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Le FORUM



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

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WINTER/HIVER 2021-22



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other pertinent websites to check out -

Les Français d’Amérique / French In America

Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002

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

Franco-American Women’s Institute: <http://www.fawi.net>

Franco-Americans of Maine, Then and Now:

<https://francomainestories.net>





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

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

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Le FORUM



Lettres/ Letters

Dear Le Forum,

I read Timothy St. Pierre's overwritten and overwrought « Born for a small loaf of bread. » (https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum/100/) The author might have saved readers trouble by « making his point and getting out, » as my U. of M. English teacher used to advise, Dr. Wentz, among others.

Of course, I am Franco-American, a U. of Maine graduate who chose to become a high school English teacher and chairman, Port Washington, N. Y. Later, I was an assistant high school principal, in addition, later still, principal of one of our Darien, CT., middle schools. I owe my early education to the G.I. Bill, with which I attended U. Maine and to a U. Maine scholarship for my M.A., plus., and to my wife, a nurse, and to the two boys we had who kept us busy, and still do, along with their two siblings, now, this far along, as I am ninety years old.

Gerard Coulombe

Dear Le Forum,

In the Winter 2018 issue of *Le Forum* (https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum/48/) M. Coulombe shared his opinion that "Franco-American History may be of dwindling interest now that those of us whose memories still hold strong and memorable attachments to the past, almost all, due to personal recollections of our Franco-American experiences, will soon enough end, as we die off. I do not know who will keep the flame going."

Unlike M. Coulombe, I am not 90-years-old. I am a 23-year-old trying to root out the reasons my family saw little choice but to give up large portions of our identity in order to escape the life of poverty and ignorance that had been imposed on us for centuries. This is not a topic easily packaged into a tidy, thesis-driven five-paragraph essay with perfectly concise topic sentences and laundry-list arguments tucked neatly into the body.

M. Coulombe has done well for himself and his family. He has provided a list of achievements that provide hope and offer a model to Franco-Americans who have not had the opportunity to go on to higher ed-

ucation or move beyond the working class. However, his individual success does not alter the well-documented data indicating that we remain disproportionately low-income and undereducated - realities that are not our fault and are not reflective of our value, intelligence, or work ethic.

M. Coulombe prophesies Franco-Americans' doom and demise as members of his own generation pass away - a common complaint dating back more than a century. Famously, this has yet to come true, nor will it ever come true. There is no dernier or dernière Franco-Américain.e - the last Franco-American has not yet been born. Perhaps this assertion would be as unnecessary as it is baseless if members of M. Coulombe's generation allowed young people trying to "keep the flame going" to present their work on their own terms, without feeling the need to disparage young people's work due to stylistic preference.

Respectueusement,
Timothy St. Pierre



NEWS! NOUVELLES!



KMG Foods produces French-Canadian inspired dried seasoning mixes. KMG Foods wants to maintain delicious nostalgic food traditions while updating the process to make them easier and faster. Their first product is a seasoning blend for tourtière. Their mix contains everything but the meat (or meat alternative)! Just brown your filling, add their mix, and fill a pie crust--ready for the oven in only 25 minutes!

- OUR STORY -

Hello everyone! I'm Kristen Gagné, Founder of KMG Foods. I was born and raised in Maine. I'm a third generation American with both sides of my family hailing from Quebec. Growing up, French names for everyday items were the norm and still are for our family. I have had mères and ma tantes, and all the delicious food we grew up enjoying!

One of those foods is called tourtière. It's a meat pie traditionally eaten during the winter and holiday season. While delicious, and a labor of love for many, it is VERY time consuming. One day, my sister told me she wasn't going to make it for her family as she didn't have the time. I couldn't have my nephews growing up without it, so I looked online to find a seasoning mix to make it easier and faster for her. There wasn't one.

Fast forward to today. KMG Foods has created the first complete seasoning mix for tourtière--potatoes, onions, and spices. Prep has been cut from over 2 hours to just 25 minutes. If you can brown meat, you can make our tourtière! Our seasoning mix is gluten-free, non-GMO, and vegan friendly (delicious with meat alternatives!).

We are planning additional Franco-American products, too! We can't wait to share them with you! This business all started by accident, but has been the happiest one. Seeing our humble food traditions spreading their wings has been such a gift.

<https://www.kmgfoods.com>

Social Handles: @kmgfoodsllc for Facebook and @kmg_foods for Instagram



Please, share your photos and stories with us, too! Find us on Facebook and Instagram. If you have any questions, check out our FAQs. If you need more information, contact us anytime. We love growing our KMG Foods family! Thank you for having us at your table.



Ste-Agathe Historical Society

stags77@gmail.com

(N.D.L.R. Article will appear in the Ste. Agathe Historical Society Newsletter. Printed with permission.)

Philius Charles Chassé

*By Cecile Bossé
Dechaine, his
Great-Granddaughter*

Philius Charles Chassé was born on Sunday, September 14, 1845, in Frenchville, Maine. He was the son of Jean Germain and Rebecca Ouellet Chassé. He was their tenth child, and he was baptized on his "birth day" by Rev. Henri Dionne who officiated the ceremony. (Rev. Dionne was the first pastor of St. Luce Church in Frenchville from 1843-1860.) Philius' godparents were Simeon Pelletier and Marie Chassé. At the time of his birth, his father, Germain (the name he favored), was 45 years old and his mother, Rebecca, was 34 years old.



Stan Albert was on hand to help Cecile Dechaine do research on the 1900 Census during her last visit when she was at the Preservation Center at the St. Agathe Historical Society Site in June of 2021. Both Stan and Cecile share a common interest in the Philius Chasse data.

My great-great-grandparents, Jean Germain and Rebecca Chassé, were early pioneers who crossed the St. John River expecting to improve their prospects of a better life for themselves and their growing family. Only eight years after the signing of the treaty marking the St. John River as the border, my ancestors were recorded on the 1850 U.S. Census report in June of that year, officially living on American soil. They were inhabitants of Madawaska Plantation in Aroostook County, Maine. The farm was

located on Pleine Road area, one mile from Long Lake and running parallel to Route 162. Germain was listed as a farmer, and he had real estate property estimated at \$800.

According to the U.S. Census report, Germain (age 53) and his wife, Rebecca, had eleven children, ages six months to sixteen years: Marie-Eve, Suzanne, Methilde, Henry, Germain, Alexandre, Angélique, Domithilde, Philius, Hilaire, and Olivier. Philius was just a young boy of 4 years of
(Continued on page 5)



Le Piton

*Copyright
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by Virginia
L. Sand*

I grew up in a Waterville, Maine Franco-American household where "le piton" seemed to be one of the most frequently heard French words. If Mom didn't know what to call something, she would use the French noun, "le piton." French was my mother's maternal language. When Mom (Albertine Albert) was growing up in Winslow, Maine (across the Kennebec River bridge from Waterville), all she heard spoken was French. Her parents (my mémé and pépé) came over from Québec's Gaspésie peninsula to work in the mills on the Kennebec River. In order to get "naturalized," my mémé and pépé had to learn some English. However, they spoke only French at home with my mother.

Mom was born on Cone Street in Winslow, Maine on December 15, 1926. During her childhood, attending school was not a positive experience for her. Therefore, after completing the 6th grade, Mom dropped out of school and never returned. My mother

was left-handed and the nuns would strike Mom's left hand and intentionally hurt her whenever she would write with her left hand. This was their way of trying to get Mom to write with her right hand, which was not natural to my mother. In addition, all of the words in the school's books were in English and subjects were being taught in English in the classroom. Even Catholic prayers were being recited in English. My Mom could not adapt. My grandparents didn't force my Mom to return to school after grade six. I guess truancy wasn't a big deal back then.

At 30 years old, my Mom married a man who could speak only English (my father). By that time, Mom knew enough English to get by and to be able to read the Morning Sentinel local newspaper. Consequently, I heard English spoken most of the time while growing up in Waterville with parents of mixed heritage, except when Mom was speaking French with her relatives and with French friends. Plus, my Dad discouraged my Mom from teaching me French.

Since Mom had a limited English vocabulary, I often heard her describe things as the "piton," because she didn't know the English word for it. Mom hated books, so it would never have occurred to her to look words up in a dictionary. Therefore,

"le piton" was a French word that served my mother well in communicating certain things to me. Mom used "le piton" to describe anything from light switches, knobs, nails, hooks, buttons that you push, handles, screws, bolts, pins, pegs, any switches to turn things on, etc.; the sky was the limit. "Le piton" was a versatile French word that covered a lot of ground and that served our family well while I was with Mom until she passed away at 92 years old in 2019. What I would give now to hear Mom verbalize "le piton." It truly is the little things that matter most. It seemed like anything you could grasp or turn or flip on with your hand or with a tool was called the "piton." "The piton," "le piton," the "piton;" a French noun I will always remember. To this day, if I can't come up with the exact word for something, I call it "le piton."

If you look up "le piton" in the dictionary, you may see the English translation as "screw-eye," "eye-headed nail," "eye-headed screw," "ring-bolt," "spike," "peg," "pick," "wedge," "switch or button that you push" and even "nail." A spike, wedge or pick used in climbing ice and rock is often called "piton" even in English. You can therefore see how versatile the word "piton" really is. Mom had the right idea and the right word.

(Philius Charles Chassé continued from page 4)

age. A few years later, more siblings joined the family: Romain, Zephirin and Rebecca (a baby, Helene, died in 1832).

While researching my great-grandfather, Philius, I discovered that his name was spelled in a variety of ways: Phileas, Philiase, Phil, Filiasse, Filias, Felias, Felix, Felian and Phillous. Some of the Census takers were not French, so I also encountered varied spellings of Chassé along the way, including “Shashe.”

My great-grandfather lived in the village that was incorporated officially as the town of St. Agatha. As an early settler, Philius witnessed the early beginnings of working the rich land and planting and growing food for himself and his family. By 1900, St. Agatha’s population recorded in the U.S. Census was approximately 1,400 inhabitants.

Philius grew up on his father’s farm and did what was expected of him, never pursuing anything else. Farming was the only life he knew, and he was focused and hardworking. He learned important skills from his father in how to successfully operate a farm. He also learned important values from his parents, who were religious people that devoted their energy and love towards raising their family.

During Philius’ lifetime in northern Maine, most men who lived on the family farm planned their future as their fathers had done before them – either by inheriting the farm, working for other farmers, or saving enough money to ultimately get their own farm. Farming was all they knew, and it was very demanding, arduous work. Typically, a full day’s work was more than twelve hours of labor for very little pay. Since many of the children and young adults had to help their parents support the family, many of them stopped attending school, so they could earn money that was then added to the family’s income. Many children not only lacked an education, but they also received little medical attention. Doctors were not always available for sickly family members, so the health of these farming families was very grim.

On July 28, 1868, Philius purchased land from Honoré Chassé for \$150, which included a parcel of land situated northeast of Long Lake with the southern portion of

the lot measuring 30 rods. Philius made this purchase just months before his marriage to Marguerite Pelletier, whose family lived in the same Dickeyville neighborhood. Marguerite was the daughter of William Pelletier and Julie Dominique.

Philius Charles Chassé and Marguerite Pelletier were married on Monday, January 11, 1869, in St. Luce Church, Frenchville, Maine. Rev. Charles Sweron officiated their wedding. Philius was 24 years old, and Marguerite was 19 years old. The bride’s

Philius was a hard-working and docile man, a farmer who was totally self-reliant and planted mainly potatoes, buckwheat, barley, wheat, and oats.

father, William Pelletier, and the groom’s brother, Alexandre Chassé, served as the couple’s witnesses.

The 1870 U. S. Census recorded Marguerite’s parents, William and Julie (Dominique) Pelletier, as living in Dickeyville, Maine. The Pelletier family was in Dwelling Number 194 and the Chassé family was in Dwelling Number 187.

Philius and Marguerite eventually settled on a property located in St. Agatha beside Long Lake. The exact location of their farm was known as, “Terre a La Pointe.” The farm was located on Cleveland Road, approximately 2-1/2 miles from the village of St. Agatha, Maine. Back in the late 1800’s, Philius’ house was situated on the same spot as today’s Cleveland Road and closer to Long Lake.

Philius received bad news in July of 1876, when he was served a “notice of foreclose” on his farm and property. He, along with 142 other settlers, faced eviction because of the bankruptcy of the European and North American Railroad.¹ The Play, “With Justice for All,” written by Guy Du-bay in 1976 during the United States’ 200th celebration, depicted my other great-grandfather, Cyprien Bossé, as a hero who fought for the land he loved so much. Cyprien was an enterprising businessman, who was also well spoken.

The farmers’ legal team won their case when they convinced the court that Cyprien, along with the farmers in the Valley, were on public lots in Township 18, Range 5, namely in Madawaska by virtue of the Settlement Act of 1859. They were already established on the land prior to 1868, the year when the State granted the remaining public lots of 1,000,000 acres to the Railway Company. The settlers, with legal help from Mr. James Keegan, proved they had followed the law and were allowed to keep their land.

Philius was a hardworking and docile man, a farmer who was totally self-reliant and planted mainly potatoes, buckwheat, barley, wheat, and oats. He did not have the advantages of modern machinery, and all the field work was done by hand with a team of horses. Marguerite and Philius also planted a huge garden of fresh vegetables, much of which were preserved for the winter months. There was a grist mill not far from the farm where Philius brought the grain for grinding into flour for baking. He raised pigs, cows, sheep, and chickens. He was a prosperous man with several talents, especially in wood working and making furniture out of reusable wood.

Marguerite also worked diligently on the farm, performing many chores that were essential to raising a growing family. She completed several tasks including: cleaning, sewing, baking, gardening, soap making, butter churning, and clothes mending and laundering. She also probably had a spinning wheel (since they had sheep) and she would have completed all of the work related to that endeavor -- shearing the wool from their sheep and carding/combing the wool. (I remember my father, Lawrence Bosse, telling me the sheep were taken to a Pus Blè field for grazing during the summer months.)

In addition to the chores mentioned above, there was also plenty of food preparation that had to be completed daily including: meal planning, washing and cooking vegetables, bread making, canning, and much more. Imagine cooking for a family of 17 people or more!

After breakfast around 6 a.m., the men left the house to complete tasks necessary to run the farm. In the summer months, during the planting and harvesting seasons, they worked until 9 p.m. at night. There were many chores involved in farming, chores
(Continued on page 6)

¹ “The State of Maine, in 1868, had deeded a million acres of land, which included the St. John Valley, to the European and North American Railroad. The French American farmers were at the mercy of lawyers and businessmen who accused Valley settlers of squatting. The dispute ended in the State’s Supreme Court where these citizens’ rights to their property was resolved.”

(Philius Charles Chassé continued from page 5)

that had to be done every day, seven days a week, 365 days a year. In the 1880's, farmers never thought about vacation, instead they focused on their diligent work ethic, which was essential for their farm's survival.

Young children also helped out on the farm by collecting eggs in the chicken coop, milking the cows, and helping the women. They could not go to school unless all of their chores were finished. Children also tilled the land, so their fathers were free to do heavier work. Education during that era was not a valued commodity. Young children matured early because of poverty and hard manual labor.

Between the years of 1871 and 1894, fifteen children were born to Philius and Marguerite: Elise, Edith, Fortunat, Flavie, Clara, Henri P., Simeon, Helene, Modeste, Willie, Eveline, and Adeline. Three died in infancy: Andre, Joseph Octave, and Joseph. All of their children were born on the Chassé farm, located in St. Agatha, Maine.

They raised their children to understand the importance of responsibility and taught them by example. Their children learned to be churchgoing, family-oriented caregivers of their neighborhood and community. Philius and Marguerite attended church every Sunday, paid their taxes, planted huge gardens growing their own food, raised their own animals, and worked diligently to be self-sufficient.

Marguerite became ill and passed away on January 3, 1916, one month before celebrating her 66th birthday. Deline, her youngest daughter, dedicated herself to her mother's care and comfort in the day's leading up to her death. Marguerite was buried in the St. Agatha Cemetery next to the church.

After transferring the farm over to his newly married daughter, Deline, Philius continued to love and support the family. He died six years after his wife on March 1, 1922, at the age of 76, in St. Agatha,

Maine. He was buried in Saint Agatha Lower Cemetery.

Background

Our Chassé ancestors, who arrived in "New France" (Canada) explored new frontiers and blazed new trails in Quebec. These pioneers brought with them their French traditions and strong ambition for a better life. They were strong-spirited and not afraid of hard work, with a deep conviction in their faith. These families were determined to "make it" and they did! They brought with them a heritage that was rich in song, food, and customs, and they left us with a legacy of spirit that still lives on today.

The French Chassé pioneers who finally settled in Madawaska Plantation, Frenchville and along the shores of Long Lake (at that time known as "Lac A Menon") were prolific people, producing many offspring, harvesting the fertile virgin land resulting in abundant produce and food for their families. Just trying to survive the harsh long winters was a task in and of itself. Most of these settlers spoke French and many of the men were laborers, farmers, loggers for the sawmill industry, or tradesmen.

Throughout my research of my great-grandfather, Philius Chassé, I discovered it was difficult to find anyone who remembered him. When I asked my older relatives some questions like, "Is there anything you can tell me about our ancestor, Philius Chassé? Is there a photo of Philius? Are there any relatives or friends who know about his family?" Their replies went something like this, "Most of the older Chassé relatives who could have told you their family stories a few years ago have already gone to heaven."

I realized early on that researching my great-grandfather was not going to be an easy task. I explored "Ancestry" websites and located cemetery records, birth records, U.S. Census reports, and church records. The most exciting discovery I made during my

research was finding out about his father, Jean Germain Chassé. On Ancestry.com, I found a family tree that had added the 1850 U.S. Census Report, and I was shocked to discover Germain Chassé's name was "Jeremiah Lauser" on the Census.

I also discovered that in the fall of 1889, a parish was formed at "Lac A Menon" and its first Pastor was Reverend Ernest Etenaud (assigned 1889 to 1899). "St. Agatha" was the name he chose for the town's name, and it was formerly incorporated on March 17, 1899. From 1899, Philius' property and neighborhood location was documented as being in St. Agatha, in the Aroostook County, State of Maine. Philius Chassé was among those recorded on the Tax Assessors List and Valuation Book for the year 1899 when Ste. Agathe was incorporated.

While compiling information about Philius' life, my main resources were formal church records and histories written about Frenchville and St. Agatha. It was interesting to learn about the land properties in the St. Agatha area because the town underwent so many name changes over the years. In fact, all of the documents referring to Jean Germain Chassé's property location were recorded as being in Madawaska Plantation, Dionne Plantation, Dickeyville, Township 18, Range 5, Frenchville, and St. Agatha. This was really confusing. After 1899, when the town of Saint Agatha was organized on March 17, 1899, it became simpler for genealogists to understand property locations.

Philius and Marguerite Chassé left twelve children who lived to adulthood, who in turn had 104 children. The Chasse legacy continues to this day, and it was so much fun learning about my great-grandfather and his family.

I welcome any stories and/or memories that anyone wants to share about Philius and Marguerite (Pelletier) Chassé and family. You can contact me through my e-mail ceilann4136@gmail.com. Thank you!

THE LIFELINE HISTORICAL FACTS OF PHILIUS CHARLES CHASSÉ

<i>Date</i>	<i>Residence</i>
06/1850	1850 U.S. Census Madawaska Plantation, Aroostook, Maine Jean Germain and Rebecca (Ouellet) Chassé are settled on their land.
07/13/1860	1860 U.S. Census Dionne Plantation, Township 18, Range 5, Aroostook, Maine Philius is age 15. His neighbors are his Uncle Henry (Honoré) age 60, his wife, Marie LeClerc, age 23, and their children: Alexander, Romain, Henry, and Olivier.

(Continued on page 7)

(Philius Charles Chassé continued from page 6)

<i>Date</i>	<i>Residence</i>
07/28/1868	<i>Dionne Plantation Philius pays Honoré Chassé \$150 for the parcel of land situated northeast of Long Lake with the southern part of the lot measuring 30 rods, and the easterly section by the cleave land near the lake.</i>
09/22/1870	<i>1870 U.S. Census Dickeyville, Maine Philius Charles Chassé and Marguerite Pelletier are married by Rev. Charles Sweron on January 11, 1869.</i>
10/25/1875	<i>Township 18, Range 5, Frenchville, Maine Philius, Marguerite, and family reside on Cleveland Road, St. Agatha, Maine.</i>
06/14/1880	<i>1880 U.S. Census Township 18, Range 5, District 200 in Frenchville, Maine. Philius 34, his wife, Marguerite 30. Neighbors: Augustus Chassé, Tellasfore Chassé and Letuce Chassé.</i>
Fall 1889	<i>St. Agatha Parish Reverend Ernest Etenaud, its first Pastor assigned 1889 to 1899.</i>
3/17/1899	<i>St. Agatha, Maine. Town of St. Agatha is incorporated. Rev. Henry Gory serves as pastor from 1899 to 1910.</i>
06/12/1900	<i>1900 U.S. Census St. Agatha, Maine, Cleveland Road Philius, age 54 and Marguerite, age 50. Neighbors: Olivier & Genevieve Chassé, Augustus Chassé, Pascal Lizotte, Telephore Chassé, Letuce Chassé.</i>
3/1910	<i>St. Agatha, Maine Rev. Raoule Bourbeau serves as pastor, St. Agatha parish from 1910 to 1919</i>
1910	<i>1910 U.S. Census St. Agatha, Maine, Cleveland Road Philius, age 64, Marguerite, age 60. Children: Henri, Willie and Deline. Neighbors: Olivier Chassé, Vital Cyr; Telesphore Chassé, Pea Chassé; Pierre Chassé, Alfred Chassé, Hilaire Marin.</i>
01/03/1916	<i>St. Agatha, Maine Marguerite dies at age 65 (1 month before her 66th birthday). She is buried in St. Agatha Cemetery next to the church.</i>
3/1919	<i>Rev. J.P. Chatagnon serves as pastor for St. Agatha parish from 1919 to 1921.</i>
1920	<i>1920 U.S. Census St. Agatha, Maine Philius, 74, his daughter, Deline, her husband, Joseph Bossé, and child, Armand. Neighbors: Pea Chassé & Agnes, Joseph Chassé & Alice, Fortunat Chassé & Elise, Olivier Chassé & Genevieve.</i>
3/1922	<i>St. Agatha, Maine Rev. Paul S. Buhner serves the parish from 1922 to 1936.</i>
03/01/1922	<i>St. Agatha, Maine Philius dies at age 76. He is buried in St. Agatha Cemetery Lower.</i>

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(Philius Charles Chassé continued from page 7)



June 23, 2021, A Return Visit to St. Agatha.

Terry Ouellette drove me to the exact location where my great-grandfather, Philius Chassé, had his farm, dating back to late 1800s. On our way, we passed the sign below, Brisse Culotte & Cleveland Roads. The left photo shows Terry holding a 1994 “Ste-Agathe Historical Society Newsletter” featuring the article she wrote about Brisse Culotte Road showing her father, Fred Marin, 91, holding the road sign.



The site where my great-grandfather, Philius Chassé, owned property that was situated on Cleveland Road, St. Agatha, Maine in the late 1800s. His house has since been torn down and the road restructured on his property along beautiful Long Lake. Morin Mountain could be viewed from his backyard. My grandparents, Joseph C. and Deline Chassé Bossé, inherited the farm in 1916.



The view of beautiful Long Lake - a view seen from Philius Chassé’s farm on Cleveland Road.



The map shows the northeast area of Long Lake, which was the location of Philius Chassé’s property with the backdrop of Morin Mountain.

My Other Sister-in-Law, Angenette

Gerard Coulombe

Some people are very special for all kinds of reasons. Others are not. All three sisters-in-law were special, each for her special characteristics. The eldest, Rose, was special not so much for herself, but for her husband who was the local bottler with his own brand-name, Seal-Rock; although, he sold other brands, too, like Moxie and Orange Crush. This was in the '30's-'50's.

A reminder, my wife is the youngest of five. A brother, a WWII veteran, had been attached to a burial detail on the Western Front.

I have written, from my point-of-view, {with my wife at my right elbow} her sister's stories, or some imitations of them; the story of the youngest life in the trilogy, excepting my wife, include that of Peggy, particularly covering her last years when I got to know her much better when she was living in a nursing home up on the coast of Maine, and we could visit, probably because I really enjoyed the long drive to the rest home and the time we spent taking her out for a drive out in the country, so helpful to all.

This story is the last about my sisters-in-law. These are not complete stories of their lives. They are snippets of stories that I've managed to snatch from their lives because I was involved, in that I can verify what I recount, in a sense, for knowing what I am talking about, for having been present, and, therefore, for being able to say, I know about this or that event; I know what I am talking about.

Angy, [my wife tells me that her sister never spelled her name the way I do. It is « Angie » Angenette, accepted an offer from her daughter to come from Maine to live in Pennsylvania with her. The daughter was married to a renowned doctor at the time. They also had a retreat, a home on Long Beach Island, on the Light House Point end, and on the bay side, on the water, with boat-inlet-style living, boat-in-water, some boats bigger than others, all with accessibility to the « sound-side » of Long Beach Island.

Still, the Long Beach Island home had a lively environment with bon-vivants all over those « parts » of the island's shore, and, for which, it depended on where you

could afford to live. Visitors, such as we, were not unheard of, as we seemed to readily appear. The call of the ocean frontage, it never being far, was very strong. It was but a short walk from my sister-in-law's and the back-bay home that her daughter and husband owned whose main home was Pennsylvania, owned, with the boat deck, really; It seemed to me to have all been a walkman's experience from any point to another, except, the island itself which was from one end to the other end, of course. The beach was but a very short walk from the residence and the road bisecting the island; this was from Light House Point to the opposite end and point; it was but a hop to the sandy-shore and the ocean waves

.....the kinds of adventures that Angenette experienced were rather merry adventures.

that lathered it. I, myself, was surprised one day when upon walking upon the shore, I looked up to see a most recent employee of ours back in Connecticut where I worked, a co-hort, who was my assistant principal. I thought that an encounter such as this one was one which should not have occurred; but there he was, and he from New Jersey, while I was from Connecticut, he was my new assistant principal from New Jersey, one I had just hired. Yes, we greeted each other. A strange encounter, that was. I thought to myself, who is this trespasser, here? And, why should I think that he were the one trespassing. What was I doing? Visiting. And what happens? I am about to meet my new assistant principal at the shore.

So, we return to my story, that of Angenette's who was another of my wife's sisters, all three special to me for their own for their own special characteristics, as sister's-in-law. These were Peggy, Angenette and Rose.

If Angenette was anything at all, she was adventurous. Of the sister's, my wife is the youngest. While I turned 90 in Septem-

ber, my wife is right behind me looking over my shoulder in her sneaky way, pretending, all the while that something else is preoccupying her, when, all the while, her eyes are on my copy, not being as critical as she otherwise could be, but as she spots one of my errors, she must interrupt me to correct my work, on the spot. Do you know, dear reader, what interruptions like this one cause me, as I write? In any case, if you are still with me, the kinds of adventures that Angenette experienced were rather merry adventures. I saw this from the sheer human experience of having shared a few of them mostly as an observer. I was, we, my wife and I, were able to share some of these experiences with her.

Angenette had a husband in absentia. I've written this, A WWII Veteran, he, of North Africa who spent his early veteran's years losing hold of what might have been a good life, until the sustaining chords broke, and life wasn't living anymore, and his alternative, the one he chose, was Togus, the veterans' hospital in Augusta, Maine, better than suicide, but traumatic, nevertheless for those left behind. He spent the rest of his years in this shelter for veterans who could not, any longer, survive in their worlds, the ones to which they had returned to from the Second World War. My brother-in-law was a bright man who worked hard, after the war, when life stalled for it having failed to hold its promises after the war. In large part, he might have been correct, when he had shared this, his feelings, with me; whatever had mattered, mattered to him alone, not to his wife, not to the two children, a boy and a girl; it was, it might have been uniquely, ubiquitously selfish of him, and for others like him, veterans, for it was their choice, his choice, to enjoy their life that he was dealt following the war, but that once, on a visit to their home, when his family was still whole, he had verbalized such a probable event as « giving up » in a foreseeable future. And it followed that not that long after that visit that my family and I had had to their home, when he had taken me aside to share his inner thoughts, it happened.

I recall this family visit to their home. When the time came for us to leave, I was gathering all of the stuff from our stay in the basement, which could accommodate our family of six, we and the four children. My brother-in-law came down the basement stairs to join me while my wife was saying her goodbyes. And it was there, in the basement, that we had a conversation, he and I
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(My Other Sister-in-Law, Angenette
continued from page 9)

had had about his feelings, really, his state of mind, which was fraying. I knew, then, that things were far from stable, that he was ready to give-in to the enemies within, within his mind; these were the fears he had experienced, that had clearly stayed with him for a long time, working on him, evidently, overwhelming his abilities to stay constant in his current status as husband and father.

We left. Later, he ended up at Togus, the Maine veterans medical center, where he remained for the rest of his life. That left his wife and their two children to move forward without him. Meanwhile, life moved on, along with some interesting twists and turns for the wife and children.

The main twist and turn belongs to this part of the story. This is my version as I recall hearing it told. Mother and daughter are sitting on the beach, sun-bathing or watching the interesting walkers by when an older gentleman, also walking by, approached them. My sister-in-law thought he was addressing her when he the gentleman was speaking; in reality he was interested in the younger of the two, my wife's niece-whom he eventually married.

The reader might immediately see the immediate dilemma in my sister-in-law's mind, someone whom the gentleman-walking on the beach might have decided to address because he was not a young gentleman, therefore why was he addressing the younger of the two, why not she, my sister in law and why the younger of the two? Wasn't that so preposterously ironic, that my sister-in-law, recognized a woeful ignorance on his part. How could he? Why would he? I suppose myself, had I been in her place, that the gentleman had made a terrible mistake or that, simply, he was paying the daughter his respects and inviting her to join him in his walk along the shore because she was lacking in something worthy, like something beautiful being overlooked.

As my wife's niece married the interlocutor on the beach, a doctor whose practice included treating people with skin cancer; had developed a system of qualifying cancer levels as I a « Clark » level cancer one-through-four with four being the worst kind. I happen to have seen a surgeon for a Clark level, type-four; the surgeon who operated on me for skin cancer of the shoulder happen to have been the brother of my eye surgeon, at the time.

Patricia and her husband, owned a

home on the Sound-side and Lighthouse end of Long Beach Island with the Atlantic Ocean never being very far away from anyone. And, by that time, my sister-in-law, who had lived and served her daughter and husband, the doctor; Ann had moved to and lived year-round on Long Beach, maintaining the house on the North or Bay-shore of Long Beach Island for the owners, her daughter and her husband, when they stayed in their home, there.

On occasion, we were visitors. I recall one particular time when upon arrival, we noticed, getting out of our car, the thousands of monarchs enjoying various patterns; flights of monarchs, flying every which way without any appearing to err and crash into one another. It had been an unbelievable sight; I do not recall what ended first our watching, or their dead landing with some still fluttering somewhere on something, when, of a sudden, their was a swarming again and forming of other patterns that took them again into a sudden freeze

Now, the Long Beach Island visits to my sister-in-law, Angenette, « Ann, » appear in retrospect more frequent than they were, actually, but some are highlighted by memorable events which make them, really special, as those visits we made to Peggy when she lived in a nursing home along the mid-Maine coast. I enjoyed those visits, too, not only as such, but for drives from dinner at our special restaurant or to and from locations in the mountains on the coast that had become memorable to me for these drives alone included numerous « special views » of the hills..., I would call the mountains and the valley that intruded between them, spreading like huge, hilly laws intermittently, taken in, visually, in one view. How I liked these sights and thought of them as so special for those residents who could share them on a daily basis.

The drives to visit Angenette were South of us who lived in Connecticut, to New Jersey; of course, this would be a different kind of drive, one that would be more hurried, and one wherein, I, as driver, would have to be more attentive to the road and the highway, unlike, to me, were the roads North into Maine; Here in New Jersey, the roads were super highways, , indeed, and required more caution to in-lane driving, for safety's sake, and, according to the law. I was always happy to arrive at the turn East that would take us across and down the highways and overpasses too the back-bay crossing to Long Beach Island where, once

upon the Island I, knew to turn left along the one road that separated the back bay from the Ocean, wherein we knew that our destination was toward the light house, at the far end, where my sister-in-law, Angenette, my wife's second oldest sister awaited us. As perpetual housekeeper there, she lived at the shore year round. For my family, or just the two of us, it was always a delightful visit to look forward to.

An explanation here as to the relationship between my sister-in-law and her daughter and the turn of events, such as they were that had contributed to the state of affairs would be helpful. My wife's niece, Patricia, Anne's daughter to Paul had been been, in a young marriage before all of this that did not last. A son, Michael had not settled down, as of yet.

In any case, sad to say, the visits we had to Long Beach Island were not at all that frequent. The drive was long, and, while the stay was always delightful, I did not have that much time away from work. Juliette, my wife and Ann's youngest sister, did not have it from hers as a nurse director for a big practice, here in Connecticut. Although we delighted getting together, which gave us access to the Ocean, there, our stay, on particular weeks, revealed that Long Beach was popular, because I had met on Long Beach Island, a new hire to my staff at the Junior High School in Connecticut, the assistant principal, upon walking onto the beach, pausing to see if anyone walking there could possibly be someone known to me, there he was, the newly hired assistant; it was impossible not to appreciate the shock of unexpected recognition and glad-handing, of course. He lived in New Jersey. I was from Connecticut where I was Principal of a middle school and assistant at the high school. Parenthetically, my job was to close the middle school and choose the better teachers to remain on staffs at our other schools, while dismissing those who were deemed less competent than they who were to stay.

Still, Long Beach Island had become sort of a haven for my family. My wife and I both enjoyed it, and once I was familiar with the drive, it was not difficult for me to meld into whatever heavy traffic there was going South. Often, the breakdown lane driving was commonplace, a hindrance, but, frequently, not unexpected. The exit to Long Beach Island was something I looked forward to, and the drive toward the island was
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Canada to California: Defying Distance in the Mid-Nineteenth Century

by Patrick Lacroix

Few years in American history carry the same symbolic significance as 1848, which set the stage for what was to come in subsequent decades. Women met in Seneca Falls, New York, to chart a more egalitarian direction in gender relations. Immigration from Ireland reached its highest level. Continued political stability while revolutions swept across Europe boosted Americans' confidence in their republican experiment. So did victory in the Mexican-American War: the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, signed in February 1848, transferred half of Mexico's territory to the United States. Finally, a New Jersey native named James Marshall discovered gold on a branch of the American River west of Sacramento. His find transformed the West. The following year, approximately 100,000 people arrived in California; they live on in our history



*El Dorado, California, Gold Miners, ca. 1848-1853
(Library of Congress)*

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(My Other Sister-in-Law, Angenette
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roller coaster like, as far as I was concerned.

A stay with Angenette was an experience that I enjoyed because the house was her bailiwick whenever the owners did not come down for a stay from their Pennsylvania home. Her stay there as housekeeper had been long enough for her to have accumulated friends and, I might say, admirers, some of whom might just as well have been « wolves in disguise, » but, no matter, it might have been all play on their part, or, they might as well have been defanged, years before, and their play, by this time, was all theatrical. In any case, after all of her years of being married, but single, her avoidance skills were preeminently sharp—pay them no mind, but keep them at bay.

There was one stalker, if he could be called one because he erred, coming to the bedroom window to peak-in; he made the mistake of being caught in his approach, in that she was behind him as he approached the window, and had she had a bat with which to take a swing at his head, as she might have had a pumpkin head, his would have gone splinteringly flying off the bat, and he might have learned to stay away from her, or, at least, he would have left her alone.

All this happened while her husband was living out his life at Togus, Maine's military hospital and rest home.

Surprise! One day, Angenette arrived at our home, in Fairfield, Ct., unexpectedly, I don't recall that she ever got out of her car, but I can attest to the fact that the car was loaded back and front; there wasn't any space left. She never opened the car door, or did she leave her car, either, as I recall, nor did she accept a drink, or did we think of offering her one, maybe. It was just a short visit, as she had left Long Beach Island far behind and had at least as much of a drive ahead of her, as she had covered getting to our home in Connecticut and the drive ahead of her was two hundred some miles on her way home to Maine.

It ended up, that home was going to be a nursing home which my wife, Juliette, and I started visiting. It did not surprise me at all that my sister-in-law, Angenette seemed comfortable in her new surroundings, the nursing home, but, I do not know that for sure. How could I, the outside observer. It was easy enough to assume all kinds of suitable things, but one was never to know how Angenette really felt about the outcome. I'll have to check with my wife to refresh my memory about the status of her husband,

Paul, at Togus. Some things as large as life or death can pass unnoted. It all depends on one's connections and their reliabilities. I cases like ours, it was more than likely that we would never know.

After which Long Beach Island fell into the distance. There was the home her daughter and doctor husband now had in Maine. Located in the Kennebec area, it was home until the doctor passed, after which, everything necessarily got smaller, but never the hospitality that the widow provided.

Upon marriage, I had three sisters-in-law and one brother-in-law. My brother-in-law and his wife had four boys. I think if I had four boys. Some had a rough life. Early on, their father and mother lived with their children with my in-laws. The boy I knew best later owned property on the West Street end of Biddeford and Kennebecport. That one was stably well established; One other survived a tough life with companionship, had his properties, worked for the City, but his could not have been easy, although, he managed. Still another was as the third. Another had it difficult living the queer life. Homosexuality does not easily fit into a family group of any size.

(Canada to California: Defying Distance in the Mid-Nineteenth Century continued from page 11)

books as the Forty-Niners.

People were on the move, and that's where "national" U.S. history begins to transcend political boundaries. The discovery on the American River drew fortune-seekers half a world away. Britain's North American colonies could not escape the tantalizing reports. French Canadians were already spilling out of their historic homeland along the St. Lawrence River. Since the Rebellions of 1837-1838, they had sought new opportunities in Illinois, New York State, and northern New England in ever-rising numbers. Desperate or ambitious, they learned of the events at Sutter's Mill and heard the call of the California gold fields. In the fall of 1849, a steady stream of migrants linked Lower Canada (present-day Quebec) and California. Canadian and American affairs were becoming entwined on a truly continental scale.

La folie de la Californie

Outmigration attracted the scrutiny of Canadian policymakers in the spring of 1849. If the final version of their report is any indication, California was of no concern to members of the colonial legislature. It seems the prospect of an easy fortune on the other side of the continent was not a leading cause of emigration.¹ We do know anecdotally that some French Canadians from today's Centre-du-Québec region did start for California in the early months of 1849.² But it was a growing number of alluring news items about the American West in the summer and fall that stirred Canadians' interest—and that threatened to turn a policy challenge into a national crisis.

The publication of a Catholic missionary's letter in July 1849 helped drive curiosity. After a decade of service along the Richelieu River, Father Jean-Baptiste Brouillet had agreed to missionary work under Augustin Magloire Blanchet, the newly-appointed bishop of Walla Walla in Oregon Territory, in 1847. The two prelates joined tens of thousands of Americans and immigrants who had undertaken the cross-continental trek on the Oregon Trail, a six-month journey that tested even the hardiest and most resourceful traveler. In 1848, as the human deluge began to fall on California, Brouillet volunteered to travel south to minister to the miners.

Canadians in Nevada City, California, Dec. 1, 1850, with Places of Origin

Beauchamp, Philius (Montreal)	Lemaître dit Auger, Antoine (Rivière-du-Loup*)
Bénard, Alfred (L'Acadie)	Lemieux, Antoine (Saint-Hyacinthe)
Benoit, Joseph (Saint-Denis sur Rich.)	Lemieux, Prosper (Saint-Hyacinthe)
Bergeron, J.-B. (La Présentation)	Lippé, Pierre (L'Assomption)
Blouin, Pierre (Saint-Jean, I.O.)	Longtin, N... (Saint-Grégoire de Monnoir)
Cantin, Joseph (Saint-Jacques de l'Ass.)	Morin, Joseph (Saint-Georges, Missisquoi)
Chartier, F... (Saint-Jacques de l'Ass.)	Morissette, Olivier (Nicolet)
Chiniquy, J. A. (Saint-Michel de Bell.)	Mousseau, Edouard (Berthier-en-Haut)
Delorme, G. O. (Montreal)	Paradis, Charles (L'Acadie)
Deveau, M... (Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pérade)	Paradis, Joseph (L'Acadie)
Dequoy, Anaclet (L'Assomption)	Pépin, J.-B. (Saint-Constant)
Desjarlais, A... (Rivière-du-Loup*)	Piette, J.-B. (Berthier-en-Haut)
Fortin, Jean (Saint-Michel de Bell.)	Provencher, Olivier (Nicolet)
Gadbois, Thomas (Saint-Denis sur Rich.)	Robidon [sic], Pierre (Saint-Philippe)
Hay, Marcelin (Saint-Jacques-le-Mineur)	Ste-Marie, Amable (Beauharnois)
Hudon, Georges (Montreal)	Ste-Marie, Pierre (Beauharnois)
Hurtubise, Moïse (Montreal)	Soucy, Célestin (Saint-Roch-des-Aulnaies)
Joyal, Louis (La Présentation)	Tétu, Prudent (La Présentation)
Laberge, Joseph (Châteauguay)	Trudeau, Etienne (Chambly)
Lacaille, Julien (Saint-Jean sur Rich.)	
Landry, Charles Cyrille (Laprairie)	
Landry, François (Laprairie)	

*Listed under the judicial district of Trois-Rivières

Canadians in Nevada City

The wage rate and cost of living had exploded, wrote Brouillet. But fortunes were being made. In December, in San Francisco, he had seen "several of our Canadians from Oregon who were returning after working a little under two months, and each had over \$2000 in hand." The climate and soil of California were equally favorable. Inadvertently, perhaps, reports like Brouillet's encouraged young men to go West.³

Le Vapeur "Colombus" est arrivé le 4 août ayant à son bord, MM. le Dr. Gariépy, Baptiste Valier, Joseph Beauvais, Joseph Boucher, Rémi Beauvais et M. Antoine Goyet. Ce dernier est mort à l'hôpital de San Francisco, des fièvres de Panama.

La barque "Lota" est arrivée le 14 août ayant à son bord les messieurs canadiens suivants:— MM. Théophile Laspérance, G. Barette, E. Sauvageau, P. Chank, Onésime Messier, Julien Sénécal et C. Ouimet.

M. Joseph Guérin est mort pendant la traversée, à bord de ce vaisseau, des fièvres. M. J. Patenaude est mort des mêmes causes et de la même manière.

M. J. D. E. Coleman de Belleville, H. C. est aussi mort de la même manière et à peu près en même temps.

J'ai de plus la douleur de vous annoncer la mort de deux canadiens, qui sont décédés aux mines, quelques temps après leur arrivée. Ce sont M. Hogue Demartigny, mort à la rivière à la plume et M. Théophile Langlois mort à Middle Fork, cent mille plus haut que Sacramento.

*Letter from Victor Beaudry, L'Avenir
Oct. 12, 1850.*

French-language newspapers expressed ambivalence about migration, but, in the early days of the gold rush, some like

L'Avenir proved sanguine about Canadians' prospects. So it was in September 1849 when five men from Sainte-Elisabeth—C. H. Beaulieu, O. Brissette, Alexis Pépin dit Lachance, Joseph Robillard, and Maxime Goulet—departed for California. "We disapprove of large-scale Canadian emigration because it hurts the country," *L'Avenir* declared, "but it will be a delight to see a certain number of our young compatriots set off to the gilded regions of California, and play a role in the rush to riches that draws in this country people from all parts of the globe. Those who do not have the means to leave at this moment and travel in comfort are ill-advised to leave, as we have stated. We recommend that they stay here and settle for visiting the 'Canadian California' [the riches] of Mr. Plamondon's store [in Montreal]."⁴

For a time, the press's cautious tone was no match for the lure of easy gains. By November, "California fever" had reached Quebec City. *L'Avenir* printed a list of people who had boarded the *Rory O'Moore* and the *Panama* with California as their ultimate destination. These passengers were predominantly of British and Irish origin, but in their midst were such names as Rousseau, Garneau, Lévesque, Lacroix, Gagnon, Picard, Dionne, Ledroit, and Duchesnay.

Letters from New York City added to that number and again named names. On
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(Canada to California: Defying Distance in the Mid-Nineteenth Century continued from page 12)

November 12, many French Canadians set sail aboard the *St. Mary* and the *Washington*; among them were former residents of Montreal, Saint-Rémi, Sainte-Thérèse, Baie-du-Febvre, Nicolet, Saint-Michel-d'Yamaska, Bécancour, Saint-Grégoire-le-Grand, Stanfold Township, Trois-Rivières, and Gentilly. The exodus of young, adventurous men had touched nearly all regions of Lower Canada. *L'Avenir* concluded that “the number of emigrants to California is increasing and gold fever appears to be just beginning in Canada. Everyday our office is besieged by people seeking information about the marvel of the American Republic.”⁵

Journeys

Published reports suggest that most migrants chose not to follow in Father Brouillet's footsteps. Foregoing the difficult journey across the Plains and Rockies, they opted instead for the oceanic route. They boarded ships in Quebec and New York; some vessels committed to the long route around Cape Horn, others docked in Chagres, in Panama, leaving passengers to portage to the Pacific shore and take a second ship north to California.

The oceanic trip did not require any less planning than the overland one. Writing from New York City in October 1849, Dr. A. J. Desrivières explained that California-bound steamers were fully booked until December. Anyone leaving Lower Canada without making reservations would waste their precious savings in New York while they waited for a berth to open. Another writer added that emigrants should travel in large groups for security and mutual support. What's more, not all ships and captains were alike—not all would reach their destination in a safe and timely manner. This is to say nothing of poor drinking water or food supplies and seasickness, which weakened passengers. Disease thrived. The following year, a Forty-Niner with the last name of Robert left California with a rather large stack of letters from fellow expatriates. He wouldn't make it home. He died of cholera in Panama. What a life, and what an end for

a little guy from Saint-Jean.⁶

A small controversy that erupted in the fall of 1849 highlighted other challenges. A Canadian merchant named Robillard was conducting business in what is today the financial district in Lower Manhattan. Having lived in New York for some years, he offered to provide guidance and support to prospective emigrants to California. He may have been well-intended, but he was not above exacting a certain fee and setting terms for his services. Five California-bound Canadians who felt misled about Robillard's work complained publicly.⁷

Others quickly came to Robillard's defense; he had provided valuable support to a group of Forty-Niners from St-Jérôme

“Misery and Privations”

From this point forward, reports from New York City and California did not get much better. Already, in early December 1849, Lower Canada's newspapers were sharing “*Mauvaises nouvelles de la Californie.*” Emigrants discovered a West far different from the one they had imagined. From the muddy streets of San Francisco, many people had to journey to the Sierra Nevadas on foot. The heat was often unbearable; people died along the way. One young man from New Hampshire who collapsed from heat stroke asked, in his final words to a travel companion, “How is it possible that I've come here to die?” Survivors had to contend with the highly-inflated cost of living and the struggle to acquire necessities. Some had lost a small fortune simply by traveling to California and keeping themselves fed. Now they wished to earn just enough money to make it back to friends and family at home. Although the gold rush was seen as a get-rich-quick scheme, one wonders how much money *left* Lower Canada, in 1849-1850, as people went abroad with what they could amass, only to promptly lose it.⁹

Tellingly, in June 1850, a new letter from Father Brouillet, who would soon be returning to Oregon, offered a vision far different from the prior year's. He alerted his compatriots to the declining fortunes of emigrants—a warning, at last.¹⁰ In Saint-Jean, Gabriel Marchand confirmed the changing narrative in letters to his son Félix, a future premier of the Province of Quebec. In one missive, the elder Marchand highlighted the ordeal of the overland journey that acquaintances had attempted. “The accounts from California as to gold gathering are good,” he wrote. “But, misery and privations to their full extent [are] in fact represented as above human endurance [sic].” One wonders whether Marchand was simply relaying available news reports to his son or trying to deter him from also trying his luck in the West.¹¹

About the same time, Montreal notary J. A. Labadie shared with *L'Avenir* a letter from a friend who was now in California. The author, probably François Bonacina, returned to common complaints about Cal-



Plamondon ad, L'Avenir, Sept. 29, 1849 (1st ed.).

and Montreal: Louis Beauchamp, François Bonacina, brothers by the name of Innes, a Dr. Larocque, and others identified by their last names—Archambault, Grenier, and Guénette. Support also came from Father Charles Chiniquy, who would soon play an essential part in the French-Canadian colonization of Illinois. He stated that it was thanks to Robillard that his brother Achille Chiniquy had been able to set off to California. It's certainly clear that there were characters far worse than Robillard—swindlers, so-called travel agents, and shipping lines taking advantage of young people who spoke little English and who knew little about their destination or how to get there. Robillard himself added that there were “runners” who, as far north as Albany, sought to fleece travelers.⁸

(Continued on page 14)

(Canada to California: Defying Distance in the Mid-Nineteenth Century continued from page 13)

ifornia, but now with the benefit of having personally experienced the gold rush—the heat, the debilitating work, the cost of living, and so forth. He also had a great deal to say about the throngs in San Francisco and the gold mining regions. Many were ignorant, of the lowest morals and passions. This, the correspondent explained, was a Sodom of the most diverse crimes. Meanwhile, Victor Beaudry's letters regularly added names to the growing death toll; Louis Beauchamp communicated similar reports, including the drowning death of Chevalier de Lorimier's brother.¹²

The story of French-Canadian migrations cannot, however, be reduced to sorrow and privations. It is also a tale of resilience and collaboration.

Digging In

From the Hudson River and New York City to Panama and California, Canadians found one another. "F. B." wrote home of time spent with the Innes brothers, Mexican War veteran Robert d'Estimauville, and others on the west coast of Panama while they awaited the arrival of the next northbound ship. He added that the Canadian miners in California had concentrated at Mormon Island.¹³ A later letter from Victor Beaudry stated that 60 Canadians were now in San Francisco; many of them would soon set out for the gold fields west of Sacramento. Like Robillard in New York City, Beaudry was well-informed and could provide guidance to emigrants. Joseph Rassette, who established a hotel in San Francisco, would earn the gratitude of travelers in the same role.¹⁴

In November 1850, one man wrote from Logtown, about 15 miles from Mormon Island, "Here we are over 100 Canadians and we will spend the winter together. May God help us."¹⁵ The next month, 41 emigrants hailing from all parts of Lower Canada held a meeting farther north in Ne-

vada City. After appointing Achille Chiniquy their president, they passed a small number of resolutions with a clear message to friends in Lower Canada: don't come. However unenviable their circumstances, the expatriated Canadians found solace in their mutual company. Back in Logtown, 2,500 miles from home, emigrants held a modest Christmas dinner. They ate, drank, and sang. They toasted "our friends back home," "our speedy return home," and "Canada's fair sex." Robert d'Estimauville sang "Oh! I'm a used up man."¹⁶

As conditions improved in the following year, d'Estimauville sought to correct misperceptions in the Lower Canadian

the gilded regions lost their luster and Canadian emigration returned to its former pattern. Charles Chiniquy sought to attract settlers to northeastern Illinois. French-Canadian centers along Lake Champlain and the Hudson River grew quickly. Industrialization in Boston's broad hinterland exerted a more potent pull on those who would willingly settle for far less romantic but far less deadly pursuits.

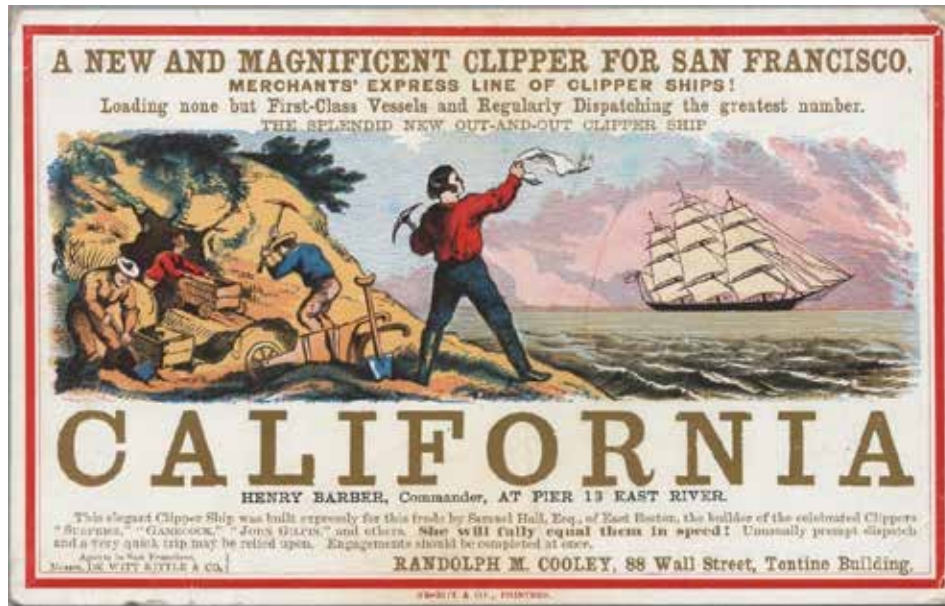
Legacies

As is typical in history, there is no perfect measure of the gold rush's effects in Canada or among French Canadians.

Even an assessment of its numerical significance could easily miss the mark. From contemporary press reports on French-Canadian participation in the gold rush, one would likely collect several hundred names, far from a full or representative sample. The U.S. census of 1850 states that 834 natives of British America were then living in California. That figure is surely a rough approximation in light of the constant flow of people in and out and between dif-

ferent regions of the state. By 1860, there were over 5,000 residents originating from the British American colonies. These snapshots, in which English Canadians were likely always the majority, do not include people who cycled through between census dates.¹⁹

Whatever the number of French Canadians who emigrated, their mark on California outlived the height of the gold rush. A small community in San Francisco held a Saint-Jean-Baptiste celebration in the immediate aftermath of the U.S. Civil War. Victor Beaudry moved to Los Angeles where he conducted business with his brother Prudent, a future mayor of the city. Another native of Lower Canada, Damien Marchesseault, served in the same office.²⁰ The region may also have served as a springboard to even farther locales. In 1858, *(Continued on page 15)*



Print, G.F. Nesbitt & Co., ca. 1850 (Online Archive of California)

press and change the narrative once again. While recognizing that those seeking a quick fortune had best stay home, d'Estimauville—who as Robert Desty would become a celebrated jurist—challenged the California-as-Sodom narrative. Schools and churches were springing up and displacing card rooms; families were settling down.¹⁷ He issued a protest again in 1853, this time alongside fellow Canadians, who had to defend their good name when a letter in the *Journal de Québec* claimed they and other exiles were reduced to the lowest circumstances.¹⁸ This type of defense in the face of Quebec misperceptions of the United States would occupy Franco-American elites for more than a century.

Undoubtedly, the most resilient migrants and those who arrived with an entrepreneurial spirit could, over time, improve their lot. Yet, as California society stabilized,

(Canada to California: Defying Distance in the Mid-Nineteenth Century continued from page 14)

Frenchmen were reported to be leaving California and traveling to the Fraser Valley of British Columbia where another gold rush was under way. Joseph Rasette planned to build a hotel on Bellingham Bay, near the Canada–U.S. border.²¹

We also have to account for the ripples of Forty-Niners' decisions in their home communities (beyond the loss of cold, hard cash and the loss of life). These were explorers who relayed valuable information about the Great Republic and gained cultural capital that could serve them in the U.S. Northeast. That one of the first *sociétés* Saint-Jean-Baptiste on American soil appeared in New York City in 1850 may be a practical result of the heavy flow of Canadians who were passing through on their way to California or, unexpectedly, choosing to stay.²²

The gold rush also reminds us that we have long underestimated the extent of French-Canadian mobility between the demise of the fur trade and the U.S. Civil War, both in terms of numbers and geographical reach. Continued study of migration patterns in the 1830s, 1840s, and 1850s may lead us to surprising discoveries. It may also help us find ways of integrating transnational stories in national narratives that often lead us to compartmentalize past and present experiences. A carpenter's fortuitous find in 1848 transformed the United States. Countless are the French-Canadian lives that were touched, and just as theirs is an American story, so American history bears the indelible mark of the Canadian presence.



Los Angeles mayor Prudent Beaudry
(BAnQ, P1000,S4,D83,PB126)

Further Reading

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- Fouchier, Annick, “Français et Canadiens français en Californie,” *La francophonie nord-américaine* (2013)
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- Roy, Alain, “Sur la piste de Santa Fe, 1721-1880,” *La francophonie nord-américaine* (2013)

(Endnotes)

- 1 . *Report of the Select Committee of the Legislative Assembly, Appointed to Inquire into the Causes and Importance of the Emigration Which Takes Place Annually, from Lower Canada to the United States* (Montreal: Rollo Campbell, 1849).
- 2 . *Quebec Gazette*, March 28, 1849.
- 3 . *L'Avenir*, July 31, 1849; Kevin Abing, “Directors of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions: 1. Reverend John Baptiste Abraham Brouillet, 1874-1884,” Special Collections and University Archives, Marquette University, 1994, online, accessed December 11, 2021.
- 4 . *L'Avenir*, September 29, 1849. Items from *L'Avenir* are all drawn from the second edition of the newspaper when available.
- 5 . *L'Avenir*, November 23, 1849.
- 6 . *L'Avenir*, October 19, 1849 and October 26, 1849; *Journal de Québec*, March 1, 1851.
- 7 . *L'Avenir*, November 16, 1849, November 23, 1849, and November 30, 1849.
- 8 . *La Minerve*, February 4, 1850.
- 9 . *La Minerve*, December 3, 1849.
- 10 . *Journal de Québec*, June 8, 1850.
- 11 . Gabriel Marchand to Félix-Gabriel Marchand, June 22, 1850 and July 14, 1850, Fonds Félix-Gabriel Marchand, Bibliothèque et Archives nationales du Québec, P174, S2, P153 and P174, S2, P155. If the oceanic journey was preferable to the overland one, this was no assurance of a smooth and speedy voyage. Victory Beaudry stated that the *Rory O'Moore* had taken 167 days—more than five months—to reach California from Quebec. See *L'Avenir*, June 15, 1850.
- 12 . *L'Avenir*, July 19, 1850, August 2, 1850, and October 12, 1850. An equally fascinating travel account from Louis Beauchamp, who depicted the realities of the Panamanian isthmus, appeared in *L'Avenir*, January 25, 1850.
- 13 . *L'Avenir*, July 19, 1850.
- 14 . *L'Avenir*, October 12, 1850; *La*

Minerve, July 4, 1857. In an interesting twist, it appears Robillard and Rasette had once been business partners. See *La Minerve*, August 10, 1843.

15 . *Journal de Québec*, March 1, 1851. The French Canadians' presence may have given nearby Frenchtown, California, its name. More research is required here.

16 . *Le Canadien*, February 21, 1851 and March 7, 1851.

17 . *Montreal Herald and Daily Commercial Gazette*, October 17, 1851. See, on Desty's later career, Patrick Lacroix, “American and French: Robert Desty (1827-1895),” Parts I and II, *Query the Past*, 2019, online, accessed December 11, 2021.

18 . *Journal de Québec*, February 17, 1853; *Montreal Herald*, June 17, 1853.

19 . It is possible that some French Canadians were, in 1850, counted among the 1,546 persons listed as France-born. See Table XV: Nativities of the Population of the United States, *Seventh Census of the United States: 1850 – An Appendix [...]* (Washington: Robert Armstrong, 1853), xxxvi; State of California, Table No. 5 – Nativities of Population, *Population of the United States in 1860; Compiled from the Original Returns of the Eighth Census* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1864), 34. According to one estimate, French-Canadian soldiers in the Mexican War represented 19 percent of British North American enlistments, or nearly 300 individuals. Contextual information suggests that involvement in the California gold rush would have been much greater. See Lacroix, “Canadian-Born Soldiers in the Mexican-American War (1846-48): An Opportunity for Migration Studies,” *International Journal of Canadian Studies* (2020).

20 . *Chicago Tribune*, July 29, 1865 (1st ed.). C. C. de Vere's blog on Los Angeles's French and French-Canadian history, *Frenchtown Confidential*, is a particularly helpful resource on Marchesseault, Beaudry, and entrepreneur “Crazy Rémi” Nadeau.

21 . French Canadians also looked beyond the oceans. In 1852, different groups left New York City like their Forty-Niner predecessors, but those who boarded the *Ascutna* and the *Ocean Eagle* were going to Australia. Many of them were from a large ring of parishes around Trois-Rivières. See *L'Avenir*, October 13, 1852; *The Age* [Melbourne, Australia], August 13, 1858.

22 . Jules Jehin de Prume, *Les Canadiens-Français à New-York: Historique de la Colonie Canadienne-Française et de la Société Saint-Jean-Baptiste de New-York* (Montreal: A. P. Pigeon, 1920).



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Real-life Maine ‘Rosie the Riveter,’ 96, looks back on her World War II effort

by Abigail Curtis
November 10, 2021



Alphena Babineau was just 18 when she began work as a welder making Liberty ships at a South Portland shipyard. The 96-year-old, who moved from Brewer to Portland a couple of years ago, is proud of the work she did to support the war effort. (Photo Credit: Courtesy of Babineau family.)

On Thursday, one of the veterans who will take part in the parade in downtown Bangor is Arthur Babineau, 99, of Portland, who served as an Army combat medic in Europe during World War II.

Although his wife, 96-year-old Alphena Babineau, isn't able to be there, she also did her part for the war effort. Alphena Babineau, a real-life Rosie the Riveter, was just 18 when she signed on to work at the Todd-Bath Iron Shipbuilding Corp. in South Portland, a company that was started in 1940 and closed at the end of the war.

The dark-haired teenager, originally from a little town in New Brunswick, tied her hair up in a turban under a helmet and learned how to be a welder. She helped fabricate the Liberty ships that served a critical function for the U.S. Merchant Marine: moving tons of wartime supplies across the Atlantic Ocean to England and beyond.

"All the guys were in the Army. It was just women working in the shipyard," said Alphena Babineau, who lived for many years in Brewer but now lives in Portland. "I enjoyed it. I had a lot of friends there."



Alphena and Arthur Babineau met at the Todd-Bath Iron Shipbuilding Corp. in South Portland, where they helped fabricate Liberty ships for the war effort. The couple has been married for 77 years. (Photo Credit: Courtesy of Babineau family)

She was a member of a different kind of army, one comprised of women, older men and others who did not fight overseas but whose efforts on the home front supported the soldiers and made it possible for the country to win the war.

Babineau and others like her in 18 shipyards around the country built a total of 2,710 Liberty ships between 1941 and 1945, an average of three ships every two days.

"The women had to step up," Peggy Konitzky, a Topsham-based historian who wrote "Midcoast Maine in World War II," said. "They had to do the work the men had been doing while they were running their households ... One of the things that struck me strongly while doing the research was how hard everybody worked during those years."

Alphena Babineau, a bright-eyed and quick-witted nonagenarian, has clear memories of those days. She took the job so she could do her part to help the country, and also as a way to help her family out.

"I was going to earn some money. That's what I was looking for," she said. "My mother was a widow and there were 10 of us in my family."

Money was never something in large supply, she said. When Babineau was growing up during the Great Depression in Saint-Leonard, N.B., directly across the St. John River from Van Buren, her family didn't have much in the way of material goods, but they did have enough food and love to go around. They lived in government housing, with the kids sleeping three to a bed, with no electricity and no car. But they also went sledding in the winters, made maple syrup in the spring and fished for salmon in the rivers.

"We were fine," Babineau said.

Some of her friends were not. They lived in tarpaper shacks and work was so scarce that their fathers would fight over who would get shoveling jobs.

"They were poor in Canada," Babineau said.

After her father, a railroad worker, died of a heart attack, the family moved to Maine to Old Orchard Beach. When the war began and the war effort on the home front got going, it was an opportunity for many, including Babineau, to make a living. She tried to get a job at the shipyard when she was 17, but she was too young. When she was 18, she jumped at the chance.

"I think that for women, this was an

(Continued on page 17)

(Real-life Maine 'Rosie the Riveter,' 96, looks back on her World War II effort continued from page 16)

opportunity that had not existed for them before,” Konitzky said.

Babineau would commute from her home in Old Orchard Beach to the shipyard by bus, at least until one of her girlfriends bought a car and then they rode to the job together. She wore a leather jacket, jeans and long leather gloves to try and protect her hands from the burns that were an occupational hazard, but the protection didn't always work.

“I would get some terrible burns,” she said.

She learned how to weld on the job, and when asked if it was a challenging skill to master, she was quick to respond.

“No, it wasn't,” she said. “You had a generator that you had to set so it wouldn't go too hot. If it was too hot, the rod would burn.”

Otherwise, she said, welding was straightforward.

“I could work today if I wanted to,” she said, smiling. “But I don't want to.”

She would take her gear and work up high in the ship when necessary, but she didn't like to go below in the hold. She only did that once, and didn't like the sensation of working in a small space in the dark. She left her equipment there and crawled back out to the sunshine, telling her foreman that she wouldn't do that again.

“My foreman kept me working outside after that,” she said.

Babineau remembers that the men at the shipyard were good to the women workers.

“They were very nice. They were older. There were no young ones there. There were married men with families,” she said.

But there was at least one younger man at the shipyard: Arthur Babineau, a foreman, who caught her eye immediately.

“I thought, ‘Oh my God, is he handsome or what?’” she said.



Alphena and Arthur Babineau, who are now 96 and 99 years old, respectively, on a recent visit to the Liberty Ship Memorial in South Portland. The memorial marks the site of the sprawling World War II shipyards where the Babineaus both worked. The couple met while helping to build Liberty ships during the war. Photo Credit: Courtesy of Babineau family

Although other women at the shipyard also liked the young foreman, Arthur Babineau returned her interest. They went to the amusement park at Old Orchard Beach and hit it off, and after Arthur Babineau got called up to the Army in 1943, they got engaged. Alphena Babineau rode crowded, slow troop trains from Maine to Louisiana, where he was in training, so they could marry before he was sent overseas.

The couple celebrated their 77th anniversary in August.

After their marriage, Alphena Babineau no longer worked at the shipyard, but she used some of the skills she learned there throughout her life. Her daughter, Donna Somma of Portland, is proud of her mother's wartime work.

“I thought she was amazing. I always did. When we had a leaky faucet, she's the one who knew what tools to use,” Somma said. “Mom worked hard, and she never looked back. She always looked forward.”

But Alphena Babineau said she is beginning to look back now. She has good memories of her time as a welder, and was proud when the ships she worked on were launched into the sea.

“It was a long time ago, but it doesn't seem like a long time ago,” she said.



News from the Acadian Archives University of Maine at Fort Kent

(Excerpted from *Current*, the Archives newsletter)

The Archives underwent several transitions in 2021. Longtime director Lise Pelletier and archival specialist Anne Chamberland both retired, though our institution remains committed to the path and the projects they shepherded for many years. Our two wonderful work-study interns, Valerie Boisvert and Layla Cole, have moved on to other opportunities after the fall semester. We are excited to welcome new and equally talented team members this semester.

Thanks to the preliminary work of Timothy Whiton and the crucial guidance of Jacob Albert, we linked our first collections to the Franco-American Digital Archives during the fall. In coming months, we will add more collections and increase our digitization efforts to enhance access to our resources. Our work in the community continues with book launches, assistance with genealogical and historical research, and educational initiatives. In March, we will welcome the St. John Valley Senior College and launch a five-week course on Acadian history that is open to the community. Maine teachers who sign up and complete the course are eligible for a continuing education credit.

Though too many to mention, we cannot express sufficient gratitude to all those who have made donations of various kinds and who help support our mission. Thank you.

We will continue to keep the community informed of our activities, including news about our grant applications, our projects, and our commitment to the preservation of the distinct heritage of the St. John Valley. Anyone interested in receiving our quarterly newsletter or with questions can reach the Archives at acadian@maine.edu or by phone at 207-834-7535. Please also follow us through our Facebook page, Acadian Archives / Archives acadieennes – UMFk.

“A Spirit Sensitively Alive to the Maintenance of Right:” Joseph-Caleb Paradis

May 27, 2016 Civil War, Maine, Quebec

By James Myall

(Originally published May 27, 2016. Updated May 28, 2018, with additional details).

Of the two and a half million people who enlisted in the Union army during the Civil War, some 40,000 or so were French-Canadians, or Franco-Americans born in the US. An uncertain number of Confederate soldiers were also of Cajun, French or French-Canadian heritage, especially in Louisiana.

Joseph-Caleb Paradis is the only known French-Canadian officer to serve in a Maine regiment during the Civil War. Born in Charlesbourg just outside Québec City in 1843,[1] His mother died when he was just eight years old, and he was raised and educated by two stepmothers. Eventually, he enrolled in a commercial school in the city. Discovering a talent for drawing, he was apprenticed to an architect, Ferdinand Peachy. [2]

At 18, Paradis was just beginning a career as an architect’s clerk when the war broke out, [3] but almost immediately, and without telling his father, he boarded the train and took the Grand Trunk Railroad to Portland, Maine.[4] There he enlisted in the United States Army, in the 5th Maine Infantry.

Maine received fewer Canadian recruits than many US states, probably because it was a greater distance from Canada’s major population centers than New York, Vermont or Midwestern border states. Those Canadians who did enlist in Maine were mostly Anglophones from the Maritimes. There’s no record of why Paradis came to Portland to enlist, but records show that he enlisted in the 5th Maine Infantry on the 16th July, 1861 – within the first three months of the war.

The official history of the 5th Maine by George W. Bicknell,[5] who served alongside Paradis, reports that the young man was motivated by his opposition to slavery and had

A spirit sensitively alive to the maintenance of right, when he saw the attempts of ambitious men to extend the borders of slavery he sought the states, that he might add his influence and work in the cause of liberty.

This sentiment probably differentiated Paradis from many of his fellow Union soldiers, who were not necessarily abolitionists. It might, however, explain his decision to sign up in Maine. As the State Archives note, Uncle Tom’s Cabin, the anti-slavery novel written in Brunswick, had recently been translated into French.

Paradis was unusual in another respect – during his three years of service, he rose through the ranks from enlisting as a private, to being commissioned as a Captain. He was even recommended for a commission in the regular, US Army – but when this was impossible, he was assigned a lieutenancy and later captaincy in the 5th Maine instead. This feat is especially impressive for a man without any pre-existing connections or network in Maine. His education, professional experience, and his fluency in English no doubt helped. His initial assignment was as an aide or clerk in the regimental headquarters.

In his letter of recommendation to Governor Cony of Maine, Colonel Edwards, the commanding officer of the 5th laconically stated that Paradis was “a man of steady habits and good moral character.” Bicknell gives a more vivid description of the French-Canadian who was not content to remain safely at the rear with his “desk job.”

While in the ranks, he was a faithful soldier, always desirous of doing his whole duty...[his] position exempted him from bearing a musket in times of action. But he wanted no exemption; and whenever the regiment became engaged, one of the first objects which would attract attention, would be Sergeant Paradis coming up with a musket borrowed from some wounded man, and at his post in the ranks, he poured his volleys at the enemy.



Joseph-Caleb Paradis, 1864. Maine’s Adjutant-General order photographs taken of all officers in the state’s regiments. Image: Maine State Archives.

Paradis’ commission as an officer came after the 5th Maine’s victory at the Battle of Rappahannock Station in Virginia. Col. Edwards, who called the action “a complete and glorious victory,” praised Paradis for his capture of 13 Confederate prisoners.[6] Edwards described the battle in vivid terms in a report back to Maine, and it is easy to see how Paradis would have distinguished himself here, given the early description of his ardor. The 5th Maine and 171st New York were attacking a strong Confederate position, and advanced to within 500 yards of the Southerners before taking cover beneath the rise of a small hill:

[At nearly] 7 o’clock PM...I received orders to move my regiment forwards...Under the cover of the darkness of the night – we approached to within twenty five yards of the enemy in his pits, when I gave the order to “Charge.” At this moment, we received a terrific volley from the enemy’s infantry, and at the next, our boys had sprang into the rifle pits, sweeping every thing before them. These entrenchments were occupied by more than double the men than my own front presented, but so sudden and unexpected was our movement upon them that the enemy seemed paralyzed.

The 550 Union soldiers captured a total of 1200 prisoners, the colors of four
(Continued on page 19)

(“A Spirit Sensitively Alive to the Maintenance of Right:” Joseph-Caleb Paradis continued from page 18)

regiments, and five colonels. Despite his brave conduct – or more likely because of it, Paradis did not survive the war. He was wounded in the Battle of Cold Harbor, in June of 1864; one of the bloodiest engagements of the war. Having survived Antietam and Gettysburg, the twenty-one year-old died a few days after Cold Harbor, in a military hospital in Alexandria, June 18.[7]

Paradis’ remains were embalmed, and his body was returned to Quebec City. According to the regimental history, they were returned to his father, but the obituary which appears in the Maine Adjutant-General’s report of 1864, also notes that he was returned to his friends. The funeral procession left his father’s house in St Roche, Quebec, on morning of the 29th of June, 1864.[8] His burial record shows that Paradis was laid to rest in the presence of nine young men who were likely his friends.[9] He was buried with his officer’s sword in a coffin draped in a captured Confederate battle flag.[10] The Maine State Archives notes that the cost of returning the body was about \$70, more than \$1,000 in today’s terms, and that this was borne by the men of his company, so that he could be laid to rest at home, in the family plot. As the regimental history concludes,

Well indeed may his friends cherish his memory, for Captain Paradis was a noble soldier, and a true man.

Thanks to the “Acadian and French-Canadian Genealogy and History” Facebook group for their transcription assistance and other suggestions.

Notes:

[1] Parish Records of Charlesbourg, Quebec. Baptism of Joseph-Caleb Paradis, 3rd March, 1843. Ancestry.com. Quebec, Canada, Vital and Church Records (Drouin Collection)

[2] “Un Oublie, Joseph-Caleb Paradis,” Recherches Historiques, vol 44 (Lévis, QC, 1938), pp78-80

[3] “Jos. C. Paradis,” Quebec City, 1861 Census of Canada, Ancestry.com. Library and Archives Canada; Ottawa, Ontario, Canada; Census Returns For 1861; Roll: C-1254, p.337.

[4] Recherces Historiques

[5] A note by Bicknell in his roll as assistant to Col. Edwards appears on the account of the Battle of Rappahannock Station cited below.

[6] Edward S. Stevens, letter to J. Hodsden, Maine Adjutant-General, Nov. 9th, 1863. Maine State Archives.

[7] Report of the Adjutant General of the State of Maine (Augusta, Maine: 1864), p431

[8] Recherces Historiques

[9] Parish Records of St Roche, Quebec City, Quebec. Burial of Caleb Paradis, 28th June 1864. Ancestry.com. Quebec, Canada, Vital and Church Records (Drouin Collection)

[10] Recherches Historiques



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.

<https://myall.bdnblogs.com>



Nouvelles des Archives acadiennes

Université du Maine à Fort Kent

(Extrait d’*Au Courant*, le bulletin d’information des Archives)

Les Archives ont vécu quelques changements importants en 2021. Lise Pelletier, directrice de longue date, et Anne Chamberland, notre spécialiste des archives, ont toutes deux pris leur retraite. Notre institution s’inspire d’elles et poursuit dans la

voie qu’elles ont tracée pendant plusieurs années. Nos deux merveilleuses stagiaires étudiantes, Valerie Boisvert et Layla Cole, sont passées à de nouveaux défis après la session d’automne. Cette session, nous sommes ravis d’accueillir de nouveaux membres de l’équipe qui, encore, partageront leurs talents avec nous.

Grâce au travail préliminaire de Timothy Whiton et à l’appui essentiel de Jacob Albert, un certain nombre de nos collections sont maintenant présentes et indexées sur le Portail franco-américain. Au cours des prochains mois, nous ajouterons d’autres collections et nous poursuivons notre travail de numérisation pour accroître l’accès à nos imposantes ressources. Notre travail dans la communauté se poursuit avec des lancements de livres, un soutien à la recherche généalogique et historique et des projets à caractère éducatif. En mars, nous accueillerons le *St. John Valley Senior College* en plus de lancer un cours de cinq semaines

en histoire acadienne qui sera ouvert à la communauté. Les enseignants du Maine qui s’inscrivent et qui complètent le cours obtiendront un crédit de formation continue.

Nous ne pouvons suffisamment exprimer notre reconnaissance envers les nombreuses personnes qui nous appuient par leurs dons de tous genres. L’espace nous manque ici pour nommer tous ces gens, mais à vous, un grand merci!

Nous continuerons de tenir la communauté au courant de nos activités, dont tout ce qui concerne nos demandes de subventions, nos projets et notre travail de préservation du patrimoine unique de la vallée du Haut Saint-Jean. Toute personne intéressée à recevoir notre bulletin trimestriel ou ayant des questions peut joindre les Archives à acadian@maine.edu ou par téléphone au 207-834-7535. Veuillez aussi nous suivre sur Facebook à la page Acadian Archives / Archives acadiennes – UMFK.

Martin Luther King visited Saint Francis College in Biddeford

January 17, 2022 Franco-American News and Culture Biddeford Maine, University of New England

By Juliana L'Heureux

Remembering Martin Luther King and his 1964 visit to Maine.

BIDDEFORD, Maine– Not many people would have remembered the historic visit made in 1964, by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. to the University of New England’s precursor institution, St. Francis College, prior to the 2014, installation of the “Martin Luther King Exhibit” on UNE’s Biddeford Campus.

It’s likely that Dr. King’s historic visit may have become a relic of the past, until the permanent exhibit was opened. St. Francis College, formerly a high school and college, was an all-men’s Catholic college, run by Franciscan priests adorned in robes belted with rope cinctures, where students took classes in theology and were required to wear jackets and ties to class. When the high school and college first opened in the late 1930s, the primary students were Franco-American boys.

In the 21st century, UNE students can take pride in the history and unique accomplishments of the little Franciscan college founded by French-Canadian priests Msgr. Arthur Decary and his brother Father Decary. Their vision to bring secondary school and college education to Franco-American young men has subsequently grown into the great University of New England, located today in Biddeford and Portland.

Read more information about “Remembering our Saint Francis Roots” at these blogs here: <https://francoamerican.bdnblogs.com/2021/07/26/franco-american-news-and-culture/history-tour-about-remembering-our-saint-francis-community/>.

A walking tour program of the former Saint Francis high school and college was presented in July 2021, sponsored by the Biddeford Cultural and Heritage Center, read the blog here: <https://biddefordculturalandheritagecenter.org>.

In fact, the Martin Luther King, Jr. exhibit is located on the University of New England’s Biddeford campus. Saint Francis High School and Saint Francis College was a Catholic education boarding school and college founded primarily for Franco-American young me.

Saint Francis College eventually changed and rapidly become the University of New England.



This permanent exhibit is located on the campus of the University of New England in Biddeford. (Photo by Juliana L'Heureux)



University of New England Martin Luther King exhibit in Biddeford. (Photo by Juliana L'Heureux)



University of New England Martin Luther King exhibit. (Photo by Juliana L'Heureux)

Fifty years of achievement for Franco-American Gerard Dennison

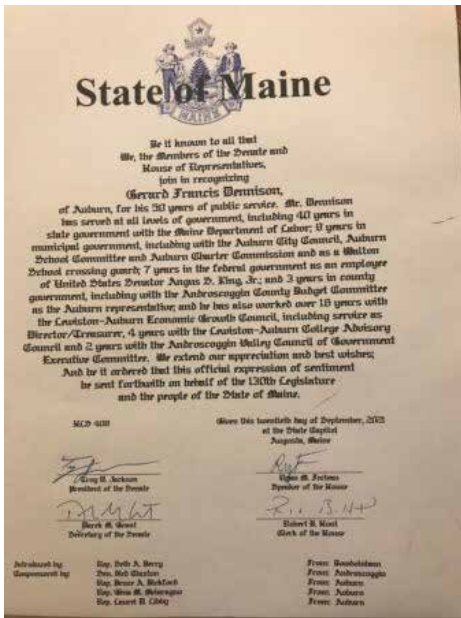
December 31, 2021 Franco-American News and Culture Maine legislature, New

Auburn, Senator Angus S. King Jr.

By Juliana L'Heureux

AUBURN Maine- A heartfelt congratulations to my friend Gerard Francis Dennison on receiving well deserved recognition from the Maine legislature, for his 50 years of public service to the people of Maine.

“Thank you very much Juliana, for doing a BLOG on my 50 Year Achievement just recognized by the Maine Legislature,” wrote Gerard Dennison, who is 73 years old and a Constituent Services Representative for United States Senator Angus S. King, Jr.



Gerard Dennison recognized by the Maine legislature for his 50 years of public service.

“What a great unexpected Christmas gift I received from the Maine Legislature, honoring me with House Legislative Sentiment #408 for 50 Years of Public Service in all levels of government. A special thank you to Rep. Seth Berry of Bowdoinham, for sponsoring it and to the Auburn legislative delegation as cosponsors.”

Mr. Dennison is justifiably proud of his Franco-American heritage, his family’s history and he is a wonderful supporter for Maine’s veterans. His father Fred was a WWII Army combat veteran, who served in the Philippines.

I have appreciated receiving this information about his Franco-American heritage and legacy to publish in this congratulatory blog:

Gerard Dennison’s Franco American Heritage:

He is a proud 4th generation resident of New Auburn’s Routhier family, who were original members of St. Louis Parish, founded in 1902. (This explains why Mr. Dennison has been a community supporter for preserving the beautiful bells of the Saint Louis Church, when they were just about to be taken away, after the church was closed. He was a former altar boy who rang the bells from 1956-1962.)

His great-grandparents, Francois and Marie (Gagnon) Routhier, came to Maine from Quebec Province. They originally had a home in West Auburn, where Francois was a lumber contractor. They moved to New Auburn and built a two-story house on Tenth Street in 1899, which still exists.

Gerard Dennison’s grandparents were Francis and Anaise (Begin) Routhier, who lived upstairs in the Tenth Street house. Francis was a shoe cutter. They had four daughters: Bernadette, Juliette, Germaine, and Regina (the youngest), who was Gerard’s mother, who was born in 1909.

Dennison’s ancestry with the Routhier family in Quebec Province, Canada is traced for 8 generations going back to 1660. The family tree dates back to the year 1600 in Normandy, France.

The Dennison side of family emigrated from Ireland to a farm in St. Celestin, Quebec in the late 1840’s, during the potato famine. Gerard Dennison’s great-great grandparents were Patrick Dennison and Julia McCarthy of Cork. The two older children were born in Ireland. Their youngest boy John, Gerard’s great-grandfather, was born in 1853, in Trois Rivieres, Quebec, near St. Celestin.

John Dennison was brought up on the



Gerard Dennison representing Senator Angus King at Memorial Day ceremonies.

farm, speaking the French language, as were his siblings. He came to Lewiston, Maine in 1878, after his father died. He spoke French with an Irish brogue. He married Adele (Dion) Dennison, who emigrated from St. Louis de Blanford, Quebec. They were married in August, 1880, at the original St. Peter’s Catholic Church. They had nine children, all of whom were brought up as Franco Americans on Lincoln Street in Lewiston, with their primary language being French. John was an early member of the Jacques Cartier Club, founded in Lewiston in the 1870’s. He was a Lewiston fireman for 20 years, stationed on Ash Street with horses, and then was put in charge of the City Park across from City Hall. He died at the Marcotte Home in 1928, at age 75. Gerard’s grandfather, Alfred Dennison Sr. of Lewiston (1883-1955), was the only one of the nine children who was born in Canada as his mother Adele was 8 months pregnant, while on a trip there.

Gerard Dennison was a Founder and first treasurer of the Franco Center in Lewiston (now the Gendron Franco Center) in June 2000, and Founder of the Auburn-Lewiston Boys and Girls Club, in New Auburn, in June 1995.

Public Service:

Gerard Dennison has been in Public Service for over 50 years beginning in August 1971, having served in all levels of government, quasi government and non-profit organizations.

“For 50 years, I just tried to help people through Public Service in all forms of government! 1971-2021,” he said.

(Continued on page 22)

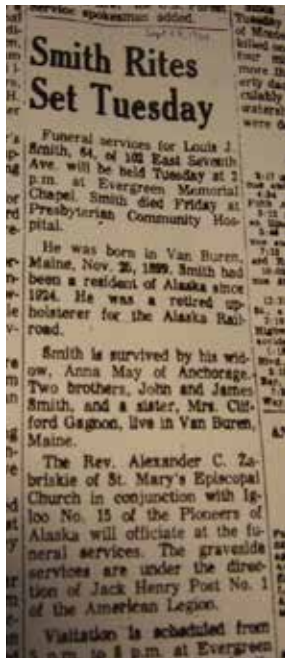
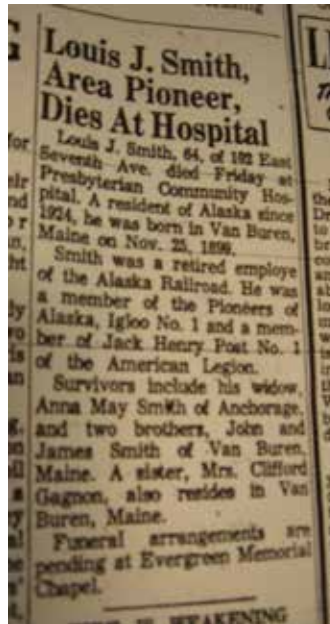
Uncle Louis J. Smith

by
Sue Smith Deschaine

Uncle Louis J. Smith was the son of Almon and Dora (Keegan) Smith. He was 17 when he left Van Buren, Maine to serve in World War I. He never returned to Van Buren. Instead he served in the Aleutian Islands and when the war was over, he remained and made Alaska his home. When Mike and I went to Alaska, in 2008, we looked up and found his grave in the Military Park Cemetery. We also went to the university library and looked up Newspaper articles of his death and burial. He was reported to be an Alaska Pioneer and the inscription on his grave read: "In Memory of a man who walked ten feet tall. Ann and Ken". Ann was his wife and Ken, her son. Included in this article is a picture of Mike cleaning his stone in the cemetery, the two articles (Anchorage Daily Times) and a picture of him in his WWI uniform.



Photo provided to me by my Aunt Mildred (Smith) Gagnon



(Fifty years of achievement for Franco-American Gerard Dennison continued from page 21)

Among Dennison's many awards and formal recognitions for his community service includes receiving the key to the City of Auburn, in 2000, by Mayor Lee Young. (In 1996, Young became the first woman to be elected mayor of Auburn.)

Gerard Dennison represented Senator Angus King on May 26, 2015, at a New Auburn American Legion William Rogers Post 153 Memorial Day program.

Toutes nos félicitations!



About Juliana

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

<https://francoamerican.ban-gordailynews.com/author/jlheureux/>



D'OU JE VIENS

Beginning in Rochester

by
Chip Bergeron

I was born on August 16, 1948, the same day baseball Hall of Famer Babe Ruth died. Unfortunately, I did not inherit his athletic ability. So much for reincarnation! My mother's name, as I mentioned in an earlier entry was Plante: Mary Jeanne Rose Anna Plante, or Jane to her friends. My father's name was Wilfred, after former Canadian Prime Minister Sire Wilfred Laurier. Everybody called him Ted. My nickname, Chip, came from a comic strip called Gasoline Alley, popular in the '40's and '50's. The main character, Walt Wallett, found a baby boy in a basket by his front door, or so I was told. He decided to keep the child and then name him Chipper, a name that apparently resonated with my parents. So Chipper, or for short Chip, I became, and that's how people principally know me to this day.

I've always had a lot of ambivalence about the name "Wilfred". It never sounded right on me. I didn't even know I was a Wilfred until the first day of kindergarten. The nun kept calling "Wilfred Bergeron, Wilfred Bergeron," to no avail. Finally my best friend Tommy (also a Bergeron, no relation), chirped up "I don't know any Wilfred Bergeron, but this is Chip Bergeron standing next to me." Problem solved.

By this point in my life I tend to tell people I go mostly by Chip, and I reserve Wilfred for public officials and elderly French ladies. Hmm...now that I am, by all accounts, an elderly French man...now, I think the hook was set too deep.

Back in the early 50's, the State of New Hampshire had a yearly contest for a spokes kid they would call "Chippa Granite" who would travel around and be trotted out at events where the state wanted to boost the tourist industry. I remember my mother getting me all dolled up in my scratchy Sunday best with photos and cover letter to enter the contest. The cynical part of me says, I never won because I was Franco, but the reality part tells me I would have never won any "beautiful child" contest. I was short and skinny and had inherited my memère Bergeron's buck teeth. Why they



skipped my father, I will never know.

We were as Franco as they come. I've traced my genealogy back to the 1500's on both sides - no Anglos or other ethnicities with a possibility of a native or two. I think my mom was third generation, my dad second generation American, and I'm still kind of puzzled. The whole Franco thing didn't mean a lot to me growing up, and yet it did. I



*The Holy Rosary Catholic Church,
Rochester, N.H.*

don't remember going to mass until I started school. We lived in an ethnically diverse neighborhood. When my parents wanted to keep something secret from me, they'd talk in French. That only worked until about the third grade, when my parochial school French caught up with them. My Bergeron grandparents primarily spoke French but it's strange that my memère Bergeron used to ask me to speak English, because she could not understand my French. My Plante

grandparents could speak French, but tended to use English because my Aunt Gaby married a Murphy and neither he, nor their kids, ever learned a word of French.

So it must have made some difference to me, at the least subliminally. I knew I was proud that I went to a school where we were taught for a half day in French. We thought ourselves considerably better off than those "poor" public school kids and even had it over on St. Mary's, the "Irish" parochial school in town. I had a cross-the-street friend who went to St. Mary's, and the arguments about whose school was better were incessant. And don't you even dare go to mass at St. Mary's. Many an old Franco would tell you if you want to mass there you might as well be going to a Protestant church! La Survivance dies hard.

At the time of my growing up, Rochester was a city of about 15000 people. There was a woolen mill, several shoe factories, some lumber yards and a wooden box company. Just outside the town were several large dairy farms (Lavadiere's among them), and apple orchards.

The town was prosperous. There were three and sometimes four department stores, an A & P grocery store directly across the street from A First National Supermarket, jewelry stores, bakeries, barber shops, shoe stores, restaurants, men's and women's clothing stores, a stationer, a Sears and a Western Auto among others. Today the downtown is dead and commerce has migrated mainly to big box stores and chain restaurants on the edges of the city. Rochester used to be a rail traffic is a "gravel train" slowly moving a mountain of sand from Ossipee, several miles north, to Boston. In some ways perhaps the "old days" were
(Continued on page 24)

(D'OU JE VIENS continued from page 23)
better after all.

I would guess in the '50's there were perhaps 10,000 Francos in Rochester. I know it seemed we were in the majority we lived for the most part in the north end of town in an enclave bordered by Bridge St., the Cocheco River, the Rochester Fairgrounds and Washington St. I'm sure there were more elsewhere in town. The heart of "Petit Canada" was Lafayette St., two blocks down from Holy Rosary Church and school. Back then it was mostly well tended simple family house, duplexes and apartment buildings. Up until the 1960's you were as liable to hear French as English spoken there. Today it's become a drug-ridden slum.

Franco's were the chief sources of labor for the mills and clerks in the big stores, but there were many small and large businesses owned by us: Therrien's Furniture, Laroche and Abe's Jewelers, Harvey's Bakery, Regis Fruit Store and so on (I'm sure I'll forget someone). My doctor growing up was Albert Barcomb, who got his medical training at McGill. Dr's Roy and Desmarais were dentists. Trudel had a restaurant and Gagnon, Gagné and Marchand were barbers. Many convenience stores were Franco owned, Gingras, on Lafayette St., George and Ed's on North Maine, who went by Normandeau's or Johnny Boivin's, depending on who you talked to. Next to them was a doughnut shop owned by Larry Boire, and at the end of our street, Mr. & Mrs. Turcotte owned a Mom and Pop called the North End Market. Joe Letourneau was the contractor/builder of the house I grew up in, of all the houses on the street where I lived, and his crew were all first generation French Canadians. What I think a lot of people forget, is without us Franco Americans there wouldn't be much of any New England mill towns.

One of those Franco owned businesses was a public accounting office Bergeron Business Service, that when I was born was located on the second floor of the Feineman block on South Main St., [land] by the square. My father got his training in accounting through night school and he did taxes and accounting work for many small retail businesses and individuals, mostly in the Rochester/Dover/Somersworth area. One of dad's big regrets was that he never did work to become a Certified Public Accountant. He could have charged more, had access to better clients and avoided the

yearly tax rush that kept him in his office most nights until 9 pm from January to April.

Dad wasn't the only Bergeron to own a successful business. There were about eight Bergeron families in town when I grew up. Ours was the only one unrelated to the others. One Bergeron started an independent insurance company that, to the best of my knowledge, is still going strong today. His uncle ran a large regional bakery that mainly supplied bread to local retail stores and institutions.

Anyhow, I remember being brought to my father's office as a young boy. My mother would stop there if she had to make a shopping trip down town. Dad's secretary would let me use the adding machine and play on (and jam) the manual typewriter.



On days there was to be a parade dad would invite a bunch of friends from our street to watch the festivities from his second story office windows.

Dad's fondest dream for me was that I would go to Bentley College, and earn my CPA and take over the business. Unfortunately, working for him several summers in high school proved to me that I had no head for figures. It wasn't to be!

Sometime in the mid '50's dad decided to build an office next to our house. When they bought it, my parents bought a house with a double lot. The extra space was to be for a mid-50's dream patio and party space, with a killer barbecue. Dad started building same, but somewhere along the line I think my mother wanted dad closer to home, so out went the party space, and up went the office!

When I was born we lived in a downtown apartment, off South Main St., just behind the Congregational Church. The house was owned by an elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Otto who were apparently wonderful landlords. I don't remember much

about them except at one time they lived in Boston and Mrs. Otto was employed by Serge Koussevitsky, the internationally renowned conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. When Mrs. Otto left his employ, he gave her an old fashioned upholstered chaise lounge/divan which ended up in our apartment. When we moved, "Madame Kousevitsky" became a valued piece of furniture in our house for many years.

And we moved...like most other small cities post World War II, Rochester underwent a building boom. Undeveloped streets in the north and south end of town were being built up, so the Bergerons moved out of downtown, and not to the Franco ghetto either. The Bergerons were movin' on up, to the North side to Patton St. on Route 11, about a mile from the center of town. Joe Letourneau was developing the street, and when we moved in, we were maybe the third or fourth house built.

The street ran from Route 11 to the Cocheco River, maybe a quarter mile away. Already developed Dewey Park, Jenness and McDuffee St. paralleled Patton Street on either side. Our house was maybe a third up the street on the left, number 24. It was a two bedroom, on bathroom cape cod with a garage, white with maroon shutters, and it's where I grew up and where my wife and I moved back into after my mother passed on in 1987.

Going through her paperwork, I found the original bill of sale for the house. I can't remember the number exactly, but \$6,000. seems to stick in my mind. Can you imagine buying a new house for that money today? When Susan sold the house in 1990, it was appraised for \$103,000. I know an office was built, and a lot of other improvements made, but such a rise in prices in about 40 years? C'mon!

Another interested piece of paperwork I found in that trove was the bill from Frisbie Memorial Hospital for services surrounding my birth. Three day's stay, all medications, and all doctor's fees for my mother and I came in at well under \$500. Times have certainly changed!

And on that I will pause for now. There's lots more, plenty of memories I haven't even started in on. I hope you want more. If you have any specific questions or comment please address them to me, c/o the FORUM. I answer all letters.

Honorable Judge John B. Beliveau oral history

January 25, 2022 Franco-American News and Culture-
Bates College, Georgetown, Lisbon Street, Notre Dame
University, Wellesley Massachusetts

By Juliana L'Heureux

Tuesday, September 28, 2020, at 1:30 PM, in the Media Room in the Auburn Public Library, Auburn, Maine. A public link to the transcript and the digital recording is now available at this link: <https://digitalcommons.usm.maine.edu/fac-interviews-and-lectures/80/>

Introduction: Judge John B. Beliveau, welcome to this oral interview.

This oral history is available with an audio link on the University of Southern Maine digital commons, so you can hear Judge Beliveau and follow this transcript. Only a few edits were made to exclude some unrelated conversational comments.

Question: Please introduce yourself and tell us about growing up in Lewiston.

John: First of all, I am French- Irish. My mother was Mary Twomey. She died giving birth to me three days after, so that's one part of the family that I never got used to. So my father (Dr. Bertrand Antoine Beliveau, M.D.) remarried and I had a step mother when I was three. I lived with my aunt, so I was in relative foster care for two or three years. My dad remarried Rita Fortier of Auburn, she was a nurse he was a physician. They got married and they moved to Pine Street in Lewiston, and dad was a physician. At that time, when you were a physician, you were not associated with a group. You were on 24/7. I remember dad getting up in the middle of the night doing house calls. He had his office at 100 Pine Street. He saw patients there and then on 95, in Lewiston. It was pretty much his practice at that time. His practice started at 100 Pine Street and then we bought an apartment house on 195, and we lived on the second floor and he had his office on the first. So, those were the time when physicians practiced by themselves. And, were associated with both hospitals. But, he was pretty much St. Mary's. It was 1936, so he was one of the so called French hospital, they called it back then, versus CMMC, so he was the physician at the "French hospital", St. Mary's.

My childhood was "okay". I went to parochial school at Saint Patrick's and then I went to Lewiston High School. Then we went from there. I went to Notre Dame.

Question: "Is that Notre Dame University in Indiana?"
A long way from Lewiston.

John: Yes. It was a big jump. You are talking South Bend, Indiana, it was quite an adjustment but I made it and graduated.

Question: How did you get there? By train?

John: Yes. Mostly, by train.

Question: And you majored in?



John Beliveau poses with with student intern and teaching assistant Ashley Koman '22, of Burlington, Mass., in his Lisbon Street courthouse, where she records various hearings. (Phyllis Graber Jensen/Bates College) Bates College

John: Liberal arts. I started as pre-med because all children of physicians want to be doctors or physicians. I did my chemistry. My head was not into it. I got into liberal arts, majored in history and graduated with a Bachelors in Liberal Arts degree.

Question: Did you speak French?

John: Yes, that was one of your questions. My first language was French. The reason for that is because dad's parents lived in the same apartment house as we did so they spoke French all the time. My first language was French. And then when dad married Rita, had two children Pat and, and they spoke French, too. And, when World War II came around, dad volunteered as a physician and he was stationed in England for about 9 months. Then, we moved to Wellesley, because he was part of the Army hospital in Wellesley, Massachusetts. And that was a good time in my life, because he took me to the hospital. I'd meet some of the vets, some of the guys who were in the hospital for a lot of reasons, mainly what we used to call "shell shock", which is now today PTSD. So, those were a good two years. He had a regular schedule, he was home weekends. So we had a nice time.

Question: What was your father's name?

Answer: Bertrand. He married Toomey my mother and then Rita Fortier, who he remarried after my mother's death.

Question: Had anyone in your family gone to Notre Dame?

John: No. It was a big step, back then.

Comment: I've been to Notre Dame University. I can't imagine what it looked like when you went there, because it is pretty isolated without the train to take you to Chicago.

John: Yea, it was the old Chicago train we took to get out of town on occasion. That was about it.

Question: How about the football team?

John: Great. But, when I was there, they weren't so good. They got blown out by Oklahoma they got blown out by Michigan State. It was just not the same kind of football team as we have now.

Question: What year did you graduate from Notre Dame?

John: 1959

(Continued on page 26)

(Honorable Judge John B. Beliveau oral history continued from page 25)

Question: And then? After that?

John: Then, after college, I had to make a decision about what to do. And, it was a difficult time for me because I didn't know what I wanted to do. So, I worked at the Poland Spring Resort as a bartender, during that period of "what am I going to do, what...?". And I enjoyed that tremendously. That's the time when your employees at Poland Spring were housed and fed. Housed and fed! We were in a dormitory. We had meals in a cafeteria. It was a very interesting time. Then I decided, I have to do something.

Question: When you were at Poland Springs, where was that?

John: Poland Springs in Poland, Maine.

John: So, anyway, working there. Then I said, "I've got to do something". So, I applied to NYU and was accepted into the MBA program, so, I got my master's in business. Then, while I was studying for my masters, in different courses, I said, "Gee, I like the law". So, I applied to law school and got accepted at Georgetown. So, I spent three years at Georgetown Law and got my law degree. One regret I have, is at the time, I was exempt from the draft because I was married and in law school, at that time, that was during the Vietnam War, and so after law school, one regret I have, I should have stayed for a couple of years, in Washington, and worked. But, I came right to Lewiston and started my practice with a law firm. That's pretty much how I started practicing law.

Question: Where was your office in Lewiston?

John: We were first on Park Street. Then moved to Lisbon Street. It was a firm. Don't know if you know the name "Marshall, Raymond and Beliveau"?. Then, I worked for Joe Brennan, who was running for governor. He missed the first time but made it the second time. And, it was a lot of tough work, I enjoyed politics, meeting people, visiting people. So, it was a fun time. So, then Joe appointed me to the District Court and that's how I happened to be a judge. So four years, it was 1984. I just ...spent four years on the bench. I enjoyed it.

Question: But, you were also the mayor. Judge John B. Beliveau

John: And! When I got back here, after law school and started practice, I said, "Gee, I want to run for mayor". So, at that time, Juliana, the mayor's term was one year. So, I had two terms and that was the max. Now, I think it's two or four years, I can't remember. So, it was short and sweet. I had a good time there. I worked trying to help with the financial expenditures, the capital expenditures, formed a group called the finance commission where I had many businessmen on the group that helped advise the city and city council about capital expenditures from schools to expansion, you know, and all that, pretty much.

Question: I read your experience about your experience with Mr. Louis Jalbert. Apparently, he gave you a tough time. So, did you ever win him over?

John: Really? Louis? Yes.

John: I had some good friend and Hal Gosselin was one of them. Don't know if you know the name? He an executive director in Bates Mill, when Bates Mills were big. He helped me a lot. And got me away from the influence, because what those guys used to do, they would get together with a new mayor, and meet with the new mayor and started dictating whose going on what boards. So, I wanted none of that. I appointed who I wanted and I was able to do it.

Question: But, apparently, he went behind your back and said that....?



Photo from Bates College in Lewiston

John: Anyway, (sigh) Louis and I we finally started to get along. Because I challenged him. Very few people challenged Louis Jalbert back then, because they were afraid of power in the legislature and what he could do to you. You know, old politics of the town, democratic.

Question: Did you ever think of running for office?

John: Well, here's the strange thing that happened in my life, Juliana. Very strange. Bill Cohen was mayor of Bangor and I was living in Lewiston at the time, I had been mayor, and they wanted me to run for Congress. So, it would have been, had I conceded and said yes, and I had three children, it was too much, so it would have been Bill Cohen and John Beliveau in the primary. Isn't that strange?

Comment: Oh my! When you think about that!

John: Ugh! I don't know, I might have... you know, with my French name in Lewiston-Auburn and the communities. Who knows what could have happened? So, Bill went on his way and I went on mine. And that was it.

Comment: So you never thought about running for office after that?

John: No.

Comment: Okay. That's very interesting. I don't know that many people know that about you.

John: And remember, and it was very Franco-American, and one of your questions, which I liked, by the way, was the Franco-American aspect of my life in the community. When I started to practice, there were a lot of Franco-Americans. But then, so we don't have as many Franco-Americans, pure, except with older generations, don't have as many like with my dad's folks in Quebec.

Question: Where did they come from in Quebec?

John: On the Border. They probably immigrated in 1915-16, they were living in Lewiston. So, hard to say if it was his parents or his grandparents were the ones (that immigrated).

Question: Did you know your grandparents?

John: Slightly, because they lived on the first floor.

Comment: Typical.

Question: So, can you describe a project while you were mayor of Lewiston that you are might be particularly interested in having people remember.

John: The third bridge. Now, it is the Veterans Memorial Bridge. This was a big issue back in 1969-70, because there was a proposal by the state, the transportation department to build another bridge for our community. And the question was, "Where's it going to go?". So, it came to the city council, and everybody was saying, "I want it their town, we don't want it out of town". So, the depart-

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(Honorable Judge John B. Beliveau oral history continued from page 26)

ment of transportation recommended the present location. And the council was split and I had to break the tie.

Comment: And, it's there!

John: Yup! That's where it is!

Comment: So, you can accomplish a lot in one year as mayor.

John: Oh yea! Because you are...in an executive position, Juliana, I have found that you're kinda' subject to events, that, sometimes, are unpredictable, sometimes are predictable. But when you are in an executive position, whether it's mayor governor, president, it's a tough job. You know, you have to make decisions, Yup, and I stayed within the Democratic Party, was one of the leaders in the party obviously, when you're in that position, you are. So, with the Democrats, I enjoyed it very much. And, as an aside, ballots today are not like they used to be back then, in the 1960s. You could vote straight Republican or Democrat. So, a lot of our French-Canadians would just check off "Democrat", which meant, on that check off, everybody in that ballot that was a Democrat was, you voted on. It's not that way now.

Question: Was your family always Democrat?

John: No. My dad was a Republican. Very conservative. And John Kennedy is the one that influenced me. Because, I thought I'd be Republican, pretty much. But, when John Kennedy came along and I was impressed so I became a Democrat.

Question: Did you ever meet John Kennedy?

John: No. Wish I had.

Question: Well, you know, the Franco-American voter in Maine... Franco-Americans are the state's largest ethnic minority, by community census, 25 percent of Maine people will self-identify as a Franco-American. Probably there are more but we have to go with the data that's reported. And the Franco-American voter is very influential when they put their minds to something. Have you experience with that or would you like to comment about the Franco-American voter?

John: Oh yes. When I used to go around with absentee ballots, or to those who were impaired, we had a little tea. Of course, in "Little Canada" across from the mills. Talk to people, ask them what they wanted? Those apartment houses. "Democrat". Check.

Comment: But, they voted for Congressman Cohen?

John: Oh, yes, he did get a big showing in Lewiston. Second District. He did well.

Comment: Be interesting to know what would have happened if you had been the other candidate.

John: Oh, I think, statistically, I might have beat him, if I had ran for Congress, because of Lewiston-Auburn and the surrounding communities.

Comment: Because of the influence of the Franco-American voter?

John: Right. When I was county attorney then, which meant, after mayor, I was a county attorney, which is now the district attorney, prosecutors, I did that for two years. Then I went into private practice.

Comment: Did speaking French help you to talk to the Franco-American voter?

John: Oh yes. You know, that's one of the gripes I have. We didn't pursue the French language, or the Franco-American language, so to speak, kind of a blend between French and other dialects. And we blame the older generation for not teaching their

kids French, or at least insisting that they speak French. I remember the day when Saint Peter's School, I went to Saint Patrick's which was Irish-English, but I remember Saint Peter's School had two sessions. The morning session was French and the afternoon session was in English. We know, when you think back, it wasn't that long time ago, you're talking about the 1950's.

Question: At the Saint Patrick's School, did you have religious teachers?

John: Yes. Nuns.

Question: Sisters of Mercy?

John: The Congregation of Notre Dame. All Irish.

Question: I bet some of them spoke French.

John: Oh yes.

Question: Can you talk about how you think that being a Franco-American has helped you in your career? How the language you have spoken about. Having that experience growing up Franco?

John: Yes. Growing up Franco. Being a Democrat. Involved in politics. Helped me a lot. You know, if I hadn't been a Democrat, I wouldn't have gone anywhere in Lewiston-Auburn. Even though, the elections were nonpartisan.

Question: So, it was almost a given that you had to be a Democrat?

John: Oh yes, Juliana. In Lewiston-Auburn, back then, there were some Republicans, but, no power, I mean political power.

Comment: What do you think about the changes?

John: Well, I think, like I said earlier, there's a lot of blending now. Not enough people speak French anymore. Except for the old folks, it's all English.

Question: What advice would you give to young Franco-Americans, today?

John: They have an opportunity; they still have an older generation, that speaks French, to learn another language. Bang!

Comment: I hear that all the time when I interview people. And, what I mostly hear is regret that they didn't take the time to learn from their grandparents.

John: Because, as I said, French was my first language. So, World War II, when Dad ended up coming back from England and we lived in Wellesley, Massachusetts and I had my little sister who spoke French. I used to go around the neighborhood and translate for her so she could meet kids. It was something else, quite an experience.

Question: Did you have a lot of French clients when you were a lawyer?

John: No, that faded. Whether you were French or not, they didn't care.

Question: I am a nurse, by my profession. So, I was really curious if you had any experience with your father, as a physician in Lewiston, is there any special story you might want to tell about your father?

John: Yes. I would say, compared to today, what the issues are today, is no comparison to what physicians used to be when my dad practiced. As I said, you were 24/7. You had no group or association. You weren't paid or hired by the hospitals like they are now. Hospitals control everything. There are no more private practices. It's changed.

Question: Did clients pay him?

John: Yes, thank you. As an independent physician, practicing by himself. They paid him. And, along comes Medicare.

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Dad didn't charge many people money, for his services. I mean, he was able to sustain himself. So, when Medicare came. Wow. You know, the income was pretty substantial. Because, he didn't charge people, he didn't charge the Nuns, he didn't charge the Priests, he didn't charge the Brothers, he took care of the Brothers, remember the Sacred Heart Brothers and old Nuns, for free and the elderly.

Question: Who paid him?

John: Well, his regular clientele. It wasn't much money, then. It was enough to survive. I was lucky. In the sense, that I had a Dad who was a physician, who had some money to send me to college.

Question: Where did he go to medical school?

John: Georgetown.

Comment: He went to Georgetown, too. A pretty high class education.

John: And that was when he went for six years, not eight. Like four college, four med. So, you got your bachelor's degree and two years later you got your M.D. (Medical Degree).

Question: You went to Georgetown to get a law degree. Did he know, was he alive when you graduated?

John: Yes. He was around when I was mayor, which was nice. He died at 76. He died when the Poland Spring Resort burned, the same day. The huge hotel, where I worked.

Comment: That's amazing.

Question: So, after you retired, did you have a second career? Like, a lot of people they go into some hobbies or some special interests?

John: When I was on the District Court, I established an internship program with Bates College, where kids from Bates would come to spend a day, within the week, and help record, be my intern, help with the paper work and all of that. So, that was great. Also, I did a lot of child protection cases. Where, parents who couldn't take care of their kids because of legal and addiction, they had to go to foster care. So, I presided over those hearings. And they kept going, likely to be two three months, four months. I got to find out, that many of the termination cases, because, when you get to a point when your child is in foster care, because of parental neglect, or addiction, that you lose your child. They bring a termination of parental rights case and the child is put up for adoption. For young children, it's wonderful. Older kids, disaster. But, I got to find out, in studying, with a couple of interns who did a study of what was the basis of most terminations, over a four year period? They found that it was addiction, whether it was drugs or alcohol. So, as a result of that, I – we- applied for a grant. A federal government program where you could establish a family drug court, where you would get funds, and we did get a two year grant, so, we set up a family treatment drug court. We hired a specialist, who tested people every day. We had a very strict program. If you made it through, and you were released, you got your kids back. The problem with these programs, Juliana, is that you are protected while you are in that kind of a program. You know you will be tested randomly, you are called in the morning, you showed up at 8:30 and you know you will be tested. So, a very good program. It worked very well. So, I was very-very proud that we applied for that grant. Got the people involved that needed it and it was a success.

Question: Is it still going on?

John: I think it's still there. I've been away from it for a while. I think they have some semblance of it. Because, what happened was,

the two year grant expired and we had to rely on the state and other things to get it going. That was one of my proudest achievements, if you want to call it that.

Comment: It's a major achievement.

John: And then, as I said, I had an internship program, which I put together. And, I was a teaching assistant at Bates College. I taught once a week. I worked under the Sociology Department; we gave them a pre-law course, "The Judges Perspective of the Law". I became active retired. And, I was decommissioned April 2nd.

Comment: Quite a productive life.

John: It was busy.

Comment: You had a busy life.

Question: Can describe what Lewiston was like growing up? Was it a tight community, were people friendly?

John: I think at first, you think as Auburn as the Anglo community and Lewiston as the Franco community. So, for a long period of time, there was this, I wouldn't call it tension, it was "separateness", alright, I don't think one liked the other that much, but, that's what it was in this community, for a long time. And, then eventually things melded, more Francos started living in Auburn, and we went from there. I'm always reminded, that Auburn was the agricultural community back then. Auburn fed Lewiston, all the mill workers back then, you didn't have these big super markets.

Question: Did you walk to school?

John: Oh yes, In my day, rain, shine, snow, you walked to school. Now, I lived off of 195 street, and I walked from there to Saint Patrick's, it wasn't that long, there were no school buses.

Question: Did you walk to high school?

John: Yes, walked to high school.

Question: Did you play sports, join any clubs?

John: Yes, when I was at Lewiston High School, I was a left handed pitcher. And I enjoyed it very much. I was pretty good. Left handed pitchers, you know, are hard to find. And I had a little stuff on the ball.

Question: Do you still follow baseball?

John: Oh yes.

Question: Is there other things in your life that you want to share with your oral history?

John: I do want to make it very clear, I know this is Franco-American, but I am Irish-French. And very fifty-fifty. And, I told you, about my dad, what medical practice was then. It was tough on the kids, you know, because we didn't go on vacation very much. Unless, dad could get coverage, from another doctor. We stayed home. So, we tried to plan to go to Boston, was our big place where we went. We went to the old rodeos, Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, had rodeos at the Boston Garden. The Ice Capades, we went there. We stayed at the old Bradford, in Boston, the Bradford Hotel. That was kind of our vacation. Then, a miracle happened. My dad bought the camp at....Wow, what a difference. So, we all enjoyed that. My step mother sold the camp, I was a little upset about that. She didn't keep it in the family. Sold. My memories are just fabulous. Big decisions people make. I'm back. Let's see, my I mentioned Bill Brennan. He's kind of retired. But, I enjoyed my days as a judge. And, as an active judge, Juliana, I was a family court judge. We didn't do jury trials.

Question: You must be proud of the fact that our governor was a former Attorney General?

John: Yes, I've known Janet for years.

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Comment: She speaks French, do you know that?

John: Yes. And I know Paul LePage.

Comment: He speaks French.

John: He reappointed me, because those were seven year terms, as judge, in Maine. There are no elected judges except probate court. It's a fifty-fifty thing, in the country. Some judges are elected, some are appointed. But, in Maine, you are appointed, for a seven year term. Then you are up for a reappointment. You have to go through the Judiciary Committee with the State, for a hearing, where people can oppose you or support you. But, you know, the appointment system is a good system. I don't like the election thing, because of all the "yak, yak, yak", what I'm going to do if I'm a judge? "What am I going to do". You aren't supposed to do that.

Comment: Justice is blind.

John: As much as you can. I think most judges are half blind, because you can't just overlook your history. I was lucky, I had a good family. But you hear cases about how kids are abused. It's sad. My experience was trying to be very sensitive about the situation. I did all I could do reunite parents with their children, through the court system. And, a tough job because you can't always. Particularly, addiction cases. Two percent, three percent.

Comment: Have you ever visited Long Creek Youth Development?

John: I think I did one time.

Comment: I bring that up, because I'm a member of the Rotary and we volunteer there.

John: Oh, good.

John: We shouldn't incarcerate.

Comment: The problem is, when they are discharged, their families are often not there to meet them.

Comment: I wanted to be sure you spoke about the Franco-American voter.

Comment: Maine had always been a Republican state.

John: Oh yes, a long time. It's changing.

Comment: But, about the Franco-American voter, do you know Chris Potholm, at Bowdoin College? He studied the influence Franco-American voter like going back into the 1930's, when he could get the data. It's his expertise. In the 1930's, Franco-Americans started registering as Democrats, because they wanted to follow President Roosevelt. His studies have proven true, that no statewide election or ballot initiative can be won unless the voters in Lewiston support the candidate or the issue.

John: When I campaigned, Lewiston voters were all Democrats. They were all mill people.

John: When I was ready to graduate from Saint Patrick's

in the eighth grade, we had people come in to talk to us about high school. Saint Dominic's or Lewiston. And those who were Catholic came into see us, it was Saint Dominic's. Well, I wanted to go to Lewiston High School, because I wanted some diversity and I wanted to play sports but there wasn't a big enrollment. St. Dom's had some teams. But, at least at Lewiston High School was like Division One team.

Comment: And, you attended the Irish church!

John: A quick story, when Dad and Mom, went to get married, they went to Saint Patrick's to get married. Father Curran talked to her, "Can't you find an Irish lad to marry?" This was still wild then, you know?

Question: What year was that?

John: Oh, that would have been 1937-35, I was born in 1937. Oh the Irish-French thing! We used to have Irish-French baseball games. You know, this was back when I was a kid. The Irish would form a team, and the French would form a team and they'd play each other. I don't know how many studies there have been about the impact of French-Irish in Lewiston, Maine. The Irish were the first to be here. Of course, because of the famine. Then the French came along and worked in the mills.

Comment: The Irish are gone and the French have stayed.

John: Yes, the French expanded, big time, here. So, it was an interesting life.

Comment: So, we have new French immigrants now. We are trying to bring them into the Franco-American Collection, because they are living the same immigration experience as the French-Canadians, although they are mostly refugees, but they want to be Americans, like the Franco-Americans.

John: Culture and language – I remember we had the Francos and the Anglos, but the language was different. Certain words.

Comment: But, French is French.

John: Yes, there are so many dialects. Van Buren, a different use of words.

Question: When you went to Notre Dame, did they find it unusual that you were of French-Canadian descent?

John: Diverse. It was very diverse Polish, the French, the Chicago crowd. It was very-very diverse. Tough to adjust to. Thank God, I made it.

Comment: Although not about oral history, but when I visited Notre Dame, what struck me was how insulated that community is. Somehow, we get the impression that it is a thriving metropolis or very urban, but it's not.

John: In my day, Studebaker* was the manufacturer in South Bend. It wasn't a pretty city.

Comment: Thank you. I really appreciate your history!

Biographical Note: John Bertrand Beliveau was born February 17, 1937 in Lewiston, Maine. He attended St. Patrick's elementary and Lewiston High School, class of 1955. He attended Notre Dame and earned his Master's in Business at New York University and then attended law school at Georgetown. He was a member of the Lewiston Finance Board, county attorney for two years, and served as mayor of Lewiston, 1969-1970. He was a partner at the Marshall, Raymond and Beliveau law firm from 1964-1984. At the time of this interview he was a district court judge in Lewiston, Maine.

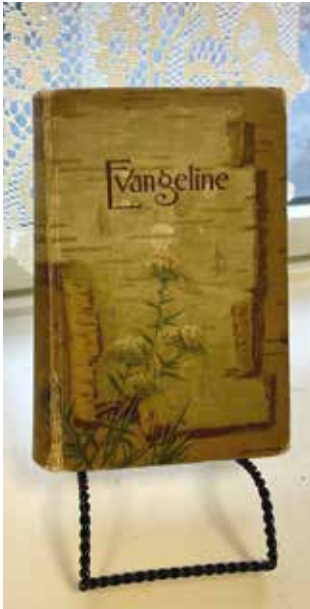


EVANGELINE AND ANNE, L'ACADIE AND ME

by Megan St. Marie

December 13, 2021

(This post is the second in a series-in-progress by company president Megan St. Marie about heirlooms and objects related to her family history that she keeps in her office to inform and inspire her work at Modern Memoirs.)



An 1893 edition of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie* on display in Megan St. Marie's office at Modern Memoirs

While I trace most of my ancestry to Québec, I also descend from French-speaking people called the Acadians. During the 17th and 18th centuries, they emigrated from France and settled in what are now known as the Canadian Maritime Provinces—Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick—as well as in northern Maine. Known as “the neutral French,” the Acadians refused allegiance to France and England as those European nations struggled for dominance over the strategically positioned Maritimes during the French and Indian War (the North American phase of the Seven Years War battled in Europe). The Acadians also formed strong alliances with the Indigenous Mi'kmaq nation, alliances fortified by a high rate of intermarriage and by what historian John Mack Faragher calls a “spirit of mutual accommodation,” in his book *A Great and Noble Scheme: The Tragic Story*

of the Expulsion of the French Acadians from Their American Homeland.[i]

Faragher's subtitle references the forcible removal of the Acadians from their homeland during Le Grand Dérangement (the Great Expulsion) as a strategic element of the British war effort. Between 1755 and 1765, roughly 80% of the Acadian population was rounded up, detained in camps, and shipped off to the British colonies, Québec, France, and England. A small portion of those exiled managed to resettle and maintain their francophone culture in present-day Louisiana, where they became known as Cajuns, but most died or were widely dispersed and acculturated in what Faragher and other historians regard as a tragic incidence of ethnic cleansing. Families were torn apart, thousands perished, and because of the outright devastation of Acadian villages, high rates of illiteracy, and bias in British colonial record-keeping, this history was long suppressed.



Megan St. Marie's 1893 copy of Longfellow's *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie*, open to the frontispiece illustration (with facing vellum overlay) depicting the fictional Acadians *Evangeline* and *Gabriel* before they are separated during *Le Grand Dérangement*

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's epic poem, *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie*, [ii] was written roughly a century after Le Grand Dérangement and tells the story of a fictional young Acadian woman, *Evangeline Bellefontaine*, who is separated from her fiancé, *Gabriel Lajeunesse*, when the British expel

them from Grand Pré (in present-day Nova Scotia). I have an old copy of this book on display in my office at Modern Memoirs, given to me by my father-in-law, Terry St. Marie, who shares my Franco-American heritage. It's a beautiful, small 1893 edition, with a cover made to look like birchbark (perhaps evoking the poem's opening lines, “This is the forest primeval”) and a frontispiece showing *Evangeline* and *Gabriel* before their separation. It stands both as a tribute to this part of my heritage and as an inspirational piece of bookmaking.

While *Evangeline's* publication revived interest in Acadian history and culture in 19th-century Canada and the United States, my reading of Faragher illuminated how the poem erroneously romanticizes colonial America as a place of sanctuary for the Acadians. In truth, they were unwelcomed throughout the colonies, with anti-Catholic and anti-French sentiment leading colonial governors and the general citizenry to persecute, reject, and fail them. Death by exposure, disease, and starvation was widespread, as scores of Acadians were forced to camp out in the bitter cold on the Boston Common, others were repelled from ports of entry, and children were separated from their parents and sent to live with British colonial families as laborers.

A quick review of my own paternal genealogical record shows well over a dozen Acadian ancestors directly caught up in Le Grand Dérangement, including:

- An eight-times great-grandfather Jean Baptiste Bernard, who was born in New Brunswick, expelled in the early years of Le Grand Dérangement, and died in Québec in 1757, just two years after the start of the expulsion.

- An eight-times great-grandmother Madeleine Boudreau, who was born in Acadie, expelled in Le Grand Dérangement, and died in Connecticut in 1768, just three years after the end of the expulsion.

- A seven-times great-grandmother Marie Comeau, who was born in Acadie, expelled during Le Grand Dérangement, and died in France in 1779. Her husband, Joseph Honoré Landry, also died in France in 1764, so it appears they were not separated. Their son, Simon Landry, was born in 1740 in Acadie, and he was separated from his parents. He married a Marie Rose (Continued on page 31)

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Cyr (born in 1745 in Acadie) and they were expelled to Québec, where they died in the early 19th century.



Close-up of Green Gables counted cross-stitch made by Megan St. Marie, which now hangs in her Modern Memoirs office

Reading Faragher's book and connecting it to my genealogical record made that remote history feel closer. It also forced a reckoning with not just Evangeline's romanticization of history, but with the anti-French sentiment in another beloved book set in the Maritimes, L.M. Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables*. Anne captured my heart as a child because I saw myself reflected in and validated by her loquacious, ambitious, sentimental, sensitive, bookish self. It wasn't until I was an adult teaching the novel in courses at Simmons University that I recognized how her story marginalizes and disparages the francophone population of Prince Edward Island (PEI), descendants of those very Acadians who actually brought me into being. In his essay "L.M. Montgomery and the French,"^[iii] Gavin White quotes Montgomery and writes,

"There's never anybody to be had but those stupid, half-grown little French boys; and as soon as you do get one broke into your ways and taught something he's up and off to the lobster canneries or the States," (AGG 7). *On this sentence hangs the whole story of Anne of Green Gables, for Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert would not have sent for an orphan from Nova Scotia had hired help been reliable. But it was not reliable, it was French. And French meant half-grown and little, for the remaining French of Prince Edward Island had been pushed off their lands and into the bush when the*

colony was ceded to Britain in 1763, and they had not eaten well since. And French meant stupid, for the English-speakers of the Island only saw the French as servants, and they thought of them as the politically dominant races have all too often thought of dominated races.

White's essay highlights other instances in the text that cast PEI's francophone population as stupid and inferior, and I can't argue with his critique. Instead, I argue with the novel itself, weighing my love for all it has given me against feelings of disloyalty to the ancestors who gave me my very existence.



Anne of Green Gables suncatcher created by artist Olive Barber, *Catch the Sun Designs*, a Christmas 2020 gift to Megan St. Marie from her husband, Sean St. Marie, that hangs in her Modern Memoirs office window

Several years ago, I traveled to the Maritimes with my husband, Sean, and we visited various sites that memorialize Le Grand Dérangement and preserve Acadian culture and history. We also visited the Green Gables Heritage Place, where I bought an embroidery kit of Green Gables. The finished piece now hangs on the wall of my Modern Memoirs office. A suncatcher Sean later gifted me shows Anne skipping past Green Gables and hangs in the window opposite that wall. Both pieces connect me to this cherished book of my childhood, while they also serve as useful inspiration for me to engage clients with work that challenges them to examine the stories they tell about their lives and their family history from many angles. After all, sometimes we are so close to a text we love—whether it's one we've read or one we've written—that we

can't see "the forest primeval" for the trees; and just as reading new texts can shed light on those we've read in the past (as Faragher's book and White's essay prompted my new reflections on *Evangeline* and *Anne*), good editing can help writers see their own work in new ways, prompting revisions to make it stronger, accessible to more readers, and truer to their intent.

In a rather stunning bit of coincidence, I carry out my editorial work with clients in a town named for Lord Jeffery Amherst, the army commander who captured Canada for Great Britain during the very war that prompted the persecution and expulsion of my Acadian ancestors. I am because they were, and this reminder of the inescapability of history affords me a small feeling of triumph as I lay claim to my Acadian heritage and draw inspiration from it in my work.

[i] Faragher, John M. *A Great and Noble Scheme: The Tragic Story of the Expulsion of the French Acadians from Their American Homeland*. WW Norton & Co., 2005.

[ii] Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie*. Notes by Nathan Haskell Dole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company Publishers, 1893.

[iii] White, Gavin. "L. M. Montgomery And The French". *Canadian Children's Literature/Littérature Canadienne pour la Jeunesse* 78.21 (1995): 65–68.

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ENGLISH GENOCIDE IN NOVA SCOTIA

By Janet Hudgins

FOREWORD

Of all the horrors the English committed during its racist rise to power, one of the least recognized and most rankling to its victims is the genocide committed to the Acadians and Mi'kmaq in Nova Scotia in the 17th and 18th Centuries.

Safely shielded under centuries of skillfully crafted propaganda, the scars deeply embedded in peaceful peoples have escaped indictment at home and abroad. And, even while the suffering was broadcast by both the French and First Nations, the crown belligerently made a blanket statement refusing all liability. "...Our present Proclamation does not, under any circumstances, constitute a recognition of legal or financial responsibility by the Crown..."¹ At the same time the Canadian government arrogantly suggested the Acadians just "turn the page." This is the only acknowledgement by the crown of the Acadian Expulsion and it came about when the Société Nationale de l'Acadie appealed to England in 2008 to recognize that it was at least ethnic cleansing, the softer term.²

In fact, it was genocide in all its declared constructs.³ The English paid an exorbitant £100 for the scalps of Acadians and Mi'kmaq, dead or alive, starved them out when they stole their crops and stock to feed the military, they forced them off their property then burned all their possessions, and worse than anything, took their children and sent them into servitude for English settlers while parents searched for them for the rest of their lives.

Scientists have determined that extreme suffering is transgenerational,⁴ that all descendants of all families have felt the

torture of memory, of destitution and forced removal, and the unbearable despair as children were abducted and trafficked while neither a Canadian nor English member of parliament, never mind the crown, have shown either remorse or any intention of restitution.

One can hardly wonder that anger boils over when such a deeply-rooted institution dismisses its atrocities as if they were of little consequence to whole races of people and it is essential now for the English crown to acknowledge the depth of the damage it ordered to thousands of peaceful settlers. Centuries late though it is, the healing of the great pain of this level of trauma must begin.

****NDLR:** Based in Vancouver, Canada, I'm a lifelong activist working for many NGOs, writing short stories, non-fiction, and a creative non-fiction on East Coast colonial history, *Treason, The Violation of Trust*. I've taken two degrees in the last decade: Creative Writing and Political Science and now retired for many years I'm often a student of the MOOCs programs in politics, international relations, language and piano jazz.

Genocide is a thoroughly researched essay that should open dialogue between Canadian and English governments resulting in a satisfactory resolution for both the Acadians and Mi'kmaq who suffered beyond words at the hands of the English.

ENGLISH GENOCIDE IN NOVA SCOTIA

Not all early civilizations were civilized. English monarchs, the colonizers, definitively claimed to be the epitome of

refinement—which, as some wag said at the time, would send the Italians into fits of laughter—but proved for infinity to be truly savage. All through the second millennium they were committing genocide, and in all its forms, as set out by the United Nations in Article 2 of the Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide (1948):

*...any of the following acts committed with intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group, as such: killing members of the group; causing serious bodily or mental harm to members of the group; deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction in whole or in part; imposing measures intended to prevent births within the group; [and] forcibly transferring children of the group to another group.*⁵

The historic and unsettled genocide against the First Nations' Mi'kmaq and the French Acadians in Nova Scotia during the 17th and 18th Centuries was ordered by the English crown but no ruler has ever accepted the responsibility or been taken to account for the massacres they were committing. The Canadian government did make a general apology to First Nations in 2008, but regarding Residential Schools only, the administration of which didn't begin until 1874. The only acknowledgement by the crown of the Acadian Expulsion came about after considerable pressure from the Société Nationale de l'Acadie⁶ when it appealed to England through the Canadian government to recognize that it was at least ethnic cleansing, the softer term that

(Continued on page 33)

1. Canada. Justice Laws Website. <http://laws-lois.justice.gc.ca/eng/regulations/si-2003-188/page-1.html>

2. John Mack Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*. (New York: W.W. Norton & Company Ltd., 2005), 474

3. Office of the UN Special Adviser on the Prevention of Genocide (OSAPG)

www.un.org/en/preventgenocide/adviser/pdf/osapg_analysis_framework.pdf (ce lien ne fonctionne pas)

4. Ruth Buczynski, *The Impact of Trauma on Future Generations*

<https://www.nicabm.com/trauma-the-impact-of-trauma-on-future-generations/>

5. Office of the UN Special Adviser on the Prevention of Genocide (OSAPG)

www.un.org/en/preventgenocide/adviser/pdf/osapg_analysis_framework.pdf (ce lien ne fonctionne pas)

6. John Mack Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*. (New York: W.W. Norton & Company Ltd., 2005), 474

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lawyer-professor Benjamin Ferencz refers to as a euphemism for genocide.⁷ It was a proclamation struck to establish July 28th a Day of Commemoration of the Great Upheaval, first by the then Governor General, Adrienne Clarkson in 2004, which actually stated that the crown made the decision to physically remove the Acadian people from their land but, “Whereas We hope that the Acadian people can turn the page on this dark chapter of their history,” or, just forget it.⁸ Elizabeth II delayed her proclamation until the following year and added a rider:

“Whereas this Our present Proclamation does not, under any circumstances, constitute a recognition of legal or financial responsibility by the Crown in right of Canada and of the provinces and is not, under any circumstances, a recognition of, and does not have any effect upon, any right or obligation of any person or group of persons.”⁹

The Mi’kmaq were not mentioned.

In the mix of English barbarous genocide was its long history of slavery. It was commonly known and narrated for centuries, but never properly condemned by the international community. What may not be well known is the payoff when slavery was finally outlawed. Of the total 3,100,000 they forced out of Africa between the 15th and 19th Centuries, largely to the Americas, 800,000 were still owned by the English, and were formally freed by Whitehall in 1833. But, 3,000 slavers holding 760,000 Africans refused to give them up. They demanded compensation for the loss of free labour, the source of their wealth, and the English government paid up: about £16.5 billion in today’s sterling.¹⁰ It wasn’t until a century later, in 1930, the International Labour Organization held a convention on

the abolishment of forced labour.¹¹ Even then, it was still on the crown’s agenda and it refused to ratify the convention until 1957.¹²

Political scientist, Adam Jones, defines colonialism in Indigenous territories, to remove and supplant them with British nationals, as *settler colonialism*.

Three ideological tenets stand out as justifying and facilitating all European conquest [of the colonization era], ‘pacification’ and ‘settlement.’ The first ... was a *legal-utilitarian* justification, according to which native peoples had no right to territories they inhabited owing to their ‘failure’ to exploit them adequately.

The second tenet, settlement, was termed in North America vacuum domicilium, or empty dwelling. And the third, *racial-eliminationist*, the “... supplanting of primitive peoples by advanced and ‘civilized’ ones ... engineered through military conflict between indigenous peoples and the better-armed Europeans,” and atrophy. “Genocide began to be regarded as the inevitable byproduct of progress, ... ‘even if its perpetrators and supporters grew misty-eyed in the process.”¹³

Indeed, England set itself out as a remarkably small, yet heroic warrior bestowing its altruism on a vast spread of the world, to civilize by putting the fear of its God in everyone everywhere. In fact, all colonizers competing to form empires were small in relation to the countries they invaded, and they all brutally occupied, pillaged, subverted, removed and murdered hundreds of millions of locals; the master race dictated, it iterated, for the good of the landed population. England ruled seventy-four states and countries, all sources of rich, natural resources and free, forced labour.¹⁴ British sovereigns never invaded where there was no one to exploit, and neither did anyone else; there was a pattern.

It was one thing to liberate a pop-

ulation of its land and possessions, but quite another to steal its identity and social power, the essence of genocide.¹⁵ In 1996, Gregory Stanton, the president of Genocide Watch, suggested that genocide develops in eight stages that are “predictable but not inexorable.”

1. Classification: ‘Us’ and ‘Them.’

2. Symbolization: combined with hatred, symbols are forced on unwilling pariahs. 3. Dehumanization: equated with animals, vermin, insects, or diseases.

4. Organization: Genocide is always organized... Special army units or militias are often trained and armed.

5. Polarization: Hate groups broadcast polarizing propaganda. A precondition of propaganda is to devalue a race of people.

6. Preparation: Victims are identified and separated out because of their ethnic or religious identity.

7. Extermination: It is ‘extermination’ to the killers because they do not believe their victims to be fully human.

8. Denial. The perpetrators... deny that they committed any crimes.¹⁶

George Monbiot says the English repudiate the crime of their monumental exploits, or just ignore them.¹⁷ “The perpetrators of genocide dig up mass graves, burn the bodies, try to cover up the evidence and intimidate the witnesses. They deny that they committed any crimes, and often blame what happened on the victims. ...”¹⁸

THE MODEL OF FORCED REMOVAL IN CANADA ORIGINATED IN THE BRITISH ISLES

The English crown’s long history of taking a back door to grab real estate outside its borders is its blueprint of colonization. It
(Continued on page 34)

7 Benjamin Ferencz, *New Legal Foundations for Global Survival: Security Through the Security Council*. (Dobbs Ferry, NY, Oceans Publications Inc., 1994), 28

8 Faragher, 478

9 Canada. Justice - Site Web de la législation. <https://laws-lois.justice.gc.ca/fra/reglements/TR-2003-188/page-1.html>

10 Sanchez Manning, 24 Feb 2013. *Britain’s colonial shame: Slave-owners given huge payouts after abolition* <http://www.independent.co.uk/news/uk/home-news/britains-colonial-shame-slave-owners-given-huge-payouts-after-abolition-8508358.html>

11 ILO Forced Labour Convention, 1930 (No. 29) http://www.ilo.org/wcmsp5/groups/public/@asia/@ro-bangkok/documents/genericdocument/wcms_346435.pdf

12 Ratification of C-105 – Abolition of Forced Labour Convention. http://www.ilo.org/dyn/normlex/en/f?p=NORMLEXPUB:11300:0::NO::P11300_INSTRUMENT_ID:312250

13 Adam Jones, *Genocide: A Comprehensive Introduction, 2nd Ed.* (New York, NY, Routledge, 2011), 106

Combien de pays étaient gouvernés par l’Empire britannique ? <https://www.quora.com/How-many-countries-were-ruled-by-the-British-Empire>

14 Combien de pays étaient gouvernés par l’Empire britannique ? <https://www.quora.com/How-many-countries-were-ruled-by-the-British-Empire>

15 Jones, 29

16 Genocide Watch <http://www.genocidewatch.org/aboutgenocide/8stagesofgenocide.html> (ce lien ne fonctionne pas)

17 Monbiot, George. Deny the British empire’s crimes? No, we ignore them <https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2012/apr/23/british-empire-crimes-ignore-atrocities>

18 In Jones. Richard Hovannisian, 517

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thoughtfully marketed the theft as *Expansionism*, then forced the long established inhabitants off their land, seized all their property, and exploited all their resources. And if it took removing, or starvation or outright murder to get rid of the occupants, painting the rationalization in obfuscating hues to resolve the objectionable opinions of principled do-gooders who didn't understand the need for English imperialism in the world, so be it. Where would we all be without it?

The dictum of all European conquerors was to change, integrate, and assimilate, or suffer immeasurably. Resisters were cut down. Charlemagne beheaded 4,500 Saxons in a single day; the Crusaders massacred 8,000 Jews; the Normans killed the Welsh and the Britons in the thousands.¹⁹ And, they all seized whatever property there was, enslaving whomever was left alive.

By the thirteenth century the English state as a construct was so set in its mould in terms of institutions, mechanisms, ideology, idiom, and assumptions, and so centralized in its format, that it was unable to cope with societies which could not be readily integrated into its political and governmental configuration. It either established an English-style government or Englishries for its colonists (as it did in Ireland and south and north-east Wales respectively), or created the veneer of English institutional rule while reserving all major offices to Englishmen ... political Anglicization was the price of political inclusion. There was no meeting of minds.²⁰

From the first Norman occupation of Wales in the 12th Century, and during seven more centuries when the English annexed a third of the world, poverty of the masses therein was constant until the mid-20th Century when colonies commenced to demand their independence. They realized they would never be free of the white supremacy

ideology that was imperative to maintain suppression, ignorance and poverty, until they were free of England. Since then, the rate of poverty in the old Empire (and the rest of the world) has halved—although the two billion people still living on less than \$2.00 a day is nothing to boast about.

Poverty is the consequence of plunder. Behind every single form of modern poverty, you find the use of force.²¹

Ireland is the epitome of this plunder, the decimating famines artificially created by the English. They industrialized Irish resources with native labour then exported them to England, including the very sustenance of the workers. One million people are estimated to have starved in Ireland while another million managed to escape to the Americas.

The Normans defeated the Saxons and moved on, the royal purse was filled with the toil of its island neighbours and a nice kickback from the newly incorporated slavers, which incidentally, was old hat to the British Isles. “Well into the twelfth century in Wales... in Ireland and the Isles, the plunder of goods and the capture of people—a virtual form of slavery—were the normal, almost annual, coin of political competition and wealth accumulation.”²²

Global, industrial, English slavery began when slave trader John Hawkins formed a syndicate in 1562 with like-minded merchants and, with their investment, put three ships to sea, one of which he captured and then boarded Portuguese slavers to relieve them of their cargo. He was the middleman. Hijacking payloads at sea was common among robber barons along with noblemen who looted highway travelers of their valuables. These shortcuts saved a great deal in time and travel, and in the case of shipping slaves across the Atlantic it increased already considerable profits.²³

It was Hawkins who saw the efficacy of stacking human cargo to maximize space.

And, he formed the trade triangle between West Africa, the West Indies or America, and England all depending on where the surviving slaves were to be delivered. In training on Hawkins' ships was a young sailor or called Francis Drake. Piracy and slavery notwithstanding, both would be knighted in due course.²⁴

ENGLISH EXPANSION INTO NOVA SCOTIA, THE MI'KMAQ AND THE ACADIANS

After selectively subjugating and culling the population in Wales, Scotland and Ireland, England crossed the Atlantic in 1607 to perform the same surgery on the Acadians and Mi'kmaq in Nova Scotia, and its colonial genocide was underway. Ten thousand French settlers died during the Acadian Expulsion but records of the crown's Aboriginal dispatches were never deemed necessary; they were savages and this was, after all, England's Age of Enlightenment. In fact, the Mi'kmaq were one of five principal First Nations of the Wabanaki Confederacy, or People of the Dawn, and had been in the Maritimes for thousands of years. They were, indeed, Nova Scotia's first settlers.²⁵

Mi'kmaq leaders made a profound statement for the colonial press on behalf of “les sauvages,” their distinctive race, and all First Nations. “I am sprung from the land as doth the grass. I that am savage, am born here, and my fathers before me. This land is mine inheritance, I swear it is, the land which God has given me to be my country forever.”²⁶

Long after the fact, in 1763, George III decreed by Proclamation that Native unceded land must be recognized as such. It has served as an arbitrary statement to mitigate the outright theft of millions of acres from both Natives tribes and the Acadians of
(Continued on page 35)

19 Sandra Alvarez, *Killing or Clemency? Ransom, Chivalry and Changing Attitudes to Defeated Opponents in Britain and Northern France, 7-12th centuries*, 15 July 2014

<http://deremilitari.org/2014/07/killing-or-clemency-ransom-chivalry-and-changing-attitudes-to-defeated-opponents-in-britain-and-northern-france-7-12th-centuries/>

20 R. R. Davies, *The First English Empire: Power and Identities in the British Isles, 1093–1343* (New York, Oxford University Press, 2000) 115

21 Dr. Oscar Guardiola-Rivera, *Causes of Poverty: The Impact of Society, Colonies and Discrimination*, September 25, 2015

<http://www.poverties.org/blog/causes-of-poverty>

22 Davies 123

23 John Hawkins (navigateur) [https://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Hawkins_\(navigateur\)](https://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Hawkins_(navigateur))

24 David Childs, *Pirate Nation: Elizabeth I and Her Royal Sea Rovers*. (Annapolis, Maryland, Naval Institute Press, 2014). <https://books.google.ca/books?id=rFIgDAAQBAJ&pg=PA18&lpg=PA18&dq=william+hawkins+pirate+convicted?&source=bl&ots=kjkGEMhOj&sig=kJPZ1Zu-lzyM-34GQGfICbF1g1E&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKewi00427s-rPAhUhS2MKHQaLc5wQ6AEIjAB#v=onepage&q=william%20hawkins%20pirate%20convicted%3F&f=false> 119

25 *Native Languages of the Americas*. <http://www.native-languages.org/wabanaki.htm>

26 Faragher, 129-130

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which none were returned or purchased. But, it came much too late, and it was meant to. “The several Nations or Tribes ... who live under our Protection, should not be molested ... as, not having been ceded to or purchased by Us, ... And We do further ... require all Persons ... seated themselves upon any lands ... forthwith to remove themselves from such settlements.”²⁷

The relationship between the Mi’kmaq and the Acadians was unique among first contacts as the French were the first among colonists who “accommodated most wholeheartedly” the Aborigines.²⁸ Intermarriage began sometime before 1635.²⁹

Queen Anne made three attempts to capture Port Royal and by 1713 the Acadians were sufficiently war-weary for the English to claim heroic conquest. But, by the Treaty of Utrecht, the French government was forced to cede “the colonies of St Kitts, Hudson Bay, Newfoundland, and all Nova Scotia or l’Acadie comprehended within its antient Boundaries.”³⁰ Cape Breton, Quebec and islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence were to be left to the French and unmolested. Acadians, (they would concentrate on the Mi’kmaq later and differently), said the queen’s ministers, could leave voluntarily or stay enjoying their “lands and tenements” to man the garrison and under oath to the English king.³¹

But, the Acadians were not about to sign this oath that could, and would, order them to murder the Mi’kmaq, French nationals in battle, and the Mi’kmaq to murder the Acadians, their friends, allies, and blood relations. “We will never take the oath of

fidelity to the Queen of Great Britain, to the prejudice of what we owe to our king, to our country, and to our religion.”³²

Several men, skilled in the pacification of resistors, were enlisted to change the landscape in Nova Scotia.

Samuel Vetch, a turn-coat Scot of dubious trading principles—he was a smuggler—was rewarded by his queen to have the honour of the first expedition of thirty-six vessels and two thousand men from London to Nova Scotia to “reduce” the Acadians and, “The men who conquered and removed the Acadian inhabitants would have first crack at their farms.”³³

Francis Nicholson, first a military captain in Boston, then governor of Virginia and Maryland, was appointed by Vetch in 1710 to share command of the invasion of Acadia, Vetch to be governor of Nova Scotia, and Canada after the conquest.³⁴

William Shirley, the Massachusetts Governor, planned to displace the Mi’kmaq and replace them with a pacified and altered culture as the way to manage both the old country and the new. He offered scalping bounties. “On October 20, 1744 the government of Massachusetts officially declared war on the Mi’kmaq.”³⁵ Five days later the Massachusetts General Court offered a bounty of £100 (provincial currency) for the scalp of any adult male member of the Mi’kmaq nation. For the scalps of women and children, the legislature offered £50.³⁶ Similar rewards were available for Mi’kmaq prisoners taken alive.³⁷

Shirley offered 100 French livres per scalp, a fortune when soldiers were making about 10 livres a year.³⁸ Although all factions collected these trophies: English,

French, First Nations,³⁹ only the English—Cornwallis—made no preference between a scalp from a dead enemy or one that was alive.⁴⁰

“Scalping was also used as a means of torture. The victim was tied to a tree. Using the point of a knife, and starting from the forehead, the skin was scored all the way around the head, then the scalp was ripped from the skull. It could take as long as two days for the victim to die.”⁴¹

The senior officers the crown sent to Nova Scotia were driven to have and hold a place in the English ruling class. They each had a reputation of uncompromising brutality and they are credited with “the invention of the political institutions by which they shared power among themselves while denying it to other ethnic groups.”⁴² Charles Lawrence had been in the army since he was teenage commissioned ensign in 1727 and pushed his way up the military ladder through Lord Halifax, distantly related and president of the Board of Trade, to major by 1749.⁴³

Edward Cornwallis was another English army officer instrumental in the pacification of the Scots who went on to participate mightily in shaping British policy in Nova Scotia and is still regarded as a dark figure in its history.⁴⁴ After a career in the army and a groom of the royal bedchamber, Cornwallis was named governor of Nova Scotia in 1749 and credited with founding the city of Halifax.⁴⁵ He had cleared the Scots from the Highlands and armed with this expertise was sent to Canada as a specialist in removing original and more recent settlers, all listed under the banner of *the* (Continued on page 36)

27 Proclamation, 1763. University OF British Columbia, Indigenous Foundation.Arts.ubc. http://indigenousfoundations.arts.ubc.ca/royal_proclamation_1763/

28 Faragher, 46 - 48

29 Faragher in *Thoughts on the Expulsion of the Acadians*. <https://journals.lib.unb.ca/index.php/Acadiensis/article/view/5726/11196>

30 Faragher, 136

31 Ibid, 137

32 Faragher, 281

33 Faragher in Queen Anne’s Instructions for Francis Nicholson [Vetch’s 2 IC], 18 March 1710, 120

34 Faragher 118, 9

35 In Geoffrey Plank, *An Unsettled Conquest*, (Philadelphia, University of Pennsylvania Press, 2001). Boston Evening Post, November 11, 1744, 110

36 In Plank. *Journals of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts* 21: 99, 106-7; (Boston Evening Post, November 5, 1744), 110

37 In Plank. *Beaumont, Les Derniers jours*, 248-53, 251, 110-111

38 *The Value of French Currency in the 17th & 18th Centuries*.

http://www.vt-fcgs.org/french_money.htm

39 Dianne Marshall. *Heroes of the Acadian Resistance. The Story of Joseph Beausoleil Broussard and Pierre II Surette 1702 – 1765*. (Halifax, Formac Publishing Company Limited, 2011), 16

40 Marshall, 81

41 Ibid, 44

42 Jennings, 333

43 Faragher, 281

44 CBC News. Halifax to consider scrubbing city of Edward Cornwallis. May 05, 2016.

<http://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/nova-scotia/halifax-edward-cornwallis-council-mcneil-waye-mason-mikmaq-1.3568904>

45 Plank, 120

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other.⁴⁶ Cornwallis came from considerable wealth, had been a royal page, and his regiment stopped the Scottish Catholic pretender to the English throne, Charles Stuart. His next step to glory was to supervise the burning of Catholic chapels and the torture of Catholic priests in the Scottish Highlands. He was a shoo-in to pacify again in Nova Scotia.

Boston-based Shirley, an expert in maritime and commercial law, whose political capital was increased by war and therefore in his interest to “avoid peace,” completed the tools of takeover.⁴⁷

The three men had a good deal in common and together were well suited for the final execution of the English plan to force the French Acadians out of Nova Scotia and subjugate and murder as many Mi’kmaq Aboriginals as possible.

And missing evidence shores up the propaganda. “The choice of documents published at Halifax was carefully made in order to justify the Nova Scotia government’s deportation of the Acadians.” A Halifax minister, Andrew Brown, conducted the first research on the Expulsion in the 1790s. His papers, and some transcriptions that had been removed from the Nova Scotia Archives, were saved from the landfill in 1852, sixty years later. One of those was the, “operational plan for removal written by the provincial surveyor.” Other documents were “truncated” to veil the most incriminating evidence. Québécois historian, Henri Casgrain, said that, “Nova Scotia authorities ... had conspired to cover up the most damning evidence of the Acadian removal.”⁴⁸

Brown’s paper was published in 1791.... “[E]xcepting the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, I know of no act equally reprehensible as the Acadian removal, that can be laid to the charge of the French nation. In their colonies nothing was ever done that approaches it in cruelty and atrociousness.”⁴⁹

THE FINAL SOLUTION

It was not until the spring of 1755 that Lawrence and Shirley laid out a plan to remove the settlers for John Winslow, a commander from New England, to carry out.⁵⁰ They started by disarming the Grand Pré Acadians and confiscating their boats and canoes to prevent escape.⁵¹ Then, in July Lieutenant Governor Lawrence’s council of military men met and strategized to physically force the, “‘French inhabitants,’ from the colony of Nova Scotia.”⁵²

The governors began the process of deprivation by forcing the Acadians to provide their own larder to themselves and English public servants. In June, 1755, they disarmed the French troops in Fort Beauséjour, then all Acadians who, now, could not provide themselves with game. Those who objected turned up in Halifax to get their weapons back and were again offered the unconditional oath. When they refused they were offered instead incarceration on George’s Island where they would remain through the winter with little, if anything, to keep them warm. An Abbé wrote that Lawrence confronted the deputies in George’s Island. One stepped forward and said, “‘Strike, Sir, if you dare. You can kill my body, but you shall not kill my soul.’” Somewhat amazed, Lawrence asked if they would prefer death. “‘Yes, Sir! Yes, Sir!’”⁵³

Colonel Robert Monckton, a young officer who also rose through the ranks with family connections, wrote the specs for the master plan. He ordered all men over sixteen to Fort Cumberland on the 10th of August, “to make arrangements concerning the return of their lands,” a flagrant lie aimed at people who had been stripped of their homes and livelihood.⁵⁴ However, only about one third of them arrived for Winslow to read the “government’s proclamation ... succinctly: ‘They were declared rebels. Their Lands, Goods and Chattels forfitt to the Crown and

their Bodys to be Imprisoned.’ And then ‘the gates of the Forte was shut and they all confined.’” Helpless, they were forced to accept that they could not “‘dwell in a country against the will of the sovereign.’”⁵⁵

They had responded to Monckton’s summons in good faith.... They had brought no food, no blankets, no change of clothing, and Monckton had made no provision for their care. They had been crowded into damp quarters, forced to sleep on boards, were being eaten alive by vermin, and threatened with disease.... Terrified, their women and children had fled to the woods, and would perish for the want of a little milk.... Monckton made a general announcement that the men would be locked up until the transports arrived, at which time their families were to report for deportation. If they failed to appear, they would be hunted down, and the men sent off without them.⁵⁶

Five days later Winslow left for Grand Pré with three armed vessels and met Lawrence in Pisiquid where he would remain overnight. They quickly decided the Fort Cumberland treachery was so quick and vilely efficient they would do it again at Grand Pré. Winslow sailed into the Gaspereau on the 19th of August and announced, “I was sent here by the King’s order to take command of this place,” the Acadians there having no idea of the event in Fort Cumberland nor, of course, any way of knowing of the governor’s and the commander’s perfidious intentions. And they would not know until their harvest was in.⁵⁷

Everything hinged on the harvest, which was first requisitioned to feed Winslow’s troops, the remains to provision the ships carrying the evicted Acadians away. The English were not only removing the French from their home and land, they were using their crops to provide sustenance for themselves, and whatever was left for the Acadians’ voyage to they knew not where, supposing they survived.⁵⁸

(Continued on page 37)

46 Faragher, 281

47 Ibid, 283

48 Ibid, 464

49 Archives de la Nouvelle-Écosse. Archives de la déportation et du Grand Déangement, 1714-1768 <https://novascotia.ca/archives/deportation/archives.asp?Number=NSHSII&Page=150&Language=English>, 150

50 Sally Ross, J. Alphonse Deveau, *The Acadians of Nova Scotia: Past and Present*, (Halifax, Nimbus Publishing, 1992), 61

51 Ibid, 60

52 Ibid, 61

53 Ibid, 319

54 Ibid, 338

55 Ibid, 338-9

56 Ibid, 339

57 Ibid, 340

58 Faragher, 336

(ENGLISH GENOCIDE IN NOVA SCOTIA continued from page 36)

Three hundred garrison soldiers from New England came ashore and occupied the town.⁵⁹ The church was turned into a barracks for the troops and the priest's house would be taken over by the commander, Winslow. Acadians were disarmed, their leaders imprisoned, priests were arrested and removed, and an order was posted. "[T]he Deputies and Principal Inhabitants' to meet the commander the following day." The leaders were allowed to remove the sacred things and cover the altar still unaware of their imminent fate. Neither did anyone else know other than Winslow until he swore three of his captains to secrecy on Friday, August 29th, 1755 and told them he planned to spring the trap the following Friday.⁶⁰

Three sloops and a schooner sitting high in the water arrived at Minas, the masters instructed to explain if asked, were to attend Winslow. After scouting the hamlets and preparing his declaration, he ordered his troops to camp to clean their weapons. He also ordered a Flemish surgeon, Alexandre de Rodohan, to translate and read the summons, "publicly throughout the countryside."⁶¹ "Its language was frustratingly vague. ... It ordered all the men of the community, including boys ten years and older, 'to attend at the church at Grand Pré on Friday the 5th instant at Three of the Clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate.'"⁶²

On September 5th Winslow ordered the men from Pisiquid, now Windsor, to go to Fort Edward where they were advised that their possessions: land, houses, livestock were going to be seized and they and their families would be sent away.⁶³

Four hundred and eighteen men and boys, four generations from more than seventy extended families, filled the pews. Winslow and the surgeon entered the church, "the doors were barred and troops surrounded the building."⁶⁴ de Rodohan translated and read the English Deportation Order in French. "The King's Commission which I have in my hand and by whose orders you are convened together to Manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his Province of Nova Scotia."⁶⁵

The same ruse was freely exploited everywhere from Annapolis to Chignecto until November when, "... a flotilla of twenty-two repurposed merchant ships had arrived."⁶⁶ Winslow ordered "two persons per marine ton" or four by four by six feet long,⁶⁷ and as winter settled over Nova Scotia, 7,000 Acadians were crammed inside⁶⁸ In one vessel the hold was so full that to prevent suffocation six were allowed out to the deck at a time lest they burst out of the breathless space themselves.⁶⁹ Between October and December 2,200 more were taken from Horton's Landing, Wolfville, Canard and Grand Pré and forced on to boats with nothing but the clothes on their back after which all their buildings were burned to the ground by the 2,000 New England soldiers stationed in the province.⁷⁰

Once the inhabitants had been driven from their homes, Minas belonged to the vultures. Their abandoned property became the object of pillage and destruction. Off-duty soldiers and sailors as well as English and German colonists from Halifax, Lunenburg, and other Protestant settlements on the Atlantic coast raided homes, looted storehouses, killed chickens, butchered hogs, and dug through gardens for buried valuables. For

several days chaos reigned.⁷¹

Two vessels from Chignecto with 582 Acadians in the hold were never seen again and presumed to have capsized.⁷²

A first-hand account of the post-removal destruction by an Acadian woman who escaped in the confusion and went back to her village:

Her memory of the horror she saw chronicled the destruction of a way of life. Homes plundered; household furniture and pottery smashed and strewn about the cart paths; cattle grazing in the wheat fields; pigs rooting in the gardens; oxen, still yoked to the carts that the Acadians drove to the landing, bellowing in hunger; droves of horses running madly through the wreckage. Standing before her abandoned house, she felt delirious from exhaustion and distress. The family cow came up to her, begging to be milked. She sat on her doorstep, milked it and drank, and felt refreshed. And as she sat there a Mikmaw man approached her. He pointed toward the basin. 'See the smoke rise; they will burn all here tonight.' He helped her gather a few things that remained. Come with me, he said. The Acadians are 'gone, all gone.'⁷³

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In round figures 6,000 Acadians were removed in 1755,⁷⁴ 10,000 by 1763,⁷⁵ and an unknown number perished at sea. There had been about 1,800 on George's Island that summer,⁷⁶ and many were still imprisoned there in Halifax Harbour where Lawrence's revenge for their refusal to sign the ubiquitous oath of allegiance to the English crown was reduced rations for his half-starved and cold charges living outside in an acre of meadow while French prisoners of war, *(Continued on page 38)*

59 Ibid, 340

60 Ibid, 342

61 Ibid, 343

62 Ross, 61

63 Faragher, 343

64 Ross, 63

65 Ibid, 45

66 Faragher, 361

67 Christopher Hodson, *The Acadian Diaspora*, (New York, NY, Oxford University Press, 2012), 45

68 Faragher, 372 (pourquoi y a-t-il 4 références pour le 68 ?)

68 Ross, 63

68 Faragher, 360

68 Faragher, 360

69 Ibid, 370

70 In Faragher. Thomas Miller, 364

71 Ross, 63

72 L'encyclopédie canadienne. La déportation des Acadiens <https://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.ca/fr/article/la-deportation-des-acadiens>

73 Hodson, 181

74 Marshall, 151, 184, 185

(Il manque 75, 76 et 77)

(ENGLISH GENOCIDE IN NOVA SCOTIA continued from page 37)

(PoWs), taken from captured ships, were housed in comfort and provided with full rations on the other end of the island.⁷⁷

Fifty families were also being held in Fort Edward in 1762, seven years after a thousand people had been removed from Windsor.⁷⁸ Although they were meant to go to the American colonies, most were rejected, and not allowed to disembark because Lawrence had not informed the governors of his plan and they were suspicious of strangers and disease. And neither did Lawrence inform the Board of Trade until some months after the first leg of the expulsion was complete.⁷⁹

Much attention has been focused on the responsibility of the authorities in London for le grand dérangement. Lawrence did not receive a reply to his request for authorization for the expulsion until January 1755. The colonial office refused to either approve or disapprove, but instructed him to act on his own. I think the conclusion is obvious: by shifting responsibility to local authorities, officials in London were distancing themselves from what was about to take place, providing themselves with 'plausible deniability.' Better to let Lawrence take the risk – something it turned out he was more than willing to do. Only after the dirty job had been done – after thousands of Acadians had been removed from their communities and shipped off in transport vessels, after thousands more had fled into the woods where they suffered from exposure, starvation, and disease, and after Acadian property had been looted and Acadian communities torched – only then did British officials offer an endorsement. The operation, the colonial minister wrote to the king in the aftermath, had been 'crowned with a success greatly beyond our expectations and almost equal to our wishes.' The expulsion of the Acadians had made available, he wrote, 'vast quantities of the most fertile land in an actual

state of cultivation, and in those parts of the Province the most advantageously situated for commerce.⁸⁰

His comments make it clear that ultimate responsibility lay with the British state.⁸¹

Over a thousand Acadians were sent to Virginia where they were refused, rerouted to England and held as prisoners of war but not treated as such; the English never declared war in Nova Scotia against them and they felt no responsibility to apply the rules for PoWs.⁸² They were housed in an abandoned warehouse in Bristol, an abandoned workshop in Liverpool, and an old barracks in Southampton, each family afforded a few pence a week for food and shelter. And, "Almost as soon as they arrived, they were struck with epidemics of smallpox."⁸³

Hundreds were herded onto ships and left to float out to sea into the winter without supplies, many more were waiting in harbours, and unrecorded hundreds died of starvation, disease and cold.⁸⁴

But, much worse, the English wrenched their children away from their parents and into the service of imported settlers. Acadians searched, in some cases, for the rest of their lives for their children, the idea of separation so foreign and devastating.⁸⁵ And, under the banner of *acculturation*, Indigenous children were removed from their homes by the local constabulary, taken to Residential Schools and white foster care so as to assimilate. English-style education would make Native peoples acceptable, but only just, in English white society.⁸⁶

In the summer of 1755, a Halifax based correspondent for the New York Gazette wrote what was thought to be the first public notice of the expulsion of the Acadians.

We are now upon a great and noble scheme of sending the neutral French out of this province, who have always been secretly our enemies... and have encouraged our Indians to cut our throat. If we effect

their expulsion, it will be one of the greatest things that ever did the English in America, for by all accounts, that part of the country they possess is as good a land as any in the world... we could get some good English farmers in their room.⁸⁷

ORDINARY PEOPLE COMMIT GENOCIDE

*Those who can make you believe absurdities
can make you commit atrocities.*

Voltaire⁸⁸

The German Nazis murdered at least six million people of one ethnicity by extraordinary means during World War II and it's acknowledged as the most heinous genocide in recent history. This holocaust exposes some of the savagery of white supremacy and it is where much of the written work on human rights and genocide is now focused. But, these concepts and the terms had not been part of the English vernacular until the end of World War II and the beginning of a new era with the United Nations. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights was proposed in its first session in 1947,⁸⁹ (and drafted notably by Canadian lawyer and diplomat John Humphrey, Eleanor Roosevelt and others from India, France, China and Lebanon). The following year, the UN defined the practice of genocide, gave it veracity, and criminalized it.

Both the deprivation of human rights and genocide were clearly a function of colonization but the UN did not get around to granting independence—and by inference, belatedly banning the industry—to colonized countries until 1960,⁹⁰ because England, (and France, which was still colonizing a few countries), had the power of veto. With the offer of freedom from imperialism, colonized countries could now opt

(Continued on page 39)

78 Ross, 64

79 Faragher, 365

80 Ibid, 410

81 Faragher in Thoughts on the Expulsion of the Acadians

82 Ross, 64

83 Faragher, 383

84 Marshall, 151

85 "Warren A. Perrin, et al. versus Great Britain, et al." <http://1755.ca/perrin/perrin.htm> Appendix 35. (ce lien ne fonctionne pas)

86 Mark Aquash, UBC, First Nations in Canada: Decolonization and Self-Determination. <http://ineducation.ca/ineducation/article/view/142/617> Aquash, Vol. 19, No 2 (2013)

87 Le Canada. A People's History. Une Histoire Populaire. Deportation. <http://www.cbc.ca/history/EPCONTENTSE1EP3CH4PA3LE.html>

88 What did Voltaire mean when he said, "those who can make you believe absurdities, can make you commit atrocities"?

<https://www.quora.com/What-did-Voltaire-mean-when-he-said-that-those-who-can-make-you-believe-absurdities-can-make-you-commit-atrocities>

89 UNHR. History of the Document <http://www.un.org/en/sections/universal-declaration/history-document/>

90 The United Nations and Decolonization. <http://www.un.org/en/decolonization/declaration.shtml> (ce lien ne fonctionne pas)

(*ENGLISH GENOCIDE IN NOVA SCOTIA* continued from page 38) out, and most of the remainder did. Australia, New Zealand, India, Canada, Israel, Iraq and several others had long before formed their own constitutions.⁹¹ Those left are nearly all small islands which depend on the support of their ruler. Ironically, it was in many of these islands that the barbarous English history of slavery was narrated. It was astonishing that even though the English government and crown were given credit for all classes of genocide to millions of people of all other races and creeds, English criminals of human rights abuses and genocide walked away with impunity attesting, as social psychologist, James Waller, says, “to the unsettling reality that genocide overwhelms justice.”⁹²

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The strategy of the industry of human exploitation is part of the rape culture. Parasitic predators, accruing capital and power from each conquest, is probably the height of raw ambition and hubris where nothing counts but the target, human lives and personal property but casualties, or any of the many other euphemisms professional propagandists create with every new skirmish. It is also *hegemonial genocide*.⁹³

For genocide to happen, there must be certain preconditions. Foremost among them is a national culture that does not place a high value on human life. A totalitarian society, with its assumed superior ideology, is also a precondition for genocidal acts. In addition, members of the dominant society must perceive their potential victims as less than fully human: as ‘pagans,’ ‘savages,’ ‘uncouth barbarians,’ ‘unbelievers,’ ‘effete degenerates,’ ‘ritual outlaws,’ ‘racial inferiors,’ ‘class antagonists,’ ‘counterrevolutionaries,’ and so on. In themselves, these conditions are not enough for the perpetrators to commit genocide. To do that—that is, to commit

genocide—the perpetrators need a strong, centralized authority and bureaucratic organization as well as pathological individuals and criminals. Also required is a campaign of vilification and dehumanization of the victims by the perpetrators, who are usually new states or new regimes attempting to impose conformity to a new ideology and its model of society.⁹⁴

Thomas Hobbes famously determined that we are all utterly self-absorbed and evil, else why would we need a constabulary. But, Waller impresses on his readers that the masses of mainly men who were pressed into service to manage colonies were, in their natural state, unobtrusive and quite ordinary. He studied “rank-and-file killers” whom he found, “are so ordinary that, with few exceptions, they were readily absorbed into civil society after the killings and peacefully lived out unremarkable lives,” and worth repeating, “attesting to the unsettling reality that genocide overwhelms justice.”⁹⁵ And, he says that there is no such thing as a perpetratorless genocide. Our fears do not allow us to understand human evil as we may try to justify it if we do, and become contaminated, making every aware person a perpetrator.⁹⁶ Ervin Staub concurs that being ordinary is all that is necessary to be an actor in genocide, and that includes the propaganda creator who reinforces his own belief in the course of persuading others.⁹⁷

Waller says we must not let ourselves believe that all evil-doers are sadists and psychopaths, but accept that very ordinary people can be convinced to follow orders, no matter what they are, and commit the worst of horrors. But, they are an artificial construct. He indicates that we have to be taught and he uses a “four-pronged model” to demonstrate our response to authority and its target: our *ethnocentricity* is the only right one; *xenophobia* or fear of all strangers; the desire for social dominance; and the us-them perceptual framework, the *dehumanization* of the victim.⁹⁸ And there is the psychology

of the “collective” which, Waller says, can bring about either violence or heroism.⁹⁹ The key to the success of mass killings is propaganda with facile evidence that people easily accept.

Accounts of brutality by one race to another are common throughout history but during colonization it was a scheduled day’s work all over the globe, for centuries, and it was characterized by published images of strutting English generals. But, the first such instance of genocidal massacres in the North American colonies was in the Pequot War (1636-7) when Puritan settlers reacted to an Indian raid by launching an extermination campaign. This “created a precedent for later genocidal wars.”¹⁰⁰

With practice and experiment, colonial managers became insanely obscene. In 1864, a Colorado Methodist minister, Colonel John Chivington, ordered his volunteer soldiers to murder all Cheyennes, including children. “Kill and scalp all ... little and big ... Nits make lice.” The massacre prompted an inquiry and the following testimony.

I did not see a body of a man, woman or child but was scalped, and in many instances their bodies were mutilated in a most horrible manner — men, women and children’s privates cut out, & c; I heard one man say the he had cut out a woman’s private parts and had them for exhibition on a stick ... I also heard of numerous instances in which men had cut out the private part of females and stretched them over their saddle-bows and wore them over their hats ...¹⁰¹

Viet Nam War veteran, Gregory Gomez, told author Sebastian Junger about his Apache grandfather who was murdered by an army ranger in order to seize the elder Gomez’ land. “[T]hey strung him from a tree limb, cut his genitals off, and stuffed them in his mouth.”¹⁰²

As its colonialism expanded, English hubris swelled with it until by the mid-twentieth century (Continued on page 40)

91 List of countries that have gained independence from the United Kingdom. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_countries_that_have_gained_independence_from_the_United_Kingdom

92 James Waller, *Becoming Evil: How ordinary people commit genocide and mass killing*. (New York, NY, Oxford University Press, 2002), 14

93 *Different Types of Genocide and Politicides*. https://clg.portalxm.com/library/keytext.cfm?keytext_id=193 (ce lien ne fonctionne pas)

94 *The Story of Genocide in Afghanistan*. (University of California Press, UC Press E-Books collection, 1982-2004).

<http://publishing.cdlib.org/ucpressebooks/view?docId=ft7b69p12h&chunk.id=d0e5195&toc.depth=1&toc.id=d0e5195&brand=eschol>

95 Waller, 14

96 *Ibid*, 16

97 Ervin Staub, *The Roots of Evil. The Origins of Genocide and Other Group Violence*, (New York, NY, Cambridge University Press, 2007), 82

98 Waller, 18-20

99 *Ibid*, 35-6

100 Waller, 114

101 *The Sand Creek Massacre*

<https://www.univie.ac.at/Anglistik/easyrider/data/The%20Sand%20Creek%20Massacre.htm> (ce lien ne fonctionne pas)

102 Sebastian Junger, *Tribe: On Homecoming and Belonging* <https://www.vanityfair.com/news/2015/05/ptsd-war-home-sebastian-junge> (ce lien ne fonctionne pas)

(ENGLISH GENOCIDE IN NOVA SCOTIA continued from page 39)
 tieth century they committed such monstrous atrocities as can barely be described in one language.

- Indian Partition by England in 1947: 12.5 million were in forced migrations, women were tortured and murdered. They raped and gang-raped a reported 83,000 women and girls and cut off many of their breasts.¹⁰³

- The Boer Wars at the turn of the 20th Century: 22,000 children starved to death in English concentration camps.¹⁰⁴

- English Torture Centre in Yemen in the 1960s: stripped in refrigerated cells, burned with cigarettes, genitals crushed, forced to sit on a metal pole and pushing it into their anus.¹⁰⁵

- The Cyprus Internment 1955 – 1959: suspected terrorists were regularly beaten,

waterboarded and executed. Hot peppers were rubbed into children’s eyes, and they were flogged with whips and iron.¹⁰⁶

- The Kenyan Camps 1950s: the English put 1.5 million Kenyans in concentration camps where men were raped with knives, women’s breasts were mutilated, they gouged out eyes, cut off ears, used barbed wire to cut skin. They sodomized and castrated men with pliers, stuffed mud in their throat until they suffocated and they worked them death. “Survivors were sometimes burned alive.”¹⁰⁷

Hundreds of thousands are thought to have been murdered but proper records were not deemed necessary.

- The Bengal Famine 1943: From one to three million died in a preventable famine when, harkening back to Ireland centuries earlier, the English diverted resources for themselves. Churchill was confronted with graphic evidence of starving Indians and said, “Then why hasn’t Gandhi died yet?”¹⁰⁸

- The Mau Mau Revolt 1950s: 320,000 were driven into concentration camps. One million more were also enclosed. They burned eardrums with cigarettes, waxed and burned them, bored holes in eardrums, cut off testicles and fingers with an instrument for animal castration. Settlers were instrumental in this terrorism and one boasted, “By the time I cut his balls off he had no ears, and his eyeball, the right one, I think, was hanging out of its socket.” The soldiers were told to shoot to their heart’s content as long as their targets were black. One thousand and ninety were hanged.¹⁰⁹

James Waller makes a profound statement, answering a question that has been posed by ethicists forever when debating the rightful place for blame: the source of the order, or the executioner; the officer or the soldier. “In willfully failing to exercise their moral judgment, they retain full moral and legal accountability for the atrocities they committed. To understand all is not to forgive all.”¹¹⁰

A partial death toll directly related to English colonization:

- **East Indians:** Estimates range from 7 – 85 million but no firm records were kept or thought to be necessary.
 -<http://www.danielpipes.org/comments/201158>
 -<https://fbreporter.org/2015/07/07/genocide-the-british-dont-want-you-to-know-about-they-systematically-starved-to-death-over-60-millions-of-eastern-indians/> *

(Thirty-five million is very conservative as 19,000,000 are estimated to have died in just two of the famines).
 -<http://www.oricpub.com/HSSR0060079.pdf>

And there’s Churchill’s performance when 4.3 million died in 1943 famine.
 -<http://www.independent.co.uk/news/world/world-history/winston-churchill-adolf-hitler-no-better-shashi-tharoor-indian-politician-post-colonialist-au-thor-a7641681.html>

- **Canadian First Nations:** Children in Residential Schools:
 -[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Genocides_in_history_\(Canada\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Genocides_in_history_(Canada))
 (No exact figures, no records kept of any Aboriginal deaths in Canada)

35,000,000

6,000

(Continued on page 41)

103 Palash Ghosh, *Partition Of India And Pakistan: The Rape Of Women On An Epic, Historic Scale*. <http://www.ibtimes.com/partition-india-pakistan-rape-women-epic-historic-scale-1387601>
 104 Anglo Boer War. Miscellaneous Information <http://www.angloboerwar.com/other-information/88-concentration-camps/1832-concentration-camps-introduction>
 105 Mark, Seddon, *The Shadow of Aden*, 17 May 2004. <http://www.angloboerwar.com/other-information/88-concentration-camps/1832-concentration-camps-introduction>
 106 M. Morris, *10 Evil Crimes of the British Empire*, 4 Feb 2014. <http://listverse.com/2014/02/04/10-evil-crimes-of-the-british-empire/>
 107 Morris cont’d
 108 Rakhi, Chakraborty, *The Bengal Famine: How the British engineered the worst genocide in human history for profit*. 15 Aug 14. <https://yourstory.com/2014/08/bengal-famine-genocide/>
 109 George, Monbiot, *How Britain Denies its Holocausts*, 27 Dec 2005. <http://www.monbiot.com/2005/12/27/how-britain-denies-its-holocausts/>
 110 Waller, 16

(ENGLISH GENOCIDE IN NOVA**SCOTIA** continued from page 40)

<p>•Acadians: -Faragher, John Mack, A Great and Noble Scheme. New York, NY, W.E. Norton & Company Ltd., 2005. 471 (Lost at sea not accounted for).</p>	10,000
<p>•Irish: England's genocide by artificial famine 1845 -49. -https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Great_Famine_(Ireland)</p>	1,000,000
<p>• Cromwell and the Irish between 1641 - 1653 -http://www.globalresearch.ca/the-irish-slave-trade-the-forgotten-white-slaves/31076 (Cromwell also enslaved 300,000 Irish adults, plus 100,000 children aged 10-14).</p>	500,000
<p>Mau Mau: -https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mau_Mau_Uprising#Mau_Mau_war_crimes Numbers not properly recorded, est 130,000 to 300,000 Kikuyu unaccounted for</p>	200,000
<p>•Africans: (English slaves enroute only. Britain transported 3.1 million Africans of whom 2.7 million arrived) -http://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/slavery/pdf/britain-and-the-trade.pdf</p>	400,000
	37,116,000

In all cases victims were thrown off their land, and the scorched earth policy was applied. In Ireland, Scotland, Acadia, India, Australia, New Zealand and Africa they were ordered to leave their crops in the ground. The English seized the produce, stock and land for reassigned tenants, or for profit, or personal use, and millions of legitimate landowners and leaseholders were subsequently starved to death. No attempt was made to record the deaths and torture of Canadian and Australian Aboriginals, or African slaves in the Americas.

AFTERWORD

Although several authors have written in depth on genocide, they have all skirted the horrors committed by the English when occupying the Canadian Maritime Province in the 17th and 18th centuries. As well, the extensive propaganda the British government developed to cover these atrocities is truly under reported. To our shame, Canadian governments of all stripes have accepted the obfuscation, the sanctimony and heroics, and are perhaps just as guilty by omission as the crown when it ordered outright unthinkable terroristic strategies to invade, occupy and raid Acadian and Mi'kmaq homeland in Nova Scotia.



BOOKS/LIVRES



Acadian Redemption: From Beausoleil Brossard to the Queen's Royal Proclamation *by Warren Perrin (Author)*

Acadian Redemption, the first biography of an Acadian exile, defines the 18th century society of Acadia into which Joseph dit Beausoleil Brossard was born in 1702. The book explains his early life events and militant struggles with the British who had, for years, wanted to lay claim to the Acadians' rich lands. The book discusses the repercussions of Beausoleil's life that resulted in the evolution of the Acadian culture into what is now called the Cajun culture. More than 50 vintage photographs, maps, and documents are included.

<https://books.apple.com/us/book/acadian-redemption/id459985466>

<https://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/acadian-redemption-warren-perrin/1111344302>

<https://www.amazon.com/Acadian-Redemption-Beausoleil-Brossard-Proclamation/dp/0976892707>

**THE JACK KEROUAC ESTATE AND
KEROUAC @ 100 COMMITTEE**

**SHARE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR
CENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
FOR FAMED NOVELIST, WRITER, POET AND ARTIST
JACK KEROUAC
TAKING PLACE IN HIS LOWELL, MA HOMETOWN
STARTING IN MARCH**

**EVENTS TO INCLUDE RETURN OF ORIGINAL
'ON THE ROAD' SCROLL
ON LOAN FROM THE JIM IRSAY COLLECTION,
GUIDED BUS TOURS, MUSICAL PERFORMANCES, READINGS,
FILM SHOWINGS, EXHIBITS & MORE**

“March 12th, 2022 will be the 100th anniversary of the birth of Lowell, Massachusetts’ favorite native son, Jack Kerouac, and folks the world over are weighing in on the enduring legacy of his work,” states Jim Sampas, Literary Executor of the Estate of Jack Kerouac. “The celebration of his centennial this March in his hometown will include important artifacts, such as display of the original ‘On the Road’ scroll manuscript, and for the first time ever in one place, all the photographs of Kerouac taken by one of his dearest friends, Allen Ginsberg; These will form part of the ‘Visions of Kerouac’ exhibit opening free to the public on Friday, March 18, at the Lowell National Historical Parks Boott Mills Gallery. The scroll will remain part of the exhibit through April.

Kerouac has been cited as an influence by well-known public figures in music, entertainment, literature, fashion, and politics ranging from President Barack Obama to David Bowie to Francis Ford Coppola to Hunter S. Thompson, and many more. Kerouac was recently the inspiration for DIOR HOMME creative director Kim Jones’ 2022 fall show with a collection that nodded to the Beat Generation style and featured an 80-meter-long facsimile of Kerouac’s generation-defining literary classic 'On The Road.'



*“Something good will come
out of all things yet.”*

— from **Big Sur**

**THE JACK KEROUAC ESTATE ANNOUNCES
THE FORMATION OF THE
JACK KEROUAC FOUNDATION**

**SEEKING TO ESTABLISH A JACK KEROUAC MUSEUM & PERFORMANCE
CENTER IN KEROUAC’S NATIVE CITY, LOWELL, MA**



pleted in 1896 to serve Lowell’s once-teeming Little Canada neighborhood. The church was the heart of the neighborhood, as well as the city’s French-Canadian population. It was also the site of Jack’s funeral Mass in 1969.

“It’s an honor to help make a Jack Kerouac Museum & Performance Center a reality — something we at the Estate have targeted for

a long time. When Dave Ouellette of ACTION (Acre Coalition To Improve Our Neighborhood) approached the Estate and the Kerouac Centennial Committee with a proposal to pursue the long-empty church

The Foundation’s first initiative will be to pursue funding for the establishment of a Jack Kerouac Museum and Performance Center in the magnificent former St Jean Baptiste Church, which was com-

pleted in 1896 to serve Lowell’s once-teeming Little Canada neighborhood. The church was the heart of the neighborhood, as well as the city’s French-Canadian population. It was also the site of Jack’s funeral Mass in 1969. building as our preferred site, we recognized it instantly as a perfect fit for our goals,” says Sylvia Cunha, Director of Marketing & Business Development for the Kerouac Estate and Executive Director of the new foundation. She continues, “We aim to partner with different organizations and individuals. Our fundraising kicks off now, and we plan to show this incredible space to those interested in collaborating with us in March when Jack’s original On The Road scroll returns to Lowell to mark what would have been his 100th Birthday.”

“Memorializing Jack in the place his brother Gerard was baptized, where he himself served for a time as an altar boy, and where he formed a deep bond with the priest who conducted his funeral — Father Spike Morissette — would be incredibly appropriate,” adds Dave Ouellette. “We want to thank Brian McGowan of TMI Property Management & Development, the owner of the building, for helping us pursue our goals. Purchasing and renovating the building would contribute immeasurably to the reputation of Kerouac, our Acre neighborhood, and the City of Lowell,” shares Ouellette.

POETRY/POÉSIE...**A Masked Ball
Covid Style**

Masks proclaim our moods.
Gloomy black,
exuberant gold,
hopeful green,
radiant rainbow colors.
Gesturing,
friends, family, lovers.
pantomime their greetings
by
embracing empty air.

*by Margaret Langford***Over There***par Don Levesque*

T'es fou d'rester par icitte toute l'année
Y a rien par icitte pour toué
Y fait frette, y neige pi y a quissement pas d'été
y a quissement pas d'été

C'est une questions facile a répondre
Ont a pas besoin d'songer b'en b'en long temps
Ont rest icitte en cause du monde
Ont reste icitte en cause du monde

Over there sa parle anglais partout
Pi trop souvent y nous parle pas du tous
C'est come si ont est tombé dans un gros trous
Tombé dans un gros trous

Over there t'est un petit poisson
Dans une grande mer de gros poissons
Mais icitte tu peut quissement être toi même
Icitte tu peut être toi même

Y a pas d'mystère ...

T'es fou d'rester par icitte toute l'année
Y a rien par icitte pour toué
Y fait frette, y neige pi y a quissement pas d'été
Y a quissement pas d'été

*Y a pas d'mystère
C'est mon che' nous si cher
Icitte son mon coeur, mon âme
Et ma parentés dans l'cimitière
Shu mieux icitte que over there*

**Su' l'bôrd du traque
par Don Levesque**

Déboute su' l'bôrd du traque
Watcher les trains décollers
Me d'mandant ou j'aurais pu aller
Si j'aurais osé embarquer

Si j'aurais osé embarquer
J't'aurais pas rencontré
Si j'aurais osé embarquer
J't'aurais jamais aimé

J'ai décidé d'rester
A Grand Isle ou je suis née
Pi j'ai jamais regretté
De pas avoir embarqué

Déboute su' l'bôrd du traque
Y a pu grand train a watcher
Déboute su' l'bôrd du traque
Y a pu grand train a watcher

**Terres et forêts***par Don Levesque*

Je vois la barre du jour
Qu' annonce le retour
La vue d'notre acadie
Des terres et des forêts

J' vois l'soleil briller l'matin
Su' les beau grand sapins
Qui marque notre acadie
Des terres et des forêts

J' vois la lune qui danse su' l'eau
D'un grand lac calme et beau
Qui nouris notre acadie
Des terres et des forêts

J' vois des milliers d'étoiles brillante
Qu' allume le firmement
Qu' abrille notre acadie
Des terres et des forêts

J' vois les gens du monde entier
Ici pour célébrer
L'avenir d'notre acadie
Des terres et des forêts

*Nos coeurs reste toujours ici
Nos âmes reste toujours ici
L'amour d'notre belle acadie
Reste avec nous pour l'éternité*





CYR PLANTATION CENTENNIAL 1870-1970

Located in Aroostook County with a beginning population of 500, Cyr Plantation was first settled in the mid-1800s and formally organized on March 12, 1870. Cyr Plantation is named for the many 'Acadian' Cyrs who settled in the area, and, unsurprisingly, French is the dominant first language.

During the 1970 centennial celebration, a 312-page book was created depicting some of the resident's French names;

Cote	Lajoie	Madore
Cormier	Lapierre	Michaud
Cyr	Laplante	Ouellette
Deveau	Lapointe	Parks
Dumond	Lavoie	Sirois
Duplessie	Lebel	Roy
Fongemie	LeVasseur	Vaillancourt
Fournier	Levesque	
Gagnon		

The Cyr Plantation Centennial book researches the ancestors of the Acadian community and furnishes a portrait of contemporary Acadian culture through its social traditions and artistic expression. Rich in archival images and captivating photography, the book is a simple guide to the Acadian experience of Cyr Plantation in Northern Maine.

Its massive historical research brings together a pictorial collection of families (view list of family names above) who serve as evidence of the earliest group of habitats from France to Cyr Plantation.

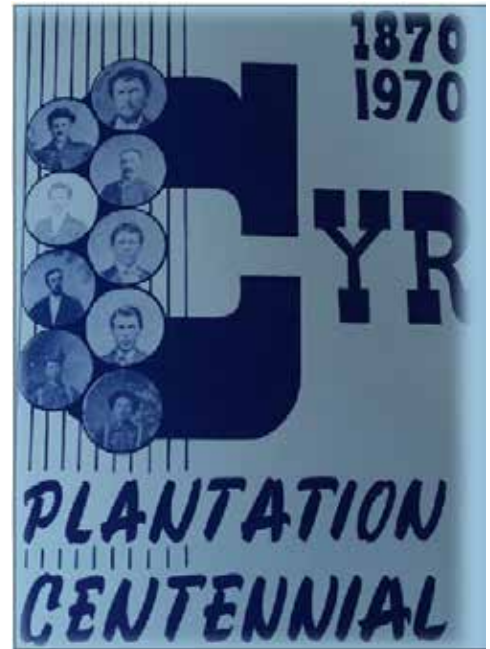
The book also reminisces the agricultural tools, potato fields, post offices, local one-room schoolhouses (6) with teacher and students, snow removal equipment, centennial gatherings i.e. barn dance, bean hole suppers, wedding/anniversary receptions and a French play along with songs. *The Little Red Schoolhouse* was the epicenter of the centennial celebrations which housed the compilation of early artifacts.

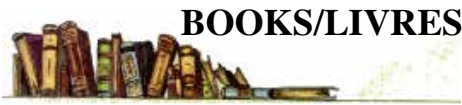
Although the book is in limited supply, you may purchase a copy of the Cyr Plantation Centennial Book for \$25.00 plus shipping via paypal by contacting Marjorie LaChance at (207) 782-3951 or emailing marjenphoto@roadrunner.com

About the Author

Frances Dumond LeVasseur (1930-2000) was a writer whose scope encompassed literary criticism, architecture, history, urban sociology, and philosophy. The author of over nine genealogy books, she was also instrumental in creating the 'Acadian Village' from dream to reality with the help of the community.

Inspired by a love of history, her focus was investigating, interpreting, documenting and communicating the most important events of the life in Cyr Plantation. Also of interest were the analyzation of written records, physical artifacts, and other types of evidence depicting life in Cyr Plantation, Maine.

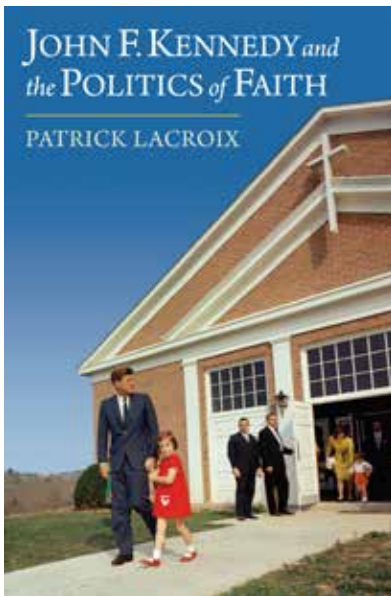




BOOKS/LIVRES

John F. Kennedy and the Politics of Faith

by *Patrick Lacroix*



In *John F. Kennedy and the Politics of Faith* Patrick Lacroix explores the intersection of religion and politics in the era of Kennedy's presidency. In doing so Lacroix challenges the established view that the postwar religious revival disappeared when President Eisenhower left office and that the contentious election of 1960, which carried John F. Kennedy to the White House, struck a definitive blow to anti-Catholic prejudice. Where most studies on the origins of the Christian right trace its emergence to the first battles of the culture wars of the late 1960s and early 1970s, echoing the Christian right's own assertion that the "secular sixties" was a decade of waning religiosity in which faith-based groups largely eschewed political engagement, Lacroix persuasively argues for the Kennedy years as an important moment in the arc of American religious history. Lacroix analyzes the numerous ways in which faith-based engagement with politics and politicians efforts to mobilize denominational groups did not evaporate in the early 1960s. Rather, the civil rights movement, major Supreme Court rulings, events in Rome, and Kennedys own approach to recurrent religious controversy reshaped the landscape of faith and politics in the period.

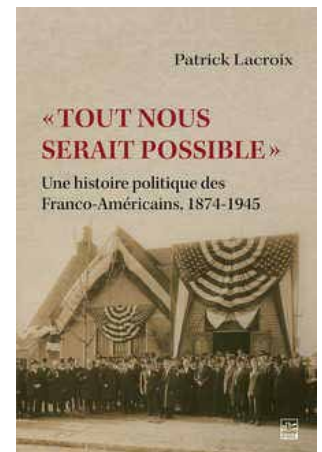
Kennedy lived up to the pledge he made to the country in Houston in 1960 with a genuine commitment to the separation of church and state with his stance on aid to education, his willingness to reverse course with the Peace Corps and the Agency for International Development, and his outreach to Protestant and Jewish clergy. The remarks he offered at the National Prayer Breakfast and in countless other settings had the cumulative effect of diminishing long-standing anxieties about Catholic power. In his own way, Kennedy demanded of Protestants that they live up to their own much-vaunted commitment to church-state separation. This principle could not mean one thing for Catholics and something entirely different for other people of faith. American Protestants could not consistently oppose public funding for religious schools—because those schools were overwhelmingly Catholic—while defending religious exercises in public schools.

Lacroix reveals how close the country came, during the Kennedy administration, to a satisfactory solution to the fundamental religious challenge of the postwar years—the public accommodation of pluralism—as Kennedy came to embrace a nascent "religious left" that supported his civil rights bill and the nuclear test ban treaty.

About the Author



Patrick Lacroix was born in Quebec and attended Bishop's University and Brock University. He began studying the Franco-American experience at the University of New Hampshire in 2012 and has since published numerous academic articles on Franco-American history, as well as being a regular contributor to *Le Forum*. Last year, his doctoral dissertation was published as *John F. Kennedy and the Politics of Faith* by the University Press of Kansas. He is also the author of "Tout nous serait possible": Une histoire politique des Franco-Américains, 1874-1945, which is available from Les Presses de l'Université Laval. Patrick has taught history in New Hampshire, Quebec, and Nova Scotia and he currently serves as the director of Acadian Archives in Fort Kent.



<https://kansaspres.ku.edu/978-0-7006-3049-3.html>

<http://querythepast.com>



BOOKS/LIVRES

EXPLORING THE FUR TRADE ROUTES OF NORTH AMERICA

Discover the Highways That Opened a Continent

By: Barbara Huck

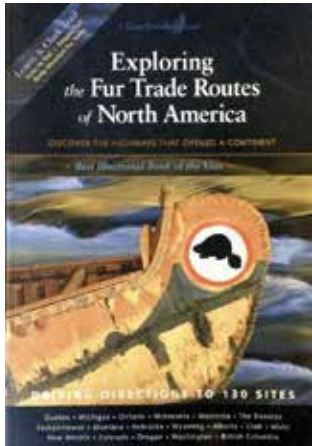
This beautiful driving guide takes you from the St. Lawrence in the 1530s to Oregon in 1860, and includes dozens of sites on both sides of the border.

The book situates the cultural and political context of the fur trade beginning with chapters on France, England, Orkney and the Aboriginal peoples. Then choose where to explore history with sections like Montreal to Sault Ste. Marie, the Saskatchewan River Route and the Lewis and Clark Trail, which is celebrating its 200th anniversary.

Expertly written with stunning photography, dozens of maps and full driving directions to over 130 sites.

It is well researched and well written, and deserves a place in the library of any serious fur trade researcher.

https://www.furtrade.org/store/index.php?route=product/product&product_id=417



Heroes of the Acadian Resistance:

The Story of Joseph Beausoleil Broussard and Pierre II Surette

1702-1765

by Dianne Marshall

Heroes of the Acadian Resistance tells the unique and little-known story of the young men who led an Acadian resistance in 18th century Nova Scotia. They fought valiantly in a guerilla campaign against the British to save their homes and families from destruction and deportation.

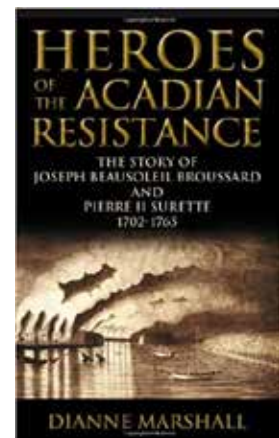
Their battle was against a form of ethnic cleansing that saw British soldiers burn every remnant of the Acadian community -- homes, barns and churches. All Acadians who the soldiers were able to round up were forcibly deported.

The French government used missionary priests as government agents to generate resistance amongst Mi'kmaq and Acadian Catholics in an attempt to regain Nova Scotia from British domination. Their efforts were welcomed by some Acadians who had their own reasons for resisting British rule. The guerilla campaign which ensued was well underway before the deportation, and continued after the majority of Acadians had been captured and forcibly exiled.

Heroes of the Acadian Resistance tells the story of that resistance and two young Acadians who proved to be leaders in these battles -- Joseph Beausoleil Broussard and Pierre II Surette. Beausoleil, who like many fellow Acadians ended up in Louisiana, is remembered in the Cajun community as a great Acadian hero. Surette lived out his days

in Yarmouth County in Nova Scotia, an area which is still home to many of Surette's descendants.

This book offers a fresh perspective on the tragic events of the Acadian expulsion from 18th century Nova Scotia.



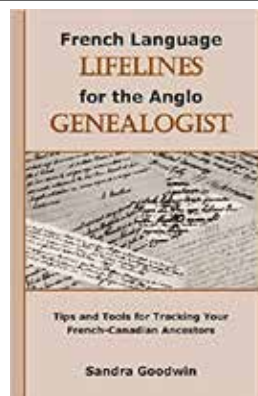
<https://www.amazon.com/Heroes-Acadian-Resistance-Beausoleil-Broussard/dp/0887809782>

French Language Lifelines for the Anglo Genealogist: Tips and Tools for Tracking Your French-Canadian Ancestors

by Sandra Goodwin

Are you a French-Canadian genealogist, but the language of your ancestors didn't quite make it down to you? Do you struggle with piecing together their lives when you miss important details hidden in the records? Or maybe you can't even find them in English language records because the names are so different. French Language Lifelines for the Anglo Genealogist is the help you've been waiting for. From the producer of Maple Stars and Stripes: Your French-Canadian Genealogy Podcast

comes this guide to everything you'll need to be a successful French-Canadian genealogist. You'll find hints for dit names, French sounds, gender, French numbers and dates, and translating church records. It provides many quick-access charts so you can quickly find the information you need. You'll find lists of names and occupations. There's a guide to online search



strategies to help you be successful with your online research. There's even sections on gleaning information from records written in Latin. This book features: Strategies for successful online searches How-to guides that take you from understanding pronunciation to locating your ancestors in online indexes Clarification of French language peculiarities as they apply to genealogy Guides to translating French language records even if you've never had a lick of French! An 11-section appendix with everything from lists of French words to help with Latin church records Become a more efficient researcher with French Language Lifelines for the Anglo Genealogist.

<https://www.amazon.com/French-Language-Lifelines-Anglo-Genealogist/dp/1735193100>



Winter Committee at Pinecone Ridge

Copyright 2022 by Virginia L. Sand

Another Maine Winter has arrived in the cozy village of Pinecone Ridge. At least that's what the local animals call it because of all the pine trees there that drop their pinecones. This is the place where the local animal committee meets at the beginning of each winter to plan for the upcoming winter. What do they discuss at this annual meeting? Well, they discuss how all the animals at Pinecone Ridge will successfully survive another Maine winter, of course. Already there is snow on the ground with chilly temperatures.

The first member of the winter committee arrives. It is fox, wearing a warm, knitted hat and scarf. She patiently awaits the arrival of the other committee members. Suddenly, she smells a delicious, sweet aroma. She quickly turns around and sees sister porcupine coming towards her, holding a mug in her hand:

Porcupine: Hello, sister fox! Here's a mug of hot chocolate to warm you as we await the other winter committee members.

Fox: How kind of you, sister porcupine. It smells so heavenly. (Fox reaches for the mug and takes a sip.) Wow, this tastes simply divine.

Porcupine: Thank you, sister fox. I'm so glad you like it. I brought enough hot chocolate with me to share with all the committee members today, in helping to warm them up.

Fox: That is so thoughtful of you, sister porcupine.

Porcupine: Well, we do what we can to help, right? We each have special gifts or talents to share.

Fox: So true, and your talent is making great hot chocolate.

Porcupine: Thanks so much for the compliment, sister fox. (Porcupine smiles with delight.)

Fox: You're welcome, sister porcupine. Let me give you one of my hand-knitted scarves and hats to help you stay warm.

Porcupine: Thank you so much for your generosity, sister fox. (Fox wraps the scarf around porcupine's neck and puts the matching hat snugly on her head.) I feel warmer already. God bless you, sister fox.

Fox: I'm so glad I can be of help. It makes me feel useful.

Porcupine: I know exactly what you mean, sister fox, a sense of purpose. It's so important to feel purposeful and to be able to contribute something to our little village, to make a positive difference.

All of a sudden, rabbit hops over the hill into clear view wearing warm white mittens. Fox howls and porcupine stands up on her back legs to catch rabbit's attention.

Rabbit: Happy winter, sister fox and sister porcupine! Is this where the winter committee is meeting?

Fox: Yes it is, sister rabbit. I admire your warm, white mittens.

Rabbit: Thanks, sister fox. In fact, I brought extra pairs of my hand-knitted mittens with me today to share with the winter committee members. I want to help everyone stay warm during our meeting. Here are different sizes for you and sister porcupine to try on.

Porcupine: Thanks, these mittens fit my paws perfectly, sister rabbit, and they feel so warm. Let me bring you a cup of my hot chocolate to warm you up.

Fox: Thanks for these adorable mittens, sister rabbit. Let me warm you up with one of my hand-knitted scarves and hats.

Rabbit: It's so kind of you. Thanks for your generosity sister fox and sister porcupine. The hot chocolate is delicious

and the hat and scarf feel so warm. Hey, look who's coming down the hill wearing snowshoes and a blanket on his back!

Porcupine: It's brother moose! Is he on the winter committee this year? (Moose approaches the small group wearing a cheery smile.)

Moose: Happy winter everyone! Is this the winter committee meeting?

Fox: You found it, brother moose! I adore your snowshoes. They will help you get around in the deep snow this winter.

Moose: Thank you, sister fox. I made them from the abundance of pinecones here at Pinecone Ridge.

Rabbit: The blanket on your back looks very warm, brother moose.

Moose: It certainly is. My wife knits them and she had me bring extra blankets to help keep all the committee members warm; all sizes. Come and get a blanket from my sac as a gift from my wife and I!

As fox, porcupine and rabbit chose their blankets and said "thank you," they offered their gifts of hot chocolate, scarves, hats and mittens to moose. Moose was deeply grateful.

Moose: Thank you all for your warming gifts. Are there just the four of us on this year's winter committee?

Porcupine: I think there is one more member. (Then suddenly raccoon appeared out of nowhere with a large burlap sack.)

Raccoon: Happy winter, everyone! Is this the winter committee? I brought a sack of dried berries and other goodies from my summer and fall harvest. This will help keep us fed and warm during the meeting. I am blessed with the gift of gathering and preserving food.

Fox, porcupine, rabbit and moose huddled around the burlap sack as raccoon opened it. Everyone snacked on the goodies as they warmed up raccoon with hot chocolate, scarf, hat, mittens and a blanket; everyone exchanging compliments and those two

(Continued on page 48)

(Winter Committee at Pinecone Ridge continued from page 47)

important words, “thank you!”

Fox: So what will be our plan to help all the animals of Pinecone Ridge survive another Maine winter?

Raccoon: I think we just demonstrated the answer to that question here within our committee meeting today.

Rabbit: I believe you’re right, brother raccoon. Between the five of us and our unique individual talents, we can help keep all the animals of Pinecone Ridge safe and warm this winter with regular visits of hot chocolate and dried foods along with gifts of warm scarves, hats, mittens, and blankets.

Porcupine: Exactly, and I will check-in weekly with each animal in the village by bringing them hot chocolate every Saturday during this winter.

Raccoon: And I will also check-in weekly to make sure that all the animals in Pinecone Ridge have enough food.

Moose: During snowstorms, I will do safety checks on all the animals in the village while wearing my pinecone snowshoes. I am also making more pinecone snowshoes for the other animals who want them.

Fox: Rabbit and I can help deliver the

hot chocolate and dried foods during those weekly check-ins. I think we’ve covered our village winter survival plan quite well today. Everything seems to have divinely fallen into place. So before departing, let’s form a warm circle of ceremony to give thanks to our Creator.

The five winter committee members made a small campfire at a safe distance from the trees. They used dried fallen branches and twigs to stoke the fire. By this time, the stars began to appear in the sky. Daylight was quickly transitioning into night during these short winter days. As the five winter committee members formed a circle around the fire, each one took a turn to give thanks and praise to the Great Creator of all life and of all things and then threw an offering into the fire. Fox began by howling as Grandmother Moon just made her appearance over the Ridge:

Fox: “Ackawoooo-ack-ack-ack-ackawoooo-ack-ack-ack-ackawoooo!” Dear God and Creator of all life and of all things, thank you so much for inspiring us with solutions on how to survive another Maine winter in our cozy village of Pinecone Ridge. (Fox throws an offering of dried blueberries into the fire.)

Porcupine: hums and squeals “mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-eh-eh-eh!” Great Creator, thanks for each of our special gifts and talents to share within our communities.

(Porcupine throws an offering of dried evergreen needles into the fire.)

Rabbit: makes sounds with her strong back feet, “thump, thump, thump, thump, thump!” Thank you dear God for all the blessings and abundance in our lives and in our cozy village of Pinecone Ridge. (Rabbit throws an offering of dried grasses into the fire.)

Moose: grunts “aoooo-moooo-uggg-awwww-aommm-moooo-awe-awe!” Thank you so much, Great Creator, for all the natural resources and beauty you have provided us with here in Pinecone Ridge, especially the evergreens and pinecones. (Moose throws an offering of dried water lilies into the fire.)

Raccoon: chatters “eh-ek-eh-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-reh-rah.” Thank you, God, for keeping all the animals of Pinecone Ridge safe and well during this upcoming winter season. (Raccoon throws an offering of dried wild strawberries into the fire.)

Following the ceremony of gratitude, all five winter committee members put out the fire, shared hugs with more “happy winter” greetings and then departed the meeting to put their plans into action. Thanks to the winter committee, this will be another cozy, warm and caring winter for all the animals of Pinecone Ridge in the great state of Maine, U.S.A.

~~~~~  
**By drawing a line, can you connect each animal to the gift s/he brought to the winter committee meeting?**  
~~~~~



COIN DES JEUNES



Aaliyah's Valentine Hearts

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by Virginia L. Sand*

On a cold, snowy Sunday in January, in a small northern Maine town along the Penobscot River, a little girl watches the snowfall from her grandparent's kitchen window. Her name is Aaliyah and she is spending the day visiting with her mémé (grandmother) and pépé (grandfather). While gazing at the fresh falling snow, Aaliyah begins a conversation with her mémé and pépé who are sipping hot tea at the kitchen table:

Aaliyah: Mémé and pépé, I need your help. Valentine's Day is coming next month and I want to make it special for everyone at my school.

Mémé: Why is that, my dear?

Aaliyah: Well, when I started the first grade last year, I was afraid of the new school, but then on Valentine's Day I received some Valentine cards from classmates and it made me feel more welcomed there at the school. It made such a big difference for me that I want to uplift the whole school this Valentine's Day. I want to make this Valentine's Day special for everyone there.

Pépé: How do you plan to do that, Aaliyah?

Aaliyah: I'm glad you asked, pépé. An idea came to me while watching it snow outside. I want to make my own Valentine cards to hand out to everyone at the school this coming Valentine's Day.

Mémé: Everyone?

Aaliyah: Yes, mémé. I don't want anyone to feel left out. I want to give out special Valentines to all the students at my school, all the teachers, the principal and assistant principal, the secretaries and counselors, the janitors, the superintendent, the food service workers and cooks, the bus drivers and coaches; everyone!

Pépé: Wow, Aaliyah. That will be a lot of work to create so many Valentine cards.

Aaliyah: I know, pépé. That's why I need you and mémé to help me.

(Aaliyah's grandparents look at each other with warm smiles and then towards Aaliyah.)

Mémé: Aaliyah, you have a big heart like your mémé.

Aaliyah: Yes, mémé. I always see you in your arts & crafts studio making gifts for everyone. That's how I know you can help me.

Mémé: Okay then, Aaliyah, how will you make your Valentine cards? Do you have a creative design in mind? While watching the falling snow outside, did a vision come to you?

Aaliyah: Yes, mémé. Just like each snowflake is different, each Valentine card I make will be different. I will make a variety of Valentine cards.

Pépé: Explain how, my inspired granddaughter.

Aaliyah: In my vision, I see myself cutting out dozens of four-inch high hearts from red and pink construction paper. Then I punch two holes at the top of each heart, one on each side, so I can thread thin red or pink ribbon through the holes to make a heart necklace for each person. That way everyone can wear their Valentines over their hearts if they want.

Mémé: That's a wonderful vision, Aaliyah. What will your Valentine hearts say?

Aaliyah: I'm glad you asked, mémé. On the front side of the Valentine heart, I will write one of several phrases like: "God loves you," "You are special," "You are unique,"

"You are always loved," "Love yourself," "Shine your light," "Be yourself," "Be heard," "You are blessed," "You are gifted," "You are beautiful," "You are very smart," "You are joyful," "You are grateful," "You are appreciated," "You are talented." I may come up with other phrases while making the Valentine hearts, mémé and pépé. (Aaliyah was beaming.)

Pépé: I am very impressed with your vision, Aaliyah. You are truly gifted. When everyone at the school wears their Valentine hearts around their neck, others will be able to read the words on each other's hearts and be uplifted by them as well. Bravo, my dear. Your Valentine hearts will be serving "double-duty." Everyone will benefit from all of your uplifting phrases. I'm in. You can count me in on your very worthwhile Valentine's Day project.

Aaliyah: Thanks so much, pépé! (Aaliyah gives her pépé a huge hug.)

Mémé: Aaliyah, will there be anything on the backside of your Valentine hearts?

Aaliyah: Yes, mémé. In my vision I see myself putting an animal sticker on the backside of my Valentine hearts, from my book of animal stickers. I want to give everyone at school a "power animal" to help them feel well guided and not alone during their earth-walk. Under or over the animal totem, I will write, "from Aaliyah, God bless."

Mémé: Perfect, Aaliyah! You've thought of everything. You can count me in, too! Let pépé and I know how we can help you with your Valentine's Day project.



(Continued on page 50)

(Aaliyah's Valentine Hearts continued from page 49)

Aaliyah: Thanks so much, mémé! (Aaliyah gives her mémé a huge hug too.)

And sure enough, Aaliyah gave her mémé and pépé a list of project materials and supplies needed, along with her allowance-money to help them pay for the needed materials.

In the coming weeks before Valentine's Day (February 14th), Aaliyah's grandparents went out to purchase the materials and supplies on Aaliyah's list and helped Aaliyah assemble more than 200 Valentine heart necklaces. They were so proud of their thoughtful grandchild who wanted to make a positive difference at her school.

When February 14th finally arrived, Aaliyah brought all of her Valentine hearts to school (with her grandparent's help) and made sure everyone at the school received one. By the end of the school day, everyone at Aaliyah's school was wearing one of Aaliyah's special handcrafted Valentine heart necklaces with big smiles on their faces. Aaliyah's Valentine hearts uplifted everyone at her school, making them all feel good

about themselves, both students and school staff alike. No one was left out.

By the end of this Valentine school day, something unexpected happened for Aaliyah. She ended up bringing home countless Valentine cards received from students at her school and she made dozens of new friends. Aaliyah felt welcomed at her elementary school more than ever. She felt loved and accepted and knew that the other students also felt loved and accepted because of her Valentine heart necklaces. Aaliyah had made a positive difference in her school, which spilled over into the whole community when students and staff members went home wearing Aaliyah's inspirational Valentine heart necklaces.

When Aaliyah's grandparents picked her up after school on that Valentine's Day, Aaliyah was wearing a big smile and carrying a box filled with Valentines received from the other students. What a fun day it was for Aaliyah. Even more, at the end of the school year, Aaliyah was given a "Making a Positive Difference" award at a school assembly where all of the school clapped in gratitude to Aaliyah. Because of Aaliyah's Valentine heart necklaces, the school principal was inspired to start giving "Making

a Positive Difference" awards at the end of every school year. Aaliyah never imagined the big impact her Valentine hearts would have on her school and in her community. Her school, family and community were so proud of her.



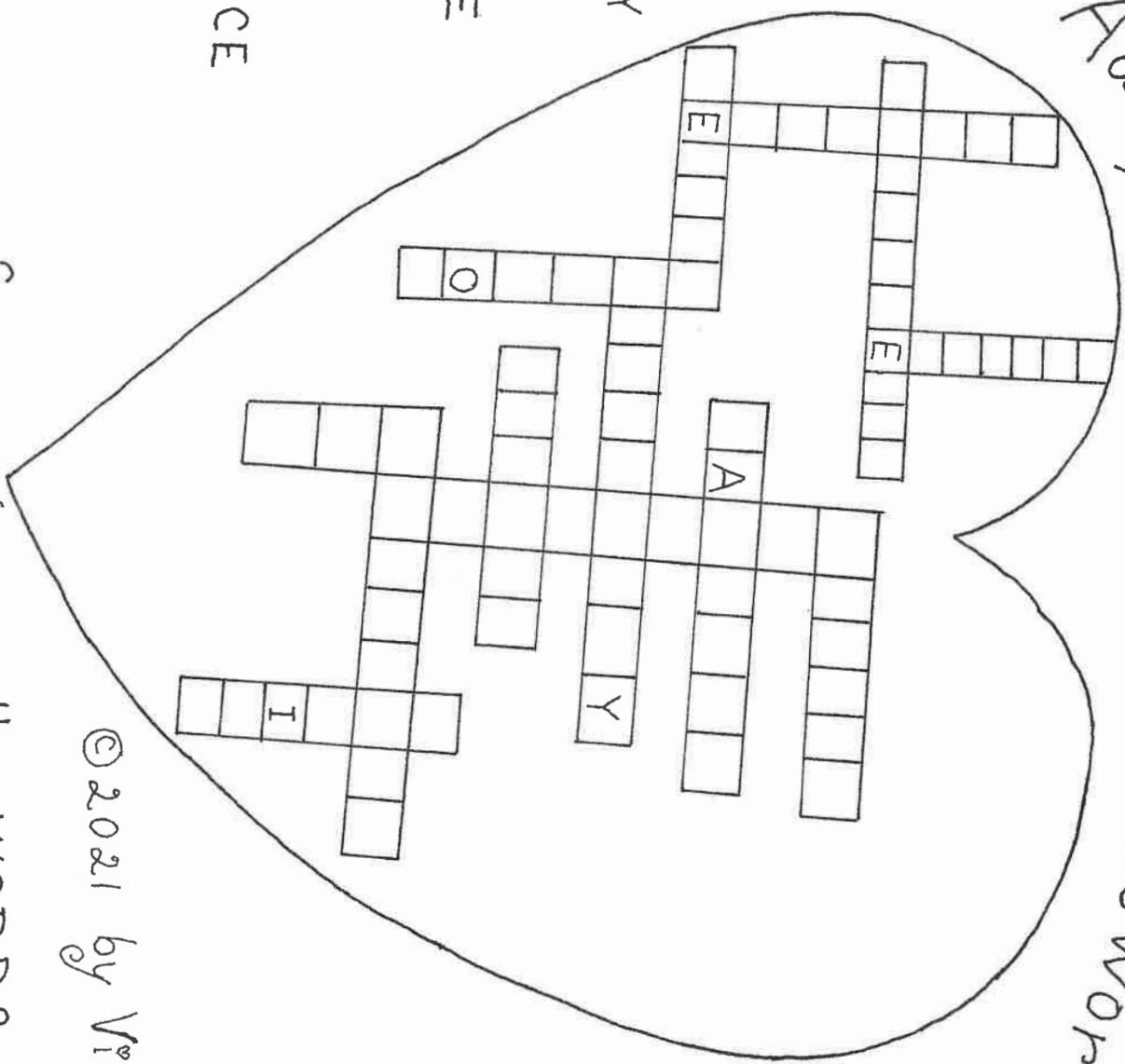
What's wrong in this picture? Find the 7 things that are out of place in this Valentine's Day picture and circle them.

(Continued on page 51)

Aaliyah's Heart Crossword

WORDS:

1. HEARTS
2. FAMILY
3. AALIYAH
4. COMMUNITY
5. SCHOOL
6. UPLIFT
7. VALENTINE
8. POSITIVE
9. FEBRUARY
10. VISION
11. DIFFERENCE
12. WELCOME
13. FUN



Can you find where the WORDS go?

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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