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Le FORUM



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

VOLUME 44, #4

WINTER/HIVER 2022-23



Franco-Femmes

l to r: Bonnie King, Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Suzanne Taylor, Pam Beveridge, Emma Phillips, Debbie Roberge, Louella Rolfe, behind: Martha Whitehouse & Lin Larochelle

*This issue of Le Forum is dedicated in loving memory to Pamela McInnis Beveridge.
(See page 3)*

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other pertinent websites to check out -

Les Français d’Amérique / French In America

Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002

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

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

Franco-Americans of Maine, Then and Now:

<https://francomainestories.net>





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

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

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Le FORUM

(N.D.L.R. It is with great sadness that I dedicate this issue of Le Forum, in loving memory to Pamela McInnis Beveridge. Pam was a friend, supporter and member of our Franco-Femmes group for many years.)



Pamela McInnis Beveridge

June 4, 1947 – February 22, 2023

Kenduskeag and Glenburn, ME- Pamela (Pam) McInnis Beveridge, 76 of Kenduskeag and Glenburn, ME died unexpectedly at her lakefront home on February 22, 2023. The daughter of Ruth (Jewers) McInnis, she was born June 4, 1947 in Portland, ME.

Pam spent her early years living in Portland, Maine. Summers, however, were spent in Eastport, Maine, where she had many adventures with her grandparents, Karl and Rena (Turner) Jewers, in the idyllic beauty of the Bay of Fundy, Passamaquoddy Bay, and at the beloved family camp on Boyden's lake. She graduated from Deering High School with honors, having devoted her senior honors essay to the prejudice experienced by Native Americans in Maine; a cause she was passionate about. Upon graduating, Pam pursued her dream of becoming a lawyer and enrolled at Simmons University in Boston where she thrived, once again graduating with honors and a perfect GPA.

After law school Pam chose to work as a legal advocate for Pine Tree Legal where she could pursue her passion for advocating for those disadvantaged or unable to afford attorneys. From there, she worked for a prominent Boston attorney, Norman Zalkind who shared her passion for representing the underprivileged and forgotten.

After some time working in the law, Pam's curiosity and public-minded spirit drew her to journalism and she became a reporter for the Lewiston Sun Journal. Though reticent about discussing her achievements, those close to Pam are familiar with one of the highlights of her brief career in journalism when she covered a story about Jimmy Carter that went national and was featured by Walter Cronkite in his news cast. A rare honor for a journalist from Maine writing for a local paper. Those close to Pam can attest to her unwavering sense of ethics. She once covered a political rally during which a politician slipped her daughter a one dollar bill. Clearly this did not sit well with Pam as she spent the next day scouring the town to find the politician to return his dollar. Votes could not be bought, even in jest.

After her time in law and journalism, Pam started yet a new career with the US Postal Service which appealed to her sense of public service and her love of the outdoors. Like many, she began this new career as a rural carrier, delivering mail in Androscoggin County. Her dedication and hard work did not go unnoticed. Over the next thirty years she rose through the ranks taking on statewide responsibilities which took her from Kittery to Fort Kent conducting audits and assisting local business owners and Postmasters manage difficult large bulk mailings.

During her time with the Postal Service, she and her family moved to Kenduskeag Maine where she bought 18 acres of farmland on two beautiful ponds near the Kenduskeag Stream; an ideal place to raise a family. This land, acquired through years of hard work, became the setting of countless childhood adventures for her children.

From the time she was a young girl, Pam had a special love for animals—especially horses. In her early years Pam regularly took two separate bus trips, travelling alone across two towns to a riding stable in Scarborough. When a friend learned of a horse in need in Bangor, Pam convinced her mom to borrow a truck and trailer to bring "Penny" home. A relationship was formed. Pam and Penny spent many years galloping through the fields of Perry and Robbinston, Maine. Over the years to come, Pam would own many horses and travel as far as New Hampshire to rescue horses in need. All beautiful Arabians, Aur Banner, Tezzie, Callie, Goldie and many more were laid to rest near the shore of her beloved farm pond. During precious time off from her responsibilities with the Postal Service, Pam spent many hours on the shore of that pond reading and exploring while her dogs (Pheamie and Cami) played. Pam's love for animals extended beyond horses to dogs, cats, and more than one creature orphaned for one reason or another. During her final years her best friend "Cami" (a fiercely loyal Miniature Pinscher), was ever present at her side and always suspicious of those competing for her attention. Pam had an enormous heart and always room for one more—resulting in her home becoming host to a gang of rescued "barn cats", Stewart, Mama, Muzzy, Blackie, Izzie, Saga, Fendler, Kappie and Nickie. The care and attention Pam lavished on these (often lost or abandoned) animals was reciprocated as they were all there to comfort her.

In addition to her love of animals, Pam relished history. When not working, spending time with her children or animals, Pam researched history and her love for genealogy began. Pam could quite often be found at her computer where she spent countless hours researching matters of historical interest and genealogy. She became an active member and/or officer of the Eastport Maine Border Historical Society, Maine Genealogical Society, Maine Old Cemetery Association, Penobscot County Genealogical Society, Taconnett Falls Genealogy Library and Washington County Historical and Genealogical Society. Her love of family history was first piqued during childhood summers spent with her grandparents and making rounds to check on older relatives in Downeast Maine and New Brunswick. Through her efforts, thousands of family heirlooms, letters, diaries, documents, Bibles, autograph albums and photographs were preserved and curated and are waiting to be "reunited" with their long lost relatives. You can search and locate these heirlooms at Pam's website <https://www.heirloomsreunited.com/>.

(Continued on page 5)

The Young Franco-American Summit: Coming to a Town or City Near You!

By Melody Desjardins

The Young Franco-American Summit (YFAS) is an annual gathering of those aged 18-35 that discusses and celebrates the Franco-American heritage, language, and culture. Speakers are encouraged to present a related topic, followed by a keynote speaker to wrap up the event and leave us on a high note.

After attending as a speaker at the initial launch and most recent YFAS this past fall, there is a revitalized energy among the younger generations of Franco-Americans.

We're excited to find other people in our age range who can share our Franco-American experiences, from laughing about our family dynamics to having deeper conversations about our place in the culture.

My part in all of this began with launching my blog, *Moderne Francos*, in November 2020. I had thought about starting a blog, but plenty of people had already covered topics about Franco-Americans. What more could I add to the conversation?

However, the more I spent time in our online communities, the generational difference became apparent. Individually, we have ideas about the culture and where it should go. But, generationally, there are various things that we focus on depending on our life experiences affected by our age and the time in which we grew up.

We all have our ways of carrying the culture into the future. After realizing this, I began writing blog posts to share my thoughts. I didn't feel qualified professionally, but I started formulating ideas about how I view my Franco-American side.

I've always been fascinated by different cultures worldwide, but my knowledge of being Franco-American wasn't extensive.

Although I'm originally from New Hampshire, my military family moved often. So, I spent most of my formative years in the Midwest. Of course, there are Franco-Americans across the United States, but no one in the area knew about the term "Franco-American."

Neither had I until 12 years old when I entered seventh grade and was assigned a family tree project. I knew my paternal side was primarily German and British-Australian, but I could only describe my maternal



Top (left to right):
Meghan Murphy,
Alex Torno, Brian
Thomas, Dr. Claire-
Marie Brisson, Emma
Brewer, Timothy St.
Pierre, Camden Martin,
Matthew Schwab
Bottom (left to right):
MJ Osgood, Sibelle
Grisé, Joey Leblanc,
Jacob Michaud,
Madeline Soucie,
Daniel Moreau, Nicole
Pelletier, Emily Vaccaro,
Melody Desjardins

side as "French."

Of course, this term brought on visions of Paris, France, rather than making the connection to Québec. After all, I knew that my great-grandparents had emigrated to the U.S. and settled in New Hampshire, but I wasn't aware of all the French-Canadian history in Canada.

I asked my mother what we called our heritage. If we didn't have a family history in France within the last century, were we to be called French, or was there another term for us? The name game was confusing, but I had to know for myself more than for my school project.

She replied, "We are Franco-American."

The more I asked about this elusive term, the more I learned about how my *mémère* and *pépère*'s family were from various towns in Québec along the St. Lawrence River.

Even though this sparked my interest in genealogy, this response was less fulfilling after my research of the Franco-American label elicited limited results.

Living halfway across the country from my *mémère* didn't help, either. Because I didn't see my Franco-American relatives often, I was too shy to ask these family questions.

Despite my shortcomings, I felt there was a hidden magic within cultures that had to be drawn out and discovered. That's what kept me hopeful of finding an answer

one day.

Finding the online community of Franco-Americans and French-Canadians within the past three years helped in giving me a clearer picture of the culture as a whole. I read stories of past and present, learned the history of our presence, and enjoyed individual takes on who we are as a culture.

That made me create my work expressing how I view being Franco-American. I had stories to tell, especially being disconnected from it most of my life. It fascinated me that although I didn't know much about what Franco-American culture had to offer, it still played a role through French words and my *mémère*'s gorton on saltine crackers.

Moderne Francos became my contribution to the discourse as a 20-something finding my way in terms of career and life. My work is an example of a building block among the younger generations of Franco-Americans trying to make these discoveries and uncover what the culture means to them.

That's where the Young Franco-American Summit comes in, to advance our culture by picking up what we know and sharing our latest findings with a group that shares our enthusiasm. This event welcomes new speakers, allows us to enjoy the shared interest in all things Franco-American, and gives us a chance to make new connections.

So, choose any topic related to Fran-
(Continued on page 5)

(Pamela McInnis Beveridge continued from page 3)

Though her interest in history was expansive, she preferred to research and uncover the stories of hardscrabble Maine folk, having left little by way of records, likely to be forgotten with the passing years. Pam wanted to learn about these people and tell their stories. The challenge of piecing together these humble yet fascinating stories of Maine life from sparse records brought her immense joy. You can find these items on her blog “HeirloomsReunited.com”. She frequented local auction houses and was known throughout Maine as a genealogy expert; volunteering for speaking engagements, lining up speakers for various boards, and sharing her love of the history with others.

Though content in libraries and antique stores, Pam did not lack for a spirit of adventure. She was capable of spontaneity as anyone having spent time in a car with her can attest. If she saw a dirt road, odds were good she would stop whatever she was doing and change course to drive down to see where it led. She followed her son from state to state while he completed the Appalachian trail. In later years she took up cycling after purchasing her beloved RAD ebikes. She peddled hundreds of miles around Kenduskeag, Acadia National Park and Greenville Maine to attend multiple bike and boat fundraisers for local causes. She even led a group of Game Wardens deep into the puckerbrush to help bring her son a birthday cake while he volunteered with the Maine Search and Rescue Teams.

Finally, no remembrance of Pam would be complete without mention of her gardens which brought her much joy and satisfaction over the years. She spent untold hours with her hands in the earth, weeding and occasionally picking potato bugs to feed to the turtles with whom she shared her pond. Tending to her sprawling gardens was not an isolated pursuit for Pam. Though proud of the vegetables born of her efforts, gardening was an end in itself and not a means to an end. It provided occasion to spend time with her children and loved ones, discussing life and the issues and of the day, while engaged in the practice of tending to the earth.

Pam was predeceased by her brother, Bruce McInnis of Eastport, ME.

Pam is survived by her mother, Ruth McInnis of Eastport, ME; Daughter, Shannon (Beveridge) Emery of Bangor, ME; Sons, Jay Beveridge of Glenburn, ME and Jon Beveridge of Glenburn, ME; Granddaughter, Rachel Emery of Baileyville, ME and Great Grandsons, Jackson and Parker. Special friend and “daughter”, Kristy Albee of Glenburn, ME.

In honor of Pam’s wishes, there will be no service. In lieu of flowers, the family asks that donations be made to the <https://eastportmaineborderhistoricalsociety.org/>; Or better yet, please become a member and keep her passion alive.

Our Franco-Femmes group will never be the same without you Pam! Forever grateful for you beautiful smile, sense of humor, kind heart and wonderful memories of our gatherings and road trips! Fly high my friend till we meet again! We will honor you on our next road trip....



Front (left to right): Louella Rolfe, Lisa Michaud, 2nd row, Pam Beveridge, Debbie Roberge, 3rd row Emma Phillips, Lin Larochelle.



(The Young Franco-American Summit: Coming to a Town or City Near You! continued from page 4)

co-Americans and prepare a short presentation. Or, join as an attendee and listen to our lineup of speakers. Presentations are in English, but you’d be surprised at how much French you’ll hear during casual chats between speakers.

As YFAS annually changes location, the more people we will reach and inspire to share their stories. We’ve taken charge and serve as an example of the younger generations carrying the torch of our culture.

The organizing of this event has been graciously passed to me, and I’m looking forward to the third installment of the Young Franco-American Summit in 2023!

If you have any questions, comments, or interest in volunteering for YFAS, email me at melody@modernefrancos.com.

SOME OF THE MANY MEMORIES....THANK YOU PAM!



Those Who Returned: One Family's Journey to the United States and Back

Patrick Lacroix



In Montreal, Dr. Daniel Tracey and Stanley Bagg were locked in a close and occasionally violent election contest. On May 21, clashes between Patriote and Tory supporters—a glimpse of the battles to come later in the decade—took a tragic turn when soldiers opened fire and killed civilians. At the end of the month, ships sailing from Dublin brought immigrants as well as cholera. The bacterium spread through Lower Canada and took thousands to an early grave. Among the victims was Dr. Tracey, who had triumphed at the polls. Meanwhile, in the countryside around Quebec, larvae hatched in wheat stalks and decimated the crop. They would return annually and cause near-famine conditions in the middle of the decade.¹

To many in the St. Lawrence River valley, the year 1832 may have seemed an *annus horribilis*. No doubt it was for Guillaume Larocque of Chambly, aged 9, who lost his father in July. Guillaume *père* died at the age of 42, most likely a victim of the disease those insalubrious Irish ships had brought. In his time, the senior Guillaume Larocque had been an innkeeper. He left behind a wife, Marie Anne *née* Gélinau, and several young children—and he left them some means. The next year, the value of goods in the couple's "matrimonial community" was just under £5,000, though nearly half of the amount lay in debts owed to them and they themselves owed £1,000.

According to their marriage contract, Marie Anne was to serve as tutor to their children. But, by the end of 1833, their uncle, David Larocque, had been appointed tutor and Marie Anne had renounced the community of goods she held with her late husband. As a result, £266 were set aside for each of her four minor children, including Guillaume *fils*, the eldest. The reason may lie in Marie Anne's imminent wedding to François Lalanne. Their marriage contract made no mention of children from prior spouses—though the younger Guillaume attended the signing of the contract, assuredly with mixed feelings.²

Adrift and Across the Border

Little of Guillaume Larocque's youth is known to us. He may have lived with his stepsiblings or with his many cousins in his uncle David's household. Perhaps he benefitted from the support and protection of his godfather, the eccentric physician Jean François Bossu dit Lionais, who provided for Guillaume in one of his many wills. Lionais, a dedicated Patriote, spent the winter of 1837-1838 in prison. He died only a month after his liberation. His latest will left nothing, it seems, to his godson.³

Thrust into an uncertain future by the death of his father, Guillaume then witnessed agricultural woes, rebellion, the economic turmoil of the 1840s, and increasing competition for land. It is therefore not so surprising to find him—like thousands of compatriots—in the United States in 1845 and, still, in 1850. In 1845, his stepfather, François Lalanne, pledged £1,743 to Larocque. The promise of such capital enabled him to marry; he would have the means to provide for a household. He wed Julie Hébert, of whom we know little.⁴

The couple lived in Addison, Vermont, 90 miles due south from Chambly, but by no means were they alone or isolated. In 1850, their next-door neighbors were the Canadian-born John and Elizabeth "Aber" who, by virtue of their ages, were almost certainly Julie's parents. On the Larocque side, Guillaume's uncle Albert also lived in Vermont. He lived in Bridport, just south of Addison, with his family; the nephew may have sought to follow his example. Several of Albert's sons—Guillaume's cousins—would reach places of influence in the Catholic Church, including Paul, who became the second bishop of Sherbrooke.

Addison, a predominantly agricultural community abutting Lake Champlain, was not an unusual destination for French-Can-

dian immigrants. Even at this time, people along Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River had a long history of cultural and economic exchange. Steamboats and other vessels plied both waterways and, only a few years later, railways would tighten cross-border ties. An enduring symbol of these ties was the Catholic pastor of Chambly, Pierre Marie Mignault, who had buried Larocque's father in 1832. Mignault long served as a missionary to Canadian migrants south of the border.⁵

The transportation network combined with employment opportunities to pull young people like Larocque to Addison and surrounding towns, though many would return to Lower Canada. In 1850, more than 1,200 French Canadians lived in the nearby communities of Ferrisburgh, Vergennes, New Haven, Middlebury, and Shoreham. In some areas, these Canadians already represented 15 to 20 percent of the local population. Like many of the migrants, both Larocque and his presumed father-in-law—Jean Baptiste Hébert—appear in records as unspecified laborers. Hardly were they men of means and local influence. They lived on a cultural frontier, their tenuous social position made raw, no doubt, by overt expressions of condescension. Culture amplified the sense of a rigid class boundary between French Canadians and Yankees. Yet the work performed by migrants did not differ substantially from the labor they would have offered in Canada—had Canada provided the same paid opportunities. In short, culturally and economically, by no means was Larocque cut off from the world he knew in and around Chambly. This stay abroad was, in any event, meant to be temporary.⁶

The money promised by Lalanne in 1845 may have been slow to come. The two men again stood before a notary in Saint-Mathias in 1850. This latest contract, *(Continued on page 7)*

(*Those Who Returned: One Family's Journey to the United States and Back continued from page 6*)

another financial obligation, listed the earlier sum, plus interest, and rights tied up in the succession of the long-dead Guillaume Larocque père. We have reason to believe that the younger Larocque, now aged 27, was eager to secure those sums. He and his wife were now parents to two young children.⁷

Home Again

A few days after Christmas, 1852, the Lalannes and the Larocques joined in a rite that was enacted thousands of times in the history of Lower Canada and Quebec, a rite that reflected both households' life cycles. François Lalanne, aged 60, retired from active life. He and Guillaume's mother donated their estate in Saint-Mathias to the younger couple, who in turn pledged to support them through their remaining years. That support involved an annual supply of twelve cords of wood, 300 lbs of salt pork to be delivered every December 24, the use of a horse and buggy, the promise to care for them and seek out a doctor when they became ill, and much, much more. Larocque agreed to donate £400 to each of his stepsiblings upon either their wedding or their reaching adulthood. Upon François and Marie Anne's deaths, Larocque would also pay for twenty-five Low Masses to hasten their eternal repose. Until then, the Lalannes would occupy the south side of the house and the Larocques, the other half. Thus, on the eve of his thirtieth birthday, Guillaume was a *cultivateur*, a landowning farmer, settled again in the region of his birth, and no longer a common laborer left to seek his bread in foreign lands.⁸

An arrangement that was meant to be permanent proved otherwise: the Lalannes and the Larocques were living apart at the dawn of the 1860s. The latter occupied a one-story, single-family wood-framed house. Guillaume's stepsiblings now had a hand in caring for the older couple. In 1871, widowed again, Marie Anne was living with a son from her second marriage. It may be that the shared house had become cramped, but Guillaume's noticeable absence in the acts of Lalanne sacraments would suggest a fracture within the family.

In Saint-Mathias, the Larocques lived a conventional life by the standard of nineteenth-century French Canada. They worked to the rhythm of the seasons and rested by the rhythms of the Church. Julie bore



Lewis Hine, Chace Mill, Fall River (National Child Labor Committee Collection LOC) (1)

twelve children in twenty-four years and all but one lived to adulthood. Before long, it was Guillaume and Julie's turn to think of "placing" the next generation. Dowries for the girls were one thing; land that would enable the boys to support households of their own was another matter entirely. In March 1870, Guillaume traveled to Montreal and committed to the purchase of a 140-acre plot in the Township of Stukely, in the Eastern Townships. He paid \$200 outright and, per the contract, agreed to disburse the remaining \$2,300 over the course of five years. This was a dramatic step in the life of the family. Minus Guillaume's time in Vermont, the Larocque line had lived in the Chambly area for a century and a half—almost ever since the first Guillaume had settled in New France. The Townships were rapidly filling up with French Canadians and it seemed the family would soon be joining the rush to these "new" lands.⁹

Industrial Proletariat

Five months after the Stukely deal, the Larocques were not haying, but sharing a dwelling with English and Scottish families in industrial Attleboro, Massachusetts, a town that neighbors Central Falls, Rhode Island. They had instead joined the rush of Canadians to Northeastern mill cities. According to one estimate, there were approximately 35,000 French Canadians in Massachusetts and 104,000 in New England in 1870. Those numbers more than doubled in the subsequent decade and this despite a long, hard recession that paralyzed industry in the middle of the 1870s. Like many compatriots, "William Rocks" became a common laborer again. In 1870, while Julie kept house, all children aged 8 to 21 were employed in a cotton mill. The whole family worked, as they had in Quebec—but that

work was unlike anything they had seen north of the border.¹⁰

The move to Attleboro highlights the connection between rural fields of migration in New York, Vermont, and Maine and the cities of eastern New England. We don't know whether Guillaume returned from Vermont with financial capital—but, from living in predominantly English-speaking, Protestant communities with different customs, he did acquire cultural capital that would serve him years later in Massachusetts. He spoke English, as his sons would. Having crossed the border once, his imagination and prospects could reach beyond Quebec. The dream of land owned free and clear in the Eastern Townships involved a second journey in the United States. In the process, the children's horizons also broadened.

At some point, the dream fell through. The Larocques were still in Massachusetts in 1880, this time in Fall River. The new locale brought no great change in their circumstances. In fact, four of the children had now spent a decade in cotton mills. Only one had left the household. Three were over the age of 21—delayed family formation that generally implies rough financial straits. Their time in Chace Mill tenements on Baker Street says as much. In the early 1880s, a man hired by Chace refused to meet an essential condition of employment: operatives had to move into company tenements. The man objected to the unsuitable living conditions. He was promptly fired and fellow Chace workers walked out in solidarity.¹¹

By no means was the life of the Larocque family confined to the large stone
(Continued on page 8)

(Those Who Returned: One Family's Journey to the United States and Back continued from page 7)

edifice overlooking the Quequechan River where they spent their working hours—60 hours a week, most likely. In Fall River, the family found a much larger French-Canadian population than they had in Attleboro. Their own tenement was home to the Dumas and Vincelet families; a few doors down lived another band of Larocques. The city had several French-Canadian national parishes and, at the turn of the 1880s, a rapidly growing network of cultural institutions, including the Ligue des Patriotes. Guillaume, Julie, and the children may well have heard Father Pierre Bédard's sermons and the fiery addresses of a young attorney named Hugo Dubuque. They may have been living in Fall River when Honoré Beaugrand penned *Jeanne la fileuse*. Guillaume, had he read it, might have recognized the countryside that Beaugrand depicted and shared his frustration with Canadian political elites. Either way, the Larocques had community, if nothing else—and, financially, there may indeed have been little else.

Theirs was a dynamic urban environment that tantalized them with modern amenities lying just beyond the reach of the tenements. It was also a milieu rife with conflict. The Irish and French of Fall River typically stood on opposing sides of the picket line; they fought over Church institutions. At one time, a physical altercation even erupted in the pews. Each group sought to assert some control over their collective destinies in the United States while facing acute economic pressure that was neither's doing. Guillaume Larocque, having heard the roar of rebellion nearly half a century earlier, now witnessed clashes of a different kind.¹²

Through the relentless stress of providing for his family, we can afford one safe assumption about Guillaume. He did not despair. Nor did he lose sight of *la patrie*. Like most migrant families, the Larocques assuredly visited the home country on multiple occasions while residing in Massachusetts. They may well have returned to Saint-Mathias during the summer or made some sort of attempt in Stukely. We do know they were on Quebec soil in 1882.

On the Land: Windsor

Slowly, Guillaume and Julie's chil-



Eglise Saint-Joseph, Chambly

dren began to leave the household, including daughters whose gendered horizons changed considerably through wage labor and their community of female mill hands. The French priest Adrien de Montaubricq, the founder of the first French-Canadian national parish in Fall River, celebrated Célanière Larocque's marriage to Joseph Proulx in 1876. Through this couple, Isaïe Gagnon of L'Avenir met Célanière's sister, Julie Mélanise. They married in Quebec in 1882. At that time, Guillaume, Julie, and the other children were living in Hatley, just north of the border in the Eastern Townships, and Guillaume was again a *cultivateur*. The peripatetic journey was not yet at its close, however. The family returned to Fall River, now emerging as the largest center of French-Canadian population in the United States.¹³

The Larocques were still living in Massachusetts when, in 1887, Guillaume put down \$900 on a plot of land in Windsor, twelve miles north of Sherbrooke, Quebec. The purchase announced the final chapter of the parents' lives. By this time, Guillaume had spent half of his life, maybe more, on U.S. soil, no doubt as a means to an end. The whole household had scraped to return to Canada and to a life that had not lost all of its charms.¹⁴

Windsor was a small industrial center on the rail line between Sherbrooke and Richmond. It boasted a paper mill and a powder factory. It was one of many small regional centers that experienced industrial growth at the end of the nineteenth century—centers that would help retain workers

in Quebec. But the Larocques had seen enough of industry. Aided by two adult sons, Guillaume farmed. The oldest of their children, Josephine, now nearly 40, helped Julie. Laura, the youngest, worked locally as a schoolteacher until she married James Kellett in 1897. Not that they were on a perfectly secure footing: the family continued to carry financial baggage. Guillaume borrowed \$350 from powder manufacturer Robert Chapman in 1892. Putting up his 200-acre farm as a guarantee, he pledged to repay the amount in three years. The debt was not paid in full until 1899.¹⁵

By then, Julie had passed away. Guillaume lost a partner of fifty years who had weathered adversity by his side. The wills they had signed in 1894 said little of the state of their affairs. Each designated their two sons, Murat and Siméon, as their legatees and heirs, who would have an equal share in the parents' estate. Guillaume signed another will in December 1900. It may have been a sign of declining health. He passed away at age 78 in November 1901.¹⁶

From One Generation to the Next

Guillaume and Julie Larocque witnessed most of the nineteenth century. They experienced the drama of their times: immigration, urbanization, industrialization, and the transition to a consumer economy. Their lives are evidence of the economic challenges faced by residents of Lower Canada (and later Quebec) and the means by which they provided for themselves and the next generation. The lives of their children are, in fact, evidence that families that returned to Quebec after an American sojourn were not entirely back where they started. Even after repatriation, there were lasting legacies to life and work in the cities of the Great Republic. The Larocques had seen a wider world—to which some would return.

We might think of Julie Mélanise, the third daughter, and her husband Isaïe Gagnon. They spent the latter half of the 1880s in Fall River—in Chace employ, according to one city directory—then came to live in Windsor. In 1909, they returned to the United States. This time they went to Lowell. Most of their own children settled definitively in Quebec. Their daughter Laura—renouncing work in an American mill—married Adélarde Boisvert of L'Avenir in 1911. At least one, William Gagnon,

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(*Those Who Returned: One Family's Journey to the United States and Back continued from page 8*)

remained in the United States. He lived and died in Nashua.¹⁷

Guillaume Larocque's sons similarly left the province again, one of them earning passing fame. Agriculture enabled Guillaume to escape mill life; his second son, Siméon Henry, known as Sam, escaped thanks to the great American pastime.



Sam Larocque dans un moment critique.
La Presse 1900-08-20 p. 3

Sam Larocque never reached the heights or the celebrity of a Nap Lajoie. But, in the niche world of early American baseball, the kid from Saint-Mathias became a legend. Contemporary newspapers noted his strength; his longevity in major and minor leagues as a player, a coach, and an umpire; and the record he held for most single-game errors. His career took off when the Detroit

Wolverines bought (for \$600, no less) his release from the Lynn, Massachusetts, club. He was one of the earliest French Canadians to play professionally. After a few seasons in the Midwest, Sam found a momentary home in the South. At the age of 45 he married the 20-year-old daughter of a Memphis hotel-keeper; he would be naturalized in Alabama a decade later. He ended his working life as a watchman at the Chrysler plant in Detroit.¹⁸

The informant at the time of his death, in 1933, was his own brother Murat. The latter appears to have sold his father's plot, perhaps to settle debts following a 1903 lawsuit that became front-page news in the Townships. Around 1916, having worked as a machinist in Windsor Mills, Murat brought his young family to Ontario. Opportunities created by wartime industries—the Great War was then its third year—may have had a part in this. Murat purchased a house in Walkerville, Ontario, which the city of Windsor has since absorbed. Like his brother, Murat worked for Chrysler. Their sister Célair—Mrs. Proulx—also went to Walkerville. Thus the Larocque clan, widely dispersed and much tested, reunited in an old hub of French-Canadian settlement, the Detroit River, now revived by the automobile industry. By this time, like countless French-Canadian families, their kinship network stretched across several provinces and many American states.¹⁹

Murat Larocque

Murat (Sam) Larocque, 81, of 845 Lincoln road, died last night at his home after a long illness. He was born in Chambly Basin, Quebec, and had lived in Windsor for 30 years. He was a member of St. Anne's Church, and was employed by Chrysler.

Mr. Larocque is survived by his wife, Exilda (nee Theriault), two sons, Eugene of Windsor, and Paul of Detroit; three daughters, Mrs. Ernest D. St. Louis (Maria) of Eustice, Florida; Mrs. Ernest W. St. Louis (Blanche) of Sandwich East, and Mrs. Aurel Roy (Jean) of Windsor, and 14 grandchildren.

Services will be conducted on Monday at 9 a.m. from the late residence

The life choices made by Guillaume and Julie Larocque reverberated across generations. Today, few of their Quebec descendants would suspect that the elderly couple that passed away peacefully in Windsor around the turn of the twentieth century—seemingly indistinguishable from their neighbors—had such a direct encounter with American manufacturing and American culture. If the memory of those times has evaporated, the legacies are still palpable. From the 1830s and 1840s, generations of French Canadians sought to steady themselves in the United States; often, those journeys are not instantly apparent in surviving records. The particular case of the Larocques must make us wonder how the thousands of migrant families that returned from abroad together altered the face of their home province and created new cycles of migration.

Additional Sources

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The Yellow Brick Road: Your Soul's Purpose

Copyright 2022
by Virginia Lee Sand

Money, money, money! If we follow the money, will that bring us more joy, more love, more peace, contentment, and more spiritual growth in our lives?

On the other hand, if we follow the "yellow brick road," where will that take us? Will it bring us back to our cultural roots, back to our ancestral homelands, back to the languages spoken by our ancestors, and back to our soul's purpose for being here? Is this where we would find more joy, love, peace, contentment and spiritual growth?

Can we have "our cake and eat it too?" That is to say, if we choose to follow the yellow brick road, can money also be a part of that path? It is often said that if you follow your heart, the money will follow. Then we would hope and assume that if we follow the yellow brick road, God will certainly provide for all of our needs and comforts, perhaps even in ways we never

imagined. God knows no limitations. God is always in a state of genesis and creation, forever creating and changing. God is the Master Magician.

What if everyone on the planet chose to follow the yellow brick road and their soul's purpose? I believe we would live on a planet of divine peace and cooperation between all peoples and cultures. We would help God cultivate Heaven on Earth. I believe that it is indeed God's plan for every human being to eventually follow the yellow brick road.

Consequently, in your daily prayers, meditation, or quiet time, it's important to keep asking yourself, "What is my soul's purpose for being here?" By consistently asking that question over time, you may find yourself exhibiting God given gifts and talents of which you were unaware. This often happens when we follow the yellow

brick road and embrace our cultural heritage and language. You end up picking up the "torch" that has been passed down to you from your ancestors. Studying your ancestry helps to anchor your soul. It helps to reveal your "yellow brick road" where you pick up where your ancestors left off. We begin to connect with our true selves, our true nature, and our true essence when we follow the yellow brick road to our soul's purpose. It's like opening up "Pandora's Box" to a new World View, a new awareness, and to new gifts and talents that we didn't know we had, which can take on a life of their own. It can be exciting and rejuvenating, like a renaissance. I believe that following the "yellow brick road" is part of mankind's evolutionary process.

We go with the flow when following the yellow brick road. Everything seems to flow smoothly on waves of synchronicity since we are following our soul's purpose for being here.

Love and great gratitude to all those who are gone, to all those who are still here, and to all those "on the way"

(Those Who Returned: One Family's Journey to the United States and Back continued from page 9)

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La route de briques jaunes: Le but de votre âme

Droit d'auteur
par Virginie Lee Sand

L'argent, l'argent, l'argent ! Si nous suivons l'argent, cela nous apportera-t-il plus de joie, plus d'amour, plus de paix, de contentement et plus de croissance spirituelle dans nos vies ?

D'autre part, si nous suivons la « route de briques jaunes, » où cela nous mènera-t-il ? Cela nous ramènera-t-il à nos racines culturelles, à nos terres/patries ancestrales, aux langues parlées par nos ancêtres et à la raison pour laquelle notre âme est ici ? Est-ce là que nous trouverions plus de joie, d'amour, de paix, de contentement et de croissance spirituelle ?

Pouvons-nous avoir « notre gâteau et le manger aussi ? » C'est-à-dire que si nous choisissons de suivre la route de briques jaunes, l'argent peut-il également faire partie de ce chemin ? On dit souvent que si vous suivez votre cœur, l'argent suivra. Ensuite, nous espérons et supposons que si nous suivons la route de briques jaunes, Dieu pourvoira certainement à tous nos besoins et à tous nos comforts, peut-être même d'une manière que nous n'aurions jamais

imaginée. Dieu ne connaît pas de limites. Dieu est toujours dans un état de genèse et de création, créant et changeant pour toujours. Dieu est le Maître Magicien.

Et si tout le monde sur la planète choisissait de suivre la route de briques jaunes et le but de leur âme ? Je crois que nous vivrions sur une planète de paix divine et de coopération entre tous les peuples et toutes les cultures. Nous aiderions Dieu à cultiver le paradis sur terre. Je crois que c'est en effet le plan de Dieu pour que chaque être humain suive finalement la route de briques jaunes.

Par conséquent, dans vos prières quotidiennes, votre méditation ou vos moments de silence/calme, il est important de continuer à vous demander : « Quel est le but de mon âme en étant ici ? » En posant constamment cette question au fil du temps, vous pourriez vous retrouver à montrer des dons et des talents donnés par Dieu dont vous n'aviez pas conscience. Cela se produit souvent lorsque nous suivons la route de briques jaunes et embrassons notre

patrimoine culturel et notre langue. Vous finissez par reprendre le « flambeau » qui vous a été transmis par vos ancêtres. Etudier votre ascendance aide à ancrer votre âme. Cela aide à révéler votre « route de briques jaunes » où vous reprenez là où vos ancêtres se sont arrêtés. Nous commençons à nous connecter avec notre vrai moi, notre vraie nature et notre véritable essence lorsque nous suivons la route de briques jaunes vers le but de notre âme. C'est comme ouvrir la « boîte de Pandore » à une nouvelle vision du monde, une nouvelle prise de conscience, et à de nouveaux dons et talents que nous ne savions pas que nous avions, qui peuvent prendre vie. Cela peut être excitant et rajeunissant, comme une renaissance. Je crois que suivre la « route de briques jaunes » fait partie du processus évolutif de l'humanité.

Nous suivons le courant en suivant la route de briques jaunes. Tout semble couler en douceur sur des vagues de synchronicité puisque nous suivons le but de notre âme pour être ici.

Amour et grande gratitude à tous ceux qui sont partis, à tous ceux qui sont encore là, et à tous ceux « en route. »

L'hiver 2022-23 arrive dans le Maine

Droit d'auteur
par
Virginie Lee Sand

J'adore les hivers du Maine, un véritable paradis hivernal. Il n'y a pas d'autre endroit sur terre où je préférerais être en hiver que dans mon bel état d'origine du Maine. Les images d'hiver du Maine qui me viennent à l'esprit sont : --Siroter un chocolat chaud près d'un feu de cheminée douillet et crépitant, emmitoufflé dans une couverture polaire. --Ski de nuit à votre montagne de ski préférée. --Construire des bonhommes de neige ou des bonfemmes de neige lorsque la neige est collante. --Patinage sur glace sur les patinoires extérieures communautaires. --Faire de la luge sur les collines enneigées

autour de la ville. --Préparer des ragoûts de poulet chauds, des biscuits cuits au four, des pains, des tartes et des muffins pour réchauffer la cuisine et les salles à manger tout en invitant la famille et les amis à dîner. --Les voisins s'entraident pour déneiger les allées les uns des autres. --Savourer des crêpes ou des ployes pour les soupers entre amis et en famille tout en coloriant des imprimés saisonniers dans des livres à colorier à table. --Motoneige les nombreux sentiers de motoneige à travers le Maine. --Regarder les chutes de neige tout en regardant par la fenêtre et en dégustant une boisson chaude. --Sentiers et prés couverts de neige en raquettes dans tout le Maine, tels que le sentier du mont Battie dans le parc d'État de Camden Hills et les nombreux sentiers et routes carrossables du parc national d'Acadia. --Ski de fond (nordique), ski alpin (alpin) et snowboard dans les nombreuses montagnes, collines et stations de ski du Maine : • Mont Sugarloaf dans la vallée de Carrabassett • Montagne Saddleback à Rangeley • Montagne Big Squaw à

Greenville • Montagne Hermon à Hermon • Mont Eaton à Skowhegan • Camden Snow Bowl à Camden • Mont Abram à Greenwood • Station de ski Sunday River à Newry • Pleasant Mountain à Bridgton • Montagne Noire du Maine à Rumford • Montagne Baker à Moscou • Domaine skiable Big Rock à Mars Hill • Vallée perdue à Auburn • Powderhouse Hill à South Berwick • Mont Jefferson à Lee • Montagne Spruce à Jay • Mont Titcomb à Farmington • Centre de ski Quoggy Jo à Presque Isle.

De plus, il existe des pistes de ski de fond dans tout le Maine, y compris dans le parc national d'Acadia sur Mount Desert Island et sur certains campus universitaires. Le Maine offre certaines des meilleures opportunités de ski d'hiver aux États-Unis.

L'hiver dans le Maine ? Je ne manquerais ça pour rien au monde. Les hivers du Maine offrent les meilleures activités de plein air et des moments intérieurs de paix et de contemplation tranquille. BON HIVER 2022-23.

Winter 2022-23 Arrives in Maine

*Copyright 2022
by Virginia Lee Sand*

I absolutely adore Maine winters, a true winter wonderland. There is no place else on earth I'd rather be during winter than in my beautiful home state of Maine. Maine winter images that come to my mind are:

--Sipping hot chocolate by a cozy, crackling fire, wrapped up in a fleece blanket.

--Night skiing at your favorite ski mountain.

--Building snowmen or snow-women when the snow is sticky.

--Ice skating on community outdoor ice skating rinks.

--Tobogganing and sledding down snow-covered hills around town.

--Preparing hot chicken stews, baked biscuits, breads, pies and muffins to warm up the kitchen and dining rooms while inviting family and friends over to dine.

--Neighbors helping each other remove snow from each other's driveways and walkways.

--Enjoying pancakes or ployes for suppers with friends and family while coloring seasonal prints in coloring books at the table.

--Snowmobiling the many snowmobile trails throughout Maine.

--Watching the snowfall while gazing out the window and enjoying a hot beverage.

--Snowshoeing snow covered trails and meadows throughout Maine such as the Mount Battie Trail in Camden Hills State Park and the many trails and carriage roads in Acadia National Park.

--Cross country (Nordic) skiing, downhill (Alpine) skiing, and snowboarding at Maine's many ski mountains, hills and resorts:

Sugarloaf Mountain in Carrabassett Valley

Saddleback Mountain in Rangeley

Big Squaw Mountain in Greenville

Hermon Mountain in Hermon

Eaton Mountain in Skowhegan

Camden Snow Bowl in Camden

Mt. Abram in Greenwood

Sunday River Ski Resort in Newry

Pleasant Mountain in Bridgton



Black Mountain of Maine in Rumford
Baker Mountain in Moscow
Big Rock Ski Area in Mars Hill
Lost Valley in Auburn
Powderhouse Hill in South Berwick
Mt. Jefferson in Lee
Spruce Mountain in Jay
Titcomb Mountain in Farmington
Quoggy Jo Ski Center in Presque Isle

In addition, there are cross-country ski trails all over Maine, including in Acadia National Park on Mount Desert Island and on some college campuses. Maine offers some of the best winter ski opportunities in the U.S.A.

Winter in Maine? I wouldn't miss it for the world. Maine winters offer the best outdoor activities and indoor moments of peace and quiet contemplation. HAPPY WINTER 2022-23.

Sister Bernadette Gautreau teaches Canadian Cree nation culture

January 25, 2023, Franco-American News and Culture Harvest Magazine, Maine,
Parish of the Holy Savior, Rumford, Saint Kateri Tekakwitha

By Juliana L'Heureux

MEXICO, Maine – “Congratulations” messages to Sister Bernadette Gautreau were posted to the Parish of the Holy Savior’s parish page with pictures celebrating her jubilee as a religious. Parishioners of the parish in Rumford, Maine, organized a ‘Drive-By,’ in 2020, to celebrate Sr. Bernadette’s Jubilee. “We are so blessed to have you in our midst Sister! For all that you do to share the love of Jesus, we want you to know that you are loved and respected and appreciated. God bless! Ad multos annos!”

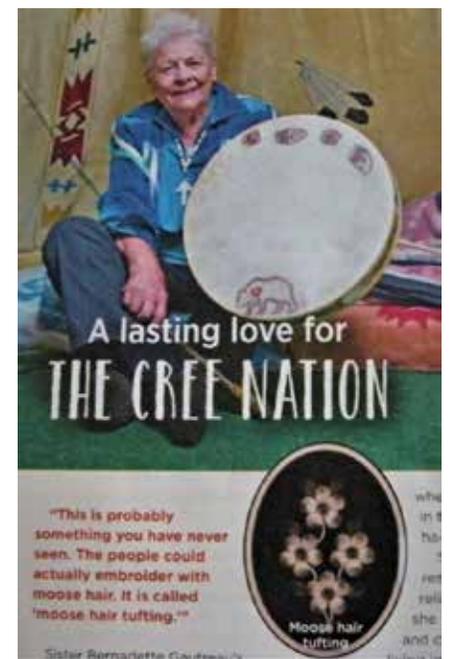
Sister Bernadette Gautreau’s home in Mexico, Maine, is full of memories, ready to be shared.

In fact, she shared her love of the

Cree nations peoples in an article published in Harvest, the magazine of the Diocese of Portland, Maine. With the permission of the Harvest magazine’s editor Lisa Czerniak, the article is reprinted here (Thank you Sister Bernadette and editor Czerniak):

“This is probably something you have never seen. The people could actually embroider with moose hair. It is called ‘moose hair tufting.’”

“They take the longest hair of the moose, and they embroider with it,” she says, pointing to framed, embroidered flowers hanging on her wall. “You take these little scissors, and you have to sculpt the



Thanks to Harvest Magazine for permission to publish this interesting article

(Continued on page 14)

(N.D.L.R. Reprinted with permission from French North America the Blog by David Vermette author of *A Distinct Alien Race*)

Franco-Americans Need To Tell their Own Stories



I was sitting in a bar chewing the fat with a friend. He noted that my book connected the story of the descendants of French-Canadians in the U.S. with the broader themes of the country's history. He considered this a good approach because, said he, "no offense, but no one gives a sh*t about these French-Americans."

No offense taken. He is right. I'm well aware that not only do few people care, but few people know anything about the Franco-Americans. And when I say Franco-Americans, I mean chiefly the descendants of the industrial workers and other manual laborers who came from Québec and the former Acadia to the industrial areas of New England between 1840 and 1930.

Their story has been largely forgotten even among the narratives where it should appear, e.g., in the story of the Cotton Kingdom; in the histories of industrialization; or in the annals of the Catholic Church in the U.S. Franco-Americans should have a chapter in each of these stories, but they are frequently overlooked or their contribution is minimized.

But the story was not forgotten because it's unimportant; it's considered unimportant because it's been forgotten.

Why was it largely forgotten even by many of the descendants themselves? When I wrote an article to address that question called "Why Are Franco-Americans So Invisible?" a gentlemen responded online in the lovely, charitable manner characteristic of social media: "BECAUSE THEY NEVER WANTED THE SPOTLIGHT, YOU MORON !!" There's some truth there.

The Franco-Americans tend to dislike standing out or calling attention to themselves. As one of our number said to me, "we were taught that you don't speak well of yourself, you let others speak well of you." Since we didn't speak of ourselves, few others spoke about us. Thus, the story was never woven into the national fabric.

But in its day, especially from 1880 through the early 20th c., French-Canadian immigration was a medium-sized deal. It was never the biggest issue facing the U.S., but it was in the national consciousness.

Newspapers around the country, including the New York Times, covered it; national news magazines like Harper's and The Nation published pieces; authors penned books in French and English; our ancestors were discussed in U.S. Senate hearings on labor; H.P. Lovecraft vilified them, while writers like Jack Kerouac and Grace Metalious gave them literary life from an insider perspective.

The French-Canadian textile operative was a known stereotype like the Chinese railroad laborer, the Slavic coal miner, the Jewish toiler in the garment industry, or the Mexican farm worker. But unlike these latter figures, the French-Canadian of the Northeast faded from the collective memory.

It seems to me that the Franco-Americans themselves, in their humility, never appreciated how important they were. Not wanting to call attention to themselves, they allowed the story to lapse. They shared few details with their children or grandchildren, who increasingly began to speak English and blend in with the majority, identifying with its values and history.

Since I'm not willing to let the story of my ancestors fade into obscurity, I think it's high time to reverse this process. And that means that it is up to Franco-Americans to tell their own stories. And where there are blogs, books of essays, conferences, presentations, plays, etc. about us, we should be leading the charge. We should at least be consulted and represented.

When I've said this – and I have done so publicly and not without passion – some people leap to the conclusion that I mean that no one who is not Franco-American can or should tell the Franco-American stories. I mean nothing of the kind.

We have been blessed to have a few non-Franco-Americans take an interest in us and tell our stories. But I do insist that these "outsiders" tell the story in an informed, responsible, and respectful way and I plan to hold them accountable. I ask that they at least talk to us, question us, and test their assumptions before telling us about our own historical experience. And, without mentioning names, I've seen this outsider

perspective done both well and poorly.

People who come to the story from an outside perspective may offer a fresh and critical view. They are valuable. But the insider view is equally necessary. This insider view is important because it's possible for an outsider to marshal all the facts but miss the truth. What one can make out of a set of facts does not always amount to the truth. Those who have the lived experience of growing up with Franco-Americans who worked in those mills hold this deeper truth, what I would call the emotional truth, of what it is to be Franco-American.

I grew up outside of the Franco-American enclaves and knew few facts about the history. But I knew all four of my grandparents, three of whom grew up in the mill towns and worked in those factories (the fourth grandparent grew up in Canada). They went to the bilingual schools, attended the French language church, and had French as a first language.

When I researched and started marshalling facts about their history, I put ample flesh on the bones. But the structure, the spine of my narrative was there, literally in my DNA. And when I learned about the history, I could see how very Franco-American my family was, even while living in a suburb.

When I've insisted that Franco-Americans should represent themselves, I've received a heated, negative reaction. There's something threatening about this idea. Some people think I'm being divisive and exclusive. I've been de-platformed from speaking at a university because of this; I've been bawled out in the parking lot coming out of an event; I've been called "rude," "hateful," and "pathetic."

I'm not complaining. I can take it. But I wonder about the heat of this rejection. And I also think that, were it any other ethnic, racial, or religious group in this country my notion that the insiders should lead and represent themselves in telling their own story would be entirely uncontroversial. Elsewhere, the principle "nothing about us, without us" is commonplace, as ordinary as a morning cup of coffee.

(Continued on page 14)

(Sister Bernadette Gautreau teaches Canadian Cree nation culture continued from page 12)

individual flowers and petals.”

Along with moose hair tufting, displayed in her living room is artwork made from biting into birch bark and dyeing fish scales.

“If you’ve ever eaten salmon in a can, you see these little bones sometimes in the salmon. That is the spine of the fish, and it was used it to make butterflies or different insects,” Sister Bernadette says.



Teepee church in Alberta Canada

The beautiful artwork, as well as elbow-length dogsledding mitts, drums, and a medicine wheel are among the items Sister Bernadette brought with her from northern Alberta, Canada, where she spent 50 years serving among the people of the Little Red River Cree Nation.

It’s a time she loved and misses.

“They are lovely, lovely people,” she says. “If they had a last piece of bread, they would give it to you. They were my best friends.”

Sister Bernadette is a member of the Sisters of Ste. Chrétienne, whom she came to know when she was growing up in the town of Mexico and the nuns were her teachers.

She says she first resisted the Lord’s call to a religious vocation because she loved the outdoors and couldn’t see herself living in a convent. Then, one of the sisters told her about a new mission opening in Alberta.



Sister Bernadette Gautreau with a fish scale craft.

“She said, ‘I can see you there. It seems to me that would absolutely be the type of lifestyle you would like,’” Sister Bernadette recalls.

Not knowing where exactly Alberta was, Sister Bernadette says she wasn’t so sure, but the thought remained with her.

“It was just like Jacob wrestling with the Lord. I just couldn’t get rid of that feeling, that thought, that urge that I had to do something useful with my life, and I thought, ‘I really, really feel that I wouldn’t be able to find anything around here that would make my life more useful than if I went,’” she says. “So, I ended up going to see the mother provincial when she was visiting, and I told her I would be interested in entering the order on condition that they would send me out to the Cree people in northern Alberta.”

The provincial explained that while there was a good chance she could go, she would need to wait several years until she completed her formation. As it turned out, it didn’t take that long. Three years before she was to take her final vows, there was the need for a teacher, and she was approached about going.

“So, that’s how it all happened,” Sister Bernadette says.

While today there are cell phones and Internet access, Sister Bernadette describes conditions when she arrived in 1962 as “primitive.”

“The reservation was a fly-in place. There were no roads, no electricity, no running water, but I was young, and I thought that was what the Lord was calling me to do, and I really feel to this day that it was what He did call me to do,” she says.

She remembers flying in and seeing nothing but trees and more trees, a lake, and a river.

“I’m thinking, ‘There is nobody out here. It’s impossible. They’re taking me to the end of the world. They’re going to drop me off and nobody will ever see me again. I was looking for roads, but there were no roads,’” she says.

She joined a group of six sisters and became a teacher, but not knowing the language or the culture, she says it was a challenging beginning.

“I didn’t know that there are things that you just did not do, such as asking someone their name, because in their culture, when you ask someone their name, you’re asking them to give you their soul,” she says.

She remembers trying to take attendance and not having a single child respond, and when she tried to go desk-to-desk, the children wouldn’t look at her. The only student who spoke English came to her aid.

“All of a sudden, Norman, grade two, says, ‘Sister, I’ll tell you, a third person introduces,’” she recalls.

While the students were supposed to

(Continued on page 15)

(Franco-Americans Need To Tell their Own Stories continued from page 13)

We must also acknowledge that there’s more than one Franco-American story. They are legion. There are the stories of men and of women. The stories of the workers and that of the miniscule Franco-American elite. The story of the typical industrial worker and the stories that don’t fit that mold. And there are the New England stories, and the Franco-American stories in other regions from New York state to the upper Midwest, to the Pacific Northwest.

There are many stories, and some of them are bound to be contrasting and even contradictory. But it’s up to us to tell them. It’s up to us to redefine and represent this story that has faded from the national consciousness.

The alternatives are that this tale is mistold or that it vanishes forever. And I’m not willing to let my ancestors disappear without a fight.

I discussed these issues in an episode of the French-Canadian Legacy Podcast. I invite you to listen here: <https://fclpodcast.com/2022/06/28/episode-90-who-tells-our-story/>.

(Sister Bernadette Gautreau teaches Canadian Cree nation culture continued from page 14)

be encouraged to learn English, Sister Bernadette tried to learn their language as well.

“At recess time, I had a little notebook. I would be walking around the playground, and I would point stuff out and ask for the Cree word,” she says.

After serving three years on the Fox Lake Reservation, the chief asked the sisters if one of them would be willing to go to a new reservation across the river. She and another sister, who served as a housekeeper and cook, made the move. It would become Sister Bernadette’s home for the next 47 years.

She started with one room of 27 children in grades 1 to 7, but each year, a class was added. Sister Bernadette says the school now has 400 students.

Sister Bernadette became principal and served at the school for 25 years. Then, the Oblate priest who was serving the community passed away, and there was no one to replace him. Sister Bernadette says she tried to keep the parish going while running the school, but eventually, fearing the community’s spiritual needs were not being met, she quit the job she loved and dedicated herself to parish work.

Sister Bernadette took on many roles. She led Communion services and retreats, held workshops and guided lay faith formation, visited the elderly and brought them the Eucharist, and much more.

“I think the Lord was trying to show that a woman religious person who is really doing the Lord’s work can do it and do it well. I think I did it well because people still call me constantly,” she says.

Her efforts included spearheading a drive to build a new church so that the people no longer had to worship in the basement of a home.

“We built the most beautiful teepee church. It took us 10 years of fundraising,” she says. “The bishop said, ‘I’ll build a church when the people put in their amount.’ He said, ‘I’ll match you dollar for dollar, whatever you can raise,’ and he did, and we did. The church was consecrated in 1991. It was the most beautiful church, and it was built by the people,” Sister Bernadette says.

The people insisted that the church include a statue of Blessed Kateri Tekakwitha, who was later canonized.



Saint Kateri Tekakwitha died in 1680, she was canonized in 2012 by Pope Benedict XVI. She is the first Native American woman to be canonized by the Catholic Church.

“It cost \$4,000. I had a religious articles catalog. They said, ‘Order it.’ I said, ‘We cannot order that. We don’t have the money.’ They said, ‘Order it. By the time it comes in, you’ll have the money.’ They went door to door and collected donations and had even more than the \$4,000,” she says.

Throughout her time on the reservation, Sister Bernadette sought to immerse herself in the culture and the community. She lived in a small log cabin in the winter and had a teepee when it turned warmer. She hunted. She traveled by dogsled. While she shared Catholic teaching, she also learned the traditional spirituality of the Cree people.

“It enriched me because I learned how to relate not only to the Lord but to Mother Earth and to all the things we take for granted,” she says.

Sister Bernadette was also inducted into the Council of Elders.

“Any time there was any kind of ceremony, I sat with the elders and was asked to pray or bless or give some type of instruction to the community. I was also given a prayer pipe,” she says.

Eventually, she and another sister were the only sisters still serving on the reservation. When the other sister asked to leave in 2012, Sister Bernadette knew she would have to go, too, because her community would not let her remain there by herself.

After a transition period, she returned to Maine, bringing with her the love of a community, as evidenced by the gifts she received.

“I got a lot of stuff. It was unbelievable,” she says.

The items she brought with her include her teepee lining. She sets up a teepee in her backyard during the warmer months. It depicts Mistahaya, the Cree name that the schoolchildren gave her when she was principal. It means grizzly bear.

“I added a heart because this grizzly bear has a heart,” she says.

Sister Bernadette enjoys spending time in the teepee and holds what she calls “teepee sessions,” inviting adults and children to join her to learn more about Native American spirituality.

“I bring in the medicine wheel that I have on the wall, and I do a little blurb on the different colors and what they mean, the directions and what they mean. I’ve composed different songs. I composed a song on the life of Kateri Tekakwitha,” she says.

Sister Bernadette is also active at the Parish of the Holy Savior in Rumford. She leads Bible study, serves on the parish council, is a reader at Mass, assists people planning funerals, and offers counseling.

“I tell people that I left a small reservation to find a big one, because, in the work that I do in the parish, I can’t get over the troubles, the turmoil, the problems that people here have that are very similar to what I heard there,” she says.

As for her time among the Cree people, she says, “If my Lord had given me my life back, and I had to do it all over again, I would, even knowing all the hardships that we went through,” she says. “They became my family.”



(N.D.L.R. Reprinted with permission & Juliana L'Heureux from the Tewksbury Town Crier and Paige Impink. Photos courtesy of Paige Impink. http://home-newshere.com/tewksbury_town_crier/news/article_4ebb0df0-6044-11ed-bd54-77f56fb80de2.html)



Visit the Franco American Grotto in Lowell

By PAIGE IMPINK News Correspondent
paige@yourtowncrier.com Nov 12, 2022

On the bank of the Merrimack River, where the Northern Canal starts, is an interesting park that has re-opened to the public, evoking memories of a time gone by.

The scale version of the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, a Roman Catholic pilgrimage site in France, was constructed in Lowell, near the Pawtucket Falls, in 1911. The grotto was recently restored thanks to a large effort of fundraising and community partnerships. A rededication service was held at the end of October.

The large structure replicates the holy stairs that Catholics believe were ascended by Jesus on the way to his trial, according to the interpretive signs. Statues and a wooden cross were imported from France for the original grotto, and the statues of the Ways of the Cross have now been relocated within the riverwalk and park. A memorial fountain, fresh plantings, and hardscapes create a peaceful and reflective experience for visitors.

The grotto is located on the grounds of the former Franco American school at 357 Pawtucket St. The property is a large, three-story ornate mansion built by Frederick Ayer in 1896. Ayer made his fortune in the patent medicine business. When Ayer

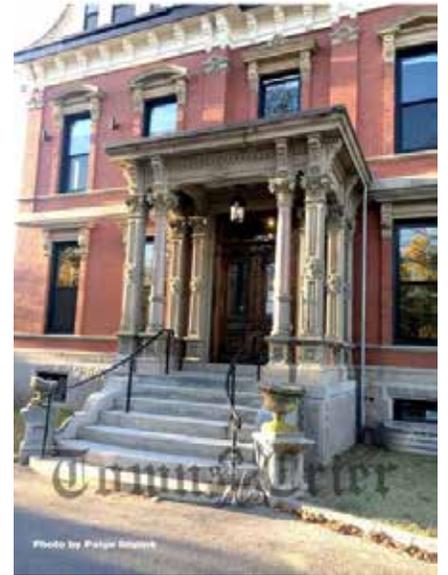
moved to Boston, he eventually conveyed the property to the Sisters of Charity of Quebec which used the home as an orphanage and school.

The sisters oversaw the building of the grotto, along with a four-story addition to the house. Later, the building became the Franco American School of Lowell, which operated until 2016. The building was sold and renovated and is now 40 units of affordable and market rate housing.

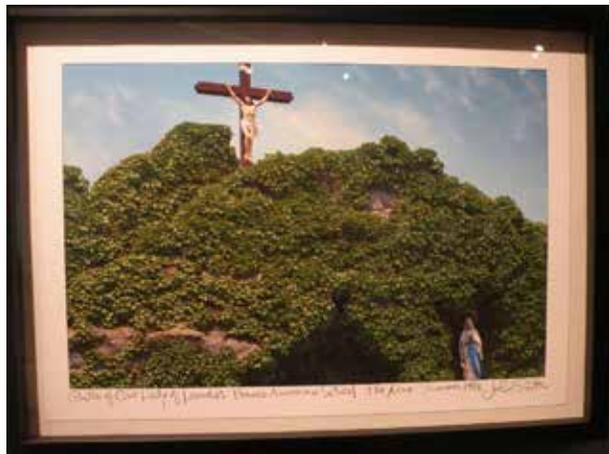
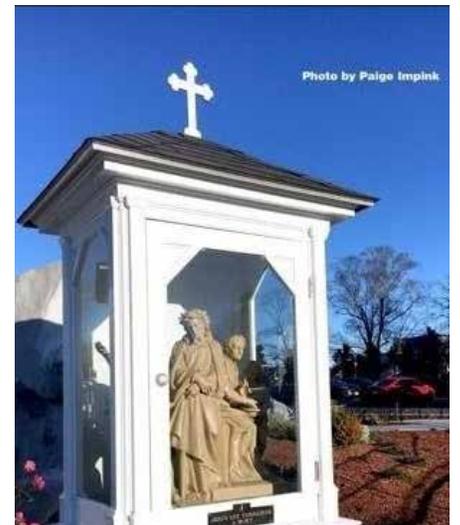
There are several benches, a fountain, a metal memorial book which has pages describing the history of the grotto, the project, and lists donors. A grotto, or cave, has an altar where worshippers may leave candles in memory of a loved one.

On the day we visited, there were containers of holy water from Lourdes, rosary beads, and religious flyers. There is also a crypt where cast bronze plaques are affixed, recognizing donors and sponsors of the project.

The grotto is a lovely spot from which to view the Merrimack River. If your travels take you to Lowell, be sure to swing by and appreciate the workmanship and restoration of this piece of local history.



The former Ayers Mansion, built in 1876 along the Merrimack River, later became the Sisters of Mercy orphanage and subsequently the Franco American School. (Paige Impink photo)



Our Lady of Lourdes Grotto-Franco-American School (Photo courtesy of Juliana L'Heureux)





THE JACK KEROUAC FOUNDATION SHARES PLANS FOR THE MULTI-FACETED JACK KEROUAC CENTER IN THE AUTHOR’S HOMETOWN OF LOWELL, MA

THE JACK KEROUAC FOUNDATION is offering the public a glimpse of its vision for the former Catholic church it hopes to develop into The Jack Kerouac Center, a performance venue, museum, educational center, and bookstore/café.

In advance of its capital fundraising phase, the foundation has posted site plans, drone-shot images, renderings by SCB Architects and other materials at jackkerouaccenter.com. The site also offers visitors a link to make donations and explains the history of the iconic, Lowell-born author and his connection to the former St. Jean Baptiste Parish, a cornerstone of the city’s French-Canadian community.

“We are very energized by the opportunity to work with the Jack Kerouac Foundation to create a home for the museum and performance center that expresses the importance the City of Lowell played in Jack’s life and serves as a catalyst for the city’s vibrant arts scene” said Bryan Irwin, Principal at SCB Architects. “Jack Kerouac was formed by his experiences growing up in the neighborhoods of Lowell and his relationship to the Catholic Church was both complicated and critical to understanding his work. We sought to reflect this in a design that strengthens and enhances the existing edifice and neighborhood while creating a new dialogue—a new way of seeing and interpreting this fabric.”

The former church, built in 1896, was where a young Kerouac served as an altar boy, as well as the site of his funeral in 1969. The church remained consecrated when it was temporarily closed in 1993 with the termination of St. Jean Baptiste Parish but became part of Nuestra Senora del Carmen Parish in 1994 to serve the area’s Latino population before being closed and deconsecrated in 2004. It remained shuttered until TMI Property Management & Development purchased it.

The Kerouac Foundation invited the public to see the building while celebrating Kerouac’s centennial in March, and has met with TMI owner Brian McGowan, as well as SCB Architects, Existing Conditions 3D Laser Scanning, Aberthaw Construction Company, and directors and developers of such centers as the Grammy Museum, the National Steinbeck Center, Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and the Woody Guthrie Center.

“We have put many things into motion this year and feel it’s time to share our detailed vision for the Jack Kerouac Center as we delve into the major fundraising it will take to make it a reality,” said Sylvia Cunha, Executive Director of the Jack Kerouac Foundation. “Once the world of Kerouac fans and the local community see what we’d like to do, we can move down the road to creating a hometown destination for visitors from far and wide.”

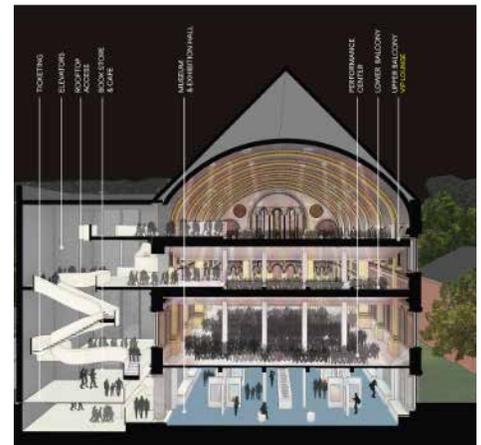
“While there are monuments honoring Kerouac in Lowell and other places,” says Jim Sampas, literary executor of the Jack Kerouac Estate, “there is no museum or performance center offering popular access to artistic performances and a wide range of archival materials touching on his life, work, and history as a product of Lowell. Visitors from around the world who come to re-trace his steps here deserve a place where they can see and experience how he was shaped, what he produced, and how he has influenced artists everywhere.

What better place than the building where his funeral Mass was conducted and where he served for a time as an altar boy?”

The Jack Kerouac Foundation hopes the center not only serves as a welcoming hub for Kerouac pilgrims, but as a connective thread to the community, where artists of all stripes can perform and exhibit, and young writers of all ages from area schools can learn and share their craft.

ABOUT THE JACK KEROUAC FOUNDATION:

The Jack Kerouac Foundation was formed in early 2022 to pursue funding for the establishment of a Jack Kerouac Museum, Performance, and Education Center in the magnificent former St Jean Baptiste church. It is where Jack served as an altar boy and also the site of his funeral mass in 1969. The proposed center is dedicated to furthering his legacy by showcasing the cultural impact he's had throughout the world. Our aim is to offer exhibits, performances, educational programs, and lectures, and serve as an anchor to the revitalization of the Acre section of Lowell, Massachusetts.



For more information or to donate please reach out to the Jack Kerouac Foundation at:

admin@jackkerouac.com

<https://jackkerouaccenter.com/>

The Future of French In New England

By Timothy Beaulieu

“Trigger warning: The following are observations and solutions to a problem we all know is there.”

Have you ever seen the music video for the Billy Joel song “Allentown?” If you haven’t, it follows two generations of people living in the manufacturing town of Allentown, Pennsylvania. At first, the town is prosperous and people are living the American dream. By the end of the end of the music video the manufacturing companies (seemingly out of nowhere) all left and the town falls into disrepair, basically the beginning of the rust belt.

I had a recent meeting in Nashua, New Hampshire, at the Millyard Tech Park and the scenes in that music video kind of came to mind.



*The remnants of an Allentown, PA, former steel mill.
Photo Credit Kyle Evans.*

Like many manufacturing towns in New England, Nashua adapted its millyard into a mixed-use space. There are apartments, tech startups, and other small businesses in the former manufacturing space.

The lesson is to adapt or mourir.

French is Circling the Drain

One thing I have noticed as I have become more aware and involved of the Franco-American world is that we have a “closing of the mill” on our horizon and none of us can really see it. Maybe it’s a little denial, maybe we see a good story or two and confirmation bias begins to kick in.

I’m not really sure what to call it, but the French language and French education is going to disappear in New England within my children’s lifetime. Sure, we’ll have super small pockets and French expats in Boston, but that’s it. I know what you’re saying, “that’s not possible we have lots of organizations doing xyz.” I’m going to say for the record, it’s not enough. It’s simply not enough.

It feels like every time I read my local news online (newspapers are disappearing too), it’s another story of a school district cutting its French program. It’s actually somewhat hard for students to advance in French in many school districts in Northern New England. We don’t have teachers to fill the openings or interested students. School districts are designed to meet the needs of their town, not grow a language. When times get tough, French gets cut.

This is the trickle down from the decline that accelerated in the 1990s. Relying on local municipalities to promote notre language through their school districts is not working.

Does French Still Matter?

The short answer is, absolutely. Even though the recent Franco-American Renaissance, that we are all part of is largely in English, there are French language fingerprints all over it.

That is not a bad thing at all, being fully part of American culture is a massive strength. It allows us to ensure our culture is not forgotten and remains part of the melting pot in the United States.

In my travels and in the time I have spent getting to know the Québécois, many of them do not understand our very American concept of culture, if you can’t speak French you are just American.

Not a huge fan of that attitude, but that thought process does exist in the Motherland.



My son visiting the gravesite of his francophone great-great grandparents in Beverly, MA.

I think it’s kind of hard for folks external to the US to understand why the language has disappeared in most Franco-American families.

Fortunately for us, there are lots of Québécois who do get it and are more than willing to offer language learning advice/and or listen to ideas.

If our Franco-American world is going to sustain into the future having a strong
(Continued on page 19)

(**The Future of French In New England** *continued from page 18*)

bond with Québec is very important.

How many American “hyphen” groups can drive to where their families immigrated from in half a day? We are super lucky.

We are different from our other hyphen friends (Irish, Italian, German, etc.). The French language is such a deep part of our culture. We maintained our language far longer than all the other groups, it would be a true shame to see it completely vanish on our watch.

The Foundation is Being Set

First off, we’re playing the long game here. We cannot wave a magic fleur-de-lys, poof, everything is okay.

The groundwork is being laid though. All over New England there are grassroots and organized efforts to make our culture more visible. We have podcasts, food festivals, virtual cultural events, and open communications amongst all the different Franco Groups in New England. We are more connected than ever.



My friend Joanne Theriault and her son listen to the Québec band É.T.É. at NH PoutineFest 2022. Photo by Brittany L’Italien

Many of these projects did not exist ten years ago. Think of what things could be like ten years into the future, if we take action on French now.

As these projects mature (some already are) we have to decide what to do with that success. For some projects, success can be quantified in dollars and cents.

Burn The Ships

Investing funds from successful events, endeavors, and state aide back into the French language needs to start ramping up. The local governments aren’t going to do it and we’ve only “tried” so far.

We need to finally stop trying, burn the ships, go all in, and DO. We’ve been aiming low for far too long.

What can we do?

Sounding the alarm (this is not a drill) and not offering solutions would not be fair, so here are some potential ideas:

Johnny Appleseed style K-4 Intro programs

It’s one thing for a culture centre to offer French courses for children, but it’s a totally different thing to openly recruit children into the program.

Like Johnny Appleseed did a couple hundred years ago, we need to start planting seeds.

In my days of taking my kids to daycare we had all kinds of different businesses

and organizations visit the kids. Some that come to mind are dentists, doctors, librarians, police/fire, and eye doctors. Why not promote the French language to daycares and elementary schools?

Will there be some pushback? Oh, of course there will be. It will probably start with insisting that Spanish education is enough, but French is unique to New England. That’s where we must have quick, confident replies as to why this opportunity is special to New England and a door to a new world.

For the record, me gusta español. It’s actually a struggle to find Spanish teachers these days I hear, but that’s a story for another day.

Online Education

My friends in education tell me that state teacher certification is one of the more difficult pieces for getting new French teachers into a school district, particularly in rural areas.

State certification prevents us from bringing in reinforcements from Québec, France, and/or other Francophone countries. They would have to become certified teachers here first. A daunting task for a new immigrant..if we can even find any of them.

One area we could leverage is our proximity to Québec, and potentially, help from France online. An online school that can help people of any age get to proficiency could be something to look into.

Are there lots of online options already? Yup there certainly are. We currently have small efforts concentrated in and around our local communities, as well as lots of competition from apps and colleges.

Perhaps we should work together?

Send students to learn in Québec

Even with all the obstacles in their way, some children are still able to fall in love with the French language to the point of pursuing it as a profession. We need to be there for them. I’m told the best way to learn a language is through complete immersion. Why not partner with immersion programs in Québec to help our kids become fluent.

Think about it. How amazing would it be to have 15 to 20 students from New England going up to Québec as part of an

(Continued on page 20)



Lettres/ Letters

Dear Le Forum,

Please accept my apologies; I am quite certain I neglected to pay for my subscription last year and yet, you lovingly continued to send the beloved publication!

Thus, I am sending both last year's, and this year's, subscription funds. I think the work you and so many others are doing on behalf of our Franco-American culture and heritage, is critical and I desire to support it in this small way.

I treasure the ways in which the sharing of our stories continues to forge an all-knowing, all-encompassing bond; it is a being all its own.

Thank you—Merci—for all that *you* are and do!

Fondly,

Lorinda Fontaine-Farris
Orrs Island, ME

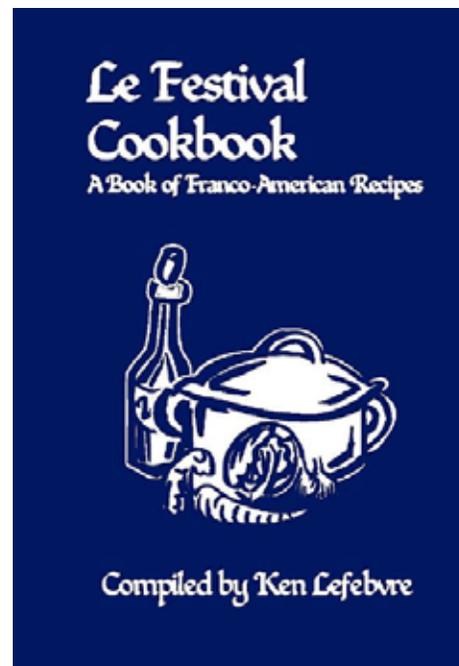
Dear Ms. Michaud-

Thank you for featuring my cookbook, *Le Festival* in *Le Forum* this past summer, I had wondered where some of the modest sales had come from. I am currently in the process of making a deluxe edition attempting to take more recipes from sources in Chicopee, MA, and adding varieties of the famous "Dynamite Sandwich" contested between Maine and Rhode Island.

All the best to you in your continued work in preserving Franco-American culture!

Ken Lefebvre
Cincinnati

<https://www.amazon.com/Festival-Cookbook-Book-Franco-American-Recipes/dp/1737061007>



Dear Le Forum,

We were pleased to read Ron Heroux' article about Marie-Rose Ferron on you Spring/Printemps, 2022 issue. Mr. Heroux concluded his essay with information about the novel, *Understanding Rose*.

This nove, which was inspired by the life of Little Rose Ferro, was written by my father, the late Richard L. Belair.

Thank you for printing Ron Heroux' most informative essay.

kindest regards,

Alex Belair

Avon, CT

(for the family of Richard L. Belair)

Dear Le Forum,

Happy New Year, Lisa!

The *Forum* is outstanding!

Best Wishes for 2023!

John England

St. Paul, MN

(The Future of French In New England
continued from page 19)

annual immersion program? I know of group looking into this one. We will hear from them soon.

A New England based program would set us apart from the other world language programs. "Mom I'm going to take French because I want to spend a summer in Québec City as part of the New England Immersion program."

One can dream...

Timothy Beaulieu is the Founder of NH PoutineFest and owner/operator of PoutineFest USA. Want to get in touch? Email him at tim@poutinefest.com



"Grind up all your sufferings in the mill of patience and silence; mix them with the balsam of the Passion of the Savior; make them into a small pill and swallow it with faith and love and the fire of Charity will digest it. There is a secret in the art of suffering and for those who asked for it, I gave this recipe."

- MARIE ROSE FERRON

To obtain a copy of Richard Belair's book, contact the publisher at:
abelair88@gmail.com.

Bottineau Jig

Untold Tales of Early Minnesota

Join the Alliance Française and the French-American Heritage Foundation for this heritage event

Time: Sunday, April 2, 2023, at 2 p.m. **Location:** The Joly Family Center for International Understanding, 227 Colfax Ave N, Minneapolis, MN 55405. **Cost:** \$10.00. Register on website of the French-American Heritage Foundation at fahminn.org or send a check made payable to FAHF at P.O. Box 25384, Woodbury, MN 55125. Refreshments and hors d'oeuvres will be provided.



Bottineau Jig: Untold Tales of Early Minnesota, is a video showing of a unique performance from 2011 filled with the history, important characters, dance, and live music from 1840s Minnesota. At this time Dakota, Ojibwe, Métis, and French languages and cultures dominated this region where a variety of cultures mixed freely until the 1851 treaty. That world is seen through the eyes and life of Métis guide Pierre Bottineau, who is portrayed as an elder by Virgil Benoit and as a young man by Paulino Brener. Director, playwright, and choreographer Jane Peck will be on hand to provide extra background information and answer questions. This show includes prominent performers from each culture portrayed. An art show of the drawings by Métis artist Al Blue, inspired by the show, will accompany the video showing. The original show was created thanks to a legislative appropriation for the Minnesota Arts and Cultural Heritage Fund.



Jane Peck is an educator, writer, historical playwright, choreographer, and dance historian. Her company has performed in schools, colleges & museums throughout the Upper Midwest & Canada.

Virgil Benoit was a professor emeritus for the University of North Dakota and holds numerous awards recognizing his academic record and knowledge of French-Canadian history.



af Alliance Française
Mpls/St Paul

Le Petit d'Été
French-American Heritage Foundation of Minnesota

A heritage event co-sponsored by the Alliance Française and the French-American Heritage Foundation

Honoring Our Veterans....

Alcée (Veilleux) Vigue

**Machinist Mate Second Class, USS Hyman DD-732
US Navy, October 1943-December 1945**

Alcée served aboard the USS Hyman, DD-732 in two major battles. The Hyman fought in the battle at Iwo Jima, and the crew watched the raising of the flag on Mount Suribachi. Then, at Okinawa on April 6, 1945 in the biggest Pacific battle of WWII, the Hyman sustained damage from a kamikaze attack. Twelve crew members lost their lives that day. The Hyman was forced to return to Mare Island, CA for repairs. After repairs, the Hyman set out for Japan to resume battle. On August 15, 1945, Japanese Emperor Hirohito announced the surrender ending the hostilities of WWII. Upon hearing the news of the Japanese surrender, the Hyman changed course and went to Pohnpei (Ponape), the largest island of the four-island group now known as Micronesia. There, the captain and crew of the Hyman assisted in accepting the formal signatures of surrender and transfer of these islands to the United States.

The prominent family on Ponape was the Etscheit family. They were from Belgium and they spoke French. They had

been under home lockdown and could not see beyond the walled compound which had been built to contain them. They were prisoners of the Japanese. Their copra (coconut) plantation had been destroyed by the Japanese and replaced with airfields.

When USS Hyman Captain Rollo Norgaard and the Etscheit family prepared to accept the Japanese signatures on Sept. 2, 1945, the French-speaking family needed a translator. Alcée Vigue who was a ship engineer in charge of refrigeration in the engine room, translated for Captain Norgaard and the Etscheits in accepting the signature of the Japanese.

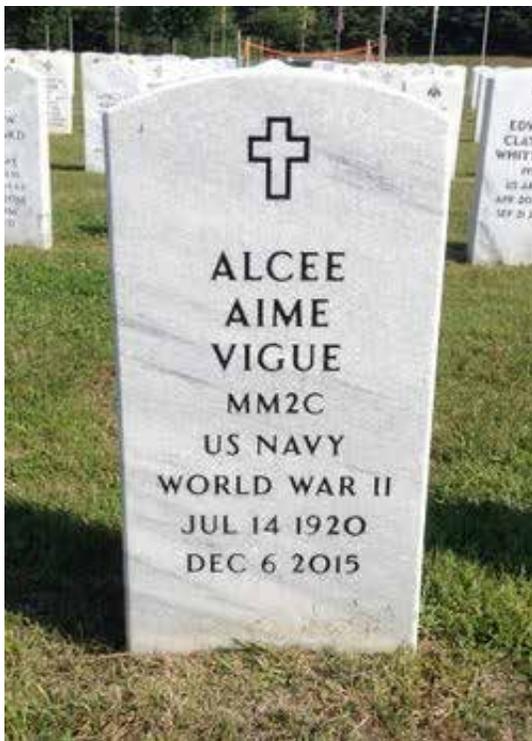
In later years, Alcée continued to correspond in French with Yvette Etscheit, the oldest daughter of this family, who with her husband, managed an Ace Hardware store on the island. Then in 1995, many members of the Hyman crew returned to Ponape to celebrate the 50th anniversary of their freedom. This is the biggest holiday celebrated annually on Pohnape. The Hyman crew members were treated as heroes, and presented with



flowered leis around their necks, food, and a big parade with people from the surrounding islands attending. Every spouse of the crew members received a flowered skirt.

Alcée and his wife, Cecile, and their many friends from the Hyman have celebrated ship reunions frequently throughout the years.

Alcée always remembered the part that his French language played in communicating with the Etscheits, and with assisting the Navy in establishing freedom for the people of Micronesia.



MM2C US NAVY - WORLD WAR II FAIRFIELD - Alcée Aimé Vigue, 95, died peacefully in his sleep at home Sunday, Dec. 6, 2015 surrounded by his loving family. He was born on July 14, 1920 in St. Come, P.Q. Canada, the son of Emile and Clarence (Poulin) Veilleux.

He was educated in Canadian schools and attended refrigeration school in York, Pennsylvania on behalf of U.S. Navy. Then after those classes were completed, he enrolled at Wentworth Technology Institute in Boston, Mass. and graduated in six months with a technology degree in diesel mechanics and machinery in 1943.

He was a proud World War II veteran, having served in the Pacific Theatre with the U.S. Navy. He was also past commander of the Bourque-Lanigan Post American Legion #5 which is the largest post in the state of Maine.

(N.D.L.R. (note de la rédactrice) Reprinted from *Le Forum*, Vol. 33 #2 &3, 2007, pgs. 46, 47, 50, 51. *Bangor Daily News*, used with permission).



By Dick Shaw
Special to the News

A tattered clipping from the Bangor Daily News, dated March 12, 1945, tells the poignant story of five brothers from the St. John Valley who were scattered around the globe during World War II. What reads like Hollywood fiction, down to the part where one son doesn't make it home, really happened to one Acadian French family from the tiny community of Keegan, now part of Van Buren.

Omer, Leo, Guy, Gilbert and Adrien Deschaine were all young and attached to their parents and five siblings when they joined the U.S. Army after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941. Like their father, Xavier, and their stepmother, Leona, the French-speaking sons had seldom left their family farm near the New Brunswick border.

"This was backwoods Maine," said Joe Deschaine of Dedham. "I remember during Lent saying the rosary while listening to a French radio station, and Sunday meant leaving very early for the first Mass at Keegan church."

Joe, who was born to Xavier's second wife, Leona (his first wife Alice died in 1938), grew up hearing riveting stories of his five half brothers' wartime service. Although much younger, he forged a bond with the brothers. An Army veteran who was stationed in Korea and served in Vietnam in the 1960s, Joe said World War II changed

his family forever. There's no doubt Joe's brother Paul, of South Portland, who served in Germany while in the Army, would agree.

"Things were never easy for them, but my father was strong," said Joe's sister, Armande Pelletier of Van Buren. "He had a strong faith, and that sustained him when his sons went off to war."

Pelletier said it was not unusual for five brothers from Maine to serve their country, but she is surprised they were stationed so far apart. Gilbert and Omer served separately in the Pacific; Guy was in Panama; Adrien served in North Africa; and Leo in France and Germany. Joseph, the youngest son from Xavier's first marriage, did not serve in World War II.

An overseas letter arriving at the Keegan farm normally was a cause for celebration.

"Father, since I have been in the army I have met a lot of friends ...," wrote Gilbert on Feb. 21, 1943. "So far father I have learned to speak some of the English language. That will help me quite a lot when the war is over. ..."

"Father next pay day I will send home \$20 and that will help you some ...," he continued. "Don't forget and say some prayers (sic) for me and my brothers. ... Father I sure do miss you a lot and all my brothers and sisters."

The postman also brought bad news. One letter informed the family that Gilbert's ship had been attacked by a Japanese suicide pilot on Mindoro Strait in the Philippine Islands on Dec. 21, 1944, and he was missing

One Aroostook County family sent five of its own to serve around the globe during World War II.

Three of the five Deschaine brothers who joined the Army together during World War II are shown in a family photo taken on May 2, 1955. (Photo courtesy of Joseph Deschaine)

in action. The next October, the Rev. Blanchette of the local Catholic parish delivered a telegram from Edward F. Witsell, acting adjutant general of the Army, stating that Gilbert had been declared killed in action.

Pelletier, who now has Gilbert's Purple Heart, said it was heartbreaking for the family not to have a body to bury in Van Buren's Catholic cemetery. Today, a simple cross marker and a brass plaque bearing Gilbert's name sit next to his parents' grave site. She said that the day Xavier was notified his son was missing in action, her father would hear church bells ringing across the river in Canada while he worked. But whenever he paused, the bells would cease. This continued all afternoon, perhaps seen as some sort of divine message that Gilbert wasn't coming home.

The other four brothers returned to Maine after the war, all marrying and most having children. Looking for work, Guy moved to Lewiston, where his sister, Lina, already lived. Guy still lives in Lewiston. Omer, the other surviving brother, lives in Connecticut.

Adrien received years of treatment at Togus veterans hospital for a wartime head injury and died in 1992. Leo died in 2006.

"My mother said that, for years, Dad would sit on the bed at night and cry," Pelletier said. "He didn't talk to me a lot about Gilbert, but mother would. Even though Gilbert went off to war shortly after she married Dad, I think he was her favorite."

(Continued on page 24)

(Remembering a Band of Brothers continued from page 23)

BANGOR DAILY NEWS, Bangor, Me.

Monday, March 12, 1945 7

FIVE BROTHERS IN SERVICE

Xavier Deschaine of Keegan has five sons in the armed forces. Omer Deschaine is serving in the



Omer Deschaine

Leo Deschaine



Guy Deschaine

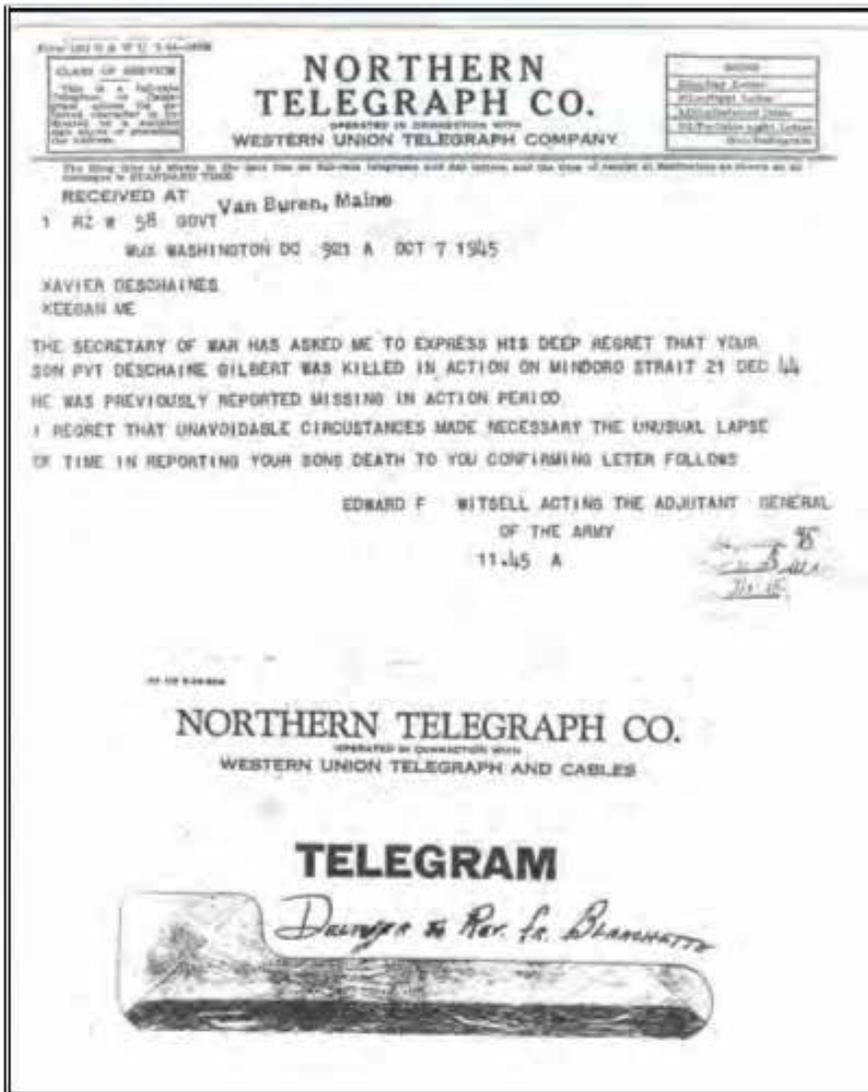
Gilbert Deschaine



Adrien Deschaine

Navy; Leo Deschaine is now somewhere in France. Guy Deschaine is serving with the Army overseas, and Gilbert Deschaine is listed as missing in action in the Southwest Pacific. Adrien Deschaine, who was wounded in action, is now receiving treatment at Togus Veterans' hospital.

Another son, Joe Deschaine, observed his 18th birthday last week and expects to enter the service soon. Mr. Deschaine has another son, Oswald Deschaine, now residing in Keegan; and three daughters, Mrs. Eva Martin of Brewer, Mrs. Corinna Deschaine, and Mrs. Lena Martin both of Lewiston.



A telegram dated Oct. 7, 1945, confirms that Gilbert was killed in action.

Bangor Daily Newspaper Clipping, Monday, March 12, 1945

FIVE BROTHERS IN SERVICE

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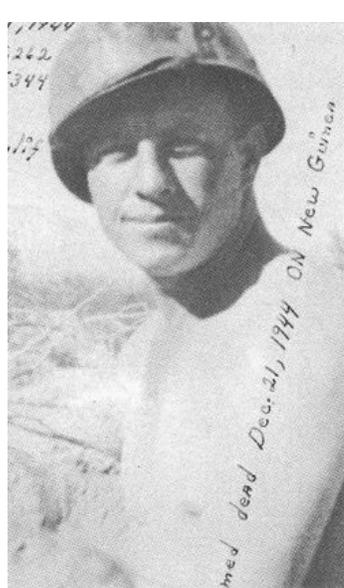
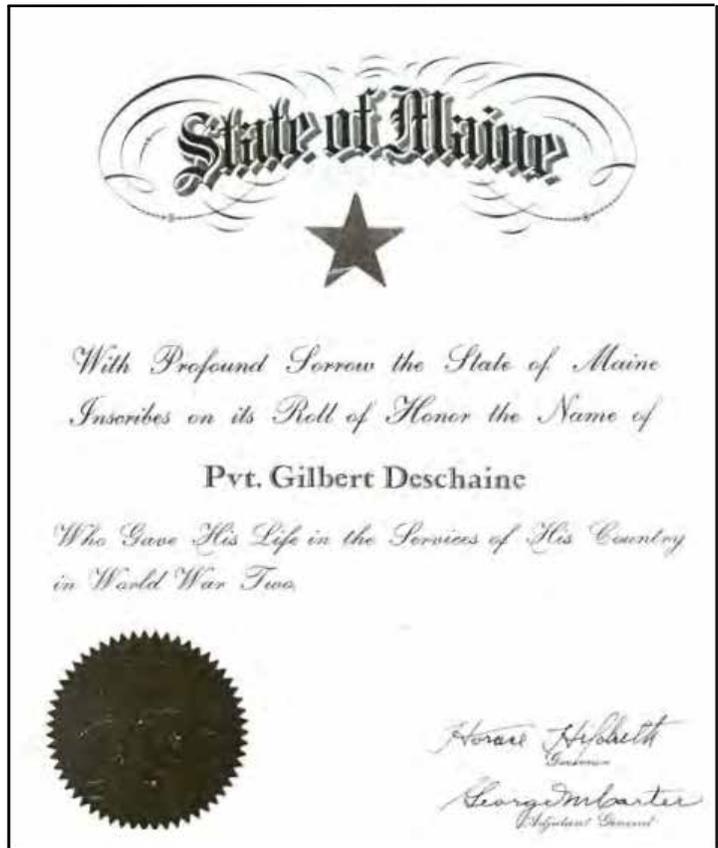
(Continued on page 25)

(Remembering a Band of Brothers continued from page 24)



(Photo courtesy of Joe Deschaine)

A framed memorial photo of Pvt. Gilbert Deschaine has hung in Deschaine households since World War II. President Franklin Roosevelt is at left, and Gen. Douglas MacArthur is at right. Gilbert died when his ship was hit by a Japanese kamikaze plane on Mindoro Strait in the South Pacific on Dec. 21, 1944.



Gilbert Deschaine
Missing in action
New Guinea Dec. 1944

Gilbert served as a Private, 202nd Anti-Aircraft Artillery (Automatic Weapons) Battalion, LST-460, U.S. Army during World War II.

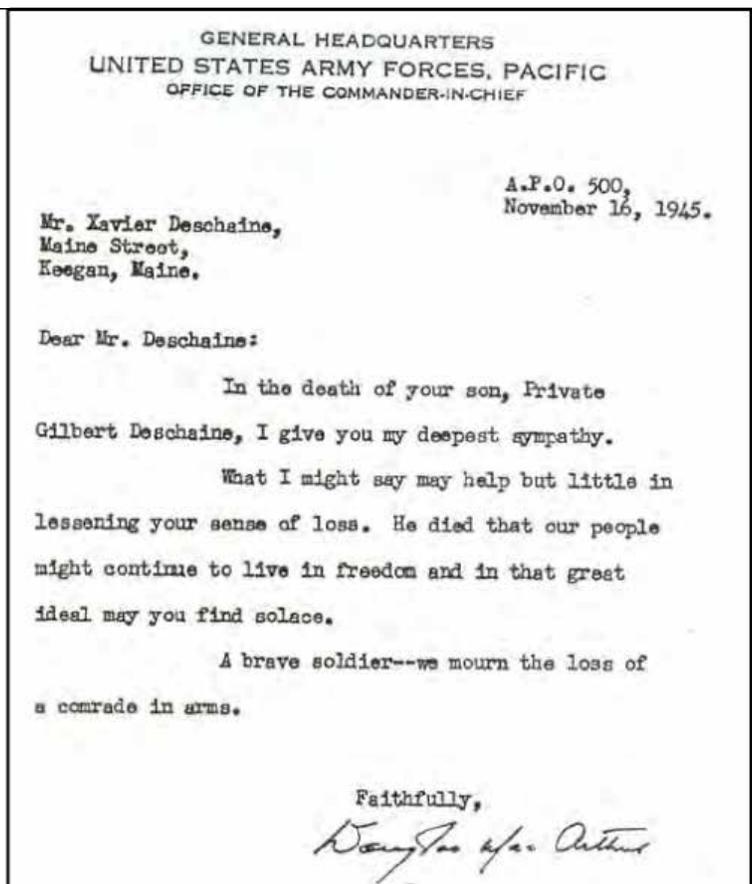
He enlisted in the Army on July 22, 1942 in Bangor, Maine. He was noted as being employed as a Farm Hand and also as Single, with dependents.

LST-460 (Tank Landing Ship) was on the United States Navy LST-1-class tank landing ship used in the Asiatic-Pacific Theater during World War II.

On December 21, 1944, off Mindoro, Philippines., they were hit by a

Japanese Kamikaze which ended up sinking the ship.

Gilbert was declared "Missing In Action" in this sinking in the Pacific arena during the war.



(N.D.L.R. Reprinted from "Les belles histoires de Fort Kent, Maine USA, Fort Kent Historical Society, pgs. 7-9)

SIX BROTHERS FROM FORT KENT WHO SERVED OUR COUNTRY IN WWII

AS TOLD BY ALBERIE NADEAU (90 YEARS OLD) TO MARC CHASSÉ

I remember seeing a movie over 50 years ago about the Sullivan brothers. I think the title of the movie was "WAIT FOR ME", because the youngest one was always trying to catch up to his brothers, and had been the last one to join the Navy at the beginning of WWII. These seven brothers were all on the same ship in the middle of the Pacific when it was sunk and all seven brothers perished. The last scene in the movie was about them entering Heaven, and the youngest brother is trying to catch up and he yells, "WAIT FOR ME!!"

Well, we had six of the seven sons of Damase Nadeau all serving our country, all at the same time, during WWII. I spoke with the only surviving one yesterday. He told me that today is his birthday (January 8, 2014). He is 90 years old. If you want to speak to a WWII veteran today, you should expect to find him at about 90 years of age. Alverie Nadeau joined the service in 1942 at the age of 18. Let me tell you his story as he told it to me.



*Alberie, Air Force
Europe 1942-45*

ALBERIE NADEAU

Our history in this area goes back a long way. We are related to Jose Nadeau, who built himself a cabin in 1829 at the confluence of the Fish and St. John Rives, where the blockhouse is today. Jose was from St-Hilaire, N.B., and married a lady from St-Hilaire in 1906. In 1909, he crossed the river to establish his farm on the Frenchville Road (where Louis Nadeau now lives). His brother, Denis, had a store in Baker Brook and helped him financially. When he crossed he already had two daughters. I've been told

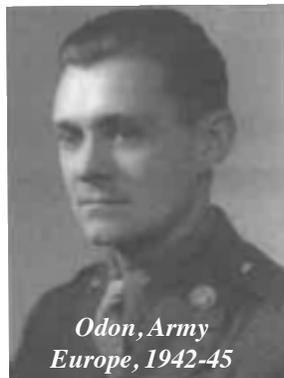


*Alberie, Odon, Ludger
in Paris, France, 1945*

that his uncle Pierre Nadeau owned the land that he settled on. In those days lots were divided starting at the river, as so many rods wide (a rod was 16 feet) and one mile long. A lot that was 50 rods wide would be about 800 feet. His lot started at the river and ended on top of the hill. Later he bought the following lot on top of the hill, owned by Friol Caron, so his land extended two mile long in all. This land he developed into a farm.

My parents had 13 children. They lost a son to the croup in 1914 when he was three years old. The remaining 7 sons and 5 daughters all made it to adulthood. By the time the war started, some of us had already left for Connecticut and Lewiston where jobs were plentiful. I didn't like to farm work. I'd had enough of milking cows and slopping pigs and when my brother, Guy, was drafted in 1942, I volunteered to take his place. He loved the farm and at least one son could stay on the farm to help our father.

We didn't end up like the Sullivan brothers, and none of us were wounded,



*Odon, Army
Europe, 1942-45*

although we were in danger, some more than others.

The first one to be drafted was Odon, who was in his late 20's. He spent the war in England as a quartermaster.



*Zephirin, Army
Europe, 1942-46*

The next one was Zephirin. He spent the war in Kentucky, training the troops. Ludger was drafted into the army and he was the one who saw the most action. He was in North African Campaign, in Sicily, in Italy, and Germany. He was with field artillery, and fought for three years. He was working in Connecticut when he was drafted, and he was on his way home before leaving for the army when he was in a horrible car accident in Mars Hill, and was laid up for four months. The army took him as soon as he got better.



*Lucien, Merchant Marines
1943-45*

Lucien joined the Merchant Marines before he was drafted, and saw the world supplying our troops, although he was in constant danger. I joined the army-air force and became an operations clerk. I was stationed in England and logged all the pilots as to their missions, ammunition, schedules, and losses. Three months after D-Day, we moved to France near Paris and then moved

(Continued on page 27)

Army Corporal Norman Joseph PELLETIER

by
Raymond Pelletier

My brother, Norman left for Korea in August 1950, three months before my eight birthday. As a result, I remember precious little about him. Concrete memories remain thanks to items left behind such as a picture of him in his uniform standing erect next to me on the day of his departure. I always believed that I was Ti-Nun's favorite sibling. We were six children then of Alfred and Sadie Pelletier of Burgess Street, Berlin, New Hampshire; the seventh would be born the year Norman died. My mother insisted that the Lord had sent Gary to replace her eldest son. My belief that I was Norman's favorite is therefore based on the fact that I was then the youngest of the clan and that he left me his camera before leaving; the same camera that took the picture that I still treasure.

My parents insisted that Norman was very quiet, that he kept to himself a great deal, and that he loved to read. My discovery, five years after his death, confirms the latter. As I was helping my father tar a portion of the roof of our house, I found a cardboard box filled with dozens of western novels in the attic of our two-story home. Based on recollections of his sister, Irene and of his brother, Richard, he enjoyed hanging out with his friends and siblings. One fact is sure: he totally surprised my mother and father a year before his high school graduation by telling them that he wanted to join the army. Too young to sign up on his own, he needed their signature to enlist. They refused to sign, insisting that he complete his high school studies. In fact, he enlisted as soon as he graduated. The events that ensued would clearly provoke a lifetime of soul searching on the part of my parents. They regretted the possibility that destiny may have been kinder if they had signed when Norman first asked to leave.

Norman's letters home were never saved and there is little that we know about his life in the army, but military records and history books of the Korean conflict provide essential information and make it possible to retrace his steps during the seven short months that he spent in Korea: he arrived in August of 1950, was captured in February



of 1951, and died in April of that year in a North Korean prisoner of war camp. In that short period of time, however, he managed to establish a record that would distinguish him as a soldier and a hero. Within a month of his arrival on the Pusan Peninsula, he was involved in battles that threatened to chase the American army from that country. His participation in that battle earned him a Bronze Star with a "V" for valor. The citation from the Department of the Army reads in part: "His courage under fire inspired the men around him and was instrumental in saving the lives of many in his company. Pfc. Pelletier's devotion to duty with complete disregard for his own safety reflects great credit upon him and the military service".

A mere five months later, the tenor of the communications from Washington changed drastically:

February 28, 1951: "Your son has been missing in action in Korea since 13 FEB 51."

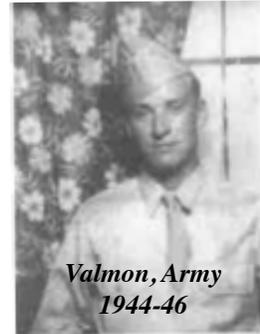
August 13, 1953: "The name of your son appears on a list of Americans submitted by the communists [who] died while in their custody."

August 24, 1953: "I am writing to confirm ... that your son died while in their [communist forces] custody."

The events that provoked the last communications occurred in an area known as the Central Corridor. On Feb. 11, the Chinese People's Volunteer Forces launched a massive attack against the Republic of Korea forces, followed by a similar action on Feb. 12 against American units, causing them to withdraw to Hooengsong in disarray for lack of friendly support. When the unit
(Continued on page 28)

*(SIX BROTHERS FROM FORT KENT
WHO SERVED OUR COUNTRY IN WWII
continued from page 20)*

to Belgium. The war with Germany ended in April 1945.



*Valmon, Army
1944-46*

The last one to join was Valmon in 1944 when he turned 18. He was shipped to the South Pacific where he ended up in Guam. The US was preparing to invade Japan. He was on a ship on its way to the invasion when we dropped the atomic bomb. The ship turned around and returned to Guam and Val was stationed there for a year after the war ended.

Most of us returned to Fort Kent after the war. The oldest one, Odon, left for Lewiston, and became a funeral director. Four of us worked for Arthur Daigle and his Cities Service oil business. Zephirin was a mechanic and the other three were delivery truck drivers. At that time, Mr. Daigle's oil business extended to Houlton and Patten.

At the age of 39, Zephirin drowned in Eagle Lake, near Plaisted. He was fishing with his brothers, Val and Lucien, and Val's daughter, Sally. Lucien became a potato inspector for 7 years, and then moved to Connecticut. I'm the only one left.

I worked for Daigle Cities Service for 18 years from 1946 to 1964. I then worked for Quigley's for 6 years. Then I worked for the town of Fort Kent from 1970 to 1988 and was in charge of the waste water plant. I retired in 1988 at the age of 63. I've been happily married for 68 years with four children, but my wife now requires nursing home care. I am

very lonely and I miss her.



*Ludger, Army
1942-45*



Kathleen Stein-Smith, PhD, Chevalier dans l'Ordre des Palmes académiques

Kathleen Stein-Smith, PhD, Chevalier dans l'Ordre des Palmes académiques, is a dedicated foreign language educator and advocate. She is Chair of the AATF (American Association of Teachers of French) Commission on Advocacy and a member of the ATA Education and Pedagogy Committee. She is also active in foreign language education associations, including the NECTFL Advisory Council, CSCTFL Advisory Council, and as a SCOLT sponsor. She has presented at numerous professional conferences at the state, regional, and national level, is the author of four books and numerous articles about the foreign language deficit, has given a TEDx talk on The U.S. foreign language deficit, and has been interviewed by press and radio. She is a member of Pi Delta Phi, La Société d'Honneur de Français.

Learn more at <https://kathleensteinsmith.wordpress.com/>

Contact Kathleen at kathysteinsmith@gmail.com



OUR VETERANS

(Army Corporal Norman Joseph PELLETIER continued from page 27)

was moved to Wonju, my brother never reported in and the result of that action was: 106 soldiers of the 15th Field Artillery were killed and another 102 were taken captive.

Of the first two communications mentioned earlier, I fully remember the arrival at our home of the taxis delivering the fateful telegrams and the sorrow they provoked. As vivid in my memory are the early evenings two years later during the peace negotiations when I would sit with my mother to listen to radio broadcasts announcing the names of released prisoners every day. The second telegram told us that we would not hear his name, but we hoped against all odds.

These memories were temporarily put aside as I prepared for my professional life, raised a family, and committed myself to advancing my career. With the passing of my parents in the mid nineties, I began making yearly pilgrimages to Berlin, my home town, to place flowers on their grave, to dust off Norman's plaque and refresh his flag. Essentially, these visits kept alive the notion that more should have been done to celebrate the valor of this soldier. The first

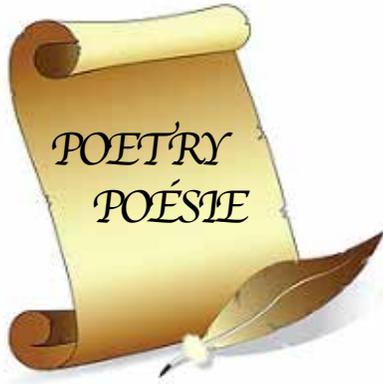
opportunity appeared when I was invited to the New Hampshire Military Cemetery to posthumously accept a Purple Heart in Norman's name; an honor recently established by Congress to recognize servicemen and servicewomen who had died in prisoner of war camps. The second door opened when I received an invitation to attend a gathering in Portland, Maine convened by the Past Conflict Repatriation Branch of the Army's Human Resources Command. With a promise to our team advisor to add my brothers' DNA to the pool of identifiers, the search for Norman's remains began. In a matter of months, they were found. On March 28, 2017, the remains of Cpl Norman Joseph Pelletier were buried in Arlington (Virginia) National Cemetery.

To my mind, one task remained: to return the memory of Norman's bravery and sacrifice to the city in northern New Hampshire where he spent the major part of his life. On Memorial Day, 2018, the Veterans of Foreign Wars honored my brother as part of their celebration that year. And so, the world is right: Cpl. Norman Joseph Pelletier's name now appears on one of the tablets listing casualties of the Korean War at the Honolulu Memorial, his service holds

a prominent place at the New Hampshire Military Cemetery, and, thanks to a young man by the name of Brian Wilmoth, a boy scout who earned his Community Service by guiding the erection of a monument inscribed with the names of the two Berlin natives who died in the Korean War at the entrance to the city. Finally, at grave 11406 of section 60 of Arlington National Cemetery lie the remains of Cpl. Norman Joseph Pelletier and on whose tombstone are inscribed :

CPL US ARMY
KOREA
JUN 5 1930
APR 30 1951
BRONZE MEDAL
PURPLE HEART
PRISONER OF WAR

My family is proud of this independent young man with a love of adventure and western novels who eventually connected with and contributed to the major event of his generation when *"men answered the call to defend a country they never knew and a people they never met"*. (Inscription on the Korean War Memorial, Washington, D.C.)



I WANT IT ALL

I want to live
In the memories of yesterday
In the dreams of tomorrow
While in the moment of today

Must I wait
Until my dying day
When all is one
And one in none

I want it all NOW
Yesterday, tomorrow and today
In a cozy blanket of NOW
I wrap myself in

Disappear and reappear
From my slumber
Of hope and despair
As I awaken to a another year.

Ron Héroux
Jan 2023
frannie542@aol.com



I SAID GOOD BYE TODAY

I said Good Bye to you today
Not because you had passed away
I said Good Bye with a heavy heart
Knowing that upon my return
You would not remember me.

I said Good Bye to you today
My beautiful, loving Maman
A guiding hand
A loving heart
My support, my best friend, my hero.

I said Good Bye to you today
The memories we once shared
Are now mine and only mine
For you no longer hold them

There are 3 goodbyes when your loved one is diagnosed with dementia/alzheimers.

1. *You lose them when you get that diagnosis of a terminal illness.*
2. *You lose them when the disease progresses, and they no longer recognize you.*
3. *And, you lose them a third time when they actually pass away.*



They are held in an unreachable place
They are held within a vault
But they remain forever in our hearts.

I said Good Bye to you today
Know that our memories will be remembered
Within our hearts they will live
The love, laughter, joys and sorrows
All for me to treasure
Priceless they are like no other.

— **Lisa Desjardins Michaud**



La Pyramide

C'est dommage que l'on ne puisse pas choisir—
Enfin, c'est une façon de penser—
Entre les deux maux: souffrir ou mourir—
Si seulement on pouvait les éviter!

C'est à savoir lequel coûte le plus cher—
Un lit en sueur dans un hôpital
Ou une boîte de maquillage que l'on enterre.
Dans les deux cas le prix est fatal.

Les morts seraient-ils aussi orgueilleux
Que de leur vivant—comme si les richesses
Qu'ils n'avaient pas existaient pour le feu—
Et la mort autant un deuil qu'une détresse.

Là où un ébéniste aurait suffit
Pourquoi semer des pierres dans le vide?
Que l'embaumeur ait droit à ses profits;
Que les fleuristes et organistes avides

Ne soient pas surpassés par un gardien—
Je comprends ces travers de la nature.
Mais quand le monticule ne monte à rien,
Pourquoi la pyramide dans la verdure?



— **Normand C. Dubé**

(N.D.L.R. Cette entrevue par Venney Bolduc et Evelyne Langlais a été partagée par Claire Bolduc, fille de Venney Bolduc.)

LE COIN DE L'AGE D'OR, Mme. Armande Roy

Si vous venez en visite a Rumford, je vous souhaite de rencontrer, parmi nos devoues citoyens seniors, une vraie Franco-Americaine dans la personne de Mme Emile Roy. Tres bien connue aussi sous le nom d'Armande Roy, elle occupe une place toute speciale dans le coeur de ses amis et croyez-moi, ils sont nombreux.

Nous avons eu la joie de la visiter dernièrement. Je vous assure que ce fut deux heures bien profitables. Nous aimerions partager cet entretien avec vous. Voici.

Venney: Mme Roy, d'ou venaient vos ancetres?

Mme Roy: Mes ancetres ont toujours reste a Becancour. Ils etaient la depuis que Becancour a ete fonde. J'ai le livre sur la paroisse de Becancour. Vous pourrez trouver cela dedans.

Evelyne: Dans quel coin de la province de Quebec se trouve la paroisse de Becancour?

Mme Roy: Dans le Comte de Nicolet, entre Quebec et Montreal. C'est en face de Trois-Rivieres et du Cap de la Madelaine, l'autre bord du fleuve. C'est a 5 miles de Trois-Rivieres.

Venney: Je vois que c'est une vieille paroisse. Ca ete fonde en 1732 !

Mme Roy: Oui. J'ai ete en visite la cet ete. C'est dans cette paroisse que j'ai grandi, que je me suis mariee, et tout. Je restais sur une terre. J'ai parti de la pour venir ici quand je me suis mariee. J'ai reste 36 ans sur la ferme ici a Rumford, puis je me suis fait construire ma maison ici.

Venney: Est-ce que votre mari est ne la lui aussi ?

Mme Roy: Non. Emile est venu au monde sur la terre chez Breau. Il avait 8 ans quand ses parents ont demenage sur la ferme a Eaton Hill.

Evelyne: Ses parents ont achete cette terre-la ?

Mme Roy: Oui puis ils ont toujours vecu la apres cela.

Evelyne: Que faisait son pere ?

Mme Roy: Son pere etait macon. C'est lui qui a fait les chutes a Rumford. Pepere Roy etait contracteur macon. Il restait a Lewiston, en face de l'hopital Ste-Marie. La maison est encore la.

Venney: Pepere Roy venait de Lewiston ?

Mme Roy: Ses ancetres venaient de pres de Drummondville -dans les bois francs comme ils appellent ca.

Venney: Etiez-vous une grosse famille chez vous ?

Mme Roy: On etait 7 enfants, avec ma premiere mere. Ma mere est morte j'avais 6 ans. Elle est morte d'un bebe. J'ai ete laisse juste avec un frere. Il est mort a 26 ans d'un caillot dans la tete. Il est tombe en bas d'une grange. Il est tombe en faisant une couverture de tole. Vous savez comme c'est haut les granges du Canada. Il s'etait forme un caillot puis on ne le savait pas. Vous savez sur les terres... C'etait a 16 ans qu'il a eu cela, puis il est mort a 26 ans.

Venney: Et vos soeurs ?

Mme Roy: Mes soeurs etaient toutes jeunes quand elles sont mortes. J'ai eu 5 soeurs et 2 petits freres. C'etait morts du croup comme on disait. Ca les prenait tout d'un coup... une grosse fièvre puis avant qu'on ait ete chercher le Dr bien c'etait la fin. C'etait ces petits bobos la d'enfants qui passaient

Venney: Est-ce qu'elles sont toutes mortes de cela ?

Mme Roy: Il y en a de mortes a 3 mois, d'autres a 6 mois, la plus vieille est morte a 1 an $\frac{1}{2}$. Toutes des maladies d'enfants qui passaient et les Drs etaient si loin ! Ils faisaient de leur mieux pour les soigner a la maison. Pour la plus vieille, elle avait une grosse fièvre, mon pere est parti pour aller chercher le Dr et elle est morte avant que le Dr arrive. C'etait des enfans gras qui ne supportaient pas les grosses fievres.

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Venney: Comme ca vous avez ete laissez pas de frere et pas de soeur?

Mme Roy: Oui puis ma mere est morte j'avais 6 ans. Mon pere s'est remarie j'avais 12 ans .

Evelyne: Est-ce qu'il a eu une deuxieme famille ?

Mme Roy: Non. Vous savez, il s'est remarie un peu age. Il a ete 15 ans avec sa premiere femme et 15 ans avec sa deuxieme. Ma belle-mere est morte au Cap-de-la-Madeleine. Elle est restee sur la terre autant qu'elle a ete capable, apres que mon pere est mort. Elle avait des engages jusqu'a ce

Venney+ qu'elle soit trop vielle.

Venney: Maintenant, vous etesallee a l'ecole a Becancour ?

Mme Roy: Oui, a ma petite ecole du Rang. Il y avait la premiere, deuxieme, troisieme et quatrieme annee. On avait 13 ou 14 ans quand on sortait de la.

Venney: Vous commenciez a aller a l'ecole plus vieux qu'aujourd'hui?

Mme Roy: Vers 7 ans. C'etait la grammaire et la geographie. Ca c'etait mes sujets favoris. C'a allait bien. L'arithmetique, je me defendais. Mais l'Histoire Sainte et l'Histoire du Canada ... la ... ca

Evelyne: C'etait pas votre ligne ?

Mme Roy: Non !

Venney: A quel age avez-vous abandonne l'ecole ?

Mme Roy: A 14 ans . Tout le monde faisait ca de ce temps-la. C'etait l'age.

Venney: Apres cela qu'est-ce que vous avez fait?

Mme Roy: J'ai reste chez nous. Ma belle-mere est arrivee avec sa fille qui avait 16 ans. J'aimais ca etre avec elle. Elle s'engageait au village de Becancour parce qu'elle s'ennuyait trop. J'allais la trouver. Elle venait d'une place d'ou il passait gros du monde . Elle venait de Trois-Rivieres. Ma belle-mere etait couturiere a Trois-Rivieres puis elle etait revenue a Becancour mais il n'y avait pas beaucoup d'ouvrage. Sa niece qui restait voisin de chez nous, a eu un bebe. Elle a demande a sa tante de venir passer l'hiver avec elle pour lui aider. Puis elle est venue. Puis mon pere lui faisait ses amours. Y avait pas grand amour a faire de ce temps-la. Elle etait bonne cuisiniere et venait nous cuire du pain. Il fallait que je manque l'ecole pour rester quand elle venait. Ca me derangeait bien gros vous savez. Je n'aimais pas trop cela, mais il fallait le faire. Une journee, je m'apercois qu'elle n'avait plus de jonc. On est fouilleux a l'age de 12 ans. Je lui ai demande: ou avez-vous mis votre jonc? Elle m'a dit: je l'ai pas mis ce matin. Ca passe de meme. Et puis notre pere , ou est-il alle? Il nous disait toujours ou il allait. Bien elle a dit , il est alle chez l'orfevre. Qu'est-ce qu'il est alle faire la sur l'orfevre ? Bien il est alle pour une horloge elle a dit. Une horloge qu'il aimait a avoir. Toujours que le jonc est venu puis on a rien su. Ils se sont maries dans l'hiver. Mais on a eu une bonne belle-mere. Elle m'a montre a travailler. Puis c'etait Venney+ une personne qui chantait quand elle filait. Je la faisais chanter.

Venney: Quand vous aviez l'age d'adolescent , que faisiez-vous pour passer vos soirees ?

Mme Roy: Bien moi , le plus beau de ma vie de ce temps-la , c'est quand j'allais chez ma soeur qui travaillait chez Mr Hall qui se trouvaient les parents du premier Dr Hall de l'Universite du Maine. Le jeune Dr Hall, son garcon , est mort seulement 4 ou 5 ans passes. La, c'est mon instruction que j'ai eu avec eux. Mme Hall etait paralisee . Elle a paralisee 2 ou 3 fois. Eux , ils avaient des moulins de toutes sortes . Y avait un moulin a carde , un moulin a bois , et puis ils etaient riches. Il venait du monde de l'Angleterre et de plusieurs places et puis ils allaient la . Leurs enfants: il y avait le Dr Hall a Orino, il y avait Lionel qui etait un Ingenieur Civil a Quebec. Les filles allaient au couvent a Trois-Rivieres. Ils avaient chacun leur cheval seulement pour rider. J'ai appris comment ils vivaient. Puis je revenais dans le

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Rang apres avoir passe une secousse la , et j'aimais pas le monde qui m'entourait et la maniere qu'ils vivaient. Chez M. Hall , on apprenait toutes sortes de belles choses ; la maniere de servir les tables la maniere de placer le linge , de faire les menages etc. Et la maison , c'etait toute beaute !

Evelyne: Et ils demeuraient ou ces gens-la ?

Mme Roy: Dans le village de Becancour. Leur maison est encore la .

Evelyne: Et ils venaient d'ou ces gens-la ? Comment se fait-il que leur culture re semble si differente des autres gens de Becancour ?

Mme Roy: Ils venaient d'Angleterre .

Evelyne: Comment se fait-il qu'ils etaient venus a Becancour ?

Mme Roy: Bien . M. Hall etait venu quand il etait garcon pour aider a commencer les moulins. Il a marie la fille du Dr Landry . C'etait une beaute Elle etait si sincere , tel que l'on est , sans avantage. On apprenait de quoi d'elle. Elle etait paralisee , on s'assoit autour d'elle et elle nous montrait a broder. Les beaux ouvrages qu'elle faisait! Elle nous disait toujours: Mets une petite touche de jaune pour faire ressortir tes couleurs .

Evelyne: Et vous , vous alliez la pour visiter ou pour travailler ?

Mme Roy: J'aidais a ma soeur . Il y avait beaucoup d'ouvrage a faire. Ils mettaient meme des laises de toile blanche dans l'escalier pour monter en-haut. Puis l'argenterie , il fallait que ca se nettoie souvent. Les meubles , c'etait du bois dur noir. Il y avait une grande table dans la salle a diner puis un buffet rempli d'argenterie. J'aimais ca voir ces choses-la.

Evelyne: Est-ce qu'ils ont eu une grosse famille ?

Mme Roy: Ils avaient 3 filles: une mariee a un commis-voyageur a LIND VERTE, un M Bertrand. Puis il y avait Alice mariee a un ingénieur forestier. L'autre fille etait mariee a un commis voyageur marchand de gros. Aussi Lionel et Walter et Lou, lui a pris magasin. Il y avait aussi Edouard le dernier . Lenney le plus vieux a eu la meningite et est reste infirme.

Venney: Apres tout cela , comment etes-vous venue ici a Rumford ?

Mme Roy: La j'ai connu Memere Roy , la gr'mere a Emile. Ses parents etaient nos voisins a nous autres au Canada. La mere a Marie-Louise , ma belle soeur etaient l'autre voisin. Omer , frere a Emile , s'est marie un an ou deux avant nous autres avec Marie-Louise. Emile s'etait achete une auto neuve , et quand chez Omer ont eu un bebe, il est venu a Becancour Avec les soeurs a Emile de Worcester pour voir la place ou leur mere avait reste. C'est la que j'ai connu Emile. Dans ce temps-la , il se faisait de grandes veilles et on allait chez le voisin. Emile m'a demande pour danser et on s'adonnait bien.

Ici je voudrais souligner que le lendemain apres cette soiree, j'ai rencontre Maurice Duplessis qui a ete premier Ministre de la Province de Quebec pour plusieurs annees. Ca se trouvait en 1926. Je lui ai servi a diner dans notre maison chez nous. Il etait avocat de ce temps-la. Mon pere l'avait eu avec l'arpenteur Bourgeois. Il etait smat, avait les yeux piquants et age un peu. Il a commence a me parler. Mon pere a dit : Mon ami a une auto, peut-etre qu'il nous conduira? Maurice a repondu: Ah oui! J'aimerais cela le connaitre son ami. D'ou vient-il? J'ai dit: Il vient du Maine. Ah! dit-il ce serait interessant de parler avec lui, j'ai deja voyage dans le Maine. Et Emile a eu la chance de le connaitre lui aussi. Je l'ai revu quand on a fait un pelerinage au

C
Cap-De-La-Madeleine. J'ai aussi vu sa vie a la television. Il a eu une deception d'amour et ne s'est jamais marie.

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VENNEY: Apres cela vous etes venus a Rumford?

Mme Roy: Oui. Je me suis mariee a Becancour, j'ai fait mon voyage de nocces a Montreal chez ma tante, puis nous sommes venus sur la terre ici a Rumford. Nous avons reste la 36 ans.

Venney: Combien d'enfant avez-vous eu?

Mme Roy: On a 10 enfants vivants et on en a perdu 3.

Venney: Ou sont vos enfants maintenant?

Mme Roy: J'en ai 3 dans le Mass., 1 a New York pres d'Albany, 1 a West Virginia, 4 garçons au Conn., et 1 dans le Maine.

Venney: Que font vos enfants?

Mme Roy: PAUL est ingenieur electronique dans le telephone. Il est sur le management pour l'argent depuis 4 ans.

LAURIER fait les aiguilles. Il vend a la grandeur de l'univers. Il a eu un gros contrat dernièrement.

THERESE est dans le Real Estate.

DENISE aussi est dans le Real Estate. Elle etait maitresse autrefois, graduee de Quebec. Elle a eu son Master Degree a Grono. Quand j'ai ete en Afrique, c'est a cause d'elle.

GERAIS est ingenieur mecanique. Il travaille pour UNION CARBIDE in West Virginia. Il a invente quelque chose qui va sur les fournaies pour bruler moins d'huile. Ca se vend partout. Il ne fournit pas.

ALBERT est State Police dans le Conn. Il a fait ses etudes a Hartford. Il a seulement 3 ou 4 ans avant de se retirer. Il a une business a vendre des machinerie semblable a chez Abbott ici a Rumford.

MARCEL a une machins shop dans dans le Conn. Il est en business avec ses deux beaux-freres. Il travaille pour le gouvernement.

CHARLES travaille pour la compagnie de telephone dans le Conn. Il est ouvrier en meme temps.

MAURICE travaille pour le telephone lui aussi. Il est dans le management. Il a ete un an a Hussion college puis a ete dans l'armee.

ALICE est mariee elle aussi et est graduee technicienne a Grono, a l'hopital de Bangor.

Evelyna: Tous vos 10 enfants ont une belle education.

Mme Roy: Oui. Ils ont tous de beaux chez-aux... de bons metiers pour vivre... sont tous maries... et ne savent pas quoi faire pour se faire plaisir.

Venney: Dans votre vie, quel evnement vous semble le plus frappant?

Mme Roy: Bien, ce fut mon voyage en Afrique. Je n'aurais jamais pense quand j'ai ete a La Cote D'Ivoire que je passerais un mois en Afrique! Nous sommes revenus par Paris et avons reste trois semaines la. Nous avons aussi passe une semaine a Rome. Le restant, bien, on a fait une bonne vie. On etait pas riche, mais on avait du bon linge, du bon manger. Mon mari travaillait beaucoup. Il a eu sa route de lait a lui pour 27 ans. On vendait aussi des navets, on faisait du beurre, on faisait des 50 quarts de JAM. Les petites filles allaient ramasser des BEANS. On se rechapait.

Venney: Ca fait combien d'annees que votre mari est decede?

Mme Roy: Il est mort en 1963, a l'age de 67 ans. Ca fait 16 ans le 20 septembre. La meme annee j'ai achete le lot sur la Franklin ici et j'ai bati.

Venney: Comparez la vie d'aujourd'hui avec celle d'autrefois, trouvez-vous cela different?

Mme Roy: Moi j'ai vecu si pauvrement quand j'etais jeune. J'ai vecu a travailler tres fort mais d'une bonne sante. Les enfants avaient bonne sante aussi. Les enfants ex voyageaient. La chance qui nous a ete donnee, c'est par l'Armee. C'est la qu'ils ont eu l'argent pour leur college. Ils revenaient sur la terre pour les vacances d'ete. Je gardais leurs enfants aussi quand ils travaillaient. Ils sauvaient leur argent. C'est de meme qu'on arrive.

Venney: La famille etait unie.

Mme Roy: Oui. Et on a reste uni. On se reunait tous en gang pour les vacances a chaque ete.

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- Venney: Y a-t-il quelque chose que vous aimeriez à dire aux jeunes d'aujourd'hui? Car votre succès, vous l'attribuez à quoi? À l'ouvrage? Au courage?
- Mme Roy: Bien, on vivait toujours en disant: on va faire la volonté du Bon Dieu. Puis ça, ça va nous emporter du bonheur. On venait à bout de réussir. On travaillait fort, mais on était heureux.
- Evelyne: Vous avez eu tous vos enfants à la maison?
- Mme Roy: Oui. J'ai été à l'hôpital seulement pour le dernier. Il est venu au monde après 7 mois et il était mort. C'était le Dr Aucoin qui ne soignait. Il m'a amené à l'hôpital. Là il n'allait plus aux maisons. Le reste de ma famille, c'est le Dr Howard que j'ai eu à la maison. Le Dr Howard, quand l'Armée l'a pris, il a fallu que j'aie à un autre Dr. C'est donc le Dr Aucoin que j'ai eu pour Alice aussi. Une fois, quand j'ai vu les outils du Dr Howard à l'hôpital, j'ai parti à pleurer. Je ravois le travail de cet homme-là. Je pensais au dimanche après-midi où il avait resté pris dans la neige en venant ici pour un bébé. Il est arrivé, l'eau coulait sur lui. Il avait marché 1/2 mile pour se rendre. Il a passé l'après-midi avec nous. Le bébé est venu au monde seulement vers 6 heures.
- Venney: Quand quelqu'un de vos enfants était malade, avez-vous des remèdes que vous faisiez?
- Mme Roy: Bien, on avait les Drs. Mais une fois qu'Alice a été bien malade, il avait tellement neige, que ça a pris deux jours avant qu'ils puissent ouvrir les chemins pour se rendre à notre maison.
Je vous dis aussi que j'ai eu peur du vent dans ma vie! Et aussi du feu! Le feu a pris deux fois à la maison. J'ai eu peur encore.
On gardait aussi les vieux. On était 13 dans la maison.
- Venney: Vous voulez dire...
- Mme Roy: Le père et la mère de mon mari ont toujours resté avec nous. Ils sont morts dans la maison tous les deux. Mère est morte à 87 ans, et Père est mort à 73 ans. C'était des bons vieux.
- Venney: Et les soirées, comment les passiez-vous en famille?
- Mme Roy: Les soirées?... On finissait assez tard!... Emily lisait son journal. Il ne filait pas trop bien car il a eu des ulcères d'estomac. Il ne filait pas pour jouer avec les enfants. Il se couchait quand les enfants veillaient un peu. Puis les enfants, après qu'ils avaient fait leur train d'étable, c'était presque le temps de se laver pour se coucher. Et aussi, il n'y avait pas beaucoup de lumière car on avait la petite lampe les premières années. Plus tard, Emily a posé les poteaux avec les enfants, et on a eu l'électricité.
- Venney: Père Roy venait de Lewiston?
- Mme Roy: Ses ancêtres venaient de près de Drummondville, province Québec.
- Venney: Quand vous êtes arrivées par ici, est-ce qu'il y avait beaucoup de Canadiens?
- Mme Roy: Oui. On en connaissait plusieurs, mais on ne visitait pas. Mon mari a été laitier pour 27 ans, il a aussi conduit un School Bus pour 10 ans, et a passé la nuit -3 jours par semaine - pour 37 ans, il connaissait gros du monde.
- Venney: On m'a dit que vous avez vu le Pape à Boston!
- Mme Roy: Oui, si j'ai fait un beau voyage! Mon garçon est venu se chercher et j'ai été chez Real, garçon à Marie-Louise. On a utilisé ses deux passes et on a pu se rendre en personne, tout près de l'autel. Real reste tout près de là. Le matin à 7 heures, on a traversé la rue et on a pris des photos de l'autel. Vers 2 heures, il breussait un peu et on a décidé de se rendre parce qu'il y avait tant de monde déjà arrivé! On était tout près de l'autel. Quand le Pape est arrivé, ça tombait... ça tombait... on était tout trempé. Moi, j'ai tout eu! La Communion, la Bénédiction, j'ai entendu la Messe etc. C'était mon grand désir! Je ne peux pas avoir plus que cela! Paul m'a ramené ici le jeudi soir. Je vous dis que c'était parfait!
- Venney: Avez-vous des vieilles recettes que vous voudriez donner aux jeunes?
- Mme Roy: Je me demande dans quoi ils seraient intéressés?
- Evelyne: Peut-être que si on vous demandait ceci: À travers tout ce que vous avez passé, qu'est-ce qui vous a aidé à accepter les misères de votre vie?

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Mme Roy: On avait toujours la mème idee.On se couchait et on se disait: on n'est pas pire que les autres. Ils n'ont pas la moitié de ce que l'on a. Dans le confort, j'avais les moulins. J'avais tout ce qu'il me fallait. Je trouvais que c'était une benediction du Bon Dieu. En regardant les enfants, mon mari disait des fois: ils ont été bien tannants aujourd'hui! mais en mème temps, on vire la page de bord, puis elle est encore blanche prête à remplir. Vraiment, les enfants n'allaient pas beaucoup dehors! Mon mari ne voulait pas qu'ils jouent sur le foie. Ils ne pouvaient pas aller dans la grange ni dans les arbres. Vraiment ils étaient autour de moi. Mille parlait juste une fois dans la maison. Son ordre était donné, et ça écoutait. Il n'y avait pas d'obstination. C'était dit, c'était dit.

Evelyne: Le respect de l'autorité.

Mme Roy: Oui. Les vieux de ce temps-là. On était dans la vieille maison hein et on en a eu de la visite!

Evelyne: Vous avez fréquenté Mr Roy pendant combien de temps?

Mme Roy: On s'est connu en septembre, le 16. On s'est marié le 4 juillet suivant. Il est venu faire les arrangements le 30 de mai.

Evelyne: Quand vous voyez les jeunes d'aujourd'hui qui n'ont pas l'air à être satisfaits, il leur en faut... et leur en faut encore. Ils ont besoin de tellement de choses matérielles pour être heureux! Aus pensez-vous de cela?

Mme Roy: Nos jeunes reviennent beaucoup mieux.

Evelyne: Dans quel sens voulez-vous dire?

Mme Roy: Dans le sens que la ils ont vu que rendu au point où ils étaient, ça ne donnait pas le bonheur. Depuis que le Charismatic a commencé, ça été le plus grand aide pour nos jeunes. Les jeunes se rassemblent par 1,000, puis ça chante au Bon Dieu. Ces jeunes-là vivent pour la gloire du Bon Dieu. Ils se débattent au Bon Dieu. Autrefois, on leur montrait des petites routines de prières qu'ils ne voulaient pas même dire. Aujourd'hui ils apprennent comment faire la gloire du Bon Dieu. Le Charismatic a décollé les enfants avec l'aide du St. Esprit. Comme le vent.

Evelyne: Comment comparez-vous la jeunesse de votre temps avec celle d'aujourd'hui?

Mme Roy: Dans mon temps, on vivait sous la peur. Moi j'aurais tant aimé aller travailler à Trois-Rivières! Mais mon père m'a épouvé et voici comment il m'a expliqué les dangers de travailler dans une grande ville. Tu sais, avec ces gros Messieurs-là, il faut se guetter. Un homme, c'est un homme. Leur femme n'est pas toujours là. Si tu étais attaquée, qu'est-ce que tu ferais? Tu ne sais pas, tu peux manquer. Rien que pour quelques piastres, ça ne vaut pas la peine. Quand j'ai entendu cela... là j'avais assez peur, que j'en tremblais! Là j'ai décidé que je ne prendrais pas cette chance. Comme vous voyez, c'est vraiment mon père qui me parlait et me forçait. Il nous faisait toujours dire le chapelet. Je remercie le Bon Dieu. Je comprenais pas trop de ce temps-là. Mais je me demande comment il a fait? Il ne savait pas lire, ne savait pas écrire, il buchait du bois. C'est tout ce qu'il savait faire. Mais, comment a-t-il fait pour nous montrer la religion comme il nous l'a montré? Dans le fond. Et moi, mon St-Esprit, je l'ai appris à ma Confirmation. C'est lui qui m'a aidé quand j'avais peur dans notre grande maison. Et pour distraction, si j'avais pas été chez Mme Hall, je ne sais pas ce que j'aurais fait? Mes cousines travaillaient toutes en ville et avaient du bon temps. Ce n'est pas vraiment l'école qui m'a instruite. Ça été l'éducation de famille. Mon père, pour ma vie de religion et Mme Hall pour savoir et étudier les belles choses.

Aussi mon mari disait souvent aux enfants: soyez obéissants aux lois, vous serez jamais en trouble. Et comme disait une voisine du Canada: il n'y a pas de rose sans épines. On peut dire que tous nos enfants ont été une source de bonheur, du premier au dernier.

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Maintenant je vis ici dans mon humble chez nous. J'ai mon Eglise tout pres. J'ai aussi nos Seniors Citoyens qui nous apportent beaucoup dans notre vieillesse avec tous leurs beaux programmes.

Mvelynes: Ah! Oui, parlez-nous de tous vos beaux voyages.

Mme Roy: Quand j'ai demenage de sur la ferme a la Franklin, c'est M. Mme Harry Allen qui m'ont montre comment voyager. Pour mes voyages, les voici:

- 19 Novembre 1964 - A New York pour la premiere fois ou j'ai vu "THE PRICE IS RIGHT", quatre fois.
- Juin 1967 - L'Expo de Montreal.
- May 1968 - La Cote D'Ivoire
- Juin 1968 - Rome et Paris. J'ai ete au Chateau de Versailles.
- Janvier 1969 - Floride. (Tour Dube.)
- Mai 1971 - Ottawa, pour Tulip Festival. (Tour Dube.)
- 12 Juillet 1971 - Gaspé Peninsula. (Tour Dube.)
Nova Scotia pour Foliage. (Tour Dube.)
- Sept. 1971 - Montreal-Quebec. (Tour Dube.)
- Octobre 1971 - West Virginia-South Charleston chez mon garcon.
Houston-Texas chez mon neveu.
San Francisco. A l'hotel DRE. J'ai perdu mon portefeuille.
M. Ronaire Hall, notre escort a appele et mon portefeuille etait dans le safe. La fille du desk l'avait trouve.
- 17 Janvier 1972 - Housseau-Preoport sur le fameux SUNWARD.
Dodge Island-Miami, sur Norwegian Lines
- Avril 1972 - Annual Cherry Blossoms in Washington. (Tour Dube.)
- Octobre 1972 - Hawaiian Tour- (Tour Dube.)
1972 - Floride . (Tour Dube.)
- Juin 1973 - Canadian Rockies Tour.
- 18 Mars 1974 - California. Aussi El Paso, Texas. (Tour Dube.)
- 15 Juin 1975 - Saguenay - Pt. Quebec. (Tour Dube.)
- 31 Oct. 1975 - Bermudes.
1976 - Provincetown-Cape Cod Mass.
Rev. John Bertelucci-Little Falls, N.Y.

Je crois que c'est tout. J'ai bien apprecie et aime beaucoup tout le monde que j'ai rencontre au cours de ces voyages. Je dois beaucoup a Mme All Allen qui m'a montre comment m'organiser pour voyager.

J'aimerais vous laisser une petite pensee. Quel que ce soit difficile au commencement d'une vie, il ne faut pas lecher. On peut vous apporter le plus grand bonheur sur cette terre. Donc VIVEZ DANS L'HUMILITE AVEC LE BON DIEU et je vous promets le VRAI BONHEUR sur cette terre.

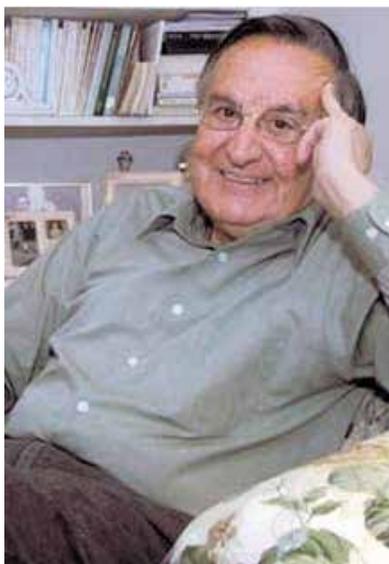
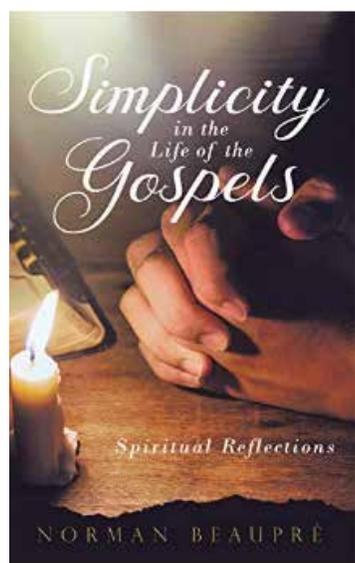
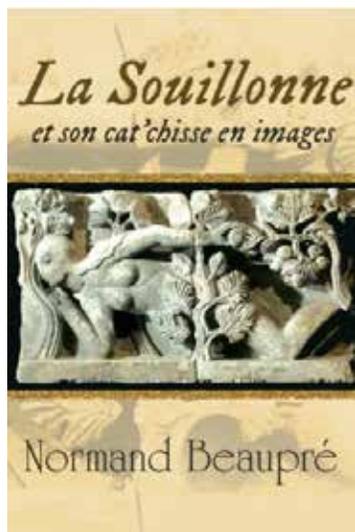


Mme. Armande Roy

par Kenney Bolduc
&
Lynne Langlais.



BOOKS/LIVRES



La Souillonne

et son cat'chisse en images

par Normand Beaupré

Voici le troisième épisode avec la Souillonne dans son dialecte francophone de sa région en Nouvelle-Angleterre. Cette oeuvre est basée sur "Le Catéchisme en Images," une oeuvre publiée à Paris dans les années passées. C'est le monologue de cette femme retirée du moulin qui nous raconte son aventure avec les images d'un vieux catéchisme longtemps utilisé par les écoles chrétiennes du passé. La Souillonne nous donne ses définitions et ses descriptions de chaque image et en même temps elle nous offre ses remarques qui sont parfois animées et remplies d'une sagesse qu'elle-même nourrit depuis plusieurs années. C'est le témoignage d'une femme qui nous raconte ses expériences vécues qui sortent d'une authenticité remarquable.

Simplicity in the Life of the Gospels

by Norman Beaupre (Author)

Fulfilling and soul-stirring, this book brings to Christian spirituality a literary perspective cultivated through thirty years of teaching on the part of the author. He is neither a theologian nor an exegete but he brings to life the results of many years of reading and research into the life of the gospels through the concept of simplicity, an idea much respected by Christ the Teacher. Simplicity becomes a foil to the entanglements of those who wish to obstruct or deny the "good news." The theme of simplicity strikes at the very core of the gospels and resonates well with the entire message that Christ wishes to convey, belief in him as the Son of God and trust in the love he models. The good news of Jesus Christ is for all ages and for all peoples whose trust in God is couched in simplicity.

Norman Beaupre

About the Author

Norman Beaupre was born in southern Maine and educated bilingually, French and English. He earned an A.M. and a Ph.D from Brown University. He then joined the faculty of St. Francis College in Maine which became the University of New England. He taught French, world literature in translation, French Impressionism and a course on Transcultural Health Care.

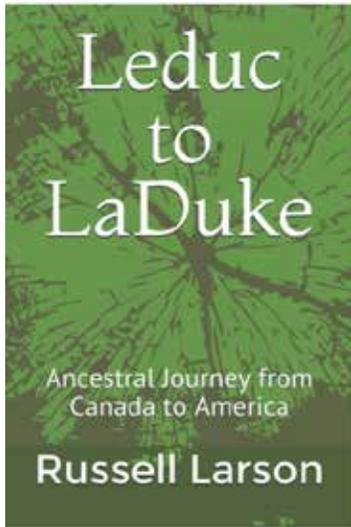
He has traveled often to Paris and took two sabbaticals there. He went to Brazil on a Fulbright grant, took a leave of absence to study Spanish and the traditional healing (curanderismo) in Oaxaca, Mexico in 1997, and traveled to several other countries such as, Belgium, Croatia, Spain and Portugal. He has written seventeen books. He writes in French and English. His latest novel, Cajetan the Stargazer, is his latest creative venture. It's the story of a medieval architect who builds Gothic cathedrals. Every phase of cathedral building is explored in this work. His one-woman play, a long dramatic monologue, was produced in Paris in October 2008 at the Theatre des Dechargeurs followed by two more performances, one in Dijon and the other in Angers.

He received several awards among which is the Order of Arts and Literature from the French Ministry in June 2008 for outstanding contributions to French culture.



Leduc to LaDuke: Family History from Canada to America

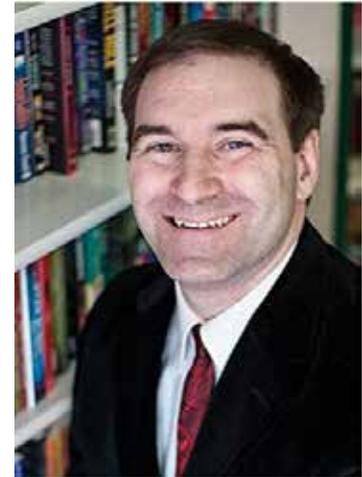
by *Russell Larson*



Nearly 400 years of family history covering the Leduc family name. From their beginnings in France to the arrival in New France, and finally America, their history and stories tell the pioneering spirit of this family.

About the Author

As a creative professional, Russell has held numerous jobs, including video producer, theater director, along with dozens of others that helped him pay the bills while he struggled to hone his writing craft. Having lived most of his life in a small corner of North Dakota, Russell considers himself a science-fiction fanatic, book, and story



Russell Larson

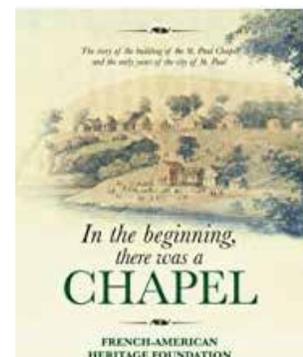
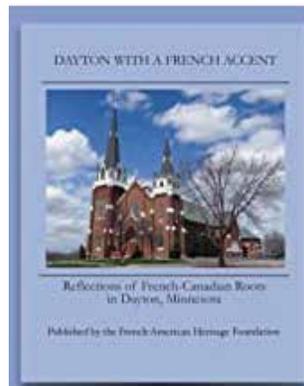
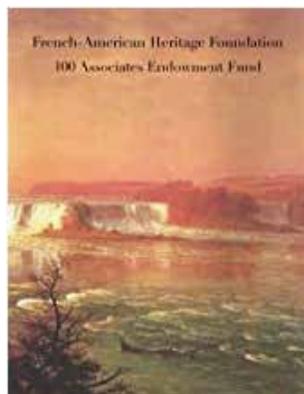
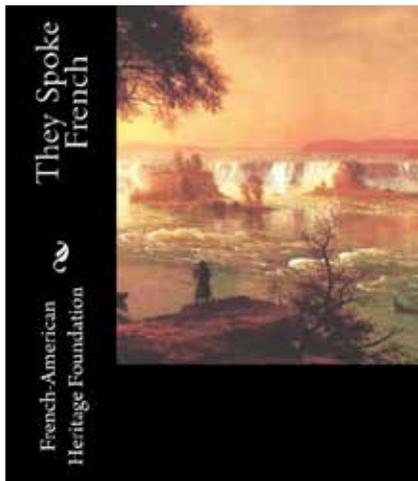
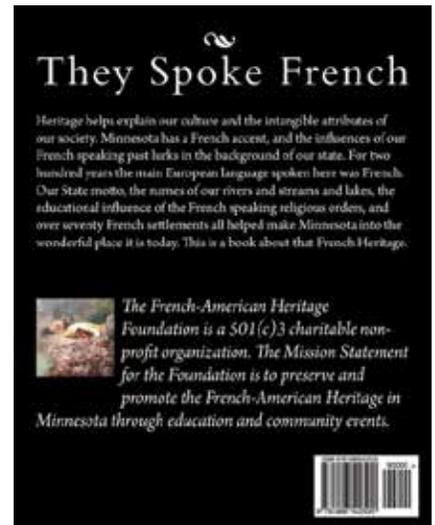
collector, with a passion for learning. This passion led him to earning a Master of Science degree in Business giving him the skills needed to complete his first professional and personal research book. Leduc to LaDuke covers nearly 400 years of ancestral French-Canadian roots. Russell continues his non-fiction writing pursuits by authoring a peer support book for the business world. He is hard at work and can be found behind his computer.

<https://www.amazon.com/Leduc-LaDuke-Family-History-America/dp/B08XGSTQ2V>

They Spoke French

by *French-American Heritage Foundation*

Did you know that for almost two hundred years before Minnesota became a state, French was the primary European language spoken here?! After Minnesota became a state, and during the early years of European settlement, many French Canadians migrated here and approximately 79 French-speaking towns and communities were formed in Minnesota! Many of our place and street names remind us of the early French influence! Curious to learn more about French influences in Minnesota?



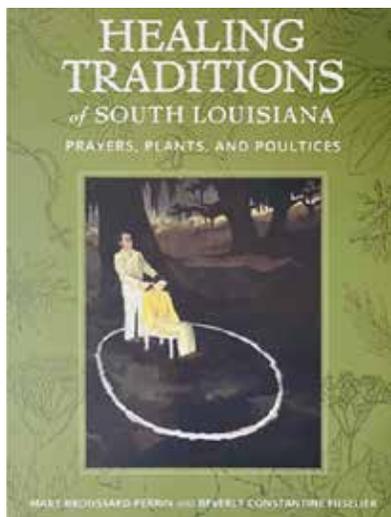
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BOOKS/LIVRES

Healing Traditions of South Louisiana

by Mary B. Perrin and Beverly Fuselier



soothe troubled minds, and more. In short, Mother Nature's medicine cabinet was well stocked, and the newly-arrived Acadians, having been guided peacefully by the Mi'kmaq First Nations people in Canada, were

once again offered aid and knowledge in their new home by its first settlers. These French speaking Acadian refugees brought with them their own healers, now known as *traiteurs*, who also treated with special healing prayers. While dwindling in numbers, these traditional healers still exist in South Louisiana.

This book takes us on a journey through South Louisiana's traditional healing arts from the dawn of civilization to today. Part One is about the *traiteurs*, their prayers and rituals, and Part Two presents the native medicinal plants that grow wild in South Louisiana, their properties and traditional uses. Join us as we meet the *traiteurs* and discover the benevolent bounty of Mother Nature.

Orders may be placed by email:

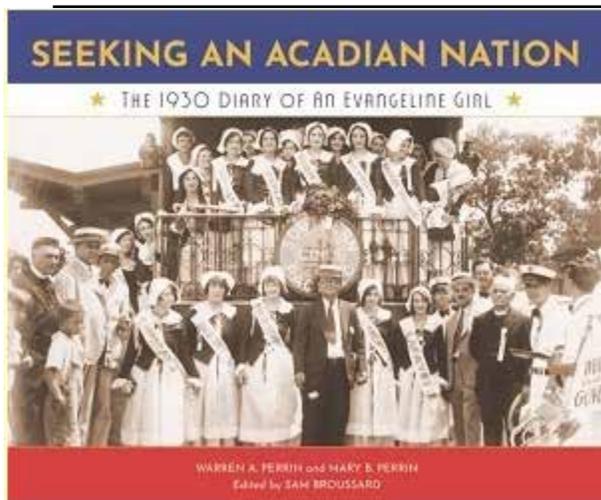
mlbperrin@gmail.com

or

bevfuse@cox.net

or

by calling (337) 456-7729.



Seeking an Acadian Nation The 1930 Diary of an Evangeline Girl

By Warren A. Perrin and Mary B. Perrin

Seeking an Acadian Nation tells the real-life story, in words and vintage photographs, of the epic 1930 journey led by Sen. Dudley J. LeBlanc, which he called the "First Official Pilgrimage of Louisiana Acadians to Grand-Pré,

Nova Scotia." The trip, which celebrated the 175th anniversary of the Acadian Deportation, marked the first time Cajuns returned to their ancestral homeland and began the process of a Grand Reunification between the Acadian families of Canada and their cousins in the United States. The book, which traces the evolution of this reunification up to the present time, contains over 200 pages of historic photos and text in a large format that will make an ideal holiday gift, coffee table book, or conversation starter. ([click here to read more](#))

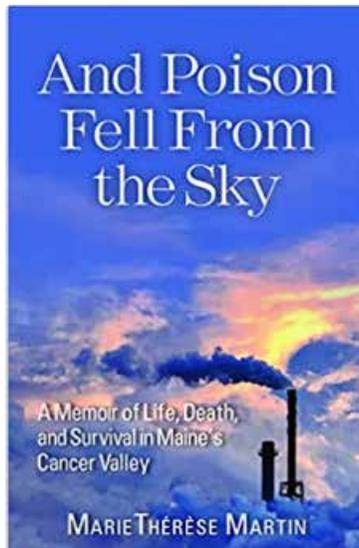
Price: U.S. orders: \$50 + \$10 shipping and handling

Canadian/Intl. orders: USD\$50 + USD\$37 shipping and handling

<https://www.acadianmuseum.com/boutique.html#seeking>



BOOKS/LIVRES



And Poison Fell From the Sky: A Memoir of Life, Death, and Survival in Maine's Cancer Valley

by Marie Thérèse Martin (Author)

Marie Therese Beaudet Martin grew up grateful for the paper mill that dominated the economy of her small Maine town. It was only years later, while working as a nurse, that she and her physician husband Joseph Edward "Doc" Martin came to believe that the area's sky-high rates of lymphoma, pediatric cancer, and lung disease was caused by the smoke and chemicals billowing from the mill's tall stacks both day and night. Together, they sounded an alarm no one wanted to hear, and began a decades-long fight to expose the devil's bargain the community had struck with the mill, a fight that Terry continued even after Doc himself fell victim to cancer. Martin's memoir, *And Poison Fell From the Sky*, includes a foreword by Kerri Arsenault, author of the book *Mill Town*, which includes Martin and her husband.

<https://www.amazon.com/Poison-Fell-Sky-Memoir-Survival/dp/195214339X>



Tanner and the magic tongue

*by Evan Nadeau (Author)
Meg Clark (Illustrator)*

Hi everyone! My name is Evan, I'm seven years old. A couple years ago I came up with a fun story about my real life dog, Tanner, and a funny adventure he takes in his backyard. He discovers his tongue has the power to magically change him into whatever he licks!

During the pandemic my teacher encouraged me to enter my story in a young authors writing contest with Monster House Publishing and I won! Now I'm a published Author! Please come along on this new journey with me by following my page and get notifications of my book release and events that may come up!

I'm so excited to share my book, *Tanner and the Magic Tongue* with all of you!



Evan's book will be available
February 28th
on Amazon and Monster House Publishing
and pre-order will be available mid February
through Monster House Publishing only
(Monsterhousepublishing.com)



<https://www.amazon.com/Tanner-magic-tongue-Evan-Nadeau/dp/1777854210/>

A Conversation with Franco-American author Norman Desmarais

By Ron Héroux
(frannie542@aol.com)

Not only is Norman Desmarais a prolific author of non-fiction books and articles on historical subjects and topics dealing with information science, he is also a historian, lecturer, reenactor and tour guide. A retired librarian and professor emeritus of Providence College, Norman was born in Lowell, MA and now resides with his wife Barbara in Lincoln, RI. In 2015, he was inducted into the American-French Genealogical Society's Hall of Fame in Woonsocket, RI because of his "unique and substantial contributions to support Franco-American history and traditions as an author...*(and)* as a leader with French social organizations...." Because of his bilingual skills, Norman has been able to research and translate original 18th century French documents. For example, in 2020 he edited, annotated and translated into English the diary of Louis François Bertrand du Pont d'Aubevoye comte de Lauberdrière who was General Rochambeau's nephew and aide-de-camp during the American Revolution. The book is entitled *The Road to Yorktown: The French Campaign in the American Revolution, 1780-1783*. He followed this with a translation of Mathieu Dumas' diary published recently as the *Journal of a French Quartermaster on the March to Yorktown June—October 6, 1781*. Another of Norman's many books on which he has lectured in recent years is *America's First Ally: France in the Revolutionary War*.

What motivated you to start writing non-fiction articles and books, and why such an interest in researching and writing about various aspects of the American Revolution and especially the involvement of the French?

We were required to write an essay each week in high school. One week was in English, the next French. That honed my writing skills. When I started working in academia, I knew I needed to write publications in order to be promoted.

The Revolutionary War has been an interest of mine since my childhood. When a publisher asked me one day what

kind of CD-ROM I would like to author if I had all the resources available, I immediately responded—a multimedia one on the American Revolution. My proposal was unsuccessful but was accepted by a different publisher and it was substantially different than what I envisioned. That got me started in writing about the Revolutionary War which resulted in a 6-volume historical guide to the war on land and 7 volumes about the war at sea.

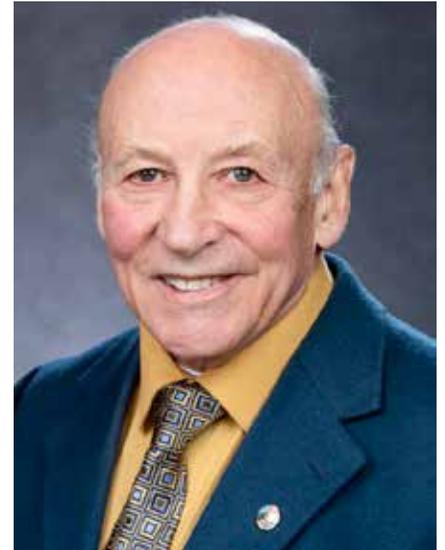
In addition to being fluent in French and English, I am familiar with 18th century military technology and I'm able to read 18th century French manuscripts. These skills have uniquely qualified me to produce some interesting publications (*a few of which are mentioned in the introduction of this article*).

How many books and articles have you written, and how can one obtain a list of all your publications?

I have authored or co-authored 47 books and published 147 articles along with writing several reviews. My early work was in the area of information science, then CD-ROM and information technology. I set up the first CD-ROM network in Rhode Island, and I produced several publications dealing with information technology. In the mid-1990s, I shifted focus to the American War of Independence. I'd be glad to send a complete list of my publications to anyone interested. Contact me at nornd@providence.edu.

Why do you enjoy being a reenactor, and why did you choose to join the French Bourbonnais Regiment?

It's often said that one learns more by doing than by reading. When I was working on the multimedia CD-ROM dealing with the American Revolution, I needed photos and videos, so I started going to Revolutionary War reenactments. Then I joined the Second Rhode Island Regiment. Later, I was looking for another portrayal and decided to join the Régiment Bourbonnais since I was of French heritage. I enjoy participating in



Norman Desmarais

regimental reenactments and parades as well as being an honor guard at historical events.

Where are you a tour guide, and why do you enjoy this aspect of your retirement?

I work mainly in Newport, RI when the cruise ships visit this seaport, tourist community in the Summer and Fall. I sometimes conduct tours in French when there is a large francophone group aboard from French-speaking countries such as France or Canada. Since the tours deal with lots of historical information, I enjoy sharing my knowledge while focusing on the interests of the tourists. I prefer doing walking tours than bus tours since they are smaller groups and easier to interact with.

From time to time, I also act as a bilingual tour guide at the Museum of Work and Culture, a branch of the RI Historical Society. Located in Woonsocket, this is one of few such cultural centers in New England highlighting and dramatizing the immigration of almost a million French Canadians who settled the northeastern region of the US from the Province of Québec and other French Canadian and Acadian population centers between 1840 and 1930.

What professional organizations and activities have you been involved with, particularly as it relates to Franco-Americans?

I am a board member of the Franco-American Boivin Center at the University of Massachusetts, Dartmouth, a past President of the Woonsocket, RI Richelieu Club

(Continued on page 42)

(A Conversation with Franco-American author Norman Desmarais continued from page 41)



(which has become the Aram Pothier Club) and I was Vice President of Le Foyer Club of Pawtucket, RI. In addition, I was editor of The Brigade Dispatch: The Journal of the Brigade of the American Revolution from 2006 to 2021.

What activities might you suggest Franco Americans be involved with or accomplish to promote and keep alive our heritage and our identity as a unique ethnic group in the United States?

In Woonsocket, RI they used to have a French farmers’ market in the Fall, but it ceased due to lack of participation. Nevertheless, there are still Mardi Gras parties, Fêtes des Rois and other Franco-cultural events like quadrilles dances and concerts. The Blackstone River Theater in Cumberland, RI promotes and hosts ethnic music often featuring French Canadian and Franco-American musicians. Unfortunately, other events like St. Jean Baptiste Day, Bastille Day and Saint Louis Day often go uncelebrated in the US. However, joining French and Franco-American cultural and French-speaking organizations such as Franco-American Centers, l’Alliance Française, Richelieu clubs and Franco-American genealogical societies can be rewarding and exhilarating.

The past few years, the Newport Historical Society has been holding “French in Newport” weekends. With the 250th anniversary of the Revolutionary War approaching,

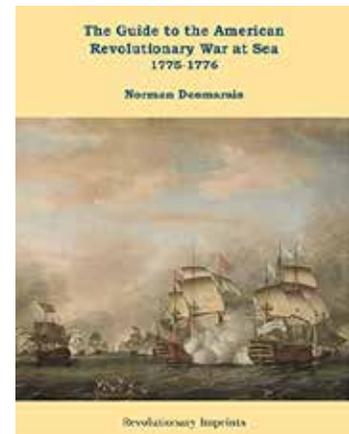
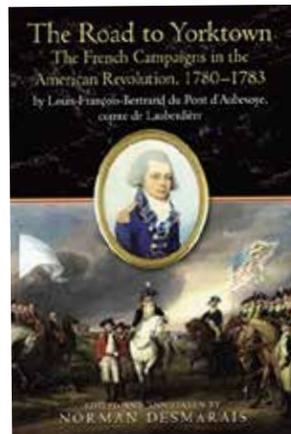
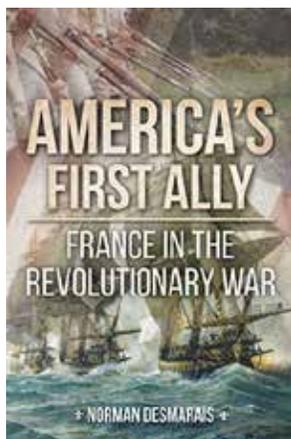
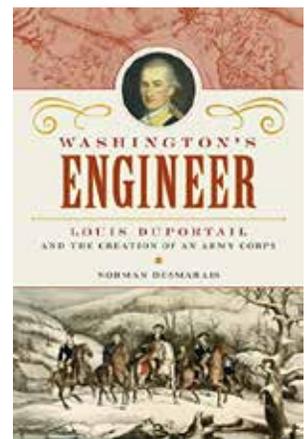
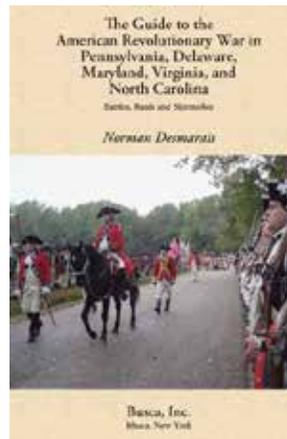
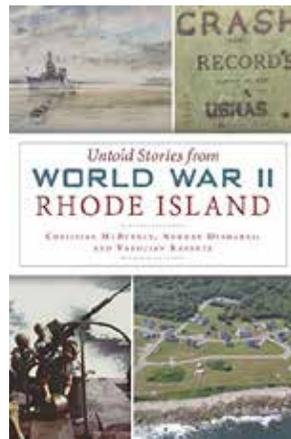
there will be many more such events. The bicentennial of Lafayette’s year-long visit to America will be happening in 2024. Very few people realize that two thirds to three quarters of the allied forces at Yorktown, VA during our Revolutionary War were French.

Any upcoming projects on the horizon?

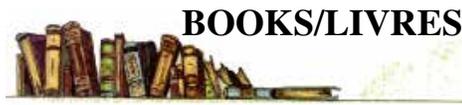
I’m currently translating the French diary of François-Louis Thibaut, Comte de Ménonville who was an officer in the French Army during America’s War of Independence. I will be giving the keynote address next October at the Winterthur Museum in Delaware honoring the 250th anniversary of the Revolutionary War. I also plan on continuing my work as a tour guide.



Some of Norman Desmarais’ Books...



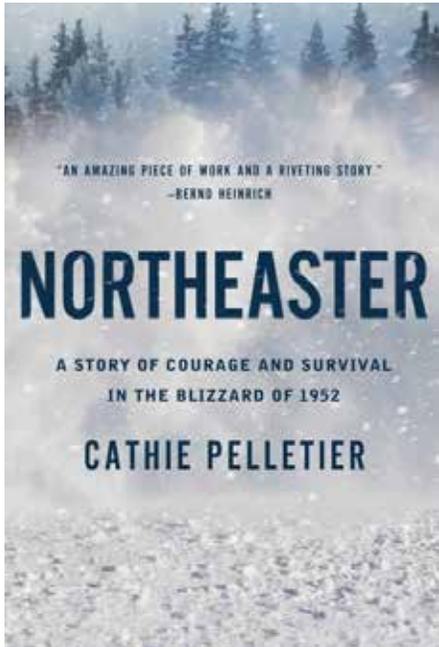
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BOOKS/LIVRES

Northeaster: A Story of Courage and Survival in the Blizzard of 1952

by Cathie Pelletier



A vivid and gripping story of an epic Maine snowstorm that tested the very limits of human endurance.

For many, the past few years have been defined by climate disaster. Stories about once-in-a-lifetime hurricanes, floods, fires, droughts and even snowstorms are now commonplace. But dramatic weather events are not new and *Northeaster*, Cathie Pelletier’s breathtaking account of the 1952 snowstorm that blanketed New England, offers a valuable reminder about nature’s capacity for destruction as well as insight into the human instinct for preservation.

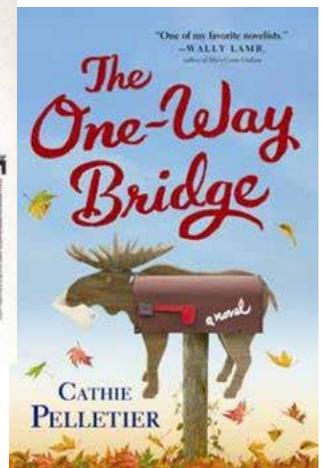
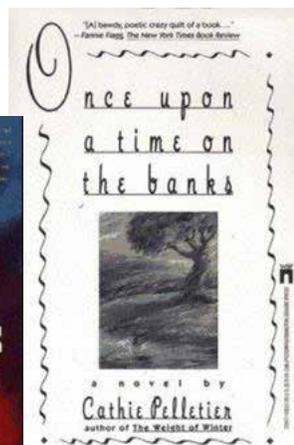
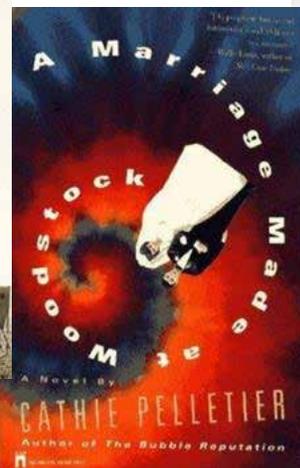
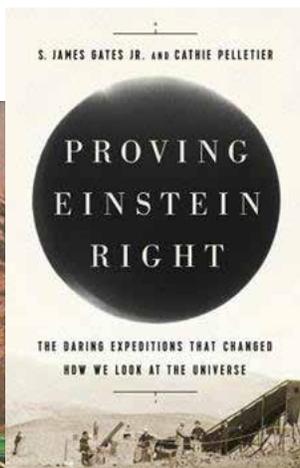
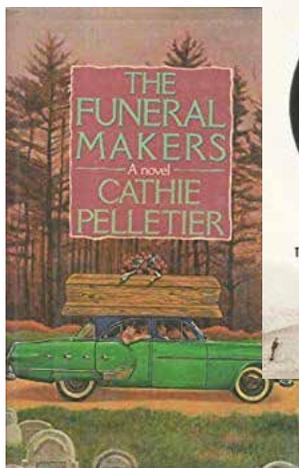
Northeaster weaves together a rich cast of characters whose lives were uprooted and endangered by the storm. Housewives and lobstermen, loggers and soldiers were all trapped as snow piled in drifts twenty feet high. The storm smothered hundreds of travelers in their cars, covered entire towns, and broke ships in half. In the midst of the blizzard’s chaos, there were remarkable acts of heroism and courageous generosity. Doctors braved the storm to help deliver babies. Ordinary people kept their wits while buried in their cars, and others made their way out of forests to find kind-hearted strangers willing to take them in.

It’s likely that none of us know how we would handle a confrontation with a blizzard or other natural disaster. But *Northeaster* shows that we have it inside to fight for survival in some of the harshest conditions that nature has to offer.



About The Author

Cathie Pelletier was born and raised on the banks of the St. John River, at the end of the road in Northern Maine. She is the author of twelve novels, including *The Funeral Makers* (a New York Times Notable Book), *The Weight of Winter* (winner of the New England Book Award) and *Running the Bulls* (winner of the Paterson Prize for Fiction). As K. C. McKinnon, she has written two novels, both of which became television films. After years of living in Nashville, Tennessee Toronto, Canada and Eastman, Quebec, she has returned to Allagash, Maine and the family homestead where she was born.



https://www.simonandschuster.com/books/Northeaster/Cathie-Pelletier/9781639363414?fbclid=IwAR04tV_D4HBfLjX5L-lgzLw-TI9vrdcA8TTnZwT5uhRk0bw5I21DRMwcWEA



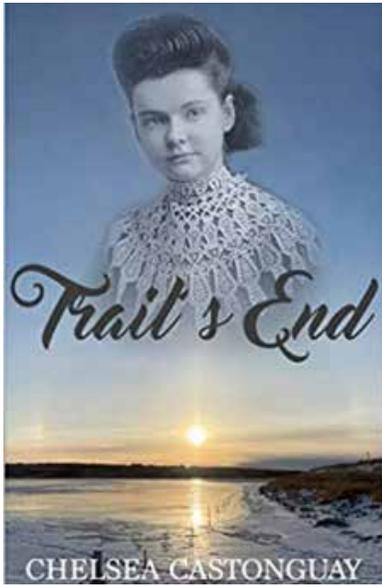
BOOKS/LIVRES

Trail's End

(Quinn Ironside)

Book 1 of 2

by *Chelsea Castonguay*



Living with her father, brothers, and ailing mother on the North Dakota prairie, Quinn has always felt as though something wasn't quite right. Her life has been a series of unanswered questions, closed doors, and whispers. Despite longing to know more, she never dares to imagine what could actually be until one dark night when a stranger arrives at their door. As the new doctor to their small settlement of Trail's End, Declan has come to heal their sick and injured. However, he might be the one who can start helping Quinn unravel the mystery of who she really is, and where she belongs.



About the Author:

Chelsea Castonguay

Chelsea was born in Fort Kent, and grew up in Maine. She earned a master's degree from the University of Maine and has worked as a professional writer since 2016. She's currently working on a historical romance series, and lives in central Maine with her family on a micro homestead.

When not writing fiction, Chelsea works as a freelance writer and the director of writing for a nonprofit. Some of her skills include amazing resumes, cover letters, blogs, website content, advertorials, editing, formal communications, and research.

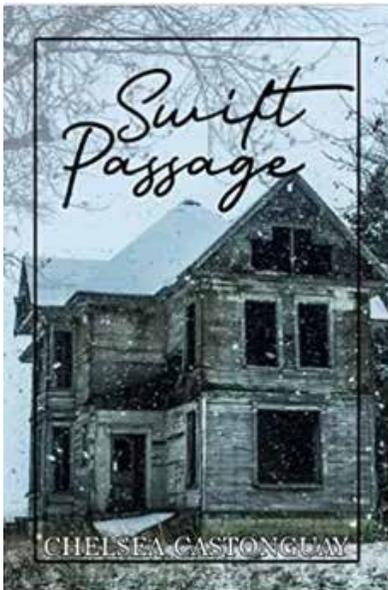
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Swift Passage

(Quinn Ironside)

Book 2 of 2:

by *Chelsea Castonguay*



After escaping Trail's End, Quinn and Declan race across the North Dakota prairie seeking sanctuary from the store they know will soon be following them. With Declan injured, and winter bearing down, they find refuge in the home of a healer and her family.

In Trail's End, Quinn's eldest brother Airell makes a ghastly discovery that sets him on a course of revenge. He leaves behind all he holds dear in order to fulfill an oath, and to return Quinn to Trail's End to meet her fate.

Phone: 207-907-6284

Email:

Chelsea.Castonguay@maine.edu

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<https://tinyurl.com/yrx2u6xv>



LOCAL FILMMAKERS WIN PRIZES AT 25TH MAINE INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

WATERVILLE, Maine – The Maine Film Center (MFC) announces the winners of the Tourmaline and Audience Favorite Prizes from the 25th annual Maine International Film Festival (MIFF). Running from July 8-17, this year's MIFF featured nearly 100 films, 22 of which were made in Maine.

The Tourmaline Prizes, awarded for the first time this year and named for Maine's state gem, are juried awards recognizing the best Maine-made films of the festival. These prizes were given in two categories: feature-length film and short film.

(Continued on page 45)

GETTING THINGS DONE

by Roger Parent

Stories of Leadership from the South Bend Mayor's Office to the School Board, the Peace Corps and Beyond

NEW BOOK FROM FORMER SOUTH BEND MAYOR ROGER PARENT.

BEHIND THE SCENES LOOK AT HOW GREAT THINGS WERE ACCOMPLISHED UNDER HIS TENURE, NOT JUST AS MAYOR, BUT IN ALL AREAS OF PUBLIC SERVICE.

I promised to create a work force that reflected the people of South Bend...
"We don't believe you will," they said.

For the first time in South Bend's history, the leadership in the city reflected the demographics of the people who lived here; the first African American fire chief, and the first four women department directors. I made a promise to create a workforce that reflected the people and it provided confidence that public decisions reflected the views of the entire city.

Read about this and other remarkable stories in former Mayor Roger Parent's new book *Getting Things Done: Stories of Leadership from the South Bend Mayor's Office to the School Board, the Peace Corps and Beyond*

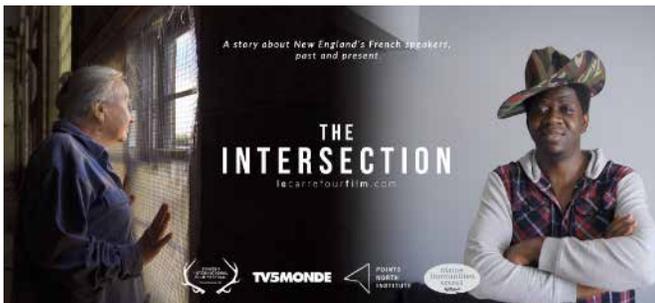
"Getting Things Done should be required reading for high school students, and even their teachers and parents."

Stephen F. Mitros, MD

If you're a public servant who's determined to do big things, or a citizen who wants to see big things done, read examples from Roger's decades of public service.

<https://www.filibusterpress.com/getting-things-done.html>

(Local Filmmakers Win...continued from page 44)



Winner of the Tourmaline Prize in the Feature-Length Film category, as well as a cash prize of \$5,000, is "Sunner," the story of two young artists who attempt to create a memorial for their hometown and their generation's experience before there's no one left who remembers. Written and directed by Henry Spritz, "Sunner" was filmed in Belfast, Sanford, Portland, and Westbrook using local talent.

Winner of the Tourmaline Prize in the Short Film category, as well as a cash prize of \$2,500, is "Le Carrefour (The Intersection)." Directed by Daniel Quintanilla and Jessamine Irwin, "Le Carrefour" is the moving story of the friendship between Cecile, a French-Canadian, and Trésor, a

Franco-African immigrant seeking asylum in Lewiston, Maine. Their interwoven stories reflect the repeating history of discrimination and oppression that French-speaking Mainers have faced and continue to endure.

"It's so important to recognize and celebrate Maine's filmmakers, who each year create such original works that highlight the people and stories of our state," says Mike Perreault, Festival Director. "It's a tremendous achievement to create independent film here, and we're proud that these inaugural Tourmaline Prizes will help enable these talented filmmakers to continue their work."

Throughout the festival, audiences voted for their favorite feature films, and the winner of this year's Audience Favorite Award is "Hopeful: The Story of MaineWorks," directed by Ian McCrudden. Another Maine-made film, "Hopeful" is the story of Margo Walsh, who built a business from her kitchen table as a single mother. Her company, MaineWorks, exclusively employs ex-cons and people in recovery, is fully operational in Maine, and is expanding to five other states.

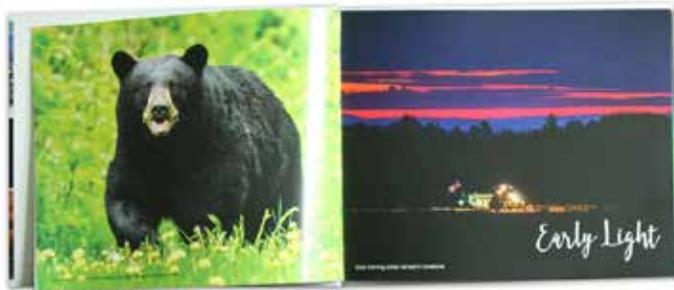
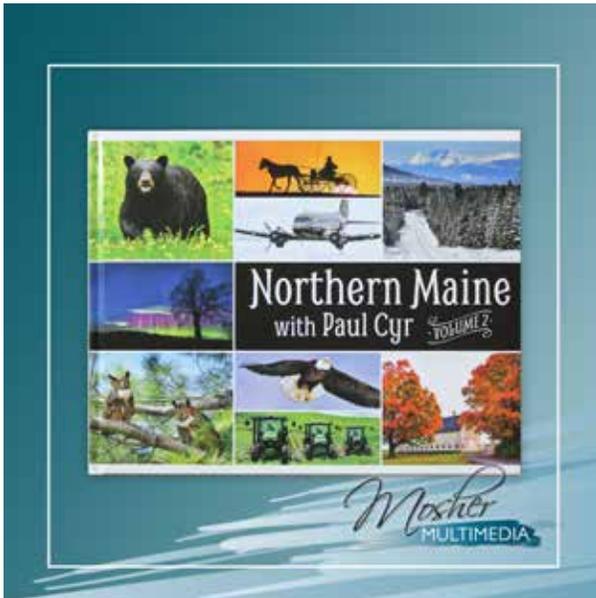
MIFF is a project of the Maine Film Center and is made possible by presenting sponsors Waterville Creates, Colby College, and the Lawry Family Foundation.

About the Maine Film Center

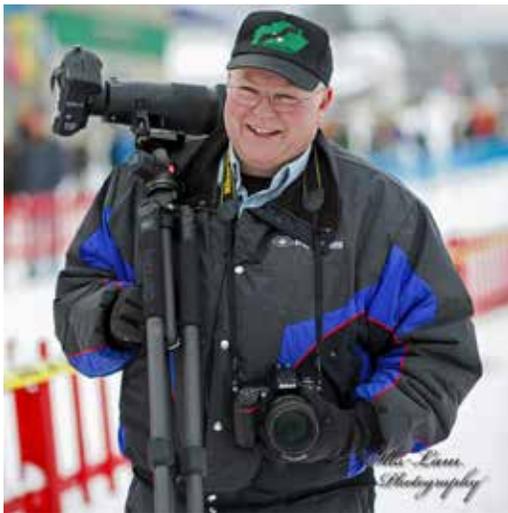
The Maine Film Center (MFC) brings world-class independent film to Central Maine through Railroad Square Cinema, the only Sundance Art House Project cinema in Maine; the annual Maine International Film Festival, a 10-day celebration that attracts filmmakers and film aficionados from around the world; and by delivering impactful, accessible film exhibition and education programs. MFC believes that art and culture have the power to enrich lives, strengthen community bonds, and serve as an economic engine. MFC is a division of Waterville Creates. For more information, visit MaineFilmCenter.org.

Northern Maine with Paul Cyr – Volume 2

Enjoy this second volume 122-page, hardcover coffee table book that contains over 500 of Paul Cyr's photographs. It represents a small sampling of some of the best moments Cyr has captured over the past 20 years while visiting the people, places, and things he enjoys the most.



About the author (2021)



Paul Cyr grew up on a potato farm in the northern Maine town of Hamlin. He started taking pictures in the early 1960s with a Kodak instamatic camera, and photography soon became his lifelong hobby. Paul's favorite type of photograph was (and still is) farm aerials. Over the next decade or so, Paul took a few hundred aerials of local farms. Many of those photographs still exist, hanging on farmhouse walls. After moving to Presque Isle in 1976, Paul's photography took a back seat to his commitment to the family healthcare business; development of rental properties; and the creation of a patented snowmobile component which he manufactured for 25 years. Paul now has more time to devote to his hobby and spends time each week looking for new photographic opportunities. Ninety-nine percent of his photographs are taken in northern Maine, most within 10 miles of his home. All of the photographs in this book are one-shot takes, no composites or any other special effects. Paul shares his work with over 70,000 followers on Facebook at Paul Cyr Photography. His inventory of photographs is measured in the tens of thousands and many are used by dozens of northern Maine

towns and businesses for websites, report covers, tourist guides, and brochures, to mention a few. People may also find Paul's photographs featured prominently by the local media and Bangor Daily News, as well as Barcraft Media (London), Boston Globe, Down East, Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors, Mirror (London), Plain Communities Business Exchange, Scholastic, Wiser Living, Yankee, and more. Paul's work was featured twice on WCHS News Center's Bill Green's Maine show. Down East Books published two books exclusively featuring Paul's photographs: *Uses for Mooses* (2017) and *Bears Behaving Badly* (2016); and included Paul's photographs in *Maine Life in a Day* (2017). In 2014, Paul and local author Dottie Hutchins published *ACADIAN ROOTS: Images of the St. John Valley* to commemorate the World Acadian Congress.

<https://moshermultimedia.com/product/northern-maine-with-paul-cyr-volume-2/>



Coin
des
jeunes...

Eddie's New Toboggan

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Virginia Lee Sand

Eddie received a toboggan for Christmas. At first, he was happy and excited about his first toboggan. However, when Eddie realized he had no brothers, sisters, friends or neighbors to go tobogganing with, it made him feel sad and alone. You see, Eddie lives in the countryside while all of his schoolmates live in the city.

On Eddie's family farmstead, there are acres of fields with plenty of hills for tobogganing. As soon as the first big snowfall of winter arrived, Eddie wanted so badly to try out his new toboggan on the farm's snow-covered hills and slopes. Out of desperation, Eddie took his small dog, Bijou, with him for a toboggan ride down the nearest hill, in the meadow behind the barn. *Bijou* means *jewel* in French. Eddie situated his new toboggan at the top of the meadow's hill. Then he coaxed Bijou to sit in front of him as he knelt down at the head of the toboggan.

Bijou tucked himself between Eddie's lap and the curved head of the toboggan. As soon as Bijou looked safe and secure, Eddie pushed the toboggan off the hilltop with one foot and downhill they went. Bijou barked with excitement.

A deer was watching all of the fun and commotion from the edge of the forest. He decided to trot over and hop onto Eddie's toboggan as it slowed down. Deer sat right behind Eddie and Eddie welcomed him with a warm smile and open arms. When the toboggan came to a stop, Eddie, Bijou and deer climbed the hill with Eddie towing the toboggan. Once they reached the hilltop, all three huddled together on the toboggan and then Eddie pushed off the hill with his right foot.

As the toboggan descended down the hill for the second time, a white rabbit appeared out of nowhere and hopped onto the toboggan, right behind deer. "How cool is that?" thought Eddie to himself. "Rabbit's fur coat has already changed color from brown to white for the winter season so he can camouflage himself in the white snow. That makes it harder for predators to spot him. Nature is so smart."

On the way down the hill, rabbit hung onto deer, deer hung onto Eddie, and Eddie cuddled Bijou who was tucked under the curved head of the toboggan. It was quite a spectacle to watch all of this from a distance, and that's exactly what a snowy owl was doing from the edge of the meadow, perched high on an oak tree branch. Snowy owl thought to herself, "Wow, that looks like great fun."

As soon as the toboggan stopped at the bottom of the hill, Eddie toted the toboggan back up to the hilltop with his three furry friends trailing behind. Once he reached the



top of the hill, Eddie perched himself back on the toboggan with Bijou in front and with deer and rabbit lined up behind him. They all couldn't resist another ride down the hill. Eddie pushed off the hilltop for the third time with his left foot and they were all four headed downhill at a good clip.

Suddenly, snowy owl flew over from out-of-the-blue and landed on Eddie's right shoulder, as the toboggan was half way down the hill. Eddie was taken by surprise, but held on tight while yelling "Hang-on snowy owl, enjoy the ride," which they all did. Bijou began to bark while owl chanted "Who, who, who..." and rabbit thumped the whole way down the hill while deer was waving his front hooves in the air. Things were getting pretty lively, Eddie with his

furry and feathered friends having a fun time on Eddie's Christmas toboggan.

Eddie decided to drag the toboggan up the snowy hill yet a fourth time, with his furry and feathered friends trailing behind. Once at the top of the hill, Eddie sat at the front of the toboggan with Bijou in his lap. Then deer and rabbit perched themselves behind Eddie, while snowy owl perched herself on deer's antlers, as if they were tree branches. It was quite the sight to behold. This amused Eddie. Again, he thought, "Nature is so smart."

Suddenly, as Eddie got ready to push the toboggan off the hilltop, a gray squirrel hopped on at the last minute, latching onto rabbit. Eddie pushed the toboggan off the hill with his left foot, and as the toboggan descended, Bijou barked, rabbit thumped, deer clapped his front hooves together, snowy owl chanted "Who, who, who..." and gray squirrel's tail danced in the wind. It was quite a spectacle to behold, and everyone was having great FUN.

At first, Eddie thought he had no friends to play with on his family's farmstead until his Christmas toboggan showed him that he had a family of animal and bird friends. Therefore, when Eddie grew up, he became a Wildlife Biologist and a Park Ranger so that he could protect his furry and feathered friends in the forests and meadows.

NOTE: *Toboggan* is a word derived from the Algonquian languages (such as from the Micmac Tribe), spoken by indigenous peoples of northeastern Canada and northeastern United States. A **toboggan** is a long, flat-bottomed light sled made usually of thin boards curved up at the front with usually low handrails at the sides. Several wooden slats (placed crosswise with spacing between) hold the long boards together and also define seating areas and help prevent sliding around the toboggan when it's moving. Indigenous peoples used the toboggans for transporting goods and belongings through the snow of northeastern North America.

(See page 51)



Coin des jeunes...

10 Milking Cows

*Copyright 2022
by Virginia Lee Sand*

A young Franco American man named Aidan had a dream in his heart and some money in his savings as soon as he graduated from school. You see, Aidan loved cuisine and culinary arts. It was his passion to feed everyone around him. In fact, Aidan would feed every being on the planet if it were possible, including the animals. Aidan loved animals too. While in school, Aidan also volunteered to prepare and serve meals at the community church soup kitchen, and he often fed the animals at the local animal shelter. Aidan dreamed of opening his own restaurant some day.

Then one day, Aidan saw a real estate ad on the Internet, which he couldn't resist checking out. Someone was selling an old farmstead in Maine at a bargain price. Well, Aidan suddenly became inspired. He thought to himself, "Why couldn't I transform that old farmhouse into a restaurant?" Since properties were selling fast, and since that old New England farm was a bargain, Aidan felt he should act quickly. Consequently, Aidan made an offer over the telephone without even touring the old farmstead in person. To Aidan's amazement, the owner of the farmstead, farmer Boisvert, agreed to Aidan's sincere offer and terms. Aidan got the old New England farmstead! He excitedly told everyone, especially his grandfather, *pépé* Roy, who lived only a short distance away from Aidan's newly acquired farmstead. Aidan had taken a risk. He bought the farmstead sight unseen. Upon hearing this, *pépé* Roy responded with a smile, "Aidan, it must have been your destiny to be blessed with this New England farmstead."

So at the end of the week, Aidan arrived at his farmstead in Beauré, Maine, a small, rural community of mostly folks with French Canadian Heritage, situated along

the Beauré River. *Pépé* Roy met Aidan at the farmstead and they both toured the large New England farmhouse and the huge barn. They were amazed at finding the farmhouse in good condition. While walking through the kitchen, Aidan heard sounds coming from the barn, since the kitchen window was open, "Mooo, mooo, mooo." Aidan instantly looked at his *pépé* and said, "*Pépé*, do you hear what I hear?" *Pépé* Roy answered, "Yes, I think so, grandson; let's walk out to the barn."

So Aidan and *pépé* Roy briskly walked over to the barn. *Pépé*'s walker wheels never turned so fast. He was booking it. When Aidan and *pépé* Roy peaked into the well-kept barn, they were taken by surprise. Aidan gasped, "*Pépé*, do you see what I see?" While chuckling, *pépé* Roy replied, "I think so, Aidan, what do you see?" Aidan answered, "*Pépé*, I see black and white cows."

***Pépé* Roy:** "Those are Holstein cows for milking. How many are there, Aidan?"

Aidan: "I count 10 cows, *pépé*."

***Pépé* Roy:** "Me too, Aidan. I count 10 milking cows. Did the cows convey with the farm?"

Aidan: "I don't remember any animals mentioned in the closing, contract, or synopsis, *pépé*. Do you think farmer Boisvert forgot to take the cows with him? What would I do with 10 milking cows, *pépé*? I don't even know how to milk a cow."

***Pépé* Roy:** "Those are good questions, Aidan. Maybe farmer Boisvert forgot to find the cows a new home, or perhaps he is planning to come back for the cows soon. You should give him a call."

Aidan: "That's a good idea, *pépé*, I have Monsieur Boisvert's phone number."

Aidan then called farmer Boisvert on his cell phone and was lucky to find him home. As soon as Aidan asked farmer Boisvert about the cows, farmer Boisvert apologetically explained, "The dairy farmer who offered to adopt my 10 milking cows must have changed his mind. Let me call farmer Beaulieu and get back to you, Aidan. Farmer Beaulieu was supposed to come get the cows, and I had left the cows with plenty of water and food in the meantime."

Well, farmer Boisvert called farmer Beaulieu who offered to adopt his 10 milking cows, and Monsieur Beaulieu said that he changed his mind about adding 10 more cows to his grazing pasture. "Not enough grass there," stated farmer Beaulieu. Farmer Boisvert was disappointed. He called Aidan back with a question:

Farmer Boisvert: "Aidan, I'm so sorry to report that farmer Beaulieu changed his mind about adopting my 10 milking cows. Would you like to give them a good home for free? I won't charge you for the cows, Aidan."

Aidan: "That is so generous of you, Monsieur Boisvert, but I don't even know how to milk a cow, let alone take care of them."

Farmer Boisvert: "I would show you how, Aidan. This would be a new learning curve for you."

Aidan looked at his *pépé* with question marks in his eyes. *Pépé* Roy, who heard farmer Boisvert's generous offer on speaker, looked at Aidan and responded, "Grandson, it's your decision. Put your inspiration-cap on. Can you integrate 10 milking cows into your dream?"

Aidan thought about it. Since farmer Boisvert was still on the phone, Aidan asked him, "Monsieur Boisvert, can I sleep on it tonight and give you my answer tomorrow?"

Farmer Boisvert: "Sure, Aidan. Thanks for considering it. We'll talk again tomorrow."

Aidan slept at his *pépé*'s house that night, before moving into his New England farmhouse the next day. When the next morning arrived, Aidan showed up at his *pépé*'s breakfast table very much inspired. As *pépé* Roy served breakfast, Aidan described his "expanded dream" to his grandfather:

Aidan: "*Pépé*, I believe I can rescue this dairy farm while creating my restaurant. I can integrate milking cows into my restaurant dream."

***Pépé* Roy:** "How so, grandson?"

(Continued on page 49)

(10 Milking Cows continued from page 48)

Aidan: “Well, pépé, organic grassfed milk is in demand these days. Cows who feed in the pasture are thought to produce healthier milk. I could use such healthy milk and cream in my restaurant recipes and menus and promote the cows in my farm-to-table cuisine, **fresh and wholesome cuisine.**

Pépé Roy: “Wonderful, Aidan!” Is there anything else in your expanded dream?”

Aidan: “I’m glad you asked, pépé. My New England Farmhouse is large enough to be transformed into a Bed & Breakfast Inn, and my guests would have the opportunity to learn how to milk and feed the cows while staying at my B & B. How cool is that, pépé?”

Pépé Roy: “Remarkable, Aidan. You’ve expanded your dream so creatively. Did any other ideas come to you during the night?”

Aidan: “As a matter of fact, yes, pépé. I could name my business **The Beaupré B & B & Café**, and I could name all 10 cows. Then, in the café, I could offer a **10 Cow’s Menu**, where each cow’s name is written alongside a specific dish or recipe as follows:

1. Babette’s Blueberry Muffins
2. Fanny’s French Toast w/Maine Maple Syrup
3. Pierrette’s pancakes w/Maine Maple Syrup
4. Albertine’s Lobster omelets w/Ployes
5. Noèle’s Tarte au Tourtière
6. Monique’s Garden Quiche
7. Chloé’s Chicken Stuffed Crêpes
8. Sylvie’s Salmon Pie
9. Martine’s Meatloaf w/Organic Grassfed Beef
10. Gisele’s Graham Cracker Cream Pie

In the café, I will also offer grassmilk in our House Hot Chocolate and for coffee creamer, not to mention homemade ice cream made from my 10 milking cows.”

Pépé Roy: “Amazing! I am impressed, grandson, that you came up with such an expanded vision over night. Are those French names you gave to all 10 milking cows, Aidan?”

Aidan: “They sure are, pépé. I did my homework.” (Aidan chuckled)

Pépé Roy: “And that you did, very thoroughly. It sounds like your business plan is well under way. It also sounds like you’re going to call Monsieur Boisvert this morning to inform him that you agree to adopt his 10 milking cows. Am I right, Aidan?”

Aidan: “As usual, you’re right, pépé.” (Aidan smiled)

Pépé Roy: “I believe Monsieur Boisvert will be very pleased to receive your answer. I think he will also become one of your biggest helpers and visitors in the barn and in the café. He will have a lot of wisdom and experience to share with you, grandson. You may want to serve him a few free meals in your café for helping you with the Holstein cows.” (Pépé was smiling.)

Aidan: “Absolutely, pépé. I’ll call farmer Boisvert right now to tell him the good news and that I’m even naming his 10 milking cows.”

Pépé Roy: “Good idea, Aidan. I think you will have the most unique inn and café in the county, if not in the entire state of Maine. Folks will come from all over to experience your farm-to-table Bed & Breakfast/Café, and to see the Franco American dairy farm you rescued and transformed. Your dairy farm B & B w/Café will contribute to Maine’s agritourism industry and economy.”

Aidan: “Mooo, mooo, mooo.” (Aidan chanted joyful cow sounds for his pépé.)

Pépé Roy: “Mooo, Aidan. I’m so proud of you.”

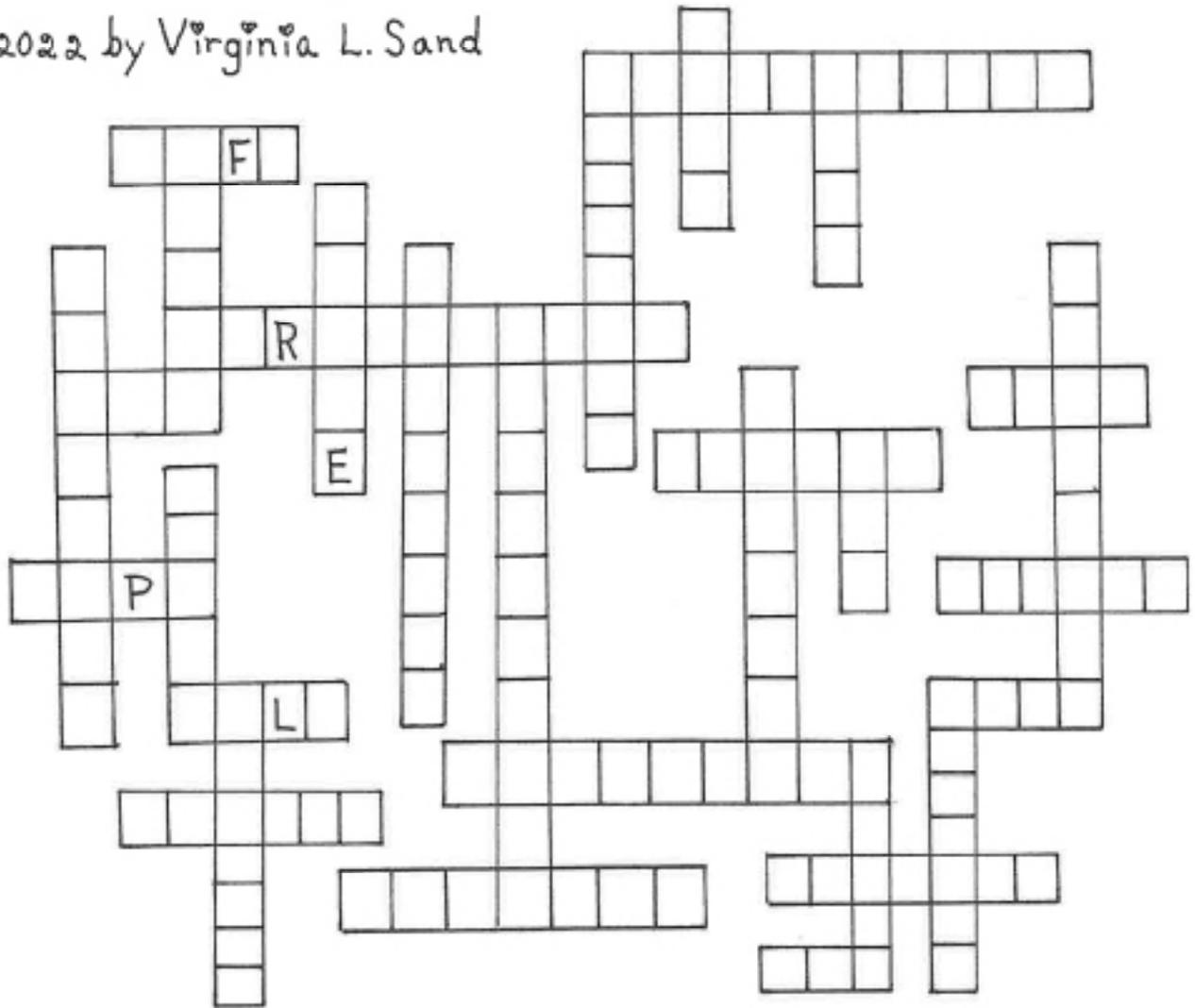
Aidan: “And I’m proud of you, pépé.”



(See page 50)

"10 Milking Cows" Crossword Activity

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1. COW
2. AGRITOURISM
3. DREAM
4. FARMSTEAD
5. MILKING
6. DAIRY
7. MENU
8. MAINE
9. MILK
10. HOLSTEIN

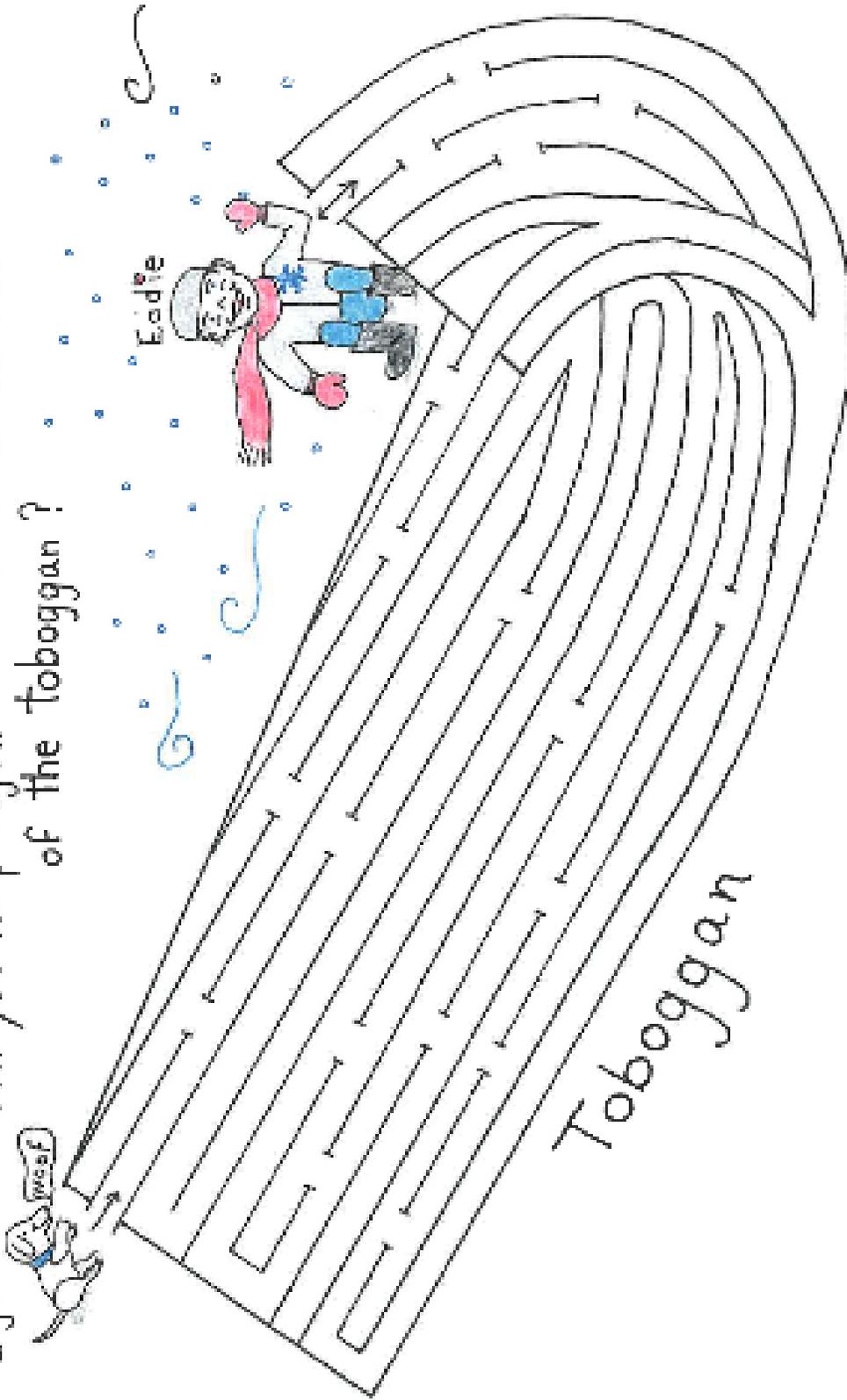
11. FRENCH
12. ROY
13. PÉPÉ
14. GRANDFATHER
15. RESTAURANT
16. CUISINE
17. BEAUPRÉ
18. DESTINY
19. AIDAN
20. BOISVERT

21. CAFÉ
22. INSPIRE
23. BEAULIEU
24. RECIPE
25. GRANDSON
26. INN
27. VISION
28. FARM
29. PLAN
30. BARN

(Eddie's New Toboggan continued from page 47)

"Eddie's New Toboggan" Maze Activity

Bijou Can you help Bijou find Eddie at the head of the toboggan?



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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