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Le Forum, Vol. 45 #1 & #2

Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice

Juliana L'Heureux

Michael J. Guignard

Don Levesque

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Le FORUM



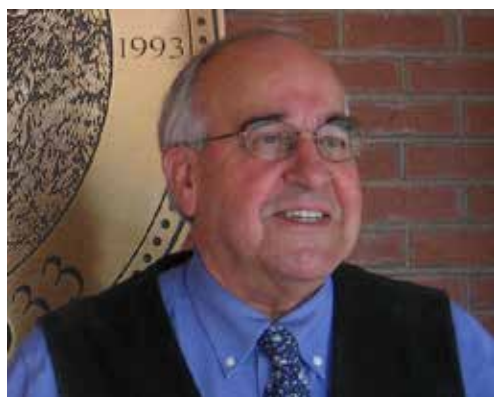
“AFIN D’ÊTRE EN PLEINE POSSESSION DE SES MOYENS”

VOLUME 45, #1 & #2

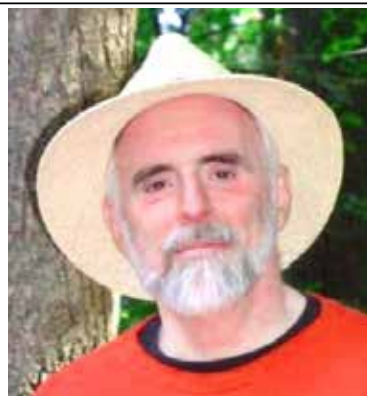
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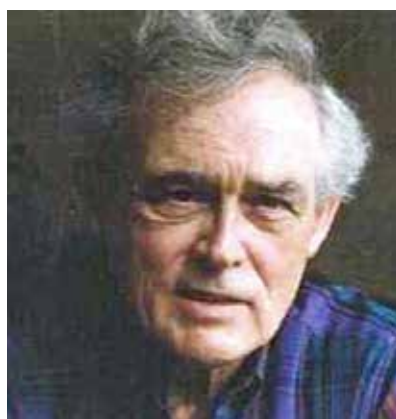
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Raymond Joseph Pelletier
November 2, 1942 -
May 15, 2023



Michael Parent
April 27, 1946 - May 5, 2023



Trefflé J. Lessard
Dec. 13, 1932 - May 6, 2023



Rosaire "Ross" Paradis Jr.
May 5, 1940 - May 5, 2023

*Nous ne t'oublierons
jamais tu es gravé dans
nos cœurs*

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

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

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

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Le FORUM

Maine Franco-Americans will miss the talented Michael Parent

May 18, 2023 Franco-American News and Culture, Jonesborough Tennessee, Voyages A Franco-American Reader

By Juliana L'Heureux



Michael Gerard Parent
April 27, 1946 – May 5, 2023

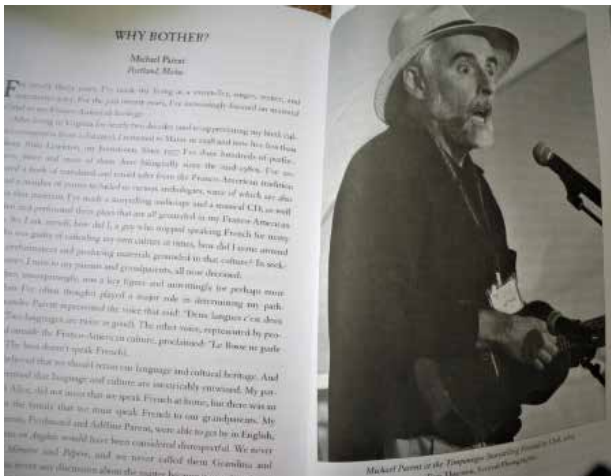
Franco-Americans enjoyed a wonderful entertainer when Michael Parent performed his original stories and songs. I enjoyed knowing him through his participation with Franco-American writers and the University of Maine's Franco-American Centre, in Orono. Michael's obituary is a tribute to his life and creative work. "The storyteller, in the fullness of his craft, has struck, and the spell is on, as surely as it was when Homer conjured up a fleet of ships on a wine-dark sea bound for the walls of Troy." Time Magazine, described Michael Parent's 1981, performance at the Opera House in Rockport, Maine.

An in-person and live-streamed memorial is scheduled for Sunday, July 16, 2023 in Portland, Maine. The time and location will be announced. Another in-person memorial in Charlottesville will be scheduled for September.

Michael Parent, was a native Mainer of French-Canadian descent, performed as a storyteller, singer, and actor, in both English and French, at many performance events, throughout the United States and beyond (Canada, Ireland, Poland, France, Austria, Italy, and New Zealand) since 1977.

After living in Virginia for many years, he returned to his home state of Maine in 1998, and lived in Portland.

Michael received the National Storytelling Network's Circle of Excellence Award in 1999. He played, sang in French and English, and juggled balls, rods and what-nots as he simultaneously told the story of a down-and-out juggler. A magnificent voice, and inexhaustible fund of stories, wit, charm, a gift of mimicry.

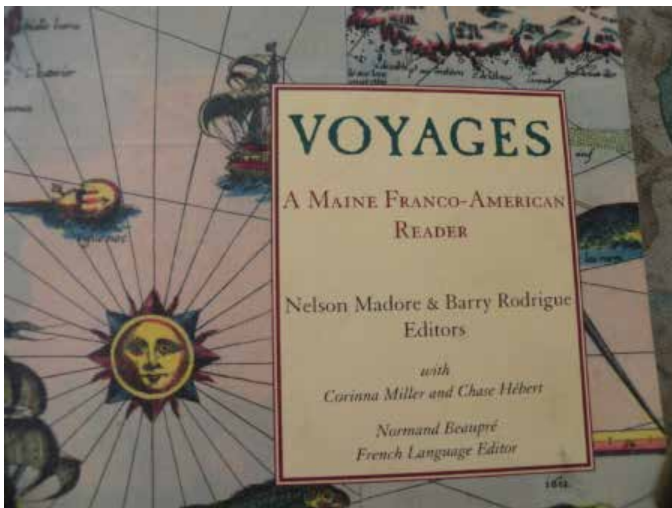


Michael Parent in his own words. Although Michael is no longer with us, his writing and story telling will be a lasting tribute to his creativity.



Michael Parent with Susan Pinette at the University of Maine Franco-American Centre in Orono. (L'Heureux photo)

Read Michael Parent "in his own words" below, where he described his developmental years in the essay, "Why Bother?", published in Voyages: A Franco-American Reader (at the end of this obituary).



Michael Parent wrote "Why Bother?" in Voyages: A Franco-American Reader".

Time Magazine, describing Michael Parent's 1981, performance at the Opera House in Rockport, Maine

Internationally known storyteller Michael Parent died of complications of Progressive Supranuclear Palsy (PSP) on May 5, 2023.

Born in Lewiston, ME on April 27, 1946, he grew up steeped in the folklore and expressive arts of his French-Canadian ancestry.

In an interview, Michael said of his family: "I come from a very verbal French-Canadian culture... Since they were (Continued on page 4)

(Maine Franco-Americans will miss the talented Michael Parent continued from page 3)

workers, they were not too educated, in a literary sense. My father left school after the 5th grade and my mother was considered quite educated, because she stayed at school 'til the 8th grade...

"She worked in nursing homes for nearly thirty years. I'd learned to play guitar; of course, we had a lot of singing, in our house. I never worried whether or not I was a good singer; I just liked to sing. Every once in a while, I would go to one of the nursing homes where she was working and I would sing songs, in both French and English, I'd tell a few jokes and some stories. I just loved it, because I had such wonderful connections with the old folks."

Michael also had a lifelong love affair with sports, especially hockey. He was goalie for the St. Dominic Academy hockey team when they became 1964 New England Champions in a shut-out game at Boston Garden, and he played with the Greater Portland Oldtimers Hockey League into his seventies. He called his last solo show, *A Beautiful Game* (DVD, 2008), "the mostly true story of my longtime passion for hockey."

In 1969 he graduated from Providence College, joined the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, and taught high school English in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. He described his path from teaching to storytelling:

"I was naturally one of those people who use stories to make points so I did that more and more with my High School pupils. I actually invented a couple of characters that had an ongoing life in the classroom; they were composite characters – Harry Jabone and Abigail de Magere. Whenever something happened to me or my friends or even for things I just made up, I would convert the stories into the characters Harry Jabone and Abigail de Magere – around the kids' own ages. I used the Harry and Abigail stories all the time when I was teaching..."

By 1977, Michael had left the classroom and the Brotherhood "before they kicked me out," he quipped, saying: I needed to move back to Maine for health reasons in 1977, so I decided to invent a new job for myself. At that time there were very few people storytelling professionally... I came across Brother Blue – a well-known US storyteller. I went to see him and, while I was teaching, had him come to my classes.

That was the seed. At that point I decided I would do some things I really loved, such as, telling stories, juggling and singing songs. I just began to do it everywhere.

In August of 1981, Michael appeared at the First Annual North Atlantic Festival of Storytelling. The festival took place at the Rockport Opera House in Maine.

Melvin Maddocks reported on the festival for *Time Magazine* and gave Michael's performance pride of place in an article titled "In Maine: Storytellers Cast Their Ancient Spell."

Michael was first featured at the National Storytelling Festival in Jonesborough, Tennessee, that fall, and returned multiple times. Besides performing throughout the US he appeared at venues in Canada, Poland, Austria, and Italy. In addition, he was featured at the International Storytelling Colloquium in Paris, the Glistening Waters Festival in New Zealand, and the Cape Clear International Storytelling Festival in Ireland.

"When I came home from college, I told my father and Mama that I'd gotten some free language credits by passing a French exam....."

During this period, he lived in Tenants Harbor, Maine, where he bought land, built a house, fell through the ice, and worked on the ferry that operated between Port Clyde and Monhegan Island. On that ferry, he met Jeanne van Gemert. He followed her back to Charlottesville, VA where they married in 1982. Though they divorced in 1990, they stayed in touch till his death.

In Charlottesville, he co-founded the Fall Festival of Tales in 1982 and, with Larry Goldstein, Fran Smith and others, the Live Arts Theater in 1989. According to his partner in such Live Arts performances as *The Illuminati*, he was "king of the knuckleheads" – a title that Michael prized. An indefatigable sense of the absurd fueled his creation of one-man shows like *One More Thing* and *The Goofy Show*. He also performed an evening of stories about his Franco-American family called *Grandpa's Birthday*.

Michael released four audio recordings in the eighties. Three were self-produced: *Michael Parent Live at the Prism Coffeehouse*; the award-winning *Sundays*

at Grandma's (Dimanche's Chez Memere), and *Michael Parent Stories and Songs*. The fourth, *Tails and Childhood*, was produced by Weston Woods Storytelling Circle and won an ALA Notable Award. August House published his book *Of Fools and Kings – Stories of the French Tradition in North America* co-written with Julien Olivier in 1996.

Michael moved back to Maine in 1998, for the final time. The following year he received the ORACLE Circle of Excellence Award from the National Storytelling Network. This "storytelling Oscar" recognized his contributions to the field.

He was committed to encouraging his fellow performers, and gave a memorable keynote to that effect at *Sharing the Fire*, the New England Storytelling Conference, in 2005. In celebration of the impact of his inclusive nature as a teller and teacher, one of his colleagues called him "the beating heart of the festival-based American storytelling revival." His final audio recording, *Chantons – Let's Sing*, a bilingual collection of traditional French songs with Maine fiddler Greg Boardman, was released in 2008, as a CD (compact disc).

He prized his friendships near and far – some going back to childhood and his hockey playing days, some from his early days in the Brotherhood, some in the storytelling community, some in the neighborhood. He belonged to the Maine Order of Storytelling Enthusiasts (MOOSE).

For fifteen years, he met regularly as part of a trio of Maine tellers called "The Chums," who worked on their material in two-to-three-day intensive sessions. And for thirty years, he was part of "The Blue Mountain Lakers," a weeklong storytelling retreat group of nationally known tellers, meeting annually up and down the East Coast.

Until recent years, he lived in an apartment complex for seniors, getting up early in the morning after snowstorms to clear the snow off every car in the parking lot. After a number of falls led Michael to a diagnosis of Progressive Supranuclear Palsy (PSP), his friends and admirers from coast to coast raised the monies, to support his move into assisted living in 2021.

The following year, his condition worsened, necessitating his move to a skilled nursing facility. In anticipation of his death, Michael wrote about how he wanted to be remembered: "He did the best he could. He (Continued on page 5)

(Maine Franco-Americans will miss the talented Michael Parent continued from page 4)

loved people and enjoyed being alive.”

He is survived by his longtime companion, Katy Rydell; his brother, Norman Parent and extended family; his ex-wife Jeanne van Gemert; his stepchildren Michael Lucy and Cybele Maness and grandchildren Jolie and Zadie Maness; cousins; his childhood friend buddy Phil Cloutier plus many, many friends and fans from every strand of his life.

The memory of his laughter, his incisive wit, his kindness, his generosity, his joie de vivre, and his famed knuckle-headedness remains. May it inspire us to do the best we can.

Advantage Funeral Home in Portland

handled his cremation. An in-person and live-streamed memorial is scheduled for Sunday, July 16 in Portland, ME. Time and location will be announced. Another in-person memorial in Charlottesville will be scheduled for September.

In his own words: *“When I came home from college, I told my father and Mama that I’d gotten some free language credits by passing a French exam. My dad did not say, ‘I told you, two languages are better than one’, but his slight nod and grin conveyed his pleasure at the news. When I told him, years later, that I had performed a story in French at a story telling event in New York City, it was clear he was pleased. When I started writing and publishing stories, as well as performing them, he didn’t say it, but perhaps it crossed his mind that his son was not working in the mills, that his son was in fact doing something that he, the son, loved doing, and that he was doing so in public in the big wide world, doing something that he, Gerry Parent, had only felt free to do in private. I wish I could have told him that he was and continues to be a fine example. In a culture that only knew how to encourage some of his gifts, he at least tried to go beyond.”*

MICHAEL PARENT OBITUARY

Internationally-known storyteller Michael Parent died on May 5, 2023.

He performed throughout North America, Europe, and New Zealand, and received the Circle of Excellence ORACLE Award – the storytelling Oscar – in 1999.

He lived in Charlottesville for nearly twenty years, co-founding the Fall Festival of Tales and (with Larry Goldstein, Fran

Smith and others) the Live Arts Theater.

Born in Lewiston, Maine on April 27, 1946, he had a lifelong love of hockey. He was goalie for the St. Dominic Academy hockey team when they became 1964 New England Champions at Boston Garden, and played with the Greater Portland Oldtimers Hockey League into his seventies.

He is survived by his longtime companion, Katy Rydell; brother, Norman Parent and extended family; childhood buddy, Phil

Cloutier; ex-wife, Jeanne van Gemert; stepchildren, Michael Lucy and Cybele Maness; grandchildren, Jolie and Zadie Maness, plus many friends and fans.

Michael asked to be remembered this way: "He did the best he could. He loved people and enjoyed being alive."

A memorial will be held for him in Charlottesville in September.



The Honorable Rosaire “Ross” Paradis was a Maine legislator.

May 5, 1940 - May 5, 2023



Loving obituary for Rosaire Paradis

May 9, 2023 Franco-American News and Culture Boston College, Frenchville, Le Club Francais

By Juliana L'Heureux

Franco-Americans extend deepest sympathies to the family of Rosaire Paradis and to his widow Judy Ayotte Paradis. Both Judy and “Ross” have been wonderful advocates for the Franco-American articles published in my columns and blogs over the past 30 years and I have been grateful for their support. When I visited Aroostook County, Judy welcomed me during a visit to her home and she gave me a guided tour to Northern Maine’s Franco-American historic sites.

We enjoyed dinner with Ross at the Long Lake Sporting Club restaurant in Sinclair. On the menu, we dined on Aroostook’s French-Acadian cultural cuisine, including ploys, in northern Maine’s family owned lakefront restaurant.

Judy and Ross co-authored the article, “The Silent Playground”, where they reported the detailed history about when the Maine legislature created a law in 1919, signed by Governor Carl Millikin (1877-1961) that made speaking French at public school a crime and how this law was eventually repealed.

An obituary for Ross is a tribute to his Franco-American heritage:

FRENCHVILLE, Maine – Rosaire (Ross) Paradis, Jr., 83, passed away peacefully on his birthday, May 5th, at High View Manor in Madawaska, where he was

(Continued on page 6)

(Loving obituary for Rosaire Paradis continued from page 5)

a resident for two years. He was born on May 5, 1940, in Ste-Agathe, Maine, son of Rosaire and Cecile Gagnon Paradis; he was one of nine children. Ross was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease 26 years ago, like his dad, Rosaire, brother Yvan, Uncles Raoul and Valère before him.

It was a pleasant surprise for Ross when he went to long-term care and was attended by some of his former students from Wisdom High School and Madawaska High School where he taught.

He considered this a priceless gift. He accepted his diagnosis with equanimity, but it changed his life so dramatically physically, but his intellect remained intact.

He accepted his new reality and never complained. *Pourquoi pas moi!* Why not me! The qualities he learned throughout his life endured for him – courage, patience, fortitude, respect for others, tolerance, kindness, and a smile for everyone who crossed his path.

He started his formation at Dewey Elementary School in Frenchville with the Holy Rosary Sisters followed by St. Joseph High School Bucksport with the Marist Priests and graduated at the top of his class. He did undergraduate work at l' Université St. Louis in Edmundston, N. B. with Eudist priests and earned a BA at Boston College with the Jesuits.

He was the first male teacher hired at l'Academie Notre Dame de la Sagesse in Ste-Agathe, a boarding school for women and public school.

He coached all the sports, and became a teacher of English, French, and Latin. This

is where he met Judy Ayotte, who became his wife. They would have been married 53 years on June 12th, 2023. They became a team and supported one another throughout their lives. They gave Marriage Encounter weekends for three years in New Brunswick, Québec, and Louisiana; Ross translated the talks in French.

At the Madawaska Middle-High School, he organized several trips to Europe where students experienced the French language and culture. He wanted to give back to the young people in our area. Europeans were amazed that these young Americans could speak French fluently! He also started a school newspaper, the Night Owl, and helped with the yearbook. Ross chaired the language department. He was in the teaching profession for 36 years. He was a 4th Degree Knight of Columbus.

Ross then embarked on a legislative career in 2000 as a Maine State House Representative. He remained a strong advocate for and champion of Maine's large Franco-American population with emphasis on the preservation of the French language and culture. He co-founded Le Club Français and was president of the Association of French-speaking parliamentarians, an international group dedicated to democracy and justice in over 30 nations where French is either the primary language or a prominent second language. He was inducted into Maine's Franco-American Hall of Fame.

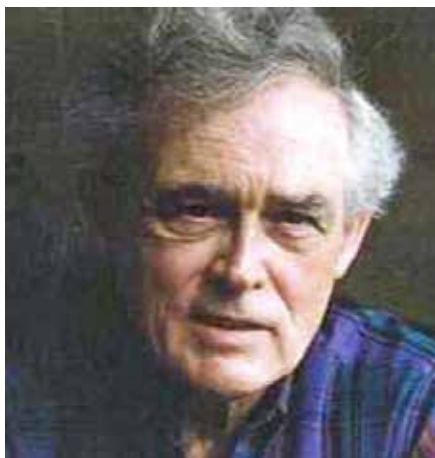
Ross is survived by his wife, Judy Ayotte Paradis, of Frenchville; four sisters: Gilberte Galko of Georgetown, Texas; Rose Marie McQuarrie of Frenchville; Rita and her husband Bob Hines of East Hartford, Connecticut; Janice and her husband Nor-

man Dufour of Madawaska; one brother James and his wife Melvena of Orting, Washington; 17 nephews and nieces – Michelle, Andy, Mike, Dee, Joe Jr., Steve, Greg, Paul, Nina, Peggy, Dan, Marcie, Julie, Sarah, Andrea, Katelyn; 23 great nephews and nieces, Spencer, Owen, Neal, Caleb, Rachel, Alex, Paige, Ava, Emily, Abigail, Jake, Nathalie, Grace, Parker, Addison, Joselyn, Damase, Elena, Mia, Catherine, Isabelle, Daniel, Xolani, Nizhoni; 5 godchildren; Tee Jai, Jim, Katelyn, Steve, and Andrew; sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law, Arlene Paradis, Thérèse, Joan, Jackie, Doris, Clarence and Helen, Mary Ann LeBlanc, John and Clara, Larry and Theresa, many cousins, nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his parents, brothers Yvan and Ronnie, sister Irene, brothers-in-law, Joe Galko and Andrew McQuarrie, niece Edith Ann. We acknowledge the kind support of Sheila Jans, Marilyn Beupré, Linda Ayotte, Claudette Francoeur, Rachel Corriveau, among others.

Arrangements have been entrusted to Carl and Thérèse Michaud Funeral Homes. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to Ste-Agathe Public Library and to the Edgar Paradis Cancer Fund. Condolences may be sent to michaudfuneralhomes@gmail.com

The wake is at Michaud Funeral Home, Friday, May 12, 4 to 7 pm. The celebration of life Mass will be held Saturday morning 10:00 am, May 13, at Ste-Agathe Catholic Church with Fr. Agustin Sebasthyan and Deacon Don Clavette officiating. The burial will follow the service at the Ste-Agathe lower cemetery.

May Ross rest in peace. Reposez en paix.



Trefflé J. Lessard
Dec. 13, 1932 - May 6, 2023

Trefflé J. Lessard

AUGUSTA – Trefflé J. Lessard, of Augusta, passed away on May 6, 2023 at the age of 90. He was born in Waterville on Dec. 13, 1932, he was the son of Trefflé Lessard and Alice Gilbert Lessard.

He graduated from Waterville High School, class of 1952 and was an award recipient of the State of Maine Top Future Apprentice competition in Augusta. The former Keyes Fibre Company invited Trefflé to participate in their state certified machine tool apprenticeship program and employed him as an apprentice. After completing his four year apprenticeship, Trefflé remained with Keyes Fibre and retired after forty-five years of service. During his years at Keyes Fibre he became a journeyman machinist and a certified Numerical Control Programmer.

Trefflé was a dedicated volunteer with the Hospice Volunteers of the Waterville Area for 17 years. His love for music brought him to pursue the study of music after retiring. He produced his first CD album called "Whisper My Name" in two languages; English and French, and others followed. He also enjoyed photography and gardening.

(Continued on page 7)

(Trefflé J. Lessard continued from page 6)

Surviving him are his beloved wife Gail, his four sons, Stephen of San Diego, CA, Paul of Platteville, CO, Michael of Eddington, ME, Ronald and wife Mary, grandson Zeb of Brunswick, ME, Andrea and husband Douglas Fischang, grandson Colby, granddaughter Allison of Oakland, ME, Jennifer and husband Samuel Lingenman, of Dover NH. Trefflé is predeceased by his parents Trefflé Lessard Sr. and Alice Gilbert Lessard; three sisters, Gloria Gagnon from Winslow, Constance Begin from Winslow and Fernand Fortin from Fairfield and several nieces and nephews.

Services for Trefflé will be private at the family's request. Arrangements are under the direction and care of Gallant Funeral Home, 10 Elm Street, Waterville, Maine. An online guestbook may be signed, condolences and memories shared at <http://www.gallantfh.com>.



Raymond Joseph Pelletier

November 2, 1942 - May 15, 2023

Hampden - Raymond Joseph Pelletier, 80, of Hampden, ME, passed away in his sleep on Monday, May 15, 2023. Ray was born in Berlin, NH, the son of Alfred and Sadie (Girard) Pelletier, and grew up in a vibrant Franco-American household.

Ray was kind and loving, genuinely interested in people, and especially adept at seeing the best in them. He always greeted students, fellow educators, neighbors, and friends with a broad smile, a ready laugh, and an excitement to communicate and connect. Ray had a natural talent for cultivating meaningful relationships, both in his roles in education and in his private life. He was a devoted family man who cared deeply for his children and would let anyone know how proud he was of them.

Ray obtained an A.B. in Modern Languages from Providence College, an M.A. in French from Michigan State University, and a Ph.D. in French from the University

(N.D.L.R. Trefflé was the author of *Recognizing French-English Cognates* and was a contributor to *Le Forum*.)



Compilé par M. Trefflé Jacques Lessard

Originating from a French speaking family, French was the only language spoken in our home. The entire neighborhood spoke

only French as well. I attended a local parochial school that taught the morning sessions in English and in French in the afternoon.

Upon reaching the 9th grade I attended local public schools until graduating from high school and then entered a 4-year machine tool apprenticeship and eventually became a first class certified journeyman machinist. Retiring after 44 years, I enjoyed doing volunteer work with our local Hospice. I also researched my ancestors who sailed from Chambois Normandy to New France (now called Québec) in the early 1600s. I always wondered when I was a young student, how many words have the same spelling and meanings in both languages. This prompted me to research Common French-English Cognates. I am amazed that so many English and French people do not realize this potential.

This list of cognates is incredibly long. If you thought learning French vocabulary was difficult, start with this list and you will be amazed.

Raymond Joseph Pelletier

of Massachusetts at Amherst.

Ray joined the University of Maine faculty in 1979 as Assistant Professor of Education and Canadian Studies and Cooperating Assistant Professor of French. He was an integral member of the UMaine community for over thirty years and was celebrated for his contributions to the fields of Modern Languages, French, Francophone Cultures, and Canadian Studies. In 2009, Ray received the Richard Williamson Award for Leadership in Modern and Classical Languages, a prestigious lifetime achievement award from the Foreign Language Association of Maine (FLAME), for his innovation and excellence in education and the promotion of French throughout New England. He most recently served UMaine as Associate Director of the Canadian-American Center and Emeritus Professor of French. Ray's commitment to teaching lives on in the many students he inspired to become teachers themselves.

Ray was a member of UMaine men's choral group, an unwavering fan of UMaine Women's Basketball, and a patron of the Bangor Symphony Orchestra. Ray was an avid chef who loved to share his passion for culinary arts by cooking for friends, family, neighbors, and students.

Ray remained active in education in retirement by helping advance language programs at the Chinese Language and Culture Center of Bangor and serving on the faculty

of the Bangor Chinese School.

As a first generation college graduate, Ray recognized the importance of education and was incredibly proud of his two children who both went on to obtain law degrees. Nick is an attorney at Sinclair Braun Kargher LLP and Eric is a Vice President at Goldman Sachs.

Ray was predeceased by his parents, Alfred and Sadie Pelletier; and siblings, Dick and Norman Pelletier, Irene Bowdoin, and Doris Sylvestre.

He is survived by his children, Nick Pelletier of Kennebunk, ME, and Eric Pelletier of New York, NY; his former spouse, Cheryl (Stanton) Pelletier of Bangor, ME; brothers, Gary and Bob Pelletier; and a host of beloved nieces and nephews, including Mark, Peter, and Craig Sylvestre, and Jody Lariviere; and his faithful dog, Max.

Gifts in Ray's memory may be made to the Raymond J. Pelletier Scholarship, payable to the University of Maine Foundation, Two Alumni Place, Orono, Maine 04469-5792, or at our.umaine.edu/RPelletier online.

A celebration of Ray's life will be held on Thursday, June 1, 2023, from 4-6 p.m. at the University of Maine Buchanan Alumni House, 160 College Avenue, Orono, Maine. All are invited. Condolences to the family may also be expressed at BrookingsSmith.com.

(N.D.L.R. This article first appeared in the Department of State Newsletter) April 1979 (pp. 12-14)

Pay, promotion and assignments in the early 1900s

The story of Urbain Ledoux, consular officer

BY MICHAEL J. GUIGNARD

Mr. Guignard is a consular officer assigned to Embassy San Jose. He hails from Biddeford, Me., which is near where Mr. Ledoux lived, at Old Orchard Beach.

“Let us strive for a foreign service which will be flexible and democratic: which will attract and retain the best men we have; which will offer reasonable pay, reasonable prospects for promotion, and reasonable pro-visions against want when old age comes to a faithful servant who has served long and ably.”

-U.S. Representative John Jacob Rogers, August 21, 1923



THE SPONSOR of the Rogers Act was referring, in the above quotation, not to the plutocrats who regularly spent thousands of dollars “out-of-pocket” for representational entertainment when appointed ambassadors. Rather, he was worried about the less affluent officers in the consular and diplomatic services, whom he hoped to reward for jobs well done. By tracing the career of one such officer, Urbain Ledoux, we can better understand Mr. Roger’s concern about the detrimental effects of inadequate salaries and financial insecurity on the retention of able officers.

Mr. Ledoux’s service with the Department of State began in August 1897 in Trois Rivières, Canada. He was born in Quebec in 1874 and came to Maine with his parents the next year. Educated in both American and Canadian colleges, the bilingual Mr. Ledoux was a natural choice for the post. He was a talented young man who had founded and edited two French newspapers and studied law. And he was praised by several Maine newspapers as ambitious, intelligent, and hard-working at the time he was appointed vice consul.

In the era prior to the professionalization of the consular service, however, Mr. Ledoux’s political credentials were perhaps even more important than his personal qualifications. As a teenager, he had shown his interest in politics by traveling to Quebec to cover the first campaign of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the famous Canadian prime minister. By the age of 20, he had

secured the Republican nomination for city councilman of Biddeford, Me., and had become leading figure in a local society which encouraged French-Canadian migrants to become citizens and vote Republican. Mr. Ledoux was recommended by his predecessor at Trois Rivières, who also was a French-Canadian from Maine, active in the Pine Tree State GOP. An excellent public speaker, Mr. Ledoux secured his appointment through William Frye, president pro tem of the U.S. Senate at the turn of the century, who had been impressed by Mr. Ledoux’s campaigning for McKinley among Maine’s French-Canadians, in 1896. Everyone predicted a most promising career for Mr. Ledoux, who was at the time the youngest U.S. consular officer, according to newspaper reports.

Only a year after assuming his post, Mr. Ledoux found it difficult to support his growing family and asked for an increase in salary. He defended his request by citing the growing importance of Trois Rivières as a major commercial center along the St. Lawrence River. On October 2, 1899, he asked for a leave of absence to go to Washington and discuss his request for a raise. Mr. Ledoux’s correspondence, incidentally, was always addressed to the assistant secretary of state, which suggests some of the issues dealt with by the latter in those days. On July 20, 1901, and January 9, 1902, he again sent telegrams to the Department urgently soliciting a pay increase. Finally, in the spring of 1902, Mr. Ledoux received notification that his salary had been increased from \$1,500 to \$2,000 a year.

By December 1902, Mr. Ledoux was again asking for a promotion:

“I have for the past five years been absorbed in the study of diplomatic relations, international law, history and commerce, foreign language, U.S diplomatic and com-

mercial relations, U.S. agricultural and manufacturing resources, etc., in order to qualify myself for a diplomatic career...I have reason to believe that these studies, supplemented by political and journalistic experience, three years of law, a good college education and a perfected knowledge of the language of diplomacy—French—besides five years of experience as consul at this post, should justify my very humble aspirations.”

Apparently comparing his position to more affluent diplomats, Mr. Ledoux saw himself as one “who struggles against odds.” He added: “My means being limited, I regret to say that I could not accept any promotion which might entail high living expenses or require personal fortune.”

Within six months Mr. Ledoux was offered a position in Bordeaux, France, at the same salary. Although he preferred a bigger post where he might receive a raise in pay, he cabled Washington: “Accept Bordeaux providing plenty of work and reasonable chance further advancement in France.” On July 27, 1903, however, while vacationing in Maine, Mr. Ledoux was suddenly informed by the Department that Albion Tourgee, the famous author and staunch supporter of the GOP, had recovered from an illness and would remain as consul in Bordeaux indefinitely.

The Department offered Mr. Ledoux Prague, in Bohemia, instead. He pleaded that he preferred Antwerp, Belgium, and conceded that he would even accept Dawson City, Yukon. He feared going to Prague because of the post’s low pay and high cost of living. He asked for a change of assignment, writing: “Although rich in energy, courage, ambition and experience, I am comparatively poor in golden riches.”

The Department refused to reassign him, stressing that Prague was an “inter-
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esting and important post” that would give him “a much wider scope and larger field for useful employment than Trois Rivières.” Mr. Ledoux agreed to a temporary stay in Prague, but warned that his appointment there would make him a “semi-pensioner.” He arrived in Prague in October 1903. His first year there proved uneventful, although he did have to deal with anti-American rioting by the Czechs protesting America’s alleged support of Japan during the Russo-Japanese war. The last three months of the year he spent in Nice, France, where his wife recuperated from a chronic illness.

When he returned to Prague in 1905, he soon asked for a “reasonable allowance for contingent expenses,” since he was being forced to pay them “out of ...limited revenue.” Soon after his initial arrival in Prague in 1903, Mr. Ledoux had requested repairs, improvements and new furniture at the consulate. Since little money was appropriated, he had to finance the improvements himself. His first two years at Prague saw Mr. Ledoux fall into debt. When the Department inquired about his financial affairs, he replied: “Serious illness in my family... which illness has continued to this day...required the attention of specialists, followed by sojourn of nearly half a year at Southern health resorts and baths. This preceded by the extraordinary expenses of establishing myself in a distant and expensive post, exhausted my resources.”

In December 1905 Mr. Ledoux asked for a promotion to consul-general and a substantial salary increase. He also requested that the post contingency allowance be raised from \$1,000 to \$1,300 since he had to pay for “rent, messenger, fuel, lights, stationery, telephone, postage, etc.” To defend his position he cited the industrial and commercial importance of the Kingdom of Bohemia.

In May, 1906, after receiving no response, Mr. Ledoux asked to be transferred, citing “lack of sufficient salary and contingent expenses allowance.” He continued: “The writer begs to add that this post may be the most pleasant for a person of independent means, but has proved a purgatory to the writer who had no personal fortune, except a young family which commends most serious attention.” Alluding to the “unfortunate mistake” of sending a French-speaking consul to a German-speaking post, Mr. Ledoux reminded the Department that he had been



Urbain Ledoux, seated, left, was campaigning in Lewiston, Me., for the Republican party when this picture was taken, circa 1900.

sent to Prague temporarily and complained that he had been “forgotten.” He had stayed in Bohemia as long as he had only to devise and perfect “modern sales methods applied to consular work.” To support his request for transfer and promotion Mr. Ledoux cited a number of improvements made at the consulate. He enclosed commendations from the local press, American and international trade journals and various corporations.

On April 4, 1907, Mr. Ledoux was appointed to Santos, Brazil, a post which offered no raise. On April 18, he reminded the Department that he was a candidate for Brussels and gave the Department a list of references—persons ready to praise his work in Prague.

The Department wired back: “It is entirely unnecessary for a consular officer to urge outside references as to his record. The Department is quite able to determine the efficiency of its officers.” Mr. Ledoux’s old friend, Senator Frye, wrote Secretary of

State Elihu Root asking if Ledoux could be assigned to Brussels, a higher-paying post. Mr. Root answered that while “the necessities of the service make it impossible to appoint Mr. Ledoux to Brussels” ...he was being sent to Santos...“where his services are especially needed at this time.”

Unable to get his assignment changed, Mr. Ledoux resigned from the service, blaming the “Department’s pitiless decision and lack of encouragement coupled with the government’s improvident consular policy.” While reviewing his case, one assistant secretary called Mr. Ledoux “one of our best young consular officers” who had “done creditable work in Prague.” In a conciliatory letter dated May 24, the Department admitted it was reluctant to have Mr. Ledoux leave the Consular Service, and asked him to reconsider. The Department offered him two months’ home leave before reporting to Santos. Mr. Ledoux, however, anxious
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"We should tell our own stories ..." - Le Forum, Winter/Hiver 2022-23

Louis Levesque

1813 - 1890

by Don Levesque, Louis's great-grandson

This is my Franco-American/Acadian story.

Jean-Baptiste Levesque, 19, and Louis Levesque, 17, left their home in St-Arsène, QC, in the summer of 1840. Their father, Jean-Charles Levesque, was the latest owner of the family farm that had been in the same Levesque family for about 100 years.

The two brothers, Jean-Baptiste and Louis, teenagers, made their way to the Madawaska Settlement, a place where farmland was plentiful and available and the forests were ripe for culling.

But their aspirational journey did not begin well. The parish register in Saint-Basile, New Brunswick, says simply that on September 14, 1840, Jean-Baptiste "s'est noyé hier" (drowned yesterday). It does not say where he drowned or how. There are at least three possibilities: the Madawaska River, the Green River, or the Saint John River. The Madawaska River can almost be eliminated because there is very little current there. The Green River does have a current but the Saint John River is known for having very strong currents. So, that is the most probable site of the tragedy, I believe.

After the death of his older brother Louis Levesque did not go back home to Saint-Arsène, he remained in the Madawas-

ka Territory. We know nothing of what he did between September 1840 and August 1847 when he married Salomé Doucette, daughter of Firmin Doucette and Marie Thibodeau, in Saint-Basile, NB. He probably worked as a farm laborer but we simply do not know. It is apparent, however, that he saved enough money to get married and buy a parcel of land in Grand Isle, Maine, on the south side of the Saint John River. The international border had been more or less settled in 1842. The south side of the river had become part of the State of Maine following the Bloodless Aroostook War. That treaty, the Webster-Ashburton Treaty, rendered asunder northern Maine and north-west New Brunswick which, until then, was one homogenous area - almost 100% French speaking and Catholic.

Louis and Salomé had three children when Salomé died. Louis then married Marie-Rose Michaud at Saint-Basile on May 5, 1854. She was the daughter of Etienne Michaud and Marguerite Soucy. They had 13 other children.

One of Louis and Marie-Rose's sons, Joseph, was born in Grand Isle on January 12, 1872. He married Georgina Doucette in



Lille, Maine, on July 4, 1899. She was the daughter of Octave Doucette and Clémentine Picard. She died in Grand Isle on June 11, 1913, giving birth to Gilbert, my dad. The Octave Doucette family took in newborn Gibert, their grandson, and raised him for a few years. Joseph had been left with six young children when Georgina died. He married Marie-Louise "Louisina" Lavoie in Grand Isle on September 7, 1915. She was the daughter of Paul Lavoie and Flavie L'Italien. Louisina, 20 years younger than Joseph, raised his six young children as her own. Joseph and Louisina had three other children of their own.

Gilbert, I noted above, was born in Grand Isle on June 11, 1913. He married Lauraine Ouellette, daughter of Fortunat Ouellette and Emilie Beupré of Lille on May 5, 1947.

I was born in Grand Isle on November 19, 1947.

I went to grammar school in Grand Isle, high school in Van Buren, and university in Grand Isle. (Continued on page 11)

(Pay, promotion and assignments in the early 1900s continued from page 9)

to enter the business world and pay off his debts, refused the offer.

He returned to Maine to a hero's welcome. After interviewing him, one local journalist wrote: "The consular service is pleasant, but not as profitable as it might be. While the government pays what it considers it can afford, Mr. Ledoux felt that with his growing family, he should like to try a private business enterprise."

After the Department recommended him highly to a prospective business partner in August 1907, Mr. Ledoux began a business career. By 1921, he had made enough money to fund his own private charity work among the nation's unemployed. His efforts

were given wide coverage by a number of newspapers, including the New York Times and the New York Herald-Tribune. Several magazines featured articles on him between 1921 and 1925, praising his work. The Nation and the New Republic were especially laudatory of Ledoux and his accomplishments, citing his "talent," "capacity for leadership" and "uncommon sympathy for his brothers."

It was indeed appropriate that the long-needed reforms, sponsored by Congressman Rogers, aimed at preventing the loss of able and experienced Foreign Service officers with leadership potential, among other goals, were enacted into law at the very same time that one such ex-officer gained national recognition for his achievements.



« *Nous devrions raconter nos propres histoires...* »
- *Le Forum, Winter/Hiver 2022-23*

Louis Lévesque 1813 - 1890

par *Don Levesque, arrière-petit-fils de Louis*

C'est mon histoire franco-américaine/acadienne.

Jean-Baptiste Levesque, 19 ans, et Louis Levesque, 17 ans, ont quitté leur famille à St-Arsène, QC, à l'été 1840. Leur père, Jean-Charles Levesque, était le propriétaire de la ferme familiale qui avait été dans le même famille Lévesque depuis environ 100 ans.

Les deux frères, Jean-Baptiste et Louis, adolescents, se rendent à Madawaska Settlement, un endroit où les terres agricoles sont abondantes et disponibles et les forêts propices à l'abattage.

Mais leur voyage ambitieux n'a pas bien commencé. Le registre paroissial de Saint-Basile, Nouveau-Brunswick, indique simplement que le 14 septembre 1840, Jean-Baptiste « s'est noyé hier ». Il ne dit pas

où il s'est noyé ni comment. Il y a au moins trois possibilités : la rivière Madawaska, la rivière Verte ou la rivière Saint-Jean. La rivière Madawaska peut presque être éliminée car il y a très peu de courant. La rivière Verte a un courant, mais la rivière Saint-Jean est connue pour avoir des courants très forts. Donc, c'est le site le plus probable de la tragédie, je crois.

Après le décès de son frère aîné, Louis Lévesque n'est pas rentré à Saint-Arsène, il est demeuré dans le territoire du Madawaska. On ne sait rien de ce qu'il fit entre septembre 1840 et août 1847 lorsqu'il épousa Salomé Doucette, fille de Firmin Doucette et de Marie Thibodeau, à Saint-Basile, NB. *(suite page 12)*

(Louis Levesque 1813 - 1890 continued from page 10)

ty in Fort Kent after serving two years in the army as a draftee, sent to Vietnam in 1969. In 1973 I married Lorraine Morin, daughter of Louis Morin and Andrina Lebel. We married in her hometown of St-André-de-Madawaska, NB. I worked as an newspaper ad salesman for The Cataract Weekly, a bilingual newspaper in Grand Falls, NB, for several years. In 1985 I worked as an ad salesman for the St. John Valley Times. In 1988 I continued my career there as a journalist and in 1996 was named publisher and editor. I retired in 2010.

We have two daughters. One is a graphic designer in New Brunswick and the other is an art teacher in Québec province.

IF

If 17-year old Louis had not had the courage and spirit of adventure that he obviously possessed ... if he had returned to Saint-Arsène when his older brother died ... if he had given up when his first wife died ... if Joseph had despaired being widowed with six young children on his hands when

his first wife died ... and if fate had not brought together my parents (my dad was 9 years older than my mother) ... I would not be here today and neither would our daughters, nor my brother.

If if if ... life is full of ifs, buts, interspersed with major and minor tragedies, and even sometimes unimaginable courage.

Note: Several years ago I visited the Levesque farm in Saint-Arsène with Gerald Levesque of Drummondville, QC, a Levesque Association member who had been born and raised on that farm. Seeing basically what my great-great grandfather Jean-Charles Levesque, his father, and his grandfather saw when they looked outside almost every morning of their lives is an experience I will never forget.

Don Levesque, a Grand Isle native, is a retired publisher and editor of the Saint John Valley Times. He has been inducted into the Maine Franco-American Hall of Fame and the Maine Press Association Journalism



*Joseph Levesque 1872-1957
Lausina (Lavoie) Levesque 1892-1972*



*Georgina (Doucette) Levesque
Died June 11, 1913, 31 years old*



*Gilbert J. Levesque 1913-1988
Lauraine (Ouellette) 1922-1997*

Hall of Fame. He is the vice-president of Le Club Français and chairman of Le Comité d'Éducation. He is also a guitarist, singer, composer for Les Chanteurs Acadiens.



Les Chanteurs Acadiens

(Louis Lévesque suite de page 11)

Il a probablement travaillé comme ouvrier agricole, mais nous ne le savons tout simplement pas. Il est cependant évident qu'il a économisé suffisamment d'argent pour se marier et acheter un terrain à Grand Isle, dans le Maine, sur la rive sud de la rivière Saint-Jean. La frontière internationale avait été plus ou moins réglée en 1842. Le côté sud de la rivière était devenu une partie de l'État du Maine après la guerre non-sanglante d'Aroostook. Ce traité, le Traité Webster-Ashburton, séparait le nord du Maine et le nord-ouest du Nouveau-Brunswick qui, jusque-là, constituaient une région homogène - presque 100 % francophone et catholique.

Louis et Salomé ont eu trois enfants à la mort de Salomé. Louis épousa ensuite Marie-Rose Michaud à Saint-Basile le 5 mai 1854. Elle était la fille d'Etienne Michaud et de Marguerite Soucy. Ils ont eu 13 autres enfants.

L'un des fils de Louis et Marie-Rose, Joseph, est né à Grand Isle le 12 janvier 1872. Il a épousé Georgina Doucette à Lille, Maine, le 4 juillet 1899. Elle était la fille d'Octave Doucette et de Clémentine Picard. Elle est décédée à Grand Isle le 11 juin 1913, donnant naissance à Gilbert, mon père. La famille Octave Doucette accueille le nouveau-né Gibert, leur petit-fils, et l'élève pendant quelques années. Joseph était resté avec six jeunes enfants lorsque Georgina est décédée. Il épousa Marie-Louise « Louisina » Lavoie à Grand Isle le 7 septembre 1915. Elle était la fille de Paul Lavoie et de Fla-

vie L'Italien. Louisina, 20 ans plus jeune que Joseph, a élevé ses six jeunes enfants comme les siens. Joseph et Louisina ont eu eux-mêmes trois autres enfants.

Gilbert, je l'ai noté plus haut, est né à Grand Isle le 11 juin 1913. Il a épousé Lauraine Ouellette, fille de Fortunat Ouellette et Emilie Beaupré de Lille, Maine, le 5 mai 1947.

Je suis né à Grand Isle le 19 novembre 1947.

Je suis allé à l'école élémentaire de Grand Isle, à l'école secondaire de Van Buren et à l'université de Fort Kent après avoir servi deux ans dans l'armée en tant que conscrit, envoyé au Vietnam en 1969. En 1973, j'ai épousé Lorraine Morin, fille de Louis Morin et Andrina Lebel. Nous nous sommes mariés dans sa ville natale de St-André-de-Madawaska, NB. J'ai travaillé comme vendeur d'annonces dans un journal The Cataract Weekly, un journal bilingue à Grand-Sault, NB, pendant plusieurs années. En 1985, j'ai travaillé comme vendeur de publicités pour le St. John Valley Times. En 1988, j'y ai poursuivi ma carrière comme journaliste et en 1996 j'ai été nommé éditeur et rédacteur en chef. J'ai pris ma retraite en 2010.

Nous avons deux filles. L'un est graphiste au Nouveau-Brunswick et l'autre est professeur d'art au Québec.

SI

Si Louis, 17 ans, n'avait pas eu le courage et l'esprit d'aventure qu'il pos-

sedait manifestement... s'il était revenu à Saint-Arsène à la mort de son frère aîné... s'il avait renoncé à la mort de sa première femme... si Joseph avait désespéré d'être veuf avec six jeunes enfants sur les bras quand sa première femme est décédée... et si le destin n'avait pas réuni mes parents (mon père avait 9 ans de plus que ma mère)... je ne serais pas là aujourd'hui et nos filles non plus, ni mon frère.

Si si si... la vie est pleine de si, de mais, entrecoupée de tragédies majeures et mineures, et même parfois d'un courage inimaginable.

Note : Il y a plusieurs années, j'ai visité la ferme Lévesque à Saint-Arsène avec Gerald Lévesque de Drummondville, QC, un membre de l'Association Lévesque qui est né et a grandi sur cette ferme. Voir essentiellement ce que mon arrière-arrière-grand-père Jean-Charles Lévesque, son père, et son grand-père ont vu lorsqu'ils regardaient dehors presque tous les matins de leur vie est une expérience que je n'oublierai jamais.

Don Levesque, natif de Grand Isle, est un éditeur à la retraite et rédacteur en chef du Saint John Valley Times. Il a été intronisé au Maine Franco-American Hall of Fame et au Maine Press Association Journalism Hall of Fame. Il est vice-président du Club Français et président du Comité d'Éducation. Il est également guitariste, chanteur, compositeur pour Les Chanteurs Acadiens.

Searching for My Chassé Ancestors

By Cecile Bosse Dechaine

Genealogy experts affirm that the most important factor in researching family history is the data, and this information needs to be accurate. The fun part of genealogy is the "digging around" and discovering new facts that, in turn, enlighten us as we explore our ancestral history. These great revelations help us learn our ancestors' stories, and through these discoveries, our ancestors become real people with real-life experiences. When the researcher/family historian unearths, connects, and discovers just a small fact, it can be very exciting and eye opening.

Some background: I was born in St. Agatha, Maine. My parents and their ancestors came from Acadian, Canadian and

French roots. Growing up, I was impressed by their work ethic, their deep faith, and their love of God. I was very interested in learning more about their ancestry. I began researching the Chassé family in March of 2020 during the Covid-19 quarantine. Today, in 2022, their story is still unfolding. Travelling into the world of my ancestors' lives has been fascinating, and I'm having so much fun with the research process.

My research started with my industrious parents and grandparents, all of whom I admire greatly. I discovered the proper names of my great grandparents, Philias Charles Chassé and Marguerite Pelletier, and my great-great grandparents, Jean Germain

Chassé and Rebecca Ouellet. I ended up embarking on a journey through time as I learned about these relatives and discovered their ancestral stories.

One of my research questions was — why did Germain and Rebecca make the move to northern Maine and choose to settle in the "Lac à Menon"? (This area later became known as the Long Lake region.) Alexandre "Menon" Ouellette, originally from New Brunswick, settled at the head of the lake around 1840 to establish a lumber operation in the Cleveland Road area. The Chassé ancestors must have loved the space and decided to start a life for themselves in northern Maine, seeking their dream of owning rich fertile land.

In early fall of 2021, I received a phone call from Terry Ouellette, President of the Ste. Agathe Historical Society. She had a

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(Searching for My Chassé Ancestors*continued from page 12)*

message from Philip Michaud who actually remembers working on the Chassé farm as a teenager ‘pour Rosaire a Peà Chassé.’ After Terry’s message, I was so eager to connect with Phil to hear his story. Later in the week, I ended up having a wonderful telephone conversation with him and here’s an excerpt of that conversation...

“In the early, early days when the first settlers came to the area looking for land, some settled on Flat Mountain. The Lake did not hold that much attraction to these settlers. For a time, Pleine Road (Le chemin de la Pleine) was planned to be the main road for the village. The farms were called suspender farms. The lands were laid out in long narrow strips and not exceedingly wide, perhaps approximately 100 acres. Lac à Menon, first designation given to the lake, was not a commodity back then to the early farmers. They could not plant anything in the lake, right? Land was the most important commodity.”

In the early 1800’s, settlers mainly moved along the Lake on towpaths and dusty throughways. Settling near the lake was not as profitable an option as obtaining farmland. Pleine Road was one mile from the Lake, and that’s where they started to build their homesteads. My great-great grandfather, Germain Chassé, was one of the first pioneers to settle at Pleine Road. Today, the road runs parallel with Route 162 and is a lovely country road now owned by potato farmers and only contains several potato fields. There’s a whole network of roads in this area.

During my telephone conversation with Terry Ouellette, she shared the following, “At some point, there were many settlers who were considered land squatters, and were asked to leave. They really did not own the land. In those days, there was no town office, no main road in St. Agatha either. Flat Mountain was not as popular as during those times and it was considered “la chemin au large” (countryside road).

In June of 2022, I had the opportunity to visit the land where my great-great grandfather Germain had built his farm. It was located in the heart of farm country, which the locals named ‘Les Concession.’ With Terry Ouellette as our driver and Phil Michaud as our tour guide, my daughter, Laura, and I began our journey to see

Jean Germain and Rebecca Ouellet Chassé’s property. We were very excited. This location was also the same place where their son, Philias, grew up before moving to “a la Pointe” with his new bride, Marguerite Pelletier. When Philias’ affairs changed, he decided to move closer to Long Lake less than two miles away. People around him were moving closer to the lake, so he decided to buy property there.

From Route 162 we took a left onto Flat Mountain Road, passed Lakeview Restaurant, and made the first left onto Pleine Road. This road is exactly one mile from the main road. The site was overgrown with weeds, but it was wonderful to experience it firsthand.

During our ride Phil said, “Right here, Stop! Along the curve at this very spot was ‘une grosse granche’ (a huge barn) on the corner and the house was next to it. The property was owned by Emile Albert which he inherited from his father, Thomas Albert, who settled here years ago. I remember that was around 1956, and I was thirteen years old. I worked hauling logs. When it rained, we would stop at the barn for shelter. A big draft horse, Silver, owned by Warren Michaud stayed in the barn. I would harness Silver and drive horseback through the woods and haul logs out that the men had felled down. Let’s keep going.”

We continued another three quarters of a mile down that road when Phil asked Terry to stop the car and said, “The settlers did not waste an inch of land. They even used the marsh land to provide firewood! In the fall, when they wanted to clear land, they left fifteen or twenty sheep and those animals would clear the place clean.”

“There was, I remember, the Chassé farmhouse on the right going towards the



Back in the 1800’s Jean Germain Chassé’s farm was located off Pleine Road.

These photos were taken by Terry Ouellette on September 24, 2021.

woods, built on the small rise in that meadow about 100 feet from here. I can almost imagine the detail of the house because it was built in the same principle and resembled the Ste. Agathe historical house. The house was a one-story structure on a stone foundation, with wooden shingles covering the exterior, probably measured 25 by 30 feet in size with a lean-to attached. They called this room ‘the summer kitchen.’ There was no furniture upstairs and they slept on “lit de paille” (straw bed). The women sewed burlap bags together filled with straw and that’s what the children slept on. There was also a brook with slow water trickling on low land, where they did not cultivate, running a few yards from the house in the back field. In the spring when the snow had melted, there was more water in the brook.”

“When I first remember seeing the house where Philias grew up, I was working (Continued on page 14)

(Searching for My Chassé Ancestors*continued from page 13)*

one summer after school for Rosaire Chassé, who at that time owned the farm. He showed me how to drive an old, old tractor and my job was plowing a piece of land, cultivating the land and planting potatoes. I also worked in the fields picking rocks, 'ramasser des roche' for Rosaire. His father, Peà Chassé, had previously owned the farm and Rosaire inherited the property."

Even though the house is no longer there on that knoll, I was filled with awe, and I was thrilled to see the location where my great-great grandfather, Germain Chassé, and his family settled a long time ago. It was such a beautiful, spectacular green meadow.

Background

Jean Germain Chassé's family arrived in the Madawaska Territory area during the 18th century. They crossed the majestic St. John River from its north bank to the south bank and painstakingly traveled through unknown forests to find their own land, clear their property, and build their homestead.

During my great-great grandfather's time, people travelled through the woods on foot, in horse drawn buggies, or on wagons or sleds drawn by oxen or horses. There were no paved roads, only towpaths and dirt roads. In the winter, travel was over snow-packed roads and on the frozen lake.

During this time, the men also built their own homes, camps, storehouses, barns, and even roads, often with many hardships. The early pioneers were determined to make their homesteads and farms comfortable for their families. To build their homesteads, they felled trees with axes, loaded them onto sleds, and hauled them with horses or oxen to the planned home-building sites. They burned the stumps to level the land for gardening and raising crops. They fought blackflies and mosquitoes.

My great-great grandfather, Germain Chassé, was born in St. Andre-de-Kamouraska, P.Q. Canada on October 19, 1799, and was the son of Jean Germain and Thecle (Bourgoin) Chassé. Germain's last sibling, Suzanne, was born in St. Basile, Canada where the family had relocated. In 1821, a few months before his 52nd birthday, Jean Germain, passed away. His children had to assist their widowed mother, Thecle, with the arduous work of maintaining the farm.

Into adulthood, Germain married

two times. His first wife, Vitaline LaMarre, died from childbirth after only ten months of marriage. His second marriage to Rebecca Ouellet was held in the Great Church of St. Basile on May 9, 1831. The couple had fifteen children and twelve lived to adulthood. According to the 1833 Special Census of Madawaska report, two years after their marriage, Germain and Rebecca were settled on ungranted land, on the south bank of the St. John in Aroostook County, Maine. In the 1840's, the family's church records showed they belonged to St. Luce Parish, Frenchville, which provides proof of their residence in the area.

By the 1850 United States Federal Census, Jean Germain Chassé was a well-established farmer in Madawaska Plantation (a section southwest of Long Lake), with real estate valued at \$800. At the age of 53, he succeeded where other immigrants had failed. He showed great ambition by clearing his land, settling on it, and claiming it as his own. He was a hardworking man who ran his farm and raised sheep, pigs, cows, hens, and horses. He was one of the first French Canadian settlers who arrived here not afraid of beginning a new life in an undeveloped territory.

Jean Germain died at the age of 94 on March 22, 1894. His death certificate stated that the cause of death was "unknown." He was buried at St. Luce Cemetery in Frenchville, Maine. Rebecca died at home on May 5, 1899 "from old age" at the age of 89. She outlived her husband, Germain, by a few years. Unlike her husband, she was buried in the older St. Agatha Cemetery located next to the church.



In the background is the site of the Chassé ancestral homesite. Left to right: Terry Ouellette, Cecile Dechaine and Phil Michaud.

This photo was taken by Laura Dechaine.



This beautiful scenery was the spot where my great grandfather, Philius Chassé, grew up.



Springvale Maine Franco-Americans attend closing of Notre Dame de Lourdes

February 23, 2023 *Franco-American News and Culture* Bishop Richard Cote, Bishop Robert Deeley, Shawn P. Sullivan

By Juliana L'Heureux

Springvale Maine has lost the lovely Notre Dame de Lourdes Roman Catholic Church.

For decades, this church building has contributed to the scenic quaintness in the village of Springvale and supported the worship for the area's Catholics including Franco-Americans.



Notre Dame de Lourdes in Springvale, Maine.

This particular church closure announced by the Diocese of Portland is of particular interest because the church is historic as the first Catholic parish in the Sanford-Springvale area. The church was the home parish for Franco-Americans including my friends George Remy, whose father owned a grocery in Springvale and now lives in Gorham and Muriel Poulin (1925-2019), who was a dean at Boston University's nursing program, who grew up and lived in Springvale. Roman Catholic Bishop Richard Cote, of Norwich Connecticut, grew up in Springvale and his family attended Notre Dame parish.



Adam Cote grew up in Notre Dame de Lourdes parish in Springvale, Maine.

Adam Cote, an attorney, an army veteran and a Sanford resident, wrote to me about his experience growing up in Springvale's Notre Dame Parish. "I have so many fond memories of Notre Dame. We went there when I was kid and I attended CCD there. It was a huge part of our family life growing up. Every Sunday, my family would attend Mass at Notre Dame and then we would all meet at my Memere and Pepere's house about a mile down the road on Goodwin Street for a big family dinner. We transitioned to St Ignatius church in Sanford when I was in high school and now we go to Holy Family, but my earliest memories are all at Notre Dame. It was a really special church!"

Notre Dame de Lourdes was one of three Roman Catholic churches in Sanford-Springvale's St. Thérèse of Lisieux Parish. Journalist Shawn P. Sullivan reported about the closing of his home town church in a report published here. A closing Mass was celebrated on Saturday February 11, 2023, led by Bishop Robert Deeley, of Portland.

End of an era: Notre Dame Church in Springvale to hold final Mass. Reported with permission from Shawn P. Sullivan,

published in SeacoastOnline.

For Catholics in Sanford and Springvale, the end of an era is approaching and the dawn of a new one is in the works.

Notre Dame Church in Springvale celebrated its final Mass on Saturday, February 11, and from there the members of St. Thérèse of Lisieux – myself among them (Shawn P. Sullivan) – turned their focus to expanding and reinventing the Holy Family Church campus along North Avenue in Sanford.



Notre Dame de Lourdes parishioners Patrick Demers, Glenn Dowey, Ashley Buxton and Adele Demers. (Photo by Shawn P. Sullivan in SeacoastOnline)

More on that in a moment. First, the farewell.

Hundreds of parishioners gathered with Bishop Robert Deeley on Saturday, February 11, to celebrate the final Mass at Notre Dame de Lourdes Church in Springvale.

"A moment like this is bittersweet," the bishop said. "We look back fondly on all the graced moments that happened in this church and we give thanks. And yet, we acknowledge that there is a sadness in our parting from here."

With its distinct, angular design and tri-colored windows, Notre Dame Church has been a familiar site at the corner of Payne and Pleasant streets in Springvale for 60 years. In recent times, St. Therese Parish has only offered Mass there during the summertime but also has made the church available for weddings and other important ceremonies.

The Mass, which was held on the memorial of Our Lady of Lourdes, was an opportunity for parishioners to gather one last time in the place that had been their spiritual home and to remember and reflect on what it has meant to their lives.

"Fifty-two years ago tomorrow, my husband and I were married right here. So I have a lot of memories from here,"
(Continued on page 16)

(Springvale Maine Franco-Americans attend closing of Notre Dame de Lourdes continued from page 15)

said Julie Kostis. “When I was a child, my mother was the organist in this church for years and years. At almost every Mass, she would play.”

“I was in the first group of girl altar servers that were allowed here. I’m going to say it was 1981-82,” said Laurie Gaudreau, who served with her brother, Jeff. “We served for many bishops, and we served on Holy Thursday, Good Friday, all of Holy Week.”

“It has meant a lot to me because I wasn’t raised Catholic, and I became Catholic in this parish,” said Robert Tyler, who attended the church for nearly 40 years. “My two kids were married here. Most of my grandchildren were baptized here.”

The current Notre Dame de Lourdes Church, with its distinct turquoise, green, and white windows, opened in 1963, but the history of the Catholic community in Springvale goes back to the late 1800s.

“It was the original community for people who came to this area. Sanford was just a small spot on the map, not very highly populated until the mills came down here. The mills started out right here, on the other side of the church,” said Patrick Demers, a lifelong parishioner. “When they had the first Masses here in Springvale, the priest came from Rochester, (New Hampshire) and he came by train. The railroad came right through here.”

Notre Dame de Lourdes Parish was the first Catholic parish to be established in Springvale, with the first church opening in

1890, not far from where the current church stands today. With the area’s population continuing to grow with the increasing productivity of the mills, it wouldn’t be long before it became evident a larger church was needed. A new church building, which also included a parish hall and school, opened in 1916. Then, in the 1960s, the current church was built just across the parking lot. The second church building, renamed Bishop Cote Hall in honor of native son, Bishop Michael Cote, continued to be used for events and is where parishioners gathered for a reception following the closing Mass.

From the start, Notre Dame de Lourdes was a neighborhood church, with parishioners living on the surrounding streets. It is that sense of community that parishioners said they will miss the most.

“It’s a community I grew up with. It’s the people I know. My grandfather had a drug store here in town, and we knew all the people,” said Demers.

“It was a nice, tight-knit community of parishioners. Many walked to church,” said Mark Hegarty.

“It was always a welcoming, homey parish. We knew each other, and we talked to each other. We would go to breakfast after Mass,” said Tyler.

In recent years, Notre Dame had been using more sparingly, with parishioners primarily attending Mass at Holy Family Church, located about two miles away in Sanford.

St. Thérèse of Lisieux Parish made the decision to close Notre Dame to save on the high cost of maintenance and so that resources could be dedicated to invigorating

the Holy Family Church campus, which also includes St. Thomas School. Plans call for the building of a new pastoral center.

“It’s a bittersweet moment because we are closing this church and selling the property, ending a long legacy of Catholicism in this area, but we’re not doing that because it’s a contraction. We’re doing it because we want to build a parish center and have Holy Family Church become the center of Catholicism in Sanford: Holy Family Church, our parish hall, the school right across the street. I like it to call it the Catholic corner of Sanford. It’s the first corner you come to of significance in Sanford,” said Father Wilfred Labbe, pastor. “It’s time that we do these kind of things to offer better catechesis, to build a stronger community.”

Parishioners said they understand why the church is closing, but nevertheless, they said it is tough to say goodbye.

“It’s going to be hard for us in this community and the people who came here for so many years,” said Tyler. “I’m going to miss it. I love this church.”

Bishop Robert Deeley said during the closing Mass, “A moment like this is bittersweet. We look back fondly on all the graced moments that happened in this church and we give thanks. And yet, we acknowledge that there is a sadness in our parting from here.”

Information about Notre Dame de Lourdes church in Springvale and the history is on the Diocese of Portland website at this site:

<https://portlanddiocese.org/news/final-mass-notre-dame-church-springvale>

Franco Center in Lewiston will retain the name

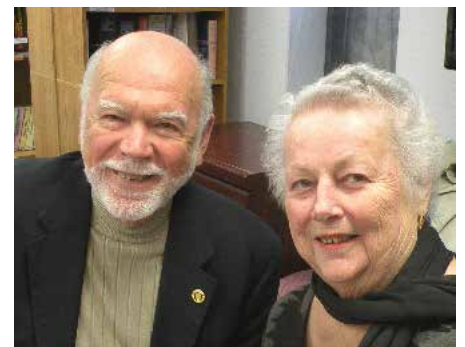
March 23, 2023, Franco-American News and Culture Lewiston Sun Journal, Rita Dube, Steve Collins

By Juliana L'Heureux

A welcome conclusion! The community advocacy effort in support of protecting the integrity of the name “Franco Center”, the former Saint Mary’s Church in Lewiston, has resulted in preventing the rebranding. A minority of the non-profit organization’s board members intended to rename the building in Lewiston’s historic “Little Canada”, to the Riverfront Performing Arts Center...founded by Francos (in

my opinion, the “founded by Francos” read like it was an afterthought).

An effort to adopt the new “Riverfront” name erupted into negative attention. Efforts to keep the original Franco Center in the non-profit organization’s name were led by Lewiston native Rita Dube with the incorporators who created the original name: “The Franco-American Center at Saint Mary’s”, in Lewiston.



Rita and Paul Dube are Lewiston natives. Rita was The Franco-American Center at Saint Mary’s original Executive Director. She led a group of incorporators and community leaders who opposed the non-profit organization’s name change.

(Continued on page 17)

(Franco Center in Lewiston will retain the name continued from page 16)

I was among those who went public to raise awareness about the implications of ethnic marginalization, because of the unpopular proposed name change.

In fact, the Consul General of France in Boston, Mustafa Soykurt wrote an influential letter (read his letter here). (My own letter to the editor is below at the end of this news report about the resolution.)

Thankfully, reported in the Lewiston Sun Journal and on Yahoo.com, the result of the advocacy seems to have reached an amicable solution.

Reported by Steve Collins:

March 22, 2023—LEWISTON — Leaders of the nonprofit performing arts venue at the former St. Mary's Church on Cedar Street agreed Wednesday to restore its former name as the Franco Center.

The board of directors also agreed to begin using seven new logos with slightly different colors and designs in materials produced for the center. It gave the center's staff a green light to use whichever one seemed most appropriate for any given need.

Officials hope the move will cool the criticism that has raged in recent weeks over a controversial name change which sparked enough attention to draw criticism for the change from France's consul general in Boston.

Rita Dube, one of the leading critics, said she was "thrilled to see that they will give the center back its name."

Dube said it was "a battle well fought,"

though doesn't see why a logo change was required.

Angling to put the center into development plans eyed for the area along the Androscoggin River, a divided board a few months ago renamed the Franco Center as "Riverfront Performing Arts and Events, Founded by Franco-Americans."

A slow-burning fire ensued that exploded in recent weeks into a full-scale firestorm as opponents of the move decried it as a supposed shift away from the Franco American heritage of the performing arts center created more than two decades ago.

Former mayors and other leaders in the Franco community in Maine pushed to restore the center's name. They argued that moving away from the name was a slap in the face to the people whose donations built the church long ago and created the nonprofit after the church's closure a quarter century ago.

Efforts to convince critics that a change would help position the center for future growth fell flat.

Lewiston Sun Journal letter to the editor:

I have followed and supported the development of the beautiful Franco-American Heritage Center at Saint Mary's on Cedar Street in Lewiston, ever since the dedicated group of incorporators began the campaign to protect this cultural icon for the future, by protecting the building's cultural history. Although there were a few name changes since the beginning of the Board's success-



Franco Center in Lewiston Maine

ful renovation efforts begun over 20 years ago, the most recent change to rebrand the building as "Riverfront", seems like cultural repression, in my opinion. The leadership for rebuilding the identity of the former Saint Mary's Church into a community heritage center was inspired by Rita Dube, who received support from Franco-American leaders and generous donors. A change of name to "Riverfront" does nothing to acknowledge the generations of Franco-Americans who built the beautiful church and the creation of a community venue with a non-profit mission and proud cultural purpose. Other Maine cultural centers highlight their heritages, like the Irish Heritage Center, the Italian Heritage Center and the Jewish Cultural Arts Center. Likewise, Franco-Americans are as important in Maine's culture and history as other heritage groups. Lewiston's prominent Franco-American venue should reflect cultural pride by retaining its identity in the name. From Juliana L'Heureux



Bon à Savoir: The Spring Melt in Maine

Copyright 2023

by Virginia Lee Sand, M.Ed.

Where does all the water go when the spring snow melts from the many beautiful mountains of Maine? The state's natural watershed systems take care of all of this drainage; Mother Nature's natural plumbing systems. How do watershed systems work? Well, the melting snow trickles into brooks, streams, tributaries, ponds, lakes, etc., and then empties into river systems that eventually drain into oceans. For example,

let's take a look at the Penobscot River Watershed.

The Upper Penobscot Bay is a transitional area of Penobscot Bay where fresh water flowing from the vast Penobscot River system mixes with incoming ocean tides from the Gulf of Maine. This transitional area where a river meets the sea is called an *estuary*. This turbulent mixture in the estuary provides nutrients to fish and shellfish at

all depths. Billions of gallons of freshwater flow each day from this huge Penobscot River watershed, which drains one-quarter of Maine's land area. From the mainland in Searsport and Stockton Springs, you can view the estuary. Here, the currents are very strong and dangerous because of the constant push and pull between the Penobscot River and the ocean tides which create an area of continuous tension.

The Penobscot River was formed by water from melting glaciers, which slowly eroded a valley into the bedrock below. The Bay itself was created only about 7,000 years ago by rising oceans. The "beach" at Moose Point in Searsport, with its hard granite rocks, is typical of the coast north of Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

The Penobscot Bay (bordering Bel-
(Continued on page 18)

(Bon à Savoir: The Spring Melt in Maine continued from page 17)

fast, Maine) is a historically important fishing ground. About 70 species of fish and shellfish are harvested here and on the surrounding ocean shelf, and the Bay alone accounts for roughly 50% of the lobster catch for the entire state of Maine. The Bay is also the gateway to the Penobscot River, the most productive Atlantic Salmon river in the United States and one of the remaining hopes for this endangered fish.

An ever-changing environment, the Bay is home to a complex natural balance. Over the past few decades, this once-rich resource has become depleted by over-fishing and other human activities. Today, efforts are being made to restore healthy populations of fish and marine life. Dam removals upstream and clam flat rehabilitation on the far side of Sears Island are among these efforts.

The Penobscot River estuary can clearly be seen from Moose Point State Park in Searsport, Maine. This State Park was once the site of a dairy farm owned by the Carver family. In 1859 they began purchasing land, clearing it for a house, barns, two silos, and about sixty head of cattle. A fire in 1927 destroyed most of the buildings. In 1951 Clifford Carver offered the 183-acre property to the state of Maine to be used as a park. Moose Point State Park opened in 1963 and is located on the Upper Penobscot Bay.

Many species call the Upper Penobscot Bay home: Bald eagles, harbor porpoise, harbor seals, lobster, salmon, alewife fish, American eels, cod, river herring, sturgeon, salt tolerant plants, sea lavender, kelp beds, sea blite, eelgrass, sea plantain, common loons, common Eider ducks, double crested cormorants, osprey, herring gull, and seaweeds such as Rockweed, which are important sources of food and shelter. At low tide, tide pools can reveal sea stars, European green crab, blue mussels, barnacles, hermit crabs, dog whelk, snails and periwinkles.

Also, many colorful “pot buoys” float on the bay’s surface, marking lobster trap locations. Atlantic salmon, river herring and sturgeon are among the sea-run fish that are returning in increasing numbers to the Penobscot River to spawn.

The Upper Penobscot Bay is teeming with life and activity that must be protected

for the future generations and for our own health. We all benefit from the ecosystems and biodiversity (variety of life) of the huge Penobscot River Watershed, named after the Penobscot Nation (an indigenous tribe) which inhabits Indian Island, an Indian Reservation on the Penobscot River. Indian Island is connected to the mainland and Old Town, Maine by a long bridge. The Penobscot peoples have been the keepers and protectors of the Penobscot River Watershed from time immemorial, feeling a deep and profound spiritual connection with the river. The Penobscot River Watershed has greatly contributed to the survival and livelihood of the Penobscot Peoples over many generations and for thousands of years. Humans are an integral part of the biodiversity and ecosystems in and around



the Penobscot River Watershed. The Penobscot Elders teach us that our survival as a human species on the Mother Earth depends on the health of our surrounding ecosystems and the biodiversity there. We, as a human species, are part of that biodiversity and it is therefore our responsibility to help preserve the delicate balance in our ecosystems. Bottom-line: If we take care of our surrounding ecosystems, such as the Penobscot River Watershed, they will take care of us. Therefore, we all must remain mindful and vigilant about environmental pollution, land development and urban sprawl.

Our watershed systems throughout Maine are much more than natural plumbing systems and outlets for spring run-off from melting snow and rains. As you have read above, our watersheds provide nourishment for all of life, including humans. The salmon is only one example. When the deer drink from healthy rivers and their watersheds, hunters can bring home healthy deer meat to the dinner table as just one more example of many. The health of our food chain begins at the bottom with healthy soil and healthy water that are free of pollution. Not only is

pollution control and monitoring important, but also limiting land development that takes away animal habitat and biodiversity the way it has been for eons of time. A delicate balance has developed in nature and in our surrounding ecosystems from time immemorial. In a very short period of time, humans have damaged the “web of life” and the balance of nature to the point where the health of humanity itself is at stake.

The spring melt in Maine should remind us to be more mindful about what we, as individuals, dump into our environment on a daily basis, harmful substances that can leach into the ground and eventually drain out to sea by our river watershed systems throughout the state. We must keep our ocean waters pristine to support all of marine life there, which in turn feeds us and supports our economy like the Maine lobster industry. We need to support and keep healthy the biodiversity and food chain in our oceans. Even the whales play an important part in our economy here in Maine. Our whale-watch tours bring in much revenue every summer season. In addition, the whales contribute to the grid-of-life on the earth with their sonar songs. Research has been showing this. It’s just one more example on how important all of life

is here on the earth. It’s a divine web where everything is connected and important. All of life is sacred and must be treated as such. HAPPY SPRING 2023 here in our beautiful coastal State of Maine! Let’s each do something special to thank the Mother Earth for all of our blessings and abundance this spring. Include a few words of “thanks” with a little ceremony and she will hear your expression of gratitude and smile.





Sobriety is Everything!

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**Can society survive without alcoholic beverages?
Can people celebrate life without alcoholic beverages?
How many people die each year from alcohol-related deaths?**

When folks reach for “spirits” to celebrate an occasion or to reach for a certain feeling of escape, they lose sense of their own *Spirit*, their Higher Power.

My half-brother’s life was a life too-short-lived: At age 47, Perley Ernest Doyon (my half-brother) lost his liver and died from a life of excess alcohol consumption. Perley was an alcoholic, a Franco American who became addicted to alcoholic beverages. His father, who also drank in excess, started taking Perley to the bars with him when Perley was about 14 years old. At 42 years old, Perley landed in the hospital and almost died from alcohol poisoning. At that time, the doctors warned Perley that if he didn’t abstain from alcoholic beverages, he would live a short life. Well, five years later Perley’s liver gave out (cirrhosis of the liver) and he passed away at 47 years old. Before he passed, he shared with our mother that he just couldn’t stop drinking alcoholic beverages.

Towards the end of his life, I saw Perley’s eyes turn yellow from jaundice in his liver, indicating deterioration of his liver. Perley was not a good candidate for a liver transplant because the medical community knew that Perley would drink away a “new liver,” and he probably would have mixed alcoholic beverages with the anti-rejection medications needed following a liver transplant. As it is, people are on waiting lists for available transplant organs, and those few available transplant organs must go to folks who will take good care of themselves and their transplant organs.

Unfortunately, substance abuse and addictions are often passed on from one generation to the next. It is clear that humanity must stop passing addictions onto the next generations because, in all truth, **sobriety is everything**. Sobriety means survival. It also means being fully present to embrace life and to embrace God’s Plan and Purpose

for each one of us. Sober people are able to contribute so much more to their families and community. However, people who are consumed by addictions, such as alcohol or recreational drugs, are usually not capable of being fully present and fully functioning for family and community. Instead, community



*Perley Ernest Doyon
July 18, 1950-April 25, 1999*

is always reaching out to help alcoholics and drug addicts to recover. It makes sense that strong communities are formed by having fewer community members plagued by addictions such as alcohol and recreational drugs.

Also, communities that make alcoholic beverages less available to community members are supporting sober communities. This, in turn, helps to heal alcoholics who are in their process of **recovery**. It brings encouragement and hope. For example, if a town or city has many bars and many stores selling alcoholic beverages, that sends a strong message to community members that it’s acceptable, okay, and even normal to drink alcohol; that alcohol consumption is an acceptable and normal thing to do. However, the implications of all these sales of alco-

holic beverages are that many consumers of alcohol often lose their lives by drinking and driving, often taking other soul’s with them to the grave during vehicular accidents/crashes involving “OUI’s.” Every day, about 37 people in the United States die in drunk-driving crashes—that’s one person every 39 minutes. In 2021, 13,384 people died in alcohol-impaired driving traffic deaths—a 14% increase from 2020. These deaths were all preventable.

I adored my half-brother, Perley Ernest Doyon. He was the only brother God gave me in this life. It broke my heart to watch alcohol eat away at his life. Perley was a smart, creative, and talented entrepreneur who also spoke Canadian French, since our mother and Perley’s father were francophone. However, there were times where alcohol addiction caused Perley to lose everything that he worked so hard for, almost becoming homeless. Perley’s father had an alcohol addiction and that’s why my mother divorced Perley’s father. My father, on the other hand, did not have an alcohol addiction, which may explain why I never developed an affinity to alcohol like Perley did. My home is an “alcohol-free zone.” That is to say that there are no alcoholic beverages in my home and visitors are not allowed to bring alcohol into my home for any reason. My dinner gatherings are alcohol-free and everyone has a great time sharing stories, laughter, ideas, singing, etc., with a clear mind, being fully present. We begin the meal with prayers (grace) of gratitude and make a toast to life and health with juice, lemonade, apple cider, water or some other alcohol-free healthy beverage.

To embrace life is to live life daily without mind-altering substances. For some folks, that is a challenge, but it’s a challenge or change worth taking on. Every person matters and each of us are born into this world with great purpose, our soul’s purpose or mission for being here. Spiritual growth is part of this purpose. Overcoming an addiction helps someone to grow spir-

(Continued on page 20)



News from the Acadian Archives in Fort Kent

The Acadian Archives' rich cultural programming involved back-to-back spring-time events. French teacher Jonna Boure brought her honors language learners from Caribou High School to the Archives for a glimpse of our operations, an educational activity involving maps from the Osher Library, and a talk by Professor Paul Buck. We also launched local artist Lulu Pelletier's latest exhibit, "A Bit of This and a Bit of That." The exhibit will be available to the public during our regular business hours through mid-August.

Another exhibit is in the making. Researcher Allen Craft will unveil his exhibit, "Mills of the Valley, 1785-2023: A Graphic Essay," at UMFK's Blake Library on **Monday, August 28**. Please join us in saving the date. Mr. Craft has undertaken immense research that chronicles the industrial development of northern Maine from grist mills to lumber to starch factories. The display, based in part on materials from the Acadian Archives, will be accessible to the

end of September.

Additionally, the Archives will host Susan Bregman for a book talk at **6 p.m. on Thursday, July 13**. Ms. Bregman is the author of *Along Route 1: Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts*. Her presentation will trace the history of one of America's most iconic thoroughfares; she will share images from the St. John Valley segment of Route 1. Fort Kent is home to Route 1's "First Mile."

New materials in our collections include a Daigle family scrapbook with images from the Madawaska Training School; Ouellette genealogical materials; the wartime correspondence of Gladys Gardner of Allagash; and much more. We are also grateful for recent donations from Assumption University, the University of Southern Maine, and Allen Voisine.

Our digitization work continues. Through the winter, we partnered with local historical societies to bring their collections into the virtual age. We have nearly completed the scanning of Fort Kent's Catholic parish register and access to our own collections will soon expand thanks to the NEH grant awarded to the Franco-American Collections Consortium.

In closing, we hope you will help us



Madeline Soucie (archivist) and Patrick Lacroix (director) with Maine Secretary of State Shenna Bellows at the Acadian Archives

safeguard the unique history and heritage of the Upper St. John Valley. Ask us about making a donation. Individual contributions have a clear, tangible impact on our activities. They ensure our collections stay current; they enable purchases of essential materials and support our event programming.

For more information or for assistance with research, please contact the Archives at (207) 834-7536 or by e-mail at acadian@maine.edu.

Nouvelles des Archives acadiennes à Fort Kent

La programmation culturelle des Archives acadiennes s'est allongée ce printemps avec deux importants événements en mai. Jonna Boure, enseignante à l'école secondaire de Caribou, et ses élèves en langues modernes ont visité les Archives afin de découvrir nos collections. Ils ont ensuite participé à une activité éducative comprenant des cartes de la bibliothèque Osher et rencontré le professeur Paul Buck. Nous avons aussi dévoilé la plus récente exposition de l'artiste Lulu Pelletier intitulée « Un peu de ci, un peu de ça ». Les œuvres de Mme Pelletier seront accessibles jusqu'à la mi-août pendant les heures d'ouverture des Archives.

Et déjà une autre exposition se prépare! Le chercheur Allen Craft dévoilera « Mills of the Valley, 1785-2023 : A Graphic Essay », à la bibliothèque Blake, à UMFK **lundi le 28 août**. Nous espérons vous voir à cet événement. L'impressionnante recherche

de M. Craft relate le développement industriel du nord du Maine en passant par les moulins à farine, le secteur du bois et les usines de fécule de pomme de terre. Cette exposition, construite notamment à partir des collections des Archives, sera ouverte au public jusqu'à la fin du mois de septembre.

De plus, les Archives recevront Susan Bregman pour une conférence **jeudi le 13 juillet à 18h**. Mlle Bregman est l'auteure de *Along Route 1: Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts*. Sa présentation portera sur l'histoire de l'une des routes les plus célèbres des Etats-Unis et inclura des images dépeignant son tracé dans la vallée du haut Saint-Jean. Le premier mille de Route 1 est situé à Fort Kent.

Parmi les ajouts à nos collections, ce printemps, mentionnons un livre de coupures de la famille Daigle, qui inclut des images de la Madawaska Training School; des ressources généalogiques portant sur la famille Ouellette; des lettres de Gladys Gardner d'Allagash datant de la Deuxième Guerre mondiale; et plus encore. Nous apprécions aussi les livres que nous ont récemment donnés Assumption University, la University of Southern Maine et Allen

Voisine.

Notre travail de numérisation se poursuit. Au cours de l'hiver, nous avons collaboré avec les sociétés historiques de la région afin de créer des collections virtuelles. Nous avons presque terminé la numérisation des registres paroissiaux de Fort Kent, puis l'accès à nos propres collections croîtra bientôt grâce à une subvention de la NEH accordée au Regroupement des Collections franco-américaines.

Enfin, nous espérons obtenir votre appui dans nos projets de sauvegarde de l'histoire et du patrimoine de la vallée du haut Saint-Jean. Si vous souhaiteriez faire un don, contactez-nous. Tout ce que nous recevons du public a un effet réel et tangible sur nos activités. Cet appui financier nous permet de mettre à jour nos collections; il assure l'acquisition de matériaux de préservation en plus de soutenir notre riche programmation culturelle.

Pour plus d'information ou pour obtenir de l'aide dans vos recherches, vous pouvez rejoindre les Archives au (207) 834-7536 ou par courriel à acadian@maine.edu.

MAKING “SENSE” OF THE PAST

Megan St. Marie

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

See.
Hear.
Taste.
Touch.
Smell.

Unless they are somehow compromised, all five senses guide us through the world, working with our minds to help us “make sense” of our experiences. Sights, sounds, tastes, textures, and scents can therefore serve as powerful memory prompts. Memoir writers often seem to know this intuitively, and during the editorial process they will sometimes say things to me like:

- “I want this chapter to really capture the flavor of my childhood.”
- Or “This should give readers a taste of what things were like.”
- Or “I need to add a little texture to the description of my grandmother.”
- Or “Can you help me smooth out this paragraph?”
- Or “This scene needs more color, don’t you think?”

Whether or not they use such sensory language to describe what they feel their work needs, I often encourage writers to engage their senses when they are trying to add detail to their manuscripts so that readers can more fully appreciate the context of their life stories. I might offer prompts like:

- What could you see from your childhood bedroom window?
- What did your uncle’s laugh sound like?
- What is a favorite flavor or spice in your family’s cooking?
- Can you describe how the dress you’re wearing in this photograph felt against your skin?
- What did the perfume your great-grandmother wore smell like?

When I was teaching, a colleague gave me the good advice that I should never give an assignment that I hadn’t completed myself at least once in order to align myself with my students’ experience as learners. In that spirit, I will use the final question posed above to let the sense of smell guide me through memories and connections to family in the rest of this piece.



Close-up of dried lavender in a vase from Megan St. Marie’s wedding-day centerpieces, now placed in her Modern Memoirs office

My Modern Memoirs office usually smells like lavender because of an essential oil diffuser I set up across from my desk. I placed it there after putting dried lavender in vases from my wedding-day centerpieces atop two bookcases and lining a small shelf with three sachets. I’ve always loved the clean, floral scent of lavender, and although my French ancestors mainly came from the Normandy and Île-de-France regions of France, rather than Provence with its famous lavender fields, the flower and its perfume make me feel connected to that part of my heritage.



Megan St. Marie’s great-grandmother Pamela “Pom” Gertrude Cantin Meyer, circa 1962

One reason for this sense of connection may be that my great-grandmother Pamela “Pom” Gertrude Cantin (whom I called “Memé”) wore Jean Naté perfume, which includes lavender notes. She was une femme fière (a proud woman), with hair perfectly coiffed in keeping with her decades of work as a hairdresser, and always dressed to the nines in her pearls and colorful dresses, blouses, and slacks. Her outward appearance and Jean Naté fragrance now strike me as representative of her fierce independence and drive.

The sixth of fourteen children born to French Canadian immigrants Eugenie Duchesne and Magloire Cantin in 1899, my Memé suffered a childhood illness that left her functionally deaf for the rest of her life. She never learned sign language, but got by in the hearing world by reading lips, using hearing aids, and speaking very loudly. She raised her two daughters Rita (my maternal grandmother) and Dorothy (called Dottie) on her own after her husband abandoned them during the Great Depression. I imagine this

(Continued on page 23)

(*MAKING "SENSE" OF THE PAST* continued from page 22)

was a particularly difficult situation for her as a Franco American Catholic woman, but she rose above it with determination and dignity, eventually opening her own hair salon in the Boston area.

Memé was about to turn 77 when I was born, and she died when I was 20. I feel very fortunate that I had her in my life for so long. My mother was close with her, and their closeness inspired my own efforts to bond with Memé during visits in Vermont and at her apartment in eastern Massachusetts and through cards and letters sent back and forth in the mail. During a lonely time spent travelling with a family as a nanny during the summer before I went to college, I sent Memé a postcard every day, and she responded with great frequency. Homesick and nostalgic, I remember smelling the stationery on which she wrote, trying and failing to pick up the Jean Naté fragrance I knew so well.



Lavender in a garden bed at Heather Lambert Bessette's home in Vermont, grown in honor of the late Barbara Lambert Chevalier, who was an aunt to her, Megan St. Marie, and their Lambert cousins



Close-up of lavender sachets in Megan St. Marie's office, made by her aunt Rita Lambert Lavalée with fabric upcycled from placemats stitched by Anastasie "Tazzy" Raymond Lambert. Left to right, the designs embroidered on the sachets symbolize: the 4th of July when the Lambert family gathers for an annual family reunion; a lamb for the surname Lambert; and a heart in honor of Rita's late sister Barbara Lambert Chevalier, whose birthday was on Valentine's Day



Megan St. Marie's great-grandmother Anastasie "Tazzy" Raymond Lambert, circa 1905

I didn't know my other great-grandmothers, who all died before I was born. And yet, the scent of lavender connects me to one of them, as well. My aunt Rita Lambert Lavalée, who made the sachets now in my office, made this connection for me when she wrote about her decision to fill them with dried lavender. The sachets' fabric originated as placemats made many decades ago by her paternal grandmother, Anastasie "Tazzy" Raymond Lambert. Aunt Rita told me that she remembered visiting this grandmother's house as a little girl and really liking a scent in the bathroom there, though she didn't know what it was. Years later as an adult, she bought something with a lavender scent, and only then did she realize that it was the same fragrance she'd loved when visiting her grandmother's house.

Perhaps this association with their Lambert grandmother was what inspired my Aunt Barbara Lambert Chevalier (Rita's elder sister) to plant lavender in the beautiful garden beds she placed around the family homestead in Highgate, Vermont. I can't ask her now because she passed away a few years ago before I realized this familial proclivity for lavender; but, I know that at least one cousin, Heather Lambert Bessette, picked up on Aunt Barb's love of lavender and planted some at her own house in a garden that now stands as something of a memorial to our aunt.

Being surrounded by things—including scents—that ground me in a love of family and remembrance of those who came before me sparks affinity with Modern Memoirs clients, who are often moved by those same feelings when they come to us with their book projects. And although I can't make the soothing lavender that inspired this piece waft out through the words you are reading, I can offer a closing invitation to engage your senses and inspire creativity:

See.
Hear.
Taste.
Touch.
Smell.
Remember.
Write.

<https://www.modernmemoirs.com/mmblog/2023/1/making-sense-of-the-past>

D'OU JE VIENS: A SCHOOL CLOSES

BY CHIP BERGERON

I read an article in the newspaper last summer about the closing of St. Elizabeth Seton Elementary School in Rochester, NH. It would mark the end of Catholic education in that city after over 100 years, and I took it very personally. I went there.

Or rather to its predecessor. Prior to the mid 1980's there were two parochial schools in Rochester, Holy Rosary and St. Mary's, serving their respective parishes. St. Mary's closed, and on Catholic elementary school would serve the city. It was decided to use Holy Rosary's physical plant and rename the school. That was in the 1980's.

I went to Holy Rosary from 1953 to 1962, kindergarten to eighth grade. At the time Holy Rosary also had its own high school, but I elected to attend Spaulding High, the "public" school in the city. My parents thought I would get a better preparation to be accepted at a good college. I thought I would at last be free of the nuns and have more extracurricular opportunities. Sometimes I wish I'd stayed at Holy Rosary.

I have a lot of memories. I intend to share some here. Many will not be in chronological order, but things that happened such a long time ago tend to be fragmented.

The main building itself was made of red brick, built, I would guess, in the late '30's early '40's. The high school was connected, and you went through a fire door on either of the two stories to access the other building. There was an annex at the end of the playground, four classrooms, probably the original school. It was much older, late 19th century, I think, connected to the convent by a deck and the playground by a long exterior stairway (No "Americans with disabilities" act back then!)

The annex and convent were both painted gray and of about the same age. The convent was built as were many buildings in France at the time of Napoleon III. I remember taking piano lessons in one of the front rooms. The other was a visiting parlor for the nuns. Beyond there no lay person went. My memories tell me the public areas were immaculately clean, redolent of wax and pine sol and fairly bright behind lace curtains.



Under the annex, down a deep slope, was "Scout Hall", the Baliwick of BSA Troop #186. In any time there, no cub or girl scouts.

The big school was heated by coal. You could look down into the furnace room from the playground and see the huge boilers. Periodically a pile of coal would appear, or "clinkers", burned residue. They would be gone by the next time we hit the playground.

At recess or lunchtime the playground was strictly divided: Girls on one side, boys on the other. The girls had the swings, the boys the "monkey bars" and chin up bars. A manhole covering the middle became home plate for baseball, boys only. Arms and fists were bats and a rubber ball tossed underhand. One time one of the older boys put it through Sister Superior's window on the second floor. Let's just say she wasn't very happy!

Across the playground was Holy Rosary Church, at least as long as I went there. Once monthly we'd be trooped over by class for confessions. There were masses several times a year and stations of the cross every Friday during lent. Anyone who was a school kid in the pre-Vatican II era knows exactly what I'm talking about. Anyone who hasn't...you'll have a hard time understanding. School and church were our formation, got into us deep and taught us who we really are, or maybe were. It was real to be Franco the, not a historical artifact or a cultural curiosity. It's no accident that things started going downhill when the church began saying mass in the vernacular, and the school went from a half day of French to an hour of French to no French.... for the record, "vernacular" in church meant, per the diocese, English. One French mass was offered early Sunday morning for the

elderly and nostalgic. That was all.

A loss of one's native language intertwined with the loss of one's religion and the debasing of one's culture. This I will not let anyone argue the contrary. I lived through it. I know. Ask any Franco of a certain age and give me no sociology. Sociology only debases the experiences of people in real time. Enough editorializing.

Holy Rosary School was taught by nuns of the Holy Cross order, based in Montreal. There were two Nuns per class, one of r English, the other for French. I keep hearing stories of the Nun's ferociousness and sadism. I never experienced it. Perhaps it was because I was a "legacy" having four great Aunts in the order, or more probably because I wasn't troublesome child, you to remember that even in the 1950's corporal punishment was allowed in most NH schools. I saw some, but mostly it was for defiance and no more than my public school friends talked about.

That's not to say the threat wasn't used as a deterrent. My first year in Kindergarten, as a 5 year old in 1953, they trooped all the boys into Sister Superior's office where we were urged to study hard and to obey the Sisters and not misbehave. "And if you don't, you will get this _ _ _ _", she said opening the top drawer of her desk revealing an army surplus web belt, with many metal grommets on it. I was there eight more years and I can't recall the belt ever being used. Funny, I can't recall the girls trooped off to Sister Superior's Office. But that's how things were back in 1953.

We prayed, on our knees, on the tile floor, three or four times daily, prayers were always in French, memorized from a booklet given us at the beginning of each year, and as we grew more prayers were added. Funny, I can still rattle off many of them in French, (Continued on page 25)

Playing on the Streets in Central Falls

BY Robert Poniowski (poniator@gmail.com)

As an octogenarian, I have conceded that my short term memory has near shorted out. However, my long-term recall is keen and vivid, especially when I remember growing up in an old compact city among my Franco- American playmates. The fun we had I will NEVER forget. During the time of the big war, (1941 to 1945) we found play on the streets of the city .

Central Falls, Rhode Island, a crowded piece of real estate of 21,000 habitants squeezed into one square mile. The west end was dominated by buildings on a mini-mount : L'Eglise and L'Ecole de St Mathieu. These beacons radiated to surrounding streets of three deckers , domnino-style. side-to side. The church

(D'OU JE VIENS: A SCHOOL CLOSES
continued from page 24)

but don't ask me to say them in English. It gets into you deep!

We had two Nuns per grade, one for French, one for English, and we changed class rooms morning and afternoon as we changed languages. Each grade was divided into two groups of 20-25 students each. Holy Rosary, when I was there, had about 400 children in the elementary grades. It was one of the bigger schools in the Diocese.

Some Nuns had a reputation for being easy, other for being strict, and you put up with what you got. I remember one sister had a brother who worked in the local Coca-Cola bottling company. Her students were liable to get occasional "treats" after the brother's visit. We looked forward to it.

My fourth grade English teacher, Sr. Benoit-Joseph, was a large, florid, blustery woman made even more huge by her billowing habit and the white corrugated "crown" atop her head. To a small skinny nine year old she looked and sounded like she could play line backer for the Chicago Bears.

Fast forward forty years to the mid 1990's. I was visiting my great Aunt at the Holy Cross Nuns' retirement home in Manchester, NH. There's some one who wants to see you," she said, leading me into a room. There, sitting on a bed, clad in a nightgown, was an elderly nun, tiny, not more than five feet tall and 100 pounds, if that. I must have looked perplexed. "Don't you recognize me? I'm sister Benoit. I taught you in the fourth

and the school fostered our spiritual and intellectual growth . Monseigneur Laliberté (the pastor) built a grand, granite, gothic structure that inspired some 2500 families. The school, hosted by the Sisters of St Anne, was a four story fortress of yellow and orange bricks that reached the summit of Dexter Street. Daily, it offered a half day of English, Math, and Science , and in the afternoon: La foi (catechisme) , la langue, (-dicte'e), la musique, (with such ditties as "Au clair de la lune.." and "J'ai perdue the DO de my clarinette". Included, of course, was practice in cursive writing. So , every day, our lives were filled with these regular infusions. However , at three pm, we were dismissed and sent home , where we were

grade." With my astonishment came the realization that things look different when one is 9 and later about 45.

The school basement was also the cafeteria, and where we recessed in inclement weather. It was the home of Madame Delisle, the school cook, and her staff. For the first couple of years I brought my own lunch, then elected to take hot lunch. As I recall it was less that \$2.00/week. Whatever we got came with a half pint bottle of whole milk from Laverdiere's, a local dairy, and bread from Bergeron's (no relation) who had a commercial bakery two streets over.

It's funny, I don't recall much of what we ate except for fish sticks, that were horrible. And later replaced by some kind of Tuna Casserole. There was some kind of beef and gravy on mashed potatoes (real ones), and the bread occasionally spread with corton instead of butter. I seem to remember a lot of was beans and canned fruit for dessert. Anyone feeling nostalgic?

There was a big lighted board high on one wall that indicated at least once weekly that the school became "Our Lady of St. Beano", with a sigh underneath "No one under 18 Allowed in this hall during Beano games." I don't recall when that happened. I was never there. I do remember a penny sale or two.

At one end of the cafeteria was a well provisioned stage. I remember my big "star turn" came in about the fifth grade, in a religious play. I was on one side of the stage, a "native" boy, conversing with an American

discharged once again by our parents to go out and PLAY.

There were no organized sports for us at that time, no adult guidance, or little commercially- sold items. We had to use what things we could find in the neighborhood to create our own games. We made up the rules for our play; we designated our referees and we proclaimed the standards for victory or defeat. Truly, it was the time of exploration and improvisation.

For example, here are some of the pastimes we devised . "PEGGY" Some discarded broom handle provided the equipment, By cutting off a six inch piece of the handle, sharpening both ends of the small section and the end of the large stick, we had the necessary tools. A good whack of the peggy to raise it from the ground and three bigger whallops to send it flying down the street and "the game was on". Farthest fling after three tries was declared the winner.

(Continued on page 29)

(?) boy on a telephone about how wonderful it was to be Catholic. The play was in French, because of my role I was in black face. Political correctness was nowhere on the horizon.

A year or two later I participated in a talent contest on that same stage. I played, on the piano, a hit song at the time, "Calcutta Popularized by the Lawrence Welk Ban (Go date yourself!) I didn't prepare well. I bombed.

In June 1962, about 50 eager 13 year olds stood on that stage to receive our diplomas as graduates of the eighth grade from Monsignor Gilles Simard, Holy Rosary's new Pastor. We went out to the straws of our class song, "When you come at the end of a Perfect Day," written in the early 20th century by Carrie Jacobs Bond. To this day it's been a puzzle to me why the Sister in charge of music did not choose anything either in French or sacred. Considering my time at Holy Rosary, I've come to consider the choice more than a little ironic.

By this time most of those eager graduates, those who are still alive, are in their mid '70's. Some have gone on. I'm afraid, I have not kept good track of those left behind. I know a couple of stories, but they wouldn't make the school proud.

And that's all I have for now. I seem to recall from Proust how sometimes memories come from common objects. I could be mistaken, I wasn't a very attentive French major. Anyway, thanks for reading. There may be more.

(NDLR: Reprinted with permission from Marcus Wolf. Article first appeared in the *UMaine News* which can be found here: <https://umaine.edu/news/blog/2023/05/10/erica-desjardins-fulbright-recipient-to-study-international-affairs-in-france/>)



Erica Desjardins: Fulbright recipient to study international affairs in France

Recent University of Maine graduate Erica Desjardins of Bangor, Maine received an award from the Fulbright U.S. Student Program to pursue a master's degree in European and International Affairs at Cergy Paris University in France.

The Fulbright U.S. Student Program, a signature program from the U.S. Department of State, funds opportunities for U.S. students to conduct research, earn a degree or teach English as a second language in one of more than 140 countries. Recipients like Desjardins, who is majored in international relations at UMaine with a concentration in international security and a minor in French, are selected based on their academic achievements and potential to be cultural ambassadors.

Desjardins joins the ranks of the 32 other UMaine students who have participated in the Fulbright U.S. student program since its start in 1946. She also is the first in recent years to be awarded a Fulbright Study Research award to complete a degree.

Desjardins needed to have advanced knowledge of French and German to earn her award and study at Cergy Paris University. She is a native German speaker and as part of her application to the university — which is a separate process from the Fulbright application — she was asked to interview in French and German.

While at UMaine, Desjardins has studied a wide range of topics in international affairs, including American foreign policy, international relations, Central Asia and the South Caucasus, terrorism, European politics and the global political economy. She says she feels that her “previous studies and professional experiences would help [her] to smoothly transition into this area of studies.”

According to Fulbright, Cergy Paris University is a multidisciplinary teaching and research university located outside of Paris with five graduate schools that focus on law and political science; business and management; education; arts and humanities; and sciences, engineering and economics. Desjardins plans to begin her 10-month long graduate program there in August. She says she looks forward to studying abroad to help achieve her goal of working for a U.S. embassy anywhere in the world, as well as enhancing her ability to speak French.

“I am extremely honored to have received this prestigious award. I feel very fortunate to have been given this amazing opportunity,” Desjardins says. “While I am in France, I want to make the most of my experience by getting involved as much as possible with



my university and community. As one of the most diverse cities in the world, I am looking forward to meeting new people!”

Desjardins’ application was supported by the UMaine Office of Major Scholarships and by Fulbright Program adviser and anthropology professor Christine Beitzl. Several UMaine faculty members contributed to the success of her application by writing recommendation letters and by participating in the internal campus review process.

“Erica is a brilliant and insightful student who has worked so hard during her time at UMaine to earn this opportunity,” says Kristin Vekasi, director of international affairs. “We are thrilled that she will be representing the U.S. abroad during the Fulbright program.”

We spoke with Desjardins more about her goals and experiences at UMaine:

What motivated you to pursue a master’s degree abroad?

When my older brother attended UMaine, he studied abroad in Ankara, Turkey in 2014. As a 13-year-old, I was amazed by all of the incredible stories and pictures he had to share, and it was at that moment I promised myself that someday I would study abroad too. During my junior year at UMaine, I finally fulfilled my promise to myself and I studied abroad in Bulgaria. It was the best experience of my life. Being fully immersed in a new culture is not only exciting, but extremely rewarding. In fact, I enjoyed my time abroad so much that I came back to UMaine to work as a study abroad peer adviser because I wanted to help others embark on a study abroad journey like I did. With the thought in mind that my final year at UMaine would fly by, I began searching for post-graduation opportunities fairly early on. I had no clue where to begin, nor any idea of what I wanted to do after graduation. *(Continued on page 27)*

(Erica Desjardins: Fulbright recipient to study international affairs in France continued from page 26)

Eventually, however, I stumbled upon the Fulbright scholarship opportunity and began looking through the programs being offered. I discovered a particular program and I was convinced that it would be perfect for me, given the eligibility requirements. This program requires students to speak advanced levels of German and French, among other requirements. As a native German speaker and a student minoring in French, I was very drawn to this program and I know that studying in France will help heighten my language skills. I am a firm believer in going abroad and experiencing the world. It's one thing to read about a culture in a textbook, but it's another thing to go and experience it for yourself.

How will this program assist you with your academic or professional goals?

For nearly my entire life, I have envisioned myself working in an embassy somewhere in the world. During my undergraduate career, I have developed a stronger understanding of what path I could take to reach my professional goal. My dream job is to become a foreign service officer for the United States Department of State, either as a political officer or a public diplomacy officer. As the Fulbright program is funded through the U.S. Department of State, I feel as though this award will work as a stepping stone and will help bring me closer to my career goal. Additionally, the Fulbright program grants alumni with a non-competitive eligibility hiring status within the federal government after the completion of the program, so I am hoping to take advantage of this incredible opportunity.

Why did you choose to pursue your undergraduate degree at UMaine?

I chose to pursue my undergraduate degree at the University of Maine because all three of my older siblings attended UMaine and I have always looked up to them, so I wanted to follow in their footsteps.

Describe any research, internships or scholarly pursuits in which you have participated:

In the summer of 2022, I interned for the Borgen Project, a nonprofit organization

that battles global poverty by making it a priority of American foreign policy. I enjoyed this internship and it sparked a new subject of interest in me: battling global poverty.

Beyond academics, what extracurricular activities have occupied your time?

There are a few extracurricular activities that I have participated in at UMaine. I spent two years as a diver for the UMaine Women's Swimming and Diving team and I spent three years as the German Club treasurer. I have also worked as a study abroad peer adviser for UMaine's Office of International Programs.

Have you worked closely with a mentor, professor or role model who made your time at UMaine better?

I have worked closely with many mentors and professors at the University of Maine, all of which have helped me grow so much as an individual and I cannot thank all of them enough. One person in particular is Nives Dal Bo-Wheeler. Nives is the director of the Office of Major Scholarships and has greatly assisted me during my Fulbright scholarship application. I don't think my application would have been so strong if it wasn't for her help, and for that I am very grateful. She works really hard in advising students to submit their best work and her encouragement leaves students feeling hopeful and proud, no matter what. Recently, Nives hosted an event called "I Hit Submit" that recognized every student who submitted an application to any scholarship this year, regardless of whether the student received the scholarship or not. As many application processes are tedious, I think this event is remarkable because it celebrates the hard work of each student, which is very uplifting.

Did you have an experience at UMaine that shaped or changed how you see the world?

Before studying abroad in Bulgaria, I was originally planning to study abroad in Germany. I had been dead-set on that idea. I even received the Gilman Scholarship to study abroad in Mannheim, Germany. But as the time drew nearer, COVID-19 ruined all those plans for me. I remember the day the study abroad adviser called me bearing the news that they could no longer send students

to Germany due to COVID issues, and then she told me I had about one week to decide where else to go. She recommended that I check out American University in Bulgaria. As deadlines were rapidly approaching, I didn't really have any other option, so I followed her advice. Since the Gilman scholarship is program-specific, I was not able to transfer the award to a new program, meaning I lost all means of funding. My adviser, however, told me about many other scholarships that I could quickly apply for, which I was luckily able to receive. During this stressful situation, UMaine staff and friends supported and helped me, which was very comforting. This experience taught me that life is extremely unpredictable and challenging, but it is important to be flexible and make the most of the difficult situation. Little did I know that going to Bulgaria would have such a positive impact on my life, so this situation definitely shaped me into a more optimistic person.

Describe UMaine in one word

If I had to describe UMaine in one word, I would say "dedicated!"

Please explain

After my exchange semester in Bulgaria, I've stayed in contact with many students from all over the country and the world. I often tell them about various events and activities happening on campus. Their responses are often along the lines of, "I wish my university did that!" This is very eye-opening to me because it truly makes me realize how many universities, not just across the country, but even across the whole world, are not as involved as UMaine is. If you want to study abroad, the Office of International Programs is dedicated to making sure it happens, regardless of one's financial needs or restrictions. If someone wishes to participate in a club, the UMaine community welcomes and accepts them into the club with open arms. If someone needs extra time or help, UMaine provides accommodations accordingly. If someone needs assistance with a scholarship application, the Office of Major Scholarships has a devoted team of advisers. Compared to other universities, UMaine has a lot to offer in services. UMaine does what it can to set students up for success because they are very dedicated to the student body and community. I think

(Continued on page 28)

UMaine Franco American Programs receives \$350K from National Endowment for the Humanities



The National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) awarded \$350,000 to the University of Maine Franco American Programs for a project to digitize historic materials and make them openly available online.

UMaine will conduct the project on behalf of the Franco American Collections Consortium, a collaboration of university archives that maintain collections of books, documents, photos, oral histories, art, maps and artifacts related to French-Canadian and Acadian heritage communities.

The project will digitize nearly 40,000 pages of French-language and bilingual French-English family correspondence, historic scrapbooks, manuscripts, artworks, personal diaries, songbooks and other personal papers, as well as numerous oral history audio recordings. These materials illuminate 150 years of struggles and triumphs of Franco Americans from all over New England.

Once digitized, all of the items will be hosted online at the Franco American Digital Archives/Portail franco-américain, which provides bilingual access to Franco American materials at institutions across North America. The portal collects a diversity of Franco American primary sources for scholars, community members and the public. It

uses both standardized and cultural specific metadata to create a full range of access points. The portal was created with support from another NEH grant that UMaine Franco American Programs received in 2020.



“Five academic institutions have been working for five years on this project, and we are honored that the NEH has recognized the importance of our work and the significance of these materials,” says Susan Pinette, professor of modern languages and director of Franco American Programs.

This project responds to the NEH’s special focus on the 250th anniversary of American independence, emphasizing the contributions of under-represented communities in the nation’s history. In the 19th and 20th centuries, Franco Americans faced deep-seated antagonism for their language, Catholicism, family ties to their home

country and perceived willingness to accept low wages. They were racialized in public discourse and often excluded from civic life.

Franco American materials offer unique insight into a broad range of research questions concerning ethnic and religious America, worker relations, gender and family dynamics, political party formation, language usage and folkways. Despite this, Franco American materials are rarely known and often hard to find. The term “Franco-Americans” was designated a Library of Congress subject heading only in 2008. This project aims to bolster the available information about the history of these people.

“Collectively, these sources chronicle a unique cultural community whose materials continue to be neglected and hard to access,” Pinette says.

Contact: Susan Pinette
spinette@maine.edu

Franco American Portal Project:
<https://francoamericanportal.org>

(Erica Desjardins: Fulbright recipient to study international affairs in France continued from page 27)

UMaine’s dedication is very evident in all areas of student life.

How has UMaine prepared you for your post-graduation endeavors?

The Political Science and International Affairs departments offer a wide range of courses that have expanded my knowledge and provided me with new perspectives. But my academic knowledge is not the only area where UMaine has shaped me and prepared me for my future. Being a part of such a

supportive community has been highly motivating. Having a strong sense of belonging has further developed my connections with peers, professors and anyone I encounter. UMaine has prepared me to take challenges head-on, to treat everyone I meet with respect and kindness, and to always put forth my best effort.

Overall, I am very grateful for the wonderful experience I have had at UMaine. I have taken so many interesting classes, I have worked with devoted professors and faculty members, I was able to have a memorable study abroad experience and I made many lifelong friends. Last weekend, I attended the University of Maine Foundation’s True Blue Toast, where graduating students

who have donated to a UMaine organization are given a philanthropy cord and pin. I definitely intend to maintain a tradition of giving back to UMaine because UMaine has truly given so much to me.

Students interested in applying for the Fulbright U.S. Student Program can contact the Office of Major Scholarships at nives.dalbowheeler@maine.edu for application support.

Contact: Marcus Wolf, 207.581.3721;
marcus.wolf@maine.edu

(Playing on the Streets in Central Falls continued from page 25)

Broom handles also provided another bat for a contest called FORKBALL. Using an abandoned jug bottle cork, covering it with electrical tape, we produced a missile that could be tossed as a fastball, a curve and a change-up. Our black field of dreams was created: a water cover in the middle of street was designated home, an electrical pole, first base, a sewer cover, 2nd base, another pole for third. There was plenty of room because of the paucity of parked cars.

Other variants of the sport, one of which was played with a jackknife. Using a two-bladed knife and a wooden porch step, we devised a game where players flipped the knife from a sitting three point position. If it landed on a one blade, it was a single; if on a longer one, a double; if it landed blade up, it was a triple and home run was a knife lying on its backside. Another version of baseball was to employ a small air-filled pink ball struck against a neighbor's street-fronting wall. Since houses had cement sidewalk borders, we quickly learned that with a certain amount of skill and strength, one could toss the ball against the wall so that it trailed across to opposing players. A whizz could aim the hit so that it produced a grounder, a line drive, or a fly ball. No catches by the opposing team and you advanced the bases. Three fieldings by them and you were out.

At other times, we made great use of discarded tin cans, piled on the sidewalks

. Now, it was time for KICK THE CAN down the street, or VERTICAL BOWLING: where, after we erected a pyramid-shaped structure of various containers; the bowler then rolled a #3 can from across the street and struck down the standing "pins". Still, at other times, we found uses for cans for our sand forts. These were created by filling the various cans with local clay dirt and water, making bricks for construction. Finally, we devised a primitive telephone system by punching holes in two cans, adding a

Were we ever bored on the streets? Left to our own curiosity, invention and any discarded items we could find, we would play for hours.

long string or wire to connect to two adjacent tenements. My neighbor and I had free and long chats. Voila: can-ed communications!

Another handy resource was some discarded agates from a fiberglass-making plant at the far end of our street. The plant's remnants produced some items that made excellent marbles for an exciting game of CHICKY CHASE or HOLE IN THE CIRCLE. In the fall, we plucked chestnuts from trees at a neighboring Abbey. A nut, with a hole in the middle and a shoe lace through the hole and it was ready for the challenge of KING-ERR. The competition consisted

of whacking your opponent's nut, until you rendered it puck-marked like stripes on a rifle handle, or you completely obliterated his prized object and declared yourself KING, with the number of conquests added to your nutty weapon.

Some of our games needed little or no equipment: Jump rope, Hop scotch, Hide and seek, and BUCK BUCK. That latter boyish scheme involved one team setting up a caterpillar-type line of kids bending over, face to butt. Other team members skip-jumped up the line as far as possible causing the opposing line to weaken or collapse. Weighty kids were highly prized.

At that time, almost every boy was expected to carry a pocket knife, not as a weapon, but as a tool. With hours of leisure time to spare, one could take up basic whittling, producing some knotty objects. Our knives came in handy also for stripping branches to make frames for kites. And there was a game called LAND CARVE. After we outlined a ranch size territory in the sand, your opponent, pitched his knife, to carve up your designated land lot until there was not enough space left to fit half of a sneakered foot inside.

Were we ever bored on the streets? Left to our own curiosity, invention and any discarded items we could find, we would play for hours. How sweet it was. Taking the long look back (*je me souviens*) as the song says, "*Il y a longtemps que je t'aime, JAMAIS Je ne t'oublierai.*" (It's been a longtime that I loved you, NEVER will I forget).



Lettres/ Letters

Dear Le Forum;

Happy New Year, Lisa! The Forum is outstanding!

Best wishes for 2023!

*John England
St. Paul, MN*



Dear Lisa and 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 Le Forum;

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

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

Thank you for printing Ron Heroux' most informative essay.

kKindest regards,

*Alex Belair
Avon, CT*

(for the family of Richard L. Belair)

A Conversation with Franco-American Educator and Researcher Armand B. Chartier

By Ron Héroux (frannie542@aol.com)

Born in New Bedford, MA in 1938 to French speaking parents whose ancestors were from the Province of Québec, Armand Chartier's first language was French, and he attended a bilingual parochial elementary school. His high school years and his first two years of college were spent at the Séminaire de Joliette (Joliette, Québec) where his studies were conducted in French.

Chartier then earned a Bachelor of Arts degree with a major in French from Assumption College where he excelled in his ability to write and speak French. After spending a few years teaching High School French and three years in the US Armed Forces, he earned a Masters and a Doctorate in French literature from the University of Massachusetts-Amherst.

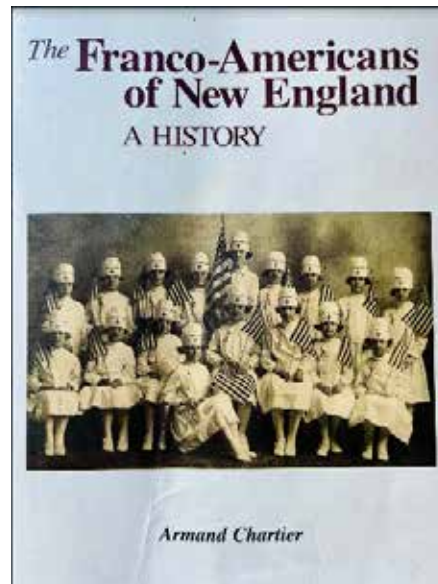
With his academic credentials in hand and his research capabilities well established, he became a lecturer at the University of Massachusetts, an assistant professor of French at North Adams State College and eventually spent 29 years as a Professor of French at the University of Rhode Island (URI). Upon retiring from URI in 2000, he was honored by being given the coveted title of Emeritus Professor of French. Chartier currently resides in Acushnet, MA.

During his career, Chartier received many accolades and awards in his dedicated efforts promoting and researching the literature and history of Franco Americans. Some of these include: induction into the American-French Genealogical Society's Hall of Fame, "l'Ordre de la fidélité" presented by the Conseil de la Vie Française en Amérique and the Grand Prix medal from the Société Historique Franco-Américaine. He was also made a member of the "Ordre des Francophones d'Amérique".

Chartier's crowning achievement was the publication of his well-researched book, *The Franco-Americans of New England – A History*. It was originally published in French (1991) and later translated into English (1999) with a postscript co-authored with Dr. Claire Quintal, founder and past director of the French Institute, Assumption

University, Worcester, MA.

For more biographical information and a complete listing of Armand Chartier's many publications, view or download this data from the French Institute's online *Dictionary of Franco-American Authors Writing in French / Dictionnaire des auteurs franco-américains de langue française* (<https://library.assumption.edu>).



Although you have written many articles and essays dealing with French literature and Franco-American topics, why did you decide to write an extensive history of Franco Americans of New England? How long did it take you to write it, and why did you initially write it in French and then agree nine years later to have it translated into English with an added postscript?

The idea for writing this book came out of a conversation I had with Monsieur Bernard Genton, who, in the 1980s, was the Cultural Attaché at the French Consulate in Boston. He thought I was in a good position to prepare a "sketch" of the Franco Americans. However, once I started doing research for this rendering, I realized that the subject warranted much more than a small volume; so, over a period of maybe 4 to 5 years, I



Armand B. Chartier

kept adding to my text until I felt that I had done justice to the subject which has always been dear to me.

Around 1989-1990, I met Monsieur Denis Vaugeois, founding director of the Editions du Septentrion in Québec, who published my book in 1991. The idea of writing it in French came naturally. When Professor Robert Lemieux suggested translating the book to make it accessible to English-language readers, there was no reason to object to such a sensible idea. Professor Claire Quintal became the co-translator and eventually co-author with me of the book's postscript on the experience of the Franco Americans during the 1990s. I also added three appendixes and an extensive bibliography broken down under various subjects to help the reader locate more information on Franco Americans.

Who provided you with the most inspiration and encouragement in your efforts to promote our Franco-American heritage?

Professor Donald Dugas enabled me to present a paper on Franco-American literature at a major conference on American ethnic literatures at Texas Tech University. The paper was published, and this re-oriented my career from 19th century French Literature to Franco-American literature and history. Professor Paul-P. Chassé was an enthusiastic supporter of my research and activism. Having written a masterful doctoral dissertation on Franco-American poets at the Université Laval, he was well positioned to guide me through my early research in Franco-American literature. Professor Claire Quintal invited me sever-
(Continued on page 31)

(A Conversation with Franco-American Educator and Researcher Armand B. Chartier continued from page 30)

al times to present research papers at her Franco-American Studies Conferences at Assumption College in the 1980s. These papers were published in the conference proceedings. She later co-translated my *Histoire des Franco-Américains de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*. She was a dear friend and mentor. I miss her deeply.

What was it like growing up French in a textile city like New Bedford with a mix of various ethnic groups speaking French, Portuguese, Polish and English?

“Growing up French” meant growing up bilingual in the 1940s and 1950s in New Bedford. French was my first language as my parents insisted that French be spoken at home at all times. The parish elementary school I attended was bilingual: the French language, religion, and the history of Canada were taught in French for half a day while the other half was spent in English as we studied U.S. history, geography and the English language itself.

Why did you decide to continue your schooling in the Province of Québec after completing your elementary school years in New Bedford, MA?

There existed bonds of friendship between my home parish (Saint-Antoine-de-Padoue) in New Bedford and the Séminaire de Joliette (Joliette, QC). The prospect of going there for high school and college became very appealing, not only because I was thinking of becoming a priest, but because Joliette offered a solid eight-year course of study leading to a Bachelor of Arts degree. Having won a major scholarship from l'Union Saint-Jean-Baptiste d'Amérique, I was off to Joliette in 1952. In the fall of 1957, I transferred from Joliette to Assumption College as a junior.

In 1984, you wrote in an article* that “for the continuation of an active Franco-American culture to survive in the northeast of the US, it is necessary that there be an active link between the Québécois and the Franco-Americans”. Do you still feel this way? *(“Franco-Americans and Québec: Linkages and Potentials in the Northeast” (p.163-) in *Problems and Op-*

portunities in US Québec Relations, 1984)

Yes. Linkages with Québec and France have been absolutely vital to the maintenance of Franco-American culture. Losing these connections has been an effect of the passing of time and of indifference. Our immigrant grandparents kept these connections “organically”, so to speak. They naturally stayed in touch with families they left behind when they immigrated. Most of their children gave up these connections because they were not emotionally close to anyone in Québec. Indifference to cousins in Québec led to indifference to Québec life and culture in general. I would argue that growing away from Québec family and culture was a loss that might have been avoided. Franco-Americans could have been bicultural, maybe even tri-cultural if they had also stayed in touch with some aspects of French life and culture.

So, do you feel the American melting pot has to a large degree wiped out our Franco-American identity and heritage?

Unfortunately, yes, except for parts of New Hampshire and Maine. American culture is both powerful and seductive, and its seductiveness is part of its power!

Since you and other historians researching Franco-American history have often cited information from the well documented HISTOIRE DES FRANCO-AMÉRICAINS published in 1958 by the noted French Canadian historian Robert Rumilly, should this book be translated into English and indexed properly?

Although very little publicized, there exists an English translation of Rumilly’s “classic” work detailing the history of Franco-American institutions and ethno-religious conflicts. It was translated by the brothers George and Richard Christian and is available at the library of the French Institute in Worcester, MA. An index of the book was developed by students of Prof. Paul Chassé and is located in the library of St. Anselm College (Manchester, NH) in its Franco-American collection. It would be helpful to researchers if a copy of this translation and index existed in a searchable digital format.

Why did you write a 39 page booklet in 1993 titled French New Bedford--A



Armand Chartier thinks a case could be made that Claire Quintal was the number one Franco-American of her generation. He considers her his mentor.

Historical Overview of Franco-Americans of New Bedford?

It was a tribute to my native city, and it was dedicated to the many Franco-American War Veterans of New Bedford. My booklet is based not only on historical facts but on interviews with many older Franco-Americans of this community whose memories of life in this mill city I wanted to preserve and hopefully become the basis of further research regarding our rich cultural heritage. I believe that life as described in my booklet and centered on its many French Catholic parishes and schools can be viewed as a microcosm of the French-Canadian/

Are there other comments you would like to add?

One of the high points of my dealings with Franco-Americans on a practical level involves Ray Bertrand, a New Bedford businessman whom I knew back in the 1990s. Ray's Dad was one of the very last Sharpshooters--Francs-Tireurs--a major New Bedford Franco-American social and cultural organization with an impressive library of French-language books. A significant issue when the Sharpshooters closed up shop in the 1970s was the disposition of this library. I had mentioned to Ray the possibility of donating this collection to the French Institute at Assumption College and he liked the idea. So one day I received a call from Ray saying: "I have the books. I don't know if you want them, but I've got them." It turned out that the books filled his car... then mine, before I brought them to Claire Quintal who was happy to add them to the Institute's collection.



After “Carmen” in a Paris Café

We'd just seen Bizet's “Carmen” -
an awful uneven performance -
so bad we really enjoyed it.

Afterwards, we went off to talk
and choose the very worst part.
We'd already decided this much:
Carmen couldn't dance, sing, or act.

We discovered a lively café
where we sat drinking mulled wine.
As the cold April breeze had chilled us
we clasped the warm cups tightly.

What was the very worst bit?
The ending won hands down.
Staggering awkwardly backwards,
Carmen collapsed center stage.

All too soon the strange night ended
and we sauntered happily home.
Sometimes talking, sometimes silent,
we pondered our odd adventure.

*Margaret S. Langford
Maplewood 201 River Road
Westmoreland, NH 03467*

David Le Gallant : Diplômé en droit de l'Université de Moncton (Monckton) 1990 : Texte concocté et autorisé à titre de résumé comprenant divers passages et extraits d'une contribution phare prévue en 2024 pour la 13e édition de la revue internationale Veritas Acadie (chouetteacadienne.siva@gmail.com).

Le 6 mai 2023

Votre Majesté,

Je désire porter à votre intention qu'actuellement au Canada plusieurs s'interrogent sur le rôle génocidaire à l'endroit des Acadiens d'un député de la Chambre des communes en Angleterre (élu en 1751, Pontefract) qui exécuta la cruelle déportation de 1 100 Acadiens de l'isthme de Chignecto pour laquelle il fut promu en décembre 1755 au titre et à la charge de lieutenant-gouverneur de la Nouvelle-Écosse. C'est lui qui s'empara des forts Beauséjour et Gaspereau. La ville de Moncton, qui portait le nom acadien de « *Le Coude* » perpétue sa mémoire, bien que l'orthographe ait été modifiée. Son nom est Robert Monckton. Au regard du droit international conventionnel adopté depuis 1945 et en particulier la Convention du 9 décembre 1948, les faits d'armes criminels de ce militaire sont aujourd'hui qualifiés par plusieurs de la plus haute gravité contre une population civile, innocente et désarmée.

Une dictature prit forme en Nouvelle-Écosse sous la tutelle du gouvernement *whig* de la métropole à Londres qui a réduit les Acadiens à un état de servitude, privés de leurs droits civiques et politiques et réduits en minorité légale perpétuelle. Un serment d'allégeance fut sollicité sous la menace et la contrainte. Les autorités britanniques ont exploité la méprise des Acadiens qui croyaient, à tort, qu'un serment d'allégeance *absolue* constituerait un engagement solennel de se soumettre, sans réserve, à tout ordre provenant de Sa Majesté dont le dénouement final aurait été la décision non seulement brutale, cruelle et arbitraire dudit 28 juillet 1755 mais aussi sans la moindre apparence de légalité. Faux : Le 28 juillet n'était que pour emboîter le pas à ce qui avait été auparavant fomenté en Grande-Bretagne par les hommes du duc de Cumberland, le fils du roi George II. Ses hommes s'appelaient Cornwallis, Monckton, Amherst, Boscowen et celui qui s'est acquitté à semer la terreur sur les rives de la rivière Saint-Jean, avec un cynique sang-froid et même une certaine allégresse, ledit député Robert Monckton.

Votre Majesté, le colonel Monckton avec une force de 3 000 hommes et 18 vaisseaux a opéré une politique de dévastation et de terre brûlée contre une population terrorisée et affamée. Des centaines d'Acadiens et leurs familles furent la cible de sa machine de destruction en marche, en février 1759. Comme l'avait exprimé avec tant d'à propos, le chancelier Thomas More : « *S'agit-il de conquérir de nouveaux royaumes, tout moyen leur est bon : le sacré et le profane. Le crime et le sang, rien ne les arrête.* »

Les conquérants de Québec n'avaient pas oublié les Acadiens. Après la capitulation de Québec, un forfait met en lumière la détermination des autorités britanniques de ne laisser aucun répit aux Acadiens et de les détruire en tant que peuple. S'adressant au colonel Monckton, S'adressant au colonel Monckton, 200 Acadiens, sans feu ni lieu, lui demandent une autorisation pour aller se rétablir le long de la rivière Saint-Jean. L'autorisation octroyée, les malheureux entreprennent sans délai un voyage de 600 milles qui dure jusqu'à la fin novembre 1759. Arrivés à la rivière Saint-Jean, ils sont faits prisonniers, hommes, femmes et enfants, et envoyés en prison à Halifax dans le but d'être déportés. La capitulation de Montréal allait fournir une autre occasion de constater à quel point l'obsession anglaise de détruire les Acadiens en tant que peuple était opiniâtre. Dans le projet de capitulation préparé et transmis à Son Excellence le général Amherst, le gouverneur Vaudreuil demande, à l'article 39 : « *...qu'aucun Français, restant au Canada, ne sera transporté dans les colonies anglaises ni en Angleterre.* » Réponse du général Amherst : « *Accordé, à la réserve des Acadiens* ». Référant au sort que les autorités réservaient à la population acadienne, les mots du capitaine Knox sont encore probablement les plus révélateurs : « *on veut lui enlever (au peuple acadien) à tout jamais le moyen de faire quelque figure en cette partie du monde* ». Et à l'article 54 du même acte : « *Les officiers, les militaires et les Acadiens prisonniers en Nouvelle-Angleterre seront renvoyés en leur pays.* » Réponse du général Amherst : « *Accordé, sauf à l'égard des Acadiens.* » Il semblerait que ces autorités étaient tellement

(suite page 33)

(Votre Majesté suite de page 32)

imbues et coinvaincues de leur supériorité morale et intellectuelle pour simplement admettre qu'ils étaient eux aussi des simples citoyens de la communauté universelle du genre humain...

Un crime d'intention spécifique

Votre Majesté, le *génocide* et les *crimes contre l'humanité* constituent des crimes d'État. Ce qui les distingue le premier des autres est que le génocide est un crime d'intention spécifique. Et cette intention est de faire disparaître un peuple comme tel pour ce qu'il est et non pour ce qu'il fait, peu importe l'ampleur des massacres et des carnages. Dans le cas acadien en 1755, les preuves historiques démontrent clairement que le peuple acadien a été victime d'une succession d'actes criminels prémédités, perpétrés tant par les autorités de la Nouvelle-Écosse qu'avec l'assentiment des autorités métropolitaines.

Tant en vertu du droit anglais que du droit coutumier de l'époque, tous ces actes perpétrés contre les Acadiens sont illégaux et gravement criminels. La séquestration arbitraire des notables à partir du 4 juillet 1755, puis la confiscation et la destruction arbitraire des biens et des propriétés, la réduction à l'esclavage de toute la population, les battues générales et les chasses à mort contre les fuyards, la répétition des mêmes crimes pendant près de huit ans et l'acharnement à vouloir détruire cette population jusque dans ses ultimes retranchements, constituent autant de preuves de l'intention délibérée de faire disparaître un peuple dans un but essentiellement politique.

Dans le cas acadien, il y a eu certainement commission de crimes contre l'humanité mais, il y a eu davantage, puisque l'intention arrêtée des autorités était de faire disparaître ce groupe humain, non pour ce qu'il aurait pu faire mais pour ce qu'il était. En ce sens, on peut clairement affirmer que le peuple acadien a été victime d'un génocide « optimal ». Comment expliquer cette volonté d'extermination que même les traces de la présence acadienne soient supprimées avec persévérance et acharnement. À peu près tous les bâtiments sont rasés, les archives sont confisquées et plus jamais retrouvées. Les archives incriminantes du gouvernement de la Nouvelle-Écosse sont partiellement détruites. Les archives de Lord Halifax pour cette période sont également portées manquantes. Même la toponymie des lieux, pourtant déjà fort ancienne, est totalement éradiquée pour effacer toutes traces de la présence acadienne en Nouvelle-Écosse.

Votre Majesté, il y a eu perpétration d'un génocide contre le peuple acadien. Le colonel Robert Monckton a été le principal officier de Sa Majesté chargé de l'exécution de ce crime. Pour des raisons qui demeurent inexplicables, la Ville de Québec a choisi d'honorer la mémoire de ce criminel et de le présenter pour une de ses rues comme en exemple à la postérité. Pourquoi pas plutôt honorer la mémoire des victimes de ce génocide en renommant cette rue Beauséjour. Ironie de l'histoire : c'était bien le colonel Monckton qui avait un nom tout prêt pour remplacer le beau nom acadien de Beauséjour par celui de Cumberland.

Autrement, comment expliquer que l'université francophone cosmopolite du Nouveau-Brunswick qui forme la jeunesse acadienne porterait le nom du criminel de guerre, Robert Monckton? Et que le seul Acadien nommé jusqu'alors juge de la Cour suprême du Canada aurait des réserves quant à changer ce nom infâme...

Votre Majesté, feu les rois George II et George III ainsi que feu votre mère fort regrettée, ont tous fait essentiellement à leur couronnement le même serment que voici :

l'Archevêque : *Allez-vous faire en votre pouvoir qu'avec clémence soit appliqué le droit et soit rendue la justice dans tous vos jugements?*

Le Roi / La Reine: *Oui.*

Our Acadian Ancestry

Keith E Hummel

At first glance it may seem odd that I should be writing about my Acadian ancestry. I cannot speak French and, aside from a few months in my birthplace of Caribou, Maine, I have never lived in or near an Acadian community. My familial connection to Acadia, via my great-grandmother Sophie Martin, is minor in the grand scheme of things. But the story of Acadia and my Acadian ancestry is so compelling and so resonant with me, that I have wanted, for years, to capture it. Most of the information in this post has already been conveyed by countless others in enumerable ways. Perhaps, though, as someone looking in from the outside, so to speak, I can offer a slightly different perspective. My hope is that I will succeed in conveying the story to my daughters, cousins, and others in a way that preserves and honors this proud piece of my heritage.

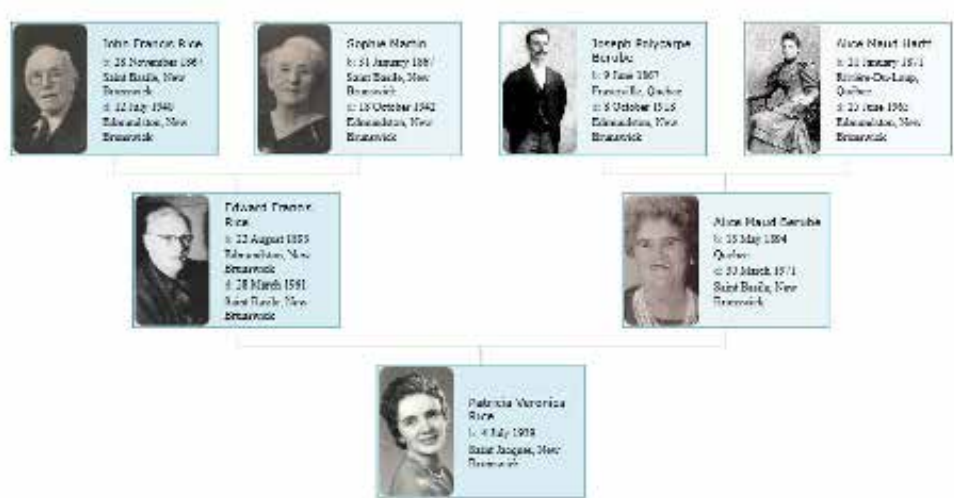


Figure 1: Parents and Grandparents of my mother, Patricia Veronica Rice

(Continued on page 34)

(Our Acadian Ancestry continued from page 33)

As a child growing up in Topeka, Kansas I often heard my mother tell stories about her upbringing in New Brunswick, Canada. From the food to the language to the weather, her childhood home was a very different place from the one I was growing up in. I loved listening to all of her stories, but the one that fascinated me the most was about a character named Evangeline. As my mother told the tale, Evangeline was from a place known as L'Acadie who roamed the woods of New Brunswick in search of her lost love who had been taken away. Occasionally my mom would even sing a song about Evangeline that she had learned as a young girl. Though I couldn't understand the French lyrics I could hear the mournfulness of the song and I knew it meant a lot to her.

Acadia sounded like folklore to me then, like something out of a Disney movie. Who were these Acadians? I wanted to meet them, but they didn't seem real. It wasn't until I was a teenager that I developed a more sophisticated understanding. When I was 17 years old my dad was asked to speak at a conference in Biloxi, Mississippi. He was working for Goodyear at the time and my mom decided to join him on the trip. While they were in Biloxi, they made a number of excursions to surrounding sites; a day in New Orleans, a day at Bellingrathe Gardens, trips to famous landmarks in the area.



Figure 2: *Evangeline Statue in St. Martinville, Louisiana* / Wikimedia Commons



Figure 3: *Joseph Rusling Meeker (American, 1827-1889). The Acadians in the Achafalaya, "Evangeline," 1871*

What they saw on that trip fascinated and surprised my mother. All around her were reminders of her home in distant Saint-Jacques, New Brunswick. The food, the music, the language were all familiar. Most surprisingly, perhaps, references to the legendary Evangeline of Acadian lore were seemingly everywhere.

But how could this be? How did a culture from the Canadian Maritimes end up in southern Mississippi and Louisiana, over two-thousand miles to the South? My mother, of course, knew the answer, and I was finally mature enough to listen to her explanation. But it wasn't until years later that I truly understood our connection. Learning that my great-grandmother, Sophie Martin, was the great-granddaughter of a native of Acadia, I could suddenly draw a direct line between myself and the mysterious land of Evangeline.

The term Acadia today refers to parts of Eastern Canada and Northern Maine that were once part of a colony of New France with the same name^[1]. For many school children like myself in the United States the only mention of Acadia was through the famous poem by [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#) named [Evangeline](#)^[2]. Centered around the life of a fictional Acadian girl, the very same Evangeline I had heard about from my mother, Longfellow's epic poem describes Acadia in nearly utopian terms.

While not quite the idyllic and pastoral place Longfellow described, it was indeed a place of seemingly boundless beauty and bounty.

The name Acadia was first coined in 1524 by an Italian explorer for France named [Giovanni da Verrazzano](#) when he visited the Atlantic coast of North America^[3]. On a 16th century map of the region he labeled the entire Atlantic coast North of Virginia as "Arcadia" after the Arcadia district of Greece. Meaning "refuge" or "idyllic place", the ancient Greek term seemed like a perfect label for the place he had seen. But Verrazzano was not the first European to discover the area. As far back as 1497 the Grand Banks of Newfoundland were being fished regularly by Norman, Breton, and Basque fishermen^[4]. For over a hundred years before it was colonized, the land of Acadia was being used as a European fishing and hunting outpost.

In 1603 [King Henry IV](#) named [Pierre Dugua de Mons](#) Lieutenant General of Acadia and New France and awarded him exclusive rights on the fur trade^[5]. In June of 1604 de Mons and [Samuel de Champlain](#) sailed five ships from France to the mouth of the St. Croix River dividing what is now New Brunswick and Maine. A contingent of 79 men settled at Île Sainte-Croix on the St Croix River, hoping to establish the first permanent settlement in Acadia. Unfortunately, their first winter did not go well.

(Continued on page 35)

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

From *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie* by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

(Our Acadian Ancestry continued from page 34)

Some 68 of the men contracted scurvy, 35 of whom died^[6]. It was a disastrous beginning for Acadia.

Prospects improved in 1605 when the men dismantled the St Croix settlement and moved across the Bay of Fundy to a better location they would name Port Royal^[6]. Of the site Samuel de Champlain would say that it was “the most suitable and pleasant for a settlement that we had seen.”^[7] Port Royal would become the first permanent European settlement north of St. Augustine, Florida. With a large protected bay, surrounded by fertile land with anchorage for many ships, Port Royal was a near perfect location.

With improved surroundings, the settlers got to work building the settlement and began to create a self-sustaining agricultural colony. They cleared large areas of land for grain and other crops. They built a mill and planted seeds they had brought from France. They forged a friendship and alliance with the indigenous Mi'kmaq people. By all accounts the new Acadian colony was thriving. Then political turmoil caused the settlement to be abandoned in 1607^[6]. The French returned in 1610 only to see it destroyed by a raiding party from Virginia in 1613^[6]. Now under British control, Port Royal was rebuilt in 1621 by a Scottish nobleman who called the territory “Nova Scotia.”^[6]



Figure 6: Germain Doucet

In 1632 the French regained control of Acadia through the treaty of St-Germain-en-Laye^[6]. With renewed interest in colonization, the Minister of State to King Louis XIII, Cardinal Richelieu, ordered a Naval Captain named Isaac de Razilly to organize a new venture in Acadia. With that objective, de Razilly departed France in July of 1632, leading a contingent of three vessels^[6]. Loaded with livestock, farming

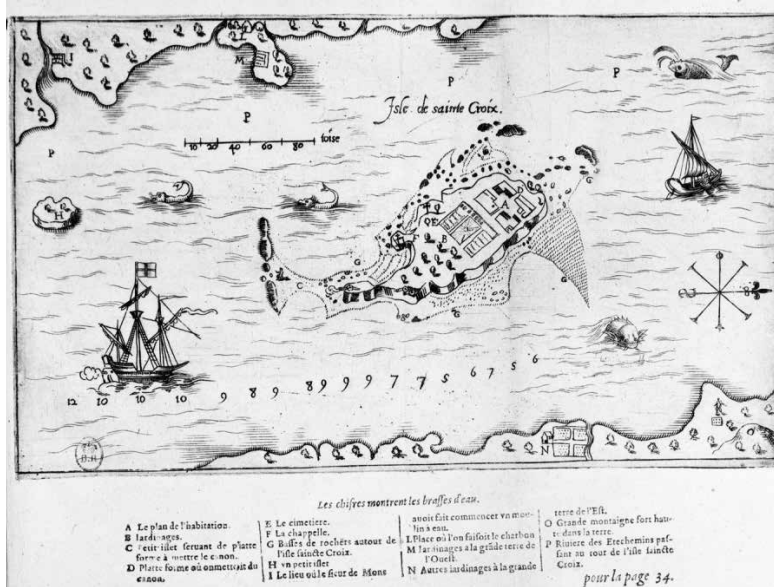


Figure 4: Isle Saint Croix (Ste Croix) as depicted by Samuel de Champlain on his voyage in 1607 (published 1613)

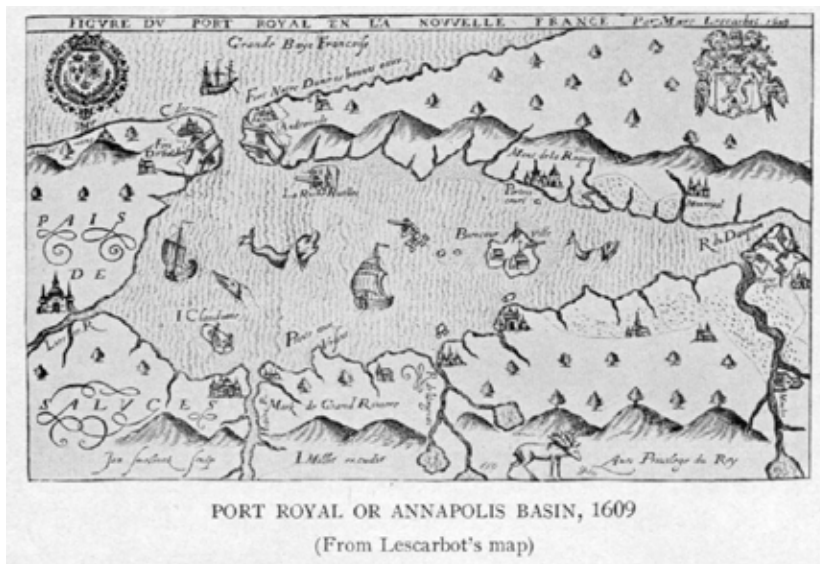


Figure 5: A Map of Port Royal created by Marc Lescarbot in 1609

tools, seeds, arms, and anything else needed to establish a community, the three ships sailed for La Hève on the Eastern side of the Acadian peninsula. Also aboard the ships were 300 men who were recruited for the effort. Among those men was Germain Doucet, a French commander and my ninth great-grandfather^[8]. Doucet and the other men were among the very first permanent settlers in the colony, and represent the very beginning of our Acadian ancestry.

Four years later, as part of a decision to further bolster the colony and establish a successful agricultural-based settlement, additional ships, supplies, and colonists were sent. In 1636 two ships sailed from La Rochelle, France carrying the very first families, including several of our ancestors. Among them, an edge-tool maker from Montreuil-Bellay, France named Guillaume Trahan (my 9th great-grandfather), a laborer

from La Chaussée, France named Vincent Brun (my 8th great-grandfather), a laborer from Martaise, France named Jean Gaudet (my 8th great-grandfather), and a laborer from Martaise, France named Jean Thériot (my 8th great-grandfather)^[9].

In the years that followed many additional colonists and many more of our ancestors would make the voyage across the Atlantic. This includes Barnabé Martin, Sophie Martin’s fourth great-grandfather, and the original Martin in our Acadian ancestry. By 1671 over 400 people were living in and around Port Royal. By 1711 over 2,500 individuals were counted in all of Acadia. By 1750 that number more than quadrupled^[3] and Acadia covered nearly all of the present day Maritime Provinces of Canada in an area that is now known as Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

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Timeline of Dispute Over Acadia Between France and Britain

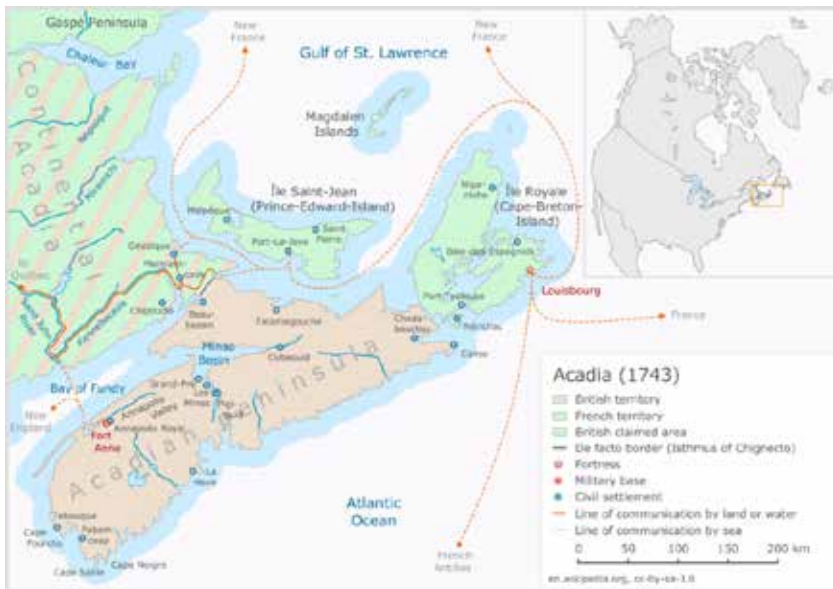


Figure 7: Acadia (1743) / Wikimedia Commons

But Acadia might have been just another footnote in the history of North American colonization had it not been for one tragic event. It is an event many Americans knew little about before the publication of Longfellow's famous poem. Although "Evangeline" was a fictional character, the tragedy upon which it is based was very real. Known by Acadians as "[Le Grand Dérangement](#)", or the great upheaval, this event would mark the sudden end of Acadia^[10]. The "great upheaval" was a ruthless campaign by the British to capture, imprison and deport every single Acadian in the Maritimes of Canada. It was the culmination of many years of conflict between France and England over who owned and controlled the territory.



Figure 8: The Deportation of the Acadians, by Henri Beau (1863-1949)

To understand this event it is critical to first understand the historical context in which it occurred. The period from about 1689 to 1815 is often referred to by historians as the [Second Hundred Years War](#)^[11]. It was a period of virtually non-stop conflict between the two great imperial powers of France and Britain over the future of their colonial empires. The American territories, of course, figured prominently in these battles, and one of the most important was Acadia. From the time of the first Acadian colony in 1604, ownership of Acadia was in almost constant dispute. The following timeline summarizes the history of that dispute from 1604 to 1754.

- **1604** First colony established
- **1613** Seized by an English adventurer from Virginia
- **1621** Renamed Nova Scotia (New Scotland) by Britain
- **1629** Scottish settlers are allowed to move in
- **1632** France regains Acadia through a treaty
- **1654** Conquered by the English
- **1667** Returned to France through a treaty
- **1690** Taken by an English adventurer from New England
- **1697** Returned to France through a treaty
- **1713** Britain takes permanent control of Acadian peninsula
- **1745** Louisbourg fortress captured by English
- **1746** Halifax established as English settlement
- **1748** France regains Louisbourg fortress through treaty
- **1749** Capital moved from Port Royal to Halifax
- **1750** Thousands of British and German Colonists arrive
- **1754** French and Indian War begins

By 1754 hostilities between the French and English had reached a boiling point. For many years the Acadians had refused to take an oath of allegiance to England and against their homeland of France, hoping to remain neutral. But with war between the two powers now an inevitability, anything short of complete allegiance to the Crown was deemed unacceptable. In short, the Acadians were viewed as a threat. Seeing no other option the English devised a plan to remove every Acadian from the territories and relocate them to other far away colonies^[10].

The deportation of the Acadians was ordered in July of 1755^[12]. By September over a thousand had already been placed on ships destined for colonies in South Carolina, Georgia, and Pennsylvania. With no regard for the Acadians as human beings, families were separated, with husbands, wives and children destined for colonies hundreds of miles apart. The last thing many Acadians saw as they crowded onto the ships

(Continued on page 37)

(Our Acadian Ancestry continued from page 36)



Figure 9: *Boats of the Deportation of the Acadians*, by Myles Birket Foster (1825-1899), published in the poem *Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie* (1866)

was the sight of everything they loved being burned to the ground. The conditions on the ships, themselves, was indescribably inhumane^[13]. So many would die on board before reaching their destination that these prison ships were often referred to as floating coffins.



Figure 10: A depiction of the misery of being trapped on one of the many prisoner ships

Those who survived the voyage found deplorable conditions at their destination. Penniless, unwelcome, and homeless, these Acadian exiles would endure many years of persecution and hardship. Some would be imprisoned and whipped simply for the crime of being a vagabond^[14]. Children would be taken from their families and forced into indentured servitude^[15]. In the Carolinas^[17] and Georgia^[18] some Acadians would be forced to work on plantations as slaves. Some would be sent to the French Caribbean where they were forced into slavery, never to return^[16]. Others would be sent to England where they were held for years as prisoners of war^[19]. Many would be sent to France where they would learn that even their motherland did not want them^[14]. Some, including most of our ancestors, escaped capture and spent years hiding from the British in the woods and villages of New Brunswick and Quebec. Still countless others would tragically succumb to starvation, disease, and exposure. These brutal deportations would continue for years in every part of Acadia, with an estimated 10,000 Acadians being deported by the end of the war in 1763^[12]. In all, it is estimated that more than 5,000 Acadians died as a result of Le Grand Dérangement^[10].

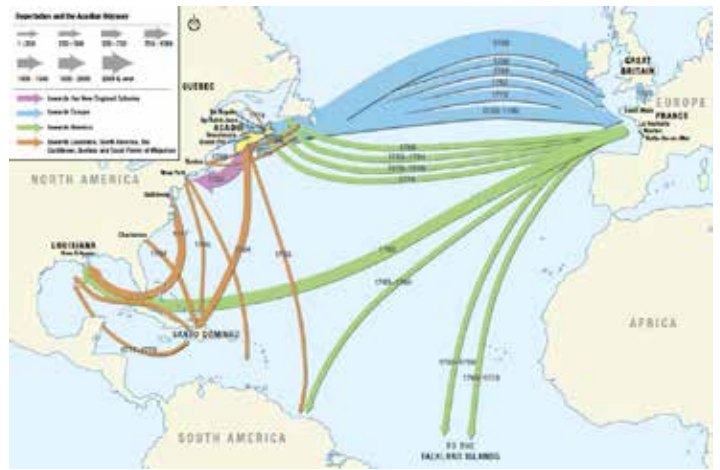


Figure 11: *Map of Acadian deportation* / Wikimedia Commons

The truth of Le Grand Dérangement is far worse than anything Longfellow could have portrayed in his poem. In the end, the people of Acadia were the victims of a brutal, systematic campaign to not only displace them and destroy their communities, but to also destroy that which they held most dear, their families. It can only be summed up as an attempt at ethnic cleansing, a crime against humanity^[20].

“Ethnic cleansing is a purposeful policy designed by one ethnic or religious group to remove by violent and terror-inspiring means the civilian population of another ethnic or religious group from certain geographic areas. To a large extent, it is carried out in the name of misguided nationalism, historic grievances, and a powerful driving sense of revenge. This purpose appears to be the occupation of territory to the exclusion of the purged group or groups”

Statement by the United Nations Regarding Conflict in the Balkans, Issued in 1992

With the [Treaty of Paris in 1763](#), the war between France and Great Britain came to an end. As part of the conditions of the treaty France gave up all of its territories in mainland North America. This included all of Acadia. In 1764 the British allowed Acadians to begin returning in small numbers to specific locations. Many Acadians who had been exiled to American colonies made their way back to Nova Scotia only to find their land occupied by Americans and British Loyalists. Unable to claim their previous property, they were forced to occupy new areas of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick^[28]. But their existence was often tenuous as pre war animosities very much still existed.

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(Our Acadian Ancestry continued from page 37)

Other Acadians were anxious to get as far from British rule as possible. Among them, Joseph “Beausoleil” Broussard (my 1st cousin 8x removed). Beausoleil was a famous leader of the Acadian resistance who had been imprisoned in Halifax, Nova Scotia for much of the war. After the war Beausoleil negotiated a deal for he and a group of other prisoners to safely leave and sail to the French island of Saint-Domingue (the island of Haiti). Once there, however, they quickly decided it was not to their liking and set sail again^[29].



Figure 12: Joseph “Beausoleil”

Word had spread during the war that there was a place named New Orleans that would welcome the Acadian culture and Catholic religion, so Beausoleil sailed from Saint-Domingue to Louisiana, making him and his group of 200 the first Acadians to settle there^[29]. They would not be the last, however, as Acadians from the Carolinas to France had heard of Louisiana and began to make their way there. From 1765 to 1785 approximately 3,000 Acadians found their way to New Orleans and the surrounding areas.

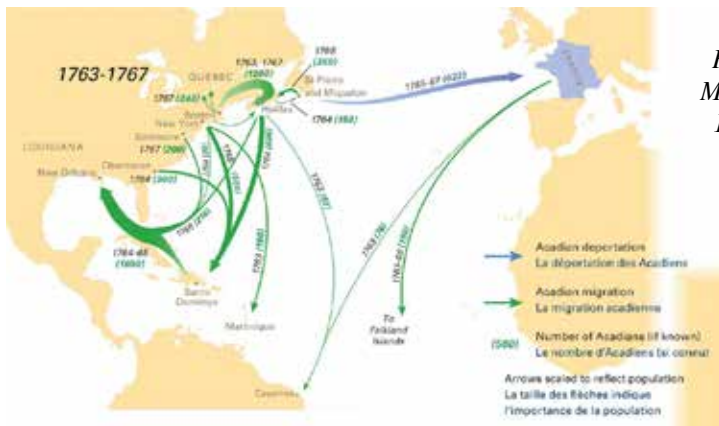


Figure 13: Acadian Migration from 1763-1767 (University of Maine)

Those who had been hiding in the Maritimes during the war attempted to form new communities along the rivers and shores of New Brunswick and Quebec. Repeatedly met with anti-Acadian and anti-Catholic sentiment, they would constantly be forced to move and start over, forever searching for a home. For our ancestors that search would finally end in June of 1785 when they made their way to an area of the Upper St. John River Valley the Maliseet First Nations people called Madawaska, or the land of the porcupine^[30]. There they would finally create a permanent home, the community of Saint-Basile, New Brunswick that still exists.



Figure 15: Royal Proclamation Designating July 28 of Every Year as “A Day of Commemoration of the Great Upheaval.”

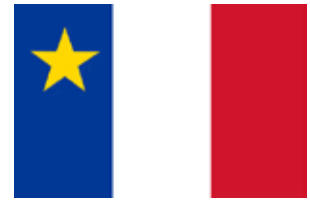


Figure 14: Flag of Acadia

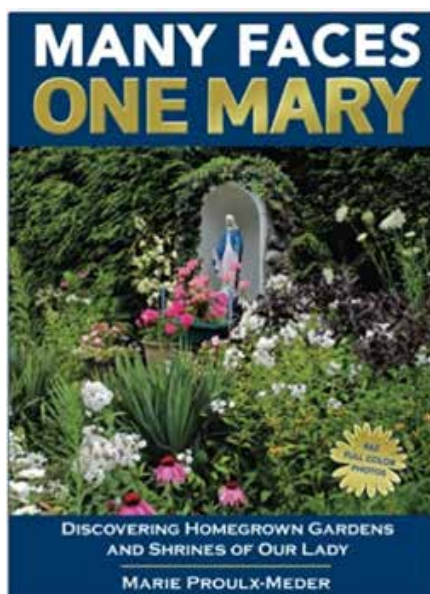
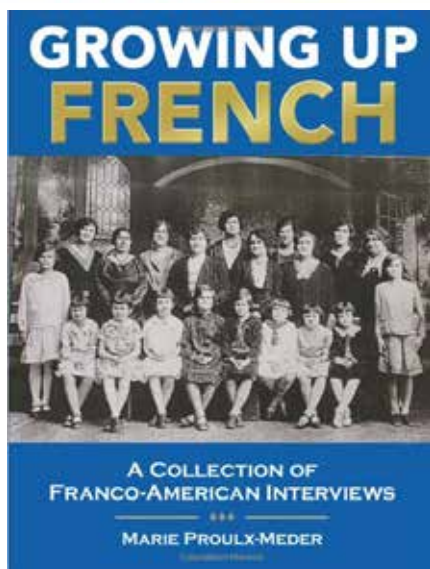
Today Acadians live in every part of North America and France. At least 900,000 live in the United States, 300,000-500,000 live in Canada, and over 20,000 live in France^[31]. Among the many things that bind the Acadian Diaspora together are a common culture, a shared appreciation for their heritage, and a near universal veneration of Evangeline and all that she represents. For more than a decade Acadian’s worldwide sought an official apology from Queen Elizabeth in the name of the Crown for what was done to their ancestors. In 2003 they finally received a response when the Queen issued a Royal Proclamation that expressed regrets and acknowledged responsibility, designating July 28th each year as “a day of commemoration of the Great Upheaval^[21]”. While falling short of what some would regard an apology, it was nevertheless a welcome gesture and a much-needed step toward reconciliation.

The British and Colonial American objectives of Le Grand Dérangement would ultimately be a failure. Like Longfellow’s heroine, Evangeline, the tortured, exiled people of Acadia would persevere. Like Evangeline, Acadians remained forever faithful to their lost love, their home of L’Acadie. Picking up the shattered pieces of that home, Acadians created new communities all across North America, from the Maritime provinces of Canada to the Gulf Coast of Louisiana. To this day, the Acadian Diaspora continues to contribute to the fabric of Canadian and American life in significant and enumerable ways. Theirs is a story of survival in the face of impossible odds, a heritage for which they and we should be forever proud.



Figure 16: Grand Pré memorial church and the statue of Évangeline / Wikimedia Commons

BOOKS/LIVRES



Growing Up French: A Collection of Franco-American Interviews

by *Marie Proulx-Meder*

A book of Franco-American lives, history, and traditions. Between the years 1840 and 1930, they entered the United States in droves. They were French Canadian immigrants, and this is their story. Author Marie Proulx-Meder spent five years interviewing 23 Franco-Americans (most from New England), including well-known international songstress José Vachon. Replete with historical information and bursting with cultural traditions, the book also features color photographs, which bring the stories to life. This book was written to celebrate, acknowledge, and embrace the rich heritage of our forefathers, and to help maintain French culture and traditions, thereby preserving the past for future generations.

https://www.amazon.com/Growing-French-Collection-Franco-American-Interviews/dp/B0BT8S9232/ref=sr_1_1?qid=1683642115&refinements=p_27%3AMarie+Proulx-Meder&s=books&sr=1-1&text=Marie+Proulx-Meder

Many Faces, One Mary: Discovering Homegrown Gardens and Shrines of Our Lady

by *Marie Proulx-Meder*

Marie Proulx-Meder spent four summers photographing homegrown Mary Gardens, outdoor statues of Our Lady, usually in a setting, often incorporating flowers. It is the author's deepest desire that those seeking comfort, peace and our Blessed Mother's eternal love, will find it within these pages, among the many faces of Mary. Features: Bursting with 465 colored photographs, images of shrine settings, full statues and Mary's face. Contains detailed statue overview, noteworthy facts and inspiring personal reflections. Beyond the Garden section highlights Mary items and artwork from around the world. Common Titles of Mary includes images and identifying features. Starting a Mary Garden features flower symbolism with illustrations.

https://www.amazon.com/Many-Faces-One-Mary-Discovering/dp/0692957766/ref=sr_1_2?qid=1683642306&refinements=p_27%3AMarie+Proulx-Meder&s=books&sr=1-2&text=Marie+Proulx-Meder



About the author (2023)
Marie Proulx-Meder

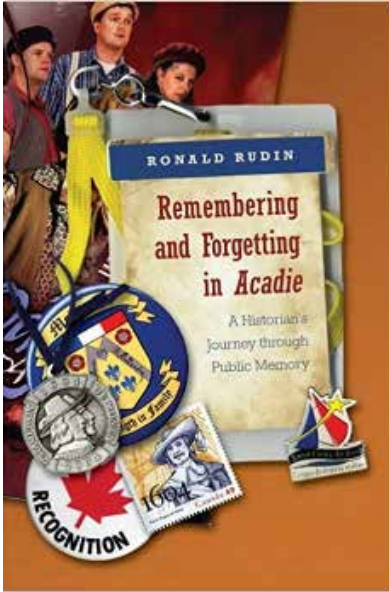
Marie spent her career as a piano instructor at her home studio and at her alma mater, Holyoke Community College. She holds a master's degree in piano pedagogy from the Hartt School, University of Hartford, and a bachelor's degree in music education from the University of Lowell. In 2005, she composed "Pigtails," a book of piano pieces for her youngest students. As a founding member and director of the French Heritage Center from 2010 to 2015, Marie is passionate about preserving French history and culture. She was a contributor to the 2015 book, "Building a Better Life: The French Canadian Experience in Western Massachusetts," published by The Republican newspaper in Springfield, Massachusetts. In 2018, Marie published a book titled, "Many Faces, One Mary," featuring photographs of homegrown "Mary Gardens"-outdoor statues of Our Lady, usually in a setting, often incorporating flowers. The book was highlighted on the television program "Real to Reel," as well as in The Catholic Mirror magazine. On June 24, 2022 (Saint-Jean-Baptiste day), Marie was honored and thrilled to turn the crank, proudly raising the Quebec flag outside of City Hall in her hometown of Chicopee, Massachusetts. She and her sister were responsible for this event, which acknowledged French Canadians and their contributions. Yes, history was made when that glorious fleur-de-lis flag flew over the city! A life-long resident of Chicopee, Massachusetts, Marie is active in local camera clubs, and her photographs have been exhibited in area shows and galleries. In addition, her articles, poems, and images have appeared in regional newspapers and magazines.



BOOKS/LIVRES

Remembering and Forgetting in Acadie: A Historian's Journey through Public Memory

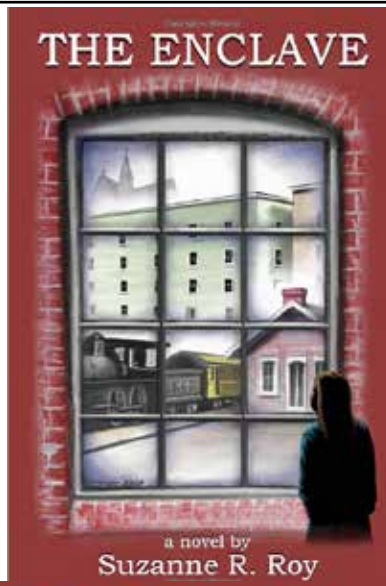
by *Ronald Rudin*



Between 2004 and 2005, Acadians observed two major anniversaries in their history: the 400th anniversary of the birth of Acadie and the 250th anniversary of their deportation at the hands of the British. Attending many of the commemorative activities that marked the anniversaries, Ronald Rudin has documented these events as an "embedded historian." Conducting interviews and collecting the opinions of Acadians, Anglophones, and First Nations, *Remembering and Forgetting in Acadie* examines the variety of ways in which the past is publicly presented and remembered.

A profound and accessible study of the often-conflicting purposes of public history, Rudin details the contentious cultural, political, and historical issues that were prompted by these anniversaries. Offering an astounding collection of materials, *Remembering and Forgetting in Acadie* is also accompanied by a website (www.rememberingacadie.concordia.ca) that provides access to films, audio clips, and photographs assembled on Rudin's journey through public memory.

<https://www.amazon.com/Remembering-Forgetting-Acadie-Historians-Journey/dp/0802096573>



THE ENCLAVE

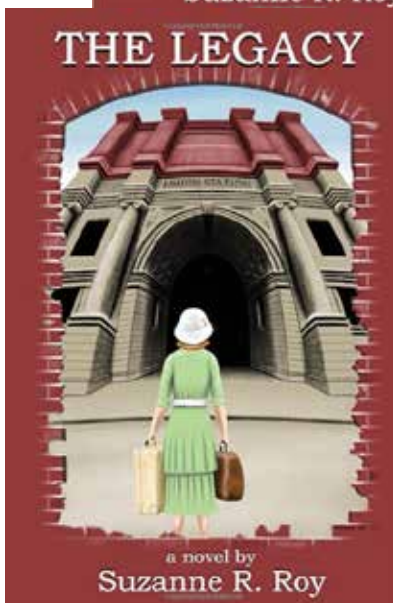
by
SUZANNE R. ROY

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

https://www.amazon.com/ENCLAVE-SUZANNE-R-ROY-ebook/dp/B07V263D7Q?ref_=ast_author_dp



SUZANNE R. ROY



THE LEGACY

by
SUZANNE R. ROY

In this stand-alone sequel to the historical novel *THE ENCLAVE*, a Franco-American woman in Lewiston/Auburn, Maine, struggles to complete the journey toward self-discovery and self-determination she began as a French-Canadian immigrant girl in Lewiston's "Little Canada."

https://www.amazon.com/LEGACY-Suzanne-R-Roy-ebook/dp/B08HJNN83M?ref_=ast_author_dp

Suzanne, a retired independent compliance consultant, taught English at UMO from 1972-1974 and later taught writing as a member of the adjunct faculty of UMA. She wrote the bilingual children's television series *La Bonne Adventure* in the mid-70's, did research for the former Franco-American Heritage Center whose collection is now housed at USM's L/A College, taught a local history class at St. Dom's in 1980, and wrote several plays about Franco-Americans, two of which were produced and won awards in Australia. Suzanne is a native and resident of Lewiston and is currently working on her third historical novel.



<https://www.editionsboreal.qc.ca/catalogue/livres/mille-apres-mille-3948.html>



<https://www.amazon.com/Mystery-Traveler-Lake-Fortune/dp/1684750768>

Mille après mille

Célébrité et migrations dans le Nord-Est américain

by *Pierre Lavoie*

La chanteuse Mary Travers (La Bolduc), le crooner Rudy Vallée et le directeur de troupes Jean Grimaldi sont de véritables célébrités à leur époque. Outre leur renommée, ils ont en commun de profiter de leurs liens avec les communautés et les institutions issues d'un siècle de migration canadienne-française vers la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Tandis que les migrants sont installés à demeure, la mobilité des artistes, qui écument les routes les menant de Montréal à New York, s'accroît. Comme jamais auparavant, ils peuvent faire connaître leur voix, leur visage et même les mouvements de leur corps grâce aux médias émergents et à la modernisation des transports.

L'auteur examine les formations et les récits identitaires des francophones du Nord-Est américain pendant près d'un siècle de migrations, soit du milieu du XIXe siècle jusque dans les années 1930, à travers l'expérience de ces célébrités de l'entre-deux-guerres. Il montre comment la mobilité migratoire a modelé la mobilité artistique et médiatique qui a à son tour eu une influence sur les plans culturel et identitaire. Grâce à leur grande visibilité médiatique, Travers, Vallée, Grimaldi et leurs collègues contribueront à redéfinir les identités canadienne-française, franco-américaine et américaine.

Mille après mille jette enfin un nouvel éclairage sur les processus par lesquels les divers modes de mobilité migratoire, artistique et médiatique ont été marginalisés puis complètement oubliés dans la mémoire publique au Québec et aux États-Unis au profit de leur enracinement national.

Pierre Lavoie

Pierre Lavoie: Natif de L'Isle-Verte, Pierre Lavoie est détenteur d'un doctorat en histoire transnationale nord-américaine de l'Université de Montréal. Après avoir réalisé des stages au programme d'études américaines de l'université Yale et au département de musique de l'Université du Québec à Montréal, il poursuit ses recherches sur l'histoire des médias, des migrations et des identités en tant que chercheur postdoctoral CRSH à l'Université Laval.

The Mystery Traveler at Lake Fortune

by *Cathie Pelletier*

When Charlie Baker's parents announce that they're taking him and his sister—the drama queen Clarissa—to a cabin in Maine for two weeks, Charlie thinks they're kidding. "But we're city kids," Clarissa protests. "I'm allergic to trees!" Then Mrs. Baker adds something else. "There's no electricity," she tells them. "And you leave your cell phones and ipads home." They weren't kidding. "It's on a lake," says his father, as if having water would make up for it.

When the Bakers arrive at Lake Fortune, in rural Maine, they are welcomed by a rickety cabin with an outhouse, a thunder and lightning storm, and a creature in the attic that masquerades as a ghost. "Is this a scientific experiment?" asks Clarissa. "Is the government paying us?"

But then true adventure begins when they discover a clue left in a Mason jar on a tiny island in the lake. That clue—written by The Mystery Traveler—leads them to an old apple tree, and a second clue. Soon, they are on the path of an exciting treasure hunt, one that brings Charlie and the bossy Clarissa together for the first time. Not only do they bond as brother and big sister—especially after a harrowing experience in which Charlie rescues Clarissa—they have the summer of their lives.

When The Mystery Traveler's identity is finally discovered, no one is more shocked than Charlie.

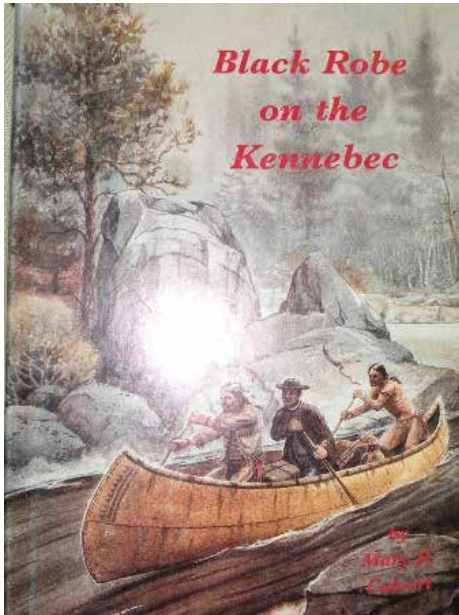
They are city kids who can now find the Big Dipper and Jupiter in the sky, who know that strange sound is made by loons, and what "fetch" a pail of water means. They wish the two weeks were two months. But they also love the city. They return to Boston knowing that the cabin and more adventures will be there for every vacation.

BOOKS/LIVRES

Black Robe on the Kennebec

May 3, 2023 Franco-American News and Culture Mary Calvert, Robert M. Chute, Sebastian Rale, Thirteen Moons

By Juliana L'Heureux



A detailed biography about Father Sebastian Rale. (L'Heureux photograph)

Some books just never get old, like “Black Robe on the Kennebec”, because the biography reminds us about how colonial era French Jesuit missionaries suffered to the death while serving with the Native Americans.

Whenever I hear some people refer to these religious men as being responsible for contributing to suppression of Native American culture and language, my instinct is to give the speakers a copy of “Black Robe on the Kennebec”, about Father Sebastian Rale, who meticulously wrote a French-Abenaki dictionary.

This particular detailed biography is about the life and death of Father Sebastian Rale, published in 1991, by the late Mary Calvert (1904-2000) of Madison, Maine, a notable writer and photographer. I have owned this book for many years and at one point was even in communication with the author.

“Black Robe” is the name given to French Jesuit missionaries who lived among the Native Americans in North America.

Many of the Jesuit missionaries who came to New France died horrible and tortuous deaths. Father Rale was protected by the Abenaki people but was murdered in an English raid with Mohawks, on the peaceful colony, located in Norridgewock, in Somerset County, ME, in a village located along the Kennebec River.

Father Sebastian Rale, or Rasles, was serving the Abenaki Indians at the settlement of Norridgewock in 1724, when he was murdered by the English and Mohawks, on Aug. 23, 1724. A monument was erected in the Saint Sebastian Cemetery in Norridgewock, to commemorate the location of this massacre.

In this well documented “Black Robe on the Kennebec”, Calvert provides photographs and translated records about Father Rale’s life and death. The Abenaki called him “patlihoz”, meaning “Black Robe”. In Quebec, the French thought of him as a saintly and learned man. But, a different point of view about him was held by the English in Boston. To them, he was inciting the Abenaki and they became convinced that he was inciting Indian attacks on their frontier settlements in Maine.

Calvert wrote in detail about Father Rale’s complete life history. He was born in 1652, and raised near the French border with Switzerland. She followed his life through his Jesuit education and the years when he was teaching in France and then his assignment to the French colony in the New World. She reported about his first meeting with the Abenakis in Canada and his perilous journey to Illinois, far from Quebec. When he returned from the Illinois mission, he was assigned to the village of the Norridgewock Indians, on the Kennebec River, in Maine. He lived with this colony for most of his life where he preached, and taught, and corresponded with his family in France and his superiors in Quebec. During this time, he compiled the massive dictionary of the Abenaki language. This is the reason why he is well known by people of all cultures today.

Also, a tribute about Father Rale was published by another Maine writer, the late Robert M. Chute, in the beautiful publication titled “Thirteen Moons”. Reported on the book’s website, “a tri-lingual publication, reprinted in soft cover. The book, written by Robert Chute, uses poetry to tell the story of Sebastian Rale, a man who lived with the Abenaki Indians for thirty years and compiled an Abenaki-French dictionary. It follows his life with them, as English settlers attacked the Abenaki at Norridgewock, fearing Rale and thinking he was a French spy and ‘instigator of French rebellion’.”



Maine Writer the late Mary Calvert author of “Black Robe on the Kennebec” about the life and death of Father Sebastian Rale. (L'Heureux photograph)



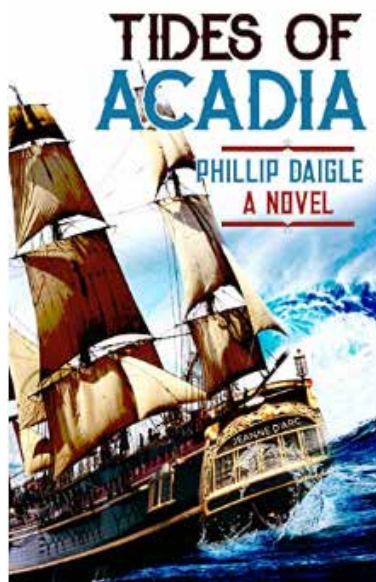
Black Robe on the Kennebec photograph by Maine writer and photographer Mary Calvert. (Book picture by L'Heureux)

<https://www.amazon.com/Black-Robe-Kennebec-Mary-Calvert/dp/0960991468>



Tides of Acadia

by *Phillip Daigle*



In the early 17th century, the wild, untamed lands of Acadia, now Eastern Canada, were a contested territory between the French and the English and the indigenous people who inhabited the region. Amidst this turbulent time, three individuals stand Charles La Tour, Francoise Jacquelin, and Menou Daulnay. Their stories intertwine in a complex web of loyalty, love, and betrayal in the historical drama *Tides of Acadia*. The story begins with Charles La Tour, a resourceful French adventurer, and seaborne trader, who navigates the treacherous waters of politics and alliances to establish a fur-trade fortress in Acadia. As a clever strategist and skilled negotiator, he gains the respect of both European settlers and the indigenous leaders, even as tensions escalate between the French and the English.

Enter Francoise Jacquelin, a strong-willed, intelligent, and fiercely independent woman who defies societal expectations to make her mark as a Parisian actress. Francoise's journey leads her to a powerful connection with Charles La Tour. Together, they must overcome personal and political obstacles to build a life and secure a future.

As the rivalry between the French and the British intensifies, Menou Daulnay, an ambitious and ruthless French naval officer, emerges as a powerful adversary. His need to claim Acadia for himself puts him at odds with La Tour and drives a wedge between the allies, leading to a bitter struggle for power and control. Through guile, treachery, and manipulation, Daulnay threatens to unravel the fragile balance that La Tour and Francoise have built, forcing them to make difficult choices that will shape the course of history.

Tides of Acadia brings to life the rich tapestry of culture, politics, and personal drama that defined this pivotal era in North American history. The central characters, Charles La Tour, Francoise Jacquelin, and Menou Daulnay, are portrayed with depth and complexity, offering a nuanced exploration of their motivations, desires, and sacrifices in the name of love, loyalty, and ambition. Sweeping scope and rich detail make this vibrant historical drama an unforgettable journey through the heart of Acadia and the lives of the extraordinary people who fought for its future.

About the Author:

Phillip Daigle is a renowned American author hailing from the picturesque state of Maine. He is best known for his profound exploration of the region's history and culture in his captivating books, "*Tides of Acadia*" and "*The Acadian: Olivier*." His work reflects a deep connection with his roots, coupled with an ability to engage readers with stories that resonate with authenticity and emotional depth.

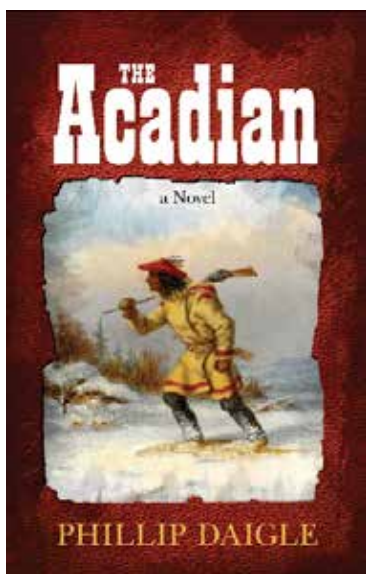
Born and raised in the rugged beauty of Maine, Daigle's childhood was steeped in the rich history and timeless folklore of his homeland. His favorite story was Longfellow's "*Evangeline*," a narrative that deeply moved him and influenced his literary journey. This poignant tale of Acadian lovers separated on their wedding day during the Great Expulsion (1755-1764) sowed the seeds of his fascination with Acadia, the region that once encompassed parts of Maine and Canada's Maritime Provinces.

Daigle's first book, "*Tides of Acadia*," is a meticulously researched and beautifully narrated journey into the past, delving into the historical, cultural, and natural landscapes of this region. The book received critical acclaim for its compelling storytelling and insightful perspectives, positioning Daigle as a leading voice in historical and regional literature.

His second book, "*The Acadian: Olivier*," further explores the Acadian legacy through the life of the eponymous Olivier. It's a testament to Daigle's narrative prowess, weaving together personal and historical narratives to paint a vivid picture of life in Acadia.

Phillip Daigle's work goes beyond the realm of traditional historical literature. He infuses his storytelling with a profound understanding of human nature and a palpable love for his homeland. His works serve as a bridge between the past and the present, illuminating the enduring spirit of the Acadian people and their enduring connection to the land they call home. As such, Daigle's books have become essential reading for those looking to understand the depths of Acadia's cultural heritage.

With an unwavering commitment to bringing the past to life through his evocative writing, Phillip Daigle stands as a pivotal figure in contemporary American literature. His books not only tell the story of Acadia but also of a writer deeply connected to his roots, crafting narratives that resonate with readers far and wide. His contributions to literature continue to inspire a new generation of readers and writers who find beauty and meaning in the stories of our past.



Author Phillip Daigle

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0C5RXFL8B>



Coin des jeunes...

A Garden Surprise

*Copyright 2023 by
Virginia Lee Sand*

Madame Annette Lizotte and Monsieur François Lizotte grow a small vegetable and salad garden each year behind their house in the beautiful St. John Valley of Aroostook County in Maine, U.S.A. This year, the couple was enjoying a good harvest from their garden patch except that Madame Lizotte noticed something different. For example, one day when Annette went to harvest some carrots for her beef stew, she found many of her carrots pulled from the ground, just lying in the garden half-eaten.

On another day, when Annette went to her garden to harvest some cabbage to prepare a corned beef and cabbage dinner, most of the cabbage had been chewed on. Also, when Madame Lizotte was ready to bake her famous berry pies, she discovered that many of her ripe blueberries and strawberries were missing from the garden. “What’s going on here?” Annette asked herself while standing in the middle of her garden.

Finally, Madame Lizotte approached her husband and stated to him, “François, there has been a thief munching in and stealing from our garden patch; an intruder! I have been finding half-eaten fruit and vegetables and many things missing.”

François: “Okay, Honey, I will get a live-trap to put in the garden so we can hopefully catch the culprit alive, if it is a small animal that is doing the damage.”

Annette: “Will the live-trap hurt the animal, François?”

François: “No my Dear, that’s why it’s called a live-trap. This kind of trap allows us the opportunity to catch an offending animal and relocate him or her without injury.”

Annette: “Good, I wouldn’t want to injure or kill one of God’s creatures. I

love the animals and I know they all serve a divine purpose just like each one of us.”

Monsieur Lizotte went to the store to purchase the animal trap, returned and placed it in the center of the vegetable garden. The next morning Madame and Monsieur Lizotte went to check the live-trap in their garden and were very surprised at what they found:

Annette: “Honey, I see two tall furry ears in the trap.”

François: “And I see a cottontail and a bundle of light brown fur.”

Annette & François (simultaneously): “It’s a rabbit!”

Annette: “But this is not a wild rabbit, François. It appears more like a domestic rabbit.”



François: “I would say that someone either lost their pet bunny or let the pet rabbit go free, which is not good. Pet rabbits cannot survive in the wild. They are too domesticated.”

Annette: “What will we do with this lost pet bunny, François?”

François: “I’ll bring him or her to the local Humane Society or Animal Rescue Shelter.”

Annette: “That’s a great idea, François, but maybe we could give this little bunny a good home here with us and share our garden produce with him or her.”

François: “Annette, do you know how to care for a pet rabbit?”

Annette: “No, but I can learn on-line and through rabbit-keeping books. I can look up some house-rabbit websites and also ask questions at the local pet shops and animal supply stores.”

François: “Well, he or she is a cute

little rabbit. I’ll pull up a carrot and see if the bunny will eat it from my hand.”

François plucked a carrot from the garden, cleaned it off and offered it to the bunny inside the live-trap. The bunny nibbled on it right away.

François: “Look, Annette, this is definitely a domestic, pet rabbit. He or she is not afraid of me. If we take this rabbit for a wellness exam at the village veterinary clinic, I bet the veterinarian can also teach us a lot about rabbit-keeping.”

Annette: “I bet you’re right, François. Good idea! The color of this bunny reminds me of our breakfast waffles, so I would love to name her or him *Waffle*, which could be appropriate for either a male or female rabbit.”

François: “I love that name for the bunny. We’ll find out if Waffle is male or female from the village veterinarian during the exam, and whether or not Waffle has been spayed or neutered. In the meantime, I’ll scoot over to our warm basement and quickly put together a temporary pen for Waffle. I’ll bring Waffle with me to the basement and keep Waffle in the trap until I can safely release Waffle into the pen with a bowl of water and carrot.”

Annette: “While you’re doing that, François, I’ll head over to the pet shop to buy rabbit food and to find out if domestic rabbits use a litter tray. If they do, I’ll bring home a litter tray for Waffle’s pen along with whatever we need to line the litter tray. I’ll also look for some books on rabbit care while at the pet shop.”

François: “I know Waffle will enjoy eating some of our garden produce.” (François was beaming a big smile towards Annette).

Annette: “I never imagined that the thief or intruder in our garden would become an adopted family member and a companion in our home.”

François: “I guess one never knows when a new friend will appear in one’s life. It’s good to always keep our hearts open.”

Annette: “I couldn’t agree more,
(Continued on page 45)

The Chickadee Bet

*Copyright 2023
by Virginia Lee
Sand, M.Ed.*

One cool April morning, Madame Lily French and Monsieur Jean-Luc French were sitting on their back deck, sipping coffee, and watching the Chickadees return to their bird feeders during another mating season. Then Madame French said to her husband:

Lily: Jean-Luc, do you recall all of the nesting the Chickadees did in our yard last year?

Jean-Luc: You bet I do, my dear. Our yard and gardens became a Chickadee paradise. Here a Chickadee, there a Chickadee, everywhere a Chickadee (Jean-Luc sang).

Lily (laughing): I certainly remember, Jean-Luc. The Chickadees nested in the small birdhouse by the bird feeder, in the forsythia wreath by the front door, and in the forsythia bush branches that hug the side of the house. The Chickadees built nests in all three places.

Jean-Luc: The Chickadees, our Maine State Bird, must love our yard and I love watching them flutter about.

Lily: Me too, my dear, and I love hearing them sing, especially the Chickadee mating call during the spring.

Jean-Luc: I know what you mean. I also love the sounds the Chickadees make if you get too close to their nests. The mate will be in a nearby tree making those cute sounds to distract you away from their nests. Their calls have a repetitive pattern.

Lily: Yes, I love those sounds of spring and summer that Chickadee brings to the environment. The birds contribute so much to defining the seasons and to our quality of life. When the Common Loons return to Maine's ponds and lakes and when the Canadian Geese return in their V-formations in the sky we know spring has arrived in Maine. Jean-Luc, do you think the Chickadees will nest in the same three spots in our yard this year?

Jean-Luc (smiling): I wouldn't be surprised, but I'd remove the old nests.

Lily (smiling): Jean-Luc, I'll bet you \$10.00 that by the end of April we'll find a new Chickadee nest in the forsythia wreath by the front door.

Jean-Luc (grinning): You're on, Lily, but if no nest appears there, you owe me \$10.00.

Lily (grinning): Set aside \$10.00, Jean-Luc!



Jean-Luc: We'll see about that, dear.

Well, by the end of April, Lily discovered a Chickadee nest in the forsythia wreath with a nesting pair of Chickadees. Guess who won the \$10.00 bet?

Both Madame and Monsieur Jean-Luc French eventually became involved with **Maine Audubon** in order to help protect Maine's wildlife and habitats. Volunteers founded Maine Audubon and it is the volunteers that continue to be a fundamental part of Maine Audubon's operations, mission, and future. Individuals, families, and groups of all ages and abilities are welcomed to lend a hand at one of eight wildlife sanctuaries in Maine, including at Maine Audubon headquarters at Gilsland Farm in Falmouth. Maine Audubon has dozens of fun and educational volunteer opportunities in their sanctuaries, such as engaging with visitors, working with Audubon educators, collecting data, or assisting in the maintenance of the beautiful Audubon sanctuaries.

Chickadee Trivia & Notes: The Chickadee songbird was adopted by the Maine State Legislature of 1927 as **Maine's State Bird**. The Black-capped Chickadee is a common sight throughout Maine, in the forests and at backyard bird feeders. They have black caps, beaks, and throat, with white cheeks, and are gray on the back, wings, and tail. Chickadees do not migrate. They have an average lifespan from one to three years, but some have been known to live longer. Both the male and female Chickadees build the nest, and then the female lines it with moss and other softer material. By mid-April, most chickadees are building new nests and by the first week of May the females typically are laying eggs, upwards of 6-8 eggs in a clutch. The nestlings begin to hatch two weeks later, grow rapidly, and start fledging in early June. Chickadees have an insatiable appetite due to their high body temperature and need to consume their own body weight in food each day. Chickadees eat seeds, berries, insects, and suet. They sing two typical songs, which you can hear on-line, if you are unfamiliar with Chickadee sounds. Chickadee songs have been recorded and can be heard on several Chickadee websites.

(See page 47)



(A Garden Surprise continued from page 44)

François. Thanks for helping me rescue this poor, little homeless rabbit and giving Waffle a good forever home."

François: "You're so welcome, Sweetheart. I think that Waffle will add more life and laughter to our home. I'm glad Waffle hopped into our lives."

Annette (smiling): "And I'm glad that Waffle hopped into our garden."

Henry's Chicken Coop Café

*Copyright 2023
by Virginia Lee
Sand, M.Ed.*

A boy named Henry grew up Franco American in a central Maine town among many families with Canadian French heritage. Many of the ancestors had crossed the border from Québec into New England for a better life working in the mills along the riverbanks. It is the Kennebec River that roars through Henry's hometown.

In Henry's backyard, his parents kept a chicken coop where several hens lived. Henry and his family enjoyed eating their own harvested eggs. Also, Henry enjoyed playing with the hens inside and outside of the chicken coop.

By the time Henry reached high school, he was already experimenting with egg recipes in his family's kitchen. He would even wear a white chef's hat and apron and pretend to be the head chef at his own restaurant. He enjoyed serving his kitchen creations to family members, neighbors, and friends in the family dining room. Pépé and mémé always enjoyed coming over to sample Henry's chicken and egg inspired dishes.

Following high school, Henry decided to study Culinary Arts at a Maine vocational school, where he would learn to become a Chef. Henry held on to his vision of owning his own unique restaurant some day. Consequently, while attending vocational school, Henry worked and saved money for his dream restaurant.

Following graduation from vocational school with a diploma in Culinary Arts, Henry bought a fixer-upper farmhouse in the countryside, near his hometown. There were already some chicken coops in place at that farmstead, but Henry added more. Henry fixed up the two-story farmhouse and created a small restaurant downstairs and an apartment upstairs, where he would live. He was making his dream come true. Henry also created a large sign for the front of his restaurant that read "**The Chicken Coop Café.**" Since all of Henry's egg-laying hens had names, he named his menu offerings after the chickens, such as:



Antoinette's Omelet

Henrietta's eggs, sunny-side-up

Francine's French Toast w/Maine
Maple Syrup

Virginie's Chicken Stew

Marie's Chicken Ragout

Erica's Egg Salad Sandwich

Celine's Chicken Stir-fry

Rita's Chicken Ratatouille

Mémé's Graham Cracker Cream Pie

Sophie's Chicken Crêpes

Josephine's Chicken Quiche

Delilah's Deviled Egg Chef's Salad

Chelsea's Cheesecake

Katie's Chicken Curry

Lorraine's Popovers w/Maine Blue
berry Jam

All of Henry's menu offerings featured eggs or chicken as one of the ingredients in the recipe, in keeping with "The Chicken Coop Café" theme. Each day Henry would alternate menu offerings to keep things interesting on the menu board.

Henry's family came to help out at The Chicken Coop Café. Plus, friends, neighbors, and hometown folks loved ven-

turing out to the country to dine at Henry's country café. Soon, folks were coming from all over Maine for the **agritourism** experience offered at The Chicken Coop Café where they could select their own eggs in the chicken coops and interact with the chickens. Everyone was enjoying the locally sourced eggs on Henry's farmstead. Both adults and children liked feeding the chickens and learning about the hens and where their food comes from while dining at The Chicken Coop Café.

In addition, Henry's country café was unique in that Henry always included words of gratitude on his café menu, such as "We thank the chickens, the farmers, and all of creation for this nourishment." Plus, at the center of each dining room table, Henry featured a small box of prayer cards for folks who liked to say **grace** (Mealtime prayers) before eating their food. Each card featured a different prayer so that diners could learn new mealtime prayers in blessing their food, such as:

"We are grateful for this food and pray that this meal fills us with great health and great purpose so that we can make a positive difference on the Mother Earth."

"Beautiful God, beautiful Earth, thank you for this nourishment which we pray fills us with great health, strength, and purpose in our lives."

"Great Creator, through the food we are about to eat, please fill us with great gratitude, health, peace, and joy. And may it increase our love."

"We thank the chickens, the farmers and all of our relations who helped bring this food to our table, including the rain, sun, and soil."

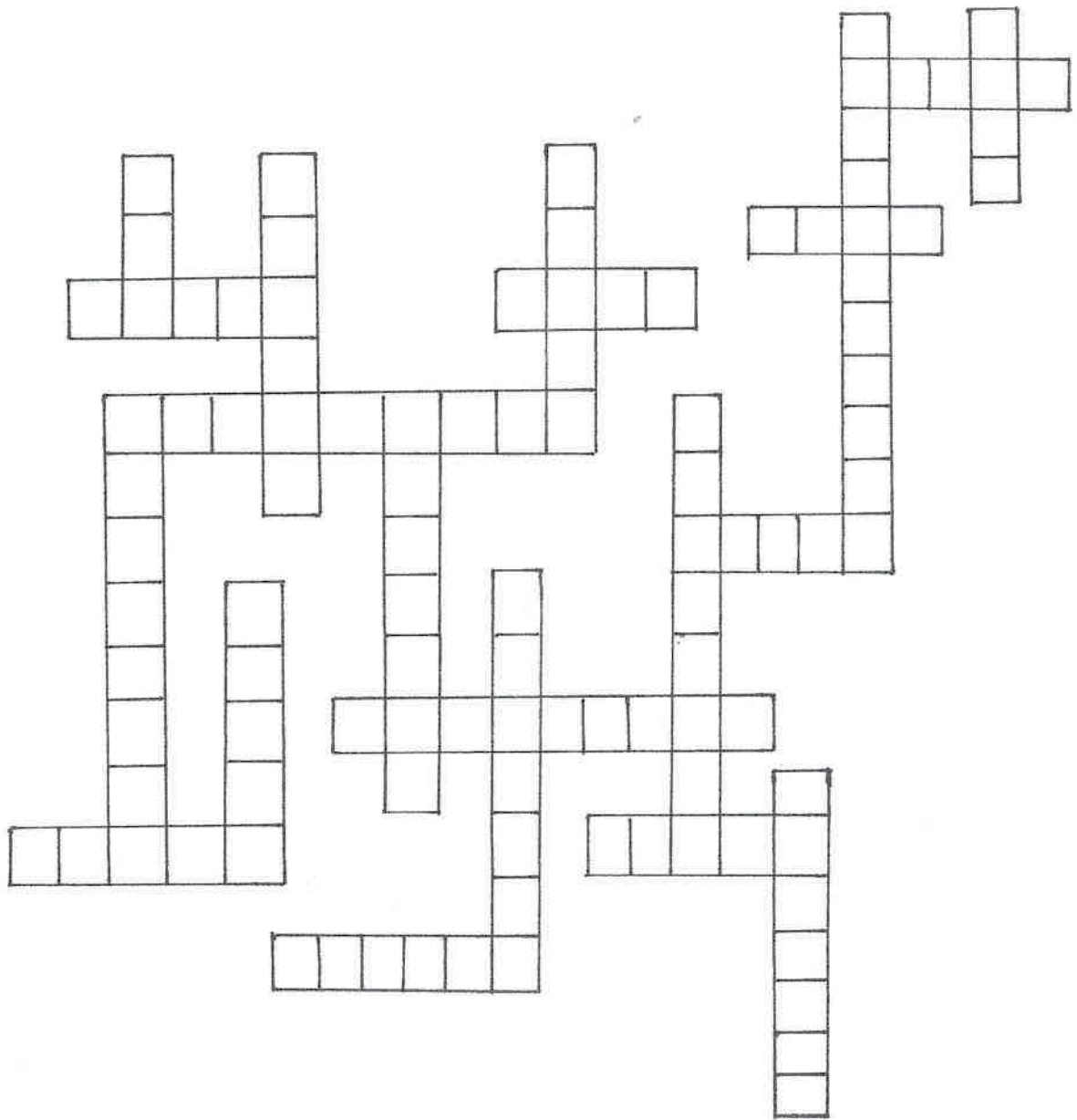
"Dear God, we pray that this food fills us with radiant well-being and inspiration so that our lives can be a blessing to all of life on the Mother Earth." Thank you for this nourishment!"

"With heart-felt thanks, God, we pray that this food brings great health and strength to our mind, body, spirit, and emotions. In eating this meal, dear God, inspire our lives to be a blessing to the planet and to all of life!"

Bon Appétit!

"The Chickadee Bet" Crossword Activity

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|--------------|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. CHICKADEE | 8. FORSYTHIA | 15. CANADIAN |
| 2. AUDUBON | 9. NESTING | 16. GEESE |
| 3. MAINE | 10. WILDLIFE | 17. SONGS |
| 4. FRENCH | 11. SPRING | 18. CALLS |
| 5. BIRD | 12. LOONS | 19. MATE |
| 6. STATE | 13. SANCTUARIES | 20. LIFE |
| 7. BET | 14. APRIL | 21. SEASONS |



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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