèrement amende honorable quant aux fautes, aux torts et aux préjudices subit par les populations acadiennes entre 1755 et 1763? Je ne le pense pas!

Continuons notre lecture de la proclamation. L'objectif visé par la reconnaissance de ces « faits historiques » consiste, précise le document, à permettre aux Acadiens de « tourner la page sur cette période sombre de leur histoire ». De leur histoire! Mais, ne serions nous pas autorisé à penser qu'il s'agit également de l'histoire de la Couronne britannique? Et, entre les populations acadiennes habitant la Nouvelle-Écosse au milieu du 18<sup>ième</sup> siècle et la Couronne britannique qui acquiert ce territoire dans le cadre du (suite page 43)

• Je remercie Fidèle Thériault pour ses commentaires sur ce texte. Les erreurs qu'il pourrait toujours contenir demeurent les miennes. / Article paru dans le vol. 36 (nos 2 et 3, p. 122-131, septembre 2005) des *Cahiers de la Société historique acadienne (SHA)* ainsi que dans la 5<sup>e</sup> édition (automne 2016, p. 79-85) de *Veritas Acadie* de la Société internationale Veritas Acadie (SIVA).

1 Correspondance anonyme publiée le 23 août 1755 dans la *New York Gazette*, le 4 septembre 1755 dans la *Pennsylvania Gazette* et le 18 septembre 1755 dans la *Maryland Gazette*.

2 Tzvetan Todorov, *Les abus de la mémoire*, Paris, Arléa, 1995, p. 56.

3 Fidèle Thériault, « Oui à une commission d'enquête sur la déportation », *L'Acadie nouvelle*, 22 novembre 2002, p. 13.

4 Antonine Maillet, *Pélagie-la-Charrette* [1979], Montréal, Bibliothèque québécoise, 1990, p. 20.

5 *Gazette du Canada*, Enregistrement TR/2003-188, 31 décembre 2003.

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suffering relating to “this dark chapter” finds itself undeniably projected back onto Acadian shoulders alone. Subsequently, is it truly surprising to see the Proclamation add next that recognition of the facts themselves do not involve an admission of any “legal or financial responsibility by the Crown in right of Canada and of the provinces,” nor that “any right or obligation” should come from it?

Under these circumstances, and beyond the interpretation given to the expression “the Crown in right of Canada and of the provinces,” even if the Queen of England, Elizabeth II, had decided to come and read herself the Proclamation in 2005, it would change absolutely nothing of the situation at a moral level. Indeed, the objective of making amends that one could reasonably hope to come from such a Proclamation remain well below the moral expectations that should be legitimately counted upon from such an effort. Here, the Proclamation does not express nor reflect a moral attitude. For this reason, it satisfies only partially the answer – the one relating to the recognition of the facts – that was long expected following the violence of the Deportation and the consecutive humiliation to which Acadian populations were subjected.

By neglecting to admit any responsibility and omitting to apologise, as is frequently the case in these types of restorative approaches, the Crown finally showed how little it cares about the moral motivations that should have warranted such a Proclamation. All the more so, with few exceptions, as it is the symbolic reparation relating to the “recognition” of responsibilities and obligations resulting from the faults, wrongdoings and prejudices to which their ancestors were victim that is sought today by the deceased victims’ descendants; and not some financial compensation, legal settlement or restitu-

tion of property. Therefore, by refusing to apologise this way and to express sincere regrets, the British Crown refuses in practice to admit publicly that such acts were in any way morally reprehensible.

Let us not forget that the events in question were regularly the object of discussions as early as 1708. Indeed, the plan to recapture French Canada then proposed to the British government by Samuel Vetch, a plan eventually adopted by the former, foresaw the expulsion of Acadian populations and their replacement by Protestant settlers<sup>6</sup>. It was in all likelihood strategic reasons, notably one consisting in assuring the survival of British troops using Acadian populations’ acquired experience (experience that other settlers did not have), and another one that consisted in limiting the participation of Acadian populations in the development of French colonies, that delayed the application of such a plan. A plan that incidentally was not completely exceptional at that time since the Crown had proceeded with the deportation of Spanish populations during the conquest of Jamaica in 1655 and that it would use the same method again against the Garifuna population of the Island of Saint-Vincent in 1796. It was a similar expulsion plan, but one elaborated in detail this time by the surveyor Charles Morris, that was finally presented to the new Lieutenant Governor Charles Lawrence during the summer of 1754, as well as to the Nova Scotia Council, which was presided by Lawrence and of which Morris was a member<sup>7</sup>.

The plans having been concluded at the latest in 1754<sup>8</sup>, Lawrence set in motion the procedure and finally took advantage of the fact that a group of Deputies from the Minas Basin appeared in front of the Nova Scotia Council on July 3, 1755, in connection with the confiscation of their arms and their boats at the beginning of June, to request a new oath of allegiance without any exceptions this time. After deliberations, Lawrence, the following day, refused the right of certain Minas Basin Representatives

to go back on their decision and to pledge unconditional allegiance by stating that the oath would not be “from an honest mind” but “could be esteemed only the Effect of Compulsion and Force”<sup>9</sup>. Thus, Lawrence imprisoned them and summoned new representatives. He advised them as well, on July 25, that they must pledge an oath without any conditions or “quit their Lands.” The situation in North America was such that, as will stipulate Lawrence, “no delay could be admitted” this time and if they “would not become Subjects” of the British Crown, “they could not be suffered to remain in the Country”<sup>10</sup>. Once again, they refused to pledge an oath that would have forced them to abandon their neutrality, but they insisted on renewing their oath of loyalty to the British Crown.

This time, the refusal served as a pretext for the Nova Scotia Council to announce on July 28, 1755 that, following a earlier decision, the Council now intended to proceed with the expulsion of Acadian populations and the expropriation of their land. The directives given by Lawrence to the officers in charge of operation were transmitted at the end of July or the beginning of August 1755. In a letter dated August 11, 1755 addressed to the other governors of continental English colonies, Lawrence exposed the situation and demanded their collaboration, which consisted in receiving the deportees, and disperse them to prevent them from reconstituting a community<sup>11</sup>. Thus, in spite of a letter dated August 13, 1755, written by Sir Thomas Robinson, the Secretary of State responsible for North American affairs, in which he suggested that Lawrence use “the greatest Caution and Prudence in [his] conduct” with Acadian populations and to “assure such of Them, as may be trusted, especially upon taking the Oaths to His Majesty, and His Government, That They may remain in the quiet Possession of their Settlements”<sup>12</sup>, the work was already under way. It is only on October  
*(Continued on page 44)*

6 Samuel Vetch, « Canada Survey's », 27 juillet 1708, *Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series, America and West Indies, June 1708-1709*, London, Public Record Office, 1922, Kraus Reprint Ltd., 1964, p. 41-51

7 Charles Morris, « Remarks Concerning the Removal of the French Inhabitants », in Henri Raymond Casgrain, *Collection de documents inédits sur le Canada et l'Amérique* published by French Canada, Volume 1, Quebec, Imprimerie de L.-J. Demers & Frère, 1888, p. 130-137. See also John Mack Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, New York, W.W. Norton & Company, 2005, p. 288-290

8 December 12, 1754, Lawrence writes to lieutenant colonel Robert Monckton that it is without a doubt pointless to wait for other directives from London with regard to the “Big project” they are considering. Naomi E.S. Griffiths, under the dir. of, *The Acadian Deportation: Deliberate Perfidy or Cruel Necessity?*, Toronto, Copp Clark, 1969, p. 108

9 Thomas B. Akins, *Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia*, Halifax, Charles Annand, 1869, p. 256. Let's not forget that Lawrence had formally recommended to Monckton, in a letter dated January 30, 1755, to avoid having the Acadian populations of Chignictou pledge an oath because this would “tye up our hands and disqualify us to extirpate them, should it be found (as I fancy it will).” N.E.S. Griffiths, *The Acadian Deportation*, op. cit., p. 108

10 T.B. Akins, *Selections...*, op. cit., p. 262

11 *Ibid.*, p. 277-278

12 N.E.S. Griffiths, *The Acadian Deportation*, op. cit., p. 111

(*Pourquoi des excuses sont-elles nécessaires? Mémoire de la déportation acadienne et justice historique suite de page 41*)

Traité d'Utrecht de 1713 mettant fin à la guerre de Succession d'Espagne, n'est-ce pas vraisemblablement une histoire commune que la déportation devrait raconter?

Pourtant, grâce à cet adjectif possessif qui fait littéralement basculer le reste de la Proclamation, le fardeau des épreuves et des souffrances liées à « cette période sombre » se trouve ici indiscutablement rejeté sur les seules épaules acadiennes. Dès lors, faut-il véritablement se surprendre de constater que la Proclamation ajoute ensuite que cette reconnaissance quant aux faits proprement dit n'implique cependant pas l'admission d'une quelconque « responsabilité juridique ou financière de la part de la Couronne du chef du Canada et des provinces » pas plus qu'elle n'implique qu'un « quelconque droit » ou qu'une « quelconque obligation » en découle?

Dans ces circonstances, et au-delà de l'interprétation qu'il convient de donner à l'expression « Couronne du chef du Canada et des provinces », même si la reine d'Angleterre, Elizabeth II, avait décidé de venir elle-même lire la Proclamation en 2005, sur le plan moral cela ne changerait absolument rien à la situation. En effet, l'objectif d'amende honorable que l'on pouvait raisonnablement espérer d'une telle Proclamation demeure en deçà des attentes morales que l'on pouvait légitimement escompter qu'une telle démarche satisferait. Ici, la Proclamation n'exprime pas et ne reflète pas une attitude morale. Pour cette raison, elle satisfait une partie seulement – celle portant sur la reconnaissance des faits – de la réponse qui était demandée et attendue suite à la violence de la déportation et à l'humiliation consécutive que les populations acadiennes ont subit.

En négligeant d'admettre une quelconque responsabilité et en omettant de s'excuser comme cela est fréquemment fait dans ce genre de démarche réparatrice,

la Couronne fait finalement bien peu de cas des motivations morales qui devaient justifier une telle Proclamation. D'autant plus que, sauf de rares exceptions, c'est une telle réparation symbolique portant sur la « reconnaissance » des responsabilités et des obligations qui en découlent quant aux fautes, aux torts et aux préjudices dont furent victimes leurs ancêtres que recherchent aujourd'hui les descendants de ces victimes décédées et non pas de quelconques compensations financières, règlements judiciaires ou restitutions des biens. Dès lors, en refusant de faire de telles excuses et d'exprimer ses sincères regrets, la Couronne britannique refuse en pratique d'admettre publiquement que de tels actes aient été moralement condamnables.

Ne perdons pas de vue que les événements dont il est question furent régulièrement l'objet de discussions dès 1708. En effet, le plan de reconquête du Canada français que propose alors Samuel Velch au gouvernement britannique – un plan que ce dernier adoptera finalement – prévoyait l'expulsion des populations acadiennes et leur remplacement par des colons protestants<sup>6</sup>. Ce sont vraisemblablement des raisons stratégiques – notamment celle consistant à assurer la survie des troupes britanniques grâce à l'expérience sur le terrain qu'avaient acquit les populations acadiennes mais que d'autres colons ne possédaient pas et celle consistant à limiter la participation des populations acadiennes au développement des colonies françaises – qui retarderont l'application d'un tel plan; lequel n'était d'ailleurs pas totalement exceptionnel à l'époque puisque la Couronne avait procédé à la déportation des populations espagnoles lors de la conquête de la Jamaïque en 1655 et qu'elle allait de nouveaux utiliser la même méthode contre la population Garifuna de l'île Saint-Vincent en 1796. C'est un plan d'expulsion semblable, mais élaboré dans ses moindres détails cette fois par l'arpenteur Charles Morris, qui est finalement présenté à l'été 1754 au nouveau lieutenant gouver-

neur, Charles Lawrence, ainsi qu'au Conseil de la Nouvelle-Écosse que préside ce dernier et dont Morris est lui-même membre<sup>7</sup>.

Les plans arrêtés au plus tard à la fin de l'année 1754<sup>8</sup>, Lawrence enclenche la procédure et profite finalement de ce qu'un groupe de délégués du bassin des Mines se présente devant le Conseil de la Nouvelle-Écosse le 3 juillet 1755 en lien avec la confiscation de leurs armes et de leurs bateaux au début du mois de juin pour exiger un nouveau serment d'allégeance sans aucune exception cette fois. Après délibérations, Lawrence refusera le lendemain le droit à certains délégués du bassin des Mines de revenir sur leur décision et de prêter un serment inconditionnel en avançant que le serment ne serait pas « sincère » mais le « résultat de nos exigences et menaces »<sup>9</sup>. Lawrence les emprisonne donc et convoque de nouveaux délégués. Il les avise à leur tour, le 25 juillet, qu'ils doivent prêter serment sans condition ou « quitter leurs terres ». La situation en Amérique du nord est telle, précisera Lawrence, qu'« aucun délai » ne sera cette fois admis et que s'ils ne « veulent pas devenir sujets » de la Couronne britannique « ils ne pourront rester »<sup>10</sup>. À nouveaux, les délégués refusent de prêter un tel serment qui les aurait contraint à abandonner leur neutralité, mais ils insistent néanmoins pour renouveler un serment de fidélité à la Couronne britannique.

Le refus servira cette fois de prétexte au Conseil de la Nouvelle-Écosse qui annonce le 28 juillet 1755 que, suite à une décision prise précédemment, le Conseil entend maintenant procéder à l'expulsion des populations acadiennes et à l'expropriation de leurs terres. Les directives de Lawrence aux officiers chargés des opérations leurs sont transmises fin juillet et début août 1755 et dans une lettre du 11 août 1755 adressée aux autres gouverneurs des colonies anglaises du continent, Lawrence expose la situation et requiert leur collaboration qui consistera à recevoir les (suite page 45)

6 Samuel Vetch, « Canada Survey's », 27 juillet 1708, *Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series, America and West Indies*, June 1708-1709, Londres, Public Record Office, 1922, Kraus Reprint Ltd., 1964, p. 41-51.

7 Charles Morris, « Remarks Concerning the Removal of the French Inhabitants », dans Henri Raymond Casgrain, *Collection de documents inédits sur le Canada et l'Amérique publiés par le Canada-français*, tome 1, Québec, Imprimerie de L.-J. Demers & Frère, 1888, pp. 130-137. Lire également John Mack Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, New York, W.W. Norton & Company, 2005, pp. 288-290.

8 Le 12 décembre 1754, Lawrence écrit au lieutenant-colonel Robert Monckton qu'il est sans doute inutile d'attendre d'autres directives de Londres quant au « Grand projet » qu'ils envisagent. Naomi E.S. Griffiths, sous la dir. de, *The Acadian Deportation : Deliberate Perfidy or Cruel Necessity?*, Toronto, Copp Clark, 1969, p. 108.

9 Thomas B. Akins, *Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia*, Halifax, Charles Annand, 1869, p. 256. Rappelons également que Lawrence avait formellement recommandé à Monckton, dans une lettre datée du 30 janvier 1755, de ne surtout pas faire prêter serment aux populations acadiennes de Chignictou puisque cela « nous lierait les mains et nous rendrait incapable de les extirper dans le cas où, comme je me l'imagine, cela deviendrait nécessaire. » N.E.S. Griffiths, *The Acadian Deportation, op. cit.*, p. 108.

10 T.B. Akins, *Selections...*, *op. cit.*, p. 262.

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18, 1755 that Lawrence finally reported the "fait accompli"<sup>13</sup> to the British Board of Trade, and this while 7,000 Acadians were already assembled and had been embarked on boats to be deported and dispersed. Up until December 1762, 2,000 to 3,000 others suffered the same fate. All in all, the events around the Deportation provoked directly and indirectly the death of thousands of Acadians<sup>14</sup>.

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Beyond the facts, and undoubtedly from a more fundamental point of view regarding the responsibilities and obligations resulting from the faults, wrongdoings and prejudices caused by the Deportation, the essential aspects are less related to the circumstances themselves. Notably to the mix of bad faith, illegality, manipulation and opportunism surrounding the actions of the main colonial perpetrators, in Nova Scotia as well as in Massachusetts for that matter. The essential aspects are concerned by the fact that the past victims were morally bearers of "projects oriented towards the future". As such, we can reasonably presume that their wishes consisted in seeing these projects carried out and that this posthumous undertaking had a "great importance for the well being of these people during their lifetime"<sup>15</sup> For a significant part, these projects rested upon mutual promises that had been made and on obligations that had been contracted as much by Acadian populations, which formed by all accounts a distinct society that benefited from "considerable political rights"<sup>16</sup> and, since the Treaty of Utrecht, as subjects of the Crown<sup>17</sup>, as *by the Crown itself*.

The Acadian populations had in effect pledged various oaths of allegiance since the middle of the seventeenth century<sup>18</sup>. In 1730, the Governor of Nova Scotia, Richard Philipps, had the oath of allegiance renewed and accepted as well to recognize, verbally, the neutrality of Acadian populations; a neutrality these populations had expressed for the first time in 1717, and which was implicitly accepted from that moment on. Furthermore, in a letter dated July 23, 1713 addressed to General Francis Nicholson, Queen Anne of England granted Acadian populations that desired the possibility of remaining and the benefit of their land, their property and the free practice of their religion, which the duke of Newcastle, in the name of the king, confirmed once again in 1747. Lastly, in answer to the concerns of the Acadian populations' representatives, from whom a new unconditional oath of allegiance was being asked, the Governor Edward Cornwallis insisted in September 1749 that those who had made the decision to remain, in 1713, had since "undoubtedly" become subjects of the British Crown "upon the same footing as the other Catholic subjects". As such, there was no question as to "the liberty to chose"<sup>19</sup>.

Thus, as early at 1713, Acadians should have been considered subjects of the British Crown by the authorities of Nova Scotia. Under these circumstances, it is certainly not unreasonable to consider these oaths promises bearing a moral strength and with the ability to impose on the parties duties and responsibilities that stretched over time<sup>20</sup>. Duties and responsibilities that, on the whole, Acadians have respected<sup>21</sup> but which British authorities on the other hand have not satisfied in deciding to systematically deport these same Acadians starting in

the summer of 1755.

As such, the British Crown's moral obligation must be understood not only as that of the recognition of the tragic events', this goes without saying, but also its direct moral responsibility for there occurrence, without attempting to limit it with subtle rhetoric. Here, the tentative agreement given by the British Crown regarding the expulsion of Acadian populations and the ambiguity of cautionary injunctions then formulated functioned as it were as a "tacit permission" and can reasonably be interpreted as a form of institutional sanction<sup>22</sup>. That no blame was laid on Lawrence and that he was even named Governor of Nova Scotia in 1756 only confirms the responsibility of the British Crown, of which he was an official representative. Likewise, when the 2nd Earl of Halifax, then president of the Board of Trade, wrote in a letter addressed to King George II in December 1759 that he was very satisfied with Lawrence's resettlement work in Nova Scotia and that its success was "greatly beyond our expectations"<sup>23</sup>, it is again the British Crown's responsibility that appears reinforced.

It is this moral responsibility that the Queen<sup>24</sup> should recognise in expressing her mea culpa and repentance for having tacitly allowed morally reprehensible acts to occur, acts that no attenuating circumstances, related, as implied by the Royal Proclamation's text, to "administering the affairs of the British colony of Nova Scotia" allows to excuse or justify. Still, these acts were in all likelihood undertaken knowingly since the British Crown recommended a change in politics in December 1762<sup>25</sup>. And, starting in 1757, the fierce critic of British imperialism, Edmund Burke, was condemning the (Continued on page 46)

13 The expression is the one used by John Bartlet Brebner, *New England's Outpost: Acadia Before the Conquest of Canada*, New York, Columbia University Press, 1927, p. 213

14 Faragher advances the number of 10,000 victims. J.M. Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, op. cit., p. 425

15 See Lukas H. Meyer, "Obligations persistantes et réparations symboliques", *Revue philosophique de Louvain*, vol. 101, no. 1, February 2003, p. 103-122 and Michael Ridge, "Giving the Dead Their Due", *Ethics*, vol. 114, no. 1, October 2003, p. 38-59 2003, p. 31-48 T.B. Akins, *Selections ...*, p. 174-175 Janna Thompson, *Taking Responsibility for the Past. Reparation and Historical Justice*, London, Polity, 2002, p. 16

16 Naomi E.S. Griffiths, *The Contexts of Acadian History 1686 - 1784* (1992), McGill-Queens University Press, Montreal, Kingston, p. 69-70, 71

17 Something insisted upon by Robinson in his letter dated August 13. N.E.S. Griffiths, *The Acadian Deportation*, op. cit., p. 111

18 See Naomi E.S. Griffiths, "Subjects and Citizens in the Eighteenth Century: The Question of the Acadian Oath of Allegiance", *Revue de l'Université Ste-Anne*, 1998, p. 23-33 and Andrew J.B. Johnston, "Borderland Worries: Loyalty Oaths in Acadie/Nova Scotia, 1654-1755", *French Colonial History*, vol. 4, 2003, p. 31-48

19 T.B. Akins, *Selections ...*, p. 174-175

20 Janna Thompson, *Taking Responsibility for the Past. Reparation and Historical Justice*, London, Polity, 2002, p. 16

21 Naomi E.S. Griffiths, *The Contexts of Acadian History 1686 - 1784* (1992), McGill-Queens University Press, Montreal, Kingston, p. 83

22 On this question, see Jean Harvey, "The Emerging Practice of Institutional Apologies", *International Journal of Applied Philosophy*, vol. 9, no. 2, Winter-Spring 1995, p. 57-65

23 J.M. Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, op. cit., p. 409-410

24 Note that it is the Canadian government that had to recommend to the Queen that such an apology should be made.

25 In December 1762, the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations answered a request from Governor Jonathan Belcher who wanted to force Massachusetts to welcome 600 new deportees, that it was no longer "necessary nor politic" to deport Acadian populations and that from this point forward it would be appropriate to turn them into "useful members of Society." T.B. Akins, *Selections ...*, op. cit., p. 337.

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déportés et à les disperser de manière à leur interdire de reconstituer une communauté<sup>11</sup>. Ainsi, malgré la lettre adressée le 13 août 1755 par le Secrétaire d'État responsable des Affaires nord-américaines, sir Thomas Robinson, qui suggère à Lawrence d'user de la « plus grande prudence dans sa conduite » face aux populations acadiennes et « de rassurer ceux qui sont digne de confiance, spécialement s'ils acceptent de prêter le serment d'allégeance, qu'ils conserveront la possession de leurs terres »<sup>12</sup>, le travail était bel et bien déjà commencé. Ce n'est que le 18 octobre 1755 que Lawrence fera finalement rapport du « fait accompli »<sup>13</sup> au Bureau du commerce britannique (*Board of Trade*), c'est-à-dire alors même que quelques 7 000 Acadiens sont déjà rassemblés et embarqués sur les bateaux pour être expulsés et dispersés. 2 000 à 3 000 autres le seront jusqu'en décembre 1762. En tout, les événements entourant la déportation provoqueront directement ou indirectement la mort de milliers d'Acadiens<sup>14</sup>.

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Au-delà des faits, et sans doute plus fondamentalement du point de vue d'une interrogation sur les responsabilités et les obligations qui découlent des fautes, des torts et des préjudices causés par la déportation, l'important tient moins aux circonstances elles-mêmes – et notamment au mélange de mauvaise foi, d'illégalité, de manipulation et d'opportunisme qui entoure l'action des principaux responsables coloniaux, en Nouvelle-Écosse comme au Massachusetts d'ailleurs – qu'au fait que ces victimes passées étaient moralement porteuses de « projets orientés vers le futur ». Ainsi l'on peut raisonnablement présumer que leur

souhait consistait à voir ces projets réalisés et que cette réalisation posthume avait une « grande importance pour le bien-être des personnes de leur vivant »<sup>15</sup>. Pour une part significative, ces projets reposaient sur les promesses mutuelles qui avaient été faites et sur les obligations qui avaient alors été contracté tant par les populations acadiennes en tant qu'elles formaient selon toute vraisemblance une société distincte bénéficiant « de droits politiques importants »<sup>16</sup> et qui depuis le Traité d'Utrecht devaient être considérés comme des sujets de la Couronne<sup>17</sup>, que par la Couronne britannique elle-même.

Les populations acadiennes avaient en effet prêté divers serments d'allégeance depuis le milieu du 17<sup>e</sup> siècle<sup>18</sup>. En 1730, le gouverneur de la Nouvelle-Écosse, Richard Philipps, fait renouveler le serment d'allégeance tout en acceptant par ailleurs de reconnaître, verbalement, la neutralité des populations acadiennes que ceux-ci avaient exprimé pour la première fois en 1717 et qui sera implicitement admise à partir de ce moment. De plus, dans une lettre du 23 juillet 1713 adressée au général Francis Nicholson, la reine Anne d'Angleterre accordait aux populations acadiennes qui le souhaitaient la possibilité de rester et le bénéfice de jouir de leurs terres, de leurs biens et de la libre pratique de leur religion, ce que le duc de Newcastle, parlant au nom du roi, confirmera encore en mai 1747. Notons enfin qu'en réponse aux inquiétudes des délégués de la populations acadiennes à qui l'on demandait un nouveau serment d'allégeance inconditionnel, le gouverneur Edward Cornwallis insistera en septembre 1749 pour préciser que ceux qui avaient prit la décision de rester en 1713 étaient depuis « indubitablement » devenus sujets de la Couronne britannique « sur le même pied que les autres sujets catholiques » et qu'ils n'est donc pas question pour ces populations

acadiennes d'avoir maintenant la « liberté de choisir ou non »<sup>19</sup>.

Ainsi, dès 1713 les Acadiens doivent être considérés par les autorités de la Nouvelle-Écosse comme sujets de la Couronne britannique. Dans ces circonstances, il n'est certainement pas déraisonnable de considérer ces serments comme des promesses ayant force morale et imposant aux parties des devoirs et des responsabilités dans le temps<sup>20</sup>. Devoirs et responsabilités que, dans l'ensemble, les Acadiens auront respectés<sup>21</sup> mais que les autorités britanniques n'ont quant à elles vraisemblablement pas satisfaits en prenant la décision de systématiquement les déporter à partir de l'été 1755.

Ainsi doit se comprendre l'obligation morale qu'a la Couronne britannique non seulement de reconnaître le caractère tragique des événements, cela va de soi, mais également sa responsabilité morale directe sans tenter de la limiter par des subtilités rhétoriques. Ici l'accord de principe donnée par la Couronne britannique à l'idée d'une expulsion des populations acadiennes et l'ambiguïtés des injonctions à la prudence alors formulées ont en quelque sorte fonctionnés comme une « permission tacite » et peuvent raisonnablement être interprétés comme une forme de sanction institutionnelle<sup>22</sup>. Qu'aucun blâme n'ait été fait à Lawrence et qu'il ait même été nommé gouverneur de la Nouvelle-Écosse en 1756 ne vient que confirmer la responsabilité de la Couronne britannique dont il était un représentant officiel. De la même manière, lorsque le 2<sup>ième</sup> Earl d'Halifax, alors président du Bureau de commerce, écrit dans une lettre adressée au roi George II en décembre 1759 qu'il est très satisfait du travail de repeuplement effectué par Lawrence en Nouvelle-Écosse et que « cela dépasse ses attentes »<sup>23</sup>, c'est encore la

(suite page 46)

11 *Ibid.*, pp. 277-278.

12 N.E.S. Griffiths, *The Acadian Deportation*, op. cit., p. 111.

13 L'expression est celle utilisée par John Bartlet Brebner, *New England's Outpost : Acadia Before the Conquest of Canada*, New York, Columbia University Press, 1927, p. 213.

14 Faragher avance le chiffre de 10 000 victimes. J.M. Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, op. cit., p. 425.

15 Lire Lukas H. Meyer, « Obligations persistantes et réparations symboliques », *Revue philosophique de Louvain*, vol. 101, no. 1, février 2003, pp. 103-122 et Michael Ridge, « Giving the Dead Their Due », *Ethics*, vol. 114, no. 1, octobre 2003, pp. 38-59.

16 Naomi E.S. Griffiths, *L'Acadie de 1686 à 1784. Contexte d'une histoire* [1992], traduit par Kathryn Hamer, Moncton, Les Éditions d'Acadie, 1997, pp. 67-68, 72.

17 Ce sur quoi insiste d'ailleurs Robinson dans sa lettre du 13 août. N.E.S. Griffiths, *The Acadian Deportation*, op. cit., p. 111.

18 Lire Naomi E.S. Griffiths, « Subjects and Citizens in the Eighteenth Century : The Question of the Acadian Oath of Allegiance », *Revue de l'Université Ste-Anne*, 1998, pp. 23-33 et Andrew J.B. Johnston, « Borderland Worries : Loyalty Oaths in Acadie/Nova Scotia, 1654-1755 », *French Colonial History*, vol. 4, 2003, pp. 31-48.

19 T.B. Akins, *Selections ...*, pp. 174-175.

20 Janna Thompson, *Taking Responsibility for the Past. Reparation and Historical Justice*, Londres, Polity, 2002, p. 16.

21 N.E.S. Griffiths, *L'Acadie de 1686 à 1784*, op. cit., p. 79.

22 Sur cette question, on lira Jean Harvey, « The Emerging Practice of Institutional Apologies », *International Journal of Applied Philosophy*, vol. 9, no. 2, hiver-printemps 1995, pp. 57-65.

23 J.M. Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, op. cit., pp. 409-410.

(Why is an Apology Necessary? Recollection of the Acadian Deportation and Historical Justice continued from page 44)

Deportation as an act of “irresponsibility” and “colonial neglect”<sup>26</sup>.

It is in that spirit that the Queen of England, Elizabeth II, expressed in 1995 her “profound regret” and “apologized unreservedly” to the Maori people of New Zealand following acts committed in 1863 that contravened the Waitangi Treaty, signed in 1840<sup>27</sup>, between the British Crown and the Maori. It is only in this context that a “symbolic” reparation can take on meaning. And, this, way beyond the possibility of affecting the deceased victims’ well-being, to the extent such a symbolic reparation allows those who committed such an act to present themselves, in the eyes of others and particularly the victims’ descendants, “as persons wishing to put into action true acts of compensation, and who would go through with them if it were possible”<sup>28</sup>.

Hence, the question does not consist so much today for the descendants of deceased victims to seek justice because the Deportation would have contravened British laws or international law, but to demand a sincere public apology for “inhuman”

events that happened and that, regardless of circumstances, should simply never have occurred.

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Finally, if it is the demands expressed in memory of past victims of the Deportation that must occupy our attention, it is

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***Because, in the end, the importance of past injustices is too often cast as a troubled shadow on the present.***

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nevertheless important not to forget that these requests for symbolic reparation are made in the name of descendants of these victims whose own memory remains, in a manner of speaking, haunted today by what has occurred.

Because, in the end, the importance of past injustices is too often cast as a troubled shadow on the present. Under these circumstances, the moral stakes that represent the Deportation are now more related to identity and to the mobilisation of memory upheld by the descendants of these victims than to the

facts, responsibilities and consequences. As a result, the sincerity with which a symbolic reparation process is undertaken will weigh heavily when the time arrives to determine if the requirements of historical justice are satisfied or not.

History is weighed down by injustices that were not and will perhaps never be repaired, but they do not always render properly the way this history lives in the memory of a given collective. Beyond historical justice itself, the memory of the Deportation appears today as an “intemporal component” of Acadian identity. The persistent deficit of historical justice translates into a sort of weakness of identity. Hence, while answering the question “who are we?”, that deficit take on a form of injunction of the kind: “This is what we are, we, ourselves. How we are, this way, and not otherwise”<sup>29</sup>. Often translated into the “unconditional eulogy of memory”<sup>30</sup> as well as a form or another of “commemorative bulimia”<sup>31</sup>, neither of which is a stranger to the persistent deficit of historical justice when accounting for faults, wrongdoings and prejudices committed during the Deportation. This fragile identity must be overcome through symbolic reparation in order to finally “break the cycle of victimization”<sup>32</sup>.

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26 Cited in J.M. Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, op. cit., p. 447-448

27 Elazar Barkan, *The Guilt of Nations : Restitution and Negotiating Historical Injustices*, New York, W.W. Norton & Company, 2000, p. 264

28 L.H. Meyer, “Obligations persistantes et réparations symboliques”, op. cit., p. 117. See also Trudy Govier and Wilhelm Verwoerd, “The Promise and Pitfalls of Apology”, *Journal of Social Philosophy*, vol. 33, no. 1, Spring 2002, p. 67-82

29 Paul Ricoeur, *Memory, History, Forgetting* [2001], trans. Kathleen Blamey and David Pellauer, Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 2009, p. 81

30 Tzvetan Todorov, “The Abuses of Memory” op. cit., p. 8

31 Pierre Nora, “De l’archive à l’emblème”, in *Pierre Nora*, under the dir. of, *Les lieux de la mémoire*, 3rd part, vol. 3, Paris, Gallimard, 1986, p. 977. Original text: “boulimie commémorative.”

32 Shane P. Landry, “Justice pour l’Acadie”, p. 3 of the electronic version of the manuscript: <http://1755.ca/sept2004/sl010704.htm> Original text: “rompre le cycle de la victimisation

(Pourquoi des excuses sont-elles nécessaires? Mémoire de la déportation acadienne et justice historique \* suite de page 45)

responsabilité de la Couronne britannique qui apparaît renforcée.

C’est cette responsabilité morale que la reine<sup>24</sup> devrait reconnaître en exprimant son *mea culpa* et son repentir pour avoir tacitement – mais vraisemblablement en toute connaissance de cause puisque la Couronne britannique recommandera un changement de politique en décembre 1762<sup>25</sup> et que dès 1757, un féroce critique de l’impérialisme britannique, Edmund Burke, condamnera la déportation comme un acte « d’irresponsabilité » et de « négligence coloniale » – laissé commettre des actes qui sont moralement répréhensibles et qu’aucunes circonstances atténuantes, liées

comme le laisse sous-entendre le texte de la Proclamation royale « à l’administration des affaires de la colonie britannique de la Nouvelle-Écosse », ne permet d’excuser ou de justifier<sup>26</sup>.

C’est d’ailleurs dans cet esprit que la reine d’Angleterre Elizabeth II a exprimé, en 1995, ses « profonds regrets » et a offert « sans réserve » ses « excuses officielles » au peuple Maori de la Nouvelle-Zélande suite à des actes commis en 1863 qui contrevenaient au traité Waitangi entre la Couronne britannique et les Maoris signé en 1840<sup>27</sup>. Ce n’est que dans un tel contexte qu’une réparation « symbolique » pourra prendre son sens. Cela, dans la mesure où, au-delà de la possibilité d’affecter le bien-être des victimes qui sont décédées, une telle réparation symbolique permet à ceux qui posent un tel geste d’agir de façon à se présenter, aux yeux des autres

et particulièrement des descendants des victimes, « comme des personnes souhaitant mettre en œuvre des actes de compensation réelle, et qui le feraient si c’était possible.<sup>28</sup>»

Ainsi la question ne consiste-t-elle pas tant aujourd’hui pour les descendants de ces victimes décédées à réclamer justice parce que la Déportation aurait contrevenu aux lois britanniques ou au droit international, mais à revendiquer des excuses publiques sincères pour les événements « inhumains » qui ont eu lieu et qui, peu importent les circonstances, n’auraient tout simplement pas du se produire.

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Enfin, si ce sont les demandes exprimées en mémoire des victimes passées de la déportation qui doivent occuper notre attention, il ne faut cependant pas perdre de (suite page 47)



(Pourquoi des excuses sont-elles nécessaires? Mémoire de la déportation acadienne et justice historique suite de page 45)

vue que ces demandes de réparations symboliques sont faites au nom des descendants de ces victimes dont la propre mémoire demeure en quelque sorte encore aujourd'hui hantée par ce qui s'est alors passé.

Car, au fond, l'importance des injustices passées tient à ce qu'elles viennent trop souvent jeter une ombre trouble sur le présent et, dans ces circonstances, l'enjeu moral que représente la déportation tient plus désormais à l'identité et à la mobilisation de la mémoire qu'en gardent les descendants de ces victimes, qu'aux faits, aux responsabilités ou aux conséquences. Dès lors, la sincérité avec laquelle une démarche de réparation symbolique est entreprise pèsera d'un poids considérable lorsque viendra le moment de déterminer si les exigences de justice historique sont satisfaites ou non.

L'histoire est grosse d'injustices qui ne furent et ne seront peut-être jamais

réparées, mais celles-ci ne permettent pas toujours de rendre compte de la place que cette histoire occupe dans la mémoire d'une collectivité donnée. Au-delà de l'injustice historique elle-même, la mémoire de la déportation apparaît aujourd'hui comme une « composante temporelle » de l'identité acadienne et le déficit persistant de justice historique se traduit par une certaine « fragilité » identitaire alors que les réponses à la question « qui sommes-nous? » prennent la forme d'une injonction du type : « voilà ce que nous sommes, nous autres. Tels que nous sommes, ainsi et pas autrement »<sup>29</sup>. C'est cette fragilité identitaire – qui se traduit souvent par un « éloge inconditionnel de la mémoire<sup>30</sup> » ainsi que par une forme ou une autre de « boulimie commémorative<sup>31</sup> » qui ne sont ni l'un ni l'autre étrangers au déficit persistant de justice historique quant aux fautes, aux torts et aux préjudices commis lors de la déportation – qu'une réparation symbolique doit précisément aider à surmonter de manière à enfin parvenir à « rompre le cycle de la victimisation<sup>32</sup> ».

24 Notons que c'est le gouvernement canadien qui devra recommander à la reine de faire de telles excuses.

25 En décembre 1762, les lords commissaires du Bureau du commerce répondirent à une requête du gouverneur Jonathan Belcher qui souhaitait forcer le Massachusetts à accueillir 600 nouveaux déportés, qu'il n'était plus « nécessaire » ou « politiquement » justifié de déporter les populations acadiennes et qu'il convenait désormais « nécessaire » ou « politiquement » justifié de déporter les populations acadiennes et qu'il convenait désormais d'en faire des « membres utiles » de la société. T.B. Akins, *Selections ...*, op. cit., p. 337.

26 Cité dans J.M. Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, op. cit., pp. 447-448.

27 Elazar Barkan, *The Guilt of Nations: Restitution and Negotiating Historical Injustices*, New York, W.W. Norton & Company, 2000, p. 264.

28 L.H. Meyer, « Obligations persistantes et réparations symboliques », op. cit., p. 117. Lire aussi Trudy Govier et Wilhelm Verwoerd, « The Promise and Pitfalls of Apology », *Journal of Social Philosophy*, vol. 33, no. 1, printemps 2002, pp. 67-82.

29 Paul Ricœur, *La mémoire, l'histoire, l'oubli*, Paris, Seuil, 2001, p. 98.

30 T. Todorov, *Les abus de la mémoire*, p. 13.

31 Pierre Nora, « De l'archive à l'emblème », dans Pierre Nora, sous la dir. de, *Les lieux de la mémoire*, 3e partie, tome 3, Paris, Gallimard, 1986, p. 977.

32 Shane P. Landry, « Justice pour l'Acadie », p. 3 de la version électronique du manuscrit. <http://1755.ca/sept2004/sl010704.htm>.

(Out & About with Rachel Morin: Meeting Franco author Ernest Herbert continued from page 39)



well received and were among his notable works, as well as his poetry publications. Hebert has also written several stand-alone novels, including “Mad Boys”, “The Old American”, “The Contrarian Voice” and other poetry books.

Hebert is graduate of Keene High School and Keene State College, where he met his wife, Medora Lavoie. Following graduation and their marriage, Hebert began working as a journalist for several newspapers during this time period, including The Keene Sentinel Newspaper, New Hampshire Business Magazine, The New Hampshire Times, and The Boston Globe. In 1972, he won two Journalism Excellence Awards from United Press International.

In addition to his writings, Hebert was a Professor of English and Creative Writing at Dartmouth College for over 25 years before retiring. Hebert was the first faculty member at Dartmouth College in Hanover to be tenured as a fiction writer.

Due to the prolific nature of his writing career, much of Hebert's work has been donated to university archives in New Hampshire. Dartmouth College houses his earlier work relating primarily to his Darby Series of novels. Keene State College, his alma mater, additionally has a collection which includes Hebert's digital artwork, original galley proofs of his novels, and early drafts of his books.

The Franco-American Collection's innovative reading series, “Meet A Franco Author”, will next host Susann Pelletier on Monday, November 25, at 7 p.m. in Room 170 at USMLA College. She will read from her books of poetry, “Immigrant Dream” and “The Unheeded Eden.” More information will be released in November.

“Meet a Franco Author” is free of charge, thanks to a generous grant from the Québec Delegation in Boston. It is open to the public—Franco-Americans and Francophiles alike.

<https://twincitytimes.com/news/out-about-with-rachel-morin-meeting-franco-author-ernest-herbert>

**NOT ONE SINGLE WORD OF  
APOLOGY FROM  
QUEEN ELIZABETH II OF THE  
UNITED KINGDOM...**

**PAS UN SEUL MOT  
D'EXCUSES DE LA  
REINE ÉLISABETH DU  
ROYAUME-UNI...**



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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