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Le FORUM



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

VOLUME 44, #2

SUMMER/ÉTÉ 2022



(Photo by: Lori Mc Ananey, Old Mill Pond, Maynard, MA)

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

Library: francolib.francoamerican.org

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

Résonance, Franco-American Literary Journal:

<https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/resonance/vol1/iss1/>

other pertinent websites to check out -

Les Français d’Amérique / French In America

Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002

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

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

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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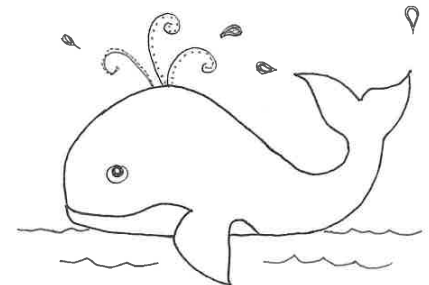
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Le FORUM

The 2022 Young Franco-American's Summit is happening!



Salut, Young Franco-Americans!

Year two of the Young Franco-American's Summit is scheduled for **October 15, 2022**. This year's event for Franco-Americans and Franco-enthusiasts aged 18-35 will take place at the Millyard Museum in Manchester, New Hampshire. Doors open at 9 AM sharp.

If you were with us for last year's pilot event at the Franco-American Programs on the UMaine campus we hope to see you again this year. If you're hearing about us for the first time, we look forward to meeting you and discussing all things Franco-American.

October 15th lines up with this year's NH PoutineFest, but not to worry. We'll be taking a drive mid-day to Merrimack to attend this celebration of Quebecois comfort food! So, you'll get a day to meet other young Franco-Americans and continuing the fun at NH PoutineFest. What's better than that?

More details to come, so stay tuned. Sign up for our emails by contacting Daniel Moreau at daniel.moreau@maine.edu.

About the YFAS:



We are a team of individuals highly passionate about our Franco-American culture and its prosperity. We are a product of L'Association Fleur-de-Lys, and the Franco-American Programs of UMaine. Our official partners are the Franco-American Programs, and the French-Canadian Legacy Podcast. We operate as an unorganized not-for-profit. Our 2022 Summit committee consists of Melody Desjardins, Mike Campbell, Camden Martin, and Daniel Moreau, the lead organizer. Our advisors are Lisa Michaud and Patrick LaCroix.

The Young Franco-American's Summit is seeking support for its 2022 edition

How to donate:

Donations should be sent to our partner, the FCL Podcast through PayPal. Be sure to put "Young Franco-American's Summit" in the "What's this payment for" section of the donation. PayPal link can be found at www.fclpodcast.com/donate, or fclpodcast@gmail.com on PayPal.

Checks should be mailed to:

FCL Podcast
c/o Mike Campbell
6 Baltusrol Dr.
Hudson, NH 03051

The check should be made out to FCL Podcast and Young Franco-American's Summit written in the memo.

Stay safe,
Daniel Moreau
Head Event Organizer

****Special thanks to our partners, French-Canadian Legacy Podcast, and the Franco-American Programs**

Gloriane “Glo” Perrier

by Anna Faherty

The Franco-American Collection at the University of Southern Maine’s Lewiston-Auburn College is excited to announce a new acquisition! We are adding a new item to our Gloriane Perrier Collection –a wooden silver medal winning tandem kayak.

Gloriane “Glo” Perrier was born in Lewiston, ME, March 21, 1929, to Philius and Alma Gosselin Perrier. She had two brothers, Conrad and Marcel, and one sister, Therese. Glo graduated from Lewiston High School in 1949, and went on to work for the Department of the Army, as a secretary, until retiring in 1983.

She was active in and competed in multiple sports including softball, basketball, bowling, speed skating, canoeing, and Olympic kayaking. According to an oral history with Glo, recorded at the Franco-American Collection in 1994, she started kayaking by accident. While playing softball, a friend asked her if she’d be interested in bowling, and later, while bowling, another friend (an Olympic canoeist) asked if she’d be interested in canoeing and kayaking. Gloriane didn’t get in a kayak until she was 30, and 5 years later, she won the Olympic silver medal!

Glo competed in the 1960 Olympics in Rome, the first time U.S. women competed in kayaking at the Olympics. In 1964, she and her kayak partner, 15-year-old Francine Fox, won the silver medal for 500 meter doubles in the Olympics in Tokyo. After Tokyo, she continued to travel and compete, while also coaching olympic teams for 9 years. She also dabbled in aviation and motorcycle riding. For the last 35 years of her life, she lived in Alabama with her friend Deb Magee.

Along with this kayak, we also have other olympics canoe/kayak related clothing, trophies and medals from canoeing, kayaking, softball, and bowling and Perrier family items associated with Glo’s father Philius, brother Conrad, and sister Therese. We also have a recorded oral history interview with Gloriane available online at this link: <https://digitalcommons.usm.maine.edu/fac-interviews-and-lectures/34/>. You can find more about the Gloriane Perrier Collection on our Digital Commons website: <https://digitalcommons.usm.maine.edu/fac-finding-aids/21/>.

Gloriane Perrier’s kayak on display at the Lewiston-Auburn campus library.



Gloriane Perrier, 1960 US National K-1 (Kayak) Champion, paddling at Key Bridge, in front of the Washington Canoe Club, Washington, D.C.



Gloriane Perrier, 1964, wearing her silver medal; Photo inscribed “To the Laurendeau girls from Gloriane Perrier 1964 Tokyo Olympics Silver Medal”



USM staff members Elizabeth Bull, Randy Estes and Maureen Perry unwrapping the kayak in Spring, 2022.

<https://usm.maine.edu/franco-american-collection>

Summer 2022 arrives in Maine

*Copyright 2022 by
Virginia L. Sand*

Though the covid pandemic continues in Maine this summer season 2022, and gas prices continue to escalate above \$4.50 per gallon, Maine's tourist industry seems to be off to a good start, nevertheless. Tourism is one of Maine's leading industries, contributing significantly to her economy.

Bienvenue/Welcome all visitors to Maine. Welcome to "Vacationland." Maine enjoys meeting and accommodating you at her many lodges, motels, campgrounds, rental camps and cottages, Bed & Breakfast inns, restaurants, etc. Traditional lobster dinners and lobster rolls are on tap at most Maine seaside eateries. Don't forget the Maine wild blueberry pies!

The "Quebecers" (French Canadians) are trickling into Old Orchard Beach,

often referred to as "The French Riviera of Maine." That makes Old Orchard Beach a good place to go and practice your French language. All the beaches of southern Maine offer warmer salt waters as a result of the Gulf Stream currents that stretch from the Gulf of Mexico to the tip of Florida and up the eastern coastline of the United States. That includes Old Orchard Beach where visitors enjoy seven miles of continuous wide, sandy beach dotted with inns. Old Orchard Beach also boasts a wide pier that extends out into the ocean some 500 feet and that features several restaurants and shops that visitors and locals can enjoy right there on the pier. How cool is that? Not far from the pier there is an impressive amusement park called Palace Playland by the beach. This is New England's only beachfront amusement park. It offers arcades and rides such as merry-go-rounds (carousels), kiddie cars, a fun house, slides, and many other attractions.

If you don't mind more arctic, colder waters of coastal Maine, Mount Desert Island (MDI) with Acadia National Park is also a popular destination for French Canadians; another good place to practice

your French language. This is where the mountains meet the sea. You can even drive to the summit of Cadillac Mountain to get a bird's eye view of Frenchman Bay that is dotted with the Porcupine Islands. In Acadia National Park there are many scenic hiking trails, several picnic areas and "Sand Beach" for cooling off in those cold, salty waves. The island's resort villages, such as Bar Harbor, offer countless lodging and dining accommodations, plus there are a couple of camping areas in Acadia National Park: Blackwoods Campground and Seawall Campground. If you're in Bar Harbor, you may want to check out the whale watching tours and other saltwater activities offered such as kayaking and paddle boarding. You might even see a "French Whale" while you're out at sea. (Read "The French Whale" story in the children's corner of this issue of Le FORUM!)

Me, I love my home state of Maine and I love sharing Maine with visitors. WELCOME! BIENVENUE!



vez même conduire jusqu'au sommet de la Montagne Cadillac pour avoir une vue plongeante sur la baie Frenchman qui est parsemée des îles Porcupine. Dans le parc national d'Acadia, il existe de nombreux sentiers de randonnée panoramiques, plusieurs aires de pique-nique et <<Sand Beach>> pour se rafraîchir dans ces vagues froides et salées. Les villages de villégiature de l'île, tels que Bar Harbor, offrent d'innombrables hébergements et restaurants, ainsi que quelques aires de camping dans le parc national d'Acadia : Blackwoods Campground et Seawall Campground. Si vous êtes à Bar Harbor, vous voudrez peut-être jeter un coup d'œil aux excursions d'observation des baleines et aux autres activités en eau salée proposées, telles que le kayak et le paddle board. Vous pourriez même voir une <<baleine française>> pendant que vous êtes en mer. (Lisez l'histoire <<The French Whale>> dans le coin des enfants de ce numéro du FORUM !)

Moi, j'aime mon état d'origine du Maine et j'aime partager le Maine avec les visiteurs. ACCUEILLIR ! BIENVENUE !

L'été 2022 arrive dans le Maine

*Copyright 2022 par
Virginie L. Sand*

Bien que la pandémie de covid se poursuive dans le Maine cet été 2022 et que les prix de l'essence continuent d'augmenter au-dessus de 4,50 \$ le gallon, l'industrie touristique du Maine semble néanmoins bien partie. Le tourisme est l'une des principales industries du Maine, contribuant de manière significative à son économie.

Bienvenue à tous les visiteurs du Maine. Bienvenue à <<Vacationland.>> Le Maine aime vous rencontrer et vous accueillir dans ses nombreux lodges, motels, terrains de camping, camps et chalets de location, auberges Bed & Breakfast, restaurants, etc. Des dîners de homard traditionnels et des rouleaux de homard sont sur le menu dans la plupart des restaurants en bord de mer du Maine. N'oubliez pas les tartes aux myrtilles/bleuets sauvages du Maine !

Les Québécois (Canadiens français) affluent vers Old Orchard Beach, souvent

appelée <<La Côte d'Azur du Maine.>> Cela fait d'Old Orchard Beach un bon endroit pour pratiquer votre français. Toutes les plages du sud du Maine offrent des eaux salées plus chaudes en raison des courants du Gulf Stream qui s'étendent du golfe du Mexique à la pointe de la Floride et jusqu'à la côte est des Etats-Unis. Cela inclut Old Orchard Beach où les visiteurs profitent de sept miles de large plage de sable continue parsemée d'auberges. Old Orchard Beach possède également une large jetée qui s'étend dans l'océan à environ 500 pieds et qui comprend plusieurs restaurants et boutiques que les visiteurs et les habitants peuvent apprécier sur la jetée. C'est cool, n'est-ce pas ? Non loin de la jetée, il y a un parc d'attractions impressionnant appelé Palace Playland près de la plage. C'est le seul parc d'attractions en bord de mer de la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Il propose des arcades et des manèges (carrousels), des voitures pour enfants, une maison amusante, des toboggans et de nombreuses autres attractions.

Si les eaux plus arctiques et plus froides de la côte du Maine ne vous dérangent pas, Mount Desert Island (MDI) avec le parc national d'Acadia est également une destination populaire pour les Canadiens français ; un autre bon endroit pour pratiquer votre langue française. C'est ici que les montagnes rencontrent la mer. Vous pou-

Camille Lessard Bissonnette recognized with a marker sponsored by the William G. Pomeroy Foundation

by Rhea Côté Robbins

Camille Lessard Bissonnette was recognized with a marker sponsored by the William G. Pomeroy Foundation as a suffragist in Lewiston on June 2, 2022 as part of the Maine Suffragists History Trail, of which there are seven markers total.

The site for the marker honoring Camille is located at the former offices of the French language newspaper, *Le Messenger*, 223 Lisbon St. where Camille wrote a column for the women of the mill and expressed her support for suffrage. I am very pleased to have been able to submit the application successfully for her recognition by the Pomeroy Foundation's National Votes for Women's History Trail.

Why is Camille Lessard Bissonnette an important voice to be recognized both in the Franco-American and in the larger community contexts?

She was a trail blazer and a model for the French heritage women who came behind her with her courage to speak out and up for women's issues—both in her writing and her public speeches—throughout her life.

We are all indebted to her biographer, Janet Shideler, Ph.D. to make better known Camille's contributions.

This marker is evidence of the French heritage woman's history and contribution to the City of Lewiston and to the Franco-American culture in regard to suffrage. This marker represents the actual layers of story/stories that exist in the communities in which the French heritage population lived and lives.

Because Camille wrote—both journalism and creative works—she left behind a legacy, a proof of her work and beliefs—nothing short of bravery.

My own journey with Camille has been a long interchange with her writings—in French and then in English, the translation of her book, *Canuck*, by Sylvie Charron, Ph.D. and Sue Huseman, Ph.D.,

which I shared with my students in the Franco-American Women's Experiences course I taught for the University of Maine for thirteen years. Camille, through her writings, presented a rich and diverse—also truthful, picture of the Franco-American culture.



I recognized in Camille's written works a bridge that could be crossed to connect to the early eras of the culture's immigration story as well as what did the French-Canadian women's immigration experience look like coming to the U.S.

In addition, her voice is one that needs to be heard, read and studied in order to understand that there was a woman such as Camille, among many others, who presented her views on suffrage in the years of 1910-1911, which made her an early adopter of the cause.

Camille is listed along with 2,364 women in a project of The National Collaborative for Women's History Sites, (Do a search for Maine at the link below). The National Votes for Women Trail is a collecting site from all over our country that tells the untold story of suffrage for all women, of all ethnicities, that extends well past the passage of the 19th amendment. Link: <http://ncwhs.org/votes-for-women-trail/#trail>

Camille is also listed along with 3,677 others at the Online Biographical

Dictionary of the Woman Suffrage Movement in the United States, (Do a search for "Camille"). –Tom Dublin, Editor. Link: <https://documents.alexanderstreet.com/VOTESforWOMEN>

That she is being honored with this marker is equally incredible that she is recognized as part of the Maine and National Women's Suffrage Trail. I want to thank Anne Gass and Gabrielle Russell for their perseverance and diligence in helping to make this possible. I am grateful for their collaboration in this process. I would also like to thank everyone involved who has had a hand in making this a reality, the marker hanging on the wall, is a wonderful sight to see.

I am hoping that the marker inspires others to search out Camille's writings, but also other writers of the French language newspaper, *Le Messenger*, because in my gleaning materials from the microfiche of the paper for the national committee who required proof of Camille's work at this specific location for the marker application, I noticed that there are many others who wrote and there are multiple opportunities to access more unique voices in the French language press.

I am overjoyed to see Camille's name on the wall!



Camille Lessard Bissonnette
1883-1970

A Summer Evening in Arles, France July 2002

*Linda Gerard DerSimonian
Waterville, Maine May 2022*

The slow-moving rhythm of that summer evening lingers in my 3-D reverie. My husband and I are cozily nestled to dine at an outdoor restaurant table in Arles, France, an ancient Roman city imbued with Romanesque cathedrals, monasteries, remains of a coliseum, a 1st century amphitheater built in the reign of Emperor Augustus, and the house where Van Gogh once stayed and painted in his later years.

The ambrosial southern France weather, with its benediction of warm sun and soothing evening breeze, gentles us as we sip on a glass of wine before our entrees arrive. A slim, middle-aged waiter with dark hair, carrying himself with an air of mystique, presents me with a gargantuan bowl of Spanish Paella. Red, yellow, black, and green colors glisten in the steaming saffron colored rice. “Merci”, I say with smiling eyes. “Bienvenu Madame, bon appetite”, he answers in rapid fire French.

My taste buds are poised with

anticipation for my first bite into this grandiloquent mélange of aromas...mussels and clams in their shells, chicken, chorizo, lobster, shrimp, scallops, ham, rice, olive oil, lemon, beans, tomatoes, and peas. My husband fancies his bowl of Bouillabaisse Stew, plump full of fresh fish from the Mediterranean, and savors the chewiness of the hard crusted baguettes. We finish our plates with a sense of glowing satisfaction and leisurely walk along the narrow winding streets that breathe of antiquity.

Pausing along the Rhone River, I sit and let my imagination go deep into the bowels of what life might have been like in Arles when it flourished in the grandeur of the Roman Empire, so many centuries ago. We continue our stroll and return to our sparse guest room at “Hotel Le Cloître”, a medieval cloister where monks used to live, and fall asleep with our window shutters wide open to the lantern of stars in the quiet night sky.



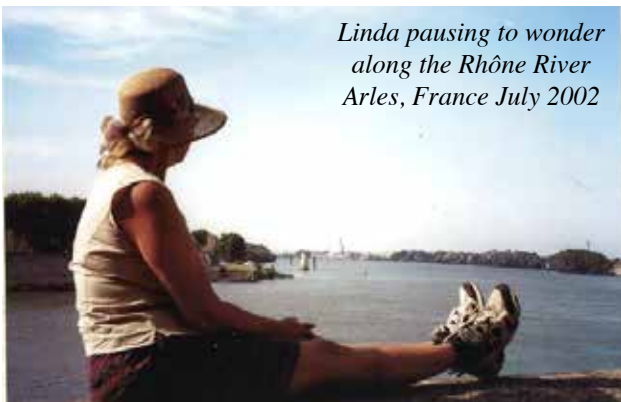
*Southern France, Summer 2002
French Window Shutters*



Summer 2002, Linda & Sebouh Der Simonian, in front of Hôtel Le Cloître in Arles, a coastal city in Southern France-Provence-Alps-Côte d’Azur region.



*Summer 2002
Arles, France
rue du Cloître,
a mysterious,
narrow winding street.*



*Linda pausing to wonder
along the Rhône River
Arles, France July 2002*



*Facade of Roman Amphi theater
Arles France, Summer 2002*

The Lost Wor(l)ds of Franco-America

Patrick Lacroix, opening lecture, UMFK Scholars Symposium, April 26, 2022

The Scholars Symposium is an annual event that showcases the research and hard work of undergraduate students at the University of Maine at Fort Kent. This year's panels and poster presentations were bookended by a keynote address by Senator Troy Jackson and an awards ceremony. The following talk, delivered in the Bengals Lair as the Symposium's kickoff activity, brought attention to the St. John Valley's cultural context. Patrick Lacroix, Ph.D., is the director of Acadian Archives at UMFK.

By virtue of my training as a historian, this lecture will discuss the past, as you might suspect. But it will focus on memory much more than on history. The distinction is important. History is a field of inquiry by which we seek the truth about what came before us in order to better understand our world and ourselves. Memory serves the same overall purpose, but approaches it differently. Memory is more democratic. It occupies different spaces stretching from family lore to movies to public commemorations. Memory does not have a set method; it evolves more organically. Finally, it is often less conscious because it is so deeply enmeshed in our social relations. Memory is how we make sense of the past without studying the past.

This may seem like a strange point of departure for a Scholars Symposium that prizes extensive research, methodological precision, careful analysis, and objectivity. As we know from the fields of anthropology and sociology, however, memory is itself a helpful tool that can help us understand what a society values, how it operates, and how it views itself. In my view, historical study does *not* help us predict the future. But *memory* can be a good predictor of how some groups will act and react in certain circumstances.

Collective memory serves a special function in historically marginalized communities, among which are French-heritage groups across North America. Here we are *mostly* talking about four large ethnic communities: the Acadians, found in eastern Canada and northern Maine; the Cajuns of Louisiana, who are descended from displaced Acadians and who have had their own, unique historical trajectory; French Canadians, concentrated in Quebec but also present in other Canadian provinces and

many areas of the United States; and the Métis Nation of the Canadian West whose culture and ancestry is in part Indigenous. In this talk, I am setting aside immigrants from France to this country, who did not experience the same social and political struggles, and Haitian and West African communities, which may be French-speaking without bearing the same metropolitan French heritage and which do not have the

...if the ethnic identity and consciousness survive three or four generations down, they tend to be defined by what was lost...

colonizer roots of the Acadians and French Canadians. In the St. John Valley, though many people are quick to identify with their Acadian roots—that is part of their historical memory—, ancestrally they are often much more French-Canadian. In other words, they are descended from people who came from the St. Lawrence Valley much more than from the survivors and refugees of the Deportation.

So, what of the memory of these French groups? I would argue that while we like to celebrate the achievements of our group, whatever group that may be, loss is equally significant in how we see the past and ourselves. In fact, it is often our primary way of framing our collective past. All of this plays out in very specific ways for ethnic minorities that can claim the Western privilege of whiteness. For them, loss is success, and success is loss. Let me explain. Over time, immigrant groups that must first settle for the least specialized and most menial

work will grow more affluent. That is to say, under pressure from mainstream culture and government policies, they will integrate and lose certain strands of the ancestral culture. This is especially true of people who face no racial barrier—who have the opportunity and luxury of becoming invisible within the dominant group. At the cost of great toil, many families will achieve financial success while they lose part of their ethnic identity. To be sure, it's not a net loss: their culture also grows through hybridization. Still, the immigrant generation sees its children become less ethnic and more American. Having passed the challenge of conforming, the third and fourth generations look back longingly for the Old World culture that has almost entirely melted in the great American stew. Historian Marcus Lee Hansen famously described this multigenerational process in the 1930s. The point is clear: if the ethnic identity and consciousness survive three or four generations down, they tend to be defined by what was lost: language and faith, foodways, music, holiday celebrations, types of community organization, social mores, kinship ties, and the intangibles that also make up a culture. Descendants of Irish, German, Italian, French-Canadian, and other immigrants easily fall to fits of nostalgia, and with reason. It seems we paid culturally for the gains we made economically.

With all four of the French-heritage groups I listed, that loss has a distinctive twist and it is organized primarily around opportunities and language. To tell that entire tale, we have to turn the clock back to brutal ruptures that took place in the 1750s and to events that still loom large in the historical memory of Acadians and French Canadians. In 1755, the British colonial government began the process of removing 14,000 Acadians from their homes in the present-day provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Most Acadians were forcibly shipped to the Thirteen Colonies and to Britain. Families were broken up; people died of hunger and disease. Other people were able to flee and carried on as refugees; yet more were incarcerated and put to forced labor in Nova Scotia. The violence of the Deportation unleashed a tragic sequence of events and gave rise to small diasporic communities all around the Atlantic. Such communities, including that of the Upper St. John Valley, retain the memory of the Deportation. It remains central to their identity. After all, we cannot explain the

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Acadian communities in the Upper St. John Valley or in Louisiana without this crucial rupture. As it happens, French Canadians lived a defining rupture in almost exactly the same years. The St. Lawrence Valley fell to the British in 1759-1760. The *Canadiens*, five times as numerous as the Acadians, were spared deportation. Still, the regime change is perhaps the most important moment of their multicentennial history. What we today call the Province of Quebec lost its colonial bond to France. French Canadians would remain the numerical majority in that region—they would also remain in a political wilderness, struggling to have their collective aspirations and cultural concerns reflected in public policy for another century.

Research conducted by Marc Robichaud (*Acadiensis*, 2011) and Jocelyn Létourneau (with Christophe Caritey, *Revue d'histoire de l'Amérique française*, 2008) among francophone high school students in New Brunswick and Quebec confirm the significance of the two events I described. When crafting their own historical narratives, based on their course of study but also their larger cultural environment, students in New Brunswick mentioned the Deportation more than all other events of Acadian history combined. In Quebec, among Grade 11 students, the British conquest was the second only to the settlement and development of New France in number of mentions. This is the historical baggage these students will carry the remainder of their lives.

We do not have the same type of data about historical memory from the Franco-American communities of former mill towns like Woonsocket, Fall River, Lowell, Manchester, and Lewiston, important destinations for French-Canadian immigrants in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. In such circles, the narrative of decline and fall is well entrenched—and has been for the better of 60 years. Just last summer, on July 4 of all days, Radio-Canada published an extensive report titled “Les derniers Franco-Américains,” “The Last Franco-Americans.” This would be a sad assessment if it weren’t for the fact that the Quebec media has been publishing these cynical, defeatist reports for all of the last 60 years—yet, Franco-Americans are still very much here. Of the three featured interviewees, a regrettably small sample, two were now living in Montreal. This was not serious, investigative, on-the-ground

reporting in the Franco-American world. However, this decline-and-fall narrative is present in Franco-American memory as in Quebec’s perception of its expatriated sons and daughters.

Here is the Franco-American twist on the memory of French heritage loss. Prominent figures in the community have argued that “Francos” are twice orphans. They became disconnected from two historic homelands—France and then Quebec. They did not experience the French Revolution or the Quiet Revolution, which completely refashioned Quebec society in the 1960s. Still today, many Franco-Americans feel a sentimental bond to the St. Lawrence Valley that their ancestors left, even when they themselves have little personal experience or knowledge of Quebec. Then there’s another aspect to that sense of cultural loss. Many Franco-Americans long not only for a lost world, but also for lost words—the words of the ancestral French language, which in most families is no longer spoken. We will

Prominent figures in the community have argued that “Francos” are twice orphans. They became disconnected from two historic homelands—France and then Quebec.

long debate whether language is the essential linchpin of a distinct culture. Regardless, the linguistic aspect cannot but be central to the collective memory of minority groups. What happens when we can no longer communicate with our ancestors through the documents and artifacts they’ve left behind? What comes after the loss of language as a distinct social and cultural space? These are big questions and I’m sorry to say I won’t be resolving them in the course of this lecture. Still, I take this opportunity to propose an interesting paradox: when language is lost, *if* cultural memory remains, the “language of loss” becomes a replacement cultural site. In other words, the narrative of loss, even when expressed in English, can help a community remain cohesive. That, after all, is one of the primary functions of memory; it is a community’s *lingua franca*, and it sets it apart from other communities that have different historical experiences. Today,

Franco-Americans continue to gather and to organize *en anglais* and, ironically, the fact that it is happening in English, the fact that their forebears integrated in the mainstream, serves as a social bond.

To complicate matters further, St. John Valley communities’ historical experience differs from the industrial world that Franco-Americans knew in various parts of New England and New York. It’s a long way from New Canada to these Little Canadas; a long way from Frenchville to Nashua’s French Hill. Many families here were not immigrants in the traditional sense. It’s been said before: they did not cross the border; the border crossed them. As I noted, historically, self-identification here tends to be more Acadian. The legacies of the Deportation and the settlement of the Valley by Acadians in the 1780s and 1790s loom large in our memory—more so than the conquest of New France. Ours was a majority French-heritage society that faced new challenges precisely as the border cohered and American institutions developed. Reliance on public education at a time when French teaching was proscribed in state-funded schools translated into language losses. I hasten to add that our region did not have access to the same diverse economic opportunities as other parts of the Northeast, such that the immigrant narrative of integration and upward mobility rings doubly false; we do not have the usual counterweight to the cultural narrative I have been describing.

In all of these regions, all of these French-heritage communities, the period prior to the ruptures of the 1750s often stands as a golden age—before it all went wrong due to the apparent evils perpetrated by the British. This period emblemizes authentic customs, ideal values, and the type of society that is still hoped for. It is thus another paradox of historical memory that a sense of loss, this historical lament, goes hand in hand with romanticization.

All of this, of course, is in the eye of the beholder. A person who is descended from the Nova Scotia Planters, the Irish settlers of the Ottawa Valley, or the Portuguese of New Bedford would view these events differently—if they even bring them into their historical memory at all. This is to say that we mustn’t confuse narratives with facts. The narratives that undergird a community’s memory are ways of organizing facts. Being a value judgment, loss is a way of stringing facts. There are other ways, *(Continued on page 10)*

P'tit Jean

by Don Levesque

Introduction

Centuries ago and probably even sooner than that, each family or at least each village, had a story teller. It was usually an elderly person who would tell the next generations about the history of the area, teach them old traditional songs, tell them about local villains and heroes, and pass on to them folktales that might already be hundreds of years old.

In the early 1970s I was a student at the University of Maine at Fort Kent working 15 hours a week for Prof. Roger Paradis as work study. One summer Prof. Paradis gave me and a few other students small reel-to-reel tape recorders.

We recorded old people, people my age now, I guess, about their lives, their songs, recipes, cures, and old tales. The tale I am about to tell you was told to me by Mr. Thadée Lausier of Grand Isle, my home town. Mr. Lausier told me he had learned the tale from his father when Mr. Lausier had

been very young.

If that is the case, when I heard the story it was undoubtedly more than 100 years old. For all anyone knows, it might be several hundred years old, maybe more.

It is a tale of the adventures of a young boy named P'tit Jean. I have since learned that there are many tales of P'tit Jean and he is not always the hero, sometimes he is the villain.

In the story I was told, and the story I will tell you, he is the hero.

But I will not translate the story into English primarily because it is an old French tale. I also want to tell it in the dialect of Mr. Lausier, my parents, grandparents, great-grandparents and everyone I grew up with in Grand Isle - in the French I grew up with and love.

Voici:

P'tit Jean et le vieux magicien

Un fois y avais un p'tit gah qui s'appelait P'tit Jean. Y étais pas b'en-b'en vieux pi y restais dans un p'tit village pas b'en-b'en loin d'icitte. P'tit Jean restais tous seul avec sa mère en cause que son père travaillais dans l'bois pi des fois y étais partis pour

quelques mois.

Une bonne journée sa mère demand a P'tit Jean d'aller au magasin chercher du pain pi du lait.

P'tit Jean décolle toute suite. En marchant vers le magasin y vois un p'tit vieux assis su' un banc. En avant du p'tit vieux y avais un damier. Le vieux dit, "Bonjour, P'tit Jean."

"Bonjour, monsieur."

"Jouerais tu une game de dames avec moué?"

"J'ai pas l'temps. Faut que j'alle au magasin pour ma mère."

"B'en, wayons! Une game de dames ça prend pas d'temps. Vien, vien. Vien jouer une game de dames avec un pauvre p'tit vieux," il dit avec un sourire triste.

"B'en okay. Juste une game."

P'tit Jean s'assis pi BANG, BANG, BANG! P'tit Jean gagne!

Le vieux s'accote pi y dit, "T'es meilleur que j'pensais, mon P'tit Jean. Ont en prend tu une aut'e?"

P'tit Jean gagne encore.

Le vieux part a rire pi y dit, "Ont devrais faire une p'tite gagure."

(suite page 11)

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other possible narratives, if we broaden our slate of facts, or rearrange them, or look at them from a different perspective. To put it plainly, memory is not objective reality—insofar as that is even attainable in historical study. But memory has a great deal of inertia because it involves identities, communities, and entire worldviews. As a result, historians who try to add nuance and complexity to our memory face a daunting challenge. That is all the more true when the word *privilege* comes up or when we confront historical trauma and tragedy. The challenge is made greater because memory involves *useful* myths—"myths" not because they are false or fictitious, but because they have taken a life of their own in the collective imagination and aren't easily nuanced or displaced. They serve a purpose.

But why would historians even want or need to confront our collective narratives if memory serves a useful social function? As a historian myself, I believe we should engage in the difficult work of taking a critical look at our past, ourselves, and our world to understand them as they were and as they are. I believe we should broaden our horizons and appreciate the messy complex-

ity of our world. I believe that a Manichaeon worldview based on irreconcilable differences leads to conflict. A bolder, bigger, more inclusive memory helps us approach other cultural communities on their own terms and foster respect. At last, I believe that our inherited communities can thrive while acknowledging inconvenient facts, which might nourish introspection and dialogue.

If it sounds as though I am talking out both sides of my mouth on this issue of history and memory, I am. This is the last paradox I want to put to you. History and memory exist together, and arguably *must* exist together. Although they often occupy different spaces, each has value and plays an important social function. We are lost if we rely on one to the exclusion of the other. The first of two great challenges that lie before us, then, is to reconcile these intellectual universes. Historians must be conscious of the role of memory—and sensitive to the sense of loss—among historically marginalized groups. In addition, we must all anchor our narratives with ascertainable facts that provide as accurate and comprehensive a historical picture as is possible. For those of us who are of French descent, our ancestors lived in a tumultuous, complex world that did not fit our twenty-first

century categories. Accordingly, they cannot act as stand-ins onto which we project our own values. We must understand historical actors—French, British, Irish, Portuguese, and so forth—on their own terms. This is a supreme act of empathy that holds lessons on approaching historical actors that are alive today—ourselves and our neighbors.

I mentioned two great challenges. One is to reconcile history and memory. The second is to confront the historical experiences and memories of *other* groups, particularly African Americans, Indigenous peoples, Muslims, and others who, for generations, faced insurmountable barriers. Economic ascent and access to political influence have historically been much less attainable for these racial, ethnic, and religious communities. They also have a story of loss, and one narrative *cannot* come at the expense of the other. We cannot let the marginalization we have experienced blind us to the very real struggles of other groups or deter us from the precious opportunity that lies ahead—the opportunity to break cycles of injustice from a position of mutual recognition. Working from a common basis of historical fact *and* understanding the essential role of collective memory in each community can help us do that.

(P'tit Jean suite de page 10)

“J’ai pas d’argent,” reprend P’tite Jean, debout pour s’en aller.

Le vieux souris pi y dit, “Yainque pour le fun. Cosse tu dit?”

P’tit Jean dit okay mais y étais pas trop sure.

Le vieux part a rire pi y dit, “Celui qui pert trois games de file va être l’esclave du gagnant pour l’restant d’sa vie!” Pi y ris, pi y ris, en s’frappant dans ‘es mains.

P’tit Jean part a rire lui itou pi y dit, “Okay, okay,” pi y s’assis d’nouveau.

Y commence a jouer tous les deux mais dans rien d’temps BANG BANG BANG! le vieux gagne trois games de files. Le visage y vien en grimace, ses yeux rouge comme les étincelles du poêle, ses dents toute pouris. Y dit, dans une voix creuse comme une vieille corneille, “La j’tés, mon P’tite Jean! La t’es mon esclave! Tu d’pense plus fin que les autres, mais la j’té, mon p’tit snoreau!”

P’tite Jean étais étonné pi y savais pas trop quoi dire. Le vieux continue, “Tu m’a donné ta parole, mon p’tit veras. TA PAROLE! Pi t’a perdu.”

“C’est vrais,” dit P’tit Jean. “Ou vous restez, monsieur?”

“J’reste a l’aut’e bôre du soleil,” cri le vieux en voix de vieille corneille pi PAF! y disparaît!

P’tit Jean s’met a marcher vers le soleil. Y avais pas d’choix. Après toute, y avais donné sa parole. Si la parole d’un homme est pas bonne, l’homme non plus est pas bon.

En marchand, y passe une grosse maison blanche ou y avais une femme qui accrochais du linge su’ la ligne. “Bonjour, P’tit Jean,” dit la femme avec un sourir. “Éyouse que t’est partis pour aller?”

P’tit Jean y conte s’qu’y étais arrivée. La femme dit, “Mon djieu, P’tit Jean, va pas la! Le même chôse est arrivée a ma fille Petit Chaperon Vert pi la elle est l’esclave du vieux magicien. Oui, le vieux c’est un mauvais magicien! Va pas la, P’tit Jean.”

“Mais, madame, je n’est pas de choix J’ai donné ma parole.”

“B’en, dans s’cas la, va su’ l’bôre d’la rivière pi tu va voir un île. Mon joual Gros Gris est la. Prend les pour te rendre a l’aut’e bôre du soleil!”

P’tit Jean remercie la femme et va au bôre d’la rivière. Comme de faite, y avais un île. P’tit Jean cris, “Gros Gris!” Y vois rien. “Gros Gris!” Rien. “GROS GRIS!” Un beau joual gris sort du bois su’ l’île, saute a

l’eau, et arrive a côté de P’tit Jean.

P’tit Jean grimpe su’ l’dos a Gros Gris pi Gros Gris décolle comme un balle! Plus vite pi plus vite pi encore plus vite jusqu’a temps qui fly comme un beau gros oiseau gris.

Dans rien d’temps, ils arrivent a l’aut’e bôre du soleil. P’tit Jean va mette Gros Gris dans l’étable pi y va a la maison. Y cogne a porte d’la cuisine pi un petite voix lui dit d’entrer.

P’tite Jean rentre dans ‘a cuisine pi y voué la plus belle fille qu’y avais jamais vu. C’était Petit Chaperon Vert. A faisais la vaisselle. “P’tit Jean! Cosse tu fait icitte?”

P’tit Jean y conte son histoire. “Sauve toué, P’tit Jean! Sauve toué su plus sacrant avant qu’ l’vieux magicien r’vienne!”

“Non,” dit P’tit Jean, “j’m’en va pas sans toué!”

“Va t’cacher! Va t’cacher avant le vieux magicien t’voye!”

P’tit Jean r’tourne a l’étable et s’élonge près de Gros Gris, songeant comment y allais paire pour sauver Petit Chaperon Vert. Tout d’un coup y entend, “P’tit Jean!” P’tit Jean r’garde alentours pi y voit pas personne. “P’tit Jean!” Wayons, P’tit Jean voit pas personne. “P’TIT JEAN!” C’était Gros Gris. Y étais un joual magique.

Gros Gris dit, “Demain matin le vieux magicien va mnir te chercher pour jouer a cachette. C’est toué qui va compter jusqu’a cent. Après ça, coupe toué une hors pi va pêcher dans l’pahdou en arrière d’la grange. Quand tu pogneras un p’tit poisson toute laite et ratatiné, commence a l’cleaner avec ton couteau d’poche. La, couche toué pi dôre.”

Comme de faite, l’end’main matin, le vieux dit a P’tit Jean, “A matin on jouent a cachette. C’est toué qui compte!” Pi PAF, y disparaît.

P’tit Jean va pi colle son nez après un ahbe pi compte jusqu’a 100. Après y va en arrière d’la grange pi y s’coupe un hors. Y s’assis su’ l’bôre du pahdou pi y commence a pêcher. Y pognais des beau gros poisson, plus beau pi plus gros qu’ avais jamais vu. Tous d’un coup, y pogne un p’tit poisson laite pi toute ratatiné. P’tit Jean prend son couteau pi y commence a cleaner le p’tit poisson. PAF! C’était l’vieux magicien. Pi y étais pas content du tous. Y r’gard P’tit Jean pi y dit, les dents serées solide, “T’as gagné aujourd’hui, mon p’tit snoreau, mais demain c’est moué qui gagne!” Pi PAF! y disparaît.

P’tit Jean r’tourne a l’étable pi y conte a Gros Gris cosse qu’était arrivé. Gros

Gris dit, “Demain vous allez encore jouer a cachette. Tu ira dans l’verger pi, au milieu, tu va trouver le plus beau pi le plus gros ahbe de pomme que t’as jamais vu. Grimpe jusqu’au toppe de l’ahbe pi tu va trouver un petite pommette, toute laite pi a moitié pouris. Tu prendra ton couteau de poche pi tu commencera a éplucher la p’tite pommette.”

Comme de faite, l’end’main P’tite Jean compte jusqu’a cent. Après ca y va au verger pi y trouve au milieu du verger le plus beau pi le plus gros ahbe de pomme qu’avais jamais vu. P’tit Jean grimpe jusqu’au toppe de l’ahbe pi la y trouve une p’tite pommette, laite pi a moitié pouris. P’tit Jean prend son couteau de poche pi y commence a éplucher la pommette. PAF! C’était le vieux magicien pi la y étais pas content! Y étais assez fâché qui sortais un petite boucane bleu de ses oreilles. “C’est assez! T’as finis d’gagner, mon P’tit Jean! J’m’en va t’montre quis qu’é maitre, moué! Une fois pour toute! Une! Fois! Pour! Toute!” Pi PAF! y disparaît.

P’tit Jean arrive a l’étable en riant. Y commence a conter a Gros Gris cosse qu’avais arrivé mais y rias trop. Gros Gris dit, “Ri pas, P’tit Jean. S’t’e nuite le magicien vien pi y m’tu.”

“Non!” cri P’tit Jean, les poigns fermé b’en dure. “Non! Non! Non! Je le laisserais pa faire. C’est moué qui va tuer l’vieux magicien!”

“Non, P’tit Jean,” dit Gros Gris. “Ecoute moué. Au si tôt que l’soleil s’couche, ride moué d’un bout du ciel a l’autre aussi vit que tu peut. Ramasse ma soueur dans un cruchon. Demain matin frotte moué avec la soueur. Asteurs, prenons un p’tit somme avant que l’soleil s’couche.”

Pas longtemps après ça Gros Gris reveille P’tit Jean pi y décolle tou’es deux, d’un bout du ciel a l’autre, aussi vite que possible. P’tit Jean ramasse un cruchon plein de soueur pi y r’tourne tou’es deux s’coucher dans l’étable.

L’end’main matin P’tit Jean s’reveille pi, comme de faite, Gros Gris étais môt. P’tit Jean part a brailler pi y s’garoche su’ Gros Gris, ses larmes coulant su’ Gros Gris. Tout d’un coup P’tit Jean pense au cruchon du soueur. Y r’voue le cruchon et commence a frotter Gros Gris avec la soueur. Y frotte pi y frotte pi y frotte mais Gros Gris grouillais pas. P’tit Jean braillais comme un enfant mais y continuais a frotter Gros Gris avec la soueur. Le cruchon arrivais vide quand Gros Gris ouvre l’oeil pi y dit, “Okay. (suite page 12)

Don't Flip the Ployes

Kevin St. Jarre

I had plans to write an essay about ployes, an Acadian staple food, but I kept procrastinating. However, on the morning that I typed these first words, the woman who made ployes for me, and taught me how to prepare them for myself, died. It seemed a fitting day to finally start.

Ployes are neither pancakes, nor crepes, but something in between. Thinner than the former, but more bready than the latter, they have a unique flavor and have been eaten by Acadians for centuries, or so it seems. They are a fantastic poverty food; many bellies can be filled for very little money with ployes.

Growing up in Madawaska, Maine, which was founded by Acadians, our community clung to these cultural comfort foods long after we could afford something fancier. The recipe is incredibly simple, and the ingredients have always been readily available: buckwheat flour, all-purpose flour, baking powder, water, and a bit of salt.

Still, even with so few components, there are disagreements. I will stand with my mother when it comes to ployes. Everything she did was exactly right, and anyone who deviates from her method is sadly mistaken. You do not, as some claim, stir boiling hot water into the batter. The water must be frigid when added, not hot.

If you'd like to use a pre-made mix, a lovely one comes out of Fort Kent, Maine. Produced by Bouchard Family Farms, it is tasty, unadulterated, and they rebuilt a buckwheat mill, transported from New Brunswick, to produce the key ingredient in the mix. Labelled simply as "Ployes," it can often be found in your local grocery store, or online at www.ployes.com. My mom would

add a bit of salt to each batch, but she gave it two thumbs up, so clearly, it's legitimate.

Once mixed, you let the batter sit. It thickens and bubbles form, since baking powder is basically baking soda and cream of tartar, which when wet have a reaction not unlike soda and vinegar, though less vigorous.

Once the bubbles form, you gently stir and often add more cold water, because every recipe understates how much water one actually needs. I suspect this is to prevent outsiders from ever learning to cook them correctly. My mother used to say of the batter's consistency, "When it looks like paint, lá, like you would use on your house, it's good." It's perhaps the only recipe in the world for which the secret ingredient is water.



You then heat up the pan, and here's the next big controversy. Old timers will tell you that in order to cook ployes correctly, they must be cooked on an old, seasoned, cast-iron pan, handed down for generations. As Mom would say, "Wayons,

just use any pan."

This makes scientific sense, as long as the pan heats evenly, and while this was once an issue, today's \$20 nonstick pan heats as evenly as any cast-iron pan. So, another win for my mother.

Once it is hot--and test this by dripping a bit of water on the surface to make sure it sizzles and dances before disappearing--add a ladle of ploye mix to the dry pan. Only a cheater would use butter or oil when making ployes.

Here comes the best-known secret of cooking these things...don't flip a ploye. Ever. You cook them on one side only. Bubbles will form, pop, and leave holes. These are critical for later. I say again, do not flip the ploye; one simply watches as the surface of the ploye changes from wet to dry.

Take this time to pull down a dinner plate, and place a dishtowel in it. The towel should have half of its length in the plate, the other half on the counter top. When you

(P'tit Jean suite de page 11)

La faut s'sauver au plus sacrant. Mesque le vieux magicien voye que shu pas môrt, y va nous tuer tou' es deux! Vite vite! Sauvons nous!"

"Non!" dit P'tit Jean. "Y faut que j'alle chercher Petit Chaperon Vert."

"Oh, fait ça vite, P'tite Jean. Cour! Cour!"

P'tit Jean cours a la maison, r'ouve la porte d'la cuisine, ramasse Petit Chaperon Vert par un bras pi y dit, "Vien t'en! Vien t'en! Ons sauve tous suite!"

Les deux arrive a l'étable pi y sautes su'l'dos de Gros Gris qui décolle comme une balle pi y s'met a flyer.

Petit Chaperon Vert dit, "P'tit Jean, le vieux magicien s'en vien par derrière nous aut'e."

P'tit Jean r'gard pi l'magicien s'avais tourné an nuage pi y les approchais.

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

"Oui."

"Tire ton peigne en arrière!"

Le peigne se tourne en montagnes.

Le nuage, comme vous avez déjà vu, a resté collé après l'toppe d'la montagne

Petit Chaperon Vert dit, "P'tit Jean, le vieux magicien vien encore par derrière nous aut'e!"

P'tit Jean r'garde pi l'magicien s'avais tourné en géant qui pilais par désus les montagnes.

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

"Oui!"

"Ouvre les pi tire les en arrière."

Le couteau tourne les montagne en rasoirs. Le magiciens s't'étopiais l'devant des jambes avec chaque pas.

Petit Chaperon Vert dit, "P'tit Jean, les rasoirs l'arrête pas!"

Gros Gris dit, "P'tit Jean, as tu encore un carré d'sucre comme tu m'donnais a manger?"

"Oui. Juste un."

"Tire les en arrière!"

Le caré de sucre tourne les montagnes en sel pi vous savez comment ça fait mal quand qu'y a du sel qui touche une égratineure. Le vieux magicien vire de bête et s'en va chez eux pour jamais re'vnr.

P'tit Jean a r'tourné Gros Gris pi Petit Chaperon Vert chez eux pi y est allé au magasin chercher du pain pi du lait pour sa mère.

Pi tous monde on vie heureux.

(Don't Flip the Ployes continued from page 12)

pull the first ploye out of the pan, put it bubbles-side-down in the plate, and cover it with the remaining towel. The first ploye is never quite right. Don't be afraid to simply discard it; for me, this first ploye is to be split and shared with the dogs.

So, you continue cooking ployes, and stacking them in the plate, until the batter runs out. You then serve the covered ployes in the middle of the supper table within everyone's reach.

Ah yes, supper, I forgot to mention something. Hipsters and marketing departments have suggested for the last few years that ployes might be eaten for breakfast, and of course this is true, but you must keep a few key items in mind. First, while they can be eaten for breakfast, they should not be cooked for breakfast. Morning ployes are leftovers from supper.

Next, the spreads used at the supper table are the only spreads appropriate for a ploye, regardless of the time of day, and we'll get to that whole topic in a minute, just because it is morning does not mean we should be applying grape jam or powdered sugar to our ployes. I sometimes eat leftover shepherd's pie (more correctly called Pâté Chinois, but that's a different essay) for breakfast, and you will not see me applying a layer of fruit jelly and powdered sugar to that. It's the same idea.

My mother loved cretons, as do I, and as does every true Acadian descendent. Cretons is a seasoned pork spread, made of the choice cuts of meat, not the undesirable

scraps. It is made with garlic and onions, and is seasoned with a variety of spices including cloves, allspice, cinnamon, salt, and pepper. It takes hours to cook correctly and is served cold, as chilling is part of the preparation. It freezes wonderfully.

In some surrounding St. John Valley towns, which are a bit more distant from the Acadian center of Madawaska, they serve this delicious pork spread, but a visitor might hear it mispronounced as cortons or gortons. Madawaskans, like Mom, are to be considered the guides here. The correct spelling is cretons, the correct pronunciation is something like kreh-toh, with the "n" serving to nasalize the "o" without being pronounced itself.

If someone tells you cretons is a Quebecois food, walk away. This person is clearly not a source to be trusted. While the Quebecois eat our cretons, they mostly spread it on toast, which isn't bad if you don't have leftover ployes, but it's not how it's meant to be eaten. I mean, keep in mind it was the Quebecois who got people referring to French fries served with gravy and cheese curds as "poutine," which actually is a potato dumpling stuffed with pork. Ask any Acadian. The fries and gravy and cheese recipe is more correctly referred to as a "mix."

Cold cretons spread on a hot ploye is a dream. Folding the ploye in half is acceptable, but a bit odd. A ploye folded twice, into a triangle, is the sign of a ploye-eating expert, like my mother. A rolled ploye is the sign of a visitor from out of town, but don't say anything. If you've an outsider at the table who is willing to try cretons, let them do it any way they like.



The only other acceptable spread for ployes is butter. That's it. You can dip your appropriately folded ploye into certain side dishes, however. The most common year-round option is baked beans, preferably with a bit of real maple syrup splashed on.

At Christmas time, or in certain well-loved local restaurants, you'll often find ployes served with a thick, white chicken stew. It's usually chicken, potatoes, and dumplings. More recently, daring people added carrots, but I prefer the classic stew. When I was a kid, I used to love searching through the opaque broth for the chicken hearts my mother put in there.

The absolute best way to eat ployes is to climb off a snowmobile, half-frozen, walk into a warm house, sit with many loved ones, and dig one out from under a towel. Even better when everyone had two-stroke engines in their sleds, so the gasoline-oil smell hung in the air while you spread the cretons, but we have to let go of some things. As for me, I'm holding on to the memories of ployes, cretons, and my mother, Cecile.



Student Donna Morin Receives Certificate of Recognition

Donna is the president of FAROG and discovered the Franco-American Centre as a freshman. She enjoyed teaching the elementary aged students French in the after school program that the Centre hosted pre-pandemic. She is majoring in communication sciences and disorders and child development and family relations. Donna is also working towards a minor in disability studies and wants to become a speech and language pathologist when she is out of school.

Donna shares that her family is Acadian and she is from the Saint John Valley which is bustling with Acadian culture. Because she grew up so immersed in Franco-American culture she didn't realize its full significance until she began working at the Franco-American Centre. Since working with the Centre Donna has gained an appreciation for preserving Franco-American history because she feels it helps explain to people how and where we came to be in the present moment. This year, Donna looks forward to leading FAROG and seeing what the club will be able to accomplish now that we are back in person.

A video about “Le Grand Jack”: a Jack Kerouac biography

June 8, 2022 Franco-American News and Culture Herménégilde Chiasson, Marcia Babineau

By Juliana L'Heureux

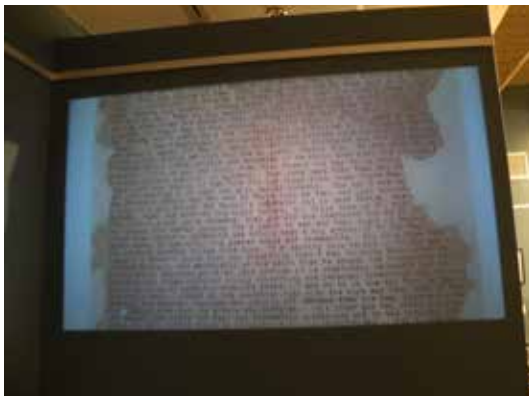
LEWISTON, Me – A screening of the documentary *Le Grand Jack (Jack Kerouac's Road) A Franco-American Odyssey*, with the filmmaker, Herménégilde Chiasson, was held on June 6th, at the Franco-American Collection at the University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn College.

Herménégilde Chiasson was born in New Brunswick, Canada in 1946, and is an Acadian poet, playwright and filmmaker. He also served as the lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick between 2003-2009.



Le Grand Jack presenters on January 6, at the Franco-American Collection in Lewiston Maine. Monsieur Chiasson and Marcia Babineau, at the Franco-American Collection in Lewiston, Maine on June 6, 2022.

Chair of the Franco-American Collection, Juliana L'Heureux, welcomed the program attendees “I am honored to have seen ‘The Scroll’, the original manuscript of the novel, ‘On The Road’, as it was hand typed by Jack Kerouac.” In the film, the origins about how Kerouac came to write “On The Road”, is presented in biographical accounts about the author’s life.



“The Scroll” in video on exhibit at the Mill Museum in Lowell, Massachusetts, Kerouac’s hometown. Photographs of the actual “scroll” are not permitted, but a rolling video shows the content, as it was hand typed by Jack Kerouac on a roll of newsprint.

Monsieur Chiasson holds many titles and memberships, including: Officier de l’Ordre du Canada, chevalier de l’Ordre des Arts et des Lettres de la France, member of the Société royale du Canada, de l’Ordre du Nouveau-Brunswick and de l’Ordre des francophones d’Amérique, and is considered the “father of Acadian modernity.” He said producing the film took him about a year.

The Québec Delegation in Boston supported the program. It was the first time the film had been shown in the U.S.

Additionally, the presentation included a presentation (on video) messages from from the mayors of St-Pacome and St-Hubert, the Quebec villages where Kerouac’s parents came from in Canada. Several other the scenes were filmed in Kerouac’s home town, in

Lowell, Massachusetts.

The video is subtitled in English. Marie-Josée Duquette of the Quebec Delegation introduced the film. In fact, the film can be viewed on line by contacting the Franco-American Collection (FAC) (see contact information below).

There was no fee for our program, made possible by the generous sponsorship of the Consulate General of Canada in Boston, Québec Delegation in Boston, Centre de la Francophonie des Ameriques, Severin Beliveau and Paul Dube on behalf of the Forum Francophone des Affaires, Androscoggin Home Health & Hospice, Country Kitchen, Pinette Dillingham & Lynch, The Albert Lepage Foundation, Regis & Carolyn Lepage, Doris & John Bonneau, Dirigo Credit Union, The Law Offices of Dionne & Courturier, Central Maine Credit Union, and an anonymous donor.

Moreover, the FAC is also supported by memberships.

For more information or to request a link to view the film, contact the Franco-American Collection’s archivist, Anna Faherty at anna.faherty@maine.edu or by phone (207) 753-6545.



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 30 years.

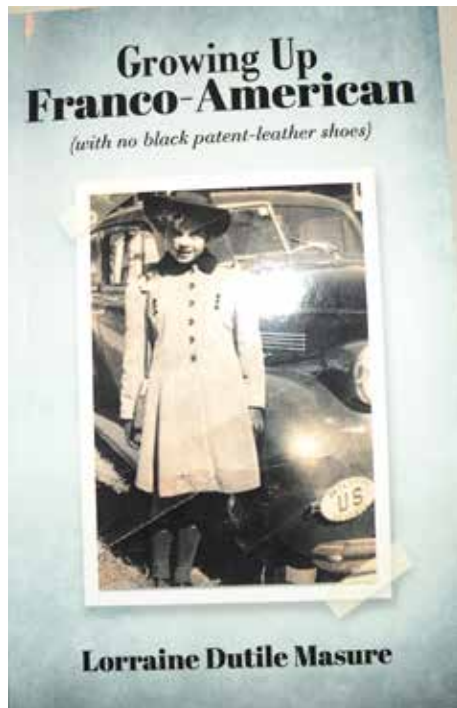
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A Sanford Maine story about being Franco-American

June 4, 2022 Franco-American News and Culture Lorraine Masure, Sanford Maine

By Juliana L'Heureux

~ À LA MAISON ~ Lorraine Dutille Masure (An abstract of Growing Up Franco-American, detailing the general “at-home” culture enjoyed by the author in Sanford, Maine and by many far-reaching New England Québécois immigrant families — especially across the years 1940s and 1950s). Published with permission by @LorraineDutilleMasure in the University of Southern Maine Digital Commons.



Lorraine Masure lives in Sanford, Maine.

Until WWII and within the fierce pride of their Americanization, the descendants of the Québécois emigrants are reputed to have preserved their identity better than did most other ethnic groups. “Little Canada’s” were established in some districts of towns and cities as they attempted to maintain and reproduce the native culture of their families and organizations. Parts of these enclaves survive to this day in the mill cities of many New England villages. Not at all a political statement, but rather an efficient delineation usually stated in French, all non Francos were called by us “Americans” (Américains). We continued



Franco-American recipe vegetables for ham and green pea soup.

to call ourselves “Canadians” (Canadiens) until time gradually evolved the appellation (usually spoken in English now) to “French.” Which I consider as egregiously false. I do not consider myself French; I am a proud American who happens to be a proud first-generation Franco-American. Aware that we children would quickly learn English when we interacted with the outside, our parents required always and ever that we speak French “in the house.” Although this edict felt like capital punishment at the time especially since I did not learn to speak English until I entered the first grade at age 6, today I can gratefully claim that my English and French have enriched my life, have facilitated travel all over the world. My French never impaired my English; it enhanced it. As I consider my life at home as a child, I conclude it was a rather typical Franco upbringing. Were we poor? If so, we didn’t know it. Enough to eat? Absolutely! And my mother was a master chef at transforming/combining random leftovers into delicious entrées enhanced by sauces, spices, and the like. We were required by our parents to eat evenly, i.e., each portion on our plate, along with bread and butter, given democratic attention. True to most Franco families then, breakfast (“déjeuner” — contrary to Petit Larousse) was consumed immediately upon arising, lunch (“dîner”) as close to noon sharp as possible depending on schedules, and supper (“souper”) at a punctual 5:30 after we’d come home from school and my dad from work. Well do I remember my dad’s usual breakfast: juice, two eggs, thin slices

of salt pork spread on toast. Hearty meals carried over from his youth and his days on my grandfather’s farm, then metabolized in part, I believe, because of hard, physical labor. Especially during the depression, on Sunday’s my mom would cook a piece of meat (beef or pork favored) for our main meal which was usually eaten at noon.

Complemented by potatoes and variegated veggies, my mom magically re-introduced each meal’s remnant meat as a different species every “diner” until Thursday when it would mercifully all be consumed. How so? Whatever was left in the refrigerator was artistically transferred to a baking dish, strategically covered with pie crust and baked at 350 degrees until done! Observing meatless Fridays was infinitely more appealing to me (mackerel, haddock, or salmon with whipped potatoes and two vegetables) than the beans and franks Saturday fare.

It seemed then we were served tons of vegetables, including onions. (Cannot enjoy, say, stringbeans today without first cooking them under onions and a generous piece of salt pork.) Delicious, usually warm, baked desserts that often included fruit, but little “still life” fruit. I remember promising myself as a child that I would someday grow a watermelon garden! Supper (souper) too was a hardy meal that might be further categorized as a meeting. That’s when my parents discussed their day and inquired about ours. These were not always festive Ozzie and Harriet events, believe me! Although my mom sometimes catered to some of our finicky-ism, a favorite line of hers when we put up our nose at some planned or tabled dish was, “If it’s good enough for your father who earns it, it’s good enough for you.” As I wrote above, pork roast was a favorite. Sandwiches with pork butt meat saturated with delicious home-made ketchup were assembled between thick white bread slices (Continued on page 16)

(A Sanford Maine story about being Franco-American continued from page 15)

the night before, and kept in the fridge until we fetched them the next morning for school or work. Exposed to room temperature all morning and lacking today's "kill dates," they were consumed with gusto at lunch. No one died. Other frequent, non-Weight Watchers foods we enjoyed: • Pork pies (tourtières) especially around Thanksgiving and Christmas • Hash (du hashie) diced potato, meat, onions in a brown sauce to use up leftovers • Crêpes (especially on Fridays as lunch or dinner; with butter and/or syrup) • Salt pork (grillades the lard) often sliced or diced and used as a butter substitute • Pork spread (cretons) again around the holidays • Blood pudding (boudin) sausage-like, pan-cooked in bacon and onion bits By the way, my dad lived to be 90, and my mom to 94! In short, this whole business of the culinary can be summed up with the adjective "frugal." And "waste," after all these years, is still not part of that vocabulary. According to our parents, it wasn't that there were "children starving in China"; the reasoning given here was that no matter if we had eaten boudin (blood pudding) or hashie (hash) God had thus given us "our daily bread." Most of our clothing were products of a collaborative feat: mom and I used to go to the Salvation Army Friday evening and carefully select used garments that she would later launder or have cleaned. Then she would unstitch and press them flat to yield yardage. Following this, my dad would then gingerly trace a pattern (some home-drawn, others either Simplicity or McCall's) a prospective piece of apparel on that cloth which my mother would later stitch together. And voilà! A coat or dress or even a brim hat... As I said, "frugal!" My dad used to remark that there were only three food items they were required to outsource from the farm where he grew up: tea, flour, and sugar. Likewise, when it came to clothing in our own immediate family, the only purchased items were underwear, some stockings, and shoes. In Juliana L'Heureux's column, "Les Franco-Américains," that appeared weekly in the Portland Press Herald (Maine), she quoted Connie Castille and her 25-minute documentary, "I Always Do My Collars First; a Film About Ironing." It is a tribute to the pride French-Acadian women took in doing daily tasks. There was pristine pride and a meticulous attention to appearance and cleanliness. If so, most Franco-Americans relished giving it. Laundry day was usually

Monday. Whites were soaked in a bluing solution to make them whiter. Collars, sleeve cuffs and other likely apparel were soaked in pots of cooked starch, either light or heavy, depending on the stiffness you wanted. Then the clothes were hung out to dry, even in the coldest weather, and that event had its own protocol too. Underwear was hung on the inside lines where they were not obvious from the street. While still damp, clothes were brought in, rolled up in a pillow case, sprinkled with water (humecter) and placed into the ice box until it was time to iron. Although we clung to our original Franco-American customs, it took the writing of this ethnic memoir to realize that my parents relocated from Goffstown, New Hampshire to Sanford, Maine in October of 1947 (my 13th year) and transplanted us to the west side of our town (as opposed to the more-

*"If you think education
is expensive, try ignorance."*

Franco-populated east side), not at all considered a purely Franco-American conclave. Our so-called "middle class" neighborhood provided a rich milieu for growing up during those hormone-popping years. Due only to serendipity, we played baseball, hide and seek, even spin the bottle (now it can be told) with many harlequin ethnicities: Jews, Italians, Irish, Scotch, French, etc. If I screwed up, it was likely some knowing adult in that neighborhood cared enough about me to diplomatically inform my parents. (At least this is my reasoning today.)

One summer a town policeman who had stopped my teen brother earlier because of incredibly loud muffler action on his souped-up car appeared at our front door and asked my dad for his parental cooperation in taming the car's decibels — and my brother! I remember many situations when the neighborhood singularly or collectively sheltered us. And several sequential winters when an invincible pea jacket was shuttled around to whatever child fit it that year! My parents absolutely reveled in hosting relatives, friends (theirs or ours). It was usually at our home where many holiday celebrations occurred that included lavish decorations, delish food (my mom, the Elsa Maxwell of our family who could also deftly morph into a comic via a hilarious monologue about life with my father), beverages, quiz games, music sing-a-longs, and just plain jubilant

fun! Likewise, many of our friends were heartily welcome to surround the piano in song while I accompanied them: "Peg Of My Heart," "Moonlight Bay," "Mockingbird Hill." When one of my brothers was cast in a high school play, full rehearsals were held at our house. Our friends loved to be with our parents, especially when they (my parents) would demonstrate the jitterbug or waltz dancing they were learning at the Arthur Murray Studio in the city! Because they had never had the luxury of much formal education and they realized it was the "ticket," Francos highly valued learning. Here my mind often leaps back to the contractor who built our home and his telling me how pleadingly he begged his friend to teach him square root so he could calculate the pitch of a roof. Wow! A sign in my dad's office proudly proclaimed, "Success is one happy wife and five children with a sheep-skin." (He was successful on all counts.) Mark Twain's adage about education was not just a staid bromide to them; every day they lived it: "If you think education is expensive, try ignorance." Yet their common sense, courage, and lifelong desire to learn imbued my parents with a confidence that seeped through the many arenas of their life, easing the void of what might be called "book learning." One other value, barely a subset of education, was Music! Four of us were gifted with the ability to play the piano — "three by ear," but immediately after supper our piano stool — wherever in our home — was reserved seating for my dad who moseyed to it and serenaded us with both piano and voice as we cleared the table. At other times, my mom who favored more classical music, my brother or I would take turns at that same busy piano. Again, some of these songs were played/sung with considerable gusto in English, French or Latin (hymns). Absent computers and television sets, most groups had sub-cultures, many church-related. These were opportunities for socialization as well as for spiritual interaction. The Daughters of Isabella for women/the Knights of Columbus for Men; le Club St. Jean Baptiste (furthering the Franco language and causes); Children of Mary for women only — along with the more Anglo civic groups such as the Rotary, Elks, Lions, and others. There was a great deal of respect accorded relationships: not only would we have never called our parents by their first names, we even prefaced the names of persons older than us, according

(Continued on page 17)



Lettres/ Letters

Dear Le Forum,

I have a question on the article that appeared in the Winter issue of *Le Forum*, Vol. 43 #4, page 18, Joseph-Caleb Paradis by James Myall.

I am a 76 year old descendant of Pierre Paradis and Barbe Guyon.

Many of my relatives came from Charlesbourg, I led many trips to Quebec from 2003 with visits to covid with visits to Laval doing research on our ascendants.

I wish to receive the names of his parents. I am still in touch with Mario Paradis and Gayon line who lived on the original Paradis arpents in the Ste. Pierre until a few years ago—they built and moved to Boischatel.

**Barbe (Bobbie) Paradis
Bethany, CT**

Dear Barbe,

Thank you for taking the time to write to us. We so enjoy hearing from our readership!

To answer your question, the parent's of Joseph Caleb Paradis are Louis Laurent Paradis and Marie Mathis De Bedard. I have mailed you the rest of that Paradis genealogy line. Merci!

Le Forum



Chere Le Forum,

Bonjour, certain! Qu'elle belle surprise qui m'attendai en arriva chez-nous!

Excuse my spelling etc. I was taught french only in grammar school at St. Joseph's in Old Town when I was a child. —long, long ago —

It was so kind of you to go through all that time & trouble to look up the genealogy. You went beyond my skill of researching on the computer. (I used the library books for 40 years). I'm not computer literate. Thank you so very much! First thing I did was put your sheets in sections in their own clear protective sleeves. As soon as everything is settled I will go into them to discover each precious word.

I was amazed at my reception never did I expect such a joyous meeting or that you were so young and beautiful. I knew that you were there in 2011 — so I expected an older lady. You greeted me as a friend, it certainly felt that way.

I am so grateful that you accepted "Dear Annette". You can't imagine the times I've looked back into it and found joy in the things we told each other, and I wanted it shared and preserved. I'm happy that is has a home now. And that my "Mother's Life" can be with her. Thank you!



*Lisa Desjardins Michaud &
Suzanne Landry*

I'm enclosing the photo that Phylip took of us. I did learn to upload and read your text. So nice! Such fun to see the big photo of us that you enclosed in the packet you sent me.

Thank you for everything and so glad to have finally met you!

**Suzanne Landry
Jennings, LA**

(See page 18 for Suzanne's Mom's story)

Dear Le Forum,

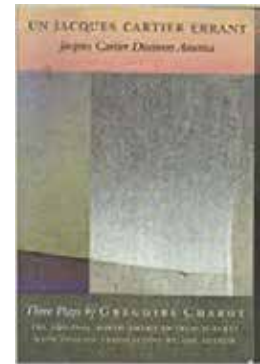
Please find enclosed my check, which is a donation to the fine work of the Franco-American Programs.

I am most appreciative of the gift you sent me. Nonetheless, in gratitude, I wish to do this.

Grégoire Chabot is a master. I enjoyed "Un Jacques Cartier Errant" enormously. It is so funny, but also sad, especially Ti-Jean's "J't't encore deux personnes, moué, M. Cartier" and the remainder of that speech on page 53,

I look forward to reading "Chère Maman" and "Sans Atout".

**Kindest regards,
Pauline Belair
Auburn, MA**



(A Sanford Maine story about being Franco-American continued from page 16)

to their relationship identity to us: aunt Anita, uncle John, Mrs. Binette. Even though they were about the same age, my parents early on were prone to address their friends as either "Madame," "Mademoiselle," or "Monsieur." Every single time we left the house bound for a date, my mom would wisely warn in French, "Remember that for one moment of pleasure (un petit moment de plaisir), you can ruin your whole life." Our parents were strict although retrospect informs me today that, in my case—being the only girl—there was truly a double-standard. Another Franco adage (or was it Confucius): "It's the girl who carries the little package." Across my high school years, I was allowed to join school activities only two nights a week: once for Tuesday basketball practice and once for the Friday night hop. Not so my four brothers whose theme song might have been "Don't Fence Me In."

Today I understand that my parents' helicoptering behaviors (yea, B49 behaviors) were really what is called "tough love." (But even after all these years, that's one heck of an oxymoron to swallow!)

(N.D.L.R.: In the Spring issue of *Le Forum*, page 18-19, was the intro. to this submission, *A Woman Of Courage* written by her daughter, Marie S. Landry. This is her mother's story. This is the first installment).

Memories of my childhood

By Marie Yvonne Blanche Cavanagh

I think that my most vivid memories are of my grandfather Frederick Cavanagh. He was born in 1835 and married to grandmother Marie Anne Arseneault of St. Simeon. She was born in 1836 daughter of Olive Arseneault and grandfather Frederick died 6 December 1923 in Caplan (Québec, Canada) in the house that he had built himself.

I remember him very well. I was 9 years old when he passed away. It seems only yesterday. The night Grandfather passed on December 6th at nine o'clock, maman told Pierre (my brother) and I (Yvonne), "I will light the kerosene lantern and you will go get Mr. Samuel and his mother Mrs. Senima to help prepare Grandfather. (Mr Samuel Arseneault and his mother were our neighbors.) We went and they came right away. In those days, there were no funeral homes. Each family prepared his own dead. There was no embalming. The caskets were made of rough wood. The casket was covered with a black cloth called black cotton batiste. That was the outside. The inside was white cotton. The handles were bought ready made. Four strong metal handles they seem chromed to me. They shown brightly, especially against the black cloth. It gave us chills to look at it even when the casket was empty. It was the way things were done. The sadder it was the better the funeral seemed to be.

The departed was exposed 3 days. During that time family and friends stayed by the casket. They recited the rosary every hour. There were two candle holders each with a blessed candle that burned day and night. That was all prayers. The people were all catholic. Burial was always in the morning at 8 or 9 o'clock.

When I was young, the village of Caplan was populated mostly of small farmers, there were a few who had stores, there were no cars to speak of, maybe one or two, the people rode on horse and buggy or wagons. Horses pulled the two-seater buggy with the casket; a man, usually a neighbor sat on the end of the casket and drove the buggy to the church. After the funeral mass was

sung, the casket was brought to the cemetery. If it was anytime after November, the dead person was placed in a special little house at the cemetery call the "charnier".

In the spring, in the month of May, all the deceased were buried. Each one after the other, near the other. He who died yesterday would be buried next to the one who died today. No one bought burial slots so families could be buried near each other. And it is still the same today. Two years ago (1966) they made a new cemetery in Caplan. The old one was full, no more room in it. So the



priest asked the people of Caplan since they had to have a new cemetery did they want to buy lots. The people said no. They wanted the new cemetery to be run the same way as the old one. I agree, I would say "First come, first served." The new cemetery is in Ruisseau LeBlanc about 1/2 a mile from the King's Road that follows the ocean and the villages. The customs have not changed. He who dies is buried next to the one who died last, in Caplan. It makes no difference to me, it's what they want.

I remember my grandfather very, very well. I was nine years old when he passed on. Pierre was 13 months older than I.

When I cried, grandfather would give me his hand and would walk me to his room. Behind the door of his bedroom he kept a trunk made of wood. It was similar to our



cedar chests. In his trunk he kept peppermint candies. He would give me one and I would immediately stop crying. So, often I would make myself cry to get a piece of candy.

One Sunday afternoon grandfather was sitting in his chair, Mama and Mrs. Osibé Poirier, Mr. André Poirier's mother were outside looking at the garden. I was in the house. He told me "go get your Mother". I went right away. Maman and Mrs. Maggie (Maman's mother-in-law) came into the kitchen.

Mama said "you are very pale, Pépère". Saying that he fell from his chair. Mama sent me to get Mr. André who had gone to Vespers at the church. I met him, he was with his brother. I said, pépère was very sick, they walked fast, Mr. André, Mr. Napoleon went to our house, laid grandfather in his bed and sent for a doctor. He was to be 4 months in bed. He ate well, slept well, but he could not get up. He did sit up in bed. His arms were shaky, not paralyzed, also his body but not his legs. They would not work.

He now rests in the cemetery in Caplan (Québec, Canada) not far from his wife and his son Joseph, my father) who died 1917, on January 19th. Grandfather died 1923 on the 6th of December. He was 87 years and 6 months old. Sunday afternoons Mama and I would go to the cemetery before going to Vespers. A kind of ceremony we call Vespers at church. We sing and the priest says the rosary. It lasted one hour. Vespers were at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon. Each Sunday when we went to the cemetery mama and I, we visited and prayed for the dead and where grandfather was buried there grew the most beautiful flowers that I had ever seen. They were wild roses. No one had ever planted them there but all where they grew was like a little
(Continued on page 19)

(Memories of my childhood continued from page 18)

garden of flowers. Wild roses year-after-year they were there. The strange thing was no one except him had these flowers and in 1974 they were still growing there—and I have the same kind of flowers in the field not far from my house in Orono, Maine. Some grew near the river that runs by my house. Each summer I see them. They are a pretty rose color, small about the size of a nickle. Some are a light rose in color and they have a wonderful smell of roses.

I didn't know Grandma Marie Anne Cavanagh. She was deceased by the time I was born. Maman often spoke to me of her. Maman thought highly of Grandmother Marie-Anne. She had become paralyzed from the hips down not more than two years after Maman had married. My mother worked hard. Later I will speak of that.

Yes, Grandmother could do nothing for herself after she became paralyzed. There were no wheel chairs then. She sat in her rocking chair and it was pulled to the table three times a day at meal time. She was so paralyzed that she was like a child in diapers. Maman took good care of her. Grandmother and Grandfather had a large family: 3 boys: Simeon, Joseph and Charles and 6 girls: Sophie, Rose, Marie, Anna, Philomene and Javotte.

Two girls married and lived in Bonaventure as neighbors, Sophie and Rose. Two lived in New Richmond, Anna and Marie. They married two brothers (Two brothers married two sisters) Sevère and Frederick Cyr. Anna married Sevère and Marie married Frederick.

Anna had two boys Lucien and Edgar, one daughter, Alpheda. They are all dead now.

Aunt Marie married to Uncle Frederick did not have any children. But they did take Lucien the son of Uncle Sevère Cyr (their nephew) to raise.

Aunt Marie Sophie married Thomas Henri. They lived on a farm in Bonaventure. They raised a large family: Jean-Baptiste, Germain Ulcide, Henri, Filibert, Therese, Anne, Philomene, and two more girls who became nuns in Montreal in a convent. That was the family of Aunt Sophie and Uncle Thomas Henri.

Uncle Charles Cavanagh had no children. He married two times. He lived in Montreal and worked in the post office.

Uncle Simeon always lived in the USA in Tacoma Washington. He also never

had any children.

Philomene never married. She died.

Aunt Sophie's daughter Philomene died when she was 28 years old of tuberculosis.

Her sister Theresa married and lived in Gaspé. She married late in life and had no children. Her husband was a widower. He had had a family.

There were 3 Philomenes: Philomene Henri, Philomene Cavanagh (grandfather's), she married and lived in Rimouski, she had 2 boys and one girl. She was grandfather Cavanagh's daughter. Aunt Javotte married and lived in Lewiston, Maine. She had many boys & girls. Her husband's family name was Raymond, his name was George. Members of his family still live in Lewiston, Maine, but we don't visit. We never did. Joseph, my father always lived in Caplan. All of Grandfather's generation died suddenly except Father who died of an accidental injury at age 40. He died of a blow to the lung area. He hit himself on the corner of his boat. It turned bad for him then. Hospitals were far away in the cities. But the country doctor from Bonaventure attended to him. He was not educated as the doctors of today are. Soda and iodine were about all the medicines he had to prescribe. It turned bad. He as sick 4 years before he died on 19 January, 1917 at the age of 44.

Grandmother and Grandfather had given their farm to Maman & Daddy when they got married (or in the same year). They always lived together caring for the old folks. I knew many of grandfather's children. I knew Uncle Charles Cavanagh. I was 17 years old, I had got a ride with family from Ottawa who were going back home. He, his wife and 2 children. They had gone to visit Paspébiac. They had stopped to see Maman, so I got a ride to Montreal with them. (My sister) Louise (lived in Montreal). She was expecting her 3rd child. I went to help care for her children for a month. It was there at Louise's that I got to know Uncle Charles, Grandfather Cavanagh's son. He had fallen sick. I went to see him at the hospital. I liked him very much. He said he would leave me a souvenir. And, yes he did, a beautiful ring, an expensive ring at that, that Louise never gave to me. She kept it for herself and bought me one for a dollar and a half. She had given it to Ernest (our brother) to give to me saying "Louise sends you the ring that Uncle Charles left for you." But it was not the ring. He had it on his own hands. She never gave it to me, but



a robber broke into her house and stole my ring along with other jewelry 20 years later. She was punished. I have always resented her. It was ended. She was no longer my sister, ends there. Uncle Charles' wife, his first wife was a woman of means and had expensive jewelry. It was one of her rings that he had left for me. I never got it.

I knew Aunt Rose, Aunt Sophie, Aunt Philomene, Daddy's three sisters. I remember them. And I remember two of his brothers who lived in St. Simeon, George and Ezahee, they were both old but still handsome. Another of Grandfather Cavanagh's sons "Simeon Cavanagh" lived in Tacoma Washington, (USA) married, but no children. Uncle Charles and Uncle Simeon never came to Caplan to visit the family after they left Caplan and their parents. I don't know why they never came back to Caplan. I suppose they had their reasons.



Mama's house when it was being demolished. Uncle Freddie's house behind it.

PLEASE HELP!

In the Fall issue of *Le Forum* we plan on publishing an extensive article commemorating and honoring Franco Americans and Acadian Americans who served in in the Armed services including some of them still on active duty today.

In the this issue we want to highlight that Nov 11th is Veterans Day.

What we are particularly looking for from our readers are anecdotal stories of those Franco Americans and Acadian Americans who used their French language as translators or interpreters during wartime or peacetime to benefit their mission.

If you have any little stories you care to share with us, please send them to Le Forum with the name, rank, branch of service and a photo if possible of the individual you recommend and why.

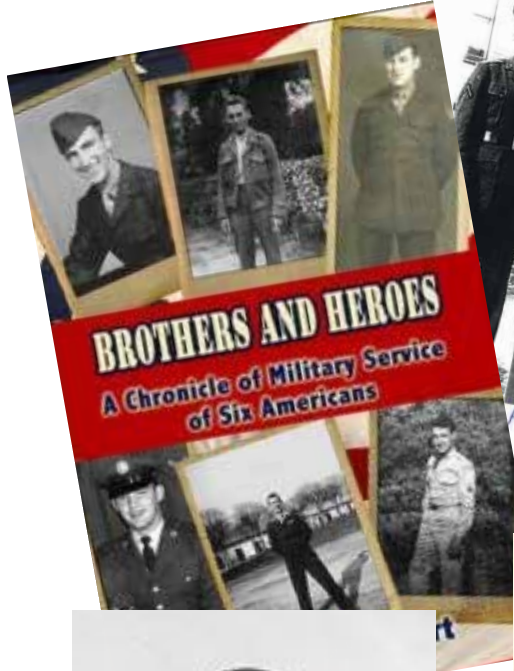
Thank you / Merci beaucoup!

**Lisa Michaud (lisam@maine.edu)
and**

Ron Héroux (frannie542@ aol.com)

*The sons of George and Rosanna
(Cliche) Bourque*

Armand, Fernand, Wilfred and Laffy



Onias Martin, World War II



Monument in Bonnetable France honoring Onias' ultimate sacrifice.



*Maj. Gross, Dan, Cpt. ?, Sgt Villa, Gary, Richard, Karl, Don, and FNG. *LZ Baldy, Vietnam 1969.*



BOOKS/LIVRES

New books and donated materials that can be found in our library....

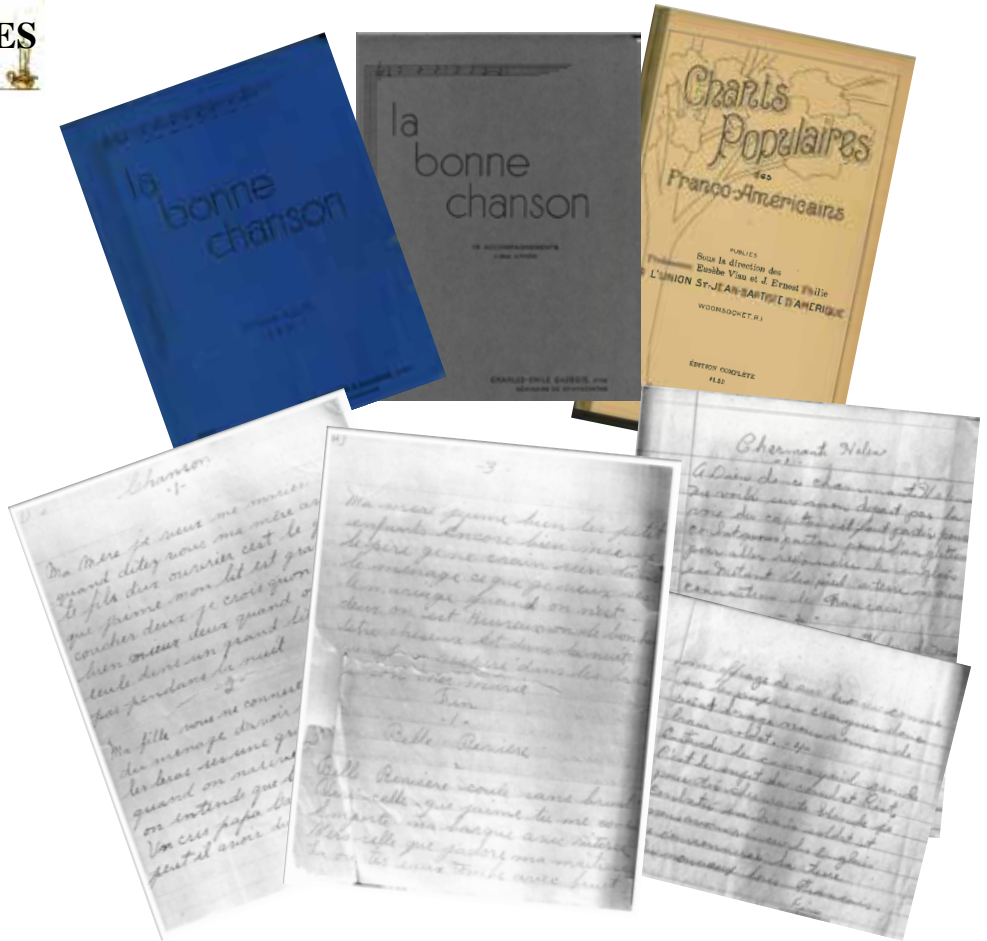
Thank you to Gary Levesque of Van Buren for donating his mother's (Irene Gladys Morrow Levesque) songbook collection and her book of handwritten songs.

A special thank you to Irene for sharing this treasure trove with others!

We also received from Gary a handwritten songbook that belonged to his mother's Aunt, Annie Cyr.

A little about Irene: Born Irene Gladys Morrow on 17 Apr 1927 in Hamilin, daughter of James Morrow and Memmerie Cyr. She married Antoine Levesque on 9 Apr 1947 in Van Buren and raised a family of 8 children. She still lives by herself in her home in Van Buren at the age of 95.

A little about Annie Cyr: Born Marie Anne Cyr on 27 Aug 1900 in Hamlin, daughter of Prime Antoine (Pea) Cyr and Louise Lebel. When she left Hamlin after 1940 she moved to Hartford, CT and was a nanny for the same family for numerous years. She married Albert J. Thibodeau on 24 Jul 1954 in Hartford, CT, and later moved to Van Buren. She died on 22 Sep 1990 and is buried in Van Buren.



Irene early 20's



Irene 89 years old, 2015



Annie teenage years



Annie and Albert



Le Festival Cookbook: A Book of Franco-American Recipes

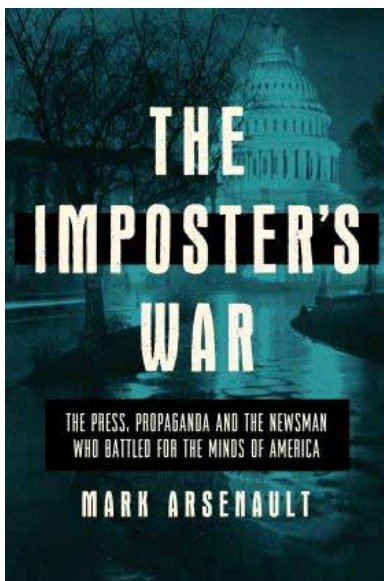
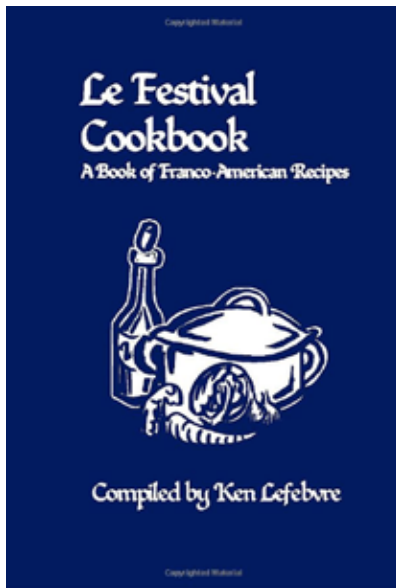
by *Ken Lefebvre (Compiler)*

This cookbook represents an effort to compile authentic Franco-American recipes from numerous archives and literary sources of the mid-20th century. In this book you won't find the French cuisine of Paris, of puff pastries or delicately plated duck confit. These are the dishes of the working class, humble, accessible- the food of those who forged a new identity in the United States, reminiscent of France, of Canada, of Quebec. In this book of New England French recipes you won't find the Cajun "Holy Trinity", but what you will find is roux, choux, and tourtières.

About the Author:

KEN LEFEBVRE is a researcher and historian from Massachusetts. He primarily researches and studies the cultural history of New England, particularly that of the Springfield-Holyoke region. Attending the University of Massachusetts, he received a bachelor's in environmental science in 2013 as well as the Friends of the Library Undergraduate Research Award. In 2015 he earned a master's in public policy and administration.

<https://tinyurl.com/5n893pdb>



The Imposter's War The Press, Propaganda, and the Newsman who Battled for the Minds of America

by *Mark Arsenault*

to request a Declaration of War from Congress—all the while exposing sensational spy plots and getting German diplomats expelled from the U.S.

And yet John Rathom was not even his real name. His swashbuckling biography was outrageous fiction. And his many acts of journalistic heroism, which he recounted to rapt audiences on nationwide speaking tours, never happened. Who then was this great, beloved, and ultimately tragic imposter?

In *The Imposter's War*, Mark Arsenault unearths the truth about Rathom's origins and revisits a surreal and too-little-known passage in American history that reverberates today.

The story of John Rathom encompasses the propaganda battle that set America on a course for war. He rose within the editorial ranks, surviving romantic scandals and combative rivals, eventually transitioning from an editor to a de facto spy. He brought to light the Huerta plot (in which Germany

was determined to push the United States and Mexico into a war) and helped to upend labor strikes organized by German agents to shut down American industry.

Rathom was eventually brought low by an up-and-coming political star by the name of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Arsenault tracks the rise and fall of this enigmatic figure, while providing the rich and fascinating context of Germany's acts of subterfuge through the early years of World War I.

The Imposter's War is a riveting and spellbinding narrative of a flawed newsman who nevertheless changed the course of history.

Mark Arsenault is a lead writer for the Boston Globe's "Spotlight Team," which won the Pulitzer Prize for their coverage of the Boston Marathon bombing. This is his first book.

<http://pegasusbooks.com/books/the-imposters-war-9781643139364-hardcover>

The shocking history of the espionage and infiltration of American media during WWI and the man who exposed it. A man who was not who he claimed to be...

Russia was not the first foreign power to subvert American popular opinion from inside. In the lead-up to America's entry into the First World War, Germany spent the modern equivalent of one billion dollars to infiltrate American media, industry, and government to undermine the supply chain of the Allied forces. If not for the ceaseless activity of John Revelstoke Rathom, editor of the scrappy Providence Journal, America may have remained committed to its position of neutrality. But Rathom emerged to galvanize American will, contributing to the conditions necessary for President Wilson

BOOKS/LIVRES



An Artist of Daring Creativity

Micheline Bousquet

An Analytical Biography

by Norman Beaupré

AN ARTIST OF
DARING CREATIVITY:
Micheline Bousquet
An Analytical Biography



NORMAN BEAUPRÉ

Among the many books that Norman Beaupré has written and published, this particular one, *An Artist of Daring Creativity* is most probably the highlight of his career as an established writer. As an author, he values the creative spirit that goes into any work of art, especially one that demonstrates a rare quality of expression.

Micheline Bousquet is just such an artist. In his analytical biography, the author recognizes the outstanding quality of Bousquet's skills as an artist and teacher. He considers her one of the finest artists of the last seventy-five years or so although she never achieved acclamation for her work. She struggled and sacrificed for any worthwhile acclaim but she did not, could not afford to gain it due to her financial difficulties and her lack of beneficial contacts in the art world. Nevertheless, she has yet to be discovered. Norman Beaupré believes that one day, her creative work ever daring in mastery and powerful esthetic fulfillment will not only be discovered by many but will undoubtedly be acclaimed as a true and lasting artistic endeavor in the realm of creativity that is considered daring and insightful by many of her students and her followers. Norman Beaupré insists that although Micheline Bousquet struggled with financial means, she was indeed rich in creative talent and artistic expression. Micheline Bousquet died in April, 2021 and is buried in Varengeville-sur-mer cemetery in Normandy, France where she spent a good portion of her life as an American artist of French descent.

The book may be ordered through Amazon, familiar to many readers. The printer is Outskirts Press out of Colorado. It comes in two forms, Paperback, ISBN No. 978-1-9772-3485-8. The hardback version is ISBN 978-1-9772-3530-5.

About the Author:

Dr. Beaupré was born and grew up in Biddeford. After attaining his PhD in French Literature from Brown University, he returned and taught at St. Francis College for 30 years. He is also a prolific writer, having published 24 books. Many of his books are in French and capture the essence of the Franco-American culture that he grew up in. Experiences during his extensive world travels also provide material for his other books.

Dr. Beaupré has been instrumental in numerous community initiatives to preserve his Franco-American culture. His accomplishments have been recognized through several awards presented by Biddeford, the State of Maine and the Government of France.



<https://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/an-artist-of-daring-creativity-norman-beaupre/1141292491>

POETRY/POÉSIE...

En cause du Covid

par Don Levesque par temps perdus

Cabané deux étés
En cause du Covid
Cabané deux hivers
En cause du Covid
Cabané deux années
En cause du Covid
Tanné d'être cabané
En cause du Covid

J'aurais aller ou s't'accoutumé d'aller
J'aurais aimé traverser les trois ponts de la rivière
J'aurais aimé visiter mes cousins, cousines, pi mon frère
J'aurais aimé m'promener dans les vieux cimitières

Mais shu cabané deux étés
En cause du Covid
Cabané deux hivers
En cause du Covid
Cabané deux années
En cause du Covid
Tanné d'être cabané
En cause du Covid

J'aurais aimé jouer d'la musique
Faire tous l'monde chanter a même temps
J'aurais aimé jouer d' la musique
Avec Charlie pi Roger temps en temps
J'aurais aimé jouer d'la musique
Chanter les chansons que sais par coeur
J'aurais aimé jouer d'la musique du matin jusqu'au soir

Mais shu cabané deux étés
En cause du Covid
Cabané deux hivers
En cause du Covid
Cabané deux années
En cause du Covid
Tanné d'être cabané
En cause du Covid

La shu content d'être avec vous autres de temps en temps
J'me r'semble que ça fait trop longtemps qu'on s'attend
Moué shu piqué pi shu boosté jusqu'au bouté
Pi j'ai un gros masque dans l'visage en tous cas que j'tousse

Cabané deux étés
En cause du Covid
Cabané deux hivers
En cause du Covid
Cabané deux années
En cause du Covid
Tanné d'être cavbané
En cause du Covid

Rassemblement des Artistes

par Trudy Lamoureux

Il y avait un temps où on réunissait
Les artistes Franco-Américains qui avaient
Dans leur travail trouvé succès
Et à ces Réunions plusieurs venaient.

Quelques un d'eux donnaient présentation
De leurs travail et efforts, à sa façon
Les musiciens,, les peitnres et les auteurs
Nous entretenait chacun près d'une demi-heure.

Enchanté, on écoute bien les chansons
De la belle voix de Josée Vachon
Des écrits de nos familles et hameaux
D'un jeune professeur, Robert Perreault.

Des belles images, aquarelles et peintures
Installées autour de nous sur leas murs
Par certain peintres de notre race Franco
Pour être apprécié car c'est si beau.

On entend les histoires et sentiments
Par l'animateur, Michel Parent.
Le soir, à la musique, on danse et chante
C'est vraiment une soirée bien plaisante.

De tous ces artistes, qu'est-il arrivé?
Plusieurs à la retraite, d'autres décédés.
Livres, disques, peintures on a encore recours
Et leur travail durera toujours.



*Rassemblement 1987
Bates College, Lewiston, ME*

(N.D.L.R.: The French version of this article appeared in the Spring/Printemps issue of Le Forum (https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum/). Thank you to Denis Carrier for kindly providing our readership with the English translation).

Denis Perreault – From Quebec to California

By Denis Carrier

Denis Perreault was born in Saint-Alban, Quebec, in June 1858. He was a son of Bellarmin Perreault and Séraphine Perreault (also her maiden name). He had an older brother Joseph born the previous year. Two sisters will follow, Emma and Lumina plus seven other boys, including Antoine who will enrich this saga¹. The Perreault family had come from Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pérade to settle in Saint-Alban in 1856.



Saint-Alban and Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pérade (Source: Google Maps)

Denis Perreault attended school, which was not always the norm in rural Quebec. His brother Antoine would tell us later that he liked studying. He was in the class of Madame Douville, a teacher for 45 years at the school located near the church in Saint-Alban. Wanting to perfect his knowledge, Denis Perreault even chose to study English in Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pérade with Mr. St-Cyr. Then, he returned to Saint-Alban, and took a job as clerk at Siffroy Leclerc's General Store.

By the lure of the adventure and a little by the recklessness of his young age, Denis Perreault then makes the decision to go on foot (yes on foot!) from Saint-Alban to Los Angeles, or at least up to Omaha, Nebraska,

an incredible and risky adventure in which he almost lost his life. But not as thoughtless as one might think at first sight. We are in the midst of the migration of French-Canadians to the United States and North America is still our playground. In addition, Denis' father, Bellarmin Perreault, had paved the way for his son. Leaving Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pérade a few years earlier, he had made the journey on foot to California. He was then accompanied by five friends bringing a convoy of cattle, a seven-month adventure, from which all returned safe and sound and hopefully a little richer. When Denis makes the decision to undertake this adventure of more than 3,000 miles, it is with the intention of joining his older brother Joseph already there.

Let's listen to his brother Antoine reminding us of the context in which his departure took place.

"The evening before Denis left, the neighbors came to the house to wish a good trip to our dear Denis, who was esteemed and loved in the parish. My good old father had a very special affection for him. At this farewell meeting, there were many tears shed. It seems to me that I can still see my good and holy mother, behind the big stove, shedding floods of tears. My father keeps them for the departure the next day..."

Denis will not make the trip without clear instructions. His father made this long walk, Joseph is not without having written to him from California and as Antoine specifies in his narration: *"I still hear the advice of Uncle Ludger, of Narcisse Cloutier..."* Then Antoine summarizes the situation adding: *"This dear child had never traveled and was leaving alone to go so far."*



*Denis Perreault
(Source : Collection Guy Perreault)*



*Family home in Saint-Alban where
Denis Perreault left for California
(Source: Collection Guy Perreault)*

I could not trace the exact date of his departure, but the well-established custom was to leave in the spring. Most likely at the end of April or the beginning of May.

Everything seems to be going smoothly at first. A letter is mailed to Joseph
(Continued on page 26)

¹ Narration given by Antoine Perreault to his niece Huguette Sauvageau at Nédélec, Quebec, in 1952, and the presentation made by Guy Perreault (Denis's great-nephew) at the March 31, 2004 meeting of the Société du Patrimoine du Canton de Nédélec. An audio recording of his presentation is kept at the National Archives in Ville-Marie.

(Denis Perreault – from Québec to California continued from page 25)

indicating a probable date of arrival. Then another from Denis arrives, stating that he has traveled to Omaha, Nebraska: *"I write from Omaha. Another day and a half [by train] and I will be with Joseph. Nothing bad happened to me."*

Then, about ten days later, a letter from Joseph arrived, saying in summary: *"Denis hasn't arrived...Why did he change his mind at the last minute, quickly get an answer..."*

The response from the family is not long in coming. Denis obviously did not turn back. Joseph replies that he himself came to Omaha, he saw nothing, knew nothing. Father, mother and children are worried sick.³

After three months, no news. We learn that Nebraska is at war with the Indians. We immediately deduce that dear Denis is a prisoner of the Savages. Everyone has their own idea: Is Denis a prisoner? Is he dead or alive? Was he martyred, burned, eaten by the Savages? The concern is great and for good reason. Thus, Antoine recalls: *"I surprised dad one day behind the barn. He was on his knees praying and crying like a child."*



Barn at the Perreault's in Saint-Alban
(Source: Collection Guy Perreault)

These three months with no news led Curé Dionne to visit the Perreaults. He then advises these good people to "sing" the funeral service of their son. The father still hopes to see his son alive again and chooses to wait another month. The additional month having passed, the funeral service takes place in the Church of Saint-Alban, in the absence of the body. All parishioners are present in solidarity with the family.



A) Saint-Alban,
B) Notre-Dame-du-Nord,
C) Marquette,
D) Omaha,
E) Los Angeles

(Source: Google Maps)

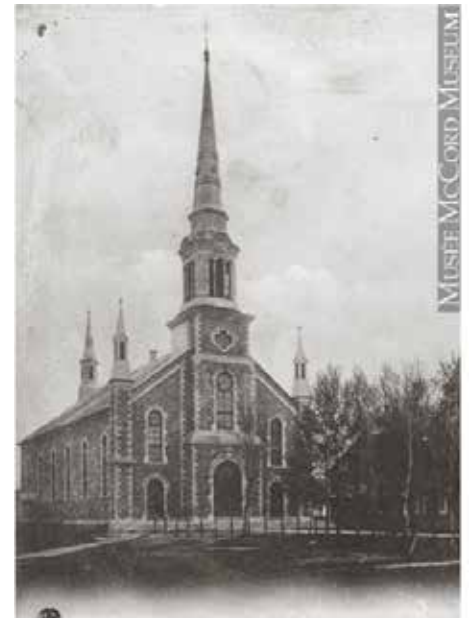
In actual fact, Denis Perreault was not dead but simply lost². Seeing a full convoy of soldiers arriving in Omaha and not wanting to be conscripted against his will, he fled and got completely lost. As Antoine will say: *"He is lost, he walks, he runs day after day, week after week, month after month. Here's why: Denis, scared, walks away from Omaha and hides for a couple of days, hoping to see all these soldiers leave the city. He had gone too far... When he tried to come back, he realized that he was lost."*

He sleeps under the stars; its small

supply of food is quickly running out. He eats roots, learns to kill snakes with a long stick at the rate of one to three per day. He also survives by robbing a few Indians and thanking god with all his heart and clear conscience for having something to eat. The barking of dogs

have tells him where they are. He also took the precaution of "bringing" a blanket for the chilly nights. He survives ... somehow. He takes advantage of moonlit nights; then after asking the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Good Saint Anne and his Guardian Angel to protect him, he allows himself to go and plunder the reserve of some Indians who are obviously heavy sleepers. He then flees at full speed out of the sight of his "benefactors".

Such a long wandering poses a problem for him: *"The nights were cold. I knew fall couldn't be far away. The walk was becoming painful... My shoes had almost no soles. Often, I spent part of the day drying*



Church of St. Alban
(Source: Collection Musée McCord)

my clothes... I realized that I was losing my health... I kept myself hidden during the day... I walked at night if it was moonlight... my thinness was complete. And he adds: "I spoke to God for a long time."

Seeing that he was going around in circles, that he was going back to the same place, he finally chose to be guided by the stars (probably Polaris), the moon and the sun. Thus, after only three nights, he hears the whistle of a train, remembers well the direction of the source and finally crosses the railway which he then follows. He later

(Continued on page 27)

² Corroborated during the interview made by the author with Guy Perreault on April 3, 2013.

(Denis Perreault – from Québec to California continued from page 26)

sees a house, a stable and men.

He is charitably welcomed. They feed him, give him clothes and allow him to recuperate for a few days before offering him work. They can surely see that he is young and that he will eventually make a good employee. He learns that it is November and that he has been gone for five months. They charge him to take care of the stable. Coming from a farm, he knows how to do his job well. He appreciates that the horses only spend the night there.

One day, while cleaning the stable, he finds a gold coin. He picks it up and at dinner, like the good Christian that he is, gives it to his boss. It was a twenty-dollar coin. The boss is so surprised by his honesty that he hands it over. After about a month at this job, Denis takes leave, arguing that he wants to go and join his brother Joseph and above all to give news to his family. Rich with his small salary and his gold coin, he has enough to dress appropriately and buy a ticket to Los Angeles. He thanks these good people and, in his eagerness, forgets to ask the name of the place where he was.

Two days and two nights later, around nine o'clock in the morning, he heard "Los Angeles Station". He knows very well that Joseph will not be waiting for him on the platform, but he knows his address by heart. He treats himself to a good meal at the restaurant, then takes a horse-drawn carriage to Joseph's boarding house. The ride is two and a half hours which is a good clue as to where Joseph resides. The field where Joseph works is one additional mile away. One can easily imagine the intensity of the reunion of the two brothers.

One of the first tasks Denis Perreault made a point of accomplishing was to write to his family in Quebec. The letter arrives in Saint-Alban in December. Antoine tells us in his narration that the reading is done by his sister Emma, by candlelight, the kerosene lamp having not yet arrived in Saint-Alban. The letter is brief: "I got lost. I had a bit of trouble but no accident. I am healthy. I am with Joseph. I will write in a couple of weeks and hope to send you my photograph³".

Shortly after arriving in Los Angeles, Denis bought a piece of land for market gar-



1875 20\$ in gold

dening. He will make it the main activity of his life. This activity will be very profitable. Antoine will say later that Denis sends from time three or four hundred dollars to his family, quite an amount at that time.

My research on Denis Perreault led me to correspond with Mrs. Hélène Demeestere⁴ of Los Angeles, whom I would like to thank for her research on Denis Perreault and for the additional leads she provided me.

Denis Perreault officially arrived in California in 1878, a slight discrepancy with the narration made from memory, much later, by Antoine. Mrs. Demeestere also informed me that in 1887, an advertisement published in the Daily Alta California dated September 5th, mentioning a letter addressed to him and available at the general delivery. We see from this that Denis Perreault has activities also in San Francisco. In my interview with Guy Perrault, he told me that Denis Perreault also had a point of sale in San Francisco under the name of "Den Perrault".

In 1893, Denis Perreault bought a lot. Probably the lot mentioned above. This lot is 12 acres in size and was part of the Rancho Providencia.

Details of the southeastern part of the San Fernando Valley (1880) showing the Rancho La Providencia (the Pentagon) with an area of 16.45 km² (Source: wikipedia)

Some contextualization of land ownership in what is now Burbank on the outskirts of Los Angeles is, I think, necessary. California, which had been Spanish or more precisely Mexican for a very long time. It had only been American since 1850. The civil laws including the right to individual property had remained Mexican for a good

number of years. Rancho La Providencia, owned by Vicente de la Ossa when it was created, was a large estate where a large herd of sheep was kept.

But now the arrival of American cattle ranchers is causing a problem. A long legal battle ensued to find out whether it was the owner of a Rancho who had to close his domain or the new breeders who had to prevent their cattle from entering the Rancho. This confrontation between *Fence-in* and *Fence-out* supporters ultimately resulted in the Rancho owner having to fence off his estate. Add to that the arrival of new taxes and the former Mexican owners had to sell little by little parcels of their estate to meet their obligations.

Vicente de la Ossa eventually sold his entire estate to David W. Alexander who resold it in 1867 to David Burbank. The latter sold it to the speculator group Providencia Land, Water & Development Co., of which Burbank was one of the directors. Rancho La Providencia was then subdivided into small farmhouses, one of which Denis Perreault acquired in 1893⁵.

Burbank, a suburb of Los Angeles, was then agricultural. The tramway tracks are in the center of the street which bears the name of Olive Avenue. Photo: USC Libraries Collection. "Burbank at 100: From Sheep Ranch to Media Capital" by Nathan (Continued on page 28)



Map of Rancho La Providencia
Details of the southeastern part of San Francisco Valley (1880) showing Rancho La Providencia (the pentagon) with an area of 16.45 km² (source: wikipedia)

³ This is the photo at the beginning of this article.

⁴ At the time of writing this article in French (2013), Ms. Demeestere was preparing her doctoral thesis on French immigration to California during the period concerned.

⁵ DEMEESTER, Hélène, email of April 8, 2013

(Denis Perreault – from Québec to California continued from page 27)

Masters, 2011. www.kcet.org

Denis Perreault acquired his 12 acres from H.L. McNeil. He will later resell it at a profit to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. The latter being in default of payment, Denis initiated legal proceedings. He won his case and recovered his land by order of the court in 1899. The photo of Burbank shows a good place for market gardening. A contrast with Les Côtes-à-Perreault of Notre-Dame-du-Nord where the soil is sandy and the climate much colder.

In 1892, we can retrace Denis Perreault. On December 3, he is counted in anticipation of an election. This document tells us that he is 34 years old and lives at 1925 Figueroa Street in Los Angeles.

Another search on the Web reveals that he was also naturalized American in 1892. The spelling used in California is Perrault (without “e”). In 1900, the year of the census in the United States, Denis Perreault is listed in San Diego⁶. Two addresses emerged from my research. One at 2327 H



Photo of the surroundings of Denis Perreault’s farm taken around 1887

View southeast down Olive Avenue, circa 1887, showing the fledgling town of Burbank in the distance. Streetcar tracks run down the middle of the road. Courtesy of the Title Insurance and Trust/ C.C. Pierce Photography Collection, USC Libraries. Burbank at 100: From Sheep Ranch to Media Capital “ by Nathan Masters, 2011, www.kcet.org


(Market Street) and the other at ED 199, San Diego City, Ward 8. He is 42 years old and declares “capitalist” (businessman) as his occupation. He is still single and lives as lodger at Ms Margaret Adamson house (Ward 8, ED 199). She is widowed, 63 years

old and born in New Brunswick, Canada. Shortly after the census, around 1901-1902, Denis Perreault was ill. A pain “in the side” (a hernia?) forces him to rest. His doctor suggested he spent his summers in (Continued on page 29)

Denis Perrault

Recensement • United States Census, 1900

IMPRIMER
MODIFIER
TRANSMETTRE



[AFFICHER LE DOCUMENT ORIGINAL](#)

Renseignements sur le document

Indiquer ce document en référence

"United States Census, 1900", database with images, FamilySearch (https://www.familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:M957-Q75 : 11 March 2022), Denis Perrault in entry

Nom	Denis Perrault
Sexe	Male
Âge	42
Date de l'événement	1900
Lieu de l'événement	San Diego, San Diego, California, United States
Lieu de l'événement (original)	San Diego city Ward 8, ED 199, San Diego, California, United States
Immigration Date	1878
Date de naissance	Jun 1858
Lieu de naissance	Canada Fr
Situation familiale	Single
Appartenance à une ethnie ou une nation	White
Lien avec le chef de ménage	Lodger
Lieu de naissance du père	Canada Fr
Lieu de naissance de la mère	Canada Fr
Type d'événement	Census
Identifiant du ménage	45

1900 California census

⁶ <https://www.familysearch.org/search/record/results?f.collectionId=1325221&q.anyDate.from=1900&q.anyPlace=Californie &q.givenName=Denis&q.surname=Perrault> https://www.genealogybank.com/explore/census/all?lname=Perrault&fname=Denis&state%5B%5D=california&-decade%5B %5D=1900&pq=1&prebuy=no&intver=7D_6M&CCPRDCCODE=&s_trackval=&s_referrer=&s_siteloc=&kbid=69919 and <https://digitalcommons.csmb.edu/do/search/?q=1900%20census%20&start=0&context=1&facet=>

(Denis Perreault – from Québec to California continued from page 28)

the north, in San Francisco, or on Catalina Island, located 50-60 miles from the coast, and his winters further south in San Diego. Believing himself to be on the verge of death, he wrote (in 1901-1902) a will, of which he sent a copy to his brother Antoine (Brother Xavier in the community of the Sacred Heart and director of the Académie du Lac Mégantic, Quebec) telling him: “If after four months you have not heard from me, open the letter containing my will and carry out my wishes”. Three months pass and Denis having recovered asks to return the letter and the will which would have taught us so much. A copy certainly exists in a forgotten registry of a California layer.

Ten years later, it is not his physical

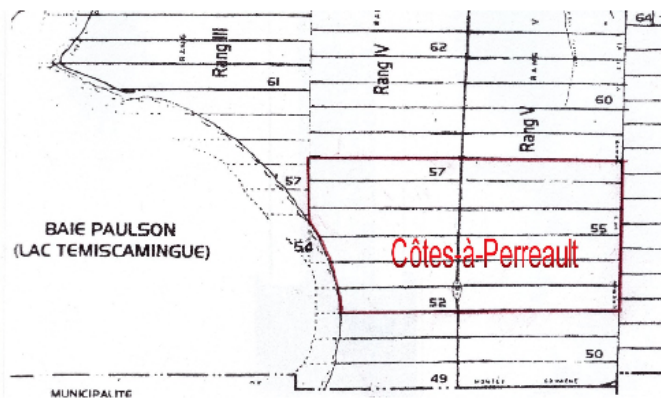
health that is a problem, but his mental health. A letter from his Los Angeles banker addressed to Antoine mentions Denis Perreault’s inability to manage his large assets. It is requested that a sane person go to Los Angeles to see to his affairs. Antoine, who is in theological studies with the aim of being ordained a priest⁷, must refuse.

His brother Joseph⁸, who now lives in Notre-Dame-du-Nord, was then asked to go to Los Angeles. Once there, two days are enough for Joseph to find his brother. He finds him quite well and brings him back to Saint-Alban before returning alone to Notre-Dame-du-Nord. They had crossed the border on April 25, 1912⁹. Joseph brought back Denis but certainly not his fortune. He continued his simple life on his farm, on lot 57, Rang V, in Les Côtes-à-Perreault¹⁰ (Perreault’s Hills).

Denis Perreault’s stay in Saint-Alban was relatively brief. He finds the temperature very cold in Quebec. One day when Antoine, a clergyman by trade, goes to attend mass, Denis takes the opportunity to slip away. When Antoine returns home, he only finds a note telling him that he is going back to California alone. Following this hasty departure, Antoine learns that Denis, on his way to California, had visited his sister Lumina in Montreal and his brother Telesphore in Marquette, Michigan. We assume that he returned safely to Los Angeles but Antoine will say later in his narration: “Since then [Denis return alone to California in 1912] we have never had, nor known, a word from our dear Denis”.

In 1925, thirteen years after Denis’ somewhat blind return to California, Antoine decided to go looking for him. It was about time... He looked for him in hospitals, starting with Vancouver, B.C. and Victoria, then further south in Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and many other cities, ending in Los Angeles. Everywhere, the same answer: They have never received anyone bearing the name of Denis or Den Perrault. Antoine then returned to his faithful Indians in Saskatchewan until 1931, when he was transferred to Vancouver to exercise his ministry there until his retirement, which he took with the Sisters. He died in Vancouver in 1957 at the age of 90.

(Continued on page 30)



Les Côtes-à-Perreault



Joseph (dit Bellarmin) Perreault family in Notre-Dame-du-Nord about 1910

Lot 57, Rang V, Guigues Township at Les Côtes-à-Perreault.

From left to right, back row: Alphonse Perreault, Delphine Perreault, Henry Starr, Rose Perreault and Joseph Perreault Jr. In front of Joseph Jr (center row): Étudienne Perreault, Joseph alias Bellarmin Perreault, Armelle Perreault and Émile Perreault (seated). Front row: Albani Perreault and Ernest Perreault. (Source: Collection Guy Perreault)

⁷ He will be ordained a priest in Domremy, Saskatchewan on September 13, 1914.

⁸ Joseph Perreault was baptized under “Joseph Désiré Perreault”. In California, he seems to have used “Joseph” only. In Quebec, he was known by the first name of “Bellarmin” even if he did not receive this first name at birth. He himself uses the first name of his father and grandfather. He is Joseph “à” Bellarmin, that is to say “son of” Bellarmin. He even used Bellarmin when he married in Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pérade, in 1886, his cousin Etudienne Perreault. Please note: there were many Joseph Perreaults. “Our” Joseph Perreault (known as Bellarmin Perreault in Notre-Dame-du-Nord) also named one of his sons Joseph (nicknamed Grand-Jos meaning Tall Jos). Another Joseph Perreault, also from Saint-Alban and related to “our” Joseph, came to Notre-Dame-du-Nord (Rang VI) in 1907. He was married to Léontine Leboeuf and was nicknamed “Gros-Jos” meaning Big Jos.

⁹ Author interview with Guy Perreault on April 23, 2013.

¹⁰ PERREAULT, Guy, Les côtes-à-Perreault, page 128. ISBN 2-920579-13-4.

(Denis Perreault – from Québec to California continued from page 29)



*Antoine Perreault brother of Denis
(Source: Collection Guy Perreault)*

And our Denis Perreault, what happened to him after his return to Los Angeles given his mental condition?¹¹ His internment in a psychiatric hospital or asylum as it was then called, must not have taken long.

I found the main psychiatric hospital in Los Angeles in operation at that time (1912-1925). The Hellingly, opened in 1903 and closed in 1994. Its name alone sends shivers down your spine (the “hell” included in the name). It is located in the West Park district and has been abandoned since 1994. A quick overview and a relevant photo help us to understand the conditions in which Denis Perreault had to end his days. This monument to madness, surprisingly, had a huge ballroom. What was it for if not to remind the fallen greatness of its residents?

At that time, living conditions were such that 10% of patients died each year. Having no immediate family in Los Angeles, one can easily imagine the sadness of Denis Perreault’s last years.

Patients in these institutions were not entitled to funerals. They were buried

in an area of unmaintained land near the institution, with at best a simple number on a makeshift stand, as a tombstone. No name, no date. Sometimes the body of the deceased was donated to a medical school. In any case, records, where they existed, were legally destroyed at the discretion of management¹².

I still did an exhaustive search on the deaths in California, which was relatively easy, all of them being accessible on the Web and furthermore classified in alphabetical order. No trace of the death of Denis Perrault among more than 10 million entries to which I had access in 2013. This corroborates quite well the hypothesis that he died in a psychiatric hospital. What a sad end!

As addendum, one can ask the question whether Denis Perreault left descendants in California. Having remained single, there is little chance but ... he may very well have left collateral. Not everything can and should ever end so badly.

One day, after 1931, since it is happening in Vancouver Canada, a lady introduces herself to Father Antoine Perreault saying that she is the daughter of Joseph Perreault, his brother! Her name is Rosa Kahler¹³ and as a sign of her sincerity, offers a painting of value to her host. She says she’s from Los Angeles. At first glance, her impromptu visit and assertion seem startling. But not at all if we go back to Joseph’s life.

He had not lived in the city of angels only before the arrival of his brother Denis. In the years that followed, Joseph during the off season on the farm, in the winter, went to work in Los Angeles as a streetcar driver. He would have, in this period, known in the biblical sense, a beautiful Californian. The thing is quite possible and Rosa Kahler’s visit to Antoine would be fully justified. Note that he named his third child, a girl, Rose...

And what happened to the fortune of Denis Perreault? Having had no children and having died in complete anonymity, his succession would still have to be finalized. Hence the importance of finding the copy of his will sleeping under the dust in a lawyer’s office and disclosing the names of the lucky millionaires.

In order to clarify the matter up, a niece of Antoine and Denis tried to obtain more information. So, she travels from Quebec to British Columbia (2500 miles, one way) to see the Sisters in Vancouver where Antoine is retired. The Good Sisters refused to receive her on the pretext that Antoine said he had no relatives. The niece did not make this long journey to give up so easily. Befriending the sister cook, she enters from the back, through the kitchen, and finally manages to meet Antoine. One thing is certain, she did not come back a millionaire.

According to family tradition, Denis Perreault’s land was where the Boeing factory was long located. We would find the Walt Disney studios there today. Further research in California would be necessary if we really want to put an end to this extraordinary adventure of Denis Perreault.



*Joseph Perreault when he was going to
California in the winter
(Source: Collection Guy Perreault)*



*Interior of the Hellingly
Hospice.
The last patient left his shoes
and chair on the spot.
Photo by petercastleton.
<http://www.flickr.com>*



¹¹ We guess he made it to Los Angeles okay

¹² <http://vitals.rootsweb.ancestry.com/ca/death>

¹³ Possibly Rosa Kahler (1886-1979) born December 5, 1886, died August 1979 aged 93 (www.ancientfaces.com/person/rosa-kahler/3085411)

The Possible Origins of the Acadian Michel Haché dit Gallant and the Ongoing D.N.A. Analysis of Haché/Gallant Descendants Today

by Nicole Gallant-Nunes, Professional Genealogist
 progenealogistnicole.blogspot.com/

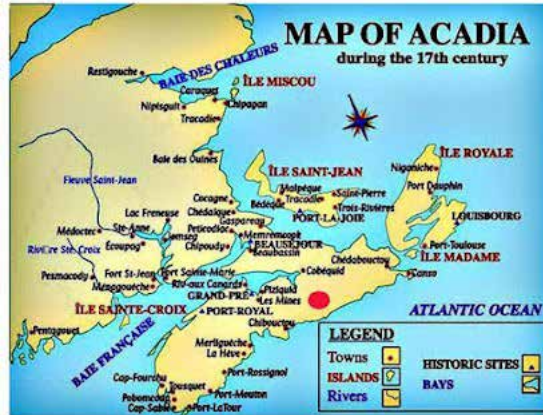
Foreword

My name is Nicole Gallant-Nunes. I am a professional genealogist from the Northshore of Massachusetts. I have been involved in genealogical research for nearly twenty years now and I have come to specialize in French Canadian and Acadian research. As I worked diligently on my own family lines, I began to compile the information I was gathering from various sources, as well as adding my own research along the way and I have ended up with an enormous collection of records and documents that are essential for tracing our ancestors. You can probably guess why I have a deep interest in the Haché dit Gallant line, considering my maiden name. I decided to write an article to share this information with everyone, in hopes that it benefits you all in some way when it comes to your own research of the Haché/Gallant lines, as well as the other Acadian and French-Canadian lines that have intertwined over the generations. As you read through this article, the images and records I added can be a bit blurry and hard to see but you can click on the images to get a bigger and clearer view so that is important to know. The sources and citations are located at the end of this article and I have included links to the records and images I added here as well as ones I did not add due to a space issue. I do intend to edit this blog to attach a video of me reading through and discussing my article while showing more images, but I won't have that done until later in the week. I'll be sure to update you all when that is available.

The Facts

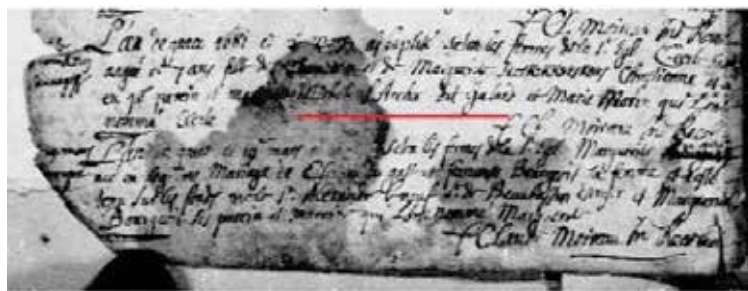
Let's dive in and learn more about Michel Haché dit Gallant, the one who started it all and the reason we are all here today. Michel's origins have been researched, speculated and re-researched repeatedly for centuries. Here is what we know for sure. We know our Michel was born sometime between 1660 and 1664 in Acadia. Where exactly is Acadia?[1] 'Acadia' can be a pretty broad term since it refers to and includes what is now present-day Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, parts of Quebec and Newfoundland in Canada, plus

parts of Maine in the U.S. It was an extensive area. We believe that 'Acadia' in Michel's records refers to Nova Scotia and some genealogists will narrow it down further to say it was likely around the area of Cape Breton, known as Île-Royale, and I will explain why in a bit.



[1] Map of Acadia in the 17th century

Michel Haché dit Gallant is first recorded in Beaubassin, an Acadian community that was located on the border of present-day Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in 1681. Michel is recorded as godfather to a 7-year-old Indigenous girl named Cecile[2]. Both of her parents were Indigenous. The spellings of their names into French or English are difficult to translate because these Indigenous names contain characters that we do not use in our alphabet, like the symbol '8' correlating to a letter or sound in their Indigenous language. Michel's name here is recorded as Michel L'Archer dit Galand. Also on this page of records is the name of another man who is important to mention in reference to Michel's life. This man's name is Michel LeNeuf dit La Valliere. He also serves as a godfather to an Indigenous child around that same time, as does his son, Alexandre LeNeuf. So, remember Michel LeNeuf's name for now and I will talk more about him in just a minute.



[2] Michel as godfather to Cecile, age 7, Indigenous of Beaubassin

The next time Michel is recorded was when he served as godfather to a baby girl named Madeleine Michelle Mercier, who was baptized on April 27th, 1682, in Beaubassin[3]. On that record, he is mentioned as Michel L'Archer dit Galan. In 1683, Michel he was given orders by Michel LeNeuf dit La Valliere to arrest their fellow Acadian, Jean Campagna, who was accused of sorcery related to events occurring in the Beaubassin area since 1678[4]. At this time our Michel was described as an "active and intelligent young man named Haché Galand, who was his tradesman, his sergeant-at-arms and his confidant" when referring to his relationship with Michel LeNeuf dit La Valliere[5]. Michel appears again on October 7th, 1683 in Quebec when he was a witness to the marriage of Guyon/Dion Chiasson and his second wife Marie Madeleine Martin[6].

(Continued on page 32)

(The Possible Origins of the Acadian Michel Haché dit Gallant and the Ongoing D.N.A. Analysis of Haché/Gallant Descendants Today continued from page 32)

[21] The burial record of Michel in 1737

So, these are the facts we do know with certainty. What we do not know for sure are his origins prior to his life as a young adult living with the LeNeuf family in Beaubassin. Many researchers have scoured the same records I have, and this has culminated in the following most popular opinions on Michel’s origins.

The Theories

Theory One

Michel may be the son of Pierre Larché/Larcher and Adrienne Langlois of Montpellier, France. This has been the longest-believed theory due to several factors. There was a Pierre Larché working with Nicolas Denys in Cape Breton around the time that Michel was born. Nicolas Denys was a prominent man who ran a fishing and trading enterprise in that region. We know Pierre and Adrienne had at least one child, a daughter named Madeleine, who married a man named Elie Voisin in Quebec on October 15th, 1668[22]. What were Madeleine’s origins? Well, Madeleine is reported to have been born in France with varying estimates of her year of birth ranging from 1648 to 1655[23]. While it is believed that her father was in Cape Breton for a while, we do not know if Madeleine ever came to Canada herself prior to the trip she took in 1668. She arrived in Quebec on the ship “La Nouvelle France” on March 3rd, 1668, as a Fille du Roi, which translates to Daughter of the King in English[24].



[22] Madeleine Larcher’s marriage to Elie Voisin in October 1668

The Filles du Roi, Daughter’s of the King, were young women involved in a recruitment program, designed by the King of France at that time, to encourage French women to settle in the relatively new colony of New France where there was an abundance of men but quite not enough women. They needed couples to populate this new colony. While no Filles du Roi made their way directly to Acadia, Acadians can still have Filles du Roi ancestors in their tree if their lines from Acadia intersected with their lines from Quebec. Just like in the case of Angelique Chiasson I mentioned above. Her father was Guyon/Dion Chiasson, Acadian settler, and her mother was Marie Madeleine Martin, born in 1666 in Quebec to Pierre Martin and Joachine Lafleur, who was a Fille du Roi, like Madeleine Larché. Marie Madeleine Martin married Guyon/Dion Chiasson in Quebec on October 7th, 1683, when Michel Haché dit Gallant was a witness to their marriage, and they had four children together. Following her husband Guyon/Dion’s death just prior to the 1693 Acadian census, Marie Madeleine then married another Acadian, Michel Deveau dit Dauphine, and they had six children together[25], thus creating many Acadian lines that lead back to a Fille du Roi from Quebec.

So, Madeleine signed up to be a Fille du Roi while she was in France and she received paid passage to Quebec as well as 300 livres as a dowry[26]. A witness at her wedding to Elie Voisin in 1668 raised some suspicion for researchers. The witness’s name was Pierre Denys, the nephew of Nicolas Denys, of Cape Breton. As we know, Nicolas Denys’s daughter Marie married Michel LeNeuf, the couple our Michel was living with as a young man.

What made this interesting is there seemed to be a connection for Pierre Denys, a man from a prominent family, to be present at this wedding. If her father Pierre Larché worked for Nicolas Denys in Cape Breton, perhaps Pierre was there because he knew Pierre Larché and he knew this young girl Madeleine was his daughter. The marriage record shows that her father Pierre Larché had passed away before this wedding took place so perhaps Pierre Denys wanted to show support to Pierre’s daughter or could the connection have been through Michel, since Michel Haché dit Gallant was living with Pierre Denys’s cousin Marie in 1686 in Beaubassin, as she was married to Michel LeNeuf?

If Pierre Larché was Michel’s father too and his father had passed away by 1668, that could explain why he may have been adopted into the LeNeuf family, but what about his mother? Adrienne Langlois, the wife of Pierre Larché, was not noted as deceased in October of 1668 when her daughter Madeleine married Elie Voisin. Why didn’t she raise Michel if she was his mother? We do not know for sure when Adrienne died, so that is something to take into consideration. Did Pierre possibly have a relationship with a woman outside of his marriage?

Theory Two

Michel may be the son of Louis Haché and Marguerite Navigan/Naviguan of La Rochelle, France. Louis also reportedly worked with Nicolas Denys in Cape Breton around the time Michel was born. Genealogists have since found baptism records for two of Louis and Marguerite’s children on December 2nd, 1668, in La Rochelle[27]. The baptism records state that these children were born on the Isle de L’Acadie. A son named Jean, aged 4 years old and a daughter named Marguerite, aged 19 months old. If Michel was their son, why wasn’t he baptized with his siblings back in France? Was he already baptized by a missionary in Acadia, so they did not think it was necessary? Something interested I noticed when looking at the original record was that it appears to say 1658 instead of 1668 in the first line of Jean’s baptism. This may have been written in error, as the following records do say 1668, so I cannot put much weight behind the discrepancy, but if it really was 1658, Michel would not have been born yet. In 1668, Michel would have been between 4

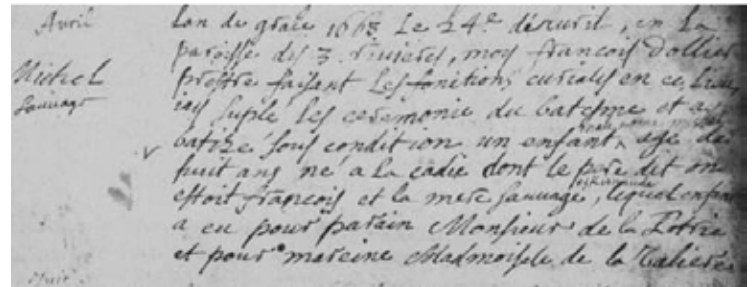
(Continued on page 34)

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and 8 years of age based on later censuses where he provides his age. We see no mention of Michel associated with this family at all, but we also do not have other evidence to disprove a connection either.

eight years old, baptized in Trois-Rivieres, Quebec on April 24th, 1668[30]. This boy was mentioned as ‘sauvage’, the French terminology for an Indigenous male, and that his father was French, and his mother was ‘Eskimaude’/Eskimo. His godparents are Jacques LeNeuf dit La Poterie and his wife. Their son, Michel LeNeuf, is the man our Michel was living with in Beaubassin as a young man. Could this be the baptism of our Michel? Some genealogists say yes. Others say no. Others aren’t too sure since we do not have any documents or records to prove where our Michel was before he was a young adult, but again, it is another one of those remarkably interesting connections.



[27] The baptisms of the Haché children in La Rochelle

Marguerite Navigan died La Rochelle in September of 1669. Louis later remarried to a woman named Michelle Pégin and had at least 2

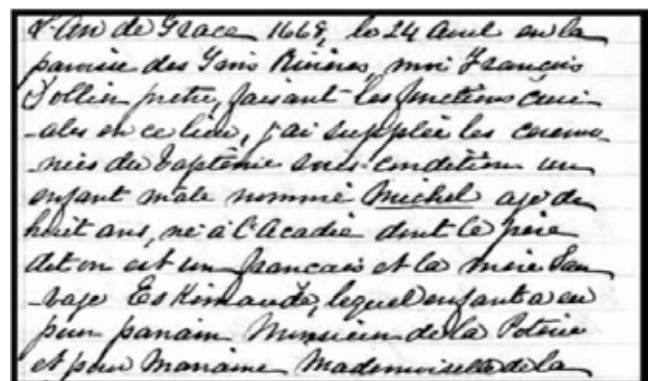
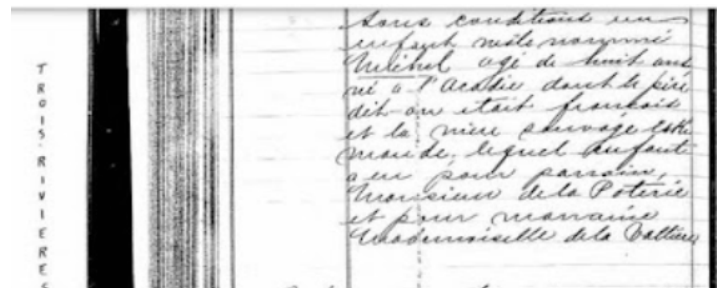
more children with her in France, two sons named Jacques and Rene. On the baptism record for son Jacques, the godfather is listed as Jacques Gallon, who was a merchant in La Rochelle. His father Pierre Gallon was involved in the shipping industry to Cape Breton[28]. With Michel’s ‘dit’ name being variations of Galan/Galand/Gallant, could this be another one of those strange coincidences that could sway us into thinking there is a possible connection here.

The Haché family is back in France at this point, so it is believed that if Michel was with them, he may have made his way back to Acadia alone, likely in his teenage years since he was godfather at Cecile’s baptism in 1681, making him somewhere between 17 and 21 years old at that time. Another possibility is Louis could have possibly taken an indigenous ‘wife’ in Acadia and that union led to the birth of Michel and that he was never in France with his father at all. Could that have been a contributing factor for Louis and Marguerite leaving Acadia and going back to France? Was Marguerite Navigan indigenous herself?

Some researchers note a coincidence in the letters compiled by the Jesuits in Acadia at that time[29]. On page 69, a letter states that a captive ‘Eskimaude’ woman, baptized with the Christian name of Marguerite, was taken from Labrador to Cape Breton around the time of Michel may have been born. How do we know she came from Labrador? The coordinates of the location are noted in the letter on page 65. The fact that this captive was given the Christian name of Marguerite makes some people believe she may have been Marguerite Navigan, Louis Haché’s wife, but again, this is just a theory. We have nothing to prove or refute this.

Theory Three

Michel may be the son of a Frenchman and an indigenous woman who was likely orphaned and possibly taken in by the Le-Neuf family. There is a baptism record for a boy named Michel, aged



[30] The copies of Michel ‘sauvage’ baptism records in Trois-Rivieres, Quebec in April 1668

(Continued on page 35)

(The Possible Origins of the Acadian Michel Haché dit Gallant and the Ongoing D.N.A. Analysis of Haché/Gallant Descendants Today continued from page 34)

Several researchers and genealogists have said that there were no ‘Eskimaude’ natives in Acadia at that time but the letters from the Jesuit’s above dispute that. There is also this map by Robert de Vaugondy depicting the Gulf of the St. Lawrence River and the islands and banks of Newfoundland made in 1749, which shows the land to the north that the French say was settled by ‘Esquimaux’[31].



[31] Map with the land of the ‘Esquimaux’ to the north of Acadia

Is it unreasonable to think that a population of Indigenous people, located a relatively short distance away from Acadia, did not travel to Acadia at any time while the Europeans were settled there? Are they referring just to Nova Scotia when they are saying there were no ‘Eskimaude’ in ‘Acadia’? We know Acadia was a large region, so I feel like there needs to be some clarification there. Also, the French who were in this region making notes that they have not encountered these ‘Eskimaude’ people is just their account. Who is to say other French settlers were not regularly encountering this Indigenous population and just failed to document it, especially since most were illiterate? Perhaps they did record it but it was lost to time like so many other Acadian records. It is something to think about.

The Wrong Kind of Research

The three most common theories I listed above are well known throughout the genealogy community. If you Google “Michel Haché dit Gallant” there seems to be a lot of information about him, however it seems as if every article you read is then contradicted by the next article you find. If you really want to get confused, just look at some public family trees online or sites that allow random, undocumented, user- submitted content.

Many websites and databases that come up with a search are reliable in the sense that we can trust them for the original records they hold within their databases but not for family trees, biographies and narratives which are user-submitted and not verified. Anyone can write anything they want without having to prove the information they are supplying.

I say this with love and compassion because I know how easy it is to fall down a rabbit hole with false information. We’ve all been there, especially when you see something repeated hundreds of times online. If you learn anything from this article, it is that my number

one rule and most important advice is do not, do not, do not trust any information that is not an original document translated by someone knowledgeable in the language it’s written in or without confirming that the information is from a trusted and verifiable source. I have seen numerous records attached to people’s family trees that have nothing to do with the person they are saving it to. Sometimes the name might be similar, but the dates are all wrong or the dates seem to line up, but the names are wrong, etc. simply because they could not read the language the record was written in but they assumed it was correct. Please be sure to check the validity and accuracy of all records and information you are finding.

My motto is ‘When in doubt, reach out.’ Ask someone knowledgeable who will know if what you have found is from a reputable source or not. I am always happy to help. You are not bugging me, and I promise there are no silly questions. This is what I do all day, every day, and it only takes a minute to reply to you and make sure you are following accurate information. I am more than happy to do that. Many of you from various Facebook genealogy groups have reached out to me privately with questions before, and I hope you can confirm to everyone else that I am always available to assist you.



The D.N.A.

Firstly, it is important to mention that I came to my opinion based on a lot of research, not just of the documents and records we have all seen but also of the D.N.A. analysis I have conducted myself on hundreds of Haché dit Gallant descendants today.

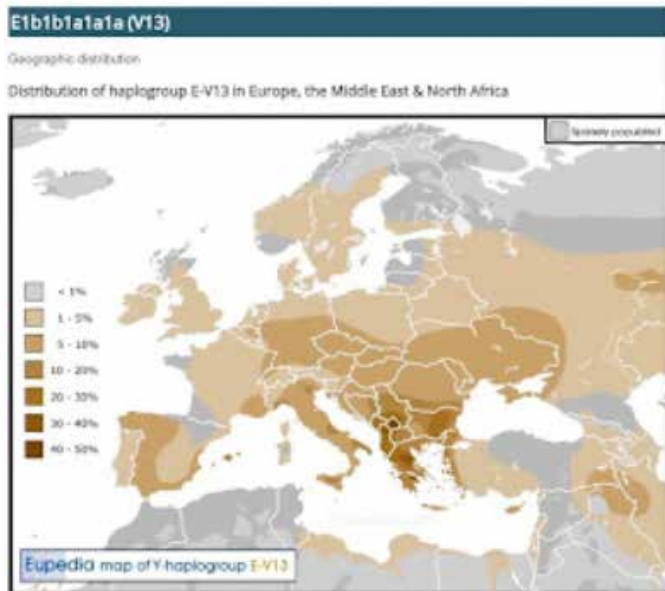
In my opinion, I feel like it is reasonable to say that Michel was at least part Indigenous. I say partly because we know his paternal Y haplogroup is E-V13 based on his many direct male-line descendants who have tested today.



Y Haplogroup results showing E-V13 for male Haché/Gallant direct line descendants

(Continued on page 36)

(The Possible Origins of the Acadian Michel Haché dit Gallant and the Ongoing D.N.A. Analysis of Haché/Gallant Descendants Today continued from page 35)



[32] The distribution of Y haplogroup E-V13 (E1b1b1a1a1a)

You can receive haplogroup results from 23 and Me, or through companies like FamilyTreeDNA which can really dive deeper into the details of haplogroup testing to offer some very specific results, but 23 and Me gives you a good general idea of your haplogroup assignment. We know that E-V13 is not a Native American haplogroup. It is found most commonly in the Balkan region, Europe, and the Middle East[32]. So we know at some point Michel’s origins were not fully Indigenous on his father’s side, but what about his mother’s side? We have no way of knowing that, unfortunately. Just like we see with direct male line descendants being assigned a Y haplogroup from their paternal line, we can also test both women and men for their mitochondrial (MT) haplogroup to see what haplogroup they are assigned for the direct maternal lines. Males can have both their Y and MT haplogroups tested, but females can only have their MT haplogroups tested because females do not inherit the Y chromosome from their father’s.

I have tested with 23 and Me and my MT haplogroup result is U5b2a, which comes from my direct maternal line from southern Italy, but I am not assigned a Y haplogroup because I do not have a Y chromosome. While Michel did inherit his MT haplogroup from his mother, he cannot pass on that MT haplogroup since his daughters would inherit their MT haplogroups from their own mother, Anne Cormier. So, to know what Michel’s MT haplogroup would have been, we would need to have solid evidence to prove that Michel had a sister who shared the same mother as him, since she would also

inherit the MT haplogroup from their mother and be able to pass it down. That proven sister would then need to have a daughter, who had a daughter, who had a daughter, etc., to pass that MT haplogroup down, all the way until a woman alive today who could test her for MT haplogroup, and we just do not have that person.

The two possible sisters we have for Michel are as follows: Madeleine Larché/Larcher, the daughter born to Pierre Larché and Adrienne Langlois, who married Elie Voisin in 1668 in Quebec. The PRDH database shows that Madeleine had three children, all daughters[33]. One daughter was named Marie Marguerite who was baptized in 1670. She married Urbain Girard dit Langevin about 1685 in Quebec. They then had two children together[34]. A son named Urbain, who died at around 6 years old, and a daughter Marie Madeleine who was baptized on December 18th, 1688, in Repentigny and died just a couple of weeks later and she was buried on January 5th, 1689. Marie Marguerite Voisin died on May 10th, 1693, at just 23 years old so this was the end of Marie Marguerite Voisin’s female line.



[33] Madeleine Larcher and Elie Voisin’s three children

Madeleine Larché had a second daughter with Elie Voisin, named Marie Charlotte. She married Jacques Batrio dit Stamand around 1687 in Quebec and they had 4 children together[35]. They had two sons and two daughters. The first daughter, named Marie Madeleine, died at about two years old. The second daughter, named Françoise Elisabeth, was baptized in 1695 and then there is no further record of her. No marriage or burial records has been found so it is presumed she died young and that her burial record was just lost to time. Their second child Pierre, baptized in 1690, also disappears from the records in this way but considering this couple had another son they also named Pierre, baptized in 1693, it can be assumed that the first Pierre died young and that his new brother was given the name Pierre in memoriam of his sibling, which was a common tradition. So, this was the end Marie Charlotte Voisin’s female line.



[35] The children of Marie Charlotte Voisin, Madeleine Larcher’s second daughter

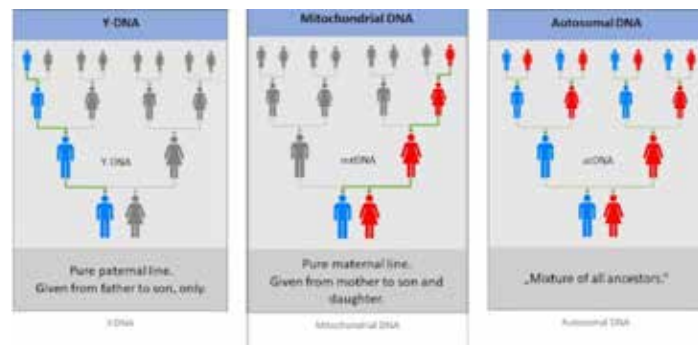
(Continued on page 37)

(The Possible Origins of the Acadian Michel Haché dit Gallant and the Ongoing D.N.A. Analysis of Haché/Gallant Descendants Today continued from page 36)

Madeleine Larché had a third daughter with Elie Voisin, but the same thing happened as I mentioned above. Their third daughter, named Renee, was baptized in 1674 and there is no further record of her so we must assume she died young as well. This effectively ends the direct female line of descendants for Madeleine Larché, possible sister of Michel. At this time, we do not know if there were more children born to Adrienne Langlois who possibly remained in France.

The second possible sister of Michel is Marguerite Haché, the daughter of Louis Haché and Marguerite Navigan/Naviguan, who was baptized in La Rochelle in 1668 at 19 months old, but she died in La Rochelle in 1672 before she could have children of her own. This is the end of Marguerite Navigan's known female line. At this time, we do not know if there were more children born to Marguerite Navigan who possibly remained in France. Hopefully, more research about these families will become known at some point but at this time we do not have a confirmed or even presumed sister for Michel to conduct MT haplogroup testing on.

Now that I have discussed Y haplogroup testing for direct male lines and mitochondrial testing for direct female lines, I want to talk a little about autosomal D.N.A. testing, which is the kind of D.N.A. results we get from companies like Ancestry, 23 and Me and other consumer companies. Autosomal D.N.A. testing is much more valuable to genealogists because more genetic information can be gathered from these results since we inherit 50% of our autosomal D.N.A. from each of our parents, who inherited 50% from each of their parents and so on. This type of testing is a great tool for finding close family members and even distant cousins, but it has limitations on how far back it can connect you to an ancestor or DNA matches, roughly 8 generations or so at very best, usually much less.



[A] The inheritance of Y DNA, Mitochondrial DNA and Autosomal DNA

The chart below helps illustrate how different segments of DNA might have been passed down from your grandparents to make your unique DNA. Assume each letter represents a segment of DNA. Take note of these things:

- Which letters get passed down to each generation is random (the fact that the letters spell names in this example is simply to help with the illustration)
- Not every letter gets passed down.
- Just because a child doesn't have a letter doesn't mean that an earlier ancestor didn't have that letter.
- Siblings can have different combinations of letters.



[B] An example of how inheritance works via Ancestry Support, Understanding Inheritance



[C] Another example of how inheritance works by Jacinta Bowler

If you have D.N.A. tested and you look at a DNA match from your list, you will see that there is a number of centimorgans that you share with that person. When I view my relationship with my top D.N.A. match, who happens to be my son, I see that I share 3,446 centimorgans with him. Centimorgans are essentially units of genetic measurement. Think of them as we think of centimeters or inches to measure something, although the concept is slightly different for D.N.A. but that's just to give you an idea. There is a range of shared centimorgans that you would share with your parents, children, siblings, grandparents, aunts and uncles, cousins, second cousins, etc. and the amount of centimorgans shared gets lower and lower as the connection gets further apart.



The amount of centimorgans I share with my son

Looking at your shared centimorgans in common with a D.N.A. match is a great way to figure out how you may be related, but you must keep in mind that you are inheriting random bits and pieces of your parents D.N.A. (and grandparents, great-grandparents and further) and your distant cousins may not inherit the same bits and pieces from your shared ancestors due to differences in inheritance patterns. To put it into perspective, about 90% of your third cousins will share D.N.A. with you. Third cousins would share great-great-grandparents with you. At 90% of the time, that's a pretty consistent connection to find in your match list, however that percentage drops significantly just one generation back since only about half of your fourth cousins will share D.N.A. with you. Fourth cousins will share a set of great-great-great-grandparents with you. That means you will not always share D.N.A. with someone, even if you share the same ancestors just a few generations back. When you get down to the last straw connecting you by D.N.A., only 1% (Continued on page 38)

(The Possible Origins of the Acadian Michel Haché dit Gallant and the Ongoing D.N.A. Analysis of Haché/Gallant Descendants Today continued from page 37)

of your 8th cousins will share D.N.A. with you, even though you know you share common ancestors several generations back[36].

A great free tool you can use to see what relationship you may have with a D.N.A. match is the Shared cM Project tool by DNAPainter[37]. There is a chart that shows you the range of centimorgans that you can share with someone with a specific relationship to you. For example, I mentioned that I shared 3,446 centimorgans with my son. You would see that amount falls right in the middle of the range that people typically share with a parent or child, but it also tells you that the amount you share can be as low as 2,376 centimorgans and as high as 3,720 centimorgans for that known parent/child relationship. You can also input your own number into the box to see what the estimated relationship will be at that range of shared centimorgans.



[37] The Shared cM Project on DNAPainter

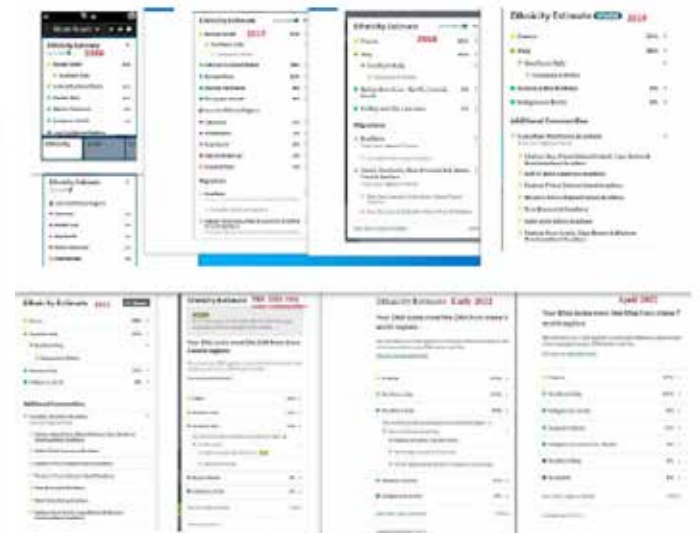
To give you an example, if I input 300 into the search box, I could see all the possible relationships that I might share with someone I have

D.N.A. match with at 300 centimorgans. It then highlights the possibilities in the chart for me and gives me a percentage to show the likelihood of that predicted relationship being correct. It shows I have a 57% chance of matching this person at 300 centimorgans as a half great-great-niece or nephew, a half great-great aunt or uncle, a second cousin, a half first cousin one time removed or a first cousin two times removed. That does not prove my relationship to this D.N.A. match, but this can help me narrow down the possibilities.

I know at 300 centimorgans that this cannot be my parent, grandparent, aunt, or uncle, for example. If you know the D.N.A. match is about the same age as you, you can rule out the possibility that they are your half-great-great aunt or uncle, and you would think they would be more likely to be your second cousin instead. There are a lot of ways to figure out predicted relationships, but this is a very helpful tool.

My Research

So now that we know a bit about D.N.A., how can we use autosomal D.N.A. to connect us to Michel and possibly help figure out his origins? Well, I have studied the D.N.A. results of hundreds of Haché/Gallant descendants today who have tested. How did I do that? I simply asked people to share their D.N.A. ethnicity results and D.N.A. matches with me so I could study and research them. When I did, something remarkably interesting has shown up. I started this research several years ago, back when the ethnicity reports provided by D.N.A. companies were still relatively broad. Some of you may have tested that long ago and noticed how precise and detailed the reports have gotten over the years. Just a few years ago in 2017, France was not even a category you could be assigned to. It was just simply included in the Europe West category or spread out into Ireland/Scotland/Wales, Great Britain and Iberian Peninsula.



My ethnicity reports from Ancestry through the years 2016-2022

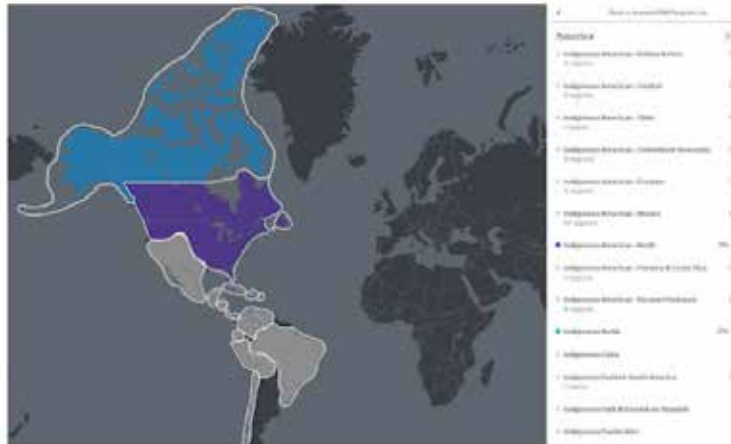
Now the tests are being fine-tuned and becoming much more accurate and specific. But even back then, when the D.N.A. results were much more broadly categorized, I noticed that many Haché/Gallant descendants showed small amounts of Native American D.N.A. and if you are familiar with the history of Acadia; you know that intermarriage between the French and the Indigenous population was not too uncommon. There are many documented unions. I have several in my own family tree, so that wasn't too surprising to see a little mix in the ethnicity reports. It actually makes me happy that those little bits of our ancestors still show up in our D.N.A. today.

As the analysis of our D.N.A. has gotten more detailed and precise, Ancestry has been able to isolate Native American D.N.A. from all the way down in South America, through Central America (Continued on page 39)

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and the outlying islands, and up into North America. There are many categories and regions someone can be assigned to now. They have now been able to separate the North American continent into three separate categories for Indigenous Native Americans. One category is Indigenous Americas-North, which encompasses all of North America from Mexico, through the United States, to the Canadian Arctic. Indigenous Americas-North is the broadest category since it covers the whole continent, but they have also been able to separate Mexico from the continental U.S., as well as separate the Canadian Arctic and Alaska from the continental U.S. The Indigenous Americas-North category has a whopping 2,000 reference samples in their reference sample panel[38].

amount of Indigenous American samples to compare our D.N.A. against. Over 41% of their reference sample panel is made up of Indigenous American samples with 23,507 Indigenous samples out of 56,580 samples total from all over the world. Indigenous Cuba has 3,408 reference samples from people with Indigenous roots from that small island. They actually have more reference samples from Cuba than they do for all of Germanic Europe, which is a vast region! They also have some very specific regions and genetic communities within the Indigenous America’s categories that you could potentially be assigned to which is amazing.



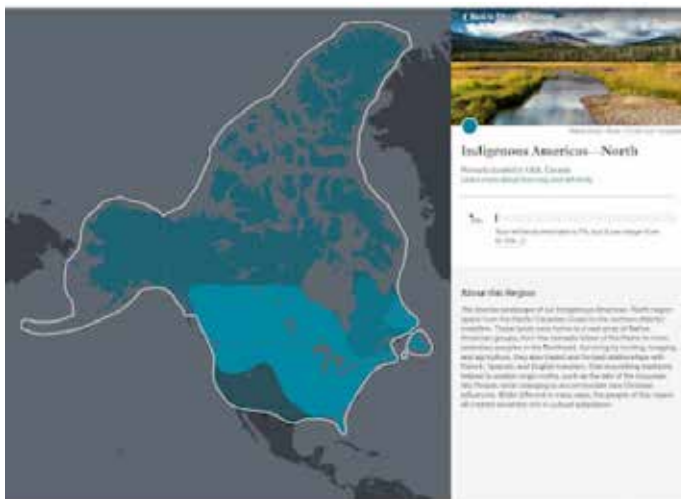
Germanic Europe	3,261
Greek & Albanian	452
Guam	132
Indigenous Americas - Bolivia & Peru	371
Indigenous Americas - Colombia & Venezuela	3,162
Indigenous Americas - Mexico	697
Indigenous Americas - North	2,000
Indigenous Americas - Yucatan	332
Indigenous Americas - Central	1,615
Indigenous Americas - Chile	457
Indigenous Americas - Ecuador	591
Indigenous Americas - Panama & Costa Rica	475
Indigenous Arctic	36
Indigenous Cuba	3,408
Indigenous Eastern South America	2,871
Indigenous Haiti & Dominican Republic	2,940
Indigenous Puerto Rico	4,773
Iran/Persia	774

23,507 Indigenous America's samples out of 56,580 total reference samples from all over the world

The Indigenous America’s regions on Ancestry

[38] Reference sample panel of Indigenous America’s regions

The Indigenous Mexico category for North America has 697 reference samples from people whose Native American ancestry has been in the area of Mexico and the southwestern U.S. for the last several generations. Then there is the Indigenous Arctic category. Ancestry has managed to collect 36 reference samples from people living in the arctic with known Indigenous ancestry from that region for at least the last few generations. These people are from some pretty remote populations.



The Indigenous Americas - North region on Ancestry

A reference sample is a D.N.A. sample that’s collected from someone somewhere in the world with known ancestry in that same general

location for at least the last several generations. Those collected samples are then used as references to compare your D.N.A. against when they run your sample. Essentially, your D.N.A. will be run through their program to calculate your ethnicity report and you will read it as “Your D.N.A. most closely resembles the people in this panel who we know have ancestry from -this region- for at least the last several generations” and they will assign that portion of your D.N.A. to that country or category.

Ancestry’s reference sample database has an incredible



The region covered by the Indigenous Arctic region on Ancestry

What I found most interesting over the last few years when Ancestry has been able to separate these indigenous samples into distinct regions is that a lot, and I mean a lot, of Haché/Gallant descendants were showing traces of Native American, Indigenous *(Continued on page 40)*

(The Possible Origins of the Acadian Michel Haché dit Gallant and the Ongoing D.N.A. Analysis of Haché/Gallant Descendants Today continued from page 39)

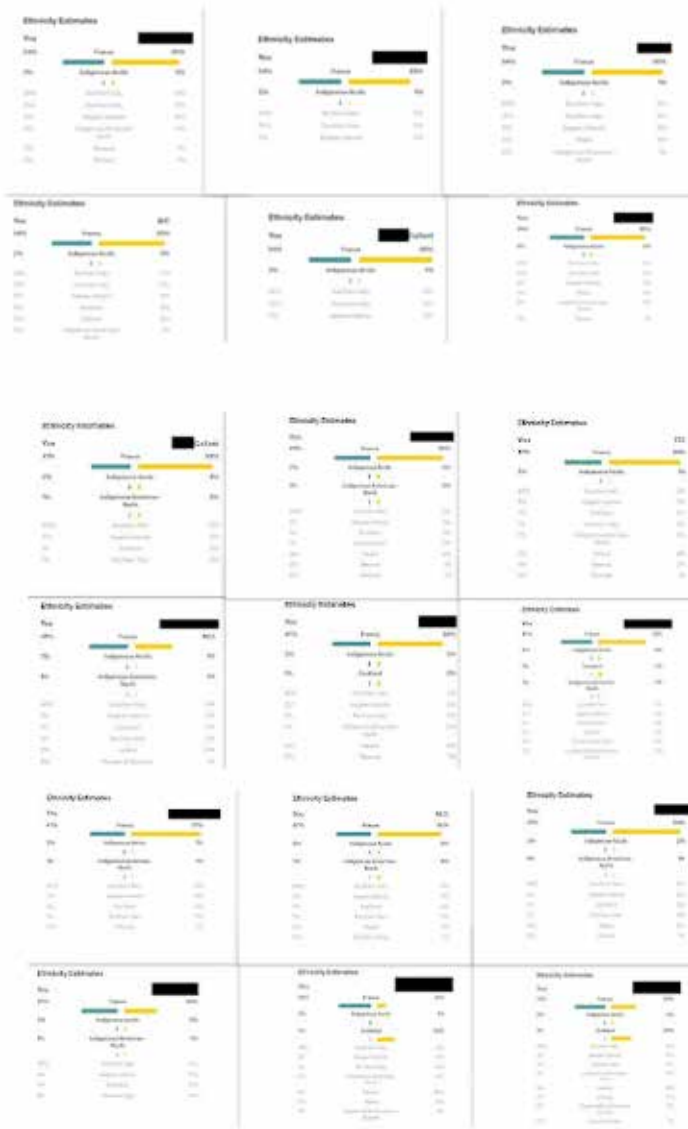
Americas-North and more specifically, Indigenous Arctic D.N.A. How in the world did that get there? How is it connected to our Haché/Gallant lineage? I asked myself those very questions, and I began digging.

I descend through 4 of Michel’s children: Pierre, Francois, Jacques, and Louise. My great-grandparents, two-times great-grandparents, three-times great-grandparents and four-times great-grandparents were all Gallant’s who married each other. They were all distant cousins to each other, but they still all descended from Michel, so I knew I had to look at other people’s results to get a better picture. So, I reached out to these other Haché/Gallant D.N.A. matches and I introduced myself. I explained that I was a genealogist and that I was particularly interested in their Haché/Gallant lines, as well as their Indigenous Americas-North/Indigenous Arctic D.N.A. results. They offered to share their results with me, and I researched the lines of a couple dozen people to start, which has grown to hundreds of results currently.

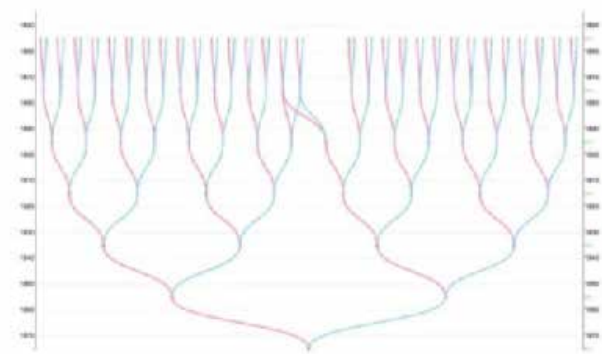


Each of the matches I examined had Haché/Gallant ancestry not too far back in their family trees. I specifically looked for people who descended through different children of Michel’s. He had twelve children with Anne Cormier, so ideally, I wanted to track down someone’s D.N.A. who had descended through each child. I started with my own D.N.A. matches and made sure I could find people descended from each of the four children of Michel’s that I descend from. I then asked to see the D.N.A. results and D.N.A. matches of people descending from the other children of Michel that I did not have in my own tree. Sure enough, I was able to find descendants of most of Michel’s children alive today and many of them showed the Indigenous Arctic ethnicity result. It was more common to see the Indigenous Arctic result or Indigenous America’s-North result if they had a lot of Haché/Gallant intermarriage in their tree. I usually did not see those results show up consistently in people who only one or two Haché/Gallant lines much further back in their tree.

I then thought about how interconnected Acadians are. We are a very endogamous population and most of us share many of the same ancestors. How do we know that this Indigenous Arctic D.N.A. didn’t come from a different shared relative? I didn’t at first, so I examined my own tree and noted my other known Indigenous lines where I may have inherited this D.N.A. from and I then compared it to the documented trees of my DNA matches and various other people with Haché/Gallant ancestry and we didn’t often share the same known Indigenous ancestors. Occasionally I would see one of my known Indigenous ancestors in someone else’s tree but very rarely. Perhaps one tree out of twenty, for example. In many cases, these other people didn’t have any other documented Native American ancestors in their tree.



Examples of Haché/Gallant descendants through several different children of Michel’s showing Indigenous Arctic D.N.A.



But pedigree collapse is not endogamy. Pedigree collapse is one or a few isolated incidents of cousin marriage, while endogamy occurs repeatedly over many, many generations.

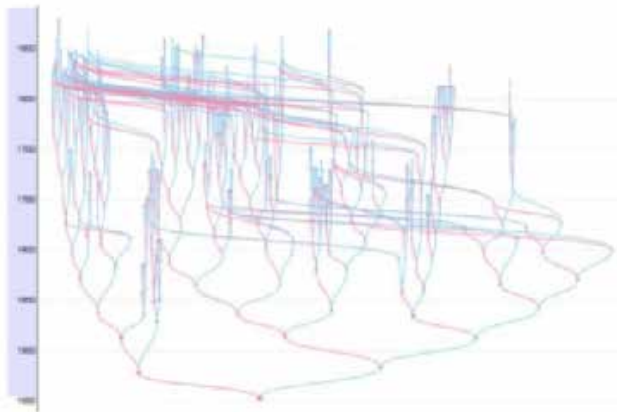
[D] Pedigree collapse vs. Endogamy in a family tree
(Continued on page 41)

(The Possible Origins of the Acadian Michel Haché dit Gallant and the Ongoing D.N.A. Analysis of Haché/Gallant Descendants Today continued from page 40)

Can I say that the Indigenous Arctic D.N.A. many of the Haché/Gallant descendants, show today can be concretely proven to come from Michel? No. Can I say that thousands of Haché/Gallant descendants show Indigenous Arctic D.N.A. today and there is no other way to explain it except for the fact that we all descend from Michel Haché dit Gallant? Yes.

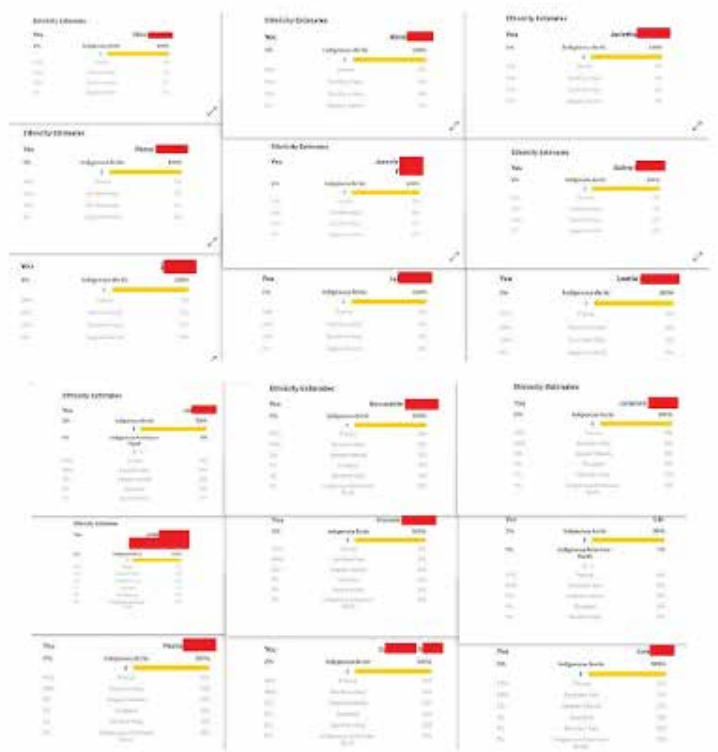
In my own D.N.A. match list, I found many D.N.A. matches ranging from fourth to distant cousins who are 100% Indigenous Arctic, sharing anywhere from 50 centimorgans down to 6 centimorgans with me, and by many, I mean hundreds by now. New 100% Indigenous Arctic D.N.A. matches show up almost weekly in my match list. Some are from Indigenous communities in Newfoundland and Labrador. Some are from the Northwest Territories and some more distant matches are even from Alaska, but I would say a solid 95% of them are from Nunavut and Nord-du-Québec.

This is endogamy



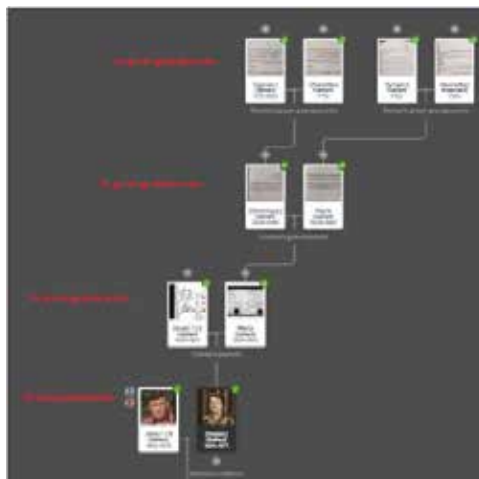
The only consistent connection I could find was through the Haché/Gallant line. The reason I emphasized documented trees before is because anyone can create a family tree. It is quite easy to go onto a genealogy site, like Ancestry, and input the information you know about your family and then add more generations going back, but how do we know their tree is correct? What if someone has built their tree based on a random public family tree they stumbled across, many of which contain errors? How would you know their tree is correct according to the paper trails at least? Well, I had to examine their existing trees for validity or sometimes build their family trees myself if they hadn't started one yet. I wanted to make sure that, in terms of paper trails, they had the right information leading back to these Haché/Gallant ancestors.

I am sure there are genealogists and researchers that would say "but autosomal D.N.A. can't connect you to an ancestor that many generations back" and I would agree. It is highly unlikely that one Native American ancestor several generations back would be able to contribute to your D.N.A. today. It should have diluted out by now, especially if your most recent relatives were predominantly European like mine were. However, they likely aren't taking into account the endogamy and pedigree collapse of most Acadians. We usually do not descend through one ancestor just once. We typically descend through one ancestor several times. My own tree is a perfect example with several generations of Gallant's intermarrying. This was actually very common. The D.N.A. that should have diluted out by the time it reached my generation has been carried down and reinfused into my D.N.A. over and over again, as is the case of so many others.



Examples of fourth to distance D.N.A. cousins who are 100% Indigenous Arctic

Four generations in my tree of Gallant's marrying Gallant's as distant cousins



[E] The provinces of Canada

(Continued on page 42)

(The Possible Origins of the Acadian Michel Haché dit Gallant and the Ongoing D.N.A. Analysis of Haché/Gallant Descendants Today continued from page 41)

I have reached out to many of these matches and most who replied or agreed to chat with me were self-identified Inuit people who knew their ancestry to only be Inuit for several generations preceding themselves. None of the matches I have spoken to knew of any European ancestors in their family trees. Many of them have told me they had lived in Inuit communities their whole lives, as did their parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, etc. The only connection we shared in common was the Indigenous Arctic D.N.A. In looking through the D.N.A. match lists of other Haché/Gallant descendants, I found many of these same people in their D.N.A. match lists, with no other way of connecting them to the people who tested. So many of us shared these same 100% Inuit D.N.A. matches and we all share these Haché/Gallant lines. What exactly is the connection?

One theory I have is that these predominantly Inuit D.N.A. matches descend through a sibling or half-sibling of Michel's. Perhaps that sibling stayed within the Indigenous community for the rest of their lives and their descendants intermarried within the Indigenous population, while Michel was adopted into the French community as a child, or he made his way into the French community as an adult. For many of us, Michel is several generations back in our family trees. If you descend through just one line from Michel, it is less likely that you would show any Indigenous D.N.A. from him today, but for those of us related to him several times, many of us still show that D.N.A. in relatively small amounts, usually under 5%.

Another possibility is that there was a non-biological event somewhere in the Haché/Gallant line, but as I mentioned previously, I made sure to find descendants from most of Michel's children to compare D.N.A. with. Let's say I only noticed this Indigenous Arctic D.N.A. in descendants of Michel's son Francois, but not in descendants of Michel's other children. That would make me believe that it wasn't Michel himself that had this Indigenous ancestry but that it was likely picked up in just Francois's lineage or somewhere through one of his children, but that wasn't the case. The Indigenous Arctic D.N.A. was noted in most of Michel's descendants through different children, which means it either came from Michel or from his wife Anne. Researchers are confident about Anne Cormier's origins, so I believe we can rule her out as the possible contributor. Her father was Thomas Cormier, born in France to Robert Cormier and Marie Péraud, and her mother was Marie Madeleine Girouard, daughter of Francois Girouard and Jeanne Aucoin[39].

There is no reason to believe that Anne was genetically anything other than French or at least fully European, but if we can have the same skepticism about Michel's origins, we have to say that it is also possible that Anne could have had some unknown ancestry. Remember I talked earlier about non-biological events possibly happening. I checked some of the French D.N.A. projects on FamilyTreeDNA to see if there was a MT haplogroup sample from a direct female descendant of Anne's but I couldn't find one listed. If any of you descend from Anne Cormier directly through your maternal line,

please let me know. You would have to be a female, who's mothers', mothers', mothers', etc., direct line leads back to Anne. It must be through mother to daughter connection to pass down that MT D.N.A.

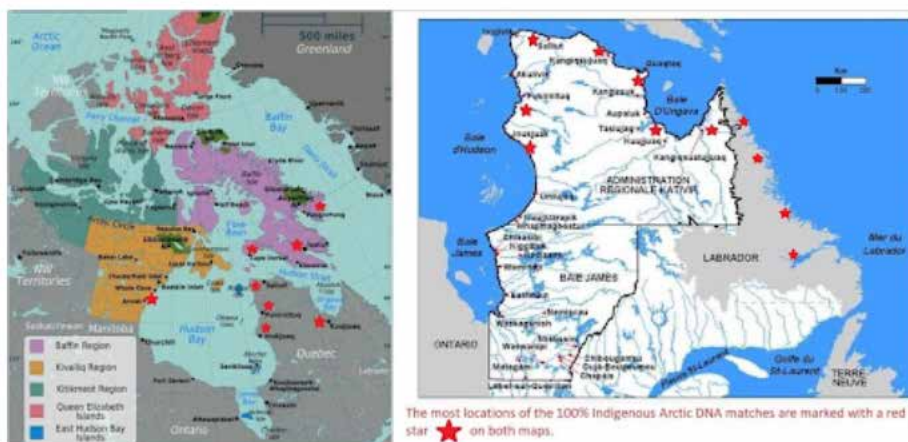
Another possibility is that Michel took an Indigenous 'wife' at some point and had a child or children with this woman. Those children would have likely remained with their mother within the Indigenous community and carried down a connection to Michel all those generations earlier but again, we have no proof of this either.

The Indigenous Arctic D.N.A. has now become like a signature/hallmark/fingerprint, call it what you will, of Haché/Gallant ancestry. As of now, there have been about thirty clients I have helped with their family trees who had no idea they had Haché/Gallant ancestry at first. I would notice the Indigenous Arctic in their ethnicity results, and I would ask them where that may have come from with no explanation to their knowledge, only to find out later through research that they had a close relationship to a Haché/Gallant. I have even helped adoptees or people with non-biological events in their family trees find their biological Haché/Gallant ancestry with the help of the Indigenous Arctic D.N.A. or the E-V13 Y haplogroup.

Does all this prove that Michel was partly Indigenous and likely had some biological origins to the Canadian Arctic? Not conclusively, but with such a strong correlation found, it is definitely something that should be researched further. As of now, I do not know of any other large-scale research into the D.N.A. analysis of Michel's descendants so hopefully this article will bring about insight from other genealogists and researchers to possibly collaborate our efforts into a more professional study at some point in the future.

Just in the last decade alone, the field of genetic genealogy has skyrocketed into the mainstream. People are using D.N.A. and online genealogy databases to locate their biological families every day from the comfort of their own homes. Records and documents are being digitized and uploaded to genealogy databases to make so much more information available to people all across the world when location and distance used to hinder research substantially. I always tell people that what is a dead-end today could be solved tomorrow thanks to all the technology we have access to now.

Through the work of genealogists and
(Continued on page 43)



[F] Maps of Nunavut and Nord-du-Quebec with the most common locations of the 100% Indigenous Arctic DNA matches marked with a red star

(The Possible Origins of the Acadian Michel Haché dit Gallant and the Ongoing D.N.A. Analysis of Haché/Gallant Descendants Today continued from page 42)

researchers that have come before me, each of us tend to lean a bit more towards one theory of Michel’s origins than another. Honestly, I can see the potential in all of these possibilities for being plausible in regards to who his father was. I can see how his father may have been Pierre Larché, Louis Haché or some other European man in Acadia at the time, however I’m steadfast in the belief that his mother was more than likely Indigenous for the reasons I explained with my D.N.A. research. Do you have a theory in mind that you think might be more plausible than the others? Really think about it for a minute. Are you sure that theory is the best choice? Because just for fun, I am going to throw one more theory into the mix here.

This other possibility is essentially a variation of theory number three, where Michel could be the son of a French or European man and an Indigenous woman. In searching for other children baptized in Quebec with the surname Haché or Larché, I came across a baptism record for a boy named Abraham Hache on October 16th, 1667, in Sillery, Quebec written in Latin[40]. What is interesting is that Abraham was baptized in Sillery at St-Joseph’s Jesuit mission, which was a mission established to bring Christianity to the Indigenous population in the area, including many Montagnais people. You may remember I mentioned previously that the term ‘Eskimaude’ may have been the term that the French used when referring to the Montagnais, also called Innu. Since we have seen the surname Hache in connection to French men in Acadia, could Abraham’s father, listed as Roberto Hache in Latin (Robert), be French or European and his mother, listed as Maria Calliopa Nistaouis in Latin (Marie Calliope), be indigenous?

When the record is translated from Latin, this baptism does not specifically say they were Indigenous, although the records from that mission in the surrounding years

are predominantly for Indigenous people. The spelling of the names of the witnesses also leads us to believe they were Indigenous. The exceptionally reliable Canadian database PRDH (Programme de recherche en démographie historique) notes that Abraham and both of his parents as Amerindien/Amerindienne, which is another French term for Native American[41]. With Abraham Hache being born sometime around 1667 (the record does not mention his age at baptism), it could fit in the timeframe of Michel Haché dit Gallant’s birth around 1660 to 1664, although Michel reported he was born in Acadia on census records. Could this family have moved from Acadia to Quebec around that time for some reason, just as the Indigenous population in Quebec were moving away from Sillery at that time?

Rank	Name	Age	M.S.	Pr.	Sex
01	ABRAHAM HACHE Origin : AMERINDIEN	---	c	p	m
02	ROBERT HACHE FATHER OF 01 Origin : AMERINDIEN	---	---	p	m
03	MARIE CALLIOPE NISTUOUS MOTHER OF 01 Origin : AMERINDIENNE	---	---	p	f
04	ABRAHAM MAXIMY	---	---	---	m
05	ETIENNE NEHABAMAT Origin : INDIEN	---	---	---	m
06	GABRIEL DRUILLETES Occupation : JESUITE, PRETRE, CURE Residence : SILLERY	---	c	p	m
07	FRANCOISE BIGOT	---	---	p	f

[41] Transcription of Abraham Hache’s baptism record



[40] Baptism of Abraham Hache in Sillery, Quebec in 1667

In the book “Why Have You Come Here?” an excerpt from page 152 reads “Disease, fire, Iroquois attacks and cultural tradition combined to empty the village of the 120 Christian Indians that lived there in 1646. By the 1660’s, the Jesuits in Sillery were caring for the French settlers of the village, the Indians having long abandoned the site”[42], but we know that records were still being recorded for the mission after 1660, including Abraham’s baptism in 1667, so this book is not entirely accurate on that account since records show there were Indigenous people recording life events, such as baptisms, at this mission in Sillery at this time. The description of the Indigenous population in the vicinity of Sillery were noted as Montagnais by Recollect friar Gabriel Sagard[43]. Sillery is located about 80 miles from Trois-Rivieres where our Michel may have been baptized as an 8-year-old boy in 1668. Could this be Michel’s biological family moving around and trying to find a good place to settle and raise their family? Do you think this theory might have some merit? Have I made you rethink your earlier choice of possible theories for Michel’s origins?

You can see why genealogists cannot agree on just one theory for Michel’s origins. Just as soon as you think one scenario fits, you realize that it can be easily dismissed or debunked by a simple fact or another theory. You move on to the next scenario and think “Well, this seems to fit” only to be shown a way that it doesn’t quite match up perfectly. This happens over and over again. So, the real question is, what would it take to prove Michel’s true origins once and for all? We would have to locate human remains from that time period, prove that those remains are Michel’s and conduct further D.N.A. testing. As much as I would hate to disturb the final resting places of our ancestors, the genealogist in me would love to be able to see the results of these tests if they ever take place. If this endeavor were proposed, there would likely be issues with legality, ethicality, religion, cost and so many other ramifications so who knows if that will ever actually happen, but one can hope!

Many people who aren’t interested in genealogy will often say, “Who cares? That’s so far in the past. What difference does any of this make?” and the honest answer is, I suppose it doesn’t really matter in the broad sense of things. Does knowing Michel’s origins change our lives in any

(Continued on page 44)

(The Possible Origins of the Acadian Michel Haché dit Gallant and the Ongoing D.N.A. Analysis of Haché/Gallant Descendants Today continued from page 43)

way? Probably not. But deep down, many of us have a desire to know where we come from and to know all the little parts that make us....us! The fact that Michel has so many descendants alive today is incredible. You can't help but wonder if he and Anne sat together overlooking their homestead in Port Lajoie in their old age and could even begin to imagine the legacy they would leave behind.



[G] Haché dit Gallant historical site. Photo credit: Cosmos Mariner, July 18, 2019

Acadians are such a passionate and close-knit group. We care deeply about our ancestry and those who came before us. We are always

searching for our connections to others and welcome everyone as family, no matter how distant the relation. We have a desire to know the intricate details of our ancestors' lives; not just the names and dates, but the trials and tribulations, the overwhelming joy, and the heartache they experienced. It makes them more human, and it makes us, as their descendants, more appreciative of the fact that we are beyond fortunate to be here. The Acadian Expulsion was a horrific time for our ancestors. When you really understand the depths of what they went through, you really come to understand what a miracle it is that any of us are here today. To say we come from immensely hardy stock is an understatement.



Acadian flag. *Vive l'Acadie!*

In closing, this is why documented paper trails, in combination with D.N.A. testing, are so valuable to genealogy. When we look at the world today, we know that non-biological events happen in families all the time, whether it be through adoption or extramarital relations, so we would be naïve to think that these situations didn't happen in our

family trees in the past as well. Following only the documented paper trails can cause you to miss valuable evidence within our D.N.A. that we never would have known existed. I can follow up with a few more examples of how DNA testing has helped shed some light on the origins of some other Acadian families at another time since I wanted to focus mostly on Michel right now, but the science of D.N.A. testing has been incredibly helpful to genealogists in so many ways and it just keeps progressing. I would love to see some clarification as to Michel's origins in my lifetime, and I have a feeling someday, maybe many generations from now with the use of technology that hasn't even been invented yet,

our own descendants will be able to know the truth once and for all. They may look back on us and laugh at all the theories we have researched up to this point.

Genealogy is not a solitary pursuit, nor should it be. It is a venture that should be collaborated on and widely shared in order for everyone to gain the most from the tireless research undertaken. When we really think about how interconnected we all are at a fundamental level, we realize it truly takes a village to piece together the lives of these amazing ancestors and preserve their mark on history with our dedication to finding the truth.

Afterword

I hope this article has been informative and helpful. I would like to show deep gratitude and appreciation to all the experienced genealogists and researchers who have come before me and paved the way.

You can email me at treasuredtrees-bynicole@gmail.com with questions, comments, thoughts, suggestions for corrections, requests for more information or to participate in my ongoing D.N.A. research of Haché/Gallant descendants.

If you would like to join the Facebook group 'Descendants of Michel Haché dit Gallant and other Acadians', we would love to have you. I ask that if you share this article, in part or in its entirety, that you please be sure to include my name and contact information so others will be able to reach me and know where this information has originated. Thank you!



Nicole Gallant-Nunes



(Continued on page 45)

(The Possible Origins of the Acadian Michel Haché dit Gallant and the Ongoing D.N.A Analysis of Haché/Gallant Descendants Today continued from page 44)

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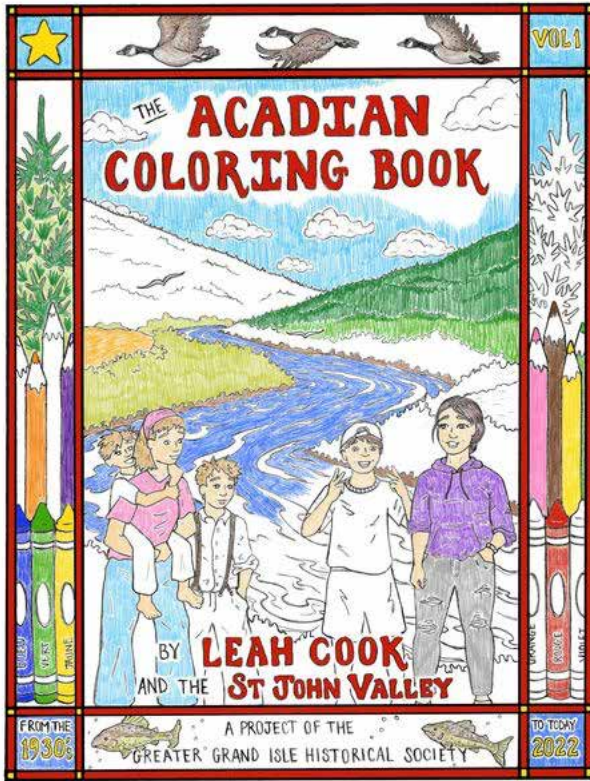
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(Continued on page 46)



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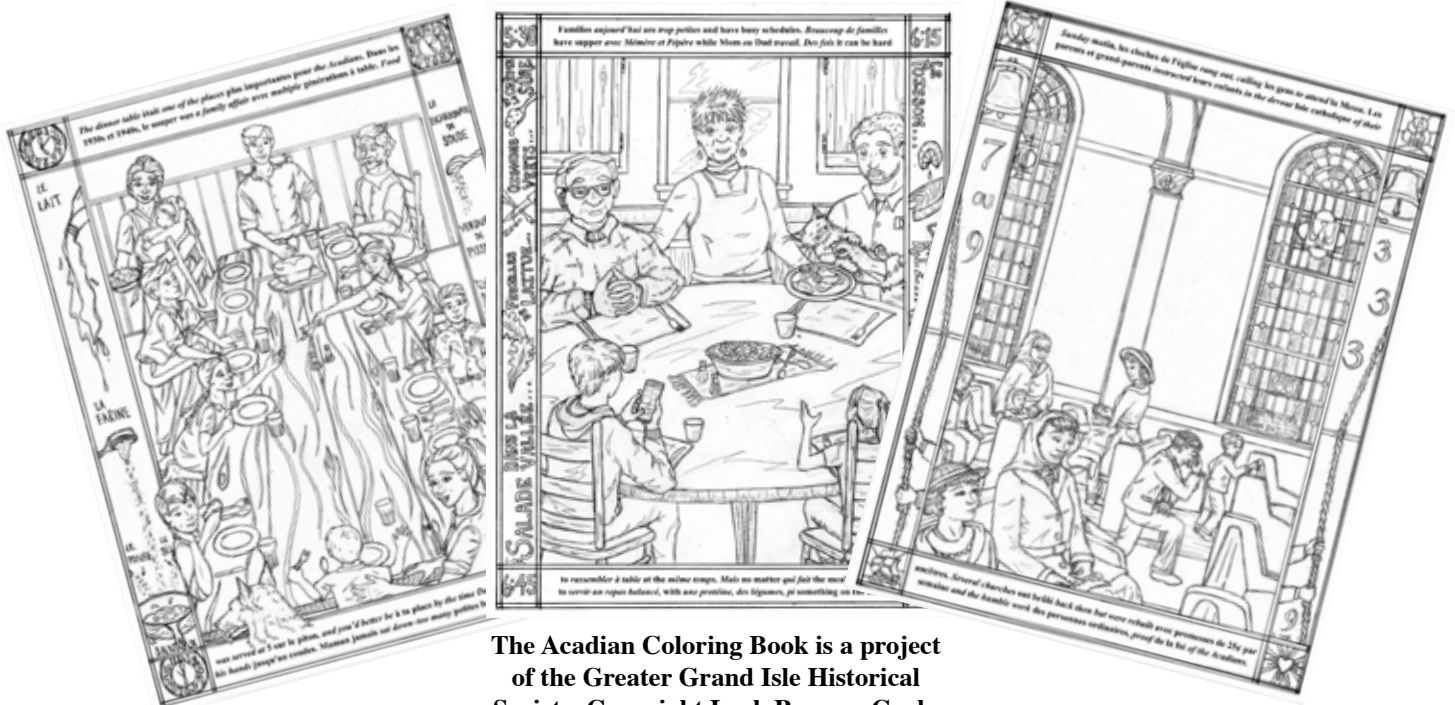
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Coin
des
jeunes...

The French Whale

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Virginia & The French Whale

There once was a French fisherman named Adélard Albert, who lived in the small fishing village of Paspébiac, Québec, where everyone speaks French. Paspébiac, located on the Gaspésie Peninsula of Canada, is a Micmac name that means “sandbar.” Very early each morning, Fisherman Albert would prepare his boat for the day’s fishing trip out onto the open sea, beyond the sandbar. While preparing his boat, called “Song of the Sea,” Monsieur Albert often sang his favorite French songs and prayed for a safe trip and a good catch.

One misty May morning, as Adélard was preparing his boat for the day’s fishing trip, his singing and prayers were suddenly interrupted by a strange flapping sound that seemed to come from the stern of the boat. Then all of a sudden, a huge splash of water washed over Adélard. “Hey, what’s going on?” cried Adélard. “Let’s see. A tsunami? An unexpected storm? Thank God, I’m wearing my slickers, or I’d really be soaked,” Adélard murmured to himself.

As fisherman Albert looked around his boat in curiosity, all of a sudden another splash took him by surprise, wetting his eyeglasses and causing him to slip and fall on the deck, which was all wet by now. “Unbelievable,” yelled Adélard out loud. “I didn’t see any large waves coming toward the sandbar, nor did I see any rain or rain clouds in the sky. My Goodness! What’s happening here?”

Suddenly, Adélard heard water splashing at the bow of his boat. He immediately got up, dried his eyeglasses with his handkerchief, and walked quickly to the bow of the boat. As he looked over the edge, he was again taken by surprise. He began laughing in a jolly way, while chatting loudly to himself, “A whale! A whale! I’ll be dog gone. It’s a baby whale! Who would have

thought? Amazing!” As Adélard caught the whale’s attention, he found himself talking to the young whale: “Let’s see here, little one, are you the culprit who got me and my boat all wet? What nerve!”

All of a sudden, the whale’s tail appeared from under the water, sending another wall of water towards Adélard. Adélard quickly ducked, but still felt the splash. Immediately, Albert bounced back and looked over the rail to the whale.

There, he saw the young whale’s eye looking directly into his eyes. Adélard then spontaneously responded in French of course: “Okay, what do you want there, Oscar?” (Adélard remembered the name *Oscar* from a story he had read to his children, and thought that the name suited this young whale quite well.) Oscar then opened his mouth wide.

“Are you hungry, Oscar?” called out Adélard toward the whale.

With his mouth still held open, Oscar nodded his head.

“Incredible, a young whale who understands French,” murmured Adélard to himself. “I must be dreaming.”

Adélard just happened to have some redfish leftover from yesterday’s fishing trip in the boat’s cooler. He therefore rushed to the cooler to fetch some fish for Oscar. There, he found three redfish on ice, grabbed them, and headed back to Oscar. By then, he found Oscar at the stern of the boat. He held up one fish out over the boat, asking Oscar, “Is this what you want?”

Oscar again nodded, and then breached partially out of the water with excitement. He drifted closer to the boat and opened his mouth. “Here it is, Oscar,” shouted Adélard,

as he threw the fish towards Oscar’s mouth.

Oscar caught the fish and ate it heartily. Afterward, he gave another nod and then splashed his tale. “Glad you liked the redfish, Oscar. Here’s two more,” Adélard said aloud as he threw two more redfish over to Oscar. Oscar devoured the redfish quickly and then did some tricks for Adélard. He swam in circles around the boat, breached out of the water a couple of times, and made a splash with his tail.

“That’s all the fish I have for you today, Oscar. Come back tomorrow morning and I’ll have some more for you,” Adélard explained to the young whale.

Oscar nodded his head, as if he understood, and then swam away towards the west. In the meantime, Adélard headed out on his fishing trip, and had a lucky day. He returned by 4:00PM with a good catch. As he unloaded his catch for the fish market, he made sure to leave 15 redfish in the cooler for Oscar, in case the baby whale decided to come back the next morning.

The following morning, as fisherman Albert was preparing his boat in the cove, for another fishing trip, he heard that familiar flapping sound on the side of his boat along with some splashing. As he leaned over the boat’s side rail, he spotted Oscar with amazement. “Wow, Oscar, I can’t believe you came back,” cried Adélard. “You’re one smart little whale!” With that said, Adélard went into the cooler and brought out the redfish he had saved for Oscar. One by one, he threw the redfish into Oscar’s gaping mouth until all 15 redfish were gone.

Morning after morning, Oscar would appear for his morning feed at fisherman (Continued on page 49)

(The French Whale continued from page 48)

Albert's boat, where Monsieur Albert would feed him whatever went unsold at the fish market. As week's passed by, and then months, Adélard noticed how large Oscar was becoming. He was no longer appearing like a baby whale, but was becoming an adult whale. After about a year, Adélard went to his fishing boat one morning to prepare for his fishing trip, as usual. He had 30 redfish in the cooler waiting for Oscar. However, as Adélard was preparing the boat, he heard no sign of Oscar, no flapping, no splashing, no nothing. As it came time for him to depart on his fishing trip, he worried that something might have happened to Oscar. After all, by now, Adélard had become quite fond of the whale. Feeding Oscar had also become part of his morning routine for close to a year.

Days went by, and no sign of Oscar. Every morning Adélard would look around the boat and cove, and still see no sign of his hungry, growing French Whale. Days became weeks, and weeks became months with no sign of Oscar. Still, fisherman Albert always kept three fish in the boat's cooler just in case Oscar might visit again some day.

One July morning, as Adélard was heading out of Paspébiac's cove on his daily fishing trip, the weather was clear and the waters quite calm. It had been a little over a year since Adélard had seen Oscar. Adélard headed out into open sea, hoping to catch lots of redfish for the fish market, as usual. While he was fishing at one of his lucky spots, the winds began to unexpectedly pick up and the waves were getting higher. Adélard looked up and noticed dark clouds moving in. Immediately, he pulled in the fishing nets and prepared "Song of the Sea" to head back to the cove. As he was heading back, the skies became stormy. Thunder and lightning soon brought a downpour of rain and Adélard's boat started taking on water from the high waves. Adélard was losing visibility and was also finding it hard to steer the boat in one direction. The waters were too turbulent. He thought to himself, "Oh dear God. How will I ever get back?" Adélard was losing hope.

All of a sudden, Adélard glimpsed a large fin in the waters around his boat. "Is it a shark's fin?" he asked himself. He became frightened. Then, in the blink of an eye, a large whale breached from the waves. Adélard was relieved, murmuring to himself,

"So it was a whale's fin I saw, not a shark's. Thank God."

Adélard noticed that the breaching whale looked familiar. It reminded him of Oscar, but it couldn't be, could it? As soon as he held those thoughts, the whale came over to the bow of the boat, as if it wanted Adélard to study it. The whale held itself above the large waves with the strength of its huge tail, so that Adélard would notice him. All of a sudden, Adélard recognized this whale. It had the same markings as Oscar. Adélard briskly walked to the bow and yelled, "Oscar, Oscar, is that you?"

Right away, Oscar nodded his head in his usual way. Adélard was so happy to see Oscar. He wondered if Oscar came to help him, so he shouted out, "Can you help me get back to the cove, Oscar?"

Oscar again nodded and then quickly headed under water. Adélard remembered the propellers of the boat and raced to cut the engines immediately. He didn't want Oscar to get hurt. Then suddenly, Adélard felt his boat slightly lifted and heading in the direction of Paspébiac's cove. He felt that Oscar was guiding he and his boat back to safety. Adélard now had hope, thanks to Oscar.

As soon as Adélard found himself back in the calmer waters of Paspébiac's harbor, Oscar surfaced from the water with a small breach. He then swam to the side of the boat and looked up into the face of Adélard, as if to say, "You are safe again, and now I must go." Adélard somehow understood and waved to Oscar with tears in his eyes, while saying, "Thank you my friend. Thank you for being there when I needed you, Oscar." Oscar seemed to understand Adélard's words and nodded. Then, while looking deeply into Oscar's eyes, Adélard heard unspoken words from the whale's heart: "Thank you also for being there for me when I was a young whale. You had adopted me." Oscar then turned around and headed for the open sea, as Adélard continued to wave good-bye.

A few years later, Adélard was preparing his fishing boat for the day's fishing trip, on a warm May morning. All of a sudden, he heard some strange flapping sound against the stern of his boat. Adélard looked around, and the harbor waters seemed calm enough. Then he thought, "Hmmm, where have I heard that sound before?" And as soon as he asked that question, memories of a young whale named Oscar came to his mind. Then suddenly, Adélard was being splashed with salt water from the bow. Adélard now

asked himself, "Why does this feel familiar? Could it be.....Oscar?" So, with excitement, he briskly walked to the bow and looked over the edge. As he gazed down into the salt water, Adélard received a huge surprise. He saw two whales; one adult whale and a baby whale. He recognized the adult whale as his long, lost Oscar. Immediately he began speaking French to Oscar, the French whale: "Oscar, how are you? I missed you. I see you brought a baby whale with you. I never realized that you were a female whale. Well then, I'll name your baby, Molly. Is that okay with you?"

Oscar seemed to nod in agreement, as Adélard whispered to himself, "And probably Molly will turn out to be a male whale, no doubt," as he smiled and chuckled. Then Adélard shouted out to Oscar and Molly, "Are you hungry?" Oscar nodded.

Adélard quickly went to his cooler (Since his first meeting with Oscar, Adélard has always made sure to keep reserves of redfish in his cooler at all times.). He put 12 redfish in a bucket and carried them to the bow. As the whales patiently waited, Adélard threw the redfish, one at a time, to each whale, until the bucket was empty. Afterwards, Oscar and Molly showed thanks by breaching out of the water, swimming in circles, and doing other tricks. As Adélard got back to preparing for his fishing trip, he thought to himself, "Here we go again," with a big grin on his face.





BIOGRAPHY: Adélard Albert of “The French Whale” story

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Adélard Albert (mon pépé) is my maternal grandfather and was my inspiration for writing the story “The French Whale.” My pépé Adélard Albert was the only grandparent I’ve ever known. He was born and grew up in Paspébiac, PQ (Province of Québec) of Canada. Many generations of my Albert family lived in Paspébiac, which is a small fishing village on the south coast of the Gaspésie Peninsula in the Province of

Québec. Paspébiac is a Micmac tribal word that means “sandbar.” There is a sandbar in Paspébiac’s harbor. It reveals itself at low tide. As an adult, my pépé Adélard Albert immigrated to Waterville, Maine U.S.A. to work in the mills, whereas his two brothers stayed in Paspébiac. As a child, my parents took my pépé Albert, my twin sister and I to visit our family still living in Paspébiac. There, I met my pépé Albert’s two brothers, Plaçid and Ailway; my two great uncles. While visiting Paspébiac as a child, I noticed that everyone was speaking French there.

In Waterville, my pépé Adélard Albert met and married my mémé Virginie Delarosbil (my maternal grandmother) after whom I was named. They were married in the year 1904, purchased a modest house on Cone Street in Winslow, Maine (across the Kennebec River bridge from Waterville, Maine) and started to raise a family which included my mother (Albertine Albert) who was their last child born (1926). My mémé Virginie Albert’s family immigrated to Waterville, Maine from Grande-Rivière, a southern coastal village closer to the tip of the Gaspésie Peninsula. Both of my grandparents spoke only French upon coming to

Maine from French Canada (Québec), but had to learn some English at night school to become naturalized as U.S. citizens and to work in the mills. My pépé Adélard Albert first worked at Scott Paper Company on the Kennebec River in Winslow and then left the mill to work for better pay at the railroad in Waterville. There, my pépé Albert worked very hard to clean the inside of boxcars. My mémé Virginie Albert worked hard at the Lockwood Cotton Mill on the Kennebec River in Waterville, which later became the Hathaway Mill. Unfortunately, she passed away 10 years before my twin sister (Beverly) and I were born. (I have included photographs of my pépé Adélard Albert along with my mémé Virginie Albert, my twin sister Beverly and I, and my mother, Albertine Albert Pimperal.)

Some day I hope to return to the Gaspésie of Québec Province to revisit my pépé Albert’s hometown of Paspébiac and to visit for the first time my mémé Virginie Albert’s hometown of Grande-Rivière. While there, I would like to do more family genealogical research and perhaps even discover and meet some cousins and distant cousins I may have living there.



Adélard Albert (1884-1975) married Virginie Delarosbil (1883-1946), 1904



Adélard with his daughter, Albertine (1926-2019) photo 1974



Beverly, Adélard & Virginie photo 1956



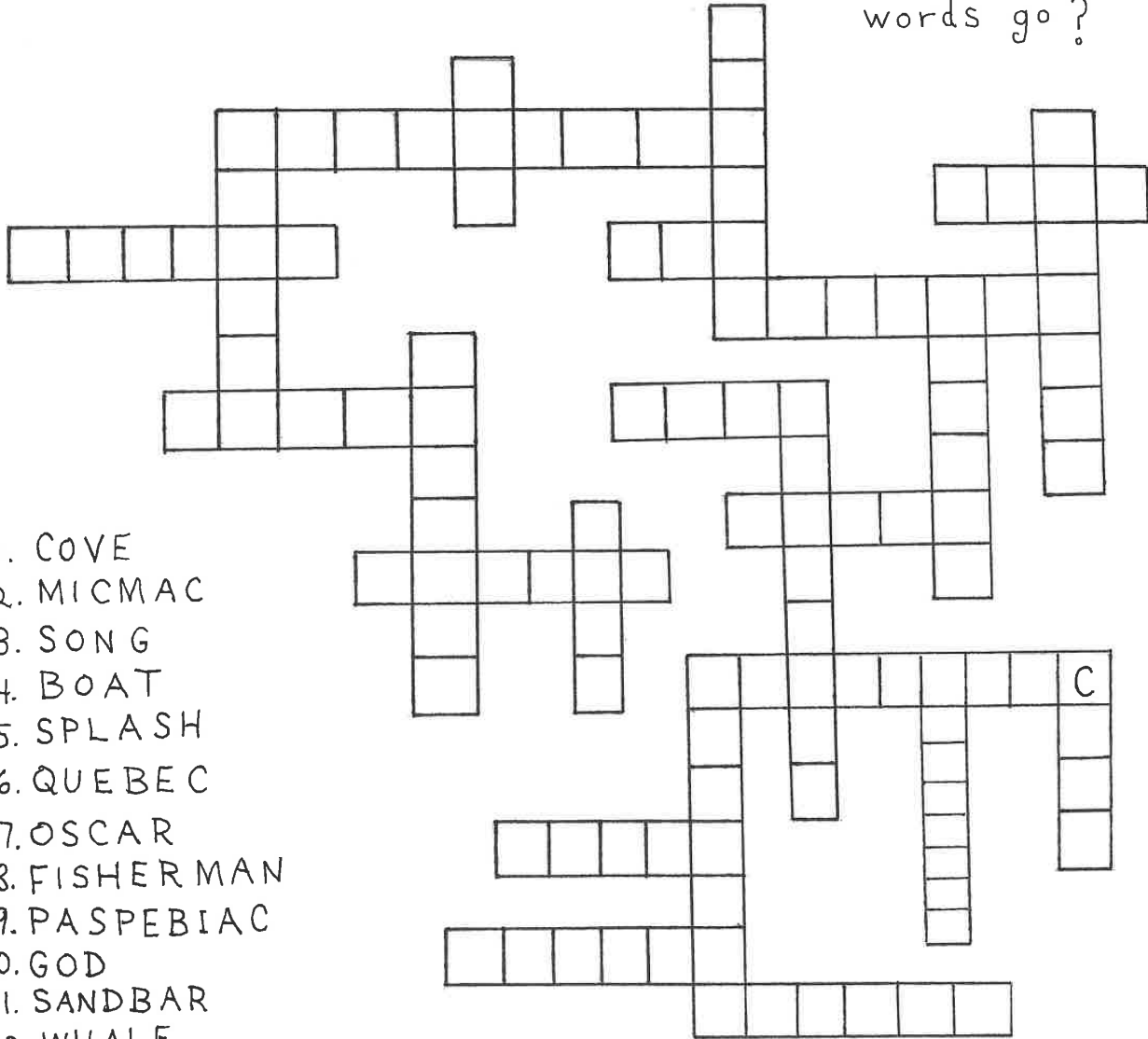
Virginia, Adélard & Beverly, photo Easter 1969



The French Whale Crossword Activity

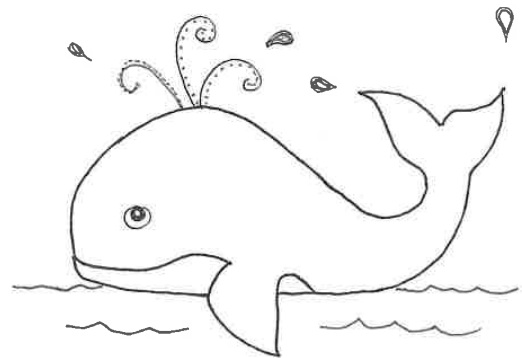
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Where do the words go?



- 1. COVE
- 2. MICMAC
- 3. SONG
- 4. BOAT
- 5. SPLASH
- 6. QUEBEC
- 7. OSCAR
- 8. FISHERMAN
- 9. PASPEBIAC
- 10. GOD
- 11. SANDBAR
- 12. WHALE
- 13. SEA
- 14. GASPESE
- 15. REDFISH
- 16. FRENCH
- 17. MOLLY
- 18. ADELARD

- 19. TAIL
- 20. ALBERT
- 21. PRAYERS
- 22. HARBOR
- 23. CANADA
- 24. BREACHED





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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