

The University of Maine

DigitalCommons@UMaine

Le FORUM Journal

Franco-American Centre Franco-Américain

Winter 3-27-2024

Le Forum, Vol. 45 #4

Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice

Marie Therese Martin

Clifford Chasse

Joan Corbitt

Sandra San Antonio

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum



Part of the [Cultural History Commons](#), and the [Genealogy Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Michaud, Rédactrice, Lisa Desjardins; Martin, Marie Therese; Chasse, Clifford; Corbitt, Joan; San Antonio, Sandra; Albert, Jacob; Côté-Cournoyer, Laurance; Desjardins, Melody; Guignard, Michael; Michaud, Gene; de la Prade, Xavier; Le Gallant, David; L'Heureux, Juliana; Labbe, Carl; Hendrickson, Dyke; Ledoux, Denis; Cormier-Boudreau, Marielle; Oudemans, Michiel; Gallant, Melvin; Pelletier, Cathie; Richard, Mark Paul; Gatineau, Felix; Blood, Elizabeth; Lamay Licursi, Kimberly; Racine Paquette, Celine; Brangan, James D.; Plourde, Lynn; and Labbé, Yvon, "Le Forum, Vol. 45 #4" (2024). *Le FORUM Journal*. 108.

https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum/108

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Le FORUM Journal by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact um.library.technical.services@maine.edu.

Authors

Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice; Marie Therese Martin; Clifford Chasse; Joan Corbitt; Sandra San Antonio; Jacob Albert; Laurance Côté-Cournoyer; Melody Desjardins; Michael Guignard; Gene Michaud; Xavier de la Prade; David Le Gallant; Juliana L'Heureux; Carl Labbe; Dyke Hendrickson; Denis Ledoux; Marielle Cormier-Boudreau; Michiel Oudemans; Melvin Gallant; Cathie Pelletier; Mark Paul Richard; Felix Gatineau; Elizabeth Blood; Kimberly Lamay Licursi; Celine Racine Paquette; James D. Brangan; Lynn Plourde; and Yvon Labbé

Le FORUM



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

VOLUME 45, #4

WINTER/HIVER 2023-24



Dick Franck

Websites:

- Le Forum:** <http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/le-forum/>
https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamerican_forum/
- Oral History:** <https://video.maine.edu/channel/Oral+Histories/101838251>
- Library:** francolib.francoamerican.org
- Occasional Papers:** <http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/occasional-papers/>
- Résonance, Franco-American Literary Journal:**
<https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/resonance/vol1/iss1/>
other pertinent websites to check out -
- Les Français d’Amérique / French In America
Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002**
http://www.johnfishersr.net/french_in_america_calendar.html
- Franco-American Women’s Institute:** <http://www.fawi.net>
- Franco-Americans of Maine, Then and Now:**
<https://francoamericanstories.net>
- Franco American Portal Project:** <https://francoamericanportal.org>





Le Centre Franco-Américain
 Université du Maine
 Orono, Maine 04469-5719
 LisaM@maine.edu
 Téléphone: 207-581-FROG (3764)

Volume 45 Numéro #4
WINTER/HIVER
Publishing Board
 Don Levesque
 Paul Laflamme
 Lin LaRoche
 Louella Rolfe
 Kent Beaulne

Rédactrice/Editor
 Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Mise en page/Layout
 Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Composition/Typesetting
 Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Aide Technique
 Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Tirage/Circulation 4,500

Imprimé chez/Printed by

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, Maine

Publié 4 fois l'an par le Centre Franco-Américain.

Le Forum est distribué surtout aux Franco-Américains des États-Unis. Les énoncés, opinions et points de vue formulés dans *Le Forum* sont ceux des auteurs et ne représentent pas nécessairement les points de vue de l'éditeur ou de la rédactrice, ou du Collège des arts et des sciences libéraux à l'Université du Maine.

Le Forum is published 4 times a year by the Franco-American Center. *Le Forum* is distributed in particular to Franco-Americans in the United States. Statements, opinions and points of view expressed are not necessarily those of the editor, the publishers or the College of Liberal Arts & Sciences of the University of Maine.

Tous les textes soumis doivent parvenir à — Forward all submitted texts to: Lisa D. Michaud, Rédactrice-en-chef/Editor-in-chief, *Le Forum*, University of Maine, Orono, Maine 04469-5719, U.S., au plus tard quatre semaines précédant le mois de publication—at least four weeks prior to the month of publication.

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

La reproduction des articles est autorisée sans préavis sauf indication contraire — Our original articles may be reproduced without notice unless otherwise indicated.

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,

Sommaire/Contents

Lettres/Letters	25-27, 29	SPECIAL/SPÉCIALE	28-29
DEDICATION/SHOUT OUT:	3	Qui était Monckton? <i>par David Le Gallant</i>	
DR. George André Lussier		Par Les Temps Qui courent: D'une génération à l'autre.....	29, 30
L'État du ME	4-15	BOOKS/LIVRES	32-37
Jean Louis Gervat.....	4-8	Moulins du Madawaska by Joseph Theriault.....	32
	<i>by Marie Therese Martin</i>	My Ants by Carl Labbe.....	33
Pappa & Mamie.....	9	Franco-Americans of Maine by Dyke Hendrickson.....	33
	<i>by Suzanne Taylor</i>	French Boy: A 1950s Franco-American Childhood by Denis Ledoux.....	34
A Capital Happening, Augusta, Maine.....	10-11	A Taste of Acadie by Marielle Cormier-Boudreau, Melvin Gallant, Michiel Oudemans.....	35
St. Agatha's Own War Bride.....	11, 15	The Mystery Traveler At Lake Fortune by Cathie Pelletier.....	35
<i>by Clifford Chasse, Joan Corbitt & Sandra San Antonio</i>		Northeast by Cathie Pelletier.....	36
What's New in Franco-American Digital Archives.....	12-15	History of the Franco-Americans of Southbridge Massachusetts by Felix Gatineau, Elizabeth Blood Ph.D. Translator.....	37
	<i>by Jacob Albert</i>	Franco-Americans in the Champlain Valley by Kimberly Lamay Licursi, Celine Racine Paquette, James D Brangan.....	37
L'État du MN	16-20	Maxi's Secrets by Lynn Plourde.....	37
Le temps des sucres!.....		COIN DES JEUNES	38
	<i>by Laurence Côté-Cournoyer</i>	Ma Petite Ecole	
L'État du NH	21-24		39-47
Is It Too Late?.....	<i>by Melody Desjardins</i>	Kristine M. Dahlberg Letter	39



'One of the biggest voices of the season': Maine woman gets 'American Idol' platinum ticket.....21

President Winthrop C. Libby Letters.....40-41
 Out of the Shadows, "It's time for Franco-Americans to rise"
 by Yvon A. Labbé.....42-47

Abonnement au Le FORUM Subscription

Si vous ne l'êtes pas abonnez-vous — s.v.p.

— Subscribe if you have not

Nom/Name: _____

Adresse/Address: _____

Métier/Occupation: _____

Ce qui vous intéresse le plus dans Le FORUM section which interests you the most: _____

Je voudrais contribuer un article au Le FORUM au sujet de: _____

I would like to contribute an article to Le FORUM about: _____

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719

Tarif d'abonnement par la poste pour 4 numéros

Subscription rates by mail for 4 issues:

États-Unis/United States — Individus: \$25

Ailleurs/Elsewhere — Individus: \$30

Organisation/Organizations — Bibliothèque/Library: \$40

Le FORUM



**This issue of
Le Forum is
dedicated to
Dr. George André
Lussier**



Dr. George André Lussier

As editor of *Le Forum* for many years now, I had the pleasure of meeting George years ago when he came to me with a great wealth of research materials on the Sentinelliste Movement of the 1920's. I sat down with George as we gathered materials for a "Special Issue" of *Le Forum*. I was totally amazed and so pleased that he reached out to the Franco-American Centre for help in sorting, scanning and layout of his research. We came up with three issues of Sentinelle specials. And there could have been several more that could have been published had there been more time.

I must also add, that George supported *Le Forum* for many years and supported the issues financially when funds were and still are, extremely low. As a small token, this issue is dedicated to you, "Merci mille fois!"

This is what George had to say when he introduced his Sentinelliste Movement in *Le Forum*:

In the recent past we have attempted—for our readers—to put the light of day on the "Sentinelliste" Movement which started in 1920 in Rhode Island and throughout New England. The "Sentinelliste" Movement was supported by 90% of the French Canadian

Americans outside of Québec and also by 90% of the French Canadians residing in Québec and the rest of Canada. The "Sentinelliste" Movement inaugurated in 1920 was a movement which had as its goal the protection of our bilingual school system consisting at its apogee of around 400 parochial schools and collège classiques for over 2 million Franco-Americans. The "Sentinelliste" Movement had as goal the blossoming of our community and the protection of the monies and resources belonging to our ethnic community, the valorization of our culture and language against the encroachments of the Catholic Episcopate of the United States. These encroachments were implemented starting in 1860. These encroachments, these troubles, these embezzlements on the part of the Catholic Episcopate of the United States have lasted since 1860 and they continue into present days for us all and in addition for all the ethnic groups here in the United States i.e. for the Polish ethnic group, for the German ethnic group, for the Hispanic ethnic groups, for the Italian ethnic group, et alio throughout North American—outside of Québec and north of the Rio Grande—that is to say here in the United States and there in Canada outside of Québec.

Here is George's contact information if you would like to reach out:

George André Lussier

10 Homestead Ave.

Worcester, MA 01610



Jean Louis Gervat

A Dauphinois Painter and student of Johan Barthold Jongkind

“Notes from the journal of Doctor Edward Martin during his visit to the South of France in 1956 provide some of the information used in this narrative. In many intimate conversations with Heloise, the sister of the artist, Martin was able to extract information and write a personal account of the artist’s life. Gervat’s journal, along with paintings in oil, watercolor, and pencil drawings, his personal journal and several artifacts are presented in a collection of his work.”

by Marie Therese Martin



Jean Louis Gervat was born during a time that would see a great art movement take form and leave in its wake many of the most esteemed names the art world offered, before or since. As his story unfolds, one of the giants of this early style of expressionist art we now refer to as *Impressionism*, will wander throughout the pages of Jean Louis’s life igniting a flame in a young Gervat that would leave behind a simple and unique style of artistry.

On one of those afternoons, while deeply engrossed in sketching, Jean Louis was startled to see a kindly old gentleman approach him. The gentleman introduced himself as the artist, **Johan Barthold Jongkind**. An extraordinary Dutch painter and printmaker who painted marine landscapes in a free manner, he left Paris to seek inspiration in the unspoiled beauty of the countryside surrounding la Plaine de la Bievre. When he met Jean Louis, he was fourteen. After observing the boy and his work, Jongkind told him that if he wished, he would meet him here every day and teach him how to paint with watercolors.

Whenever possible, they took to the fields before dawn to catch the first rays of the morning sun and spent the rest of the day roaming the fields together. During this process the young Gervat became deeply attached to Jongkind and the two became inseparable. It was here that Jongkind painted with watercolor and in a style that was fresh and new and different from the way he painted in Paris.

Heloise

Martin would describe his visit with Heloise in this way,

“As we sat by a cast iron wood stove, smoke-stained timbers flickered in the light of the great stone fireplace. Heloise remembered how their lives were shared in the same ancestral home where they were born. She spoke softly, remembering her younger brother as a delicate and sensitive youth who playfully ran throughout the family farmhouse with her.”

In her senior years, she remembered



Pages from the Gervat journal with his “Betty” lamp.

her brother as a growing boy endowed with a superior intellect that was apparent from an early age.

Jean Louis Gervat was born in St. Simeon-de-Brassieux, Isere, France on November 30, 1867 in an ancient stone house. He came from a long line of hardy French farmers who tended sheep and cattle at the edge of the magnificent Plaine de la Bievre referred to as the “cold lands.” He was a dreamer, fascinated by everything around him; rocks, trees, and flowers. All of nature was his sounding board but these same sounds that awakened his senses were viewed as uncommon in a

boy so young. These attributes were quickly recognized by his teacher, Brother Honorat, who enjoyed the many sketches the boy made of his natural surroundings. It was, in fact, Brother Honorat who suggested to Jean Louis’s parents the possibility of him studying draftsmanship or engineering. With this in mind in 1877, Gervat was tutored in geometrical drawing. Many of these preliminary sketches can be found in his journal of writings, drawings and poetry that are in the collection. He studied at night by the only light he had, that of a small Betty lamp. Commonly made of iron or brass, a Betty lamp was most often used in the home to offer a small source of light. It burned fish oil with a wick made of twisted cloth.

At the edge of the magnificent lowlands called the “Bievre,” or the cold lands, this landscape extends miles wide and stretches out to the horizon. Its flat contour was protected on either side by mountains, and although flat in some places, it gave way to gently rolling meadows in others. St. Simeon lies

directly across the plain from La Cote St. Andre where a distant outline of red tiled roofs identifies the region and punctuates a brooding landscape.

Artists paint what they see in their surroundings. A young Gervat would do the same, painting the morning mists that greeted him as he tended sheep in the early morning of his day. Low lying clouds created a landscape to the young painter with an ominous force. Mystic is what Heloise called Gervat’s mood and critics would often repeat the same word in describing his art.

The atmosphere in this low country
(Continued on page 5)

(Jean Louis Gervat continued from page 4) was charged with a sense of intimacy and it instilled into this sensitive boy a desire to express himself in that most universal of all art forms, painting.

Described as shy, Jean Louis was uneasy in a crowd. He did not care for athletics and his insatiable search for knowledge set him aside from those his own age. He abhorred violence in all forms and never wanted to harm any living thing. Louis could usually be found in the fields sketching or painting.

According to Heloise, Jongkind said to Gervat, "meet me here each day, and I'll teach you how to paint a landscape." Madame Gervat was troubled that such a man whose reputation for drinking was well known had become so close to her only son. When Gervat brought Jongkind home, Madame Gervat did not share the same rapture of Jongkind as her son. His reputation as a drunkard had preceded him and she would scold Jongkind on many occasions

forbidding him to ever come near her home or her son in an intoxicated state. According to Heloise, he never did and he honored her mother in that way.

Gervat's mother also nurtured Jean Louis and his interest in painting. Daily, she would wash large jars which she then filled with fresh milk to sell. As she delivered it to a nearby silk factory, she gathered scraps of discarded colored cloth so that her son could extract color from these remnants and use them in his early watercolors. Although a most unsatisfactory material, it allowed him to add color to his early sketches. Poor as the proverbial church mouse, a young Gervat made the most of what he had. His father was often exasperated to find him sitting in the fields sketching or painting while his schoolwork and chores awaited.

Martin scribbled in his notes, "*I sat in the same chair and at the same table where Jongkind sat. It was an "experience I will never forget."*

"Poor, poor, Jongkind," Heloise would

repeat over and over again. She described him being in ill health and wearing tattered clothing, but always wearing a tall hat.

He often did not shave and his disheveled appearance did little to console Madame Gervat's opinion of him. The boy became deeply attached to the old man as they roamed the countryside together looking for landscapes to paint.

"Be yourself, Louis, and no one else. Paint as you see and feel."

According to Heloise, Jongkind's advice to Gervat was to "be yourself, Louis, and no one else. Paint as you see and feel." Gervat took that advice seriously and painted in a naïve and primitive style that changed very little throughout his entire lifetime. Had he remained a student of Jongkind for a longer period of time, one wonders what the effect might have been. In an attempt to separate the old man from the boy, and to discourage Gervat's interest in art, his parents sent him to the seminary at La Cote *(Continued on page 6)*



Oil on canvas

(*Jean Louis Gervat continued from page 5*)

St. Andre. Jongkind was then forbidden to see the boy. That order was rescinded with Gervat's pleading and a promise that Jongkind and art would never interfere or separate him from the priesthood. Prior to Gervat's admission to the seminary, Jongkind proclaimed one afternoon on viewing the scene and admiring it, that henceforth all should know that Gervat was his student and he would make him a great artist. Jongkind felt that Gervat's watercolors excelled his own. "Whether they did or not makes little difference," Martin would surmise. "I am simply reporting the story as Heloise told me. Certainly, Jongkind's water colors in his last days around La Cote St. Andre are like those of Gervat and far different from his work done in Paris or his native Holland."

Martin further recorded that Heloise showed him a painting of a shepherd and sheep in a snowstorm which Jongkind signed on the reverse.

As Gervat's attention became more focused on the priesthood, he painted less. When Gervat was ordained, Jongkind wanted to call him "father" but Gervat would not hear of it. He was deeply saddened by Jongkind's age and the eventual decline of his health. When Gervat was transferred to the seminary in Rome it was during that interval that Jongkind died. Gervat never got over this loss and never forgot his dear friend during prayers at his daily masses.

They were finally separated, this legendary artist whom Manet called "the father of impressionism" and his young student. Edouard Manet regarded Jongkind as a forerunner to the art movement later called "Impressionism." Abbe Jean Louis Gervat was the only known student of the Dutch Master.

Prior to Gervat's admission to the seminary, Jongkind proclaimed one af-

ternoon on viewing the scene and admiring it, that henceforth all should know that Gervat was his student and he would make him a great artist. Jongkind felt that Gervat's watercolors excelled his own. "Whether they did or not makes little difference," Martin states. "I am simply reporting the story as Heloise told me." Certainly, Jongkind's water colors in his last days around La Cote St. Andre are like those of Gervat and far different from his work done in Paris or his native Holland. Martin further writes that Heloise showed him a painting of a shepherd and sheep in a snowstorm which Jongkind signed on the reverse.

When Gervat brought Jongkind home, Madam Gervat did not share the rapture of her son for Jongkind as his reputation as a drunkard had preceded him. According to Heloise, he never did. It was more the fear that her son might take to the habits of this man and if not that, he might go so far as to become an artist. That was a most horrible thought to Madame Gervat, who in viewing this old man with tattered clothing and a small unkept beard was hardly the picture of success. Heloise tells of his visits to her home and of his impossible use of the French language. In spite of it, he was always kind and polite. She described his tall hat and a high collared shirt that he usually wore. He would tell of his hard life and wanderings and expressed his desire to make Jean Louis a great painter.

Gervat's parents were not at all interested in young Louis becoming an artist, but allowed their son to continue associating



with his dear friend. Heloise beamed with joy as she related how Jongkind instructed young Gervat. With brushes in his coat pocket and pigments from a tube, he would spit into his hand with gusto and quickly sketch out a scene remarking "that is how you paint a watercolor."

"Never join a group or a school of painters," Jongkind warned Gervat.

"Paint what you see and feel!"

And so, his pupil did exactly that for many years to come.

On one of their fireside chats, Heloise brought out Jongkind's easel which he gave to Gervat. It must still remain in the old Gervat homestead along with a fine pencil sketch of a woman carrying a load of faggots over a small stone bridge.

On one occasion, Heloise brought out a small canvas of Gervat's depicting a shepherd and sheep in a snowstorm signed on the reverse by Jongkind. This was one of Jongkind's favorite paintings done by Gervat. One evening he signed it saying to young Louis, "let everyone know that by signing this painting, I accept you as my student." Young Louis prized this painting most dearly.

Soon Louis would be separated from his old friend except on holidays and vacations. He was enrolled at the seminary at La Cote St Andre where he remained for some six years. Jongkind was seen trailing behind the young students as they would promenade on Thursdays. He would attempt to see his young friend. He was forbidden to speak to young Jean Louis at this time having the head of the seminary forbid Gervat to associate with Jongkind lest he influence him to give up his studies to become an artist. Gervat promised to never leave the



(Continued on page 7)

(*Jean Louis Gervat continued from page 6*) priesthood if he could retain Jongkind as his friend. And he did. They painted together every vacation period and holiday.

In 1890 Gervat was sent to a French Seminary in Rome and he did not return home for several years. In the interim, Jongkind died. Heloise tells how someone came to the old farmhouse to tell them that they wouldn't see the old painter any more, for he was dead. Abbe Gervat was grief stricken a year later when he returned to his home to find that his old friend and Master painter was dead. He visited Jongkind's gravesite daily and always remembered him in his daily prayers at Mass. It was touching to have Heloise relate this story.

On Gervat's admission to the seminary in Rome, his keen intellect once more asserted itself and his professors predicted a bright future for him in the ecclesiastical field. He earned Doctorate degrees in Theology, Philosophy and Canon law. He was offered a professorship in Rome and the same upon returning home to the Sorbonne. Both were turned down as he requested to be sent home as a Curate to the land of his birth. Before returning home, he visited Venice, Florence and Naples dividing his spare time equally between archeology and art.

Heloise states that most of the paintings that Gervat completed during his Italian sojourn were burned by the artist. There is evidence that some of these were of female forms which Gervat felt unbecoming to a man of his calling.

His good friend, the art critic Rodmaer remarked:

"Of the numerous canvases he completed in Italy, he burnt the greater part. We can only regret it, as those that are left to us are most interesting." A "Vendor of

flowers" painted at Tschia, and "A Venderess of Oranges" painted at Castella Mare in 1892 show the young man dazzled by the Mediterranean light; and already, one feels the research of the universe over the local color. There are two beautiful pages, rich in color and life, where certain researchers of polytonality and bearings, announce the virtuosity of the artist. A few rare designs of this period show what a rare and rich symphony, he could derive from a woman's body"

"Heloise denied such paintings ever existed and I never saw any of them other than the first two described which are pictured," Martin reflected.

On returning home, Gervat was named rector of St. Nizier. He next served at Brfessius, and Curenc in that order and where he remained for 17 years.

A look at the grown man over the years is a most fascinating study. He was an intellectual of the highest order, who spoke French, Italian, German, Spanish, English and Sanskrit, fluently. He was an authority on geology, etymology, archeology and paleontology. Specimens were brought to him from miles around and universities marveled at his command of the subjects. For such knowledge, he was offered a seat at the Sorbonne which he refused much preferring to remain with his beloved country folk in the land of the Dauphine.

In 1903, Jack London published his work, Call of the Wild. Local legend would tell that Gervat was obsessed with this work and called to paint the wolf as the

most famed French poet, DeVigny himself, would choose to write poetry about this most noble creature.

Like many great men, his capacity for work seemed endless. His average working day was said to be 18 or 20 hours and he filled each day fully caring for his parish, reading prolifically, and painting. His friends compared him to the men of the Renaissance, like Da-Vinci, who was a painter, a man of science and a poet. Gervat was all of these and his poetry alone is a project in itself for someone interested in discovering one of France's great poets.

The French poet, Paul Claudel, in letters to Heloise referred to Gervat as the poet artist of France. He was engaged in research on a book for a proposed work on Gervat's writings when he died in 1954.

Gervat never forgot the advice of Jongkind in painting nature.

"To seize it in flight in a few rapid motions before toiling at it to give the work its definite aspect".

From a technical point of view, he returned only a certain way of describing in a few rapid but suggestive touches, the essentials of a landscape. His work is free of the weakness of the impressionists and retains a solidity and volume lost by this group. Somewhere between the dramatic and threatening skies and the solid earth, which he understood so well, stands his peasant, toiling, leaning and hurrying to and from, helpless in the face of such power to alter or control it.

A question is raised as to whether
(Continued on page 8)



Gervat never forgot the advice of Jongkind in painting nature.

(Jean Louis Gervat continued from page 7)

Gervat's style was intentional and couldn't he paint a figure, asleep or a tree in a more realistic manner. I believe that answer is that he could, however, he was a true artist and painted as he felt, as well as what he saw. His authenticity of style was achieved by a voluntary deforming of the material appearance of the objects he painted, breaking each to release that inner soul. (find attribution)

The most striking quality of his paintings is the coloring. His palette is varied with a strong tendency toward the dominants. Unlike his master who tended toward the pastels. A mystic mood pervades many of his oils and watercolors alike and are strong and stunning. He was as his master; a man of virginal vision and his sunsets are orchestrations of color unique in the entire history of art.

In spite of his lifelong affliction with bronchial asthma from which he suffered much, he always retained good humor and a broad smile greeted everyone. He loved everything in nature from his peasant neighbor to the smallest flower that sprung from the sod of the cold lands. He knew the smell of newly turned soil, every blade of grass, each insect, the snowflakes, the poplar bending in the wind, the blazing fields of oats, the grapes and vines, the hanging clouds and the clinging mists. All were friends of his and as the earth, a part of Gervat's art.

His fields, his farmers, his red tiled roofs, all expressed in a simple beauty engrained with sincerity. The landscapes are everywhere and yet nowhere. They express daily joys and sorrows and as one critic wrote:

"He goes slowly but does not delay. What is important is the shepherd he plants there. It is not the form of his nose nor the color of the hair but the curve of the entire body leaning in front of his staff: it is the big construction where the body props itself solidly against the earth. Over all the winds howl and the trees dance in an often eerie and fantastic ballet."

In spite of his obvious qualities, Gervat was reluctant to speak of himself and remained a most humble and sincere man throughout his life.

He despised equity, jurisprudence and the military in all and anything which oppressed the poor. He gave his all to those he served and would tell his dear sister Heloise, on many occasions,

"Give this food to the poor, it is too much for us. They come first who are more



miserable than we," Gervat would repeat to Heloise.

He inwardly suffered the pain and torment of others.

In May of 1930 in a letter addressed to his good friend Abel Van Rohnear, the art critic, who sought to make Gervat's work known, he claimed his talent to be not worth the effort. He characterized himself as simply, "A poor devil of a Dauphinois painter, who has no other merit than to have been the benevolent student of the unfortunate Jongkind.

Because of this humility, Gervat exhibited little in his lifetime and did so only with reluctance. He was exhibited on occasions with his master and records document occasional exhibits in Paris, Marseilles, Lyon and Grenoble, in France. Posthumously he was exhibited in Germany and the United States. In the United States, he was exhibited at Colby College.

To be sure, he knew of the great artists of his time but was not a part of their groups. He enjoyed their work and was most fond of Le domaine Rousseaus who influenced him to a minor degree. The coloring and boldness of Van Gogh are apparent in some of his oils but in style and technique he is Gervat and no one else. His works are readily recognizable and unmistakable.

In 1927 Gervat was given a parish at Nayarey and died there on August 28, 1930 in the arms of his beloved sister Heloise. He apparently contracted pneumonia and, weakened from his long hours and years of hard work, expired without a complaint in the faith of his father.

Shortly following his death, Heloise found the following lines written on a

page and inserted in his prayer missal "The Wolfes' Death by DeVigney":

"Only silence is great, all else is weakness.

Energetically do your long and arduous task

*In the path where fate has called you
Then after, as I suffer and die without speaking."*

So, he died and among his many writings Martin found the following last will of Gervat which he brought back.

"Let my funeral, in the country where I shall die, be the simplest possible, and let my body be carried by truck directly to the common burying ground of the cemetery of St. Simeon de Brasseux. Let there be planted on the grave a small white pine cross. No flowers, no wreaths, no need to maintain it."

Dated at Sol Laurent in Roans, the 27th of February, 1927

He died August 28, 1930. In a book about La Ceinture Dauphinoise written by Maurice Wantellet, there is a chapter dedicated to the paintings of Abbe Gervat.



For more information, visit: www.jeanlouisgervat.com

Pappa & Mamie

by Suzanne Taylor

We humans have the highest level of consciousness on the planet. There are several reasons that make this apparent. The most relevant is our memory. You see, our memory is infinite and it allows us to take in the world around us and to learn. The study of genealogy has given us the ability to venture back in history and view how life was for our ancestors. We can visualize and feel some of the harsh realities of prejudice from racism that our ancestors lived through. It may be difficult today for some to comprehend that being Franco in years past was full of hardships.

Both of my parents have passed from this life but their stories of how life was growing up in Maine as a Franco have burned in my soul. My father, Wilfred J. Taylor, was born on French Island in 1927 to Louis S. Couturier (Taylor) and Laura M. Gifford Taylor. At that time in history French Island was a vibrant community full of tradition that was brought with each family that settled there. It was no different for my father's family. Tradition could be seen in the food that they ate, how they worshiped, celebrated holidays and how they were schooled. My father loved living on the island and being so close to his extended family.

He learned though at a very young age that his ethnicity was something that he needed to bury and not allow the outside world to know. You see, back when he was a boy, speaking French in some schools was not allowed. Adults found it difficult to find work and support their families off the island. My father's family were forced to move from the island to Bangor to find work. The family name was changed from Couturier to Taylor and my father and his siblings were not allowed to speak French.

Even in Bangor if you were Franco it had to be locked away deep within you for the sake of survival. Within the walls of their new home in Bangor tradition still was front and center for the family. I have memories of my grandparents and their extended family happily gathered together sharing stories in their native language, French. For my father and his siblings though that rich experience was not meant to be. Dad eventually lost his ability to communicate in the language that he was born into.



*Louis S. Couturier (Taylor) and
Laura M. Gifford Taylor.*

After worshiping in a predominantly French Catholic Church in Old Town, the family found that prejudice was present even within the Catholic community of Bangor. They were faced with the stark reality that a division existed between the French and the Irish Catholics there. The family made the adjustments to all the changes in their life in a new city.

Eventually my father met his soul mate. He and my mother, Helen M. Thibodeau, were married on December 31, 1949 at St. John's Catholic Church in Bangor. One would think their wedding would be an occasion to celebrate the joy that came from their love. That was not to be. There was a different prejudice evident that day. My father came from a devout Catholic family and my mother came from a devout Methodist family. My maternal grandfather held a prejudice against Catholics and he refused to attend their wedding. I always thought it to be kind of an oxymoron because of what

my mother's father went through due to his own French heritage.

My maternal grandfather, Ralph A. Thibodeau, was born in Carroll Plantation, Maine to Gordan F. Thibodeau and Ida M. Thornton in 1896. My maternal grandmother, Pauline G. Blanchard, was born in Carroll Plantation to Wayne L. Blanchard and Lillian C. Lamb in 1900. Both families knew each other and all was well until Ralph and Pauline fell in love.

My grandmother's parents were not going to have a frenchman marry their daughter. They went so far as to send my grandmother to live with her aunt in Boston. There she would receive an education, experience a finer lifestyle and be introduced to Boston bred gentlemen. That did not dampen my grandfather's love for Pauline. He sent her an engagement ring by mail. Love won out and she returned to Maine where they married and raised a family on their dairy farm.

After my parents married and started a family my grandfather, Ralph Thibodeau, found his prejudice thawing. He apologized to my mother and he and my father became very close. A special bond was created through their mutual love for my mother and a love of gardening. My mother received her Confirmation in the Catholic Church as an adult after one of her children was killed, with her father's full support. Ralph's granddaughter married a Catholic and his great grandson is a Catholic Priest, Father Joe Robinson of Ohio.

One would like to think that since we are at the top of the food chain and possess the ability to reason, prejudice would become nonexistent. Maybe someday it will, but until then live your truth and let us learn from the past.





EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT A Special Bond Street history. Alice Beaulieu Wilkins, hailed from that area and has done a wonderful piece of history which I'm helping her share. Many of you will remember Alice and her husband Ed Wilkins, who were the backbone behind the Great Kennebec River Whatever Race. Enjoy! Thank you Alice for sharing this special piece of Augusta's history!

"Great article on Bond Street. My grand-parents and parents all worked at The Mill and my mother said she thought my grandmother was born on Bond Street.

Retrace your steps back down Mt. Vernon Avenue and turn left onto Bond Street.

The foot of Gas House Hill (so called because the first gas company was at the base of the hill) on State Street where Mt. Vernon Avenue begins, marks the beginning of the section of town that was the center for the Franco-American community in Augusta. In the late nineteenth century, many French Canadians came to Augusta to work at Edwards Manufacturing Company, a cotton mill on the banks of the Kennebec River. The mill owners actively recruited Canadians for this work and many responded. By 1908, nearly 20% of Augusta's population was Franco-American. The Edwards Company was one of a succession of mills at the site (all now demolished), but it marked the beginning of the major influx of French Canadians to the city. The mill site was on the bank of the Kennebec River, a few hundred yards from the foot of the hill. The mill buildings burned in 1989. Sand Hill, Bond Street, and Mt. Vernon are names that refer to the Franco-American section, but the surrounding streets were home to many. The various mill companies owned tenements, boarding houses, and other dwellings in the area and rented them to mill workers, giving Augusta its own "company section" in town. This modest mustard-colored house is the center of much controversy in Augusta. Built sometime between c.1875-



1878 for Franco-American mill workers, it has withstood the ravages of time and survives with much of its early detail intact, both interior and exterior. The controversies about the house are whether to leave it on its original site or move it to a nearby park and whether the building must serve some useful contemporary function (rehabilitated into housing) or whether it can survive as a unique example of housing from an earlier time. Surnames of children and adults who have lived at 25 Bond Street over the decades include Pullen, Dostie, Raheume, Breton, Leclair, Bolduc, Butler, Billedau, Poulin, Cloutier, Parent, Dube, and Dientowski. Some of the children were certain to have attended the Laurel Hill School.

Augusta's Franco-American population was wooed by the Edwards Mill owners, because of the shortage of workers. The Augusta mills were not the biggest producers of cotton goods in Maine, nor was Augusta's population the largest in Maine, but Franco-Americans made up a large and significant population of Augusta. In 1900, the major Maine population centers for Franco-Americans outside of Aroostook County were Biddeford/Saco - 16,500; Lewiston/Auburn - 13,300; and Waterville - 4,300. However, the Franco population in Augusta (around 2,500) comprised nearly 19% of Augusta's total population (13,211) by 1908.

Their presence was critical for the cotton, shoe, and magazine industries that formed the backbone of the city's economy in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

In 1920, Joseph and Caroline Parent lived at 25 Bond Street. The small, shingled building at the head of Bond Street was home to the Parents and their children. Caroline was born in Canada, but Joseph was born in Maine. According to the census, there were four sons in 1920, the first and second were born in Canada and the next two were born in Maine. The different birthplaces suggest strong, yet changing ties between Augusta, Maine, and Canada. Many Franco-Americans worked in the cotton mills, but they also worked in the publishing and paper industries, shoe manufacturing, forest-based work, and small businesses. The home where Caroline and Joseph lived was built by Sprague Manufacturing, sometime prior to 1878 as housing for mill workers. The row houses down the street from 25 Bond, toward the river, were built in the 1880's by Edwards Manufacturing for the same purpose. Alternatives to mill housing were privately owned homes and the many formal and informal boarding houses in the area.

The children who lived on Bond Street in 1886 would have been educat-

(Continued on page 11)



St. Agatha's Own War Bride

Written by Clifford Chasse, Joan Corbitt and Sandra San Antonio

The US declared war against Germany and Japan in 1941, this led to Romeo Chasse along with many local citizens being drafted into the war effort. In 1942 Romeo was drafted into the Army and assigned to the Army Air Corp at the age of 26.

Therefore, a local young farmer from Flat Mountain did basic training on the beaches of Miami, in December, and after additional training was assigned to Grafton-Underwood near Northampton, England. Romeo crossed the Atlantic on the Queen Elizabeth which had been converted to a troop carrier.

Romeo shared that it was a six-day voyage.

This assignment in Northampton led to his meeting a young Irish lady.

Bridget Kiely, was born September 1918, daughter of John and Mary (Harrington) Kiely of County Limerick, Ireland. Raised on a small farm in Ballingary, Bridie (as we all knew her), at the age of 18 along with her sister, Nora, immigrated to England for work opportunities.

Bridie was employed at Northampton hospital as a nurses aide. She then met and married Romeo in 1944. Bridie shared many war stories one of which is about unexploded bombs that landed on the hospital grounds. She attributed this to the efforts of labor workers that sabotaged the ordinances. Bridie said "they saved my life".

During the war effort Romeo and Bridie had the opportunity to meet up with his brother, Paul Emile, a Quartermaster, also deployed in England.

While still in Northampton, Romeo and Bridie welcomed their eldest son, Clifford. Bridie and Clifford lived in Northamp-

ton while Romeo was performing his duties in France.

For some period in 1945 Romeo would be assigned to Marseille, France. Due to his knowledge of local French, he would converse with the locals and helped with the war effort.

At the end of the European conflict, priority was given to the return of US servicemen. In September of 1945, Romeo once again crossed the Atlantic on the USS Victory, to be discharged from the military at Fort Devans, MA, and returned home to St. Agatha. Once most of the military had returned home, war brides and children were the next group to come to the United States.

In February of 1946 Bridie faced a conflict. She was notified that she would be allowed to return to Ireland to see her family, but on that same day she received notice that she and Cliff were scheduled to make the trip to New York on the Queen Mary. It was a difficult decision as she had not seen her family for over 10 years. She made the decision to come to the United States.

From New York Bridie and Cliff traveled by train to Van Buren. They were greeted, in the middle of winter, by Romeo and his parents, Denis and Marie (Hebert) Chasse. Bridie was shocked at the amount of snow, and the transportation was by horse and sleigh...let alone the language difference.

Adjusting to life on Flat Mountain

Romeo, Bridie, and Cliff lived at the Chasse homestead on 1st Row for three years. After living in England for 10 years Bridie was accustomed to more modern conveniences such as, electricity, indoor
(Continued on page 15)



ed in a school built specifically for the French-speaking children in that area of town. In 1885, the school board in Augusta voted to build a school on the corner of Laurel and State streets to accommodate some of the estimated 206 French-speaking students who lived here. One of the surviving stories is that a teacher had to be recruited from Aroostook County, presumably to have the proper combination of education and language.

Miss Marion Cyr was the first teacher. Miss J. Carrie LeProhon and the first & second graders posed for a photograph in 1896. The Laurel Hill School closed by the early twentieth century, but the building survived until 1993, when it was destroyed by fire.

This most intriguing aspect of the Bond Street and Mt. Vernon Avenue area is the layering of history. This was Martha Ballard's greater door yard--the area that contained her gardens and the yards for her animals; the mouth of the brook was where her son Jonathan, his wife Sally, and their new-born child lived in 1795, and where they were almost swept away in a freshet that year (all survived). This same section of town came to symbolize, nearly two centuries later, the Franco-American community that came to Augusta to work the cotton mills.

The Bond Street area was listed by a Maine preservation organization as one of the most endangered historical properties in Maine."



<https://www.facebook.com/Iloveaugustamaine>

What's New in Franco American Digital Archives: Franco-American Newspapers and Periodicals in the Northeast

by Jacob Albert

With the help of librarians, archivists, and scholars of the Franco American Collections Consortium, *Franco-American Newspapers and Periodicals in the Northeast: An Inventory* is now available online. This complete inventory of all Franco-American periodicals published in the US Northeast lists over 425 titles that appeared from the early nineteenth century up to the present day. This list shares the most recent knowledge about these newspapers, including their time and place of publication, how many are left in existence, where they are available to read, and where they are available digitally.¹

The link to the complete online inventory is available at Franco American Digital Archives/Portail franco-américain (<https://francoamericandigitalarchives.org/newspapers>), where each newspaper title can also be found through a keyword search.



The screenshot shows the website interface for the Franco American Digital Archives. At the top, there is a logo of a tree and the text "Franco American Digital Archives" and "Portail franco-américain". Below this is a navigation menu with "Browse", "Learn", "About", "Connect", and "Advanced Search". A search bar contains the text "Franco-American Newspapers / Jc" and a "SEARCH" button. Below the search bar, there is a breadcrumb trail: "Home > Franco-American Newspapers / Journaux franco-américains". The main heading is "Franco-American Newspapers / Journaux franco-américains". Below this, there is a paragraph of text: "For a complete inventory of Franco-American newspapers, information about them, where they are held, or where they appear online, browse the collection below or visit *Franco-American Newspapers and Periodicals in the Northeast: An Inventory*." Below this, it says "Displaying results 1 - 10 of 396". There is a "Items per page" dropdown set to "10", and "List" and "Grid" view options. A "Relevance" dropdown is set to "Relevance". There are pagination buttons for "1", "2", "3", "4", "5", "Next", and "Last". Below this, there is a "Selected Facets" section with "Digitization Status" and "Date(s)". The "Digitization Status" section shows "Not Digitized / Non numérisé(e)" with a count of "(366)". The "Date(s)" section shows "1880 to 1968". A thumbnail image of a newspaper page is shown next to the "Date(s)" section.

¹ For a more complete introduction to this inventory, see Jacob Albert and Susan Pinette, "Franco-American Newspapers and Periodicals in the Northeast: An Inventory," *Québec Studies* 76(1), 3-36, November 2023.

(Continued on page 13)

The inventory itself appears in a public spreadsheet that can be sorted by title, date of publication, or other criteria. Each title also has a link to its own title sheet, where researchers can learn more in-depth information about each newspaper title, including what repositories throughout the US and Canada might hold scattered issues of these historic publications.

1	Title (A-Z) [link to each title, issues, additional information]	State	City	Pub Start: YYYY/MM/DD	Pub End: YYYY/MM/DD	Extant/ Non-extant	Frequency	Related title(s)
2	Abeille, L'	MA	Lowell	1880/??/??	1884/??/??	extant	Weekly: 1880 Daily: 1/1881 - 8/1881 Bi-weekly: 9/1881-1884	
3	Abeille, L'	NH	Manchester	1891/05/??	1891/05/??	non-extant	Unknown	
4	Abeille de social, L'	RI	Woonsocket	1912/10/31	1921/??/??	non-extant	Weekly	
5	Action, L'	NH	Manchester	1950/06/21	1971/09/01	extant	Weekly	
6	Action ouvrière, L'	NH	Manchester	1943/01/00	1944/11/??	extant	Monthly	
7	Aigle, L'	ME	Biddeford	1895/12/01	1895/12/01	non-extant	One issue only	
8	Aigle, L'	MA	Salem	1894/11/02	1896/??/??	extant	Weekly	
9	Almanach de l'Assomption, L'	MA	Worcester	1924/12/00	1928/12/00	extant	Annual	Printed and disseminated L'Assomption
10	Almanach franco-américain et catholique, comprenant une liste complète du clergé franco-américain, églises, missions, écoles et communautés religieuses de toute la Nouvelle-Angleterre et du diocèse Albany dans l'état de New York	MA	Fitchburg	1902/00/00	1913/00/00	extant	Annual	
11	Américain, L'	MA	Springfield	1903/06/06	1903/12/??	extant	Weekly	
12	American-Canadian Genealogist, The	NH	Manchester	1991/00/00	[present]	extant	Quarterly	Succeeded by The Gen

Franco-American Newspapers and Periodicals in the Northeast: An Inventory works to centralize a lot of the important work of gathering and understanding Franco-American newspapers that has occurred in the past: from Alexandre Bélisle's 1911 study, *Histoire de la presse franco-américaine*, to André Sénécal's 1995 inventory, *Project INFA: Newspapers and Periodicals: A Preliminary Checklist*, to the deep collections work of librarians and archivists throughout the Northeast in the present day. The stewards of these historic newspapers form the foundation for their access and preservation. This inventory is an attempt to place all of that work in a single place, to invite greater participation from a wider audience in understanding these newspapers, and to create a home for information about them to grow over time.

Much of the corpus of Franco-American newspapers has already been lost to history. Roughly 50% of these titles no longer exist anywhere. But, this inventory points to a great deal of digital work that has been completed over the past 15 years in order to preserve what remains of our historic French-language newspapers in the US and make them more accessible to readers.

Some significant past and more recent efforts to make these newspapers available online are:

-Between 2008 and 2011, the Google News Archive "digitized nearly a million pages from 2,000 newspapers,"² including scattered issues from over a dozen Franco-American titles: *L'Avenir*

²<https://www.theatlantic.com/technology/archive/2011/05/google-shuts-down-newspaper-archive-project/239239/>

(Continued on page 14)

national (Manchester NH, 1895-1949); *Le Canadien des États-Unis* (New York NY, 1884-1885); *Le Canado-Américain* (Manchester NH, 1900-1957); *Le Citoyen Franco-Américain* (Springfield MA, 1888-1914); *La Cloche du Dimanche* (Woonsocket RI, 1899-1900); *L'Étendard National* (Worcester MA & Montréal, 1869-1874); *L'Étoile* (Lowell MA, 1886-1957); *L'Indépendance* (Lowell MA, 1890); *L'Indépendant* (Fall River MA, 1885-1962); *La Justice* (Holyoke MA, 1904-1964); *Le National* (Lowell MA, 1890-1895); *Le National* (Plattsburgh NY, 1883-1890); *L'Opinion Publique* (Worcester MA, 1893-1931); *La Sentinelle* (Woonsocket RI, 1924-1928); *Le Travailleur* (Worcester MA, 1931-1978); and *La Tribune (de Woonsocket)* (1895-1934).

<https://news.google.com/newspapers> (note that some titles are misspelled in the database, or are included within other publications of the same title)

-In 2014, the University of Vermont³ digitized and made available *Le Patriote Canadien* (Burlington VT, 1839-1840), becoming the first French-language newspaper in the Northeast to be made digitally available through the National Digital Newspaper Program.

<https://chroniclingamerica.loc.gov/lccn/sn90000507/>

-In 2019 and 2020, the University of Southern Maine digitized and made available online various issues of Lewiston publications - *Le Défenseur* (1921-1926); *Le Reveil (du Cercle Canadien)* (1924-1925); *Le Bulletin (du Cercle Canadien)* (1926-1927); *Le Messenger* (1880-1968); and *L'Unité* (1976-1984) - as well as issues of *L'Action* (Manchester NH, 1950-1971).

<https://digitalcommons.usm.maine.edu/fac-newspapers/>

-In 2019 and 2020, the Nashua Public Library⁴ digitized and made available online *L'Impartial* (Nashua NH, 1898-1964).

<https://nashua.advantage-preservation.com/>

-In 2020, the McArthur Library⁵ in Biddeford digitized and made available *La Justice* (1896-1907) and *La Justice de Biddeford* (1907-1950).

<https://biddeford.advantage-preservation.com/>

-In 2023, the Maine State Library⁶ received funding from the National Digital Newspaper Program to digitize *Le Messenger* (Lewiston ME, 1880-1968), *La Justice de Sanford* (Sanford ME, 1925-1945), *Le Journal du Madawaska* (Van Buren ME, 1902-1906), and issues from about a dozen other French-language newspapers titles published in Maine. Early digitized issues are available online through the DigitalMaine Repository (https://digitalmaine.com/le_messenger/), with the entire digitized corpus soon to be made available through the Library of Congress's *Chronicling America*.

<https://www.loc.gov/collections/chronicling-america/about-this-collection/>

³ <https://library.uvm.edu/vtnp/?p=1384#more-1384>

⁴ https://nashuanh.gov/AgendaCenter/ViewFile/Agenda/_02042020-4818

⁵ <https://www.instagram.com/p/CGu3KevFI0a/>

⁶ <https://www.maine.gov/msl/news/display.shtml?id=9926417>

(St. Agatha's Own War Bride continued from page 11)

plumbing, motorized vehicles. This was a challenge for Bridie, along with the culture and weather. Learning the French language for Bridie was difficult, as family members at the homestead, spoke primarily French and taught her French words that were not quite appropriate. In time she understood the local language however she decided not to speak it. Her neighbor (Bernice Guerrette) and her sister in law (Alma Chasse) credited Bridie their learning of English. While still living at the Chasse homestead Romeo and Bridie had two more sons, Francis and Richard.

In 1949 they purchased the neighboring home and farm from Willie Martin. Bridie was the consummate housewife giving birth to three daughters, Joan, Lorraine and Sandra. All the while doing chores around the house and potato fields. Bridie always had a large vegetable garden and beautiful flower and rock garden. She helped with every aspect of the farm from cutting seed potatoes, to picking potatoes, fixing meals for the family and for the potato pickers. She was always the last to sit down to eat.

St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, was a day of celebration in the household. This resulted with the gathering of friends and the "want to be Irish". Bridie's Mom always sent cards from Ireland with real shamrocks and Irish pins and flags. All of the children left for school dressed in green.

After twenty-two years of being away Bridie longed to see her parents and siblings in Ireland. With this in mind, a dedicated field of potatoes was set aside to raise money for her trip home. Unfortunately, the first truck load of potatoes from that field crashed at the bottom of Marquis Hill. Luckily no one was injured but the truck was heavily damaged and out of commission for the remainder of the harvest which sadly meant

no trip home.

In 1961 the community of St. Agatha rallied together to raise funds to allow Bridie to make the trip to Ireland. Some of the people leading the fund raiser were Sam and Bernadette Michaud, Johnny and Orilla Belanger, and Rosaire and Lucille Michaud. Bridie was forever grateful to the community for all that they did for her. This allowed Bridie to see her parents and siblings. Her dad passed away the following year.

In April of 1960, Bridie and her two sisters in law, Alma Couturier Chasse, and Lucille Marquis Chasse traveled to Houlton and became Naturalized American Citizens. This was a day to celebrate.

In the late 1960's Bridie started working for the school district as a cook and shortly thereafter she became foodservice supervisor. In 1974 she was diagnosed with breast cancer. After treatment, therapy and additional surgeries Bridie continued to work and maintained a positive outlook. In September of 1978 Bridie along with her daughter Sandra made the trip Ireland and England where she visited with her mother and all her siblings. On the morning of her leaving Ireland 35 family members including her 86 year old mother were at the airport to see her off.

Upon on her arrival at the Presque Isle Airport, Bridie was taken directly to Northern Maine Medical Center and passed away ten days later.

Bridie loved her St. Agatha home, community, lifelong friends. She was a welcoming, kind and loving person to all.

Romeo continued to live on Chasse Road and spent many good years advising local farmers and becoming known as "Pepere Hot Wheels." He loved to spend time in his large vegetable garden and shared his harvest. He enjoyed sitting on his swing and watching the contrails from the Europe bound jets. He passed away at the age of 93.

Romeo and Bridie left their legacy of five children, eight grandchildren and sixteen great-grandchildren, living in Florida, Ohio, Connecticut, and Maine.



Romeo & Bridie Chasse
Northampton England



Romeo and Bridie's Children
Front: (l-r), Frank Chasse, Joan Corbitt.
Back: Sandra San Antonio, Richard Chasse and Cliff Chasse.



(What's New in Franco American Digital Archives *continued from page 14)*

-and from 2018 up to the present, back issues of *Le F.A.R.O.G Forum* and *Le Forum*, and new issues of *Le Forum*, appear online through the University of Maine!

https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamerican_forum/

As our research continues, we look forward to making available more of these historic publications to the wider public in digital spaces.

For more information about Franco-American newspapers and other work of the Franco American Collections consortium, visit <https://faconsortium.org>.


 French-American Heritage Foundation of Minnesota

Winter 2024

By Laurence Côté-Cournoyer

Le temps des sucres!

March was always an exciting time in my family. As soon as the nights were below freezing and days were warmer, we would head to the Berthier Islands and journey to the sugar shack. It was time to make maple syrup. *Le temps des sucres!* For a long time, for me it meant playing outside with my cousins and waiting to pour syrup on my pancakes. The best kind of day!

My paternal grandparents had a farm and raised 12 children. They were busy year round, but they had a little bit of *free* time each March for syrup making. The cows were giving birth and feeding their calves. There was still a lot to do on the farm, but my grandfather wasn't milking his cows three times a day. As soon as they were old enough, my aunts and uncles would go to the sugar shack with my grandparents and great-grandfather. After two to three weeks of going to the shack daily, they would have enough maple syrup for the upcoming year. [Fun Fact #1: Québec produces 90% of Canada's maple syrup and 70% of maple syrup production worldwide.]



Canadian maple syrup bottled on Île Ducharme, Québec.

Photo Courtesy of Laurence Côté-Cournoyer



The Cournoyer family sugar shack on Île Ducharme, Québec.

Photo Courtesy of Laurence Côté-Cournoyer

(Continued on page 17)

Winter 2024

By Laurence Côté-Cournoyer

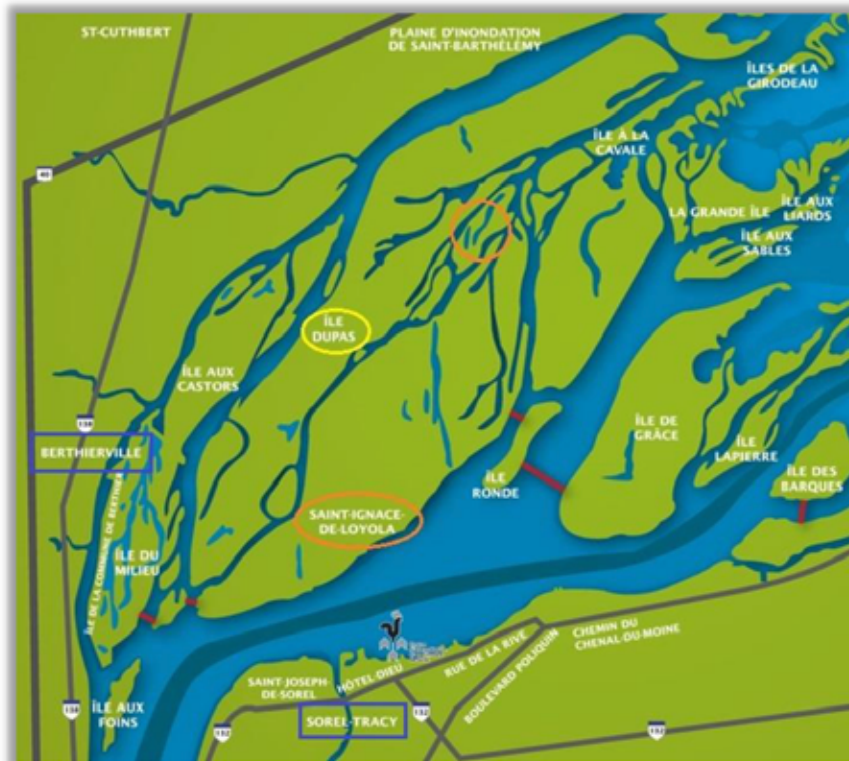


Three-year-old Laurence with her grand-papa Bernard in 1990.

Photo Courtesy of Laurence Côté-Cournoyer

My first time there was in 1990 when I was three years old. Over the years, I built fewer snow forts while waiting to eat maple taffy and spent more time actually helping out and learning how to make it.

The syrup is being made almost the same way it was when my *arrière-grand-père* Joseph and *grand-papa* Bernard started in the 1930s. They were first using an empty hay barn to boil the syrup and eventually purchased a shack in 1948. My grandparent's house is on an island called *St-Ignace-de-Loyola*, and the shack is on another, *Île Ducharme* (orange circle on map below). They are part of the archipelago of St. Pierre Lake, a delta of the St. Lawrence River, with the Islands of Berthier to the north, and Islands of Sorel to the south. It is approximately 45 miles northeast of Montréal. [Fun Fact #2: Jean-Baptiste Faribault, fur trader and early settler in Minnesota, was baptized in 1775 on *Île Dupas* next to *St-Ignace*.]



Archipelago of St. Pierre Lake

Image from <http://www.survoldulacsaintpierre.com/survold/html/francais/printemps/navigation.html>

(Continued on page 18)

Winter 2024

By Laurence Côté-Cournoyer

St-Ignace is accessible by car but not *Ducharme*. This meant we had to cross a small river that was usually frozen. Because we didn't want to chance the ice breaking under our feet, we would use a jon boat, (a small utility boat), and then have my aunts and uncles on each side to glide it on the ice. If they heard a cracking sound, they would jump into the boat! Of course, anyone too young was sitting in the boat from the start and being pushed across. From that shore, there was still more than half a mile to the shack so we would hop on ski-doo's (snowmobiles). At least the adults did. The younger ones (including myself) would be on a toboggan hooked to the ski-doo, next to or on the supplies needed for the day. Nothing like being bounced around sitting on a water jug trying not to fall over. "Tenez-vous bien," my uncle Lucien would say. "Hold on tight!"



The sugarmakers crossing the river with a jon boat (*chaloupe*) to get to *Île Ducharme*.

Photo Courtesy of Laurence Côté-Cournoyer

The journey to the sugar shack was half the fun!

Once at the shack, we would start collecting the sap from the 400-ish taps. The lucky ones using the ski-doo just poured the maple water in a plastic barrel hooked to it and would slalom between trees. The unfortunate ones would carry the buckets by hand back and forth. The sap was poured into the metal vat outside the shack.

My grandfather, aunts, and uncles had been tapping the trees at the beginning of the season. There would often be four or five taps per tree when they were big enough. They would do it with a crankshaft by hand, place a metal spile in the bark and hook a bucket to it. Nowadays, using a drill speeds up the process.

From the vat outside, the sap was pumped inside the shack to start heating it up in the evaporator. To make sure we had syrup at the end of the day, we needed to start the evaporator at 10 a.m. Our evaporator is a continuous boil pan with three main compartments. We needed plenty of wood to keep the fire going underneath, so Bernard would chop wood outside several times a day. He was pumping the sap and making sure it was evaporating properly. He also had to get rid of the foam forming on top of the sap in the first compartment. With no lids on top of the buckets outside, we needed to make sure there wasn't any debris, or pieces of wood, in the water.

(Continued on page 19)

Winter 2024

By Laurence Côté-Cournoyer



Wood-burning evaporator with three main compartments.

Photo Courtesy of Laurence Côté-Cournoyer



The old cast iron cook stove in the sugar shack kitchen.

Photo Courtesy of Laurence Côté-Cournoyer

The water was thickening as it was evaporating, increasing in sugar density as it traveled from one compartment to the others with siphons. It would take a few hours for the sap to turn to syrup. The length of time also depends on the size of the shack and how many times the door was being opened throughout the day by a dozen cousins running around.

In the meantime, my *grand-maman* Marguerite would make (**the best**) pancakes for lunch, alongside eggs and ham on the stove. She had brought all the supplies needed for the day, including our drinking water, since the shack doesn't have electricity, let alone a fridge. There is no bathroom either, so we would use the *bécosse* (backhouse/outhouse) nearby the shack.

Around 4 p.m., my grandfather would take a ladle and perform the drip test. If the drips hang, it means the syrup is done. Only he could use the ladle and it always felt ceremonial. I watched him do it many times and still am not sure how he could tell. (Nowadays, you just need a thermometer and wait for it to reach 218-220° F.) When ready, it was time to open the valve of the evaporator and let the golden liquid fill the one to two barrels. To make sure there weren't any impurities, he would pour the syrup onto a *tuque*, a piece of felt, which was filtering the syrup one last time.



The drip test.

Photo Courtesy of Laurence Côté-Cournoyer

(Continued on page 20)

Winter 2024

By Laurence Côté-Cournoyer



Aunt Line, far left, pouring the taffy in 2000.

Photo Courtesy of Laurence Côté-Cournoyer

Before leaving, my grandmother would take some syrup aside, boiling it again a little bit on the stove and preparing the fresh snow outside. It was time for taffy! This probably was the best moment of the day for me and my cousins. We would gather around her as she poured the syrup onto the snow. We used every ounce of patience we had to wait a few minutes for the syrup to harden before rolling it around a wooden tongue (Popsicle stick).

When the sun was setting, it was time to head back to the main house.

Like winemaking, the soil where the maples grow will change the taste of the syrup. On my family's land, the soil is dark, humid, and claylike so the syrup has a darker tint. It is, in my unbiased opinion, the best maple syrup on earth.

I end this article with an easy recipe for anyone with a sweet tooth. It's called *Pain dans le sirop*. All you need is crusted bread, maple syrup, and a little bit of water. Start by adding maple syrup to fill the bottom of a pan on the stove on medium heat and bring to a boil. Add a little bit of water to make it less sticky. Slice the bread a few inches thick, and put it in the pan. It will soak all the syrup and become golden brown. It's like making French toast, using only maple syrup. After a few minutes, put the bread in a Pyrex dish and pour the leftover syrup on top (yes, more sugar). Let it chill a bit (or not) and serve with ice cream. Simple and decadent!



Pain dans le sirop. Bon appétit!

Photo Courtesy of Laurence Côté-Cournoyer

~ Guest Editor Laurence Côté-Cournoyer
French-American Heritage Foundation Board Member

Is it Too Late? Establishing New Symbols of Franco-American Culture

By Melody Desjardins



If I showed you a beer stein, most likely, you would know what culture is represented by it. You would look at it and gather from what you've seen in mainstream American culture what it is to celebrate German heritage.

You've at least heard of Oktoberfest celebrations, got news of the White House acknowledging German-American Day on October 6th every year, and have seen the traditional Bavarian dress worn at festivals.

I grew up in the Midwest hearing of Oktoberfest celebrations with people dancing in lederhosen and dirndl while balancing pints of German beer.

Having some German heritage, I admire these festivals' dedication to keeping the German-American culture alive in the Midwest, especially when you consider the history of the German language taking a massive hit during times of war.

The language became lost to the German-Americans, so their descendants speak English but deeply love their culture.

Maifest Dancer Schedule

Friday
6:00 Millstream Brewery

Saturday
10:45 Blüten Haus
11:30 Festhalle Barn
12:15 Amana General Store
2:00 Amana Heritage Museum
2:45 Amana Meat Shop
5:30 Hotel Millwright

Sunday
1:15 Amana General Store
2:00 Festhalle Barn
2:30 Blüten Haus

*Maifest
celebration
in the Amana
Colonies, IA.*



'One of the biggest voices of the season': Maine woman gets 'American Idol' platinum ticket

Cumberland's Julia Gagnon is moving on in "American Idol." In fact, she is headed straight to the second round of Hollywood Week with a platinum ticket.

Gagnon, who was the last person to audition Sunday night on ABC, performed "Ain't No Way" by Aretha Franklin, wow-ing the judges. Judge Luke Bryan called her "one of the biggest voices this season," something echoed by host Ryan Seacrest.

Judge Katy Perry said, "I loved that. Look, you've got several soul singers inside of you not just one. You could go really far. You could be Top 10."

This content is imported from Twitter. You may be able to find the same content in another format, or you may be able to find more information, at their web site.

About 150 people got golden tickets, moving on in the competition. But Gagnon got one of only three platinum tickets, skipping the next phase of Idol.

Gagnon is a senior at the University of Southern Maine who has lived in Maine for almost her entire life. The 21-year-old was born in Guatemala and moved to the U.S. as a toddler to live with her adoptive family in Maine.

This past summer, Gagnon competed at Central Maine Idol, where she won first place.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i1ZhCvCM6lQ>

(Continued on page 22)

(Is it Too Late? Establishing New Symbols of Franco-American Culture continued from page 21)

Of course, they throw in German words here and there, but they don't rely on language alone to express their culture. Instead, they heavily rely on visual culture with traditional dress, dancing, music, food, and beer.

Along with Oktoberfest, the festival of Maifest also welcomes visitors to a spring-time celebration. Because it's a German-American tradition, the Maipole dancers wear the Bavarian dress adorned with flowers.



Maifest dancers during their performance at the Amana Colonies.

They know the visuals that symbolize them as a culture and roll with it, despite not speaking fluent German. People from all over visit these celebrations and enjoy embracing the German-American culture.

Another prominent cultural group I admire in the Midwest is the Dutch, specifically the town of Pella, Iowa. I've enjoyed walking the streets decked out with traditional Dutch architecture, complete with a large windmill overlooking the town square.

Within the central area, you'll find gardens of tulips with statues of a man riding his bike, a woman holding tulips, and children playfully running. Handpainted murals of Dutch culture greet you throughout the town as you explore.



A statue of a woman and children in the tulip garden. Pella, IA.

Every spring, they hold their annual Tulip Time festival, dedicated to the profoundly Dutch heritage of the town. The children learn traditional Dutch music and dance in public school, which they perform every year for the crowds during the festival.

Speaking fluent Dutch isn't called for in this celebration. They proudly lean into their symbolism of tulips, windmills, the traditional Dutch dress, their ritual of scrubbing the streets before the festival parade, and fresh-baked Dutch treats.



Windmill in Pella, IA.



Sainte-Marie's Parish in Manchester, NH.

When I want to describe the symbols of Franco-Americans, I get stuck on what there is to show. Of course, we have the fleur-de-lys, unique musical traditions of our own, and traditional French-Canadian recipes. Still, I never see anything as concrete as other cultures around us at the forefront.

Often, our invitation is a question of whether we speak French or not. If we only speak English, we are told that we cannot understand ourselves and are doomed to die out.

Previously, the closest things to physical Franco-American symbols were symbols of Catholicism. From crucifixes and Virgin *(Continued on page 23)*

(Is it Too Late? Establishing New Symbols of Franco-American Culture continued from page 22)

Mary figures found in the home to rosaries found within coat pockets and purses, religious symbolism was the visual culture.

When I visited the area of Sainte-Marie's Parish in Manchester, New Hampshire it seemed as though the church is only remembered as a historical site of days gone by rather than strong symbolism representing Franco-Americans of today. Walking to Lafayette Park with the statue of Ferdinand Gagnon, it looked as if the area had seen better days.

Exploring more of our history, I visited the Millyard Museum in Manchester. Among the exhibits, I learned the mechanics of the looms that many French-Canadian immigrants worked on in the Amoskeag Mills.



*The Millyard Museum.
Manchester, NH.*

In another section below the screening of an old documentary was a long glass display case holding various objects. While I admired the cultural artifacts, I couldn't help but notice that there was nothing to showcase the French-Canadian culture in representing the groups who had contributed to work in the mills.

There was a flower headdress and a vest worn by young Polish girls, traditional Greek dancing shoes, a Jewish prayer shawl, and juggling batons from German and Belgian immigrants.

But nothing from the French-Canadians, as if they had nothing cultural to give this display. Not even symbols of Catholicism. Although these objects were donations, it was odd not to see a piece of Franco-America beyond the glass.

Franco-Americans throughout New England, and the Northeast as a whole, have rich musical talent, French language skills, and deep roots in the Catholic faith. But these aspects of our culture haven't remained in all of us.

As Franco-Americans, we have a distinct culture whether we speak French or not. We have our own history and presence that is separate from French-Canada. Because of this, I would like to propose that we expand on claiming certain symbols for ourselves that represent us as a group and a culture in the United States.

Of course, we are of French-Canada in terms of ancestry, but I believe that some of their symbolism doesn't represent specific references to Franco-America. We should embrace the traditional French-Canadian music and Podorythmie, folklore like La Chasse-galerie, French-Canadian cultural festivals, and whichever other aspects we choose for ourselves.

Not all French-Canadians are Franco-Americans, but all Franco-Americans are descended from French-Canadians.

We can take inspiration and cultural identity from our French-Canadian past and apply it to our Franco-American future. We can celebrate our "Old World" culture with the addition of new symbolism that specifically speaks to us.

Having a cultural identity in the visual arts is crucial to cultural connection, espe-

cially within its own group. Language is not the last thread preventing a culture from falling apart.

So, in establishing new symbolism for ourselves, objects that I think would be excellent symbols for Franco-Americans, and ones that I have not seen anyone else claim are the shuttles and bobbins of the mills. Yet, I've seen these referenced before at a Franco-American presentation and described in Franco-American music with a song titled "The Shuttle."

*" We left our home in St. Hubert to work
the Amoskeag*

In Manchester, New Hampshire, in 1883.

*Six days a week we rise at four to work
our sixteen hours.*

*Ma mère and me are spinners inside their
tall brick towers;*

*Mon père, he's in the weaving room; mes
frères, they sweep the floor.*

*We see them, but we cannot speak above
the shuttle's roar.*

— CHANTERELLE, THE SHUTTLE

The song describes the exploitation Franco-Americans faced working in the mills, but there is something to be said about the power of their resilience. It speaks to us as their descendants who still hold their surnames in our family tree. When we recognize the many other French-Canadian names found on street signs and businesses, it's as if the long-gone voices behind those names greet us for a brief moment in the present.

To diminish the shuttles and bobbins as tools that harmed our Franco-American ancestors wouldn't be telling the whole story. We can't imagine how demanding that workload was at the time; we can only picture it from the stories passed down to us by our older family members who lived it. I believe the shuttle is a vessel that keeps these memories alive for us as a group to remember and honor.

La Dame de Notre Renaissance Française in Nashua, New Hampshire is a statue of a woman and her son. They represent the French-Canadian immigrants who worked in the New England mills, more specifically, as a remembrance of the women
(Continued on page 24)

(Is it Too Late? Establishing New Symbols of Franco-American Culture continued from page 23)

and children in the mills.



La Dame de Notre Renaissance Française in Nashua, New Hampshire. Note the spindle in her dress pocket.

In the pocket of her dress, La Dame holds a different mill tool. Instead of a shuttle with a bobbin, she has a spindle, which spun fibers into thread by hand.

The statue’s artist says the spindle symbolizes the work done in the mills by many women and their children. As reflected in this statue, these tools hold meaning for us through history and culture.

These were simple objects used for strenuous labor in the mills, but they are more than a simple relic of our past. La Dame holds her mill tool closely, so why don’t we? Rather than viewing them as objects of the past, they have the potential to become symbols of strength and resilience.

Ma mère grew up in Nashua in what was at the time a primarily Franco-American neighborhood. In response to the idea of making the shuttle a symbol, she told me that when she was in school at Holy Infant Jesus, the nuns gave the kids bobbins to use as rhythm sticks in music class.

It may seem insignificant, but I find a connection with my mother once holding the bobbins in her music classes when Franco-Americans before her loaded those bobbins into the shuttles during their demanding shifts toiling away in the mills.



Power loom shuttles with bobbins in a display case at the Millyard Museum.

These shuttles, bobbins, and spindles symbolize us: they’re durable and have withstood the test of time. There have to be thousands of them hidden away, disregarded as outdated mill tools waiting to see the light again.

It’s never too late to recreate symbols of our culture and clear a path forward which allows us to express Franco-America in new ways.



HAÏTI

Mon pays
 Ce n’est plus mon pays
 Mon pays
 C’est la guerre
 C’est l’horreur
 C’est la maladie
 C’est la peine.

Où sont les pays
 Francophones
 Démocratiques
 L’ONU
 Pou nous aider
 Pou nous soulager
 Pour nous guérir
 Pour nous nourrir?

Je me cache
 J’ai vraiment peur
 Je pleure.
 La paix
 Viendra-t-elle?

Pour trouver
 Le calme
 Mon paradis
 Que je cherche
 Depuis ma jeunesse
 Dois-je mourir?

Un haïtien perdu!
mar 2024





Lettres/ Letters

Dear Le Forum;

From time to time, I read in *Le Forum* articles from Maine Franco-American natives who describe their lives after they left the state of Maine and how their lives were influenced by their growing up in the “little Canada’s” of the Pine Tree State. One, Gérard Coulombe, wrote extensively about his life after graduating from St. Louis High School in Biddeford, Maine in 1950.

I also grew up in Biddeford and graduated from St. Louis High in 1965. I was the beneficiary of the typical bilingual education offered in the typical Franco- American parish schools – half a day of French instruction with religion, histoire sainte, and French grammaire, dictée, lecture and épellation.

Given my background, my college years were less typical. The school I went to, Bowdoin College, had a Fulbright scholar,

Philippe Edgerton, from France who hosted a “French table” once a week in the Senior Center, among other duties. The cuisine was first class with waiters (students on work-study) in white jackets in a dining hall with a high ceiling and chandeliers. I introduced myself to Mr. Edgerton my freshman year and he invited me to his table regularly. He would tease me saying “ton français me fait mal aux oreilles.” (your French hurts my ears). We became friends.

One Sunday I invited him to Biddeford to meet other Francophones who spoke French with the same accent that I had. We went to a French mass – most of the masses at that time in my parish were in French as we had an “Irish” parish in town also for the Anglophones. The parish bulletin listed the clergy – Monseigneur Hévey, Père Lévesque, Père Carrier and Père Franck, all Francophones.

Many of the stores were closed that day but enough of them were open that Philippe saw and heard that the city was in large part bilingual. I also made sure he

saw the French signs of the establishments that were closed for the Sabbath. At the principal intersection in the city (Route 1 and Main Street) stood a four-story building that bore the inscription “Société St. Jean Baptiste de Bienfaisance 1896” That mutual aid society had been founded in Biddeford in 1867 and never joined “L’Union St. Jean Baptiste d’Amérique,” the regional mutual aid society whose offices and large hall in Biddeford bore that sign and was less than 300 yards from the Société.

We also went to the parish cemetery where he saw that over 90% of the stones bore French names. It was thus less of a surprise for him when I told him that over 75% of Biddeford’s inhabitants were of Québécois origin.

The day ended with dinner at my parents’ home with several aunts and uncles also in attendance. My mother made paté Chinois, what was called in English Shepherd’s pie. My relatives seldom met anyone from France so Philippe was an object of some
(Continued on page 26)





(LETTRES/LETTERS
continued from page 29)

curiosity. On our return back to campus, I asked Philippe if my relatives' accents had hurt his ears. We both laughed.

My freshman year in college (the 1965-66 school year) I took a French literature course. In high school in the college track we had not read any Camus or Sartre or any modern French writer. The book I remember reading in high school was *Sans Famille*, an 1878 French novel by Hector Malot. The book's main character was a boy named Rémi who was an orphan who endured many trials and tribulations growing up. The book had a very happy ending though as Rémi finds his mother and inherits money with which he helps the people who helped him when he was growing up. I realized as I read modern French literature in 1966 that my French vocabulary could benefit from modernization. I enrolled the next year in a French conversation class not knowing that the professor was a stickler for Parisian French. In a nutshell, I was flunking the course as the professor felt I was defying him every time I opened my mouth in that class. Having spoken "Québécois" all my life, I simply could not make the transition or lose my accent. I had to do something as flunking a course would affect my scholarship.

Luckily Mike Denoncourt who had graduated from St. Louis High the year after me was taking a French conversation course with Prof. Tony Bascelli. Mike told me that Prof. Bascelli welcomed non-Parisian French speakers and had several students from French-speaking West Africa in his class. I got permission to change classes but I had one problem - I had another class at the same time that Professor Bascelli taught his French class. Since it was a conversation class, attendance was of primary importance. The class that conflicted with Prof. Bascelli's class was an education class taught by professor Paul Hazelton, a graduate of Thornton Academy in Saco, Maine, a rival of St. Louis High. Professor Hazelton was very kind and I had been doing well in his class so he allowed me to remain enrolled in his class and do papers on the required reading in lieu of attending class. I got a B in his class - and an A in Professor Bascelli's class. I did not take any more French classes at Bowdoin.

Fast forward to my first professional job - as a Foreign Service Officer with the State Department - seven years later. My

only exposure to French during those seven years was primarily reading French sources for graduate school course work. I did speak some French in Biddeford when visiting the city during school vacations but primarily to my parents and older relatives.

When I entered the Foreign Service in 1973, the State Department did not require you to be able to speak and write a foreign language. This policy had been initiated to democratize the diplomatic profession. But before receiving your assignment abroad and being considered for promotion, you had to reach a certain level of proficiency. If not, you were assigned to language classes. I hoped to take that "exam" and meet the language requirement without taking language classes.

While taking consular officer training, I made sure to meet colleagues who had taken the exam. I was under some trepidation that the three-person panel giving the exam might require me to speak Parisian French but I was assured that this was not the case, which gave me confidence. I passed the test, both oral and written, and received my first posting, Tokyo.

.....some of whom were amazed that an American could speak their language....

After a two-year assignment in Japan, I got the assignment I had hoped for - Montréal. My parents and in-laws were not getting any younger and the six hour drive to Biddeford was not daunting. AND I SPOKE THE LANGUAGE.

Nineteen seventy six was an exciting year to be in Montréal. The city hosted the summer Olympics and in November of that year, René Lévesque was elected Premier of Québec.

He had two opponents that November - the incumbent Robert Bourassa and 3rd party candidate, Rodrigue Biron. They split the vote of those who favored staying in Canada. Lévesque favored independence.

I wrote several reports in the summer and fall of 1976 analyzing the upcoming election, called "political reporting" in the profession. I passed these along to the political officer in Montreal and to the Consul General. While no one predicted a Lévesque victory, I had written that Lévesque had much more support in the province than was reflected in the English press. I doubt

if anything I wrote ever reached Washington as our political reporting in that election was consolidated from the Embassy in Ottawa and I was a junior officer.

Given this centralization, my value to the Consulate General lay more in the consular side of our operations. Soon after arriving in Montréal, I was given the assignment of visiting American prisoners in the province of Québec. The State Department had a policy that all American prisoners in foreign countries be visited by consular staff every six months. Prior to my arrival, consular officers took turns visiting but had problems conversing with prison officials and guards which delayed their visits and made them an all-day affair. Some of the officials and guards spoke English but preferred speaking French. The prison that I visited most often was in Sainte-Anne-des-Plaines, a maximum security facility north of the city of Montréal. I enjoyed visiting the prisons and enjoyed talking to the guards some of whom were amazed that an American could speak their language with their accent and vocabulary.

At the Consulate General itself, we had a U.S. Information Service office (USIS) with Canadian local employees. A couple of the local employees would cringe when I spoke French. These were well educated, solidly middle and upper class individuals. They were different from my acquaintances at the prison. Luckily I did not have any work-related communication with them.

I left Montréal in 1978 and learned Spanish and Italian for assignments in Costa Rica and Italy. My knowledge of French helped me there also as the 3 romance languages had lots of similarities. René Lévesque stayed in office from 1976 to 1985 and in 1980 sought by referendum a political mandate to negotiate the independence of Québec. The referendum failed, getting only 40% of the vote. Another referendum on independence in 1995 was narrowly defeated 50.6% to 49.4%. Next year will mark the 30th anniversary of its defeat.

Today I speak French primarily at French tables sponsored by several State Department retiree associations and by the French Embassy in Washington. After leaving Biddeford in 1965 I "kept up" my French at a French conversation table and almost 60 years later continue practicing my French at French tables. No one has told me I am hurting their ears.

*Michael Guignard
Alexandria, VA*



LETTRES/ LETTERS

Advocating for Franco-American Culture

In early March, I had the pleasure of attending Cultural Advocacy Day at the Maine State House in Augusta. This annual event offers stakeholders in the cultural sector the opportunity to connect with policymakers and, well, advocate. It was a helpful shot in the arm for many of us who work in rural and far-flung communities—a reminder that advocacy can be a joyous, invigorating experience. We are part of a larger network of people who care deeply about culture and we have the fortune to speak passionately about our communities, our heritage, and our network of cultural spaces.

This comes with a twist in the Franco-American world. Its longtime advocates have scars to show for their efforts to protect institutions and maintain a sense of ethnic identity. It is indeed hard to be “happy warriors” for culture considering the challenges this little world has experienced in the last few generations—all of which are still with us. The sense of loss that many people feel is not to be taken lightly. At the same time, there is considerable solace in the success stories and collaborative efforts that sometimes fly below the radar. We need to integrate those in our common narrative, such that we might inspire one another and then inspire a new generation.

Thus, my modest proposal. Let’s stop talking about “saving the culture.” Nothing communicates impending doom quite like those three words. The next generation should not come into the world with the duty to save a culture—nor would they want to, with an expression that conveys so little enthusiasm. We have to supply them with reasons to take interest in the French language and in their heritage. We have to offer them something worth celebrating, something that they can fully make their own. Their interpretation of Franco-American culture may, in 25 years, look very different from what we now know, but it will be a vibrant culture rather than a fossil.

There are now countless initiatives led by unsung heroes that do not make the headlines, but are making Franco-American culture a lived reality for young people. At a local level, I am inspired by the passion of French teacher Robert Daigle. Robert

has for many years spearheaded a cultural and linguistic exchange between Fort Kent Community High School students and their peers in Cholet, France. He has brought home his students’ heritage by tracing their family trees. In many cases, they need only go back 40 or 50 years—if that—to find that all of their ancestors, bar none, were French-speaking. That is a powerful thought: that “Frenchness” is in their very fiber. Robert is now inviting his students into a larger culture, and with great success, through Manie Musicale.

These are just a few ways by which we can pass the torch to a new generation. They highlight the powerful role schools can play, especially in rural areas. This, of course, is not to shift the burden to overworked teachers who have to meet state mandates and, often, teach to a standardized test. The exemplary campaign led recently by Timothy Beaulieu in southern New Hampshire reminds us that decisions taken outside of the classroom can be just as consequential as those within. Awareness work needs to happen with local administrative offices and schoolboards. Sometimes they need handholding or support—and that is okay. Just last year, the Maine Acadian Heritage Council sponsored performances by the Quebec band Bon Débarras in schools across the St. John Valley. I could think of no better way to introduce elementary-aged children to North American francophone culture. This effort was achievable, it came at little expense, and, best of all, it was fun. Teachers, principals, and parents took note.

As we work to develop a vibrant cultural ecosystem and foster empowerment, we need to occupy as many physical and virtual spaces as possible. We have seen it work in a theater in Montpelier, in a museum in Manchester, and on Instagram. In 2023, at the Acadian Archives, our two-person team had 1,800 points of contact with the public, much of it owing to educational programming for all ages and to our growing online presence. By normalizing *Franco-Americanness*, all of these endeavors can instill a sense of pride and attachment in young people, who will be more likely to recognize the value of their unique experience and embrace their heritage. We can all lend our voices and our hands to that effort by committing to several events every year; demanding more of our institutions; writing to policymakers; subscribing to virtual platforms; expressing our concerns to teachers and superintendents; sharing French-heritage culture with those who don’t necessarily

identify with it; and, crucially, communicating with media outlets.

The “saving the culture” narrative also tends to lose sight of what’s at stake, including the positive asset that *Franco-Americanness* can be. Heritage can help young people form a sense of self and bind communities in a sense of solidarity and belonging. Multilingualism broadens a person’s cultural and economic horizons immeasurably. Exposure to different traditions and lifestyles deepens a sense of empathy for those with different experiences. Culture opens spaces for creative self-expression.

I am the first to admit that there is no magic formula. From my years of involvement in cultural endeavors and my time at the Acadian Archives, I join many readers in acknowledging outsized challenges. But we can experiment, we can explore the means at our disposal, and we can recognize that one of the most powerful tools we have, in this age of storytelling, is the narrative. Let’s continue to build on a history of resilience. Let’s build on what works and celebrate it. Nothing succeeds like success.

*Patrick Lacroix, Director of the
Acadian Archives / Archives acadiennes*

Dear Le Forum;

Hi! I hope all is well with you and yours. I look forward to receiving *Le Forum* and all it contains.

A little extra \$ for postage.

*Gene Michaud
Alliance, OH*

Chère Lisa/Dear Le Forum;

What a great “*Forum*”. You do one heck of a job editing & publishing the “*Forum*”. We Francos are fortunate for your dedication.

Enclosed is \$ for three copies of the “*Forum*”. I want to pass them on to my grandchildren. I would like them to know about my Peace Corps experience. Keep the change and buy doughnuts for the staff.

*Très Amicalement,
Xavier de la Prade
Petaluma, CA*

(Continued on page 29)

Qui était Monckton?

par David Le Gallant

En exposé succinct, Robert Monckton est le militaire anglais qui s'est rendu coupable d'une série de crimes de la plus haute gravité contre une population civile, innocente et désarmée, ce qui fut en réalité la perpétration de lèse-humanité et de génocide contre le peuple acadien, des actes pas seulement politiques mais publics et scandaleux qui troublent encore les consciences de nos jours et viennent perturber complètement les valeurs fondamentales que nous cherchons à transmettre à la postérité.

Les premiers faits d'armes du colonel Monckton n'ont pas été pris seuls mais en collusion avec le duc de Cumberland, le 2e fils et favori du roi Georges II. C'est ce duc qui, en 1746, fut responsable du massacre des Écossais catholiques qui lui a mérité le surnom de « Boucher de Cumberland ». Ce duc avait sous ses ordres pas seulement Robert Monckton mais également Charles Lawrence, Edward Cornwallis et Jeffrey Amherst. Pas étonnant de savoir que ceux-ci n'étaient pas inconnus du roi Georges II.

Somme toute, le point culminant pour ceux-ci a été d'éradiquer ledit *mal* acadien de la Nouvelle-Écosse au profit des intérêts supérieurs de l'Empire britannique et, Monckton, l'officier le plus haut gradé de la colonie, se voit donc confier la tâche d'exiler, par la force et la violence la totalité de la population d'origine française, victime de la dictature *whig* qu'avait pris forme en Nouvelle-Écosse. Monckton est autorisé à flouer les Acadiens et il l'a fait avec un cynisme sang-froid et même une certaine allégresse. Reconnaisant, le gouvernement anglais lui conféra le titre de lieutenant-gouverneur de la Nouvelle-Écosse. Le 21 novembre 1751, il est élu à la Chambre des communes britannique comme député de Pontefract. Quatre ans plus tard, il s'empare des forts Beauséjour et Gaspereau et la Cour suprême de la Nouvelle-Écosse recommande l'exécution du crime. Les dés sont jetés : *battues générales, chasses à l'homme jusque dans les coins les plus reculés*, etc.

Le rapport Chouinard-Basque qui évoque des zones grises

Le récent communiqué de presse (10-12-23) issu du Comité citoyen pour le changement de nom de l'Université de

Monckton s'en est pris au Rapport Chouinard-Basque du Conseil de l'Université d'avoir pris *une décision fermée, sans vision*, sans transparence de fair-play et manquant de respect envers les communautés acadiennes suite à la . C'est le moindre ! Si seulement la prétendue « contextualisation » infâme du Conseil de l'Université s'était plutôt attardée à la réparation morale importante pour le rétablissement de la mémoire des victimes de la Déportation au lieu de cette absurdité la plus crasse qui frise pas seulement le ridicule mais la manipulation pour travestir les faits quoi que le moyen, la sous-information (l'omission), la désinformation (donnant comme prouvées), la non-information (le politiquement correct) et la contr'information (déconsidérer l'adversaire) tous causes d'oublis et de silences révélateurs de mécanismes de manipulation de la mémoire collective.

...le nom « Monckton », *ne fait pas allusion au personnage historique mais strictement à l'appellation d'une ville...*

Un exemple critique suffirait. On lisait dans le *Moniteur acadien* du 13 courant que le principal argument fallacieux qu'avance le Conseil des gouverneurs pour justifier sa décision est que le nom « Monckton », *ne fait pas allusion au personnage historique mais strictement à l'appellation d'une ville*, Oh là là ! Les co-porte-paroles Jean-Marie Nadeau et Lise Ouellette se demandaient par quelle opération du Saint-Esprit peut-on dissocier un nom de sa personne... Cet état de choses est grave parce qu'il s'agit au grand jour de manipulation pure et simple alors que la vérité en est une toute autre.

Voici ce qu'on peut lire dans *The History of Monckton* (Pincombe, C.A. & Larracey, E.W. Resurgo) aux pages 71, 317, 429 et 431 dont : *In 1855 the township of Monckton was incorporated as a town, but lost its status when the local ship-building industry collapsed. During its re-incorporation in 1875, a provincial clerk misspelled the name by omitting the letter « k » making Monckton the official spelling.*



The town was incorporated in 1890 as the City of Monckton.

En pareil cas, pourrait-on conclure que les résidents de Monckton d'alors n'avaient aucun intérêt à rajouter le « k » culpabilisant du génocidaire de leurs voisins, les Acadiens ? Grande ironie s'il en eût été une : *Les Acadiens doivent sans ambages prendre le taureau par les cornes*

Quand le mot « NATIONALE » doit prendre la majuscule...

Il y a vingt ans de cela cette année, précisément le 19 juin 2003, qu'eut lieu la sanction royale d'un projet de loi pour "instaurer" une Journée de la fête nationale des Acadiens dont le second article avait pris plusieurs au dépourvu par ce qui se lit : Dans la présente loi, "nationale" s'entend : qui intéresse tous les citoyens du pays sur l'ensemble du territoire canadien. Pourquoi avoir ajouté ce second article ?

Ce second article n'a-t-il pas eu pour effet de banaliser le caractère "national" du peuple acadien puisqu'on avait travesti le terme "national" en lui donnant une signification de « pancanadien ». Quelle appropriation de Patrimoine canadien ! On réalisait six mois plus tard qu'avoir légiféré sur la fête acadienne avait été un prix de consolation anticipé au peuple acadien quand le gouvernement majoritaire libéral de Jean Chrétien allait défaire une motion* qui visait simplement à demander à la Couronne britannique de reconnaître les faits entourant la Déportation (auj. considérée un (suite page 29)

PAR LES TEMPS QUI COURENT : D'UNE GÉNÉRATION À L'AUTRE

À voir dans nos cours d'histoire.

Les événements étudiants qui avaient cours à l'Université de Moncton étaient un panorama des mouvements de revendication acadiens de la fin des années 1960 et des années 1970. Pourquoi le mouvement de revendication des Acadiens a-t-il pris naissance dans une université, parmi des étudiants? Que revendiquaient les étudiants? Quelle était l'origine du conflit qui éclata entre les représentants du gouvernement et les étudiants?

À voir dans les cours d'histoire : l'enseignant ou l'enseignante pourrait tracer l'évolution de l'Acadie en suivant une chronologie décroissante, depuis la situation d'alors qui témoignait de la détermination des étudiants, qui s'étendra à une majorité d'Acadiens, après des siècles de défaitisme et de résignation.

Au-delà de ces événements, la rencontre formelle de ce groupe d'étudiants avec les autorités de Moncton a été une véritable humiliation pour la communauté francophone dans le contexte de leur vie, dans laquelle ils ont subi d'intenses insultes et mépris de la part de la communauté anglophone. Des personnes avec lesquelles ils devaient interagir, par exemple lorsque les étudiants défilaient dans la ville ou comparaissent devant le conseil municipal de Moncton. Dans chaque cas, ces jeunes Acadiens ont goûté pleinement et douloureusement à leur dure condition de minorité. Nous avons ensuite assisté à une séance du conseil municipal de Moncton où M.Cyr, le seul conseiller francophone, a été sévèrement réprimandé par le maire anglophone et contraint de répéter son serment d'allégeance à la Reine.

Wikipédia nous apprend que près de

200 universités et collèges aux États-Unis ont changé de nom au cours des cinquante dernières années. Cela démontre que changer le nom d'une université n'est pas une démarche illégale, inhabituelle et incongrue comme certains voudraient nous le faire croire, c'est pourquoi le nom qui rappelle le malheureux tyran Moncton du peuple acadien doit être changé !

De plus, au Nouveau-Brunswick, presque toutes les communautés autochtones se sont donné un nom original au cours des 4-5 dernières années pour être plus cohérent avec leur statut et la réalité d'aujourd'hui. C'est exactement ce que nous faisons avec le changement de nom de l'Université de Moncton.

Quelques noms des différents acteurs de cette manifestation étudiante de 1968 à l'Université de Moncton : Bernard Gauvin - Irène Doiron - Michel Blanchard, fils de la passionaria Mathilda Blanchard, Régis Brun, Blondine Maurice, Jean Cormier.

À un moment donné, on lit que Louis-J. Robichaud, ex-premier ministre du Nouveau-Brunswick, s'était demandé si les minorités doivent se garder d'un trop grand culte pour l'histoire...

Aux armes, Acadiens, Acadiennes !

(Qui était Moncton? suite de page 28)

euphémisme pour génocide). Pourtant, les Acadiens s'étaient déjà institué à Memramcook presque 125 ans auparavant, en 1881, leur propre fête nationale à eux, le 15 Août !

Sur ces entrefaites, il serait fort de mise et même critique que le nom de l'université francophone cosmopolite qui forme notre jeunesse ait à tout prix le terme « national » incorporé dans son nom officiel car sous la graphie de « Moncton », (issu de *Monckton*) comment les Acadiens peuvent-ils accepter que leur université porte le nom d'un génocidaire reconnu, le colonel Robert Monckton. Ce qui donnerait, à titre d'exemple : **Université Nationale de l'Acadie** ! Certains avaient mentionné qu'un des trois campus de l'Université pourrait être nommé le campus Louis-Robichaud...

Pour le patriote, nationaliste et essayiste acadien Michel Roy, natif de Pointe-Verte, l'histoire acadienne était une véritable histoire « nationale » en instance de devenir un pays lorsque son développement a été intercepté par les forces politiques et militaires britanniques. La conquête définitive de 1755 avait relégué les Acadiens dans une marginalité économique proche du néant.

Ce serait revenir à de meilleurs sentiments et cause de grande fierté acadienne d'avoir leur propre Université Nationale.

*Grâce à l'intervention de l'Acadien Dominic LeBlanc qui, arpentant les banquettes ministérielles pour y déposer un mystérieux document dans lequel paraissait, entre autres, les mots en français et en anglais : *Le caucus acadien souhaite avoir votre appui et que vous votiez contre cette motion. S.V.P. appuyez la résolution de vos collègues du caucus acadien qui se sont réunis a (sic) à maintes reprises sur ce sujet.* (source : La revue internationale *Veritas Acadie*, no.7, p. 50-61. La motion M-241 voulant que la Couronne britannique reconnaisse officiellement les torts causés au peuple acadien durant les années 1755-1763 a ainsi été rejetée par les députés acadiens Claudette Bradshaw, Dominic LeBlanc et Robert Thibault tandis que le député Yvon Godin (Acadie-Bathurst) a voté en faveur de la motion.



LETTRES/ LETTERS

Dear Le Forum;

I love my *Forum* & thankful I can still read. I have macula and turned 101 and working on 102 one day at a time!

God Bless you all!

*Love, Cecile Vigue
Fairfield, ME*

Dear Le Forum;

Le Forum arrived today, much to my pleasure. I read it cover to cover with such delight.

Enclosed is the subscription fee for a couple of years.

Thank you for keeping our culture alive....it's a beautiful culture!

*Maxine Michaud Parent
Stroudsburg, PA*

1524-2024

500th ANNIVERSARY in 2024 OF THE ORIGINAL PLACE-NAMES OF WHAT BECAME ACADIE (ACADIA) AND NOUVELLE-FRANCE (NEW FRANCE).

The original place-names were ARCADIE spelled with an r and FRANCESCA in honour of KING FRANÇOIS 1st of France (1515-1547) who sponsored Giovanni da Verrazzano in his 1524 explorations, 500 years ago. The explorer's name is recalled in the VERRAZZANO-NARROWS BRIDGE.

Acknowledgement : Davd Le Gallant, president of the Société internationale Veritas Acadie (SIVA), publishers of the historical journal VERITAS ACADIE (152 pages).
 INFO : chouetteacadienne.siva@gmail.com



Étoile nationale de l'Acadie
et de l'AcadianitéEmblème national des Québécois
et de la Francophonie

COMMUNIQUÉ DE LA SOCIÉTÉ INTERNATIONALE VERITAS ACADIE 

chouetteacadienne.siva@gmail.com

1524-2024
 UN RAPPEL DE LA VOCATION DE LA FRANCE
 EN AMÉRIQUE SEPTENTRIONALE

500^e ANNIVERSAIRE EN 2024

de la toponymie paternelle
 généralement reconnue à Giovanni da Verrazzano
 dans sa relation de voyage en 1524 :

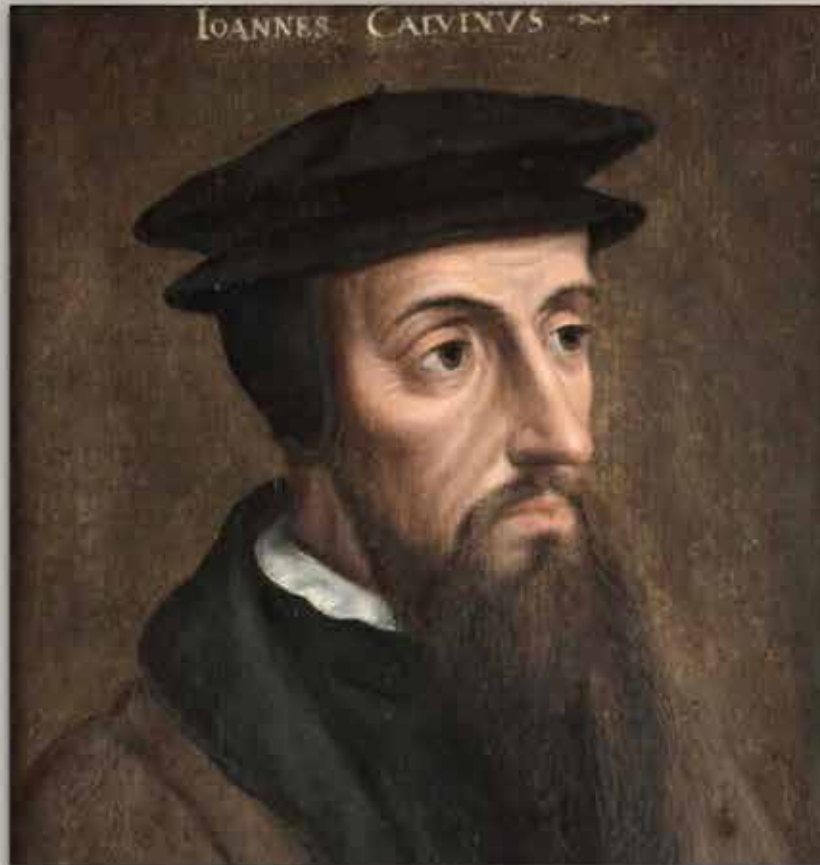
« *Nous la baptisâmes Arcadie pour la beauté de ses arbres.* »

Les frères Verrazzano ont laissé une toponymie qui sera éphémère,
 à l'exception d'*Arcadie* qui deviendra Acadie
 sous la plume de Champlain.

L'appellation *Francesca* en l'honneur du roi François 1^{er}
 fera place ultimement à Nouvelle-France avec Champlain,
 Sanson d'Abbeville, Franqueville, etc.

Source : Raymonde Litalien et Denis Vaugeois, *La Mesure d'un continent / Explorations et frontières de l'Amérique du Nord*, 1492-1814, BQ, p. 36, 90.

HUGUENOTS FROM GENEVA TO HANCOCK



JOHN CALVIN, LEADER OF THE HUGUENOTS

On May 7, 2024, Neil Simonson will give a presentation on French Huguenots at the Washington County Heritage Center. During his talk, he will provide an outline of the Protestant French from the reformation in 1517 through the 16th century, the French Wars of Religion through the Edict of Nantes and its repeal, and up to the Sun King (King Louis XIV). He will then discuss what is known as the French Diaspora, including the direct migration to the US and Canada.



Neil Simonson is a direct descendant of Henry Grandjean, a French Huguenot.

Sponsored by the French-American Heritage Foundation



May 7, 2024 at 6 to 7:30 p.m.

Washington County Heritage Center
1862 Greeley Street S
Stillwater, MN 55082

Attendance is free and open to the public. Goodwill offering only.

Please register by sending an email to mlabine@msn.com.

FAHF books and information will be available at the event.

Refreshments will be provided.

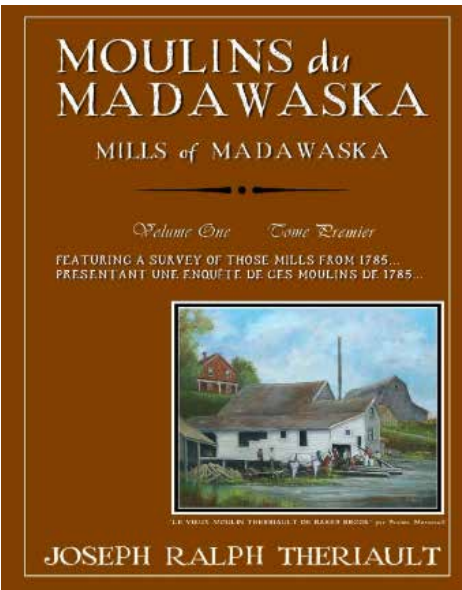


BOOKS/LIVRES

Moulins du Madawaska / Mills of Madawaska

December 15, 2023 Franco-American News and Culture Joseph Therriault

By *Juliana L'Heureux*



Published by the Terriot Acadian Family Society

An in depth historical description about the important Moulins du Madawaska is now available in an attractive two volume set of books, written by Joseph Ralph Therriault. Thanks to Mr. Therriault for giving permission to publish his acknowledgement in the preface, because his narrative provides interesting context about the importance of the mills to the Acadians who settled in the Madawaska region of Maine and New Brunswick, Canada. I learned about this publication from a press release sent by the Dr. Patrick Lacroix, at Acadian Archives at the University of Maine Fort Kent.

Mr. Therriault wrote, "I appreciate your interest in my work in "Moulins du Madawaska / Mills of Madawaska". The Terriot Acadian Family Society has donated a supply of the books to the Acadian Archives at the University of Maine at Fort Kent to raise funds for the University as well as to the Société historique du Madawaska in Edmundston, New Brunswick. I am delighted to give you my permission to publish the acknowledgment in the book. I would be happy to answer any questions you might have in the process."

This history about the mills of the Madawaska territory is dedicated to my great-grandfather Joseph Therriault and his son Joachim, my dear paternal grandfather. These two men as with their brother millers and sawyers like Firmin Thibodeau, Francois Violette, Nathan Baker, Daniel Savage, Regis Therriault, Pierre Plourde, Saphirin Cyr, the Corriveau's and German Saucier dedicated themselves to their communities as providers of the lumber for their churches, their homes, and barns and their flour, the principal ingredient for their meals and their wool for their clothing.

The men of this era were stoic and given to their mission for their families and community. They were not inclined to speak out.

Grandfather Joachim (grand-père Joachim) and Grandmother Annie (grand-mère Annie) eventually had 14 children, truly a treasure; their part of the eleventh generation of the greater Terriot Acadian family.



Families who built the Moulins in Madawaska

THE AUTHOR

Joseph Ralph Therriault became interested in his family's genealogy and the history of Acadia after he received a letter from Father Louis Cyr of St Basile, New Brunswick, Canada in 1969. Father Cyr told him of the lineage of his family going back to their progenitor, Jehan Terriot in 1601. Jehan was one of the early settlers of Acadia around 1632. During the early years of the Internet, the author designed and published a website (www.terriault.org) to promote the history and culture of the Terriot family and in 1999, he founded the Terriot Acadian Family Society to help integrate the hundreds of branch genealogies that had been developed by individual members of the family so far. The Society was also able to identify the DNA definition of the Y-chromosome for the male members of the Terriot family.

In 2009, the author published his first book, "Destination: Madawaska" which presents the history of the migration of the Acadians to the Madawaska territory, and which tells the story of his 3rd great-grandfather Charles in that migration as the first to settle present-day St Jacques, NB.

Otherwise, the author was extensively involved in historic preservation in his town as President of the Harvard Historical Society and as Chair of the Historical Commission of Harvard, Massachusetts.

The author is an Electrical Engineer who served in the United States Air Force first as an enlisted technician working on America's first jet bomber, the B-47 Stratojet and later, on the nuclear Minuteman ICBM in the 1960's and as an engineering officer working to develop computer-based systems in the 1970's. His last project with the US Air Force was the Air Force Space Shuttle and NASA's STS-1 mission, the first launch of the Space Shuttle on 12 April 1981. After retiring from the US Air Force in 1981, he started his civilian career with Raytheon in Marlborough, Massachusetts as a Senior Principal System Engineer to develop international air traffic control systems. He led the development of Germany's Deutscherflugsucherung P1 system which continues to manage its air traffic today.

The author is a graduate of the University of Wyoming with a BSEE in 1971 and the US Air Force Resident School of Engineering in 1973 with an MSEE. He has lifetime teaching credentials from California.

Born in 1940, to Theodule Angus and Elsie Dubé Therriault, the author was raised in the ancient parish of Sainte Lucé in Upper Frenchville, Maine. His father was a Canadian lumberjack, and his mother was an American of French-Canadian descent. He attended the Our Lady of the Holy Rosary Convent elementary school and taught by the Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary.

The author is married to the former Miss Rosemary Ann Vicino. They have two daughters, Nicola Ann, and Jill Andrea. Together they enjoy their family which includes a son-in-law Ron Wical, two grandsons, Joshua, and Matthew and one great-granddaughter, Charlotte.

WWW.TERRIAU.ORG

L'AUTEUR

Joseph Ralph Therriault s'est intéressé à la généalogie de sa famille et à l'histoire de l'Acadie après avoir reçu une lettre du père Louis Cyr, de Saint-Basile, au Nouveau-Brunswick, du Canada, en 1969. Le père Cyr lui a parlé de la lignée de sa famille qui remonte à leur ancêtre, Jehan Terriot, en 1601. Jehan fut l'un des premiers colons de l'Acadie vers 1632. Au cours des premières années de l'Internet, l'auteur a conçu et publié un site Web (www.terriault.org) pour promouvoir l'histoire et la culture de la famille Terriot et, en 1999, il a fondé la Société de la famille acadienne Terriot pour aider à intégrer la généalogie des centaines de branches qui avaient été développées par des membres individuels de la famille jusqu'ici. La Société a également pu identifier la définition ADN du chromosome-Y pour les membres mâles de la famille Terriot.

En 2009, l'auteur a publié son premier livre, « Destination: Madawaska », qui présente l'histoire de la migration des Acadiens au territoire de Madawaska et qui raconte l'histoire de son troisième arrière-grand-père Charles lors de cette migration qui est le premier à s'installer à St Jacques, NB.

Autrement, l'auteur a été engagé en la préservation historique de son village comme président de la Harvard Historical Society et directeur de la Commission historique de Harvard, Massachusetts.

L'auteur est un ingénieur électricien qui a servi dans la force aérienne des États-Unis d'abord en tant que technicien engagé à travailler sur le premier avion "jet bomber B-47 Stratojet" de l'Amérique et après, le nucléaire Minuteman ICBM dans les années 1960, et comme ingénieur officier travaillant à développer des systèmes informatiques dans les années 1970. Son dernier projet avec la force aérienne a été la navette spatiale de la force aérienne et la mission STS-1, le premier lancement de la navette spatiale de NASA le 12 avril 1981. Après avoir pris sa retraite de la force aérienne en 1981, il a commencé sa carrière civile avec Raytheon à Marlborough, Massachusetts en tant qu'ingénieur supérieure principal du système pour développer des systèmes internationaux de contrôle pour le trafic aérien. Il a dirigé le développement du système allemand Deutscherflugsucherung P1 qui continue de gérer le trafic aérien allemand aujourd'hui.

L'auteur est diplômé de l'Université de Wyoming avec un BSEE en 1971 et le US Air Force Resident School of Engineering en 1973 avec un MSEE. Il a un diplôme d'enseignement pour la vie de Californie.

Né en 1940 à Théodule Angus et Elsie Dubé Therriault, l'auteur a été élevé en l'ancienne paroisse de Sainte Lucé à Upper Frenchville, Maine. Son père venait de Baker Brook, Nouveau-Brunswick, un bûcheron Canadien et sa mère était Américaine d'origine canadienne française. Il a étudié à l'école primaire du Couvent de la Notre Dame du Saint-Rosaire, et enseignée par les Sœurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire.

L'auteur est marié à la Jadis Mademoiselle Rosemary Ann Vicino. Ils ont deux filles, Nicola Ann et Jill Andrea. Ensemble, ils apprécient leur famille qui inclut un gendre, Ron Wical, deux petits-fils, Joshua et Matthew et une arrière-petite-fille, Charlotte.

ISBN 9781731091802

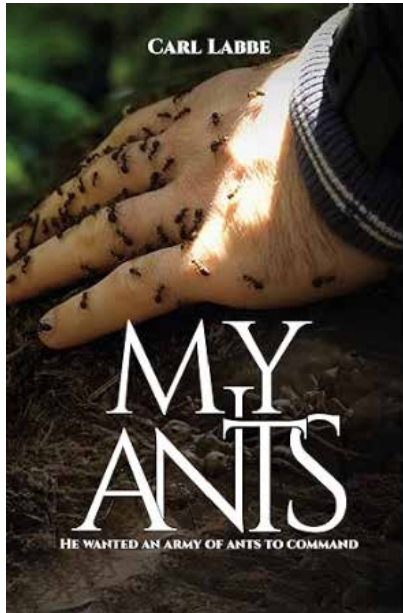
9 781731 091802





BOOKS/LIVRES

My Ants by Carl Labbe

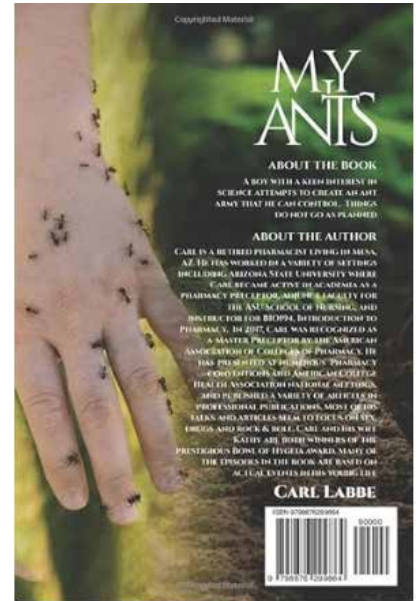


Distinguished author and retired pharmacist, Carl Labbe, is delighted to announce the impending release of his highly anticipated book, "My Ants," scheduled to hit bookshelves on January 5, 2024. Labbe's latest literary endeavor promises a fascinating narrative that transcends age barriers, offering readers an immersive experience into the world of childhood curiosity and scientific wonder.

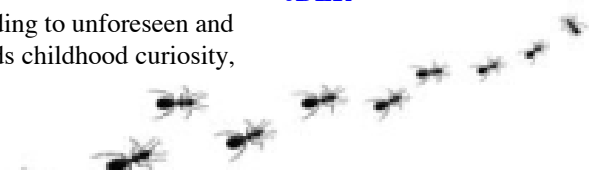
ABOUT THE AUTHOR: An experienced professional with a rich tapestry of experiences, Carl Labbe has seamlessly transitioned from a successful career as a pharmacist to a prolific storyteller. Currently residing in Mesa, AZ, Labbe's journey includes significant contributions at Arizona State University, where he served as a pharmacy preceptor, adjunct faculty for the ASU School of Nursing, and instructor for BIO194, Introduction to Pharmacy. The pinnacle of his career came in 2017 when Labbe was acknowl-

edged as a Master Preceptor by the esteemed American Association of Colleges of Pharmacy. Beyond his professional accolades, Labbe and his wife Kathy proudly bear the title of recipients of the prestigious Bowl of Hygeia Award, a testament to their exceptional contributions to the field. Drawing inspiration from his own formative years, Labbe infuses authenticity and relatability into his storytelling, creating a unique connection with readers.

ABOUT THE BOOK: "My Ants" invites readers on an enthralling expedition through the lens of a young protagonist driven by an insatiable passion for science. The narrative unfolds as the boy embarks on a mission to create and control his own ant army, leading to unforeseen and exhilarating consequences. Labbe's storytelling prowess seamlessly blends childhood curiosity, elements of science fiction, and unexpected...

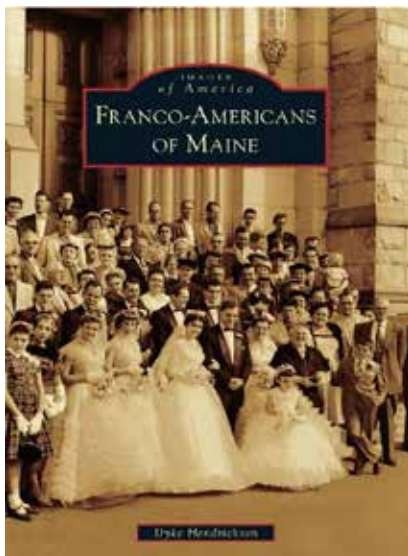


https://www.amazon.com/My-Ants-Carl-Labbe/dp/B0CSMVHT87?source=ps-sl-shoppingads-lp-context&ref_=fplfs&psc=1&smid=ATVPDKIKX-ORDER



Franco-Americans of Maine (Images of America)

by Dyke Hendrickson (Author)



Nearly one-third of Maine residents have French blood and are known as Franco-Americans.

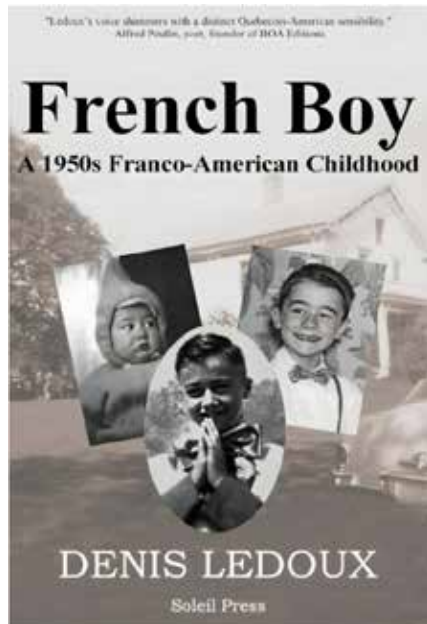
Many trace their heritage to French Canadian families who came south from Quebec in the late 19th and early 20th centuries to work in the mills of growing communities such as Auburn, Augusta, Biddeford, Brunswick, Lewiston, Saco, Sanford, Westbrook, Winslow, and Waterville. Other Franco-Americans, known as Acadians, have rural roots in the St. John Valley in northernmost Maine. Those of French heritage have added a unique and vibrant accent to every community in which they have lived, and they are known as a cohesive ethnic group with a strong belief in family, church, work, education, the arts, their language, and their community. Today they hold posts in every facet of Maine life, from hourly worker to the U.S. Congress. These hardworking people have a notable history and have been a major force in Maine's development.

https://www.amazon.com/Franco-Americans-Maine-Images-America-Hendrickson/dp/0738572802/ref=sr_1_6?crid=3H-KO9Y9KAW7JM&keywords=Franco+american&qid=1706711209&s=books&prefix=franco+american%2Cstripbooks%2C74&sr=1-6



French Boy: A 1950s Franco-American Childhood

by *Mr. Denis Ledoux*



French Boy / A 1950s Franco-American Memoir is a glimpse into a young life both at the margins and at the center of the 1950s American experience. Born in 1947, Denis Ledoux had a childhood that almost seems to have been lived in another country and another century, but it is typical of what many Franco-Americans born of his generation experienced.

French Boy explores much: the developmental stages of childhood; family dynamics, bilingualism, acculturation and assimilation, alienation and shame.

In French Boy, you will read about:

- the conflict behind bilingualism,
- persistent nostalgia for a past,
- looking for mentors beyond one's reach,
- how the unassimilable ethnics assimilated, and
- the discomfort of "otherness."

<https://www.amazon.com/French-Boy-Franco-American-Childhood-Franco-Americans/dp/B0CKB4ZSVX>

(N.D.L.R./Editor's note: Excerpted from *French Boy / A 1950s Franco-American Childhood*, Soleil Press, 2024. info@thememoirnetwork.com.)

The Nuns Hit You If You Don't Speak English!

Denis Ledoux

The night before starting first grade, because Billy was one of the "big boys" who was going into the second grade, I asked him the big question that I had on my mind. I needed an answer.

"What happens at school if you can't speak English?"

"The sisters hit you," he answered from the other half of our double bed, "if you don't speak English to them."

I began to howl and scream. Soon my mother was next to us, asking what the matter was, and I told her what Billy had said.

"Is that true?"

"Your father and I would not send you to a school where you will be punished for not speaking English."

She then said to my brother, "If you tell him things like that again, it's you who will be punished." After she left the bedroom, I could hear her telling my father what had happened.

Our room was dark. From his half of the bed, my brother whispered, "She had to

tell you that because she's mama, but it's not true."

The next day, with great apprehension, I set out for the unknown. My father, who had driven us to the school in the truck, admonished Billy to look after me. (At that point, how confident could I be about my "protector!") After we had exited the truck cab, the two of us walked up the schoolyard and climbed the steps to the porch. On either side of the entrance door, there was a bench and, to the right and to the left of these, were groupings of four windows for each of the four classrooms. I sat on the bench at the side on which the door opened. From inside, I heard footsteps approaching. Someone was coming towards us. I leaned against the wall of the school to make myself small. By the time I heard the door bar being pushed down to open the door, I was in full terror mode.

A young nun stuck her head out the door, and looking directly at me, she said, "Bonjour, petit garçon."

I was to learn she was Sister Marie-Edmond who taught the first and second grades.

Why does the memory of one experience, as does flotsam, remain with us, floating on the surface of consciousness while the memory of another experience, which might seem to another person to be equally formative or searing, sinks into a sea

of unconsciousness, never to be brought to mind again and so lost forever?

I do not remember feeling angry. What I probably connected to, I am fairly sure as I write this, was abandonment. Something had disturbed my sense of security and safety that the community of family had hitherto assured. That first day offered another lesson in maturation life was to offer without end, a lesson of our inherent aloneness. In the end, we are alone to face our experience.

St. Bernadette was staffed by nuns of the Presentation of Mary, a congregation of women that had been founded in France. "Catholic" and "Franco-American" were, at that time, inextricably connected for my parents. Both were somehow the same—Catholic and Franco—so that they were comfortable sending their children to St. Bernadette's. They themselves had gone to Franco Catholic schools.

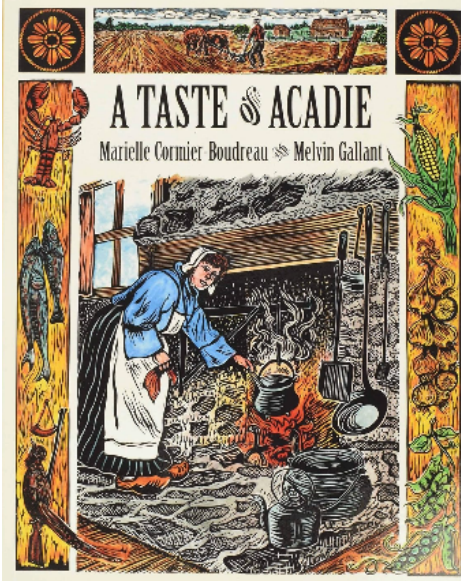


Denis Ledoux

BOOKS/LIVRES

A Taste of Acadie

by *Marielle Cormier-Boudreau (Author),
Melvin Gallant (Author), Michiel Oudemans
(Illustrator)*



For *A Taste of Acadie*, Melvin Gallant and Marielle Cormier-Boudreau travelled all over Acadia, from the Gaspé Peninsula to Cape Breton, from the tip of Prince Edward Island to the Magdalen Islands, and around northern New Brunswick and southern Nova Scotia. They gathered the culinary secrets of traditional Acadian cooks while there was still time, and then they adapted more than 150 recipes for today's kitchens.

First published in 1991, *A Taste of Acadie*, the popular English translation of the best-selling *Cuisine traditionnelle en Acadie*, is available once again. The indigenous cuisine of Acadia is a distant relative of French home cooking, born of necessity and created from what was naturally available. Roast porcupine or seal-fat cookies may not be to every modern diner's taste, but the few recipes of this nature in *A Taste of Acadie* hint at the ingenuity of women who fed their families with what the land provided. Most of the recipes, however, use ingredients beloved of today's cooks. Here you'll find fricot, a wonder of the Acadian imagination, pot en pot, a traditional Sunday dinner sometimes called *grosse soupe*, and dozens of meat pies.

For those with a sweet tooth, Gallant and Cormier-Boudreau include recipes that use maple syrup and fresh wild berries. *A Taste of Acadie* is traditional cooking at its best, suffusing contemporary kitchens with country aromas and down-home flavours. Decorated with evocative woodcuts by Michiel Oudemans, it is a pleasure to look at and a charming

<https://www.amazon.com/Taste-Acadie-Marielle-Cormier-Boudreau/dp/0864921098>

THE MYSTERY TRAVELER AT LAKE FORTUNE

By *Cathie Pelletier/cover
art by Tom Viorikic*

Reviewed by Jack Ruth

Published by Down East Books/Rowman & Littlefield.
Hardcover, 136 pages.



clue, to find out who the mystery traveler is. Now they hope to have the most fun ever. Charlie Baker is a kind-hearted, smart kid who loves spending time with his family, and is always trying to make sure everyone is happy. His sister, Clarissa, is a year older. Charlie calls her a "drama queen." Charlie and Clarissa have a difficult relationship. But searching for the mystery traveler together brings them closer together. The book is full of entertaining characters and an interesting plot twist at the end. I personally loved how the setting is on a lake in Maine since that's where my family spends our summers. My only complaint was that the book was too short. The plot advanced quickly, and I wish it had been longer. One of my favorite elements were things like shadow hand puppets, how they actually look like the animal that they portray. The book even has an old shadow puppet chart from the 1920s, when it was a form of entertainment. I don't often read mystery books. I prefer low fantasy. But I loved *The Mystery Traveler at Lake Fortune* because I could relate to the characters. This book could make anyone love reading.

SHORT BIO FOR JACK: Jack Ruth is a twelve-year-old sixth grader who is an avid reader. He enjoys science, particularly biology and marine life. He lives in Redwood City, California with his parents, sister, and an affable golden retriever. The family spends summers on a lake in rural Maine.

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

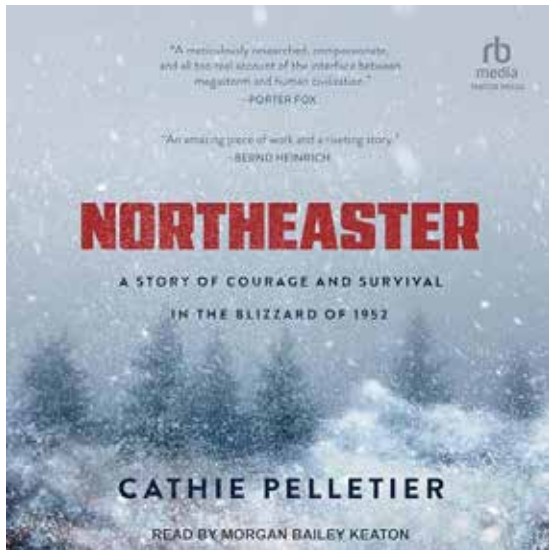


BOOKS/LIVRES

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

Publisher Pegasus Books, New York.

Audio Book listening length: 8 hours and 25 minutes



In an amazing coincidence, the audio book for Cathie Pelletier's best-selling story that depicts a snowstorm hitting New England in 1952, is read by Morgan Bailey Keaton. Keaton is a Los Angeles voice actor who happens to be the granddaughter of a character in the book, Dr. Virginia Hamilton, who died before Keaton was born.

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

Written as creative nonfiction, *Northeaster* weaves together a rich cast of characters whose lives were uprooted and endangered by the storm. Housewives and lobstermen, loggers and soldiers were all trapped as snow piled in drifts twenty feet

high. The storm smothered hundreds of travelers in their cars, covered entire towns, and broke ships in half. In the midst of the blizzard's chaos, there were remarkable acts of heroism and courageous generosity. Doctors braved the storm to help deliver babies. Ordinary people kept their wits while buried in their cars, and others made their way out of forests to find kindhearted strangers willing to take them in.

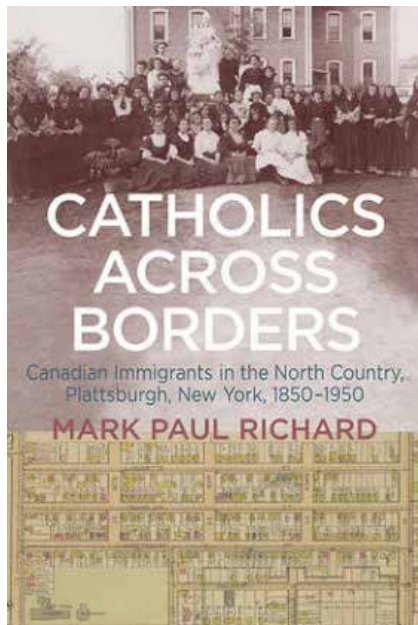
It's likely that none of us know how we would handle a confrontation with a blizzard or other natural disaster. But *Northeaster* shows that we have it inside to fight for survival in some of the harshest conditions that nature has to offer.

Cathie Pelletier was born and raised in Allagash, Maine, and is the author of 14 books, two under the pseudonym of K. C. McKinnon, both of which became TV films. She co-authored Proving Einstein Right with physicist S. James Gates, a National Medal of Science recipient. She also co-wrote The Ragin' Cajun, Memoir of a Louisiana Man with her friend, the legendary fiddler Doug Kershaw. After living in Nashville, Toronto, and the Eastern Townships of Quebec, she is back in northern Maine and the family homestead where she was born. She is at work on new books and film projects.

<https://www.amazon.com/Northeaster-Story-Courage-Survival-Blizzard/dp/1639363416>

Catholics across Borders

Canadian Immigrants in the North Country, Plattsburgh, New York, 1850-1950



Catholics across Borders examines the evolution of a French-speaking population in Plattsburgh over a century. Contrasting with New England's francophone textile mill centers, Plattsburgh featured interethnic cooperation instead of conflict. The book explores how international events affected French Catholic identity at the local level, drawing from French-language newspapers and Catholic archives. Transnational Catholic migrants from Canada and France played a significant role in shaping local, regional, national, and international history in Plattsburgh and beyond, contributing to the larger narrative of the U.S. immigrant experience. This study provides a historic perspective for understanding the present.

About the Author

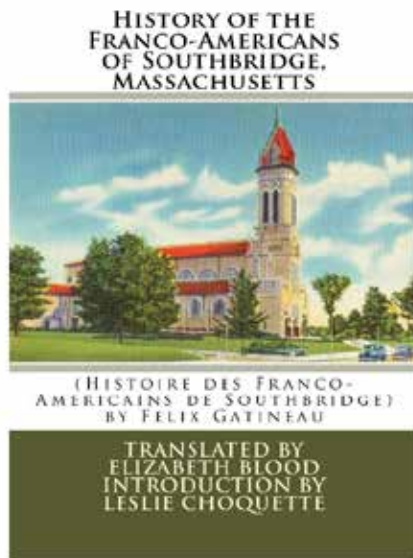
Mark Paul Richard is Professor of History and Canadian Studies, State University of New York at Plattsburgh. He is the author of *Loyal but French: The Negotiation of Identity by French-Canadian Descendants in the United States* and *Not a Catholic Nation: The Ku Klux Klan Confronts New England in the 1920s*.

<https://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/catholics-across-borders-mark-paul-richard/1143842102>

<https://sunypress.edu/Books/C/Catholics-across-Borders>



BOOKS/LIVRES

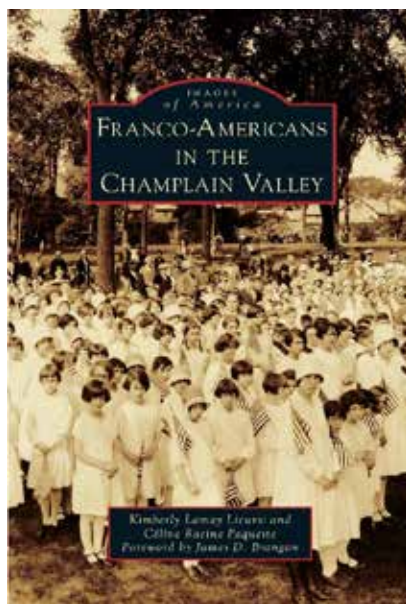


History of the Franco-Americans of Southbridge, Massachusetts: (Histoire des Franco-Américains de Southbridge, Massachusetts)

by *Felix Gatineau (Author), Elizabeth Blood Ph.D. (Translator)*

In 1919, Southbridge business leader, state representative, and prominent member of the French-Canadian community published *L'Histoire des Franco-Américains de Southbridge*, chronicling the earliest settlers of French lineage in the region and the growth of the community to dominance in the town. Available only in French, many of Canadian descent and others simply interested in town history have not been able to fully enjoy this work – until now. Dr. Elizabeth Blood, a Professor of World Languages and Cultures at Salem State University recently completed this full English translation.

<https://www.amazon.com/History-Franco-Americans-Southbridge-Massachusetts-Franco-Americans/dp/0999796615/>



Franco-Americans in the Champlain Valley

by *Kimberly Lamay Licursi (Author), Celine Racine Paquette (Author), James D Brangan (Foreword)*

French Canadian migration into the Champlain Valley in Vermont and New York from the 1850s onward changed the landscape of the Northeast in significant and often subtle ways. As a substantial part of the labor force, Franco-Americans harvested the lumber and mined the stone that built the North Country of both states. They built elaborately appointed churches that served as cornerstones of their communities and a testament to their deep religious faith. They were professionals who ran businesses on the main streets of the bucolic villages and towns around Lake Champlain, as well as farmers and mill workers who eked out a life toiling in the dirt and in textile factories. They formed innumerable fraternal organizations and societies like the Union St. Jean Baptiste and the Champlain Chevaliers to preserve their culture and religion, often in the face of discrimination. The photographs in this volume document their vibrant heritage.

<https://www.amazon.com/Franco-Americans-Champlain-Valley-Kimberly-Licursi/dp/1540228711/>



Maxi's Secrets

Lynn Plourde

When a BIG, lovable, does-it-her-way dog wiggles her way into the heart of a loudmouth pipsqueak of a boy, wonderful things happen that help him become a bigger, better person.

Timminy knows that moving to a new town just in time to start middle school when you are perfect bully bait is less than ideal. But he gets a great consolation prize in Maxi—a gentle giant of a dog who the family quickly discovers is deaf. Timminy is determined to do all he can to help Maxi—after all, his parents didn't return him because he was a runt. But when the going gets rough for Timminy, who spends a little too much time getting shoved into lockers at school, Maxi ends up being the one to help him—along with their neighbor, Abby, who doesn't let her blindness define her and bristles at Timminy's "poor-me" attitude. It turns out there's more to everyone than what's on the surface, whether it comes to Abby, Maxi, or even Timminy himself.

<https://www.goodreads.com/>



Coin des jeunes...



**FRENCH YOUTH PROGRAMS
Available Now and This Fall!**

MA PETITE ECOLE

Pre-K Bilingual French & English Program
Located at the St. John Valley Technology Center
MWF 2 Sessions Daily, 3 Days a Week
8:30-11AM and 12:00—2:30 PM
Ages 3-5 \$300
Amy Desjardins- Teacher
Gina Miranda-Teacher Aide



**We Can't Wait
to meet you!
Allons-Y!**



**Spaces still available for this Spring's term
at a reduced cost!
Please Contact us for Further Information**

**Scholarships May Be Available
Be First to Register...Spaces Limited**

CONTACT SHARON BOUCHER FOR FURTHER INFORMATION:

PHONE: (207) 299-4551 / EMAIL: shounb349@gmail.com

A Project of Le Club Français at 101 12th Ave, Madawaska, ME



May 23, 1972

President Winthrop C. Libby
University of Maine at Orono
Alumni Hall
Campus

Dear President Libby:

Thank you for endorsing the plan for a special effort geared to incoming Franco-American students during Orientation. We will again do that this summer, as we did last year, and it feels good to know that such a concern is appreciated by the University.

I am excited about this year's program. The students preparing the Franco-American segment have approached the task with a positive sense of themselves and their cultural heritage. I am sure that such enthusiasm will rub off on others and will allow incoming students more opportunity to intuit that they can be themselves here with groups of like-minded people. Hopefully they will work less to adopt the ways of the dominant culture as a method of survival in college, and instead will affirm the assets of their bicultural background. Yvon and Claire and the students have sensitized me to those assets. I'm delighted to be in a position to have continued contact with them.

Sincerely,

Kristine M. Dahlberg
Assistant Dean of Student Affairs
Director, Freshmen Orientation

KMD:mr

cc: Yvon Labbe'

(More on page 40)



WINTHROP C. LIBBY
(1912-1993)

Winthrop C. Libby was an American agronomist, educator and academic administrator who served as the president of the University of Maine from April 17, 1969, to August 31, 1973.

Libby was a native of Caribou, Maine, United States. He was a graduate of the University of Maine and received both his bachelor's and master's degrees from UMaine. He pursued additional studies in agronomy at Rutgers University and Cornell University. His entire UMaine career started in 1934, from an assistant professor of agronomy to full professor and then chair of the department. He served as dean of the College of Life Sciences and Agriculture and director of the Cooperative Extension Service before being named president in 1969. He dedicated to improve the learning environment at UMaine during a time when the structure and goals of higher education were under intense scrutiny in the nation and laid the groundwork for the Franco-American Center on campus.

Libby Hall is the home of University of Maine Cooperative Extension, which was dedicated in 1990 in his honor.



UNIVERSITY OF MAINE *at Orono*

Office of the President

Alumni Hall
Orono, Maine 04473
207/581-7477

December 22, 1972

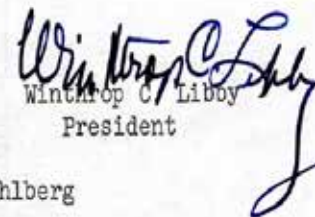
Mr. Yvon A. Labbe'
Fernald Hall
Campus

Dear Yvon:

I can assure you that if the Planning Committee on Franco-American Activities makes a report to me prior to the termination of my tenure with the University that I will not hesitate to move to implement those things which seem possible and desirable within our existing structure or even with a new structure built with that purpose. I must admit that I am concerned about your request for funds to help create the three-credit course for French-English bilinguals under the direction of Bill Judd, Jon Young and Claire Bolduc. My concern arises from the logical question of--how does this relate to any possible recommendations that may come out of the planning group? I find it as a sudden rushing to set up Franco-type courses from several individuals. I have a feeling that it would be unwise to rush into the funding of different programs until the planning committee has had an opportunity to talk this whole thing through and come up with some recommendations whether it is this type of effort which should be funded and encouraged. I may, of course, be wrong in my tentative conclusions.

I appreciate your writing. I will be glad to discuss this with you at your convenience.

Sincerely,


Winthrop C. Libby
President

WCL:ht

Copy to: Asst. Dean Dahlberg

(More on page 41)

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE *at Orono*

Office of the President

Alumni Hall
Orono, Maine 04473
207/581-7477

January 22, 1973

Mr. Yvon Labbé
Fernald Hall
Campus

Dear Yvon:

Given the fact that about one-third of Maine's population is of French ancestry, the economic and social well being of this State is intimately related to its citizens of French descent. I suspect, without any factual proof, that the percentage number of Franco-Americans within Maine is greater than within any other state in the entire United States.

The University of Maine at Orono, as the major University within Maine, has beyond any doubt whatsoever, a responsibility to the Franco-American population. This responsibility encompasses not only the traditional aspects of any University, such as educational opportunity, research studies and off-campus public service, but it also includes a need to understand and explain the cultural and economic contributions of Franco-Americans in making us what we are to-day. I have a sincere and deep appreciation for the French heritage and French culture within Maine. I feel the need for developing even greater personal understanding and greater citizens appreciation.

My interest in this effort, however, involves yet another aspect. I believe this University has the opportunity to build a Franco-American Center of uniqueness and great strength, presenting programs of national and international stature where scholarly activity will flourish, where Franco-Americans can develop pride in their cultural heritage, where men and women can receive education, where bilingualism might become a source of pride, where individuals-once educated-might profit professionally from their greater understanding and sensitivity to other ethnic groups. We are well under-way but with plenty yet to be done.

I have great hopes about this effort. To be successful it will require internal coordination and substantial financial resources. Development may be slow but it will come. Certainly as far as I am concerned, the development of strength in such a Center is a high priority area within our total scheme of things.

Sincerely,

Winthrop C. Libby
President

WCL:jc

(More on page 42)



SUMMER/ETE

(N.D.L.R. This article first appeared in the Lewiston Sun Journal, December 5, 1999)

Lewiston Sun Journal

PERSPECTIVE
Millenium Series
 Decembre 5, 1999



COMMENTARY

Below are definitions of concepts used in this essay:

CULTURE: Culture is the accumulated wisdom of a collectivity which is passed from one generation to the next. Behavior is a manifestation of culture, it is not culture. Culture is a problem-solving device; that is a means for coping with reality, it provides a way of thinking about and understanding the world (e.g., via religion, folklore, science, etc.) It also organizes our emotional experiences as well as our cognitive. Culture has both positive and negative aspects, thus, on the one hand, culture gives support and reassurance in dealing with reality, but on the other, it may also be a source of uncertainty or insecurity through threatening of frightening beliefs (e.g., ghosts, witchcraft, racial, ethnic, and religious bigotry).

SHAME-BASED CULTURAL IDENTITY: An identity whose manifested characteristics—color, language, beliefs, compartments—has been institutionally ignored and historically deprecated with the results that the personal tools, effectiveness, power and wellness of the inheritors and owners are diminished and access to full self realization is not available.

COLONIZED IDENTITY: An identity whose culture and language, along with its tools of self expression and self management, have been eroded and undermined with an accompanying process of domination and occupation of that identity, so as to control it and subjugate it.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

“It’s time for Franco-Americans to rise”

Yvon Labbé

Following an invitation to write a piece for the Sun Journal’s millennium project, I thought and rethought my tackling the daunting task of weaving a picture of the events that have shaped Franco-American identity, and thereby, facets of Maine identity.

The Sun Journal’s invitation called for “experts” in various fields to communicate their perspective in 2,000 to 3,000 words. Experts in academia are legion. But all, including me, have not the necessary tools of restraint to adhere to the limits on verbiage. There is one important difference, I make no pretense to objectivity, or being dispassionate. The subject is replete with historical denial, repression, colonization, anger, hostility, imitation and more.

So the key to my accepting this task I found in the words of the invitation: “... to even speculate on how the past will

shape Maine’s future,” in this case the presence of the Franco-American community in Maine, a story yet not part of the public place and public institutions.

I begin, as many do, with a disclaimer. While I am director of the University of Maine Franco-American Centre, my words in no way represent the University of Maine or any Franco-American organization. I am speaking for myself as I express what I have learned and experienced during the past 30 years as an advocate of Franco-American identity in Maine and the United States.

Arrival on the scene

Allow me to set the scene, that is, our arrival to this continent and our migration everywhere in quest of elsewhere. We all vaguely know that the French have been in this region since colonial times when the Eu-

ropean super-powers warred and struggled over real estate on this continent — not their own. In fact, for more than a century, the newly arrived French immigrants to Turtle Island referred to this region of the continent, including what is now Maine, as la Nouvelle France. As the English succeeded in dominating the continent region by region, the French retreated and, eventually by 1760, surrendered. In 1755, Acadians were deported from their settlements in Nova Scotia, and some, having escaped north for a generation to what is now Fredericton, were displaced in 1783 by Loyalists fleeing the successful revolution to the south. The former ended up dispersed all over the hemisphere, including the tip of South America. But we may know them best for their settlement of the bayou region of what is today Louisiana, and Le Madawaska, a region of the northern (Continued on page 44)

(Continued on page 43)



(OUT OF THE SHADOWS continued from page 42)

Maine/Nouveau Brunswick region. During the Grand Dérangement of the 1750s, the Acadians were gathered and herded on ships, many of which barely floated. They were then dispersed, families separated, dis-possessed and exiled far from their homes.

Their cousins, the French in Québec, having given up the territory to the English following their defeat on the Plaines d'Abraham in 1759, were dealt with differently. Their numbers being greater than the Acadians (and greater than the English for that matter), and having developed both an urban and agricultural society with a panoply of institutions controlled by the Catholic church, these "*fidèles*" were ripe for absentee management by English authorities, who made good use of the Church institutions as an instrument for crowd control. That control was implemented very successfully and was in full operation for more than two centuries, until, of course, the Révolution Tranquille of the 1960s and 1970s in Québec.

I find it ironical and paradoxical that the 17th-century super-power, France, which was well on its way to colonizing the whole continent and its aboriginals, found its newly arrived settlers the object of English colonization by the second half of the 18th century. Following the French defeat in Québec, a deal had been made with the English with the result that if the Church kept its flock under control, it would be allowed its religious institutions and the French language. France then soon forgot its conquered and exiled settlers in its Nouveau Monde. It emerged from this amnesia some 200 years later. Specifically and very publicly in 1967 with the very loud "*Vive le Québec Libre*," uttered by the then *Président de la France*, *le Général De Gaulle*.

Out of this historical fabric woven between the arrival of Champlain and the emerging industrialization in the mid-19th century, a great migration of French Canadian cheap labor, at the invitation of the textile industrialists to the south, pressed a tidal wave of Québec workers from the farm to the mills of the U.S. Northeast. During the latter part of the 19th century, more

than half the population of Québec sought greener pastures in the U.S. More than 1 million up- rooted themselves for the trek South — many with the thought of returning to "*la patrie*" someday. This represented a massive exodus for French Canada, and a threatening influx for Maine local and regional authorities.

It should not be forgotten that French missionaries had already established themselves in what is now New England. The door having been opened by Jacques Cartier and Samuel de Champlain, the latter having founded the first European settlement on Turtle Island in 1603 — on an island he named Sainte Croix. Oblivious to the fate reserved for them and succeeding generations of their French flock, missionaries proceeded with the colonizing of aboriginals, eroding or replacing, to various degrees, traditional ways that had evolved over thousands of years. The French of then, and Francos of today, were not immunized against arrogance, prejudice and even racism. Or even against the denial of our own cultural and language inheritance.

Who are we now?

Francos currently make up about 30 to 40 percent of the state's population. About 100,000 remain French speakers. We are of Québec and Acadian heritage, identities forged on this continent — initially as invaders and colonizers. We are the product of generations of those who fueled the Maine economic engine as invited cheap labor during the latter part of the 19th century. Our forebears — Lafayette, Rochambeau, Paul Revere (a.k.a. Paul Rivoire, son of Gascon Rivoire) — participated in and made possible the birth of this democracy. Our forebears also fought for the North during the Civil War as other French Canadians worked on production lines for this defining event. Even more answered the call or have volunteered since. Yet, despite our rich contribution to the building of this state, ours have yet to reach the top managerial levels of government. Never, despite comprising 30 to 40 percent of Maine's population, has there been elected a Maine governor of Franco heritage. Never has a congressional seat been filled by a Mainer with this identity. And never has one of us occupied the post of full bishop of the Portland diocese. Never! Auxiliary, yes. Full, no! Even though more than 70 percent of the Catholics in Maine are of French heritage. But we were elected to fight in wars where many of us paid the

ultimate price. And while the Francos have been absent from the Catholic top post in Portland, the diocese has for generations taken the cream of our young people, and for generations has sent them elsewhere in the world to colonize other people. This as our communities sank into invisibility. There has been a cost to this "official" invisibility and its attendant political powerlessness. The current state of Maine Franco identity is the result of accommodation, cultural devaluation and the historical derision of both. Until recently, "dumb frogs" jokes were heard in classrooms and in the public place — in higher and lower education. Check the school texts in Maine public "higher and lower" education, and try to find our history, our literature, our language. Ask teachers in your community about the Franco contributions to the building of the state and its institutions. Higher education has yet to produce them in any significant way.

In the '80s a video on lumbering in Maine, "From Stump to Ship," was aired and perceived as representing Maine lumbering history. My father and most men in my family worked in the Maine woods most of their lives going back to the 19th century. My father worked the river drives for decades. He and other Francos were not there in that video.

We have been told that we don't have a real culture, nor a real language. We have generally grown to believe it as we continue to live and work within our depressed and shame-based identity, with our borrowed names, with faces not our own ... the makings of political eunuchs clearly manifested in our lack of political success. And more politely, the makings of a minority psychology with accompanying co-dependency. We wanted to be accepted, to improve our economic and social condition. We wanted something better for our children. We wanted to belong. But there was a price. We were asked to give up crucial pieces of ourselves. These surrendered pieces have thus far limited our access to full self-realization, and full expression in all human activity: social, governmental, economic and educational. A consequence may very well be, as many have told me over the years, that Maine Francos have a higher toll of mental health issues and problems with self-destructive behaviors — alcohol, tobacco and other substance abuses. There is already plentiful literature that has examined and studied the consequences and impact of

(Continued on page 42)



(OUT OF THE SHADOWS continued from page 43)

colonization, prejudice and repression on conquered, colonized and devalued cultural communities in the region.

Missing in history

Over the last 10 years, our public institutions have been piously organizing diversity initiatives mostly based and focused on skin pigmentation — not on understanding and appreciation of the selves under that skin. And in Maine, where the population is already perceived as “diversityless” and homogeneous, homogenized and “macdonaldized,” leaders have not the eyes to see us, nor the knowledge to value us. And from there, it seems easy to deny our existence as a cultural/language community worthy of attention and study.

As I write, a disappearing generation is leaving with our history, our folklore, our music and our language. Until recently, most UMaine academicians were oblivious to our presence and our numbers — a continuation of what we have known since the foundation of the institution in 1865. It is a university and a system Francos have been supporting and depending on to fulfill a public mandate — the generation and dissemination of knowledge about Maine people — all of them. The token initiatives to date do not produce higher education graduates able to convey to the current generation of young Francos and others what our generations have contributed and produced. Barring few exceptions, the work of higher education in Maine currently ignores nearly one half of the state’s population. Among the exceptions I have found thus far are the self-serving higher education consultants who are hired by politicians to unravel the socio-political behavior of Francos in order to win elections. They know more about our behavior and predispositions at the voting booth than we do. Franco aspirants to top political offices are loath to use such measures since they are a product of longstanding Franco-self-effacing processes. The obvious remedy is an education with Franco essence built in. Maine higher education has yet to produce a

history of Maine people that integrates the rich diversity of Maine peoples — which would produce such an educational product.

Our labor history (and we were mostly working class) generally still rots in the mill cellars of major Franco communities or lies fallow in local budding and unfunded historical initiatives. Such is the fallout of historical prejudice: low ceiling, stunted and ailing expression; closeted creativity; shame; fear of discovery and exposure; and hesitation as we try to claim and use our cultural and language inheritance and our bilingual skills, while avoiding public denigration and rejection. The price of our Franco story remaining uncollected, untold, our collective voice mute, is a condition which, on one hand, nullifies our control over our political voice, and on the other hand, makes this community predictable and manageable by politicians and higher education assimilators who devise all sorts of solutions to abstract issues of diversity, but are blind to the diverse Maine communities that surround them.

It is of no help to Francos that our North American cultural heritage dates to the pre-French revolutionary period, giving us a more than healthy respect for what we perceive as duly constituted authority: the company foreman, the teacher, the priest or the Pope. All had and have domain over us. They all have rights over our identity. In Québec and Acadia, social hierarchies had expressions for it: “*C’est pas du monde de not’ classe ça!*” or “*C’est pas not’ place!*” (Roughly translated: “Those are not our kind of people” and “It’s not our place.”) These notions migrated with us and were nurtured in Maine as rationales for immobility. While the socio-political space allotted the Franco identity in Maine was restricted and small, relegated essentially to the Franco parish and the Little Canada, Francos gave themselves the illusion of power, however little, by accepting and accommodating to their lot as outsiders and temporaries — temporally and spiritually. The reward would come latermuch, much later. We would have to learn to laugh at ourselves in the meantime.

What happened?

Well! What happened between then and now to reduce to such low standing a culture and a language honed and transmitted over more than a thousand years?

What happened to the cultural tools of self and community management, the moral

compass fired by a belief system attached to land, faith and fierce pride? What happened to the genius of our culture, its capacity to invent, innovate and renew itself? What happened to the language? ours — that expressed *notre vécu*, our living reality and experience? What happened to the power of our identity in fulfilling our duties as citizens in this democracy?

As the French in Québec embraced their fate following la Conquête — with the able assistance of church authorities and its teachings — a sense of fatality and futility began to ingrain itself in the culture, and eventually was manifested in the language.

Fond of proverbs and adages that explain and express socioeconomic and cultural ceilings, a saying was fashioned that has dogged the French in North America to this day. “*On est né pour être petit pain, on ne peut pas s’attendre à la boulangerie.*” (“We are born to be little breads; we cannot expect the bakery.”)

This incapacitating mindset and the consequent predisposition made it easier for the bigotry and prejudice to take a societal foothold as Francos established themselves in Maine among those in authority who seemed to have divine right in this budding democracy. The aboriginals had already been divided and decimated by the white invaders. The new hordes of immigrants from across the oceans, and the overland migrants from the north, were the next challenge in the last half of the 19th century to the new establishment. The welcome mat in Maine was not out. A land grant university was founded in the midst of that migration with a mission that was primarily to meet the agricultural needs of that state. This should have been of interest to Francos who believed in education and who had irreducible bonds to “la terre.” But the new university established its community network using the Grange system, which did not welcome Francos or Catholics. And this ignorance relative to Maine Francos persevered until it was breached in recent years.

We came from Acadia, from eastern and western Québec. In Maine, we settled on farms, worked in the woods, and by the tens of thousands we settled along the Maine rivers to work in the textile mills.

Having experienced English Protestant-style conquest and exile in Québec and Acadia for generations, they came, whole villages, families, recruited by Maine and New England mill agents. Uprooted, and

(Continued on page 45)



(OUT OF THE SHADOWS continued from page 44)

nearly overnight, they left “la terre” and crowded into mill housing. From there, they soon set up schools, built churches, hospitals, founded newspapers (more than 200 in New England in little more than 50 years). In fact, Francos built a whole socio-cultural support system in order to ensure survival within their identity. Their schools became bilingual and provided the possibility of an education through college for their children — and many children there were. Enough to please mill authorities as they were put to work, and enough to scare the same authorities as these children grew and continued to add to the Franco ranks and swell the community with a non-preferred identity.

The ignorance propagated by the Maine public education system was not accidental. The goal was to assimilate us and melt us. But into what? Would we be better citizens as retreaded Anglos? Not by a long shot. If we were lacking in worth — having no history, no real culture and no real language — it became easier for the preferred model to dispossess and disenfranchise Francos. The erosion was causing us to be complicit in our own devaluation as our shame-based public education, built on a twice-conquered history, supported the integration of minority psychology characteristics in our evolving negative self concept — individual and collective. A series of actions and events at the turn of the century started the process of cultural sterilization. The Francos reacted by circling the wagons and seeking refuge in societies and associations for mutual support. I remember reading demeaning descriptions of this Maine cultural community in municipal reports. Descriptions of Franco workers represented them as just barely above the level of beasts of burden.

Late in the 19th century, the U.S. Catholic high clergy became politically threatened by the sociocultural makeup of their newly arrived flock made up largely of European Catholic immigrants. In particular, they spoke a diversity of languages; the Church sought remedy to that troubling diversity. In our case, the bishop of the Diocese of Portland proceeded to assign

anglophone priests to Franco national parishes. Francos and their leaders eventually gathered their courage and refused, and further, they embarked on a 10-year struggle to keep control of their parish properties and funds — and further, their cultural voice. The bishop claimed that he alone owned and had the legal right to all parish properties and monies. Thus the name: “The Corporation Sole Controversy.” Francos and their parishes’ governmental structure (called La Fabrique, a unique, democratic lay body used for managing their parishes) sought legislative redress to no avail. They then took their issue up the church hierarchy, and eventually to the Pope. The Franco leaders came back from Rome with orders to cease and desist or they would all be excommunicated. They continued the struggle, and they were excommunicated. Francos lost a major political battle that struck at the center of their cultural identity — la perte de leur salut. Franco community leaders from Biddeford, Lewiston and Waterville were excommunicated. The punishment and consequence — loss of salvation — were preached from pulpits all over the region. Burial in consecrated ground was refused unless the “sinner” recanted while alive. And this was only one of the seven crucial sacraments refused.

These excommunications inaugurated decades of shame that lowered the ceilings on Franco identity in Maine. These high clergy and local Franco parish struggles were repeated in Rhode Island in the 1920s, with similar results and more guilt and shame.

Anti-French laws

In fact, with the entry into the 20th century, Franco identity was assaulted by a series of attacks and events that pushed them back into their neighborhoods, their Little Canadas, and the safety of their kitchens and “sociétés.” Beginning with the 1920s and for the next 50 years, the KKK found Franco Catholics to be an easy target for their bigotry. In the 1920s, an anti-language bill found fertile ground in the Legislature and with a governor who was a KKK sympathizer. The law was on the books until 1976 when Franco legislators, led by Elmer Violette and Émilien Lévesque, were able to persuade their colleagues to recognize the injustice and strike the offensive law. The law prohibited the teaching of subject matter in any other language than English in our public schools. Public school authorities then invented ways and means to discour-



Elmer Violette (circa. 1971)

<https://videos.maine.edu/media/Marcella+%26+Elmer+Violette/1w55lm5jo>

age French from being spoken on school grounds or in school corridors. Being moved to the end of lunch lines, writing hundreds of times on the blackboard that no French will be spoken, as well as other shame-based inventions fashioned from ignorance. French could be spoken in the classroom where it was taught as a foreign language by teachers who had received teaching certificates from higher education institutions that had chosen to ignore our presence. The results were predictable. Research over the last 20 years has clearly demonstrated that learning and using two languages simultaneously is beneficial to both languages and, moreover, beneficial to the learner. The anti-language law, given the size of the Franco population in Maine, was essentially an anti-French law. It further demeaned and diminished the public voice of Francos. It added another ceiling of prejudice, which created further invisibility for our community as its members sought to keep succeeding generations out of harms way, out of reach of psychological assaults on Franco identity. We accommodated.

We changed our names. Boileau for some became an unrecognizable translation. So did Vaillancourt, Boisvert, Pinette, Savoy, as did so many others.

The attributes of our identity — our culture and language — were further undermined by wars and the great Depression — la Crise. It would a period of time when Francos would have produced leaders who would be successful in the Maine political arena, and with that, overcome and eliminate the negative socio-political forces that were keeping us as “*petits pains*”? lit-
(Continued on page 46)



(OUT OF THE SHADOWS continued from page 45)

tle breads. During the first 50 years of this century, Francos should have taken their places as managers of the “bakery” — la boulangerie. It did not happen. Names such as Bérubé, Béliveau, Dutremble, Violette were candidates for the posts of governor and congressperson. No success! A Proulx came close to occupying the post of full Bishop. No success there either.

Then, with the onset of the great Depression and World War II, Francos were finding that they were no longer able to support two systems of education out of working-class wages. By the 1960s, their bilingual schools had, for the most part, disappeared. Their societies increasingly became moribund and, worse, drinking clubs. I believe many of those societies formally serving as protective ramparts eventually became stifling cages without exits.

Francos were by the 1960s experiencing another conquest, another exile. Another identity, another face than their own was being imposed. Ignorant of our contributions, our literature and folklore, our history, our cultural and language assets, the public education system had nearly succeeded in erasing us from the public place. As the 1960s marched in, we had become mostly silent, colorless and hidden.

A shame-based education and socialization process fed the silent invisibility. And complicit was an indifferent public university system entrenched in its 100-plus years of ignorance regarding this community, which makes up 30 to 40 percent of Maine’s population. It is then understandable that books published following Franco stirrings of the early ’70s wore names that reflected the state of this Maine identity. Titles such as “Quiet Presence,” “The Chinese of the

East” and “*Les Nègres Blancs d’Amérique*” were about us — unflattering as they were. Also in the early ’70s, a publication entitled “*Le Farog FORUM*” emerged from a student and community group at UMaine. The group challenged the traditional engrained attitudes and products put forward by faculty and the Franco community.

More recently, Maine history and Maine literature texts have been published by university professors. They also have not recognized or included the 30 percent to 40 percent the state that is Franco. So it is no wonder that during the same period, some Franco community groups were discussing class-action suits for institutional discrimination. In the late 1980s, a re-edition of a Francoless anthology of Maine writers was published with a newly found spate of Franco

authors. The newborn FAROG scream paid off. There have been changes for the better since, with the installation of more enlightened administrations and new initiatives dealing with Maine Franco-Americans. But, the proof of ownership of our heritage, its history, culture and language, will be in the eating of the pudding? Will it be authentic, will it taste like us, or will we be served another cultural uniform with further “macdonaldization?”

The Franco-American role in Maine?

Renowned Acadian writer, Antonine-Maillet, tells us that it takes a thousand years to kill a culture, a hundred years to kill a word. “*On est pas fort, mais on est pas mort!*” (Loosely translated: “We’re not strong but we ain’t dead yet!”) In spite of my words, there is yet hope to be. Un réveil has to take place, responsibility for ourselves has to be assumed and we must insist on participation within our identity. It’s the only one we have. If we continue to wear another’s identity, we can never hope to be as magnificent in it as the real owners. We must reclaim our history, our culture and its language, our voice, and rid ourselves of the shame-based masks. Then will we be able to take our place, with our identity, with full appurtenance and participation in this democracy and its institutions.

The latest assault on our identity by “English only” advocates was repulsed by Francos successfully last year. We are openly finding and reconnecting with our cultural backbone where we really live and create. “Only preferred models need apply or speak up” will no longer be our manacles.

Moreover, regarding language, Madame Maillet says that we have but one authentic choice, and that is, “de parler



<https://francomainestories.net/2021/04/20/i-will-not-speak-french/comment-page-1/>

avec la langue qu’on a dans la bouche.” (To express ourselves with our own voice.) Prior to meeting Antonine Maillet, “*Le FAROG FORUM*” in 1974 had already chosen its motto: “*Afin d’être en pleine possession de ses moyens.*” (“Be in full command of one’s own tools of self expression.”) An inspired choice. That motto was the beginning of our seeing ourselves as shapers of ourselves and our environment, and not as “*petits pains.*” That motto is the beginning of our being perceived and perceiving ourselves as an important resource possessing an important cultural and language capital. Our current governor and University System chancellor have understood that Maine Franco-American culture and language are assets to be developed and used for economic development of the state. We may yet have a part in shaping Maine and its future in a proactive manner. It is vastly superior to the cultural uniforms and the “macdonaldization” — millions served looking and tasting all the same — that had been tailored for us.

I believe that within our Franco identity, we will make the highest quality contribution to our community and our society. There are currently a number of Franco related initiatives under way at Maine colleges and universities. As these purportedly deal with our language and culture, it is important that community Francos maintain a constant dialogue with these same initiatives. As the owners, the least we can expect is that these Franco-American initiatives reflect authentically who we are, and not who they are.

In conclusion, as Franco-Americans shed the “*petits pains*” mindset, rebuild a shame-based identity into one that is assertive, creative, productive and useful, breakthrough the historically prescribed ceilings and their impoverishing limits, (Continued on page 47)



Peggy Madore



Claire Bolduc,



Jim St. Peter



Daniel Chassé,
Debbie Gagnon, Lise Ouellette



Mark Violette



Denise Marie Cordelia Carrier



Back Row L to R: Debbie Gagnon, Lise Ouellette, Yvon Labbé
Front: Denise Marie Cordelia Carrier, Paul Violette



Lisa Daigle

ATTENTION!

Please check your mailing labels! The MONTH/YEAR of your subscription expiration. If your label says 00/00 please consider making a donation. Rising costs of printing are making it more and more difficult to keep our voices alive and heard! So please donate. Donations would ensure the continued life of “Our” publication.

**Thank you!
Merci!**

(OUT OF THE SHADOWS continued from page 50)

decolonize ourselves and push for access to the highest levels of institutions, and put to work cultural tools and a belief system honed over more than a 1,000 years, then will our historical invisibility cease to loom as a shadow over Maine. It is also then that future generations will have access to the accumulated wisdom of this community and reclaim ancestry and our full participation in this democracy within our identity. We deserve it, and Maine deserves us.

We, Franco-American citizens, also love and want our full measure of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness — within our identity of course.

Excusez-là.

Yvon Labbé is director of the Franco-American Centre, University of Maine.



Université du Maine
Le FORUM
Centre Franco-Américain
Orono, ME 04469-5719
États-Unis

Change Service Requested

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Orono, Maine
Permit No. 8

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