



chez nous

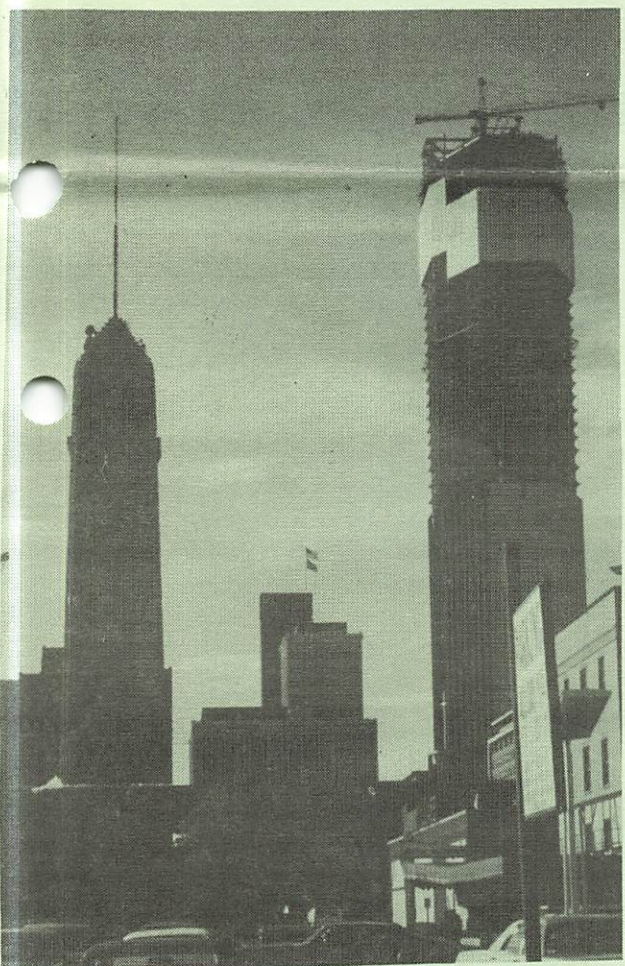
NEWSLETTER OF Aout-Septembre, 1992 VOL. 14 NO. 1

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

Co-Editor: Jerry Marie Forchette

WILBUR FOSHAY'S TOWER



Above: the Foshay Tower still stood out on the Minneapolis skyline in this 1969 photo taken from northeast Minneapolis.

At left: by September, 1971, Foshay had relinquished its status as the premier Minneapolis skyscraper to the IDS Tower, then nearing completion. Today of course one has to look carefully to even find the Foshay among a sea of neighboring buildings. Fame is fleeting!!!

Visit Wilbur Foshay's office in his Foshay Tower, September 17. See inside for details.

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THE FOSHAY TOWER
THE FRENCH CONNECTION
by **WILLIAM B. HORN**

Other than his own presence as a tenant for many years, the writer knows of no French-Canadian connection with the Foshay Tower. However there are two prominent French connections: Mr. Foshay, himself, and the design architect Leon Arnal.

Wilbur Burton Foshay, the legendary entrepreneur who saw the building as the fulfillment of a boyhood dream, traced his family name to that of the Fouché family of France (pronounced Foo-shay). This was presumably the family which included Joseph Fouché, duc d'Otrante, who organized the ruthless suppression of the insurrection in the Vendée during the French Revolution and later served Napoleon as Minister of Police. There is a French name Faucher, which is pronounced like Foshay, but it is not the antecedent family claimed by Wilbur Foshay. Fauchers were also involved in the wars in the Vendée.

Foshay created for himself a family crest, which is still displayed in a number of places in the Tower. Might it have been adapted from the arms of the French Fouchés? Researching its origin is a project yet to be undertaken.

Foshay was born in Ossining, New York, in 1881. (A small irony, perhaps, as the town contains the state prison Sing Sing and he was later to be in Leavenworth.) He studied arts and engineering at Columbia University. After working for public utilities in the Midwest, Foshay brought his family to Minneapolis in 1914. He had mortgaged their furniture to pay the train fare and borrowed \$6,000 to open a small utilities company. His fortunes expanded along with the growth of the electric utilities industry and by 1927, when he announced the plan for the Tower, he had a small empire of banks, utilities, hotels and steamships.

As a boy, Foshay had visited the Washington Monument and it made a lasting impression on him. He later said that was when he first thought of someday erecting an office building incorporating its obelisk design. His Foshay Tower in Minneapolis was the first real skyscraper in the Midwest. The dedication beginning on August 29, 1929 was a three-day celebration "with tens of thousands" in attendance. John Philip Sousa performed a march entitled "Foshay Tower - A Washington Memorial". Secretary of War James W. Good attended the dedication along with governors and other dignitaries from around the world. There was a parade, fireworks and the unveiling of major works of art. Besides three busts of George Washington by Hiram Powers, Foshay commissioned noted sculptress Harriet Frishmuth to create a bronze work "Scherzo", which was unveiled in a courtyard, no longer extant, accompanied by a dance of girls appearing as water nymphs.

An architect with the firm of Magney & Tusler, Leon Arnal was responsible for the artistic design of the Tower. Arnal was born in the mountainous region of southern France in 1881 and attended the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris. He became a teacher at the University of Pennsylvania in 1910 and served in the French army during World War I. In 1919 he was appointed chief critic at the School of Architecture at the University of Minnesota. In addition to the Tower, during his life in Minnesota he was responsible for such landmarks as the Woman's Club in Minneapolis and Memorial Stadium. Arnal's design for the Tower made extensive use of features which are nowadays described as Art Deco.

The street floor arcade had marble from France, Italy and Belgium. There was hand-wrought grillwork, a ceiling in gold and silver-plate and a terrazzo floor. But the crowning glory of the interior were the floors which housed Mr. Foshay's apartment, board room, library and offices. The 28th floor had three bedrooms, bathrooms with gold-plated

The Foshay Tower Remembered:

"I believe I was a young man coming to the Twin Cities for the first time. I was living in Grafton, North Dakota. My Dad was on a job as deputy sheriff and was bringing a prisoner down for the police. We had time to get a ten cent shave at a barber college, and then went to see Foshay. I remember that they were putting gold leaf on the ceiling of the lobby the day we were there. I don't remember if we went up to the observation tower or not."

Henry Bernard, written April 92

faucets, a kitchen, dining room, lounge and board room. A private stairway led to the 27th floor, which held the offices and art gallery. The wood used was predominately African mahogany. The etched glass bookcase doors bore the Foshay family crest. There were three mezzanines on the 27th floor and stone balconies on all four sides of the building. Most, but not all of the plans for these floors were carried out, but it is generally believed that Mr. Foshay never occupied the building except for a token stay in an attempt to claim the entire building as his homestead.

Shortly after the dedication of the Tower in 1929, the stock market crash ruined Mr. Foshay financially and exposed him to charges of fraud and misrepresentation. (Another irony, the French word "fauché" which is pronounced like Foshay means "flat broke".) After two trials, he was convicted and sentenced to Leavenworth Penitentiary for fifteen years. In 1937, after serving three years, he was pardoned. At that time he briefly visited the Tower and his former office. Foshay was resilient and found work as a promotion man for small towns in Colorado and Arizona. In the 1950's he returned to Minneapolis to live in a convalescent home, dying in 1957 on the 28th anniversary of the completion of the dedication ceremonies.

After the building went into receivership at the end of 1929, the 28th apartment floor was dismantled and turned into rentable offices.

Many changes also occurred over the years to the 27th floor, including the removal of a fireplace. Yet, Mr. Foshay's private office on that floor is fairly well intact.

It should be mentioned that the building currently has as tenants Cafe' Un, Deux, Trois and The French-American Chamber of Commerce.

TOWER FACTS

	<u>Height</u>	<u>Floors</u>
Foshay Tower	447' 3"	32
Washington Monument	555' 5+"	--
IDS Center (1972)	775'	52

Depth below ground 63 ft.

The dimensions are 81 feet by 87 feet at its base and 59 feet by 65 feet at the top. The building contains 2,599,666 cubic feet.

The Tower is faced with Indiana Bedford Limestone and has 750 window bays. Foshay claimed it could withstand winds up to 400 mph.

The Tower Observation Deck is located on the 31st floor. You can see approximately 30 miles on a clear day.

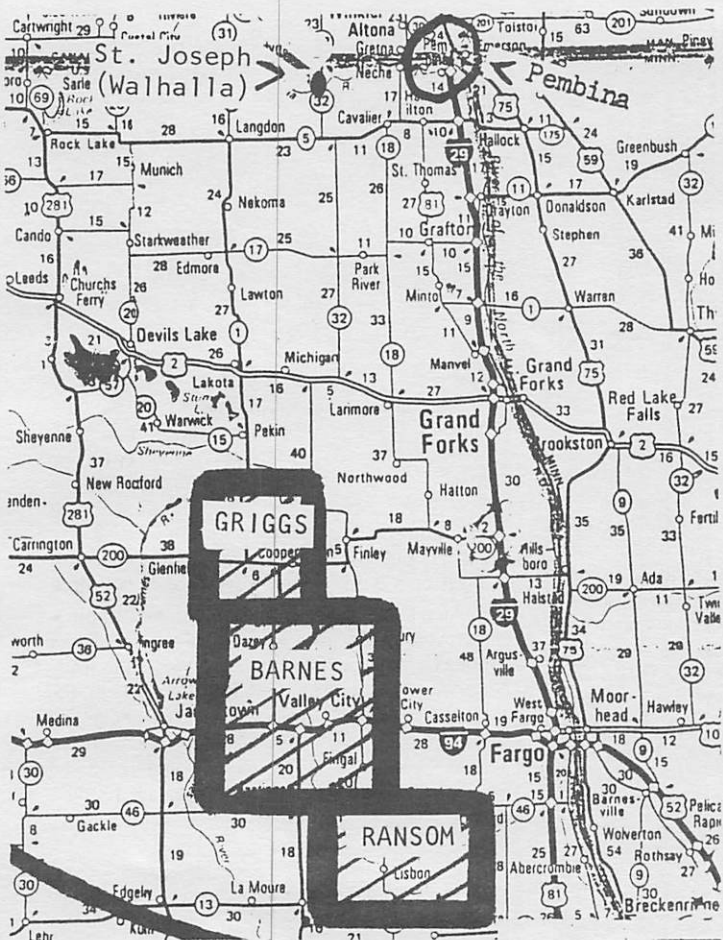
Cost to build: \$3,750,000

Air-conditioned: 1958

FOSHAY TOWER LSCF OPEN HOUSE

Would you like to visit Wilbur Foshay's private office in his famous landmark tower? Bill Horn, LSCF, whose office is there, will host an open house at 7:30 PM on Thursday, September 27²⁴. If the weather is good, we will walk out on the stone balconies.

The nearest parking is at the TCF ramp between Second Ave. and Marquette going west on Ninth St. If you plan on coming, please have one of your group call Bill at 341-2581 (days) prior to September 26. 23



A note from the editor

With this issue we begin our eighth "season" with *Chez Nous*. This is our 41st newsletter, and you have received over 240 pages of news of your heritage. We hope you have enjoyed.

Father Goiffon's story of the 1860 buffalo hunt, and Indian peace treaty, raised some questions and brought some additional observations. A colleague of Swedish extraction and North Dakota upbringing remarked that Goiffon exhibited "European arrogance" in his patronizing view of the Indians and Metis, and we don't disagree.

We asked the North Dakota Historical Society where the treaty in question might have been agreed to, but they could not offer a definite location. They say they have three separate accounts which place the conference in three adjacent counties, Griggs, Barnes or Ransom (Valley City is essentially central in these counties). We will continue the search.

Alice Dumas, a faithful LaSociete member from Hibbing, noted Goiffon's reference to St. Joseph (Walhalla) and sent us part of an 1899 book about Walhalla ND in the early 1850's. Some pertinent excerpts - again written from the white missionary perspective - are printed in this issue.

1860, of course, marked the approximate time when the Indian nations of the midwest had had it with white intrusions on their land. Not long after, in 1862, the Dakota went to war in Minnesota against the whites. This issue carries an article from the June 10, 1992, issue of *City Pages* (Minneapolis), which describes briefly the Indian point of view.

Thank you for reading our newsletter. We look forward to your contributions. Send to: Dick Bernard, 7632 157th St W #301, Apple Valley MN 55124.

Dick Bernard

City Pages 6/10/92

Native Routes

An American Indian history tour explores Minnesota's untold story

by Monika Bauerlein

"I don't know how you people feel about this place," Chris Cavender begins, standing on the Minnesota River overlook site at Fort Snelling. "Usually, people talk about this place with feelings of pride. But when I come here, I have very mixed feelings, because 1,600 of my people were imprisoned here.

"Maybe if there are any Jewish people among you, you can understand how you would feel if you visited Auschwitz, or one of those concentration camps. This was a concentration camp."

Cavender is a member of the Wahpetonwan (Dwellers in the Leaves) Dakota; some of his relatives were imprisoned at Fort Snelling, and some may have been among the 300 who died there. He's guiding what may be the first Minnesota Native American History bus tour, an eight-hour trip that starts at Fort Snelling and goes southwest, stopping at towns with Dakota names, treaty places and massacre sites. These aren't the official shrines of Minnesota history; when we called the state tourism office to ask about native history sites, the best they could do was to suggest we go to a powwow. Of 10 travel guides we surveyed, only one had a reference to the prison camp at Snelling. As Cavender acknowledges, "victors write history."

What the victors' history is missing, however, is more than just prison camps and massacres. It's the story of the first 10,000 years of this region, a story that grew from the association of people and land and has something to say about almost every lake, forest, and hill.

The Fort Snelling site, for example, was named *Mdo-te* (pronounced *bdo-te*), the junction of two rivers. And for Dakota people, this particular junction had special significance: "It

was a place of creation," explains Cavender, "the center of the earth. It was a sacred place. Of course now, with a seven-county metro area and 2 million people, that's hard to see."

The place was pretty significant for non-Dakota people, too. When Zebulon Pike arrived in the early 1800s, he chose the river junction as the best site for a U.S. Army fort to oversee the northwestern frontier. Pike estimated the land's value at \$200,000; but in 1805, when he convened a few Dakota representatives and convinced them to cede the nine-square-mile area, he left the price blank. The U.S. Senate eventually inserted \$.2,000; the Dakota didn't get the money until 1837. "I'll talk more about treaties later," concludes Cavender to our group. "I just want you to remember that Indian people had more than 400 treaties with the U.S. government. Every single one of them was broken."

As we pile into the bus, I end up sitting next to a woman in a sari, a visiting professor from Bombay, India. Her eyes are glowing with recognition: "This is so familiar. In India, they rounded up 2,000 people in a field and shot them. And broken treaties, prison camp—it all happened exactly the same way. The same pattern of conquest." But the British, I offer, got kicked out of India eventually. "Yeah. Took us a little while... but we're still dealing with the consequences."

It's almost an hour to St. Peter, and I'm about to doze off when the bus suddenly makes a sharp right into a dirt road; we almost missed the turn. About 100 feet from the highway, in a small grove, stands a three-foot boulder with a plaque designating "the site of the treaty of Traverse des Sioux."

Traverse des Sioux is one of the most important treaties in Minnesota history, but there's absolutely nothing to mark it from on the highway. And as we listen to Cavender talk, it sounds like they've got good reason not to show the place.

This, he explains, is where U.S. government representatives Luke Lee and Alexander Ramsey convened representatives of two council members of the Santee Dakota nation and talked, cajoled, and threatened them ("We'll drive you all the way to the Rocky Mountains") into ceding most of southwestern Minnesota. Ramsey later became the state's first governor.

"Now, the history books always talk about how our people sold the land," Cavender says. "Many of our scholars, and me, too, believe that what they thought they were doing was granting use of the land—that there could be joint use. They didn't understand the concept of selling the land."

"In Dakota, we have a word *I-na* that means mother. But it also means land, or earth. So for us, 'mother earth' isn't a trite concept or a hackneyed phrase. It's how we talk. That's how it was in our house, and I was born in the 20th century—so how much more must it have been true for our ancestors, in 1851."

Whatever the Dakota thought, the negotiators had put a price on the land—just over \$1 million, or something like 5 cents per acre. But they made sure the tribes would never see most of that money. When it came time to sign the treaty—which the Dakota did after smoking the sacred pipe—Ramsey and Lee took great pains to explain that two of the papers were treaty duplicates. They didn't say anything about the third paper—the infamous "traders' paper,"

which guaranteed the better part of the Dakotas' money to businesspeople claiming they'd sold them goods on credit.

This way, most of the first \$300,000 in treaty money ended up in the pockets of traders; the rest was put in a bank, and the Dakota were to receive only the interest. Eleven years later, after the 1862 Dakota War, the U.S. Senate unilaterally abrogated the treaty and canceled all payments.

The Dakota were promised one more thing in 1851: two reservations along the Minnesota River, about 10 miles on each side for a total of a couple million acres. For 11 years, the Dakota stayed there, sustaining themselves with hunting, fishing, traditional agriculture, and occasional meager handouts; many starved or died of disease.

In the fall of 1862, after a particularly bad summer, several hundred hungry Dakota came to the Upper Sioux Agency (near the present town of Morton) to collect their treaty money and buy food. But the money didn't come; supposedly, the U.S. government had spent it all fighting the Civil War. After several weeks, the Dakota asked the traders, whose warehouses were full, for some food on credit. That's when one of the traders, Andrew Myrick, declared: "So far as I'm concerned, if they are hungry let them eat grass or their own dung."

There are different stories about what happened next; the most common one is about a group of young warriors who ran into some eggs and chickens belonging to a white farmer. They argued about taking them; the argument turned into a fight; and eventually, the farmer, two other men, and two women were killed.

Now, the Dakota knew there would be war. Eggs or no eggs, they had heard what Governor Ramsey once told the settlers: "The Sioux Indians must be exterminated or driven forever beyond the borders of this state."

Over the next month, the Dakota fought at Fort Ridgely and New Ulm, Birch Coulee, and Wood Lake; more than 1,300 people died, about half Dakota and half whites. The names of the white casualties are recorded on monuments, still visible at places like New Ulm and Fort Ridgely; the names of the Dakota dead are remembered only in the tribe's oral history. But the end of the war didn't mean the end of the killing.

As we board the bus, the guide asks us to be silent, and Larry Long's "Water in the Rain" fades up on the speaker system. Where we're going now is Mah-kato, Blue Earth in Dakota, the site of the largest mass execution in U.S. history. At the end of the 1862 war, the Army imprisoned 1,700 Dakota, and all 600 male prisoners went to trial before a five-man military court. As many as 40 cases were tried in a single day; often, the evidence consisted of a witness saying they'd seen the accused firing a gun.

The kangaroo court came up with 303 death sentences, but President Abraham Lincoln commuted all but 38, and the execution was scheduled for the morning of the day after Christmas. Through white eyes—the eyes of a reporter from the St. Paul Pioneer—the scene looked like this:

"All joined in shouting and singing, as it appeared to those who were ignorant of the language... The most touching scene on the drop was their attempts to grasp each other's hands, fettered as they were. They were very close to each other, and many succeeded. Three or four in a row were hand in hand, and all hands swaying up and down with the rise and fall of their voices... Each one shouted his

own name and called on the name of his friend, saying, in substance, 'I'm here! I'm here!'"

It took until 1975 for the city of Mankato and the state of Minnesota to put up a marker at the hanging scene.

We leave the site in silence and board the bus one more time to head back to the Cities—the same way about 1,600 Dakota prisoners were walking that December of 1862, headed for the Fort Snelling prison camp. As they passed the small towns along the way, writes Dee Brown in *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, the settlers, many of them women, lined up along the road in a lynching mood. "Many were stoned and clubbed; a child was snatched from his mother's arms and beaten to death."

Among that crowd, more likely than not, were some of my ancestors. But it's not guilt that I feel as the song fades into a prayer by Dakota elder Amos Owen; more like a sense of recognition, and responsibility.

I stare out the bus windows, at fields full of corn and wildflowers; yeah, I can see how this place looked nice to those German Catholics. They were escaping starvation along the River Rhine, fleeing Central Europe's incessant wars. America, they'd heard, was a land where the only thing standing between themselves and a piece of that rich soil were "savages": non-Christians at best, monsters at worst. And the immigrants had just sworn allegiance to their new government, the United States; they were eager to prove their loyalty.

I stare out the windows a little harder; we're pulling past a Burger King, a Budgetel, a construction site, a freeway loop. Dakota people talk about the spirit of their ancestors living on in the land; after 10,000 years or more, these fields must be full of spirits. Those who died in Mankato, then, also live on; and if they do, what hurts more than hanging must be the way

the place looks today. Maybe, I think, our responsibility is not just to mourn the dead. The best way to pay them respect is to respect their land.

The photographer and I have to split from the tour. But the trip isn't over, nor is the history of the Dakota nation. The tour group will go on to the Shakopee Mdewakanton Dakota Community, a tiny reservation 25 miles from downtown Minneapolis, where they'll hear the rest of the story. They'll hear of relocations to Montana, Nebraska, Canada, and the Dakotas; of \$25-\$75 bounties on the heads of those who dared to stay; and, finally, of piecemeal land grants establishing reservations at Morton, Granite Falls, Prairie Island, and Shakopee. Only one thing didn't change: the tribes' status as sovereign, independent governments dealing directly with the U.S.

For more than 100 years, the reservations were avoided by their neighbors like the plague. The Shakopee community, for example, was sandwiched between the cities of Shakopee and Prior Lake, but could get neither city to serve them: "We had to fight for water, sewers, and over which city would take our kids in their schools," recalls Rose Campagnoli, a spokeswoman for the tribe's Little Six Inc. But in the 1980s, as the Dakota watched the explosion of tribal gambling, they had an idea: "There was the question," says Campagnoli, "if this is sovereign tribal land, couldn't something be done here even if it's against state policy?"

The Dakota negotiated with the state, and in 1983, they opened their first bingo hall. In 1984 they got video slots, and last year, they

opened the largest casino between here and Las Vegas. More than 12,000 people drop money there on an average day.

But the new profits have a long way to go to make up for tribal losses. On reservations and in cities, statistics on poverty, unemployment, and health among native people are staggering; according to one recent survey, one in every six native teenagers had attempted suicide at least once.

"I like Minnesota," Cavender says. "It's a liberal state, it's a progressive state, and besides, it's Dakota land, it's ours.

"But you have to understand that me, Chris Cavender, Dakota person, I don't feel any particular loyalty to the political entity known as the United States. Precisely for this reason, because of things like what happened at Traverse, Mankato, Fort Snelling. Because they lie, steal, cheat and if they don't get what they want, they go in and take it by force.

"This is part of our history—and part of yours, too. Anyone who claims Minnesota as their home state should understand that." CP

American Indian history bus tours are sponsored by Women Against Military Madness. For information and tour dates, call 827-5364.

**From: "The Long Ago" by Charles Lee
Published in 1899 by Walhalla (ND)
Mountain Press**

The following sections come from pages 23 thru 26 of the chapter entitled "The Martyrs of St. Joe" and relates an account of several Protestant missionaries during the early 1850's. St. Joe (St. Joseph) later became Walhalla, ND. It was one of the towns served by Father Goiffon in the later 1850's. Residents of this town went on the buffalo hunts described by Father Goiffon in the last Chez Nous.

"Walhalla in more recent years, a quaint little out of the way village and quiet summer resort for weary people, was a very different place forty or fifty years ago in the 1850's. Then it was a busy hustling town with a mixed population ranging from twelve to sixteen hundred souls.

It was a principal rendezvous for traders and Indians from all quarters as far west as the Missouri river. Two or more large trading posts were established there, and many thousands of buffalo and other skins were carried to St. Paul in carts each season.

The following extracts from a letter written by Mrs. Spencer, soon after their arrival there, June 16, 1853, conveys a very graphic description of the place and it's inhabitants at that time.

The town had about 30 homes; some look quite neat and pretty. They are built of hewn logs, mudded quite smoothly out-

and in, and have shingled roofs; one has window shutters. Most of the people, however, live as yet in tents of skin.

The people are entirely under Roman Catholic influence, there being a priest and church here. Many however, are anxious to send their children to a Protestant school and are prepared to appreciate the advantage of an education much more than the Indians and are in a state to be benefitted by our labors.

A large number of the half-breeds with their families, are now on the plains in search of buffalo and will be absent for two or three months until they can fill their carts with meat.

Referring to the frequency of the mails and of the difficulties in the way of procuring supplies she continues: "When Mr. Spencer first came into the country (Red Lake, MN) ten years ago, he received mail whatever for a year and a half. And for the first two or three years I spent at Cass Lake I thought myself favored to receive an answer to a letter in three or four months."

Mr. Kittson is now starting for St. Paul with about sixty carts loaded with furs. He has more than four thousand buffalo skins, besides many others. Several other traders accompany him; and there will be over one hundred carts in all. They will go across the plains to Mendota (near Ft. Snelling) and will arrive there in about a month.

"We have been a good deal annoyed of late by the Sioux prowling about our peaceful village and disturbing the quiet of the inhabitants. The former are at enmity with the Indians and half-breeds in this part of the country. The latter formed a party and went out upon the mountain to see if there really were any Sioux there. They found a number and spoke peaceably to them; but they answered not, and raised their guns to fire. The half-breeds then fired and killed three. The rest of the party hung around the village a few days and then departed. It is expected they will return in a few days with a reinforcement to avenge the death of their comrades. Last December the Lord gave us a little son whose smiling face cheers many a lonely hour."

"In a few days the Indians did return and it was probably one of their number who fired into that peaceful, happy home, and stilled the heart that beat so lovingly for her friends, her husband and her children, as well as for the poor ignorant heathen to whom she so longed to tell the story of 'Jesus and His love'!"

Toward the close of the summer (1852) a young man by the name of Benjamin Terry was in the midst of his enterprise, full of hope for the future expecting soon to see his preparations all completed and with his prospective helper to enter upon his chosen work, he was suddenly stricken down and all his earthly plans forever dissipated.

As he was going into the woods one morning from the old French trading post, his lodging place in charge of Antoine Gingrass, (Note reference to Gingrass in Goiffon article) now on the Sheldon Horning farm in order to get out some timbers for his building, he was waylaid by a party of hostile Sioux Indians at the edge of the woods and fell pierced by a shower of arrows; the bone of his arm was broken; probably by the blow of a tomahawk and the entire scalp of the young missionary carried away—a trophy of their savage hate.

With great difficulty, Mr. Tanner obtained permission from the resident priest, Belcourt to bury the remains of his martyred companion within the sacred precincts of the Roman Catholic cemetery, which stood

in the center of the village and was enclosed with a rude fence of poles.

Here his poor body, unmarked, uncoffined and unknown remained until discovered by Father Scott and myself years since, lying confusedly in a shallow grave just under the edge of the decaying remnant of a fence, in the extreme corner reserved for "unbaptized infants, suicides and heretics." Next to this was the grave of a French half-breed killed in a drunken brawl. Happily at last the bones of the young martyr have been recovered, placed in a coffin, reinterred with appropriate services in the now sacred spot upon the neighboring hillside reserved for the "Martyrs of Walhalla."

Mr. Terry is described as being very slight and youthful in appearance, quiet and retiring in his disposition and is still referred to by the half-breeds in the region as "Tanner's boy." Thus sadly closed the first chapter in the brief history of early missionary effort in behalf of the native population of Dakota nearly a half a century ago.



Nouvelles Villes Jumelles

Newsletter of La Société Canadienne Française Du Minnesota

Deadline For News

Sept. 23
Nov. 10

Reaches Members

Oct. 14 - 19
Nov. 27 - Dec. 1

Please now send Twin Cities news and notices to Dick Bernard, who is the editor of Chez Nous, 7632 157th St. West, #301, Apple Valley, MN 55124. I will continue to assist him as associate editor for the Twin Cities, if I receive something, you may be sure it will reach Dick.

William B. Horn
341-2581 or 922-9013

ELECTION RESULTS

The new LSCF officers and board members for the ensuing year are:

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Program
Membership
Other Directors

Leo Guette
Justa Cardinal
Treffle Daniel
John England
Dick Bernard
George Labrosse
Sr. Mary Henry
Nachtsheim
Leroy Dubois

Congratulations to these dedicated members!

FUR TRADE RENDEZVOUS 1827

The Minnesota Historical Society sends us information about the recreation of "a fur trading event" to occur the weekend of September 5, 6 and 7 at Fort Snelling.

This will be an important event to visit, but some readers may want to go further and become interpretive volunteers. To participate in that way will mean absolutely authentic attire for the Fort Snelling scene in the year 1827 (no sneakers, no horn-rimmed glasses). To quote from the information sheet:

Please keep in mind that this is not an open or generic rendezvous, but rather a re-creation of a historical event in 1827. We ask no fees to camp, trade, or feast, but rather a commitment to accurate portrayal of the fur trade around Ft. Snelling in the 1820's.

If you are interested in participating rather than just visiting, call Richard Williams or Steve Osman at the Minnesota Historical Society 612/726-1171.

AFRAN FESTIVAL

L'Association des Francais du Nord (AFRAN) announces its Chataugua and French Festival, which takes place August 28, 29 and 30 at Old Crossing and Treaty Park in Red Lake County Minnesota.

Activities begin at a sunset rendezvous and bonfire on Friday and continue through Sunday. To quote:

Every year dozens of people who never liked history become involved in understanding how the Valley has gotten to where it is today.

AFRAN was chosen in 1990 as "the Best of Minnesota" community programmer of public interest in the humanities. AFRAN President Virgil Benoit has sent us several brochures. Call Bill Horn at 341-2581 if you want one.

NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES SCHOOL

ATTENTION former students and graduates from Notre Dame de Lourdes parochial school, northeast Minneapolis, for an All School Reunion, Labor Day Weekend, Sept. 5, 1992. Registration at Our Lady of Lourdes Great Hall; social time and banquet at Jax Cafe. Do you know someone who was a student? Let us know. Call Evelyn Carpentier Lund 789-7051 or George Belair 789-6275.

EVENEMENTS A VENIR

- Aug. 3 Meeting at St. Louis Church
- Sept 24 Open house at Mr. Foshay's private office, 2700 Foshay Tower, Minneapolis 7:30 PM. (See article)
- Oct 5 Regular Societe meeting. St. Louis Church, St. Paul, 7:30 PM.
- Nov 5 Group tour of Genealogy Library at new Minnesota Historical Society bldg. 7:15 PM.
- Dec 4 Christmas party at St. Louis Church. Pot luck.

CANADIAN - USA WOMEN'S RUGBY

Angie Lazer tells us of upcoming international rugby matches on September 12 and 13 at the Exhibition Field, National Sports Center, Blaine. Events will be:

- USA Old Girls - 9/12 12:00
Midwest Thunderbirds
vs. USA "B" - 9/12 2:00
Minn. Dragons vs.
USA Development - 9/13 12:00
USA World Champ Eagles
vs. Canadian Nat'l Side - 9/13 2:00

As you probably know, rugby "something else", so you must try to see some of these events. The Canadian side includes several Quebecers. For full info, call the Editor.



chez nous

NEWSLETTER OF Octobre-Novembre, 1992 VOL. 14 NO. 2

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

Co-Editor: Jerry Marie Forchette

FATHER GOIFFON LOSES HIS LEG

(Editors Note)

This is the fourth in a series of memories of Father Joseph Goiffon, pioneer priest in the Diocese of St. Paul.

Father Goiffon had a certain amount of notoriety because for almost 50 years of his priesthood he was an amputee. In this excerpt he talks about how he came to lose his leg in St. Boniface, Manitoba on November of 1860.

A hint before reading: Those who lived through the Halloween blizzard of 1991, will identify immediately with Father Goiffon.

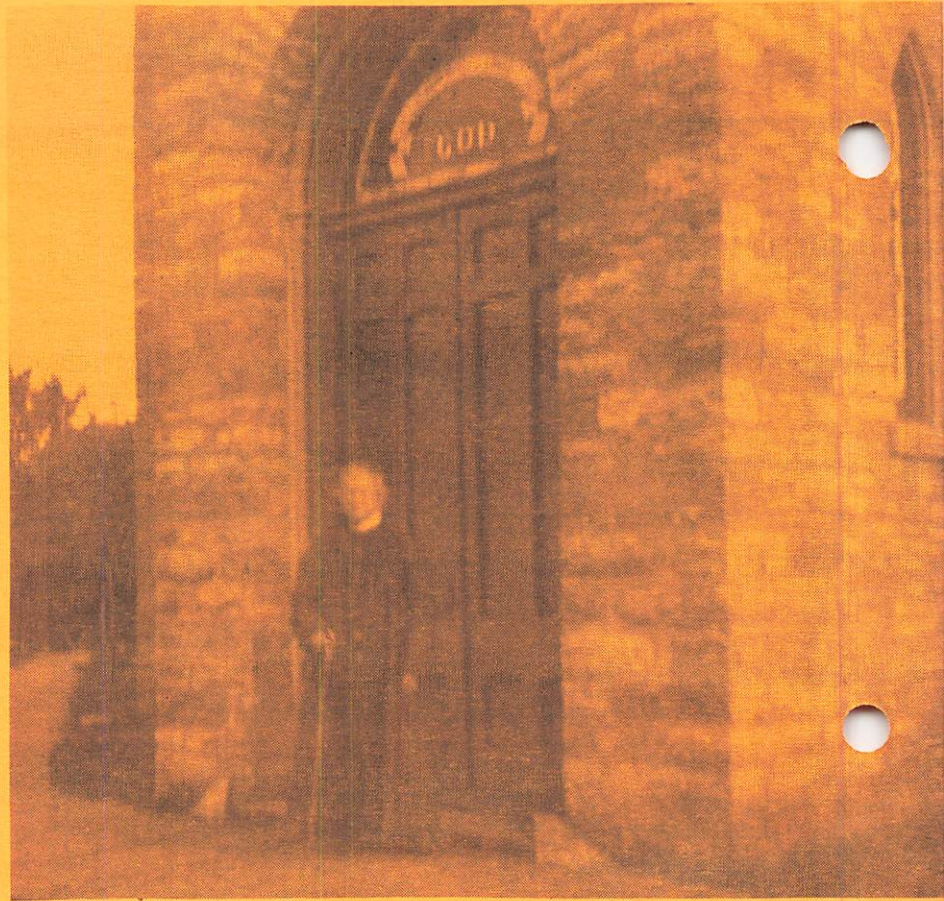
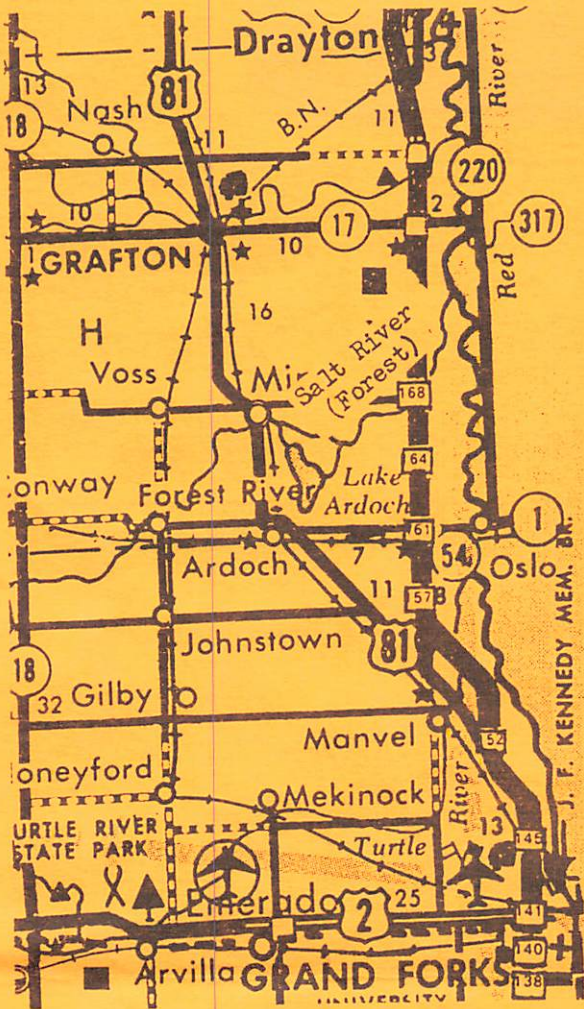
A note on geography. Father Goiffon talks about the Salt River of Dakota as where his misadventure occurred. On a map of present day North Dakota find the Salt (now named the Forest) River where it flows into the Red River north of Grand Forks.

You are now oriented.

Enjoy.

I wanted to get to St. Joseph with my wagons to have them unloaded, so I consented to go ahead; this was on a Tuesday. I figured to make the trip in four days. I started on my best horse, a beautiful animal, American stock, four years old. The first three days everything went fine. The first evening I arrived at a point in the big woods where I perceived a flickering light, like the one of a candle; I went towards it and it was a small fire to drive away the mosquitoes, made by one of my Metis who was lying there in the leaves. I spent the night with him. The next day, again towards evening, I reached the grand forks which then was only a large prairie. There on the shore of the river, beside a table made of boards, I met a Metis, Francois Demarais. We spent the night as usual, lying side by side on the ground beside our table. The next day was the feast of All Saints, it was beautiful weather, almost too warm to travel, but I arrived at last about 9 o'clock at night to the camp of the Metis of Red River, who had left us at St. Paul, carrying our tent. It was their fault that I froze later on. I passed the night with them.

The next morning, November 2, 1860 after a light breakfast, quickly disposed of, as all of us were very low on provisions, and we had very little to eat. It was about 7 o'clock in the morning and each one began to hitch up. As I had but a horse, I was ready first. It was at Little Salt River that I felt the fall of a little warm rain. I asked how much farther we had to go to reach Pimbina; they told me about 40 miles. About ten miles from here, they told me, you will find a small river known as the Big Salt River, and then a prairie for 30 miles. Well I said, as it has started to rain, if the weather turns bad, I will wait for you in the little point of the woods. The rain continued and I stopped at the little river, as agreed, and I waited the whole day



Fr. Goiffon at St. Peter's Church, Mendota MN
 The photo, from the Minneapolis-St. Paul Archdiocese archives, is undated. Fr. Goiffon died in 1910

but nobody came. Towards night, there came from another direction, a young Englishman, who was coming to meet his uncle, whose oxen were tired. The young man had two oxen. He asked me for news of his uncle and I replied that when I left him, that morning, his uncle's oxen did not show signs of being exhausted and I was expecting them all that very evening. I urged him to spend the night with me, as he would have to travel 10 miles more to arrive where I had left them, and that in traveling at night, he would lose himself in the prairie. He thanked me saying that he was too worried about his uncle, asked me about the road, which I explained as well as I could and he left. I wanted to avoid trouble for him, and possibly save his life, as it was this same young man whom God had chosen eight days later to pull me out of the snow where I would otherwise have perished.

The light rain of November 2, changed to snow and in the morning there was an inch of snow on the ground, blown by violent wind from the northwest. I made a little shelter in the woods where I would remain until the storm passed, but God did not so will it. It was Saturday and I wanted to be in Pimbina, to say the Mass on Sunday. Besides, my horse, who the day before, had eaten nothing but a little dried hay that I had cut with my pocketknife, in little spots where the prairie fires had not reached, would have starved. As for myself, I saw no way to procure wood for a fire, as I had no axe and my provisions were exhausted. All these considerations urged me, in spite of my better judgement, to brave the bad weather and try to finish my journey.

I climbed the hill and reached the edge of the prairie, my horse refused to face the tempest, so I came back down towards the river. However, some incomprehensible impulse urged me to try again to cross the prairie. I made a new attempt and this time succeeded in entering the prairie. I had not made two miles when I perceived that I would have great difficulties in facing this bad weather. This prairie of 30 or 40 miles, where I had never passed before, where all wagon tracks had been obliterated by the snow, was like a vast desert. I could not hope to find feed for my horse, who

had so little to eat the day before, as the fire that had passed just before the snow had burned all. So, I thought of turning back, but the same impulse which urged me to start, coaxed me to keep on and I obeyed it.

So I traveled just until evening, not suffering much with the cold, sometimes riding sometimes walking. At night-fall I dismounted to walk, as usual, by my horse, holding him by the bridle, but he would not follow me. "Well I said, you are tired and I myself am tired, we will sleep here." I knew I was on the summer road by some blades of grass which pierced the snow, and being in line, indicated there were clumps of grass that have been saved from the fire by the wagon tracks. I also knew that traveling all night I could lose my direction without the hope of finding it again.

God must certainly have robbed me of reason, I covered my horse the night before but the idea never occurred to me to cover him on the prairie. I merely contented myself to attach a rope to his neck, leaving him loose, and set myself to burrowing in the snow where I could pass the night. I found water under the snow, but it did not occur to me that we were in the swamp. I thought that as it had rained all the day before, it was natural that there was water all over. I placed my saddle on the snow, to serve as a seat and a bed and for four days and four nights, my only cover was a buffalo robe. Exhausted from my trip, I soon fell asleep and was covered with snow.

It was late the next morning when I awoke. My first care was to dig myself out of the snow which had accumulated on my robe and to look for my poor horse. There he was standing on the same spot where I had left him the night before. He had merely turned his back to the storm. I looked for my whip and my large French hat which I had beside me when I retired; useless trouble, they had disappeared under the snow and I tried to dig them out with my hands. I only succeeded in hurting my knuckles, the marks of which I still bear.

The storm had not ceased, and being wet with sweat, caused by the snow that covered me, I thought it best to wait for better weather to continue my journey. It was cold, and I had no mittens, I crouched again, like a porcupine, under my robe and was soon covered with snow same as the day before, and slept, not waking as I recall, until the next day, or late that night. I looked and the poor beast was lying on the ground frozen. Having nothing more to do than to take care of myself and because the storm was still raging, I crawled under my buffalo robe and slept again. Not waking until afternoon, I perceived, in removing the snow that was covering me, that the storm had passed and the weather was fine. It was about two hours before sunset,

I made a bundle of what I thought I could carry, figuring that before night I could reach a clump of woods, that I imagined I could discover in the distance. But, when I tried to get up, I found that my legs could no longer carry me. I was frozen. But God, who is always good to His missionaries, did not permit me to suspect that I was frozen, as if I had such a thought, I would have begun to rub my feet with snow to thaw them out, and I would have died, unable under such circumstances to endure the pain that I would have suffered thawing them out. Unable to walk without suffering, I waited until Providence sent someone to help me, and I remained quietly under my robe.

Awaking the next morning, Tuesday, I succeeded in disengaging my buffalo robe from under the snow. The weather had turned so cold that my robe, wet with perspiration from my body, froze all at once, stiff as the bark on a tree, leaving openings all around which permitted the snow and cold to enter. I had thought myself safe so far, but seeing that there was no longer shelter for me, I decided that the end had come, and recalling that while in St. Paul, I was given money for 24 Masses, I searched my pocket for a pencil to make a note in my breviary to the effect that when I was found, those Masses would be said as marked in my book. Nevertheless, unable to find a pencil, I could not mark anything and had to leave the care of these Masses in the hands of God. Remembering the devotion of my Metis, who in their hard circumstances promised Masses for the souls in purgatory, I promised 32 Masses for the souls in purgatory if I was ever able to say them, and went to sleep.

The next morning shaking the burden of snow and seeing the day, I was surprised

to wake up again in this world. Then remembering a person who was devoted to me, had told me that another person of prominence, had mentioned that I would die without the sacraments, I said to the good God, imploring Him that I did not wish to die here because I had tried to defend the laws of the church and do His work and that if I died here the error would prevail over right, so I did double the number of the promised Masses for the souls of purgatory, engaging myself to say 68 Masses, 60 low Masses and 8 high Masses, if I could only arrive at my mission and say them. I then sent my guardian angel to find me someone for tomorrow, for I told him I did not wish to remain here any longer. I believe I fell asleep again. In the afternoon of Wednesday, I dragged myself with my buffalo robe towards my horse frozen in the snow. My intention was to open my horse, take several of his ribs and plant them in the snow and in some way to help hold up the buffalo robe, thus making a little shelter where I could breathe a little good air, because that which tired me the most when I was not sleeping was to be without a hat. It meant that I had to have that buffalo robe constantly against my face and I had no chance to breathe. Having but a small pocket knife, I saw at once that it was impossible to open my horse. I tried to dig in along side of him that his body might protect me from the northwest wind. Useless trouble again! The snow had become hard as ice; unable to protect myself against the wind. I thought of eating; I made an opening in the horse, in the part most exposed to the cold. The meat was frozen, it was flat and without taste. I made another opening in another place where the meat was not frozen, taken from under the skin, a fine large piece of lean meat, and holding it in my left hand, and seizing it, after the manner of the savages, on the other end with my teeth, I cut it with the aid of my small knife in long strips like you would do with frogs, and was able to swallow some pieces with great pleasure. I cannot recall of having ever eaten better meat, so I did it justice and left but a small piece, which I ate the next morning when I awoke.

After eating a good supper, and no longer having my saddle, I sat myself on the snow close to my horse, covering myself with my robe; I was slow to get to sleep. When I awoke in the morning, I ate under my robe the small piece of meat left from the day before. I was afraid to raise my buffalo robe to see if my guardian angel had accomplished the task that I had asked of him. He had been faithful. I saw about a mile from me, a man or a youth, with his two oxen. I started calling, but the more I cried, the farther he went with his oxen. Then I thought I was closer to Pimbina than I had imagined and, as this was the first snow of the season, that it was probably a young Metis who had come to look for his animals and bring them home, and that my cries had frightened him and made him run away. With this thought, I mixed words with my cries, asking for help, saying that I was frozen and demanding that he go for Joe Rolette to tell him that I was frozen, begging him to send a dog train to bring me to Pimbina. It was useless. My young man seemed to be going farther and farther away from me. I was wrong however, it was my sight that was failing me as I could see but one man where there were two and I saw but two animals when there were four. I could distinguish no carts, yet there were two; it was on the level prairie and there was nothing to obstruct my view.

Tired from calling and thinking that my efforts had been useless, I crawled back under my robe to rest and to wait for a better chance to get home.

While I was calling, the two men were holding a conversation that I could not hear, though I had seen only one man. They were the uncle and his nephew, both English. (This nephew was the same young man who had arrived with his two oxen at my camp six days before, going to meet his uncle, and whom I wanted to spend the night with me fearing that he might get lost. A kind act is never without reward. It was this same young Englishman whom, my guardian angel had led to camp close enough to me and to hear my cries in the night. He and his uncle took me the next day to Pimbina.) "Who can be calling," said the uncle, "oh, it is a wolf," answered the nephew. "No it cannot be a wolf he replied, the wolves do not howl so late at night." "Oh yes, uncle, it is a wolf, I have heard them cry throughout the night." (The nephew, having frosted his hands could not sleep that night.) "No replied the uncle, the wolves do not cry so late, must go see what it is," and he arrived just as I was beginning to get warm.

Poor man, said he, on seeing me, so here you are frozen. Oh no I am not frozen I answered. "You have had nothing to eat." "Oh yes I have eaten a good piece of my horse and it was very good." And as he added that they themselves had nothing to eat,

and had to content themselves with a cup of coffee, which they had heated by burning one of their merchandise cases, I invited them to help themselves to one of the legs of my horse. The good Englishman thinking that I had lost my reason, went to get me a cup of coffee the last he had left. He then tore off my shoes and cut off my cassock at the waist, as it was frozen to me, then loaded me into his cart. He then sent his nephew to Pimbina to Joe Rolette's that he might come and get me, that I might get there quicker, as his oxen were too feeble, having had nothing to eat for four or five days.

Hearing the news, Mr. Rolette came to meet us and took me to his home where we arrived at dusk. Up until that time, I had not felt frozen, and had no pain in my legs all the time I had remained on the snow, and concluded that I had not suffered much harm. After reaching the house, they put my two legs in a basin of snow and two men began to rub them. Some time had passed before I felt any pain. When supper time arrived, the men placed me on a bed. I had not thawed out yet. They brought me some supper and not feeling any pain, I ate like a man who had been traveling in the woods. During the night, I began to thaw out, not in the snow water, but with the aid of a good fire they had made in the room. It was now Friday and they brought me breakfast, a beautiful fried fish. I had to be content by looking at it, as the pains became so great that it was impossible for me to think of food. Mr. Rolette became my nurse and gave me all the care that a good mother could give her child.

In spite of all his efforts for seventeen days, my feet were beginning to rot, when the Reverend Father Lestand, administrator of the diocese of St. Boniface, hearing of what had happened to me, and knowing that there was no doctor at Pimbina, had the kindness to send me M. Iside Goulet to take me to the bishop at St. Boniface. He had a dog train and the roads having become bad by the thawing of the snow, which had not frozen again, it was hard traveling.

I had a high fever when he arrived. In spite of that, the following morning, finding me better, we started and arrived that evening at the river Gratiias. We took lodging at the only house that was there, at a man named Claign. He wanted to care for me all through the night but at midnight, I told him to go to bed, because everytime they opened the door it made a draft and kept me coughing continually. The next day we traveled to the "Pointe Coupee", at the home of a very fine man whose name I have forgotten. There I passed the night without coughing so much, but my feet were getting more and more decomposed; it infected the whole house. The third day we reached the bishopric of St. Boniface, where after resting three or four days, they told me, that in order to save my life, they would have to amputate my legs. As it was necessary, I could not resist. So, on the third day of December, 1860, the old doctor Thom, of the English colony, and a young doctor of the company of English soldiers, removed my right leg, just below the knee. They delayed the amputation of the left leg until sometime later, thinking that I was not strong enough for a second operation at that time. The operation seemed to be a success, and after the first few days of suffering, I regained considerable strength and the doctors thought they would soon be able to remove my left foot, when suddenly, the ninth day after the first operation, a large vein burst letting escape a large amount of my blood and I was so close to death, that the good Sister Gouselin, who was in charge of the church said to her servants who worked in the kitchen, (it was the 12th of December), "We are close to Christmas and Father Goiffon is going to die. Let us make some candles which will serve for the feast and for the funeral so that all will be ready when Father Goiffon dies." Prudence is a virtue, but it is necessary to follow it up. The girls put 60 pounds of beef suet in a large kettle and heated it too hot. The grease begun to boil over the sides of the kettle and the girls threw cold water into the grease which made it run all the more over the red hot stove. The grease spreading more and more set fire to some boards which had been placed behind the stove to dry. The floor caught fire, and in a minute, the flames mounting the steps, went from the kitchen to the bishopric and all was aflame.

At nine o'clock, Sister Gouselin, as I have already said, having charge of the kitchen and the linen of the sacristy, goes to her superior, Sister Halada, for permission to go to the bishopric. "What for said the Superior", "to awaken Father Lemestre, who told me to call him at nine o'clock". "Oh, said the Superior, this good priest has taken care of Father Goiffon, and is tired, let him sleep another hour." Some minutes after 10 o'clock, Father Lemestre was hardly out of his bed that I heard him

cry "fire", save Father Goiffon". I raised the sheet that covered my head, and saw in the dining room, a thick smoke, black like that which comes from the stack of a steam boat. "Oh, I said, I am a lost man, try to save something from the room of Monsignor." Father Lemestre and Father Dumoulin who happened to be there, I know not how, paying no attention to my suggestion seized the mattress on which I was lying and carried me outside onto the porch. The fire which came from the kitchen, spread so fast, that as soon as they placed me on the porch, Father Dumoulin, who wanted to re-enter to get his hat which he had left on the table in the dining room, found it impossible to do so, as the fire was coming out the windows and the doors. In a few minutes the fire spread to the sacristy, and from there to the cathedral, and in one hour the three beautiful bells, which were the pride of that section fell in pieces from the two towers and one could see nothing but ruin and desolation.

From the porch of the bishopric, I was carried to the hospital of the Grey Sisters. It was about four hundred feet from the bishopric. They have said that I just missed freezing again while on that porch, but this is not so as I do not remember suffering from any pain after leaving the bishopric and arriving at the home of the Sisters, where I have always been well treated. During the first seven days at the hospital, I was very feeble, from my blood escaping from time to time from my broken vein. The eighth day, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, feeling something wet in the bed, I passed my hand down to learn the cause and I withdrew it full of clotted blood, I threw it in the room, calling a sister, who had a class in the room near by. Very soon old Dr. Thom arrived and binds up my thigh, but he had so little faith in his bandage that he said to the nurses that in three hours I would not be alive. My director, Father Lestant, gave me Holy Communion and sent a man on horse at great speed to St. Norberts ten miles away, which was the nearest parish to St. Boniface to secure the Holy Oils with which to give me Extreme Unction. Mgr. Tache of the cathedral, having lost everything because of me, it was only just that I leave him my possessions. The disposition of my will was not to take long. I gave to Mr. Tache and the cathedral at St. Boniface, my library that I have at St. Paul, and all that I possess in my mission. I dictated my last wishes to the Rev. Father Lestant, while his secretary l'abbe Oran, was writing it down. I hurried him as I feared I would not have time to sign the document. It seemed that I was passing into another world, like a phantasmagoric image which disappears when one withdraws the curtain.

I had become so feeble that it was with difficulty I could swallow a drop of water. The messenger who had been sent to St. Norberts for the Holy Oils, was obliged to cross the big Red River four times, and consequently he should have taken quite a long time for that trip. He did not expect to find me still living when he got back. He came back in the evening and they gave me Extreme Unction making the remark that God was very good to me, giving me time to receive all the sacraments. I was prepared for death and all expected me to draw my last breath, but God had willed otherwise. So far I had done so little for Him. Either the sacraments had effected a corporal cure or the clotted blood which had escaped from the broken vein had cauterized it, for, from that moment, I did not lose another drop of blood. I became quiet, suffered no more and regained little by little my strength. Such was the progress that I who had had so much trouble to swallow a drop of water, began, at midnight to take several spoonfuls of broth and the following morning I swallowed with great pleasure a good soup. Thus, I continued to gain strength day by day, so that in two weeks, the doctors thought me strong enough to undergo the amputation of my left foot. This they did January 6, 1861. The operation was successful and I continued to gain strength so rapidly that, in a very short time, to occupy myself, I took charge of the catechism of the children of St. Boniface while still in bed. I recall that among these children, I had a little lad of twelve years named Marion, uncle of the wife of Mr. Kittson. This little fellow had the thumb of one hand made like the claw of a large crawfish and he used it as a crawfish would.

On Ash Wednesday I had them carry me, in a chair, into the chapel of the Grey Sisters, which, since burning of the Cathedral had become the parish church, and I was charged to make the sermon. It was not without fear that I accepted this duty as it was the first time that I had to preach without preparing my sermon. (All the books had been burned in the fire which destroyed the Cathedral and the bishopric.) The good Lord helped me, as I did pretty well, and I was charged to preach the sermon every Sunday

in Lent. In the spring we had a flood and waters were so high that they were able to bring a barge to the door of the home of the sisters. They took me by water to the college. It was the first time I had been out since November. The water having withdrawn, and the earth becoming firm, I procured for myself, a wooden leg and two crutches beginning thus to take a few steps indoors and later on, outside. I received then my dispensations from Rome; I succeeded in standing erect without my crutches and I managed to reach the altar to say the 68 Masses I had promised to the souls of Purgatory. The seventh of June, they brought me a wagon and I returned to my missions at St. Joseph and Pimbina which I had left nine months before. The day after I arrived, was the day for my parishioners to leave for the prairie for the summer buffalo hunt. It was a beautiful day.



Nouvelles Villes Jumelles

Newsletter of La Société Canadienne Française Du Minnesota

SUPPORT LSCF

DEADLINE

Next deadline for Chez Nous and Nouvelles Villes Jumelles is November 15. Mail to Dick Bernard, 7632 157th St. W. #310, Apple Valley, MN 55124.

La Société needs your financial and personal support. Dues for 1993 will soon be due. Rates: Family \$15.00; Senior over 62 \$8.00; Single \$10.00; minor under 18 \$1.00. Checks to La Societe C-F. Send to George LaBrosse, 4895 Brent Ave., Inver Grove Heights, MN 55076.

ACTEUR D'UN JOUR

At the Foshay Tower gathering, Georgette Lobbe-Pfannkuch told of her forthcoming French "Readers Theater" group, which runs from October 12 through November 30, every Monday 7-9 PM. This is a class for intermediate and advanced speakers, and will include correction of pronunciation, psychology of the character, and reading of your part on stage on the last day. This is an opportunity to improve your French and increase your vocabulary in 8 weeks of fun. Georgette has credentials in acting, music, narration, and college teaching and French Theater direction. She is, as you probably know, programmer for Bonjour Minnesota every Tuesday morning 10-11 on KFAI 90.3FM. (Editor would urge your to listen.) Regarding her class, if you wish, call Georgette at 645-3784 or Catherine at 874-0939.

FÊTE DE NOËL

The LSCF Christmas party will take place at St. Louis Church in St. Paul on December 4. This is a pot luck. If you aren't bringing food, please contribute \$3.00 each (only \$1.00 for children over 6). We begin to eat at 6:30.

There will be a talent show with prizes in which anyone may (can?) participate. "Les Errants" will perform for us.

EVÉNÉMENTS PASSÉS

President Leo Gouette extends thanks to all who participated in the Little Canada Days Parade - on-lookers too!

Bill Horn hopes the twenty-five members and guests who came to the open house in Mr. Foshay's office in the Foshay Tower enjoyed themselves. He did.

YES, WE ARE STILL ALIVE HERE ON THE IRON RANGE!

We held our Fall Fling on September 13, with our usual flair, although some of our members were unable to attend due to illness and we missed them sadly. We hope they will be able to attend our next meeting, which will take place on January 6, La Fête des Rois, or the 12th Day of Christmas.

One of our favorite sports up here on the Range is eating, and we thought you might enjoy, vicariously, our menu.

From the kitchens of:

Bernice: Amuses Gueules Garnis à la Mousse au Fromage (vegetable tray with cheese dip).

Coquilles Farcis (stuffed shells)

Rosemarie: Saucissons à l'Acadienne avec Sauce Italienne et Saucissons au Porc Maison (Cajun and porketta sausages-home made).

Henrietta: Salade de Chou Cru (cold slaw).

Blanche: Les Fèves aux Jambons Blanche Nault (baked beans and ham).

Baguettes de pain (breadsticks)

Café en Masse (lots of coffee).

Marianne: Le pain à l'Ail (garlic bread).

Salade aux Yeux de Grenouilles (Frog-eye salad).

Marie: Gateau aux Dates (date bread).

Due to popular request for the

Nov. 5 Regular meeting at 7:30 PM. This meeting will convene at the new facility of the Minnesota Historical Society (between the State Capitol and Cathedral). We will review the genealogical resources available at MHS. (This is not a tour of the entire building.)

Dec. 4 Annual Christmas party and potluck at St. Louis Church. See article.

January No meeting

February Regular meetings resume - watch Chez Nous for schedule.

* * * * *

Other Events:

Oct. 11 -

Jan. 3 Vision of the People: A Pictorial History of Plains Indian Life at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

original French-Canadian recipe for turkey, it is here given in it's original form:

DINDE A LA CHOQUETTE

Prenez une dinde où un dindon, fourrez lui un onion dans la gueule et un autre dans le cul, l'enveloper de papier d'aluminium et le mettre au four à 300° pendant plusieurs heures. Lorsqu'il est cuit il faut jeter les onions. Ensuite le manger.

LES FRANÇAIS D'AMÉRIQUE / FRENCH IN AMERICA
1993

The 9th edition of the calendrier (8-1/2 X 11) is now available.

US\$6.95 each (postage & handling included).

US\$5.75 each (postage & handling included) for a minimum order of five calendars sent to a same address.

Make check payable to: *French-American Calendar-1993.*

IMPORTANT: We are offering for sale--this year only--the back copies of the calendar for the years 1985, 1986, 1987*, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991 **US\$3.95 each** (1987 is sold out but can be made available as a xerox copy) and 1992--500th Anniversary Commemorative-Calendar **US\$5.00 each** (postage & handling included)

If you want ONLY the 1993 calendar, send your order to Virgil Benoit R.R. 2 Box 253, Red Lake Falls, Minnesota 56750.

If you want the 1993 calendar **and back copies**, send your order to R. Mikesell. 1155 E. 56th Street. Chicago. Illinois 60637-1530.

*These
Calendars
are
wonderful!
You'll enjoy
yours.*



chez nous

Newsletter of Decembre 1992 - Janvier 1993

la société canadienne-française

EDITOR—Dick Bernard

Vol. 14 No. 3

CO-EDITOR—Jerry Forchette

Dear Father,
Grant us a holy Christmas Day.
With loving heart
We bless Thee;
For the gifts of Thy dear Son
Jesus Christ,
For the good-will
He teaches to
sinful men,
For the glory of
Thy goodness shining
in His face,
With joyful voice
We praise Thee:
For His lowly birth
and His rest in
the manger,
For the pure, tenderness
of His mother Mary,
For the fatherly
care that protected
Him and providence
that saved the Holy Child
To be the Saviour of the world.
With deep desire
we beseech Thee
Help us to keep
His birthday truly,
in our households,
And answer, for
His sake, these our Christmas
rayers.



O HOLY NIGHT

AND IN WHOSE WORDS
WE THY CHILDREN PRAY TOGETHER:
OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN,
HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

In dear memories
of those who
have departed,
In good comradeship
with those who are here,
In kind wishes for
those who are
far away.
In patient waiting,
sweet contentment
generous cheer,
God bless us every-
one, this day,
with the blessings of
Jesus.
By remembering our
kinship with
all men.
By well-wishing,
friendly doing,
By cheering the
downcast and adding
sunshine to daylight,
By welcoming strangers
(poor shepherds or
wise men).
By keeping the
music of the angel's
son in our homes.
God help everyone to spread
abroad the blessing of Jesus
In whose name we keep Christmas.

CONTINUED from page five
(Story begins on page four)

in a big tent; straw was used as ones mattress over which individual blankets were laid. Smoking was a constant hazard but luckily nothing ever happened. On rainy days and Sundays, there was often a small stake card game going with inevitable onlookers. Dad watched for "hustlers" and fired them. Hustlers were card sharks who travelled from crew to crew to gamble the men out of their money.

The fireman, engineer, separator man and his helper (oiler) slept in a separate small tent near the steam engine. Fire was an ever present threat with the steamer. Also the men who ran the rig were near their machine and could do some fixing outside of the threshing hours.

In spending much time together working, sleeping, sharing common miseries and just simply talking, a spirit of camaraderie developed within the crew and the members of my family. Toward the end of the threshing run and whenever a few gathered, there was much retelling and embellishing of humorous incidents that had happened. This was especially true on "pay day" when all were in a good mood. It was a bit like a class reunion.

There was always a bit of sadness when the crew left—we had shared many common experiences together for a few weeks. There was much handshaking and some said they would be back next year and several did come back year after year. Everyone in our family experienced a physical and emotional let-down after the many weeks of intense activity. Although we were a naturally talkative family, "thundering silence" ruled for a few days.

Do you remember the steam threshing engine? Four men were needed to keep it going. It needed a constant supply of water and straw and its "tender" was its ever present companion—as necessary as the gas tank on your car. A tender is a water tank on wheels and the tank has a straw rack on top of it. The steamer used about 60 barrels of water every day so the tender's supply needed replenishing several times each day. It was necessary to have a tankman or "tanky" for this purpose. The engine burned several loads of straw in a day's run and a man was needed to haul some of the freshly threshed straw from the separator. It was essential that a tender be fully loaded before any long move was made—to eliminate the possibility of running out of the vital necessities of a steamer.

The fireman poked straw into the fire-

box for about 16 hours every working day. It took three hours to "steam up" in the morning. Also, he was supposed to have a working knowledge of operating the engine so he could take over if the engineer was temporarily away.

"Smokey" the fireman, had the knowledge but he was very excitable. One afternoon when the engine was chugging along effortlessly, the governor belt came off. This had the same effect as an accelerator stuck to the floor boards. Suddenly, his quiet running engine had gone wild and he did not remember which lever to pull or push. Someone got things under control after a bit but at supper time, Smokey was still quite shaken.

As he recounted the incident, his excitement grew and his accent became even more pronounced. At the high point of his retelling he said "Ven de government belt came off I didn't know vat to du." After that and anytime when Smokey wasn't around, any reference to the "government belt" called for a good round of laughter.

The bundle hauling teams were in the vanguard of every move to a new field. The racks, mounted on wagons which were team drawn, were loaded with shocks taken from the area in the center of the field in order to clear an area for the threshing rig to "set". "Setting" meant aligning the engine to the separator so that a long belt could transfer power from the engine to the separator. Doing it quickly and accurately with all those men waiting called for a good measure of skill.

Dad always used two men to each bundle rack, but two men could be saved if four field pitchers were used to help load the eight racks and two men at the separator were used to help pitch off the loads when they got to the separator. These last two were known as "spike pitchers".

Custom threshing meant PRESSURE. Bundles or sheaves were pitched on and off the racks by sweating men. Barley was a shortstrawed crop in those days so a bundle that had been bound by the binder had a nasty way of becoming unbound about the time the pitcher had it above his head. A shirt full of barley beards could make one very unhappy especially on a hot day.

In the early days, threshed grain was handled in bags—each bag weighing from 120 to 150 pounds. If there was a renter-landowner relationship, each took half of the number of bags. It was a common way of dividing or sharing the crop. The landowner could store his in one place and the renter in another. In either case the bags had to be handled by hand.

The grain hauler handed the bag up to a man who stood on a shelf-like platform mounted just under the granary door, which was high up on the side of the grain bin. That man dumped it inside. After a considerable amount of grain had accumulated in the bin it was necessary to have still another man to spread it around inside. This inside job was a dusty one. Farmers usually exchanged time with each other for hauling grain from the machine. Husky men were required.

About the time of World War I, farmers went to bulk grain handling. Farm owners and renters then stored their grain in common bins and the dividing was done at the elevator after the grain had been hauled and weighed. Using the bulk method, the grain was allowed to run directly into the wagon box from the thresher. It was then hauled to a granary and hand shoveled into the bin. Later on, rather primitive grain elevators powered by gasoline engines elevated the grain into the bin but some shoveling was still necessary to get it into the elevator hopper.

Most any job around the rig was a dusty one. Working hours, not including care of one's team, were from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m. with one hour off for dinner. Lunches were eaten while the load ahead was being unloaded or while some spare man pitched off the teamster's load. Wages ranged from \$7.00 per day during World War I to about \$2.00 per day during the depression.

Once in love with a steamer, always love with one. Notice the attention the steamers get at threshing bees, which are very popular among old timers. The steamer was sm-o-oth. There was something about the combination of exhausted steam and burned straw that produced a pleasant, unforgettable smell. On sunny, dry afternoons it was poetry in motion, rocking gently back and forth with each stroke of the piston. The exhaust was practically inaudible. But on foggy, damp mornings, when the bundles were "tough", the steamer's voice rose in anger and it exhausted loud ground shaking objections.

The whistle on the steamer was used sparingly—it frightened some of the many horses. Teamsters were cautioned to hold their horses before it was used. Each whistle in the area had a sound of its own and could be heard far and wide in the early morning. When we heard a whistle, we knew it was Hans Lykken's, Louis Lykken's, or Alfred Oihus whistle that was being "tooted".

An engine, tender and separator together formed a rather long train as it travelled down the road. My older brother, Oscar, was quite an engineer. Before moving he would screw down the governor to give the engine more travelling speed. The hard-working engine exhausted puffs of steam and smoke that was almost one continuous stream, rising high above the engine, arcing to a horizontal stream and gradually dissipating. After reaching the open clearing in the field that was to be threshed, he stopped the engine just long enough for brother Bill to unhook the separator from the tender, then circled the engine around to line up with the separator. He prided himself on the short time it took him to "set".

Much food was needed to feed a couple dozen hard working men. The men ate in a cookcar usually staffed by two lady cooks. (Men cooks had been tried and found drinking). This kitchen was on wheels and located in the farmer's yard where water and fuel were close at hand. As mentioned before, my mother and sister, Edith, often served in this capacity. These days were long for these cooks—breakfast consisted of pancakes, meat and potatoes and was served at 5 a.m. This was followed by lunch at 9, dinner at noon, lunch at 4 and finally supper at 7:30 p.m.

The "tanky" hauled water from the farmer's well, also located in the yard, and was often a source of help for the cooks. Doing such chores as peeling potatoes, emptying refuse containers and carrying pails of water. He had time to do this as well as have an extra cup of coffee while the flowing well was filling his tank. The long day for the cooks ended about 10 o'clock.

I remember one day vividly. We finished threshing for Lynn Miller very late that night. We moved home (3 miles away) after we finished so we would not have to steam up again the next morning. After parking the engine, my brother Lawrence who had been the engineer that fall, pulled the whistle cord for a final long, lingering blast. This was the customary way of "letting off steam" after a long fall of hard work.

We didn't know it then but it was to be the final blast from that distinguish three-toned whistle. The exciting days of the big rig were over in our area.



A threshing scene on the North Dakota prairies. When?

ON GRAIN HARVESTING IN THE "OLD DAYS"

by: Ernest Ebert, Grand Forks, ND

Mr. Ebert is a retired French-Canadian farmer in North Dakota. He is an avid writer and in this and an upcoming issue will talk about farming in the old days.

November 6, 1992

Your page-wide photo of an early day threshing rig (above) brought back many memories. Thank you for the picture.

The steamer in the foreground is an Advance Straw Burner—my father had one. The man standing on the ground behind the pile of straw is the fireman, he poked straw into this insatiable monster from 3 a.m. to about 7:30 p.m. The man standing on the engine is the engineer. His most important duty after the machine was set for threshing was to see that the water level in the boiler was maintained over the crown-sheet of the firebox—unpleasant things like a blow-up could occur if this were not done. The third man is the "tanky". Where flowing wells were available, his was an easy job. A 4-F (military slang) could haul water or haul straw.

The man atop the separator is the separator man. A second man was often employed to oil the separator and to help stretch out the long heavy drive-belt when the machine was being set for action. Present day farm economics would no longer tolerate the prolific use of manpower as practiced at that time.

This separator has the old time tall elevator; that's what we had too. After the grain had been separated from the chaff

and straw in the busy innards consisting of cylinder, concaves, straw shakers and air blast fanning mill, it was elevated high over the machine into a half bushel bucket which dumped it's contents into the long slanting spout and into the grain box mounted on a wagon. Each dump was registered on a tally which kept track the number of bushels on a given field. Most of the time the whole elevator assembly was referred to as the "tally" or "weigher". For obvious reasons, the tall tally disappeared from the scene about the time telephone lines made their appearance—World War I. It was replaced by the auger-spout coupled to a short tally.

I would say that this picture was taken before 1920. Also, they intended to burn this straw pile after they moved away. The straw pile is too bumpy to shed rain; piles to be saved were piled steep and high.

The following is an article written by Mr. Ebert and published in the Walsh County Record, Grafton, ND, August 10, 1977.

Threshing Now Lacks Glamor of Yesteryear

(Editor's Note: Ernest Ebert of Grand Forks, a retired farmer who writes a regular column on agricultural matters for the Walsh County Record, prepared this special feature article for harvest season, looking back at what many readers may find are quite familiar memories.)



Read Ernest Ebert's informed opinion, and lots more, below.

It's pay day down on the farm. The mechanical monsters with their insatiable appetites for wide windrows of grain, travel along at the rate of three or four miles per hour. A flat stream of yellow straw fans out from each of the several machines and a continuous cloud of dust flows each of these efficient separators of grain from straw and chaff. Each operator sits comfortably in his air conditioned cab, ever watchful of the broad swath as it enters the combine. He occasionally glances at the grain hopper to observe the quality of the job being done and to know when to empty this 150 bushel travelling grain bin.

One of the several watchful truck drivers comes alongside when the hopper needs to be emptied. The combine operator presses a button and the golden stream of wheat is delivered into the huge truck box. After the stream stops, the operator presses another button to stop the unloading auger and the truck driver pulls away to pick up another dump from another combine. It's all done on the go.

After the truck is full, it is driven to the bin site where a high capacity elevator elevates the grain into a large steel bin. The driver opens the truck's endgate and slowly tilts the truck box so that the grain slides toward the endgate opening the elevator hopper. It's all done through the magic of electricity, gasoline, diesel fuel and hydraulic power. A girl, boy or wife can be a driver.

Modern harvesting is expensive because of the enormous capital investment in

equipment that is required. But the cost would be prohibitive if it were done as it was in bygone days. The new way is fast, smooth and efficient but there is no glamor, no color everything is so mechanized that people and machines move about like push-button robots.

So let's return to those thrilling days of yesteryears:

My father did custom threshing for twenty-five years. At one time his crew was partly home-grown. My oldest brother, was the separator man; Oscar was engineer; David ran the grain elevator and hauled grain and my mother and sister Edith did the cooking. Another sister Kate kept house and did many other things for the rest of us at home.

The old time threshing rig produced lots of action in its time with it's motley crew of lumberjacks, who rolled up their overalls legs over their eight inch shoe tops; young tender feet that had trouble with blisters and grey beards and old drifters who had seen better days but were still capable. Some of the crew members did a bit of joshing (kidding); some in the crew were characters others were strictly the no-nonsense type.

There were usually several farm boys working, but the custom thresher obtained most of the teams he needed from farmers whose crops were going to be threshed. They often sent their sons to drive those teams. It helped to pay the threshing bill.

Twenty-two men coming from different backgrounds produced quite a mix. For about a month, most of the men slept together

(continued on page two)

HURRICANE ANDREW, AS SEEN BY A CAJUN WHO
WAS THERE—AUGUST 1992

by: Anna Himel, Houma, LA

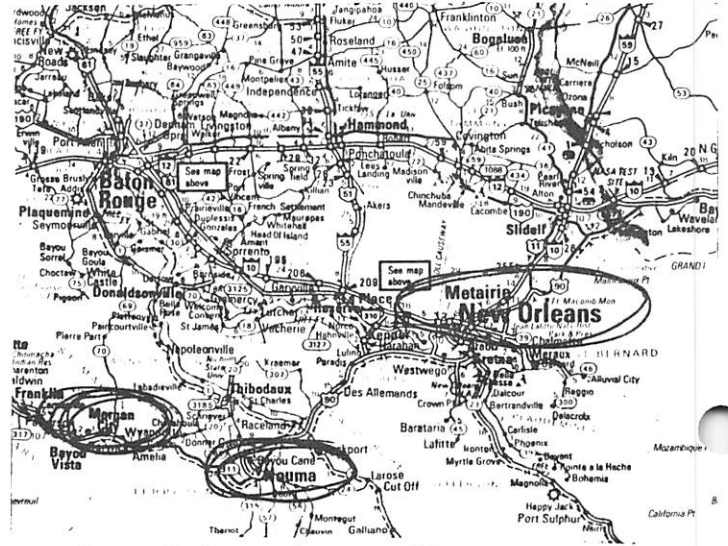
Andrew hit on my birthday, August 25th. We did not go in to work because it was so close to us. The rain did not begin until about 2:00 p.m. Tuesday, August 25th, my husband, Ray and I went to his brother's house. This was because mom always said we should never "pass a storm" alone. The time was too long, she would say.

At 6:40 p.m. the electricity went out. Ray's brother had a generator so every hour we would put TV on and watch the weatherman. It appeared the eye was coming to us. Around 12:00 midnight, the wind began blowing with a vengeance. It continued for 2½ hours, never letting up. I know we got winds up to 120 miles per hour.

In the morning at first light, our husbands went out in the truck. Trees were down, even blocking some of the roads but the houses were ok. We were out of power for three days, without a phone for four days, but thank God we and our homes were fine.

Now in Morgan City, some 30 air miles away from us, it was a very different story. Someone who saw it said there was not a building without some damage. The house trailers looked like a giant had stepped

ED. NOTE: Anna has been a loyal contributor to Chez Nous, including sending the Mardi Gras king cake last year. Those interested in price list for a king cake should write Your Just Desserts, 2731 West Main Street, Houma IA 70364. They deliver.!



on them. A few other small towns past Morgan City were also hit very hard. Those towns are slightly closer to the coast than Houma. It seems to me we were just out of the eye, where the most concentrated winds are. They reported 196 mile an hour winds hitting Morgan City.

Around here all we could hear was "lo at that tree, it just missed the house or car or whatever. Miraculously we were spared the brunt of this hurricane and the damage it caused.

The small fishing communities south of Houma where a lot of people live, were hit hard. A girl who works across the hall from us had 3½ to 4 inches of water in her house. This is dirty and stinking water. She came back to work yesterday and said her house was finally clean. Some whose homes were destroyed still have nothing to live in. A friend speaks of going "down the bayou" with National Guard trucks and seeing coffins and their vaults popping out of the ground; cattle trapped with only their noses sticking out of the water.

Many stories are heard; these are good people and everyone helping each other. As one article put it, shrimpers are unable to go out so they are doing carpenter work, helping each other. The shrimp had scattered in the marshes with the tide water, so the season will not be so good.

My daughter said a man who owns an oil rig offshore had evidence of at least 30-40 foot waves hitting the rig. The floor of the rig was 30 feet off the water and there was evidence that the water was higher than that, so you know that we had a tremendous wave of water.



*"Aujourd'hui, un Sauveur nous est né:
C'est le Christ, le Seigneur."*

**MESSE DE VIGILE DE NOËL
en français (bien sûr)**

**Le Jeudi, 24 Décembre
à 19 heures**

**L'Eglise de Saint Louis, Roi de France
(‘The Little French Church’)
au carrefour des rues 10 et Cedar
Saint Paul**

**Le Père Ronald G. DesRosiers, S.M.
Homéliste Invité**

Noëls français, Quatuor, Harpe



Nouvelles Villes Jumelles

Newsletter of La Société Canadienne Française Du Minnesota

LES CANADIENS ERRANTS DU MINNESOTA

By Al Girard

Another busy year has passed for the singing group with 13 separate appearances during the 1992 calendar year.

We started with a performance at Galtier Plaza during the Super Bowl weekend of January 25. This was followed by a performance at Our Lady of Lourdes Church festival on February 9. Part of the experience of performing is the joy that some audiences express. This was especially true of our evening at the Blaine Senior Center, where we were especially appreciated.

The busy summer started with a performance for the Canadian History Class at Anoka Ramsey Community College on June 9. And, of course, there was the Societe Picnic on June 28. The summer moved along with the Bastille Day Celebration at Quail on the Hill on July 12. This is always a special event as some of the people in attendance really hunger for the songs of France and Canada.

The summer ended with several outdoor events. The first was Centerville's Fete du Lac where we entertained for an afternoon. The following weekend, was the Little Canada parade and despite the 90° weather we managed to make it through and did some singing at Spooner Park. On Labor Day weekend, we made our annual trek to Webster, Wisconsin, and performed at their beautiful outdoor amphitheatre on the Yellow River. We really look forward to this event as it allows us

to replenish some of our costumes from their well-stocked store.

On a dark rainy evening, September 17 to be precise, we made a journey to visit our sister chapter in St. Cloud. They fed us extremely well and then made us sing for our supper.

We had a good time and were received with an out-pouring of French-Canadian fellowship.

We will conclude 1992 with performances at the Societe Christmas party on December 4, and another performance at Our Lady of Lourdes Church. The final performance of the year is the ethnic Christmas at historic Murphy's Landing in Shakopee. This 19th Century, restored town has separate houses celebrating the holiday season as it was done in the 1800's. We will perform on Saturday, December 12 and if you want to spend an enjoyable day in the past, come on out and enjoy!

Our thanks to all the singers and musicians, and we look forward to another successful year in 1993. The members of Les Canadiens Errants are: Marie Bouley, Feraidoon Bourbour, Sera Byrne, Alan Ciesielczyk, Leroy Dubois, Dan Gendreau, Ralph Germain, Al, Shirley and Pierre Girard, Renee Juaire, George LaBrosse and Marie Trepanier.

If you have an interest in joining our group, contact any of the above singers.

A REUNION AT OUR LADY OF LOURDES
SCHOOL, MINNEAPOLIS:
THE "FRENCH CONNECTION"

By Evelyn Lund, Minneapolis

Some came from the Yukon Territory, others came from California, Arizona, North Dakota, Illinois, Maryland, Iowa, New Mexico, Florida, Wisconsin, Texas and Indiana to what could be a first-of-a-kind in the nation - an all-student class reunion on September 5 of the parochial elementary school of Notre Dame de Lourdes, the northeast Minneapolis school which opened in 1888 and closed in 1959.

Former students kept saying "We should have a school reunion --- it happened. George Belair, with officers and a 20 person committee, spread the famous words "make a French Connection".

Festivities, registration, portrait taking, and social hour in the Great Hall were followed by Mass --- which was celebrated by former students and a former parish pastor.

Four former students from the class of 1921, along with over 300 more, attended a banquet at Jax Cafe. Prizes went to the oldest male and female attending, the largest family in attendance and persons from the farthest distance. And now we hear --- "Let's do this again".

RENEW NOW.
And ask a friend
to join, too.

EVENEMENTS A VENIR

December 12 Saturday at Murphy
Landing, Shakopee.

(See the article on
Les Canadiens
Errants.)

December 24 Christmas Eve Mass in
French 7:00 PM (not
6:30 as in the past).
The Church of St.
Louis, King of
France, 506 Cedar
St., St. Paul (corner
of 10th and Cedar
St.) with a program
of French carols.

January No meeting.

February 1 Regular meetings
resume - St. Louis
Church 7:30 PM.
(Program will be
announced in January
newsletter.)

LES FRANÇAIS D'AMÉRIQUE / FRENCH IN AMERICA
1993

The 9th edition of the calendrier (8-1/2 X 11) is now available.

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IMPORTANT: We are offering for sale--this year only--the back copies of the calendar for
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(1987 is sold out but can be made available as a xerox copy)
and 1992--500th Anniversary Commemorative-Calendar **US\$5.00 each**
(postage & handling included)

If you want ONLY the 1993 calendar, send your order to Virgil Benoit
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Address _____
Street City State ZIP

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Single	\$10.00
Minor (under 18)	\$ 1.00

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Senior Couple	\$20.00
Single	\$20.00
Minor (under 18)	\$ 2.00

DONATIONS: The Société is a non-profit organization and accepts tax-deductible donations from people interested in promoting the French-Canadian culture. Please make out any donation you may wish to contribute to: "La Société Canadienne-Française" and mail to:
P.O. Box 581413
Minneapolis, MN 55458-1413

Donations will go into the general fund to help support our programs and activities. Thanks!

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Newsletter of
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la société canadienne-française

EDITOR-Dick Bernard

Vol. 14 No. 11

CO-EDITOR-Jerry Forchette

FROM A MINNESOTA CHRISTMAS ANTHOLOGY

by: Stephen Engels, Editor

Partridge Press, St. Cloud MN, 1988

"OF TURKEY, WILD RICE AND CRANBERRIES"

Fête de l'An

Earth our mother, breathe forth life

all night sleeping

now awakening

in the east

now see the dawn

Earth our mother, breathe and waken

leaves are stirring

all things moving

new day coming

life renewing

Eagle soaring, see the morning

see the new mysterious morning

something marvelous and sacred

though it happens every day

Dawn the child of God and Darkness

(PAWNEE PRAYER)

The last of December, 1679, on the banks of the river, we killed only a butfalo and some wild turkeys, because the Indians had set fire to the dry grass of the prairies along our route. The deer had fled; and in spite of the effort made to find game, we subsisted merely through the providence of God, who grants aid at one time that he withholds at another. By the greatest good fortune in the world, when we had nothing more to eat, we found a huge butfalo wired at the river's edge. It was so big that twelve of our men using a cable had difficulty in drawing it onto a firm ground. After spending the day rejoicing, dancing and feasting, we assembled the chiefs of the villages on either side of the river. We let them know through our interpreter that we Franciscans had not come to them to gather beavers but to bring them knowledge of the great Master of Life and to instruct their children. We told them that we had left our country beyond the sea (or, as the Indians call it, the great lake) to come and live with them and be their good friends. We heard a succession of loud voices saying "Tepatou Nicka," which means "That is a good thing to do, my brother; you did well to have such a thought." Father Louis Hennepin, 1680

LES CANADIAN-FRANCAIS DE QUEBEC

by: Ernest Ebert, Grand Forks, ND

The first bonafide farmer in North Dakota was Charles Bottineau, a Frenchman who came to Dakota Territory in 1859. Not all early settlers had time or were in a position to raise the food that they needed. He saw an opportunity to produce it for them in the form of wheat, mutton, beef and vegetables and this was in the area now known as northeast North Dakota.

The first French-Canadian community in Dakota Territory was at Wild Rice southwest of Fargo. The settlers began to arrive in 1869. They came from small farms in Quebec. They wanted larger farms and came to stay.

Further north and in the area now known as Walsh County, early settlers in large numbers arrived during the years 1878, 1879 and 1881. German, Norwegian, Bohemian, Polish and French-Canadian people answered the call of the siren song of publicity which spoke of cheap land and bountiful yields to be harvested, from the as yet, largely unbroken prairies of Dakota Territory. This vast expanse of land could accomodate many farmers and larger farms, it was intimated.

Mostly, the French-Canadians came from small villages not far from the island-city of Montreal and some had spent some time in New England and Minnesota on the way. My grandparents came from one of those villages--St. Remi, Quebec. My mother remembered the long, narrow farms laid out in that way to afford a maximum number of frontages on the river. In a sense, it was like living in a town. Each farm contained about 25 arpents--an old French unit of length equal to about an acre.

Oakwood village, now Walsh County, was the center of a French-Canadian community located on the Park River seven miles west of it's junction with the Red River and about four miles east of later developed Grafton. It was here that Joseph Charpentier had established a settlement in 1878 on land that he had bought the rights to from some Indians for \$25. Later, when he gained title to the land on which he lived, he gave 10 acres for the purpose of building a church, convent, and establishing a cemetery. French-Canadian families came in large numbers in the late 1870's and early 1880's. Their family names included Brunelle, Barnaby, Collette, LaRoche, Girard, Savard, Deschenes, Laberge, Lessard, LaChappelle, Parent,

Below is a story Henry Bernard related about an event involving a French-Canadian farmer in North Dakota in the early 1900's.

The story as told by Henry was told to him by his father about 1920. He illustrates the dilemma of "moving" from one language to another. A version of Mr. Bassette's monologue in French, is in this issue. Mr. Bassette was a French-Canadian farmer who lived in the Oakwood (ND) area. He was a good farmer but somewhat illiterate in the English language.

One day in the winter, he came to Grafton driving a bobsled (a wagon with runners instead of wheels for winter use). He was sitting on the seat in front and as he was driving down the street of the town some boys were going to play a trick on him.

The boys had found a frozen cat and were going to put it in Mr. Bassette's bobsled. They overestimated their strength and threw the cat too hard and it hit Mr. Bassette on the back.

Bassette's monologue followed:

"Whoa (to the horses).

Who threw that freezecat at me?

Show him to me and I will give him his satisfy."

TRANSLATION OF MONSIEUR BASSETTE

We are unsure about how to say "whoa" in French. There must be a way to tell animals to stop, but we haven't found it yet. We also haven't had much experience with frozen cats, so hope this is ok!

Here's what we'd suggest:

"Arretez, les chevaux!

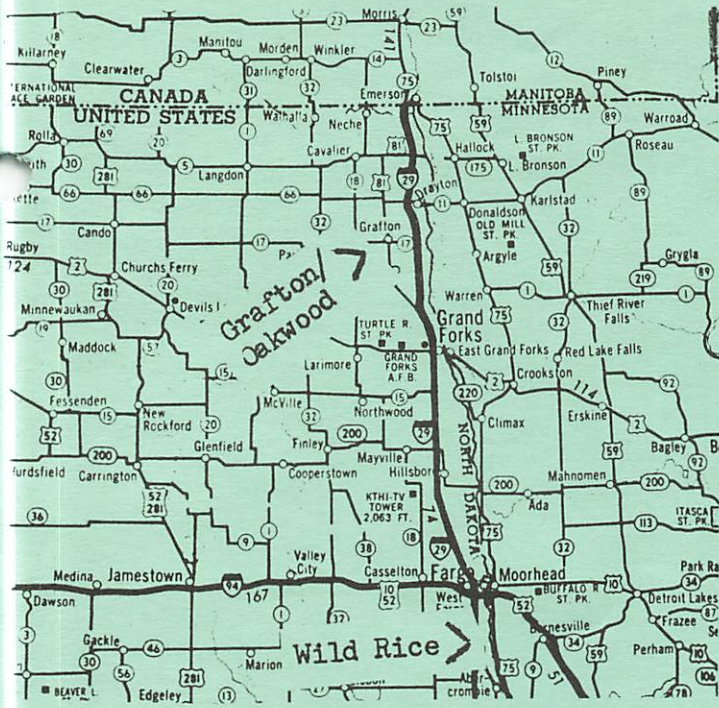
Qui a jeté ce chat congelé envers moi?

Montrez-le-moi et je lui donnerai ce qu'il mérite."

Merci to Tom Nordby and Stephanie Wolkin who collaborated.

Pellant, Huard, Boutin, Vary, Patenaude, Suprenant, DeSautel and others. My grandparents, the Bernard Failles, came in 1880. Of these early pioneers the names of DeSautel, Collette and Lessard are sti prominent in the Grafton-Oakwood area.

The early settlement name of Park River, was changed to distinguish it from the name of the river and named Oakwood



because of the many oak trees in the area. Of necessity, early pioneers were inventive. They used the strong oak trees to fashion neck yokes for their oxen, to make eveners and to construct parts for their wagons and other equipment. As soon as they could, the settlers obtained a cow for milking and two or three pigs as a source of meat. They all had vegetable gardens which they planted with seeds brought from Canada. Sometimes, they ground their own flour at home with a grinder; other times the men went to Grand Forks to buy flour and salt.

Here are some of the French foods used for festive occasions, others for everyday consumption: CRETON, which consisted of cracklings from rendered lard, LA SOUPE AUX POIS (pea soup), TOURTIERE (meat pie), PORC SALE (salt pork), BOUDIN (blood sausage). Creton was used on bread like butter.

French priests occasionally visited the little cluster of homes of early Oakwood. One of these priests was Father Bonin who urged them to build a church. By 1881, the settlers had erected a church on the land donated by Charpentier. The lower part was to be used as a chapel and the second floor provided a residence for the clergy. It was fitting that Father Bonin offered the first Mass in June 1881. Father Malo was the first resident pastor. Since Grafton was a mission of Oakwood at that time and they had no church, Father Malo said Mass in a public hall over a saloon until the congregation built a church in 1883. A separate rectory in Oakwood was built in 1886. The first

section of St. Aloysius Academy in Oakwood was built in 1906. It was staffed by sisters from France.

Once established, the Oakwood parish resembled every North Dakota French community in its celebration of St. Anne's Day (July 26) and St. John Baptist Day (June 24). On special feasts, an assortment of processions, blessings and festivities broke the summer routine. Mardi Gras, a time for mid-winter excitement, men dressed in special costumes, visited farm homes throughout the day and invited neighbors to join in their revelry, for the Lenten days of restraint were approaching.

A short history of the Faille family: Married in 1870. Came to Oakwood in 1880. Lost a nine year old daughter in 1885. Lost a second nine year old daughter in November 1890. Grandma died giving birth to their 13th child on December 15, 1890. She was 43 years old. Grandpa lost his farm in 1892.

Why did Bernard Faille lose his land? Most pioneers had very little cash and were immediately in need of credit. With the oxen or horse power available to them, about 10 acres of sod was about all they could plow and fit up for a crop for the following year. Meanwhile they needed food and money for ongoing expenses. General stores handled most things that their customers needed and extended credit for same. If the bill could not be paid for a year or two, the storekeeper asked for security before he would extend more credit. Once the merchant held the mortgage, he could foreclose whenever he saw fit to do so; I am sure it was justified in some cases, but the name "Joe Deschenes", prominent Grafton merchant and my grandfather's creditor, does appear on many quarters of land in the 1893 plat book of Walsh County.

My grandparents as well as many other pioneers, suffered many privations and endured much tragedy. May they rest in peace.

My grandparents, Bernard and Delphine Faille and their six children, the oldest of whom was nine, were met at Grand Forks by Joseph Charpentier with his wagons in 1880. The railroad didn't reach Grafton until December 1881. One of the children died at age nine in 1885 and is the first registered burial in Oakwood. Grandpa Faille filed on a quarter of land in Acton Township in 1885.

MEAT FOR THE WINTER

(RAISING PIGS IN THE TWENTIES)

by: Henry Bernard, Belleville, IL

The Bernard family was one of those families in our town of Grafton, North Dakota who raised pigs to supply meat products for the family.

It was early spring. After the cold winter it was time to get a couple of piglets to raise. Chester White was the breed.

I think the pigs were just past the nursing stage when dad brought the pigs home. I recall that they were male pigs and at a suitable time they were castrated. The pig pen was back of the barn and dad fed the pigs a mix of shorts and middlings, a by-product of the wheat that was milled at the flour mill. We got buttermilk from the local creamery after they made butter. I don't think that the buttermilk cost anything but the middlings and shorts were bought.

The pigs got bigger and bigger and some weighed over 200 pounds when butchering time came. They just laid on their sides when dad scratched them. Dad was so fond of the pigs that he had to call a neighbor when it was time to butcher.

This happened in late October when there was a decided drop in the temperature as we had to depend on natural refrigeration. Butchering day came; there was much hot water available so that the hair could be scraped off the skin after the pigs were butchered. Mother was right there to catch a quantity of the blood so that she could make blood sausage.

The fat layer under the skin was fully an inch thick; no lean pigs were the diet then.

I recall when mother cleaned the intestines to use as casings for the blood sausage.

The salt pork sections were carefully salted and put into the 20 gallon crocks with careful attention that there was a film of salt between each piece. No touching each other or they would spoil. Head cheese was made also. Pork roasts were cut and frozen in the natural refrigeration of that time.

I cannot recall for sure but I feel that the local butcher shop had a smoke house and the hams were processed there.

I cannot recall whether we had sausage made but can recall operating the grinder for mother as she prepared meat pies. Mince pies were also made. The fat made good pie crusts and I was busy grinding apples,

CHINESE GENEALOGY

by: John Cote, Brooklyn, Connecticut

The Chinese have so much respect for ancestors and genealogy that it is almost a cult. Ancestors are worshipped and revered, the same as families and forebearers who make up families by virtue of having the same patronymic name; births and death notices going back to a remote age. It is frequently commonplace to be able to trace a family back some 500 years. In the provinces where war did not occur, or did not devastate the region, many humble families possess a genealogy of 1000 years. At times one may go back 1500 years and even up to 1800 years of direct lineage. Needless to say that it is with care that these family treasures are preserved.

Another strange fact about Chinese names and genealogy is that family names are very limited, totaling not more than 5000 names for a population of some 1,100,000,000.

Chinese history begins with a group of 100 principal families only, who settled in China ages ago. That this is so and truthful can be proven by the fact that even today when we speak of the 100 principal families we are encompassing ALL FAMILY NAMES IN CHINA. How do you like this so far--interesting?

There exists in China an ingenious and very ancient custom whereby two families with the same name can discover what degree of co-sanguinity comes from the original common name. How this is done is very unique and effective. The principal families (100) adopted in the dim past, a sentence which enclosed within itself a device of 15 characters, another family 20 characters, another 25 etc. It is somewhat like a chain where each character designates a generation. If 2 Chinese of the same name meet they merely ask for the family formula thus establishing the degree of relationship. How about that--neat and practical!

This was from an article in a book written in French by the Drouin Firm of Canada around 1949 and the Chinese information came from P. Pacome O.F.M.

raisins etc. for the mince pies. The famous meat pie (tourtiere) was made in quantities and frozen for future use. The lard made the doughnuts and I can recall that they were frozen solid and we used to take one and break it into chunks and gradually softened it in our mouths to make it edible.

The ham hocks made good heavy gravy

and made a real healthy covering for potatoes, etc. with no thought of cholesterol.

I don't think that very much of the carcass was wasted. Bones were cooked to get the last part of the nourishment.

As I write this I am reminded of the pig killing in the "Grapes of Wrath". They did not waste anything but they had no chance to freeze like we did.

The salt pork pieces were taken and

boiled to get rid of the excess salt before cooking.

This was a yearly event. Can't remember how long it lasted but I am sure that I was still in high school when this ended due to the fact that it was easier to get the meat at the butcher shop and could get more variety of beef products, etc.

(Recollections written July 7, 1992)



Nouvelles Villes Jumelles

Newsletter of La Société Canadienne Française Du Minnesota

Celebrating the French Influence in the Minnesota Territory: A Benefit for the Alliance Francaise of the Twin Cities, March 7, 1993

On the occasion of the opening of the new Minnesota Historical Society building, the Alliance Francaise of the Twin Cities invites you to celebrate with us the significant history of French peoples in our region. Our fundraising event includes brunch and a program from 10:00 a.m. until 2:00 p.m.

The ambience of the Voyageur will be recreated by the singing group Les Canadiens Errants. Selected French personalities from early days of our state will be animated in the Auditorium by the actors Virginia Sanderson and Pierre Girard - including a special guest appearance by the historian Virgil Benoit. Immediately following the presentations a select few gifts will be sold in a live auction.

Tour guides will then be available to give you an intimate look at the new Historical Society.

Be sure to make your reservation early by calling the Alliance Francaise at (612) 644-5769.

Alliance Francaise Benefit in the Great Hall at the Minnesota

EVENEMENTS A VENIR

Feb. 1 Program will be two videos from Festival du Voyageur of St. Boniface - Winnipeg.

March 1 Dick Bernard will talk and show pictures on canoeing in the Quetico Wilderness.

Meeting at 7:30 PM St. Louis Church, At the corner of Tenth & Cedar, St. Paul near The Science Museum.

Feb. 5 Winter Carnival Parade 1:00 PM.

Feb. 12-21 Festival du Voyageur in Winnipeg.

Next deadline: February 24, 1993 to Dick Bernard, 7632 157th St. W., #301, Apple Valley, MN 55124.

Historical Society, 345 Kellogg Blvd. W., St. Paul, MN. Sunday, March 7, 1993, brunch and program 10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.

Reservations \$30 per person. Additional donations are welcome. (Please note all but \$25 of your contribution is tax deductible and that with a donation of \$100 Club de Nicollet membership is included.)

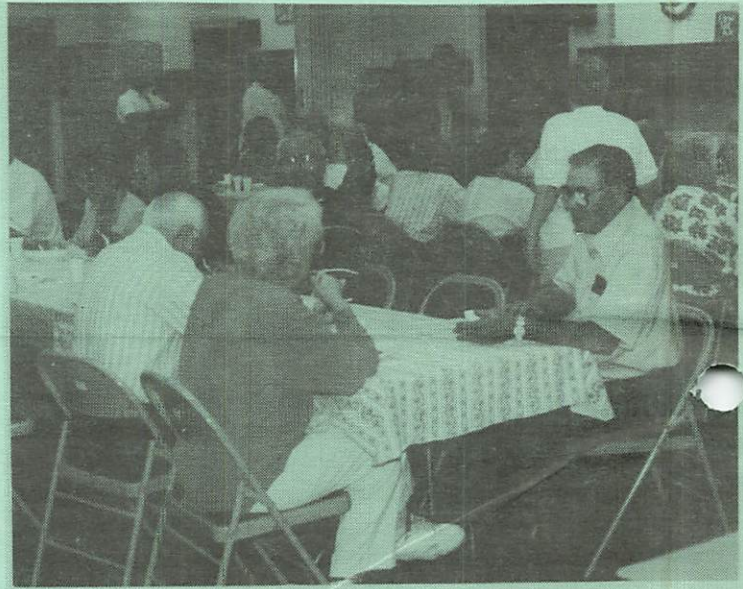


Les Errants entertained almost 50 at the LSCF Christmas Party December 4. Much enjoyment was had by all.

Bill Horn (NVJ) visits with Justa Cardinal at Open House in Wilbur Foshay's old office in the Foshay Tower. Bill hosted an enjoyable evening September 24.

FÊTE DES ROIS

The Range Chapter had a Fête des Rois (Little Christmas) in Hibbing on January 6. In true French Canadian tradition there was a "gâteau des rois" in which were cooked a bean and a pea. The two who found them were King and Queen of the feast. Everyone brought small gifts to exchange.



St. Cloud members enjoyed a pleasant evening in St. Cloud September 17. Entertainment by Canadiens Errants.

RENEW NOW.
And ask a friend
to join, too.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL/APPLICATION

Name _____ Telephone _____ Profession _____

Address _____
Street City State ZIP

Membership Dues:

Family	\$15.00
Senior (over 62)	\$ 8.00
Senior Couple	\$10.00
Single	\$10.00
Minor (under 18)	\$ 1.00

2 Year Membership Dues:

Family	\$30.00
Senior (over 62)	\$16.00
Senior Couple	\$20.00
Single	\$20.00
Minor (under 18)	\$ 2.00

DONATIONS: The Société is a non-profit organization and accepts tax-deductible donations from people interested in promoting the French-Canadian culture. Please make out any donation you may wish to contribute to: "La Société Canadienne-Française" and mail to:
 P.O. Box 581413
 Minneapolis, MN 55458-1413

Donations will go into the general fund to help support our programs and activities. Thanks!

la société canadienne-française

chez nous

Newsletter of
Mars - Avril 1993

AVRIL 1994



EDITOR-Dick Bernard

Vol. 11 No. 5

CO-EDITOR-Jerry Forchette

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SOME COMMENTS RELATING TO ERNEST EBERT'S ARTICLE ON THRESHING IN THE OLD DAYS

Decembre-Janvier, 1993, Chez Nous

From Jim and Lillian Lauritsen, Mesa, AZ: "We loved your picture and articles on old time threshing. We remember a lot about that and Jim used to go with his dad to take circuit pictures of that type when he was a kid in North Dakota. Jim still has the camera but you can't get film like that anymore."

From Lenore Hedeon, Northfield, MN: "I think I enjoyed the write-up on threshing days even more than Sidney, if that is possible. It was an excellent write-up that brought back childhood memories. The steam whistle was exciting. I think I can still hear it!! In our area of Minnesota we did not have cook cars. All the cooking was done in our kitchens and neighbor women vied with each other to serve the best food."

From Mary McDonald, Fargo, ND: "I never lived on a farm, so I never participated in any threshing activity. But I do remember that one day, when we were kids, our family drove out to a relatives farm and we were invited to have dinner in the "cook car". That was something. I remember that as though it were yesterday."

From Marvin Campbell, Brainerd, MN: "I know Mr. Ebert well and I was somewhat familiar with his steamer fall operations. As you know, there were several large "out-fits" in the Graton area. In fact, I have fond and vivid memories of having our harvest threshed by them. Oswald Campbell

A note from the editor:
In relative terms, the city of St. Paul, MN, is a young city; but it has experienced much in it's 150 years. Following are parts of three publications that discuss certain facets of St. Paul in it's earliest days.
We hope you find the snapshots of interest.

THREE VIEWS OF EARLY ST PAUL, MN

From: Historic St. Paul Buildings
St. Paul City Planning Board
1964--pp 9 & 10

The beginning of St. Paul is closely related to the establishment of Fort Snelling in 1819 at the junction of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers. Following the fort's construction, white settlers from northern Minnesota and Canada migrated southward after unsuccessfully attempting to establish themselves in the Red River Valley. They clustered around the isolated frontier post for protection, squatting

and his brothers - all cousins of my father - operated a steam thresher for years. I worked with the Campbell clan one fall around 1937, since our crops were hardly worth harvesting because of drought and grasshoppers. I confess that I found the rigors of keeping pace with the older and hardened crew a real challenge. In fact, I enjoyed the harvesting by steam engine from a distance thereafter."

on land designated as the military reserve. The unlucky squatters were ejected by government order in 1840, and subsequently they settled farther down the Mississippi. It was this small settlement that grew into the city of St. Paul.

The site of the future state capitol was selected almost by accident. Its first permanent resident was Pierre Parrant, a Canadian voyageur who by June 1838, had built a cabin and liquor dispensary in the gorge near Fountain Cave. This was the first building in what later became St. Paul. Until 1841, the settlement was known as "Pig's Eye," Parrant's sobriquet. That year the pioneer priest, Father Lucien Galtier, built the village's first church, a log chapel dedicated to Saint Paul the Apostle, on the bluff over-looking the river. The site is marked today by a plaque on Kellogg Boulevard at Minnesota Street. At the priest's urging, the embryo city took the name of the chapel, being called first St. Paul's Landing then St. Paul's and finally St. Paul.

By mid-century the burgeoning river town began to assume its role as a trading and political center. Great activity prevailed. Hotels and homes and numerous other buildings were erected as fast as possible, yet it was often difficult for strangers to find sleeping accommodations. In 1849 the population was 840. By the following year it had almost doubled. Alexander Ramsey, who arrived in May, 1849, to assume his position as the first governor of Minnesota Territory, commented on the rapid changes in his message to the territorial legislature of 1853. "A dozen framed houses, not all completed, and some eight or ten small log buildings, with bark roofs constituted the capitol of the new territory (in 1849)," he recalled. "In forty-one months the few bark-roofed huts have been transformed into a city of thousands in which commerce rears it's spacious warehouses, religion it's spired temples, a broad capitol it's swelling dome, and luxury and comfort numerous ornamented and substantial abodes."

The impetus for this growth was trade and transportation, banking and government. The first legitimate business of the region was the fur trade, and the money received for pelts was spent in St. Paul for merchandise. The city became a terminal for Mississippi River traffic and a transfer point for all goods traveling the oxcart trails to the west; a transportation center. In 1849 St. Paul was designated the capitol of Minnesota Territory and it became the State capitol in 1858.

ST PAUL - HER PRESENT POSITION AND HER FUTURE DESTINY

From: The 1858 St. Paul, (MN) City Directory
Editorial Note: You may be surprised to note who the writers of this article infer are among the "Barbarians" who preceded Eastern "intelligence and enterprise".

The early history of Minnesota is characterized alike by the romance of the departing barbarians and the march from the East of intelligence and enterprise.

St Paul has risen in the course of ten years from a camping ground into a populous city of fifteen thousand inhabitants.

Her history, politically, financially and morally, is well known and read by every person who has an interest in the progress of the Northwest. All those who have any regard for the early history of Minnesota will remember and glorify the achievements of those men who have laid the enduring foundation of the city of St. Paul.

The Hudson Bay Company occupied the North-West country to their great advantage; but found at last a rival in the enterprise of the American States. Minnesota, as the out-guard of the American Union, having St. Paul as her depot, has resolved alike with the nature of her soil and her climate, to achieve the destinies that hang over her as the North Star State of the West.

Long before civilization or enterprise had gained possession of the bluffs at St. Paul, Indian traders had established their depots there, by which they amassed large fortunes. In advancement, however, of civilization, science and the arts, the indomitable enterprise of the New England people soon ousted these traders; and when Alexander Ramsey was appointed Governor of the Territory, a death-blow was struck at the monopoly of any or all companies holding power in the extreme North-West. The united efforts of men whose names will never be mentioned on the page of history, will live in grateful remembrance as the pioneers of a great city, and wherever hereafter the name of St. Paul shall be spoken, it's history and it's prosperity will be intimately associated with the deeds of its early founders.

The organization of the Territorial Government, the selection of St. Paul as the Capitol of the Territory, the commanding influence which was given to her as the depot of the North-Western States,

combined to build up a city which bids fair at no very remote period to rival St. Louis or New Orleans in population and commercial importance.

In 1849, 50, and 51, emigration set in towards the land of the sky-tinted water and during these days St. Paul increased both in people and wealth at a ratio unknown before in the history of the West. School houses were erected where but a year previous the red men performed their war dances. Newspapers sprung into existence and long before the stumps of trees had been removed from the principal thoroughfares of the embryo city, these newspapers sent forth the beauties of our climate and the fertility of our soil. Intelligence followed in the wake of these sure instruments of civilization and the church spire gave place to the wigwam and the cabin of the pioneer. Capital sought investment; men of enterprise and shrewdness left the East for the broader and more enticing fields of speculation; costly stores, dwellings and warehouses were erected by those who had faith in the future of St. Paul, so that in the year 1854 the city began to attract the attention of those who unacquainted with the growth of the west, had predicted its downfall. Emerging from an Indian trading post in 1848-9, it's growth was rapid until in 1854 we find it with a population of 3000. From this time forward no city in the Union (except San Francisco) increased with greater rapidity than St. Paul. It now numbers 15,000 inhabitants, and has all the elements of a thriving populous, commercial city.

To the Press and good schools, is St. Paul indebted for much of her growth and her greatness. The former sent forth constantly reliable and interesting information concerning Minnesota, which was eagerly sought by the young and enterprising of the East who were anxious to enter upon a new field of action. The latter assured men of families who might emigrate to the city, that their children would have the privilege of a good education. Miss Bishop, the first school teacher of the Territory thus writes:

A letter was put into my hands from Rev. Dr. Williamson, of the Sioux Mission, asking for a teacher in behalf of the obscure trading post which has since expanded into the flourishing capitol of this most beautiful territory. This was the first I had ever heard of St. Paul or even Minneapolis.

I landed, July 10, 1847, at Little Crow Village (Sioux) four miles below St.

Paul and was conducted to the house of the missionary, whose name appears above, followed by the whole band of Indians, men, women and children, to whom I was an object of curiosity, and who had many questions to ask concerning me. In due time my baggage, with myself and a proper escort, embarked in a canoe for the point of final destination. (Steamboats were less frequent then than now.) Nature's stillness reigned profound, save the splash of the paddle, and the musical concert of blood-thirsty mosquitoes. Sea sickness soon proffered its attentions, and strove to render itself so disagreeable that I soon resigned myself entirely to its influence. And when they pointed to a few log buildings on a commanding bluff, and said "that is St. Paul," I could merely open my eyes and say, "I am glad we are here." Our canoe was moored, an Indian blanket was placed on the ground, and I was placed on it. While one attendant shielded me with an umbrella and fought mosquitoes, another brought from a cold spring, water -- reviving strength giving water.

We proceeded to the nearest house. Dr. W. had arranged that that should be my home. This was the largest and best house in the place, and contained three good sized rooms. At this time three families comprised the white population; half breeds and Canadian French, the remainder, probably in all about one hundred. There was not a frame building in the town, and the last named lived in hovels of the most abject appearance, destitute of every comfort.

I was cordially welcomed and every hospitality and kindness extended, in their power to bestow. In due time the school house was pronounced in readiness, and I joyfully and gladly entered upon the duties of my mission.

The building devoted to this purpose was a mud walled log house, ten by twelve, a bark roof, three six-light windows and a door which I must stoop to enter. This building had once been a stable, afterwards a blacksmith shop. On three sides, pins had been driven into the logs and boards placed across for seats. A chair was appropriated for my use; a blackboard hung against the logs and a cross-legged rickety table, occupied the center of the room. Here with nine pupils, happier than if I had been a queen, and feeling that I would not exchange situations with any person living, I commenced the first school ever taught in Minnesota. There were mission schools among the Indians, and a government

school at Fort Snelling. Of the nine pupils, two of them were white. There was a daily increase till the number amounted to thirty; and when those in attendance numbered forty, only eight of them were Americans.

In the beginning of the year 1849, St. Paul contained nearly 400 inhabitants. The mechanical industry, the enterprise and intellectual hardihood which have always characterized the descendants of the pilgrims, found an ample field in the growing fortunes of the young city.

Emigration at the opening of navigation in the year 1850, may be said to have fairly set in. The speculative spirit of the day, joined with the ample opportunities presented by a new and fertile territory, urged on capital from the East, and did much to accelerate the growth of St. Paul. Henceforth its high destiny was placed beyond a shadow of a doubt.

In 1851 there were 119 steamboat arrivals. In 1852, 171. In 1855, 563 and in 1858, more than one thousand and nothing can go to show the rise and progress of the city more than a comparison of the dates and numbers of steamboat arrivals.

The number of boats engaged in the trade to St. Paul in the year 1850, was only seven. Now there are more than one hundred.

St. Paul contains at present a population of 15,000 with fourteen churches, thirteen banking houses, a college, a large number of excellent schools, three daily and six weekly newspapers, several large and commodious hotels, charitable institutions of all kinds and last, though not least, more than a hundred lawyers to say nothing of a host of dealers in real estate.

It may safely be said that the people of St. Paul take more newspapers, magazines, and books than those of any other city of it's age in the world.

Like all cities of the North-West, it is inhabited by men of different nationalities. The sanguine temperament of the French, the steady industry of the German, the brilliant though somewhat fickle disposition of the Irish, united with the stern energy of unflinching faith of the New-Englander and the Middle States man, have blended harmoniously together in building up a city which will be no mean rival to any other on the Mississippi river, and which within a few years may claim a population of one hundred thousand.

The various lines of railway which will soon intersect St. Paul, cannot but make her the depot of the trade of the

entire North-Western country beyond.

The commercial importance of St. Paul; situated in a commanding position at the head of navigation on the mightiest river in the world; nearly equi-distant from the Arctic, Pacific and Atlantic oceans and the Gulf of Mexico; having a climate of which there is none more healthy, a history which though brief has been glorious. Who will pretend to say that the prospects of her future will belie the achievements of the past?

The discovery of gold on Frazer River, the prospect of a Northern Pacific railroad, the fertile lands which have been opened to settlement along the Red River of the north, have already led the Hudson Bay Company to take measures for the establishment of St. Paul of a depot for the trade of their immense possessions.

With the foregoing various facilities for enterprise and growth, St. Paul cannot but emerge from the gloom of the late financial crisis and go steadily onward in the march of a renewed prosperity.

THEY CALL IT "PROUD STREET"

From: St. Paul Is My Beat
by: Oliver Towne (Gareth Hiebert)
North Central Publishing Co.
St. Paul, MN, 1958

It is a proud street and important. You begin just beyond the limits of West St. Paul and follow it past the rows of new houses, buildings, cafes, and stores

They call it the Main Street of West St. Paul. And, when it breaks down the long hill to Concord, the wide, handsome thoroughfare bends through the flats like an artery, the veins branching off into industrial and historic neighborhoods.

And, when it crosses the Mississippi, it goes on the finest bridge in the city.

From Fourth to Fifth, it is called the "Wall Street" of St. Paul and beyond that a canyon of merchandising, and it ends not in humility, but grandeur on the edge of the Capitol Approach.

The name they gave it: Robert Street
Louis Robert.

He is part of the history of the street because he knew it better than it's most devoted disciples.

Robert was his street and, unlike so many other avenues of the city, which are named for people who could just as well have had their names on a hundred others.

Robert was 23, big, blond, French,

with wide shoulders and rippling muscles and piercing blue eyes when he came to the roistering settlement in 1844.

Because of his eyes the Indians with whom he traded later called him: "Istahonhon," which meant "very strong eyes."

It was Louis Robert who established other trading posts at Jackson Street and the river and later established other trading posts at Belle Plaine, St. Peter, Nicollet, Redwood Falls and other towns.

And this keen-witted Frenchman furthered his business and bought the "Time and Tide," a steamboat, for \$20. so he would have a ship to carry his furs to St. Louis.

His fortunes increased and he acquired four other steamboats, including the "Jeanette Robert," named after his daughter, and the "Grey Eagle," a noted river boat commanded by Capt. Edwin Bell.

His operations always centered on Robert Street. The city's first frame house was built for him near Robert Street and the river, by his friend, carpenter Charles Bazille.

MERCI TO: DON GRIBBLE, HIBBING, MN

You might wish to share one or another of the following items "en Francais" with readers of Chez Nous. Any errors in translation are mine.

First is a charming little verse by Michelle Emesse which was discovered by my son John, who lives in Billings, Montana:

Je crois
A la beauté de la vie,
A la dignité, a la bonté
Je crois à l'honnêteté,
Et je crois
en vous

I believe
In the beauty of life
In dignity, in kindness
I believe in honesty
And I believe
In you

Second, a puzzle discovered by a Hibbing lady who visited France and toured "la plus ancienne cour de Paris":

Frederick the Great wrote to Voltaire:

P 6
— a — ?
A 100

A sous P a cent sous six?
(a souper à Sans Souci?)
to have supper at Sans Souci?

In later years his home was at Eighth and Robert where, day or night, famous Indian chiefs walked in the dusty street to his door and paid him their respects - names like Chaska, Shakopee, and Little Crow and Wabasha.

As he watched, Robert's city and street flourished; and he with it. At one time he owned most of Robert Street from the bluffs on the north to the river.

He was prophetic about his street. When William Pitt Murray showed him how to sign his name on an important document, he gave him a piece of land on a swamp with a creek running through it. "But it will be worth money some day," he said.

Ed. Note: Robert Street courses through today's downtown St. Paul.

Voltaire replied:

J a
J grand, a petit
(J'ai grand appetit)
I have (a) big appetite

Finally I discovered a beginning French text over 60 years old on the cover of which some college student, presumably, had carefully written in India ink the following poem. I have no idea who the author is:

La vie est vaine
Un peu d'amour
Un peu d'haine
Et puis bon jour

La vie est brève
Un peu d'espoir
Un peu du rêve
Et puis bon soir

Translation:

Life is in vain
A little love
A little hate
and then, "Bon Jour"

Life is brief
A little hope
A little dream
And then, "bon soir"

C'été-ci était l'été de pas été! La pointe claire a été la célébration de mon soixante dix neuvième anniversaire de naissance. A la bonne heure!



Nouvelles Villes Jumelles

Newsletter of La Société Canadienne Française Du Minnesota

PLAY IN FRENCH

A play by Eugene Ionesco, "La Roi Se Meurt" will be presented at the Loring Theater in Minneapolis on Tuesday, March 16, at 7:00 PM. The form used will be a reading with costumes and set. The five actors are under the direction of LSCF member Georgette Lobbe-Pfannkuch, who has also been their instructor in proper delivery. The new production follows her group's "Ces Dames aux Chapeau Verts" in December.

The play is free. You may enjoy a set dinner at the adjacent Loring Cafe before the performance at 5:30 PM or after at 8:00 PM. The cafe and theater are just off Hennepin Avenue north of Loring Park. For details call Georgette at 645-3784.

LINGUANET is looking for persons who can translate to/from French-Canadian. Call Monique at 623-4292 if interested.

KORAS CONCERT

If you have the opportunity, take the time to see Brother Dominique Catta play the Koras. He will have concerts on March 22 (8 p.m. at the main Chapel at St. John's University in Collegeville, MN) and the March 25 (noon at Landmark Center in St. Paul).

"It's beautiful music" according to Bill Horn, who heard tapes of the music on Georgette Pfannkuch's radio program on KFAI. According to Bill, the Koras "looks like a large guitar, but it sounds like a harp." It is an instrument of the African country of Senegal. It will be a very enjoyable program.

HELP WANTED

We need your assistance for the Festival of Nations in two ways:

1. The theme of this years festival is festivals in other countries. We need posters and the like relating to Canadian festivals. If you have such materials, or have contacts in Canada, please help us to collect the desired materials. (Posters need not be restricted to Quebec. They must relate to festivals, however.)
2. We still need workers to help staff our booth at the festival, as well as prepare the booth.

For both 1 and 2 above, contact Leo Gouette, LSCF president, at 880 W. Nebraska, St. Paul, MN 55117. (612) 489-8306.

ENVENEMENTS A VENIR

Apr. 5 We meet at the Four Winds School in Minneapolis. Four Winds is the French and Native American school. 7 p.m. (Call Dick Bernard for directions - H) 891-5791; W) 292-4885.)

May 3 June Larson, teacher of French at Stillwater High School, will show slides of France. Ms. Larson lives in France in the summer. (Meet at St. Louis Church, St. Paul 7:30 p.m.)

Apr. 29 -
May 2

FESTIVAL OF NATIONS at the Civic Center in St. Paul.