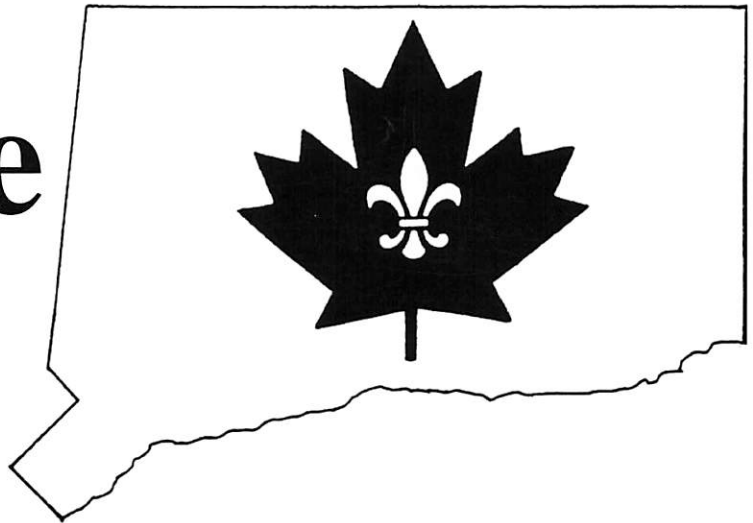


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Connecticut **M**aple **L**eaf



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The *Connecticut Maple Leaf* is published twice a year by the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut. It serves as a resource of information for members tracing their family roots from Connecticut to New France, Acadia and France. It is, consequently, a clearinghouse for historical research and vital statistics of special interest to Franco-Americans. Members are encouraged to contribute articles, including extracts from their own family studies.

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CONTENTS

Connecticut Maple Leaf

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Vol. 13, No. 4
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Features

- 5 The Dark Secret of Smokey's Will James**
Ivan Robinson, #326
- 14 Re-Inventing the Regimental Roll**
Peter Gagné, #1195
- 24 A Key Quebec Resource Now Accessible Online**
Paul R. Keroack, #157
- 26 Maids & Matrons of New France: Pioneer Women of Acadia**
Madame de la Peltrie - Foundress Of The First Girls' School In Canada
Mary Sifton Pepper
- 33 Maids & Matrons of New France: Pioneer Women of Acadia**
Mother Marie Guyard of the Incarnation
Mary Sifton Pepper
- 41 Ashes of Veterans Finally Laid to Rest**
Commander Griffin Dalianis
- 43 New York Repertoires in the FCGSC Library Collection**
Paul R. Keroack, #157
- 46 A Line of Women**
Ray Cassidy, #747
- 51 MEN AGAINST GRANITE**
Up on the Hill
Roaldus Richmond

Features

- 60 MEN AGAINST GRANITE**
Old Timer
Roaldus Richmond
- 63 MEN AGAINST GRANITE**
When I Ain't Got That I Do Anything
Mari Tomasi
- 66 Finding Connections: From the Mills of New England to Kings**
Paul E. Dalbec, #467
- 68 FCGSC Library Resources You Won't Find on the Internet**
Paul R. Keroack, #157
- 70 2008 in Review**
Ivan Robinson, #326

Departments

- 3 Editor's Niche**
Sherry Chapman, #1283
- 3 Letter to the Editor**
- 4 FCGSC Library Schedule**
- 42 New Members**
Shirley Giguere Morin, #2075
- 72 FCGSC Acknowledges Donations to the Library**
Jean Fredette, #1537
- 74 Financial Contributions to the Society**
Robert Lessard, #1754
- 75 Surnames of Interest to FCGSC Members**
Shirley Giguere Morin, #2075

Editor's Niche

Sherry Chapman, #1283

It is the similarities that are most striking. As different as we all are on the surface, genealogy shows us time and time again that there are many things we share in common. Everyone's past holds heroes and villains, commoners and royalty.

In this issue, we celebrate them all. Our lead article, *The Dark Secret of Smokey's Will James* by **Ivan Robinson**, #326, examines the life of the Newberry award winning writer, artist, visionary and vagabond; and answers the question, who was the real Will James? Ivan also provides a month-by-month snapshot of the activities of the society in 2008.

Peter Gagné, #1195, shares his continuing research into Carignan regiment soldiers who settled in Canada at the end of their service. Peter identifies existing resources and gaps in information as he constructs an updates listing for the *Société des Filles du Roi et Soldats du Carignan*.

Paul R. Keroack, #157, compares and contrasts two websites that offer an important Quebec resource online, and identifies certain records you will find at the FCGSC library; **Ray Cassidy**, #747, researches his female line back to 1600, and educates on haplogroups and maternally inherited mtDNA; and **Paul E. Dalbec**, #467, examines his family connection to royalty.

You will hear about the lives of French Canadian granite workers in their own words, and read about early pioneers of Quebec, Madame de la Peltrie and Mother Marie Guyard, as we continue with our republication of *Maids & Matrons in New France*.

Additional contributors to this issue are **Susan Paquette**, #369, **Robert Lessard**, #1754, **Germaine A. Hoffman**, #333, **Jean Fredette**, #1537, and **Shirley Giguere Morin**, #2075.

Enjoy this issue. Until the next, I bid you *adieu*.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

The summer issue of the Connecticut Maple Leaf was just great [*CML*, vol. 13, no. 3]!! Thank you. I am a descendant of Louis Hébert, so that article was interesting to see how writers handled history in previous years, 1901 [*Maids & Matrons of New France: Pioneer Women of Quebec, Dame Hébert*]. So many fine details of her life were omitted yet others I had not read about were included. "Dame" Hébert's name was well known but not included!

You have great sources. The oral history of the factory worker was so touching [*A French Canadian Textile Worker*]. "Madame" de Champlain's story was good also [*Maids & Matrons of New France: Pioneer Women of Quebec, Madame de Champlain—The First Lady of Canada*]. Another historical note from the past, 1900, was the story of Marquette and Joliet [*Louis Joliet, First Explorer of the Mississippi / Journal of Father Marquette on a Famous Voyage*]. We do not hear much about them now but my teacher certainly made sure we did!

I look forward to more great issues. I think they take a lot of hard work. Thanks.

Byron S. Benton, #1616
Hartford, Connecticut

FCGSC Library Schedule

January 1, 2009 - December 31, 2009

Library Hours	
Monday	1-5 P.M
Wednesday	1-5 P.M.
Saturday	9 A.M. - 4 P.M.
Sunday	1-4 P.M.

Library Closings			
APRIL	Sat.	11	Easter Observance
	Sun.	12	Easter Observance
MAY	Sun.	10	Mothers' Day
	Sat.	16	Annual Membership Meeting (closed 1-3 P.M.)
	Sat.	23	Memorial Day Observance
	Sun.	24	Memorial Day Observance
	Mon.	26	Memorial Day Observance
JUNE	Sun.	21	Fathers' Day
JULY	Sat.	4	Independence Day Observance
	Sun.	5	Independence Day Observance
SEPTEMBER	Sat.	5	Labor Day Observance
	Sun.	6	Labor Day Observance
	Mon.	7	Labor Day Observance
	Sun.	12	Volunteer Recognition Day
OCTOBER	Sat.	17	Annual Membership Meeting (closed 1-3 P.M.)
NOVEMBER	Wed.	25	Thanksgiving Observance
	Sat.	28	Thanksgiving Observance
	Sun.	29	Thanksgiving Observance
DECEMBER	Sat.	26	Christmas Holiday Observance
	Sun.	27	Christmas Holiday Observance
	Mon.	28	Christmas Holiday Observance
	Wed.	30	Christmas Holiday Observance

For storm or emergency closings, please check the following:

Message machine at FCGSC (860) 872-2597; WTIC radio (1080 AM); WFSB-TV, CBS 3;
WGGB-TV, ABC 40; WVIT-TV, NBC 30, or the following websites:

<www.wtic.com>; <www.wfsb.com>; <www.wggb.com>; <www.wvit.com>.

The Dark Secret of Smoky's Will James
Cowboy, Artist, Author and ... Closet French Canadian
Ivan Robinson, #326

To those of us of a certain age and to those of us of any age with a love of cowboys, horses and the Old West, the name of Will James is delightfully familiar.

He was, first of all, a true cowboy, disdainful of the unrealistic good guy versus bad guy, shoot-'em-up tales that filled the dime novels of his day.

He became a famous illustrator of bronco busting and steer raising with a unequaled eye for how horses looked and moved.

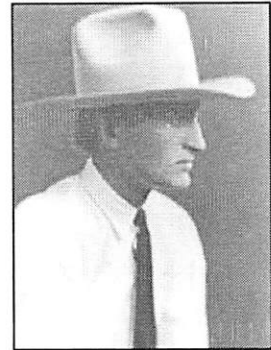
And, probably most important, he gained immortality as the author of about twenty-five popular Western novels and collections of stories, the most notable of which was Smoky the Cow Horse. This book is about a mouse-colored mustang who is caught in the wild by the cowboy, Clint, and trained to become his "fifty-fifty" working partner, then is stolen and suffers years of abuse before ending up again with Clint in happy retirement. The book won the Newbery Medal in 1927 for the best work in children's literature. It remains of such enduring popularity that it has never been out of print.

All his life, Will James was seen as a true American author-illustrator, born in Montana and destined by experience and native talent to tell the story of the real cowboys who rode the cattle-raising ranges on the Western plains in the early 1900s before fences, technology and agribusiness changed their way of life.

He was, however, not an American by birth but a French Canadian. His real name was Joseph Ernest Nephtali Dufault and he was born June 6, 1892, at St-Nazaire-d'Acton, about twenty miles south of Drummondville. His father, Jean, was then a merchant. His mother was Josephine Baillargeon. Ernest was their second child, following Phillippe. Another brother, Auguste, and three sisters were to follow. Not long after he was born, the family moved to Montreal, where he grew up and where his father owned a small boarding house called the Hotel Union.

Drawing was Ernest's first love and he remained devoted to it in adulthood. In fact, he was to gain fame first as an artist. The writing came later. As one biographer, Anthony Amaral, wrote in Will James, The Last Cowboy Legend (1967, University of Nevada Press, Reno): "Of all the children, Ernest was the most sensitive and intent. He loved to draw and the use of a pencil or crayon came to him as naturally as life gave him the involuntary act of breathing."

By five, he would lie on the kitchen floor and draw on wrapping paper, producing countless pictures of cats, dogs and horses—"childish scribblings to be sure, but with attention to proportion and detail," noted Amaral.



Will James
(Mathewson-IGT Knowledge
Center, University of Nevada)

When he was ten, Ernest suffered a near catastrophe that was to further shape his life. By accident, he took a few swallows of liquid lye, thinking it was milk. His alarmed mother immediately forced him to drink milk to counter the caustic burning and the family doctor, fetched on the run by Phillipe, induced vomiting. The doctor later told Ernest's mother that her quick action had saved the boy's life. Nevertheless, Ernest was one sick boy for about a year. It hurt him to eat. As his stomach healed, he could only stand a liquid diet. He became withdrawn and absorbed in the pulp magazines left around the hotel by boarders. He cut out the illustrations to copy, thus honing his artistic skills.

Along with his brothers, Ernest found odd jobs after finishing primary school to help support the family. He worked as a bellboy and kitchen helper in local hotels. He also earned extra money by sketching scenes featuring cowboys and trappers with soap on the mirrors behind the bars of saloons and hotels.

At Fifteen, He Leaves Home for the West

He often talked of going out west and becoming a cowboy, riding horses in the wide open spaces. In 1907, at the age of fifteen, he decided to follow his dream and took off by train for the Canadian West with ten dollars in his pocket and no idea of what the future held.

Luckily, he found the kind of work he wanted. He spent the next three years in the cattle country of Saskatchewan and Alberta along the U.S. border, learning the cowboy trade from the bottom up. He helped the cook, cut firewood and rode nighthawk, the relatively easy job of watching the herd after dark. At every opportunity, he learned to work a horse, rope and brand calves, and herd livestock. At the same time, he was expanding the English he had picked up in Montreal.

He dropped his French-Canadian name in 1910 after a brief visit back home. He had run afoul of the law in some way. According to one account, related in his fictionalized autobiography, Lone Cowboy (1930, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), he had shot a hostile sheepherder in self-defense in a barroom fight and, after spending time in jail, was deemed innocent and released. Whatever the truth, Ernest asked his family during that 1910 visit to send mail to him as C.W. Jackson. A few months later, he changed his name again to W.R. James. As James is advised in Lone Cowboy: "...[W]hile you're drifting around and doing no perticular [sic] good to your right name there's no use packing it. Save it till the time comes when you can make it sound like something besides a name."

After his visit home, James returned west and drifted back and forth across the border, picking up jobs with different outfits. He traveled as far south as Texas and even into Mexico, sometimes with a fellow cowboy, sometimes by himself. Eventually, he invented a story about his origins, one cleverly concocted to explain his French-Canadian accent.

His Fictional Story of His Origins

Lone Cowboy tells this story as truth. Purportedly, he was born on the trail somewhere near Great Falls, Montana. His father was a Texan and his mother came from southern

California. Both were of Scotch-Irish descent, with some Spanish blood on the mother's side. The family had left Texas in a covered wagon, headed for Alberta to start a ranch of their own.

"If I'd been born a month later I'd been a Canadian," James wrote, maybe with tongue in cheek.

The mother dies when he is one year old of "some kind of cold which today, I guess, is called the flu." When he is four, his father is fatally gored by a longhorn steer. The bereft boy is taken under the wing of a close friend of the father's, a French-Canadian fur trapper and prospector named Jean Beaupré, and grows up under his tutelage. Hence, plausibly, James' French accent.

Of Beaupré, whom the boy calls Bopy, James writes in Lone Cowboy: "He was a French Canadian from away up in the far Northwest Country and of the breed that was first in all countries [meaning the plains and other kinds of countryside]. Right today you can see traces of that same breed all thru the West, from Alaska to Mexico, and they were here even before the eighteenth century came in. They was roaming trappers and traders, could talk sign language with all Indian nations and manage somehow to get along with 'em. There's many creeks, mountains and rivers that they named, and long before Lewis and Clark came West."

Bopy drowns in a fast-running, ice-clogged river in the North Country one spring when the boy is about thirteen and he is now alone. He rides back south into cow country on horses that Bopy had left behind and eventually gets his first job on a cattle ranch manned by Americans.

"It took me quite a spell to tell my story," the boy says in Lone Cowboy, "because I hadn't spoke nothing but French in the last four or five years and my mother tongue was pretty well forgot."

At this point, the fictional account parallels, although it doesn't coincide with, the truth of Ernest Dufault's life. The French-speaking teenager embarks on the cowboy life.

From thirteen years—from the time he was fifteen, in 1907, until he was twenty-eight, in 1920—James was a true "lone cowboy," drifting at will all over the West and getting jobs at various ranches and even as a cowboy extra in Hollywood movies. Records show that when he was twenty-two he was five feet eight and three-quarters inches tall, weighed one hundred thirty-five pounds and wore a 6-1/2 boot. He went on roundups, herded cattle, lassoed calves, captured wild horses, broke broncos, suffered serious injuries a few times, and got into trouble with the law, spending time in the Nevada State Prison for cattle rustling. Towards the end of World War I, he spent nine months in the U.S. Army handling cavalry horses in Texas. Asked when drafted to list any dependents, he said he had none. "I didn't know of even a far away relative," he says in Lone Cowboy. Of course, he had parents and brothers and sisters in Canada.

A Visit with Charles Russell Doesn't Go Well

Always, he found time to draw, giving away his pen-and-ink sketches of cowboys and horses to friends or pinning them up around the bunkhouses. Sometime in the war years, before

he went into the Army, he traveled to Great Falls, Montana, and visited Charles Russell, who along with Frederick Remington, had achieved fame as the leading artists of the Old West. James wanted Russell to look at his drawings and tell him if he had any future as an artist.

The visit did not go well. According to his account in Lone Cowboy, James was led into the great man's studio, where Russell was wrapped up with problems in a painting he was working on. James handed him his drawings. The artist shuffled through them like playing cards, handed them back and swung back to his easel. James waited a while and finally asked him what he thought of them. "Good," is all Russell said. James asked where he could sell them. "Just scatter 'em around in saloons," Russell said, "Somebody might buy them."

James felt he had been rebuffed. A brush-off, however, was not going to stop this determined young French Canadian who had left his family to follow his dreams. James still thought he could make money with his art. In 1919, he finally got his start. In Reno, he sold a few drawings to a rodeo manager to advertise the event on posters and souvenir programs. He was paid fifty dollars, the equivalent of two months' cowboy wages, for his two days' work.

This eye-opening success, plus a bad accident in Reno in which James flew off a bucking horse onto a railroad track and hit his head on a rail, persuaded him it was time to give up the cowboy life and seriously turn to art.

He Enrolls in Art School

While recuperating in Reno with the family of a friend, Fred Conratt, he thought often of the superb work he had seen in Charles Russell's studio, work that was beyond his skills. So he decided to go to art school. Once mended, he enrolled in the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco. He hocked his saddle for train fare, supplemented by money from Fred and other friends. In San Francisco, he found a room in a small hotel and a job as an usher in a nearby movie theater and settled into a routine: morning art practice, his matinee usher job and evening classes at the art school.

But art school was not the best thing for this aspiring artist. He was poor at drawing the models in front of him. He preferred to work from memory. Much to the chagrin of his instructors, he filled the margins of his papers with sketches of cowboys and horses. That's all he seemed interested in. Ultimately, through a connection from the art school, he met one of the great Western painters of that time, Maynard Dixon.

Dixon looked over James' horse and cowboy drawings and told him to quit art school immediately. Another of James' biographers, James Bramlett, in Ride for the High Points, The Real Story of Will James (1987, Mountain Press Publishing Co., Missoula, Montana) summed up the situation this way: "It was Dixon's contention that if Bill continued in art school it would ruin his work, for he had a free style of drawing. He never made a preliminary sketch, but drew directly from a clear concept he had in his mind, and he completed the drawing as he progressed. This crisp technique would be destroyed if Bill continued in art school. Dixon told Bill that what he needed was work, to draw ten thousand horses but to do it in his own style."

The Dark Secret of Smoky's Will James

Through Dixon and other friends who believed in him, he sold some drawings to *Sunset Magazine*, a California publication still in existence today that is devoted to life in the West. They included four drawings illustrating the life of "Keno, the Cow Horse," showing the stages of a colt through its first four years until it was old enough to be broken as a cow horse. James wrote a three-paragraph introduction to the series. It was the first time his writing had appeared in print.

"To my way of thinking," the intro began, "the little old cow horse is the only animal that can be banked on, that's really a feller's friend. He will pack you out of trouble and pick the way for you when you ain't able."

It was a taste of what was to come. The spelling and grammar may have made schoolmarms shudder but James' style had a certain charm. He was a natural story teller. *Sunset's* associate editor, Joseph Henry Jackson, knew that James had, in biographer Bramlett's words, "a wealth of story material in him, and he believed if the cowboy forgot about grammar and wrote as he talked, his words would be entertaining to the reading public." It was a turning point in James' life.

On the threshold of success, James took time out and, at twenty-eight, returned to Reno and married Alice Conratt, then sixteen, sister of his close friend, Fred. The couple had gotten to know each other during James' convalescence at the Conratt home and had fallen in love.

James and his new wife moved around at first, to Sausalito in California, then to Kingman, Arizona, and finally to Santa Fe, where James sold some art but eventually went broke and went back to work as a cowboy on a New Mexico ranch. There he met Burton Twitchell, dean of students at Yale University, who was on his annual deer hunting trip out West.

Stays for a While in Connecticut

As a result of Twitchell's friendship and encouragement, James traveled to Connecticut and enrolled at Yale University to study art. He quit after two weeks, however, feeling shackled by the Yale culture and the formalized instruction. Art school, East or West, was not for him. He then tried to launch his career in the large markets in New York City but without success. The eastern publishers seemed to prefer the unrealistic shoot-'em-up illustrations.

Alice, aware of James' story-telling talents, now urged him harder ever to write down his tales. He decided to give it a try. A few weeks later, he finished an article in longhand with several drawings. Alice sent it off to *Scribner's Magazine* in New York. Much to his surprise, James received a letter of acceptance and a check. The article was called "Bucking Horses and Bucking Horse Riders" and it appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1922. From that time until the present, James has never been out of print.

Bramlett, who commonly refers to James as Bill, notes, "Bill had written the story exactly the way he would have told it to cowboys on the roundup as they loafed around the campfire. He had no expectations of selling the article, since he could not imagine an eastern publishing firm wanting to publish anything written in true Western jargon. He could see no

similarity in his work to any of the magazine articles or books currently being published about the West. Bill had no way of knowing that this difference, rather than stating mediocrity, made his story an exceptional piece of regional writing.”

As it turned out, the article about bucking horses had almost been rejected because of its language. The editorial department did not like the cowboy jargon. The art department, however, was taken with the accompanying illustrations and championed the article. So James’ twin talents carried the day and the article was published.

That was all James needed. He went back to his desk and turned out more stories. The next one Scribner’s bought was “A Cowpuncher Speaks.” It completely captures James’ sentiments about the passing of the West he knew. More sales were to follow to the Saturday Evening Post, to Sunset Magazine and again to Scribner’s, then to calendar companies, Redbook and Western pulp magazines.

Buys a Ranch in Nevada

With plenty of money now, James bought five acres in Franktown, Nevada, between Reno and Carson City. Alice’s father, a skilled carpenter, and her two brothers showed up and built a cabin on the land for James and Alice. It contained four rooms with a huge fireplace in the living room and a large window overlooking the beautiful Washoe Valley. Nearby his in-laws added a corral for James’ beloved horses, a small barn and tack room, and a studio for him to work in without being bothered.

Everything he wrote, always accompanied by his illustrations, found a publisher. In 1924, Scribner’s gathered some of his stories and published them in book form under the title, Cowboys North and South. It was received with such enthusiasm that it prompted an idea from Scribner’s editor, Maxwell Perkins, adviser also to Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Perkins wrote James suggesting he produce an illustrated book “of novel size” that would be “a continuous narrative with as much or as little plot as you thought best, which would bring into the compass of a single story the adventures and incidents characteristic of a young cowboy’s career, related in his own words.”

Smoky is Born

Thus was hatched Smoky the Cow Horse, his most famous work. It came out first in early 1926 as four installments in Scribner’s Magazine under the title, “Smoky, the One Man Horse.” It appeared in book form under its current title in September, 1926, with forty-three drawings by James. The book reaped the best reviews James had ever received. The New York Times said, “Will James has done the Black Beauty of the cow country.”

Nothing written by or about James indicates that he was familiar with Anna Sewell’s Black Beauty, published in 1877 in England, even though that horse and Smoky go through similar cruel experiences before finding an easy retirement. Sewell’s primary purpose was to persuade Victorian England to be kind to horses. James was more interested in showing how a cowboy and his horse work together and the relationship that develops between them. In 1927,

The Dark Secret of Smoky's Will James

Smoky walked away with the prestigious Newbery Medal from the American Library Association for outstanding literature for children.

"If he had written no other book," Amaral wrote, "Smoky would have assured him a significant place in the literature of the West."

Smoky was made into a movie three times. Clint, Smoky's "fifty-fifty" partner, was played in the 1934 version by Victor Jory with narration by James himself, in 1945 by Fred MacMurray and in 1966 by Fess Parker.

Royalties from Smoky made James a rich man. He could now afford to satisfy his dream of having his own cattle ranch in wide-open country. That country lay in Montana, the purported land of his birth. He sold his Washoe Valley property and initially bought four thousand acres. later to grow to eight thousand, in southeast Montana, near Pryor and forty-five miles down a rough road from Billings.

The dream, however, had its price. The land, the new buildings it needed and the cattle he bought and had to feed put him deep into debt, despite his new wealth. It didn't help that he kept more horses around than he needed or that he bought a small herd of longhorns, the cattle of the great trail drives, while other ranchers were moving into Charolais and Herefords. He had to write to get out of the hole. He began writing faster, giving up quality. He bent his rule to stick to the West as he had known it. Some of his stories started to mimic some aspects of the Wild West yarns he deplored.

Drinking Problem Grows

He had been known to drink a little too much at times, but now he drank excessively and more frequently, even going on three-day and four-day drunks after finishing a book. Once in a rodeo parade in New York, the drunken James rode his horse into a big-name hotel and started shooting out the lobby lights. A few times, he disappeared for days at a time and never accounted for the money he had spent.

His writing began to decline, and so did his marriage. Alice became tired of his drinking and his absences. Once, while waiting for him in California, she traced him to San Antonio, where she found him in bad shape, recovering from a wretched drunk. He suggested she leave him, but she had promised to help him write his life story, as suggested by someone at Scribner's. Alice said she wouldn't leave until it was written. His autobiography, Lone Cowboy, was finished in May, 1930. It became the Book of the Month Club selection in August and ranked fifth on the nonfiction best-seller list that year.

The autobiography, however, proved to be a trap ready to spring if his French Canadian origins became known and his adoring public realized he was not the genuine Westerner he had always claimed to be. As Amaral explains:

"He was now of legendary proportions, a magical name in one of the most emotionally stirring sagas of the American West, a saga which had caught the public's fancy. Only he knew, however, that with Lone Cowboy, his career and his integrity were balanced on a precarious suppression of his true credentials. He became a man marooned with a stifled self,

an unrelenting terror which, after the worldwide attention to Lone Cowboy, increasingly fragmented the man and his personality.”

Visits Back to Canada

After his first visit back to his family in 1910, he made only two others. One was in 1925, when he confided in his brother, Auguste, that he had business interests with a publishing company but said nothing about being a writer. The other was in 1934. His father had died in 1926 and his mother was living with Auguste. In that visit, fearing exposure more than ever, he demanded that they destroy all the letters, telegrams, photos and drawings he had sent them over the years. He burned them all right then and there but allowed his mother to keep a studio photo of himself. He refused to write any message or signature on it, and told Auguste to keep it hidden. These visits, of course, were done in secret. They partially explain James' mysterious absences and unaccounted expenses, presumably money given to his family.

After 1934, James “deteriorated appreciably,” according to Amaral, who states:

“Why? No one seemed to know or completely understand. Some said it was success and drinking that were ruining James. Others blamed Alice, saying she didn't try to understand him. But the true cause was the guilt motivated by the myth of Lone Cowboy.”

James had always been a hard worker. Despite his problems, he continued to turn out articles and books, and to go on promotional tours. He also spent time as an adviser in Hollywood, where both Smoky and Lone Cowboy (starring Jackie Cooper as James) were being filmed. His drunken escapades got worse, however. At one point, Alice had him committed to a sanitarium to dry up. Eventually, the strain became too much for her. A legal separation ensued. She received the ranch but after all debts were paid, she netted only three thousand dollars (about \$45,300 in today's terms, according to the Consumer Price Index). James retained all rights to his published works.

In 1937, James got into a car accident in Billings and was ordered confined to a “hospital for inebriates” as an alcoholic. On his release in 1938, he lived with friends on a ranch outside Billings and produced several more books. In 1940, he was in Hollywood and accepted a contract to write up a treatment of a book he had in mind called The Saga of the American Cowboy. The project was abandoned in 1941 after numerous missed deadlines. In March, 1942, James ultimately finished it as a book, more simply called The American Cowboy.

His Final Days

In the summer of 1942, James was living in an apartment in Hollywood and Alice, who had not seen him in six years, was in town and dropped by for a visit.

Amaral writes: “Alice was shocked at his appearance. He was thin and his cheeks were puffed. He walked stiff-legged and as if each step was painful to him He made no effort to promote a conversation and never asked about Alice's mother [or Alice's brother and his wife

and their young son, whom he adored]. ... Alice could not believe he was the same man she had known....”

James died Sept. 3, 1942, at Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital. He was fifty years old. The cause of death was alcoholic complications, namely cirrhosis of the liver, chronic nephritis and chronic jaundice. His ashes were taken by friends to Billings and scattered from a plane circling around the studio building he had recently acquired.

The truth of James' French-Canadian origins came out, finally, because of his will. Even so, it contained some inventive fiction. As reported by the biographer, Bramlett, it said in part:

“All the rest and residue of my said estate, whether real, personal or mixed, of which I shall die seized and possessed, or to which I shall be entitled at the time of my decease, I give devise and bequeath unto Ernest Dufault, 45 Saint Andrew Street, Ottawa, Canada, he being the sole heir and survivor of my dear old friend, Old Beaupre, who raised me and acted as a father to me.”

Did James, confused by liquor or illness, make a mistake in naming himself as his heir? There's a more likely explanation. Here, as quoted in Bramlett's biography, is what his brother, Auguste, had to say on the witness stand in a 1944 hearing to settle James' estate:

“I understand how difficult it was for him to decide to write my name down on his will, as that would have aroused curiosity and while he was living to risk letting his true identity leak out, especially after he had written such a book as the Lone Cowboy. By writing Ernest, instead of Auguste, he might have thought that while living I could easily say that nobody by that name lived here [at the Ottawa address] and he most likely thought that it would be easy for me, after his death, to have the matter adjusted as common sense shows that the only sensible and reasonable solution to the problem is that in this case ‘Ernest Dufault’ was for ‘Auguste Dufault’.”

Auguste did end up as the rightful heir. His name appears as the owner of the renewed copyright on some later editions of James' works, including Smoky.

The legacy of Will James, the French-Canadian who became a Western legend, remains. He parlayed his way with words and art into fame and fortune. But he was also a self-destructive figure worthy of a Greek tragedy, trapped in his own lies and haunted by the fear of being found out. James revealed more than he knew in this poignant passage:

“As I'm setting upon this little knoll taking a last look at the country where I'd put in so many hard rides, a little old coyote ambles up the side of the hill, sees me and stops, starts to run some more, then somehow feels I'm harmless and stops again. I see him limping and notice a trap kept one of his paws. He, too, has been crowded a heap, and somehow I have more admiration for him than I used to. I'd like to let him know we're not enemies no more....”

Re-Inventing the Regimental Roll

Peter Gagné, #1195

Last year, Bill Kane of the *Société des Filles du Roi et Soldats du Carignan* contacted me to see if I could help him revise the list of Carignan regiment soldiers who settled in Canada that the Society had on its website (www.fillesduroi.org). Having done my masters' thesis on the settlement of the regiment in New France, and having seen the Society's list, I knew I could help.

The task may sound easy. Jack Verney already published a list in his book *The Good Regiment*, right? However, figuring out who was a soldier in the Carignan regiment and if these men did indeed settle in Canada at the end of their service is not as easy as it sounds. The list that Verney published, which was nearly the same one reproduced on the Society's website, is essentially a revised and corrected version of a document entitled *Rolle des soldats du Régiment de Carignan-Salière qui se sont faits habitans de Canada en 1668* [sic]. This "Roll of the soldiers of the Carignan-Salière regiment who became settlers in Canada in 1668," kept at the *Centre d'Archives Outre-Mer* (Overseas Archive Center) in Aix-en-Provence, France, is the only existing list of soldiers that dates from their own time.¹

However, this roll is not the gold mine of information that we may hope it to be. It was probably drawn up in the fall of 1667, before the regiment began returning to France, and therefore may not include only the soldiers who settled in Canada, but also those who returned to France the following year. It is also almost exclusively made up of *dit* names or nicknames. This is a problem and means that no list of Carignan soldier-settlers will ever be perfect. So, faced with the impossibility of making a "perfect" list, what I have attempted to do is make a *better* list than the one that was on the Society's website. What I ended up making is not one list, but two: A list of "confirmed" members of the regiment who settled in Canada and a list of "unconfirmed" soldier-settlers, which is reproduced at the end of this article.

I have done my best to make sure that what is included in the updated list is clear, accurate and supported by the available sources. There are certainly corrections and modifications to be made, most notably in relation to the "unconfirmed" list, and as time goes by the Society will make them, with input from its members and the public, and our knowledge of the regiment will be that much richer for it.

Improving on What Has Already Been Done

A series of authors have attempted to identify the members of the Carignan regiment by adding to or improving on those who have come before them. I am no different. To make the updated list, I compared the sources at my disposal and added, deleted and corrected names and information on the list. I was not able, given the time that I had to work on the list and other constraints, to consult sources such as the PRDH and *Parchemin* databases for all potential

¹ Reference number: COL D2C 47 fol. 45-49v°. It is available online on the *New France, New Horizons* website (Canada-France Archives): http://www.champlain2004.org/html/11/03_e.html

soldiers. Nor have I been able yet to consult the book Carignan-Salière, 1665-1668 by Michel Langlois, which will undoubtedly add some information to improve the current list.

The first person to seriously take a look at the soldiers of the Carignan Regiment was Benjamin Sulte, who presented a paper on the subject to the *Société Royale du Canada* in 1902. However, even though Sulte shed some light on the history of the regiment as lived by its soldiers, he did not focus on identifying them individually. Historian Aegidius Fauteux points out that with this study, “Monsieur Sulte never claimed to have completely lifted the veil of mystery surrounding the Carignan regiment [...] Up until now, we have only been interested in the leaders, the officers... But in the end, how much more interesting are the common soldiers.”²

In 1922, a version of the original roll was presented as a paper to the *Société Royale du Canada* by François-Joseph Audet.³ Seven years later, journalist and natural history professor A.-Léo Leymarie of Paris compiled another version of the roll, adding first and last names and whether the soldier died in New France or became a settler in 1668. However, Leymarie’s methods and sources are unknown, so the reliability of his list can not be determined. It greatly resembles the list presented in The Good Regiment.

Régis Roy and Gérard Malchelosse were the first to focus attention on identifying the Carignan soldiers in their 1925 study *Le Régiment de Carignan: son organisation et son expédition au Canada, 1665-1668*. Roy and Malchelosse used information found in notarized documents, parish registers and “other similar sources [that] contained useful information”⁴ to put a name to each nickname. Even though they “greatly reduced the aura of mystery surrounding [the regiment],”⁵ their list is little more than the 1667 roll with the baptismal name of each soldier added to his nickname (when possible), with passing references to the Tanguay genealogical dictionary, notarized documents and other sources where complementary information can be found.

After 1925, no works sought to further identify the soldiers of the Carignan regiment until 1991, when Jack Verney published his well-known book, The Good Regiment.

Verney acknowledged that “Unfortunately, no complete roll has come to light so far, and this one... is nothing more than a consolidation of the available information and, therefore, is far from comprehensive.”⁶ Verney compiled his list from the original 1667 roll, to which he added information from other sources, including the Tanguay dictionary, the Dictionary of Canadian Biography, François Audet’s 1922 version of the original roll and Léo Leymarie’s 1929 version of the roll. Verney’s list not only includes the soldiers who remained in Canada in 1668, but also those who returned to France and those who were killed in Canada. He unfortunately gives very little complementary information, which is usually limited to notes such as “settled in Canada in 1668.”

² ROY et MALCHELOSSE, *op. cit.*, p. 9.

³ François-Joseph Audet, “Le Régiment de Carignan,” *Mémoires de la Société royale du Canada*, no. 16 (1922), p. 129-141.

⁴ ROY et MALCHELOSSE, *op. cit.*, p. 82 & 84.

⁵ ROY et MALCHELOSSE, *op. cit.*, p. 9.

⁶ VERNEY, *op. cit.*, p. 145.

The next source to advance the identification of the Carignan regiment was Marcel Trudel's *La Population du Canada en 1666: Recensement Reconstitué* (1995). Not focused solely on the regiment, this work attempts to give an account of the population of Canada at that moment by "reconstituting" the flawed census taken that year, using mentions of individuals in various notarized documents, parish registers and other religious acts. The original 1666 census suffers from severe omissions and may have missed up to a quarter of the population of the colony. Trudel identifies the soldiers not only by their name, but also with detailed complementary information, such as their place of origin, company, rank, age and other information, also noting which soldiers are identified as *habitants* on the 1667 roll.

In 2001, Georges-Robert Gareau published *Le Régiment de Carignan, 1665-1668: Essai d'Identification des Soldats*. Gareau based his study in large part on the work of Roy and Malchelosse and can therefore be considered the revised and corrected version of their list of soldiers. He added research into lists of individuals who were confirmed or who took the scapular—two religious ceremonies that were performed *en masse* for the regiment's soldiers.⁷ His presence on one of these lists along with known soldiers could indicate that a given individual may also have been a soldier. Gareau includes various complementary information – marriages, land transactions, notarized documents—to help confirm or reject an identity.

However, there is often missing information in Gareau's entries on each soldier, and his study is unequally documented. He often leaves out the dates of documents as well as the name of the notary or the place where the document was drawn up. Places of land transactions are given only occasionally, sources are rarely cited for the other events listed and Gareau regularly confuses marriage contract dates with the ceremony date. He sometimes even refers to major life events, like the death of Jean Guillet, without giving a date. The identifications and assertions that Gareau makes must therefore be verified before being taken as historical fact.

Confirming the Confirmed List

My initial database of soldier-settlers was made by compiling and cross-referencing all the above-mentioned works. I now had a master list of names of *potential* Carignan soldiers who settled in Canada, based on the various versions of and modifications to the 1667 roll. However, given the limitations, omissions and errors of each source mentioned above, the names on my list were still considered unconfirmed at this point in the identification process. It was necessary to verify two things about the men in my database: that they were indeed soldiers of the Carignan-Salières regiment and that they settled in Canada after demobilization. Therefore, the next step in the identification process was to verify each of the names on my list to confirm these two points.

I started my verification with the Jetté genealogical dictionary, which allowed for the confirmation of many identities and the addition of some new names to the list. In addition to giving detailed information for each soldier (origin, marriage, children, death, etc.), Jetté clearly

⁷ According to Marie de l'Incarnation (letter of September 30th 1665), 500 took the scapular in Québec City.

Re-Inventing the Regimental Roll

identifies individuals as soldiers of the regiment, even listing their company affiliation. However, there are seventy-eight names on my final list that are not identified as Carignan soldiers by Jetté, including fourteen who are not included at all in the dictionary.

I therefore needed to consult complementary sources, notably the PRDH or *Programme de Recherche en Démographie Historique* (Historical Demography Research Program). This research program compiled what they refer to as a “computerized population register”—a vast database of all demographical and genealogical information related to each individual present in Canada from 1621 to 1799.⁸ Information taken from the parish registers of the time was augmented with information from other contemporary sources to further identify an individual.

I also used the *Parchemin* database to verify certain unsure cases. Produced by the firm Archiv-Histo⁹ and available at the National Archives and Library of Quebec, this database collects all notarized acts passed in Quebec between 1635 and 1784. It is especially useful for those who may have been left out of the religious records for a variety of reasons and can therefore provide valuable information not contained in the religious sources. *Parchemin* catalogues marriage contracts, wills, post-mortem inventories and other notarized documents—all offering complementary sources to the information found in the parish registers.

Lastly, I used Marcel Trudel’s *Le Terrier du Saint-Laurent en 1674*. This work is essentially a seigneurie-by-seigneurie listing of property owners. For each parcel of land occupied, it notes the owner’s name, date and size of the land grant/purchase and other information, such as previous transactions that led to the present individual owning the land and what happened to the land after 1674. The seigneuries granted to officers of the Carignan regiment were obviously of primary interest, although I also looked at the other seigneuries where known Carignan soldiers settled, even if the seigneur was not a former officer of the regiment. Although not conclusive, the fact of finding an individual settled in a seigneurie largely populated by former Carignan soldiers could be an indication that he, too, was formerly a soldier in the regiment. If such individuals were found, they were then verified with the other sources mentioned above and either confirmed as soldiers, confirmed as not having been a soldier, or put in the *Unconfirmed* database.

Unsure = Unconfirmed

This second database includes men who may have been Carignan soldiers, but for whom there is no conclusive proof or “preponderance of the evidence” that they were. It also contains men who I know were Carignan soldiers, but who are unconfirmed as having settled in Canada. For most of these men, there is just not any mention of them in the records of the colony at this time, at least in the sources that I have been able to consult.

Being on the “unconfirmed” list could mean two things: that the individual is either unconfirmed as having been a Carignan soldier or he is a soldier who is unconfirmed as having settled in Canada.

⁸ <http://www.genealogie.umontreal.ca/en/>

⁹ <http://pages.infinit.net/pbenoit/parchmin.htm>

The following are examples of soldiers in the *Unconfirmed* database: Mathieu Binet was confirmed August 24th 1665 in Québec City with nineteen known soldiers and received a land grant in Verchères from seigneur François Jarret de Verchères, ensign of the Contrecoeur Company, but he is only identified as a soldier by Gareau. There is also Pierre Tousignant *dit* Lapointe, who was married the same day as two other soldiers, all three couples having their marriage contract drawn up the same day by the same notary. He, too, is only identified as a soldier by Gareau. Lastly, Jean Chevalier and Pierre Pérusseau, witnesses to the marriage contract of Louis Fortin drawn up October 9th 1672 by notary Bénigne Basset, are identified in this document as soldiers of the Lafreidière Company, like Fortin, but can not be found in any of the other sources consulted.

Conclusion

According to Aegidius Fauteux, Benjamin Sulte opened up “a large fissure in the wall of mystery [surrounding the Carignan regiment], through which others would later pass.”¹⁰ My work in helping to add to the list of Carignan soldiers does not claim to entirely dissipate the mystery of the identification of the Carignan soldiers and their contribution to the colonization of New France, but rather seeks to shed a bit more light on the subject. There is still work to be done. However, I felt that it would be better to at least come up with a version of the list that would be an improvement on the old version on the website of the *Société des Filles du Roi et Soldats du Carignan*. The new list can be consulted at <http://www.fillesduroi.org/Regiment/Soldiers/soldiers.html>.

Nonetheless, if this list is better, it can still be even more so. The reason why we have also decided to publish the *Unconfirmed* list is to incite those interested in the regiment to submit documented proof that a man on this list was or was not a Carignan soldier who settled in Canada after 1668. That way, we can all work together to improve the Confirmed list and share our knowledge about the regiment. It is hoped that by publishing the list of these men on the Society’s website, along with the list of confirmed soldier-settlers, that members and visitors may be inspired to do further research on them and collaborate with the Society in making the list even better and in advancing our knowledge on these founding fathers for the benefit of all their descendants.

List of Unconfirmed Soldier-Settlers from the Carignan-Salières Regiment

<u>Name</u>	<u>Dit/De</u>	<u>Variations</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Company</u>
Abiron, Pierre	LaRose (LaRoze)	Abirou, Abron	soldier	Loubias
Arnaud, Antoine	Larose	-	soldier	Saint-Ours
Arnaud, Sébastien	Ladouceur	-	soldier	Froment
Aymé, Moïse	-	Aimé	soldier	Unknown

¹⁰ Aegidius Fauteux, in the preface to ROY et MALCHELOSSE, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

Re-Inventing the Regimental Roll

<u>Name</u>	<u>Dit/De</u>	<u>Variations</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Company</u>
Baron, Nicolas	Lupien/Champagne	-	soldier	Grandfontaine
Barreau, unknown	-	Barrault, Bareau, Bréau	soldier	Monteil
Bazinet, Antoine	Tourblanche	-	soldier	Lamotte
Beaudry, Mathurin	-	Baudry	soldier	Contrecoeur
Beaufort, Jean	-	-	soldier	La Fredière
Beaufretils, Guillaume	LaFleur	Beaufretail, Boufretail	soldier	Contrecoeur
Binet, Mathieu	L'Espérance	-	soldier	La Fredière
Boesme, Jean	Bohémier	Boismé, Bohémier	soldier	La Noraye
Bonneau, Jean	LaGrave	-	soldier	La Noraye
Bossu, Nicolas	LePrince	-	soldier	Loubias
Boucheret, Joseph	LeTau	-	anspessade	Salières
Bousiny, Charles	de Montrès	-	cadet	La Varenne
Bouteau, Gabriel	LaRamée	Boutaux	soldier	Contrecoeur
Brillaud, Jean	LaBonté	-	soldier	La Fredière
Broussy, Christophe	LaFrance	Brucy	soldier	Maximy
Brunet, Pierre	-	-	soldier	Unknown
Cadré, Claude	DuBois	Quadré, Quadry, Cadreu, Cadren	soldier	La Fouille
Canadou, Pierre (?)	-	-	soldier	Des Portes
Chagnon, François	LaRose	-	soldier	La Fredière
Cholet, Renaud	Laliberté	Chollet	soldier	Des Portes
Coeur, Pierre	Jolicoeur	-	soldier	Grandfontaine
Curtaut, Pierre	Mombaron	Curtard, Courteau	soldier	La Fouille
DeCuque, François	-	Couc / François-Dominique	soldier	Lamotte
DeRoy, Jean	-	-	soldier	Lamotte
Desmarés, Charles	-	Desmarais	soldier	Saint-Ours
Desmoignoux, Charles	de Laleu	DesMaignouz, Desmagny	soldier	La Varenne
Desmoulin, Jacques	-	-	soldier	Grandfontaine
Despigerault, Mariat	DesBarreaux	Depygerault, Depijerault	soldier	Loubias
DeVauchaudon, Joseph	-	-	soldier	Unknown
Donet, Jean	LeDragon	Donai, Donay, Daunet, Donnet	soldier	Loubias
Doublet, Jean	De l'Isle	Dontelet	soldier	Petit

Connecticut Maple Leaf, Winter 2008-2009

<u>Name</u>	<u>Dit/De</u>	<u>Variations</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Company</u>
Dubois, André	-	Antoine?	soldier	La Fouille
Dubois, Jacques	-	-	soldier	Monteil
Dubuisson, unknown	-	-	soldier	Salières
Duchesne, Charles	LaRivière	-	soldier	La Varenne
Dues, Pierre	LaChapelle	Décès, DeScez, DeSaix	soldier	Contrecoeur
Dufour, unknown	-	-	soldier	Monteil
Dugé, unknown	-	Duge	soldier	Unknown
Dussault, Jean	Baron	Dusseault, DuSceau, Duceau	soldier	La Varenne
DuVemis, unknown	-	-	soldier	Saurel
Émard, Léonard	LaRivière	Aymard, Émart, Esmard	soldier	La Fouille
Faure, René	LaPrairie	-	soldier	Berthier
Fortin, Jean	Monbré (Montbray)	-	soldier	Unknown
Foucher, Jean	-	Fouché	soldier	La Varenne
Foucher, Louis	LaFouche, LaForest	-	soldier	Saint-Ours
Fournier, Gabriel	LaVerdure	-	soldier	La Varenne
Francoeur, Antoine	Brûlé	Brule	soldier	Froment
Galope, Claude	-	Galope	surgeon	La Varenne
Gardelle, Jean	Saint-Jean	-	soldier	La Fouille
Gourdon, Pierre	LaViolette, Le Jeune	-	soldier	Berthier
Grandfontaine, ???	-	-	soldier	Chambly
Guibert, René	LaRosée	Guilbert?	soldier	Lamotte
Guillot, Guillaume	LaRose	-	soldier	La Tour
Hubert, Tobie	Montauban	Cobie Hébert	soldier	Loubias
Joisneaux, Pierre	LaTour	Joinault, Jouineau, Juneau	soldier	Loubias
Julien, unknown	-	-	soldier	Maximy
Lacroix, Pierre	-	-	soldier	Grandfontaine
Lagardelette (de), François-César	-	Jean César dit LaGardette	soldier	Saint-Ours
Lalande (de), Jacques	Sieur de Gayon	-	soldier	Monteil
LaRoche de Pérat, ???	-	-	soldier	Chambly
LaRosée, François	-	-	soldier	Saint-Ours
Lavallée, unknown	-	-	cadet	Dugué

Re-Inventing the Regimental Roll

<u>Name</u>	<u>Dit/De</u>	<u>Variations</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Company</u>
Laviolette, Mathias	LaViolette	Baraus	soldier	Saurel
LeClerc, François	LaViolette	LeClère	anspessade	Salières
Legore, Jean	Boutebouilly (Bouttebouillir)	-	soldier	La Fouille
LeMagnan, Jean	LaJauge	Magnan, LaGeauge	soldier	La Colonelle
LeNiay, Jean	-	-	soldier	Salières
LePetit, unknown	LaFontaine	Petit	soldier	Loubias
Lépinay (de), Jean	-	L'Espinay, de	lieutenant	Unknown
Lesiège, Pierre	LaFontaine	Leliège	soldier	La Tour
Lybault, Pierre	LaRosée (LaRozée)	Lybaut, Libaout	soldier	Loubias
Martre, Bertrand	Laforest	LeMartre	soldier	Dugué
Maugrain, Claude	LePicard (LePicart)	-	soldier	Unknown
Moussart (de), François	-	DuMoussart, Mouffart	drummer	La Tour
Nepveu, François	Lacroix	-	soldier	La Fouille
Pacquet, Charles	LePicard	Paquet, Pasquier, Le Picart	soldier	La Tour
Pageot, Pierre	Champagne	Pajot	soldier	La Tour
Perot, Jean	-	Perrault, Perrot	soldier	Saint-Ours
Perret, Pierre	-	-	soldier	Headquarters
Peze, Pierre	LaFaveur	-	soldier	Dugué
Pleau, Simon	LaFleur	Peleau	soldier	Berthier
Prouteau, Claude	LaTouche	Proteau, (Proutot, Pluteau, Rotot?)	soldier	Lamotte
Regnier, Jacques	Sainte-Croix	-	soldier	Dugué
Renault, Jean	Montauban	Renaud, Renaut	soldier	Saint-Ours
Renou, Jean	DesLauriers	-	soldier	La Durantaye
Rousseau, Antoine	LaBonté	-	soldier	La Fredière
Sagean, Jean	-	Sageau, Sageot, Sajot	soldier	Unknown
Sauviot, Jean	LaVergne	-	soldier	La Fredière
Tessier, François	LaVerdure	-	soldier	La Fredière
Thuillier, Crespin	LaTour	-	soldier	Loubias
Tousignant, Pierre	LaPointe	Tousillon	soldier	Monteil
Vallet, Pierre	LaFrance, LaPointe, Desjardins	Valet, Valets	soldier	Saurel

Connecticut Maple Leaf, Winter 2008-2009

<u>Name</u>	<u>Dit/De</u>	<u>Variations</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Company</u>
Vermet, Antoine	LeValon & LaForme	LeVallon	soldier	Grandfontaine
Villesiège, Jacques	-	-	soldier	Unknown
Unknown	Beaulieu	-	soldier	La Fouille
Unknown	Belle-Isle	Belle-Île	soldier	Maximy
Unknown	Bonneau	-	soldier	Monteil
Unknown	Champagne	-	soldier	Berthier
Unknown	Champagne	-	soldier	La Noraye
Unknown	Champagne	-	soldier	Unknown
Unknown	DuBoulay	-	soldier	Loubias
Unknown	Duverger	-	soldier	Petit
Unknown	Fayat	-	soldier	La Brisandière
Unknown	Haudry	-	soldier	Berthier
Unknown	Jolicoeur	-	soldier	Berthier
Unknown	Jolicoeur	-	soldier	Chambly
Unknown	Jolicoeur	-	soldier	Froment
Unknown	LaBarre	-	soldier	La Fouille
Unknown	LaBerthe	-	soldier	Des Portes
Unknown	LaFleur	-	soldier	Loubias
Unknown	LaFortune	-	soldier	Monteil
Unknown	LaMeslée	-	soldier	Maximy
Unknown	LaMontagne	-	soldier	Loubias
Unknown	LaMusique	-	soldier	La Durantaye
Unknown	Langevin	-	soldier	Unknown
Unknown	LaNoiray	-	drummer	La Fouille
Unknown	LaPensée	-	soldier	Loubias
Unknown	LaRamée	-	soldier	Saint-Ours
Unknown	LaRoye	-	soldier	Loubias
Unknown	LaVaux	-	soldier	Berthier
Unknown	LaVolonté	-	soldier	Grandfontaine
Unknown	LeBreton	-	soldier	La Fredière
Unknown	LeParisien	-	soldier	Chambly
Unknown	LeParisien	-	soldier	Monteil

Re-Inventing the Regimental Roll

<u>Name</u>	<u>Dit/De</u>	<u>Variations</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Company</u>
Unknown	Leuradeau	-	soldier	Monteil
Unknown	Poitevin	-	soldier	Petit
Unknown	Rencontre	-	soldier	Rougemont
Unknown	Saint-André	-	soldier	Saurel
Unknown	Saint-Laurent	Saint-Laurens	soldier	Grandfontaine
Unknown	Salle Brune	-	soldier	La Varenne
Unknown	SansSoucy	-	soldier	La Colonelle
Unknown	SansSoucy	-	soldier	Monteil
Unknown	Tranchemontagne	-	soldier	La Brisandière

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A Key Quebec Resource Now Accessible Online

From Two Sources, One Free and One by Subscription:

An Initial Evaluation

Paul R. Keroack, #157

Within the past year, the subscription mega-database Ancestry.com has made available as part of its Canadian subscription, and also within its world subscription, scanned images of the Drouin Collection, (*Institut genealogique Drouin, 1621-1967*) indexed by name and place. Most Franco researchers are familiar with the multi-volume Drouin marriage sets, by male and female names. This print resource was extracted from the microfilms Claude Drouin created in the 1940s from the civil copies of Quebec vital events. (Records created between 1947 and 1967 are acknowledged to be very few.)

In Quebec, until 1926, when civil vital record registration was required, births, marriages and deaths were recorded by the Catholic Church, and, after 1759, by other religious bodies in the province. The records remained in the houses of worship but a second copy of each volume was created for the civil authorities. While the events noted were actually religious ceremonies of baptism, marriage and burial, dates of birth and death were noted within, so that they effectively substituted for vital registration. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormon) was allowed to microfilm the church copies, though they did not include records after 1900, for privacy reasons. These films have been available to the public for many years via their Family History Libraries (FHL). These are not indexed, unless indexes were created within the books. Except where due to human error, the two versions were identical, although the church copies were sometimes annotated by priests in later years. Now, both sets of records are available online, though in different offerings.

In Ancestry's presentation, a series of search boxes are available for entering names. In the usual Ancestry fashion, the name, closest to what was sought, by date or place if you specified one, appears at the top of the list, with less likely combinations below. You can either scroll down the list to spot a possible match, or "refine your search" back at the search boxes. As with any index created by persons reading old handwriting, mistakes are frequent. It is clear that names are taken from the marginal designations, such as "B [for baptism] 126 [of that year], Dumas, Etienne." Sometimes the abbreviations of names used in that margin misled the indexers—the name may be written accurately within the body of the entry, but they apparently did not stop to check. In such a large and rapidly produced commercial product, indexing is not always accurate - not surprisingly. For events prior to 1800, the professionally created extractions available from PRDH are likely to be more authoritative—and they now also include deaths before 1850.

If you wish to browse by place names, the "localities" are listed under each letter of the alphabet. One needs to become familiar with the Ancestry's choice of name presentation. "Notre Dame" in Quebec City is not under "N" but within "Q," while other places with Notre Dame in the parish name are within the "N" list. It helps to own a detailed map of Quebec

counties and parishes, such as sold by the society. Having such a map also helps envision what parish one's ancestor may have migrated to, especially due to population pressure in the 19th century. Some Ontario and Acadian parishes as well as a few in the U.S. (areas settled by the French pre-1759 and some Indian missions) are also searchable but separately, within a section designated "more information about this collection." What they describe as Quebec notarial records consist of a selection of documents, listed by notary—clearly not comprehensive.

The advantages to this database include having the entire range of documents available for any religion well into the 20th century and the option of either using the index or browsing the pages—one can zoom in on the page when the original writing is weak or obscured. The scanned images are limited by the condition of the original microfilm—some pages are faded or darkened. A complete novice may find him or herself overwhelmed by the peculiarities of Quebec sacramental records and place names (not to mention poor handwriting), but for someone familiar with the resources of our society's library and with FHL microfilm of parish records, using this database is more a pleasure than a problem.

The advantage of scanned images was not lost on the Family History Library directors. They are gradually presenting their vast microfilm library online, for free, at <http://pilot.familysearch.org/recordsearch/start.html#p=0>. Within the Canada group, choose Quebec and then Catholic Parish Records, 1621-1900. Parishes are listed in a scrolling alphabetical list. When a parish is chosen, a range of dates representing the original volumes is shown. The names reflect the standard FHL catalog, found elsewhere on their main website (www.familysearch.org). Clicking on a parish name opens the initial page image. One may scroll through, or chose from a range of total pages included for that set of images. The images are apparently enhanced—all of the ones I tried are very clear and legible. Holding the mouse down allows one to "pan" the two-page spread. One can also zoom in or out. This process requires Adobe Flash on one's computer, which is free but takes a good deal of processor space. However, no indexing is included, and the data is restricted to Quebec Roman Catholic records up to the year 1900.

All in all, these nearly simultaneously released products are remarkable boons for the French-Canadian researcher. The high cost of the Ancestry product may be an issue for many, although the range of data and the indexing may make it an investment some may want to make. Alternatively, some public libraries offer access to Ancestry Library Edition to cardholders and visitors. In Connecticut, these currently include Bridgeport Public, Cheshire Public, Danbury Public, Ferguson Library in Stamford, Godfrey Memorial in Middletown, Hamden Public, the Connecticut State Library and the Connecticut Society of Genealogists in East Hartford—among others.

The Family History Library offering is a free and easy-to-use enhancement of their original microfilm collection for the home computer user. These two genealogy-related enterprises are cooperating on large-scale projects that advance the differing goals of each entity—as seen also in U.S. census images and indexing. Family history researchers and hobbyists will profit from closely following this unfolding process.

Maids & Matrons of New France

Mary Sifton Pepper

Part III

(Continued from CML vol. 13, no. 3)

Editors Note: While browsing through a favorite used bookstore in southeastern Connecticut, a title caught my eye. I reached for the tome and began to read. My husband found me in that same spot some immeasurable length of time later. The book in hand was titled "Maids & Matrons of New France." I knew that day I had to share my discovery with our FCGSC family. This is the third in a series of articles that will serve to republish "Maids & Matrons of New France." The book was written by Mary Sifton Pepper and was published in 1901 by Little, Brown, and Company, Boston. Some language may be considered culturally insensitive, as it was written in the sentiment of that time in history. Its copyright is expired.

Maids & Matrons of New France

SECOND PERIOD

PIONEER WOMEN OF QUEBEC

III

Madame de la Peltrie

FOUNDRESS OF THE FIRST GIRLS' SCHOOL IN CANADA

While Champlain and his sturdy band of pioneers at Quebec were bartering skins with the friendly Hurons and making occasional sallies against the Iroquois, the missionaries there were combating the barbarism and superstition of these savages. Yet up to this time little had been accomplished in this warfare, and Father Le Jeune, superior of the mission, realizing how futile had been their efforts, one day sent a plaintive cry across the ocean for money and reinforcements. His idea at this time was that if the children could be civilized and reared in the Christian religion, through their influence the parents would eventually become Christianized, "for in no other way," he declared, "can anything be made of these old stumps."

He pointed out how easy it would be for some benevolent French lady to establish a school for girls. (One had already been established for boys, the famous Jesuit College of Quebec, which antedates Harvard College by one year.) In his letter of 1635 he urged the need of such institutions more strongly than ever. "My God!" wrote this zealous missionary, "if the excess and superfluity of certain dames of France were employed in this so holy work, what blessings would they not bring down upon their families! What glory in the eyes of the angels to have gathered up the blood of the Son of God and to have applied it to these poor unbelievers!"

The greatest ladies of France read these letters with avidity, and a lively interest was excited in their hearts over the woes of the poor savages. Among them was Madame de la Peltrie, a widow of wealth and position, whose name has come down to posterity in the annals

**Maids & Maidens of New France
Madame de la Peltrie**

of her adopted country. Let us look back a little and see how it came about that she separated herself from home, friends, the pleasures of civilization, to minister to the aborigines of the Canadian wilderness.

A beautiful and charming girl, with mischievous dark eyes and smiling mouth, reared amid all the luxury of the French gentlewomen of the time, was married at Alençon, in the year that marked the sailing of the Mayflower, to a young gentleman of rank, the Seigneur de la Peltrie. Five years later she became a widow. Young, rich, and pious, she began to long for some outlet for her energy, for some means of doing great good and laying up treasures for herself in heaven, but at the same time to become the object of admiration and wonder while she still remained on earth. Ten years slipped by before her desires took the definite form of a life of philanthropy in Canada, and this transpired only through a serious illness that befell her.

At the crisis of the disease she is said to have heard the voice of the Lord saying to her: "It is my will that thou goest to Canada to labor for the salvation of Indian girls; thus I would be served by thee and receive proofs of thy fidelity; in return I shall grant thee many favors in that barbarous country." "Lord," replied Madam de la Peltrie, "it is not to me, a great sinner, that so great a favor should be shown." "True," replied the Lord, "but I wish to make use of thee in that country, and notwithstanding the obstacles that will arise to prevent the execution of my orders, thou wilt go there and there thou wilt die." This divine communication so encouraged her that she resolved to cross over to the new colony immediately and begin the work thus so clearly laid out for her.

But she soon discovered that to make so important a decision was far more easy than to put it into practice. Difficulties arose which she had not foreseen. The most formidable of these was the opposition of her relatives, who viewed the plans of their erratic young kinswoman with open disapproval. Every obstacle possible was put in the way to prevent the fortune that would sometime fall to them from being squandered upon cannibals and barbarians. Her father begged her to defer the execution of her plans until after his death, but finding that his prayers were unheeded, he resorted to threats, saying that he would disinherit her if she persisted.

This disapproval on the part of her relatives only strengthened Madame de la Peltrie's determination. Never had the fetters of civilization seemed so galling to this young enthusiast. She longed to exchange the luxury and inactivity of her present life for the rude surroundings of a new country. In imagination she could see herself yonder a fair Lady Bountiful, admired and loved by all who knew her, the idol of the simple savages, dispensing her wealth and good deeds so generously that, as the years rolled on, thousands of swarthy maidens would become children of civilization, and would revere her as their savior and benefactress. But in the mean time she was sorely perplexed how to take the first steps toward accomplishing this pious work without causing her father to become wholly estranged from her,—an event which would have put an end to it by depriving her of her income. Finally, she decided to avail herself of a suggestion that her father was continually urging upon her, that of marrying again,

for he considered this the most effectual means of binding her to the conventional life of women of her rank.

But Madame de la Peltrie determined that her marriage should be one only in name, that she might free herself from it at any moment and repair to her chosen field of labor, at the same time satisfying her father, silencing the importunities of her other relatives, and enabling her to continue her arrangements secretly. She chose as the person best suited to aid her in carrying out this plan an old friend who was intrusted [sic] with the care of her property, and straightway wrote to him proposing a mock marriage.

The chosen bridegroom was a rich and influential gentleman, of great piety, who had determined never to marry. Several years later he founded a mystical order or brotherhood which became conspicuous in the religious life of France. He was well known throughout the country, not only because of the high position he held, for he was treasurer of the kingdom, but also on account of his strange religious ideas. Imagine, then, the consternation that filled his breast, when he received the proposition from the beautiful young widow that, in order to free her from the legal control of her relatives, he should contract a marriage with her. To his dismay, all his friends and advisers unanimously declared that he ought to accept the offer. With considerable trepidation he proposed the matter to Madame de la Peltrie's father, who, surprised and pleased that so close a friend had thus honored his daughter, had the lady summoned into his presence and immediately made known to her Monsieur de Bernières' offer. To his delight "the prudent young widow answered him with respect and modesty that, as she knew Monsieur de Bernières to be a favorite with him, she, too, preferred him to all others." Several weeks after this, during which the reluctant suitor's scruples had almost resulted in the abandonment of the plan, they were married and thereafter appeared in public as man and wife.

The father's death followed close upon this marriage, and "thus ended," says a pious writer, "the pretended engagement between this virtuous lady and gentleman, which caused at the time so much inquiry and excitement among the nobility of France, and which, after the lapse of two hundred years, cannot fail to excite feelings of admiration in the heart of every virtuous woman!"

But the pretence of marriage was kept up a little while longer, as this permitted Monsieur de Bernières to give his supposed wife the help she needed in completing her arrangements to depart for New France. They journeyed together in state to Tours, where Madame de la Peltrie selected two Ursuline nuns as her assistants. Afterward they went to Paris, where the news of her wonderful project excited so much enthusiasm that the queen, Anne of Austria, summoned her to an audience and expressed her approval of it. Others followed her example, and Madame de la Peltrie and her intended journey to Canada, as well as her strange marriage, were for a time the absorbing topics of conversation in the French capital. At last they hastened to Dieppe, where the future foundress made her final preparations to cross the sea.

The party which was finally made up were all to play a more or less important part in the pioneer life of Canada. It consisted of Madame de la Peltrie, whose income was to go for

**Maids & Maidens of New France
Madame de la Peltrie**

the maintenance of a school for Indian girls; Mother Marie Guyard, the subject of the next sketch, who was to be principal or superior of it; Marie de St. Bernard, an assistant, who proved to be one of the most worthy pioneers in the cause of education in Canada, although her name is scarcely known outside of the annals of the Ursuline convent; Charlotte Barré, companion to Madame de la Peltrie; and another little group of women, called Hospitalières, to whom a chapter will be devoted farther on. On the fourth day of May 1639, these seven women, together with several missionaries who were going over to re-enforce their brethren, embarked for the scene of their future labors. Monsieur de Bernières saw them off, greatly relieved to find himself thus happily extricated from a situation that had promised him serious perplexities.

Preceding them across the Atlantic, let us join the little company gathered at the landing-place in Quebec to meet them on the first day of August of the same year. Of the two hundred and fifty settlers, nearly all were present. There was the new governor, the Sieur de Montmagny, successor to Champlain, attended by a small retinue of soldiers attired in all the martial splendor they could muster. Nearby were the missionaries, forming, in their long black robes and broad-brimmed black hats, a striking contrast to the gayly attired soldiers. Holding aloof stood a group of Algonquin Indians, whose naked or scantily clad figures and painted faces indicated how futile had been the attempts of the missionaries at civilizing them. Nor were women wanting in this gathering of Quebec citizens. Madame Couillard was there, with her now grown-up children about her, as well as the wife and daughters of the surgeon, Monsieur Giffard, and the fair Madeleine de Repentigny, daughter of the admiral of the French fleet.

Father Le Jeune, superior of these missions, had caused everything possible to be done to give Madame de la Peltrie and her companions a warm welcome, yet it was with feelings of misgiving that he viewed their near approach. It was he who had been instrumental in bringing these women over, yet the same question vexed the mind of this wary, wizen-faced, shrewd little priest that has troubled that of many a pastor in the New World since then. The funds provided for carrying on the benevolent work in these colonies were so small that the missionaries themselves were frequently on the verge of starvation. How, then, were these seven delicate women to live in a country where there was scarcely a roof to shelter them, where they would have to brave the rigors of long and terrible winters, eat insufficient and uncooked food, and be exposed to contagious diseases and the treachery of the savages? Helpless creatures, who would only add new trials to those with which the colonists were already burdened.

Meanwhile, how had they fared in their voyage across the Atlantic? For more than two months they were buffeted by wind and storm, and many a time the great waves rose higher than the ship and threatened to engulf it. The passengers were filled with terror, and were frequently on their knees praying and making public vows for their safety. Once, when the group of timid women faced imminent death in the form of a huge iceberg, Marie Guyard, with French grace, arranged her draperies carefully about her, that she might die decently, she

said. When they got as far as Tadoussac, they were obliged to leave the larger vessel, and ascend to Quebec in a little fishing craft, subsisting for a fortnight on uncooked salted codfish.

At last, to the booming of cannon, these pioneers in women's charitable and educational work in Canada stepped on shore, "coming forth from their floating prisons," said Le Jeune, gallantly, forgetting for the moment his gloomy misgivings, "as fresh and rosy as when they left their homes, the vast ocean, with its billows and tempests, not having harmed them in the least." In a transport of joy they fell upon their knees and kissed the soil of their new country, declaring themselves willing to moisten it with their sweat, and, if need be, to dye it with their blood. Headed by the pious governor, they went in a procession to the little church to thank God for their preservation. On the way thither, Madame de la Peltrie stopped and kissed all the little red-skinned maidens whom she met, not minding the least whether they were dirty or not. The remainder of this first day in the New World was spent in examining the wigwams of the Indians, of which the filth, smoke, and naked or half-clad inmates would have daunted hearts less brave.

That night the foundress of the seminary for Indian girls lay down upon her hard pallet of pine twigs, weary and sick at heart over the misery and degradation that confronted her. The brilliant hues with which her imagination had painted this scene of her future labors became ashen and dull. In her dreams naked savages pursued her with uplifted tomahawks, black-robed priests turned forbiddingly from her, and the ship that had brought her to these desolate shores appeared as a dim speck on the horizon, relentlessly pursuing its way back to France. But when she was awakened the next morning by the guns of the fort firing off the morning salute, heard the chapel bell calling to early service, and saw the brilliant August sun streaming into the barrow windows of her chamber, hope and courage awoke in her breast. Filled with the thought of the great work that was before her she arose and went forth to put her hand to the plough, to till this field that had lain fallow for centuries.

Madame de la Peltrie's life in New France is inseparably associated with the school she founded, for it developed into the great Ursuline Seminary of Quebec, still active and flourishing after more than two and a half centuries. She and her companions took up their residence in a little two-roomed house previously used as a storehouse, which they playfully called their palace. It was in the Lower Town, near what is now known as the Champlain Market. The French inn now occupying the site is old, quaint, and foreign, and the traveller [sic] stopping there finds little difficulty in carrying himself back over the long flight of years, and conjuring up vivid pictures of the landing of these gentle French ladies. What emotions must have filled their hearts at the sign of this pitiful home standing almost solitary amid the desolate loneliness of the little clearing, with its background of vast and impenetrable forests!

The first care of the new arrivals was to devote themselves to the study of the Indian languages, under the tutelage of the missionaries, who had spent many sorrowful and tedious hours in this labor. But what it had taken them years to learn from the jeering and deceitful savages, who enjoyed nothing better than to hear them use in good faith the obscene and indecent words they had taught them, was imparted to these apt and eager pupils in much less time.

**Maids & Maidens of New France
Madame de la Peltrie**

The school began with six Indian and a few French girls. But soon reports of this wonderful institution, where girls, irrespective of race or condition, were taken in, clothed in beautiful garments, and given plenty of food, spread throughout the neighboring country, and crowds of red-skinned maidens flocked thither. So many made their appearance that the miniature seminary could not accommodate them all, and soon a larger and more commodious building was erected in the Upper Town, on the same site the school occupies today.

Madame de la Peltrie threw herself into the work of caring for these little savages with all the enthusiasm of her ardent French nature. She assumed the duty of teaching them the more polite accomplishments, while Marie Guyard and the other two women instructed them in the Catechism and the French language. It became her favorite diversion, after spending an hour or two in teaching them to sew, to dress them up like little French children, and take them to visit their Indian parents or to the chapel not far distant; and grotesque-looking little objects they were, with tight Norman caps covering their black and glistening locks, and snowy kerchiefs pinned round their tawny throats. They regulated all their actions by hers, and frequently astonished those about them by making an elaborate courtesy like a grand dame of France.

Their devotion to godly exercises was praiseworthy, for one frequently stumbled upon them in the most unexpected places kneeling and piously telling their beads, piping out the chorus in a shrill minor key in the seminary choir, or cornering their astonished relatives and proposing to them the knotty questions of the Catechism.

They became greatly attached to their cicerone. Her beauty, elegance of deportment, and high breeding impressed themselves even upon their untutored minds, and they willingly left their parents to follow her. It was one of her duties to inculcate in them purity and modesty, two virtues almost unknown to them. They devoted themselves so assiduously to the cultivation of these virtues that, when one of their number would appear with her neck bare, they would point the finger of shame at her; and once, when a man attempted to shake hands with little Indian Marie, she ran away in terror and diligently washed the infected spot.

It will be seen from these incidents how readily the daughters of the red men took to the new order of things inaugurated by this institution. Yet early in its history the main object of its establishment, the education and Christianizing of these girls, failed of success, and it was afterwards devoted principally to the education of the daughters of French settlers. The nomadic character of the savages, who every winter withdrew into the forest in search of game, taking their children with them, effectually prevented them from being benefited by the instruction they received there; for what they learned during the summer would be forgotten or disregarded amid the profligacy or coarseness of their winter surroundings. A few grew up into modest and discreet young women, "with nothing savage about them but their skins, who, having been provided a little dowry by benevolent French women, were in time married to Frenchmen, and from them many Canadians of today claim their origin.

Madame de la Peltrie's life in New France was one of strenuous endeavor. Aside from her duties in the seminary, she devoted herself to the study of the Indian languages, and is said

even to have tilled the soil with her own hands. After the first few years of her life, the historian only gives occasional glimpses of her, romantic and visionary always. One Holy Thursday, according to an ancient custom, in company with Madeleine de Repentigny, whose father, with his family and forty-five retainers, had settled in Quebec in 1636, she is seen washing the feet of the poor women of the colony; while the governor and his staff performed the same office for the men. "God knows," exclaimed the missionary who described this pious act, "how affected these barbarians were at seeing people of such quality at their feet! We explained to them why we exercised this act of humility, and they were intelligent enough to comprehend it. But their pleasure was still more evident, when, after this ceremony, we served them a fine dinner." Again Madame de la Peltrie is pictured to us attending the midnight mass one Christmas and kneeling at the altar in the midst of forty converted Indians. Another time they are exchanging New Year's gifts, and one of the missionaries expresses himself well pleased with the handsome prayer-book given him by this lady. She frequently journeyed to the neighboring parish of St. Joseph by water, accompanied by some of the little Indian girls nicely clad in the French fashion, and was received with delighted wonder by the Indians, who fired off all their guns in her honor.

In the year 1642, hearing of a new and romantic settlement about to be formed in Montreal, of which we, too, shall hear in the course of this narration, she ascended thither. Her biographer says that she was led to take this step through her desire to extend her pious labors to the savage nations of the North. At Montreal her picturesque figure is seen accompanying a band of devotees to the top of Mount Royal, in fulfillment of a vow which had saved their newly built fort from a threatened flood. Thirsting for still further adventure, she tried to accompany some Jesuit missionaries to the far Huron country, to instruct and minister to these distant nations. It required great diplomacy on the part of the missionaries to dissuade her from this perilous enterprise. Reluctantly she returned to Quebec and to her deserted sisters, whom, in her zeal for the newer and greater work that had called her, she had left in a state of destitution.

She continued to reside at Quebec, in a cottage built at her expense within the seminary enclosure, all the rest of her life. She died in 1671, at the age of sixty-eight years, thirty-three of which had been passed in New France. She was ministered to in her last sickness by a young priest, Monsieur de Bernières, nephew of the man who had played so important a part in her early life.

She never separated herself from the world by any religious vows, although she dressed in a half-religious garb. But the companion of her exile, who had crossed the ocean with her and who for thirty years was her counselor and friend, was an Ursuline nun. This was the distinguished woman known in Canadian history as Mother Marie Guyard of the Incarnation.

Maids & Matrons of New France

SECOND PERIOD

PIONEER WOMEN OF QUEBEC

IV

Mother Marie Guyard of the Incarnation

Almost every event of Marie Guyard's life has been recorded either by her own pen or that of some faithful historian. Her letters and memoirs form the basis of the most valuable histories of the early days of Canada. They are quoted both by secular and ecclesiastical writers, for no movement in the colony from the time of her arrival in 1639, whether it had to do with trade, exploration, politics, or religion, escaped her observation or the record of her faithful pen. She gives her opinion of all the new arrivals, bishops, officers, and governors; she knew the history and characteristics of all the neighboring Indian tribes; she kept watch of the public morals, helped the poor, reproved the indolent, cheered the discouraged, and was, in truth, the inspiration of the little colony for nearly thirty-five years. She is met with more



Mother Marie Guyard of the Incarnation

frequently, perhaps, than any other woman in the stories of early Canadian life. Ecclesiastical writers have pronounced eloquent eulogies on her character; and one, the Abbé Casgrain, has filled three small volumes with the story of her life.

Her embarkation at Dieppe and arrival in New France have already been sufficiently dwelt upon in the story of Madame de la Peltrie, as have also certain features of the new seminary. The labors of these two women in founding the seminary were in many respects identical, yet in this sketch of Mother Marie Guyard I find it necessary to dwell a little more on this institution and the events in the colony which affected its growth, in the hope that I may, through this medium, reflect her character. Her skillful management and strong executive ability brought the struggling institution through many perils to which the gentler and less aggressive nature of Madame de la Peltrie would have succumbed. And although no special

acts of bravery or heroism are related of her, she was the centre from which emanated the very life of the colony, the general on whom the whole success of the campaign depended.

Despite many trials and disappointments in the first year of her residence in New France, her letters to the mother country were so full of enthusiasm that those who had not been permitted to accompany her were again fired with a zeal to share the labors of their sisters in the New World. The result was that two more women came over in the spring to re-enforce them. Their arrival made it evident that the present quarters of the seminary were too restricted, and in the spring of 1641 the first stone of a new one was laid. It was hardly well under way before they were all thrown into a state of consternation and dismay over the unexpected departure of the foundress for Montreal. She not only took with her servants, but her furniture as well. Nor was this all. There was reason to believe that, if she decided to reside there permanently, she would also withdraw her financial aid from the seminary at Quebec. In these straits Mother Marie bethought herself of the expedient of beginning an extended correspondence with individuals in France, to induce them to contribute to the building of this school. She entered into the work with enthusiasm, and the first year is said to have written over six hundred letters. Thus she obtained funds to supply their more pressing needs.

After an absence of a year, as has been already said, Madame de la Peltrie returned to Quebec, never again to desert her protégées and dependants. The new seminary was finished and dedicated amid great rejoicing, and the future income of the institution was placed upon an assured basis. Other women were sent from France to share the burdens of their sisters, bringing with them ample stores and many little conveniences which greatly lightened the hardships of this life in the forest. To be sure, the new building, which seemed to them so commodious, was contracted enough at the best, for it was only ninety-two feet long and twenty-eight feet wide. They had to move into it before it was half finished and passed the entire winter (that of 1643) with no ceiling but the rafters; the fireplaces smoked and gave out little heat, although two hundred cords of wood were consumed in them. But these seemed trivial in comparison with the trials they already had suffered.

In the year 1649 a band of four or five hundred Huron Indians, the remnant of those once populous tribes, crushed, pursued, and almost annihilated by the successive onslaughts of the terrible Iroquois, finally deserted their ruined villages many hundred leagues to the north and took refuge among their saviors and friends, the French of Quebec. The history of the colony from this time on for nearly thirty years is little else than the history of the treacherous ambushes and attacks of the Iroquois, whose hatred was concentrated on these French for their friendliness to the Hurons. They appeared everywhere, prowling along rivers, skulking in forests, endeavoring to cut off food supplies, and suddenly descending upon isolated settlements and massacring all the inhabitants. To protect Quebec from their murderous attacks, Monsieur d'Ailleboust, the governor, had palisaded forts erected in the more settled parts where the defenceless inhabitants could take refuge at the first alarm. The settlers themselves, day as well as night, never went abroad without a gun or hatchet. Yet despite these precautions,

**Maids & Maidens of New France
Mother Marie Guyard of the Incarnation**

there were many terrible massacres throughout the country, and many a white man's scalp was carried dangling to the belts of the victorious enemy.

Yet Quebec took a firm foothold at this time and grew and prospered. "We think we are on the brink of a terrible precipice," writes Mother Marie to her son in France, "when we suddenly find ourselves on a sure footing. We hear about some catastrophe to be expected from the Iroquois, yet at the same time our settlers go on marrying, building, multiplying, clearing the land and tilling the soil." There is a picture of her about this time hanging on the walls of the present seminary at Quebec. She sits at the foot of an ash-tree and catechises [sic] her little Indian pupils. These stand about in exemplary attitudes of respectful attention, and seem to be responding with some uncertainty to the doctrinal questions proposed to them. This historic tree, the last of all its companions, was destroyed by a tempest in 1867. "What sentiments of joy and satisfaction must have welled up in her soul," exclaims her biographer, "as she sat there casting her eyes about on all that surrounded her! Finally beholding the entire fulfillment of all her desires; this savage country open to her ministrations, these cherished pupils, and above all this beautiful school arising from the bosom of the forest!"

But one night's disaster changed this peaceful contentment into perplexity and distress, and swept away in less than an hour the result of many years of labor and sacrifice.

Toward midnight of December 29, 1650, there suddenly rose upon the still night air the cry of "Fire! Fire!" Then there was a vision of women running hither and thither, to the belfry to ring the great bell and summon aid, to the well to get water, to the rescue of the little Indians. But their efforts to extinguish the fire and save the seminary were in vain, and the only satisfaction they had when it was over, was that they had all escaped with their lives. Mother Guyard, by endangering her life and resorting to the most hazardous expedients, finally being compelled to escape through the belfry, succeeded in saving some of the valuable manuscripts of the seminary and a few articles of clothing.

The Huron tribes living in the vicinity were among the first to show their sympathy in this misfortune. Having nothing left of all their possessions but two wampum belts of twelve hundred beads each, they offered Mother Marie and her associates these with the following address by the chief: "Holy sisters, you see before you poor skeletons, the remnants of a nation which once flourished, but is now no more. In the Huron country we were devoured and gnawed even to our bones by famine and war. These skeletons could not stand up were it not for you. You learned through letters to what extremities we were reduced, but now you can see it with your own eyes. Look at us, and see if we have not enough to make us weep over ourselves, and to shed ceaseless torrents of tears. Alas! this sad misfortune which has overtaken you renews our own troubles, and again causes the tears to flow which had begun to be dried up. Must fire, then, follow us wherever we go? Let us weep, let us weep, my dear countrymen, yea, weep over our miseries, especially those we have in common with these innocent virgins. Behold yourselves reduced, holy sisters, to the same miseries as your poor Hurons, for whom

you felt such compassion. Behold yourselves without a country, without a home, without food, and without succor, save from Heaven, which never loses you from sight.

“To strengthen your courage, here is a present of twelve hundred beads of porcelain, which will sink your feet so far down into the soil of this land that neither love of kindred nor of country will be able to draw them out of it. The second present that we pray you to accept is a similar necklace of twelve hundred beads of porcelain, to lay anew the foundation of your building, where you will continue to instruct our little Huron girls. Such are our vows, such also are yours, for you could not die content, if, dying, you were to reproach yourselves that for a too tender love of kindred, you had not aided in the salvation of so many souls. Yea, you will gather them together again, you will teach them to love God, and they will one day be your crown in heaven.”¹

This eloquent address of the Huron chief was responded to by Mother Marie Guyard, who assured him that she and her sisters would continue to instruct their children, that no disaster, however serious, would ever send them back to France, and that, having spent their lives in this land of Canada, one day their bones would all repose there together.

The Hospitalières gave the homeless seminary women shelter for three weeks, after which they removed with their pupils to the newly built house of Madame de la Peltrie. Here they found themselves in almost as narrow quarters as they were when they first arrived in Canada. They were without even the bare necessities of life, and the ships bringing the usual supplies were not due from France for several months. All the inhabitants of the town, however, rallied to their help. The missionaries presented them with cloth they had in reserve for their gowns, the governor supplied them almost entirely with food, and even the poor Indians brought their offerings: one a piece of linen, another an old cloak, another a fowl or a few eggs; in truth, almost anything that could be spared.

The prospect of rebuilding the school was a dark one, but the heart of the woman at the head of it was not cast down. Seeing no other hope of more commodious quarters, and having no money to hire laborers, she herself, followed by her associates, set to work to clear away the debris and begin the excavation for a new building. Slowly arose the new edifice, and a year passed before it was ready for occupancy. It was dedicated in May, 1652.

About this time the whole colony was thrown into a state of apprehension through a threatened attack of the Iroquois. It was reported that twelve hundred of them were on the war-path and were hastening down to Quebec on both banks of the St. Lawrence. This news was brought to the people while they were assembled in the chapel of the new seminary, celebrating a church holiday. No sooner was it received than they decided to convert the seminary into a fort, and the women were straightaway ordered to abandon it and take refuge in the house of the missionaries, where many of the inhabitants also resorted for protection, while others sought safety in the old fort. Mother Marie remained in the seminary with three of her

¹ This entire address, of which the above is only an extract, may be found in the *Jesuit Relations* of 1651. It is a curious fact that the descendants of this tribe may be seen today in the little village of Lorette near Quebec, still basking in the friendship and protection of the French Canadians.

**Maids & Maidens of New France
Mother Marie Guyard of the Incarnation**

assistants, furnishing munitions to the soldiers, preparing their food, and keeping an eye on the preservation of the building. Besides the twenty-four men who surrounded it, it was protected by a guard more redoubtable to the foe, twelve enormous bloodhounds which could scent the redskins with unerring fidelity. At the slightest alarm they would jump to their feet, and with bristling hair and flaming eyes eagerly sniff the air and utter low growls as a signal of danger.

The siege, which lasted five months, cannot be described in detail here. At last two Huron prisoners, who had miraculously escaped from the hands of the enemy, brought the news of the brave attack of Dollard, a young hero of Montreal, for this city had also been besieged, and the successful rout of the defeated foe.

Then another cloud loomed up in the horizon of the colony, compared with which the enmity of the Iroquois, who continued at intervals to harass the French settlers, was only a shadow. It is pictured in darker colors by the religious historians of the times, who attribute to it all the disasters which followed for the next five years.

In 1661 there came to Quebec as governor a sturdy old soldier, the Baron Dubois d'Avaugour. He wrote to the government at home a few emphatic letters, badly spelled and scantily worded, about the chaotic condition of the colony, indirectly and covertly attributing the failure of many enterprises to the religious party in Quebec. He ignored this element from the very beginning of his administration. On his arrival there, instead of going to the little chapel and performing his devotions, or standing sponsor to some newly baptized Indian, as the other governors had done, he proceeded straightway up the ramparts to examine into the condition of the fort.

Soon after his arrival a woman was found guilty of selling brandy to an Indian, an act which was strictly against the law, but which was surreptitiously indulged in by many of the colonists. One of the missionaries attempted to intercede for her with the governor, asking that the usual severe sentence for this offence be commuted, on the plea that she was a woman. This attempt at condoning a violation of the law so enraged the doughty governor that, in a spirit of retaliation, he nullified all previous prohibitions and licensed a free sale of liquor throughout the colony.

This step proved to be a disastrous one, for the Indians, savage and treacherous enough when sober, became raging demons when intoxicated. It was no sooner put into execution than the colony was thrown into indescribable confusion. The Indian women as well as the men drank freely and ran about naked, brandishing their swords and other weapons, and driving everybody before them. Day and night they haunted the public places of Quebec, no one daring to oppose them. Murders, acts of violence, monstrous and unheard of brutalities, were the results of this unlimited supply of fire water.

"I have told you in another letter," wrote Mother Marie to her son, "about a cross that is far harder to bear than the incursions of the Iroquois. There are in this country certain Frenchmen, so despicable and so little touched by the fear of God that they are ruining all our new Christians by giving them strong drink, such as wine and brandy, to get their beaver skins

from them.” The same sentiment is expressed by a letter of one of the missionaries to a friend in France. “My ink is not black enough,” he said, “to paint these misfortunes in their true colors. One would have to have the gall of a dragon to set down here the bitterness we have experienced from this terrible evil. It is all told when I say that we are losing in one month the sweat and labor of twenty years.”

But no threats or prayers would avail with the obstinate governor, and the evil was allowed to take its course, leaving the inhabitants of the little colony in constant apprehension from the tomahawks of the drunken savages, and the missionaries in despair as to the ultimate destination of their souls.

And as though these earthly troubles were not enough, the minds of the simple colonists began to be disturbed about this time by the appearance of strange phenomena in the heavens. These were the forerunners of the great earthquake of 1663. As the shocks became more frequent, they began to think the end of the world had come. Women fainted, men fell with their faces to the earth, beating their breasts in despair, or raising their hands to heaven and imploring the mercy of God, believing every instant that the earth was about to open and swallow them up. Many ran to the churches and threw themselves before the altars, often spending the whole night there. So great was the general consternation that one of the missionaries, as he naively related to Mother Marie afterwards, during one of these nights heard no less than six hundred confessions.

These convulsions of nature continued for seven months and resulted in important changes in the surface of the country. Mountains disappeared, and others were suddenly raised up. Whole forests were thrown down or engulfed in lakes opened up in one day. A new island arose in the St. Lawrence, and the courses of several rivers were turned.

It was said that the only one of all the colonists who remained calm and imperturbable during this awesome period was Mother Marie of the Incarnation. “She alone remained firm and secure,” says her biographer, “with an abandon and presence of mind capable of exciting the admiration of the angels themselves.” When the terrible and awe-inspiring phenomena began to subside she attributed it piously to the fact that the savages were becoming penitent. Whether the change in them was due to their superstitious fear of all strange phenomena in nature, or to the fact that they could no longer procure fire-water, cannot be stated, but it was very evident that they in truth had become sober and reasonable. Through the instigation of the clerical power a new governor had been appointed to supersede D’Avaugour, and restrictions were again placed upon the sale of liquor to the Indians. Canada at this time became a royal province, and the new viceroy brought thither in 1665 that military body known in Canadian history as the Carignan regiment, not only to protect the people from the savages and to enforce the laws in the colony, but also to people the country.

The object of these philanthropic French women in crossing the ocean and taking up their residence on the desolate heights of Quebec, was, as has been said, to educate Indian girls, convert them to the Christian faith, and then send them out as civilizing factors among their

**Maids & Maidens of New France
Mother Marie Guyard of the Incarnation**

fellow-savages. The failure of this mission has already been shown in the life of Madame de la Peltrie. The Indian girls came to their school; they were docile and intelligent, took delight in imitating the gentle manners and courtesies of their benefactresses. But they still remained savages, and no sooner found themselves among their own kindred again than they resumed all their savage customs, and in a short time had forgotten or discarded those principles of civilization which had been instilled into them with such labor.

Mother Marie Guyard had not been long in New France before she realized the futility of their efforts. "It is easier for a Frenchman to become a savage," she says, "than for a savage to adopt the customs of civilized nations." She acknowledged, thirty years after the opening of the seminary, that out of the great number of Indian girls instructed in it not more than a hundred had remained constant.

But the school did not want for pupils. There were the daughters of the colony to be



Ursuline Convent

educated, poor as well as rich. The former, however lowly their condition, were obliged to go at least a few months of the year; while many of the daughters of the well-to-do traders and government officers were placed in the seminary at the early age of six and remained there until they were fifteen or sixteen. And today a magnificent pile of buildings erected on the same spot as that chosen by Mother Marie in 1641 stands as a lasting monument to her courage and perseverance. She became an invalid in the latter part of her life, and much of her time was passed in painting and embroidery, for which she is said to have had an exquisite taste, as well as for the arts of sculpture and architecture. She was teacher and interpreter of the Indian languages, and in her later years compiled two immense dictionaries of the Algonquin tongue,

as well as a translation of the Catechism and the Scriptures into Algonquin. She died on the 30th of April, 1672.

Before leaving these two women in the background of Quebec's earliest pioneer days, let us turn our footsteps for a moment to the scene of their labors. Among the historic edifices of the old city none is of greater interest than the seminary on Parloir Street. It is a long, irregular pile of buildings, extending over several acres on one of the most beautiful sites of the Upper Town. Mother Marie Guyard's twentieth-century successor in this now famous institution, a delicate little lady of more than fourscore years, meets the visitor at the small iron grating and talks pleasantly of the many interesting features of the place. The picture is shown wherein is represented, in harsh outlines and lurid colors, the original seminary with Madame de la Peltrie's house in the foreground, while in the dense forest in the rear is conspicuous the hoary ash under which Mother Marie sat and taught the daughters of the red-skins Christianity and civilization. The historic events of later times are also commemorated here, for in the chapel of this seminary lie the bones of General Montcalm, his skull, for greater security, being kept in the apartments of the chaplain.

Let us cast our eyes over the seminary garden, visible from the windows of our hotel. Every known vegetable seems to be growing there,—not only growing, but luxuriating, and promising many a savory *potage* for the gentle ladies' winter dinners. One *parterre* is devoted to flowers, gorgeous midsummer blossoms, hollyhocks, sunflowers, asters, dahlias, phlox, and geraniums. In a small rustic bower sit several black-robed sisters, telling their beads or engaged in meditation. Are their thoughts flitting back, perchance, over the long lapse of years to the primitive beginnings of the institution? Do they see, in their imagination, those fair lilies of France transplanted here and shedding their beauty and fragrance over the primeval growths of the forest? The gray silence within the stone walls answers not, and with a sigh at the forgetfulness and ingratitude of posterity we turn away to other curious landmarks in the quaint old city.

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Ashes of Veterans Finally Laid to Rest

Commander Griffin Dalianis

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Submitted by Susan Paquette, #369

On Friday, August 22 [2008], there was an unusual burial service at the military cemetery in Boscowen [NH]. Four identifiable remains of veterans were interred. This in itself is not unusual, but these four veterans had no known family members and their ashes had languished at a funeral home for years—one veteran's ashes sat on a shelf for more than twenty years and had never been buried.

When the chief chaplain at the Veterans Administration Medical Center, Gary Rolph, told me about the unburied remains, I was angry. How could this have happened?

The director of the Veterans Cemetery, Roger Desjardins, said a funeral home director had called him about the cremated remains of veterans who had never been collected and had been put on a shelf. This was not the blame of any funeral home director, as there are so many implications of family members finding out months or years later about a death.

Rolph searched for information on John A. "Jean" Bissonnette, an army soldier who was born in Manchester [NH]. The Manchester City Clerk's office could not allow Rolph to access Bissonnette's family records because of the New Hampshire Vital Records Act which allows only family members to access birth records unless there is a tangential interest, so they recommended that he enlist my help because of my Army position.

I made several calls over the next couple of days, to no avail. Here are the names and pertinent information about these veterans. If you have any information, please call me.

John A. "Jean" Bissonnette, an Army veteran, was born Dec. 31, 1935 in Manchester and died Nov. 1, 1974 in West Palm Beach, FL.

Robert A. Caughey, an Army veteran, was born Oct. 14, 1917 in New Haven, CT and died Dec. 22, 1989 in Manchester [NH]. He has one known daughter, Carol Caruso, of Manchester, whose current whereabouts are unknown.

John E. Davison, an Air Force veteran who enlisted Mar. 26, 1946 in Manchester [NH] was born Oct. 16, 1928 to Harold and Ora (Bugs) Davison. He died July 4, 2002 in Claremont, NH. He was the widower of Patricia (Harrington) Davison, who died in 2001, and was a self employed truck driver.

William "Jack" Mitchell, an Army veteran, was born Aug. 10, 1928 in St. Petersburg, FL and was the son of G. Cecil and Ellen (O'Rourke) Mitchell. He died June 28, 2005 in Manchester, NH. He was a professional pianist. At the time of death he had no known family. On the brighter side, if there is one, more than four hundred veterans were in attendance at the interment. They represented all branches of service and all veterans organizations including the American Legion, Military Order of the Purple Heart and the veterans of Foreign Wars.

There were also active duty personnel from the Army, Coast Guard, National Guard, Marines, and the Navy, as well as state senators and representatives, members of Rolling Thunder, the Patriot Guard and residents of New Hampshire.

The Patriot Guard and Rolling Thunder have escorted all armed forces personnel killed in action in the War on Terrorism. The color guards included the American Legion, Marine Corps League Coast Guard and Honors, including a fire salute, taps and the folding of the flag for each of the four veterans.

It was a pleasure to see Jean Durgin, a Gold Star mother whose son, Russell Durgin, was killed in action in Afghanistan. Russell was a highly decorated soldier.

I want to thank Desjardins and Major General Ken Clark, the adjutant general. One of Clark's duties is to oversee the Veterans Cemetery in Boscowen. As I drove away from the cemetery on such a beautiful day, I thought about how these veterans are finally with their fellow comrades.

New Members

Shirley Giguere Morin, #2075

ID	Name	Address	City	State	Zip Code
2155	Dutremble, Bernadette	41 Merriman St	Bristol	CT	06010-
2156	Durant, Lolita	47 Everett Street	Bristol	CT	06010-
2157	Collins, Sherrill	41 Mountain Spring Road	Tolland	CT	06084-
2158	Harper, Judy	4190 Shearwater Way	Southport	NC	28461-
2159	Paulhus, John & Dorothy	319 Stroll Lane	Sun City	FL	33573-
2160	Robicheau, Allen	205 Plymouth Colony	Branford	CT	06045-
2161	Smith, Jackie	43 John St	Windsor Locks	CT	06096-
2162	Larned, Elaine & Linda Nichols	214 Jerusalem Rd	Windham	CT	06280-
2163	Morneault, Bernice	1756 Bar Harbor Dr	Fort Pierce	FL	34945-
2164	Landry, Thomas	59 Church St	Dedham	MA	06026-
2165	Lizotte, Joy A	21 Senexet Rd	Putnam	CT	06260-
2166	Touchette Jr, Edmond	1360 Locust Lane	Provo	UT	84604-
2167	Choquette, Gabriel & Anne	134 Greenview Terrace	Middletown	CT	06457-
2168	Aubin, Mary	112 Rich Rd	North Grosvenordale	CT	06255-
2169	Simoneau, Christine	7 Country Club Dr	No. Franklin	CT	06254-
2170	Chicoine, David	P.O. Box 190	Putnam	CT	06260-
2171	New York Public Library	Fifth Ave & 42nd Street	New York	NY	10018-
2172	Poulin, Eloi	P.O. Box 182	E. Berlin	CT	06023-
2173	Chavez, Brenda	516 Hartford Ave	Wethersfield	CT	06109-

New York Repertoires in the FCGSC Library Collection Sorted by Locality and Institution

Paul R. Keroack, #157

On the shelves at the FCGSC library, the New York repertoire collection is sorted by number (NY01, etc.), in the order that each volume was acquired for the library. Members may find it easier to use the following index. This and future indexes will be part of the new cataloging process now underway.

No.	Locality	Record	Repertoire
NY31	Albany	Bap	St. George, 1917-1998 (Lithuanian)
NY31	Albany	Bur	St. George, 1917-1989 “
NY31	Albany	Mar	St. George, 1917-1996 “
NY32	Ballston Lake	b,m,s	Our Lady of Grace, 1922-1999
NY07	Cadyville	B, s.	St. James, 1864-1881
NY03	Champlain	B, s.	1853-1880
NY14	Chateaugay Lake	Cem	Lakeside Cemetery (Franklin Co.)
NY63	Chautauqua County	Cem	Poorhouse Cemetery, to 1992
NY16	Chazy	Bap	Sacred Heart, 1907-1917
NY16	Chazy	Bur	Sacred Heart, 1907-1926
NY16	Chazy	Cem	(McLellan's cemetery records) Sciota Cemetery
NY07	Churubusco	B, s.	St. Philomene, 1864-1881
NY35	Clinton County	B,m	1999, 2000, 2001
NY23	Clinton County	Cem	Headstone inscriptions, v. 1, 2
NY36	Clinton County	Cem	Headstone inscriptions, v. 3
NY20	Clinton County	Cen	1925 State Census (head of household)
NY38	Clinton County	Death	v. 1, 1990-2003; v. 2 1968-1989
NY01	Clinton County	Mar	1830-1880
NY64	Clinton County	Mar	1830-1880 (dup of NY01) – title in French - “Comte de Clinton”
NY17	Clinton County	Mar	1830-1880, addendum
NY66	Clinton County	Obit	Obituaries, 1955-2004
NY18	Clinton County	Obit	1999-2000, v. 7-8
NY34	Clinton County	Obit	Obituaries, 2001
NY37	Clinton County	Obit	Obituaries, 2003
NY39	Clinton County	Obit	Obituaries, 2004
NY61	Clinton County	Obit	Obituaries, 2005
NY67	Clinton County	Obit	Obituaries, 2006
NY18	Clinton County	Vital	Births, marriages, anniversaries, obituaries, v.1-6, 1994-1998
NY60	Cohoes	Bap	St. Joseph, 1868-2003, 3 v.
NY27	Cohoes	Mar	St. Joseph, Oct 1867-May 1999
NY02	Coopersville	B, s.	St. Joseph du Corbeau, 1843-1880
NY03	Dannemora	B, s.	1853-1880
NY07	Ellenburg	B, s.	St. Edmund, 1864-1881

Connecticut Maple Leaf, Winter 2008-2009

No.	Locality	Record	Repertoire
NY08	Erie County	Mar	Early Canadian marriages, 1840-1888 (4 v.)
NY35	Essex County	B, m	1999, 2000, 2001
NY38	Essex County	Death	v. 1, 1990-2003; v. 2 1968-1989
NY15	Essex County	Mar	St. John's Episcopal
NY66	Essex County	Obit	Obituaries, 1955-2004
NY18	Essex County	Obit	1999-2000, v. 7-8
NY34	Essex County	Obit	Obituaries, 2001
NY37	Essex County	Obit	Obituaries, 2003
NY39	Essex County	Obit	Obituaries, 2004
NY61	Essex County	Obit	Obituaries, 2005
NY67	Essex County	Obit	Obituaries, 2006
NY18	Essex County	Vital	Births, marriages, anniversaries, obituaries v. 1-6, 1994-1998
NY35	Franklin County	B, m	1999, 2000, 2001
NY38	Franklin County	Death	v. 1, 1990-2003; v. 2 1968-1989
NY68	Franklin County	Obit	Obituaries, 1959-1987
NY65	Franklin County	Obit	1887-1958
NY66	Franklin County	Obit	Obituaries, 1955-2004
NY18	Franklin County	Obit	1999-2000, v. 7-8
NY34	Franklin County	Obit	Obituaries, 2001
NY37	Franklin County	Obit	Obituaries, 2003
NY39	Franklin County	Obit	Obituaries, 2004
NY61	Franklin County	Obit	Obituaries, 2005
NY67	Franklin County	Obit	Obituaries, 2006
NY18	Franklin County	Vital	Births, marriages, anniversaries, obituaries v. 1-6, 1994-1998
NY54	Glen Falls	Bap	St. Alphonsus, 1855-2003, 2 v.
NY44	Glen Falls	Bur	St. Alphonsus, 1855-2003
NY45	Glen Falls	Mar	St. Alphonsus, July 1855-March 2003
NY63	Hamlet	Cem	Hamlet Cemetery, to 1976
NY63	Hanover	Cem	Nashville Cemetery, to 1925
NY19	Hogansburg	B, m	St. Patrick, 1843-1852
NY04	Keeseville	B, s.	St. John Baptist, 1853-1880
NY 15	Keeseville	Cem	Old Cemetery
NY06	Massena	Mar	Sacre Coeur, 1884-1983
NY05	Mooers Forks	B, s.	St. Anne de Centreville, bap. 1861-69, 1874-77, bur. 1861-69
NY21	New York	Gen	Indians from N.Y, Wisconsin, etc., v. 1
NY21	New York	Gen	Indians from N.Y., Ontario & Quebec, v. 2
NY21	New York	Gen	Indians from New York, v. 3
NY13	Northern N.Y.	Cem	North county cemeteries, lumbermen burials at Boonsville, Tupper Lake, Old Forge, Wells, Forrestport
NY11	Plattsburg	Bap	St. Peter, 1852-1853
NY11	Plattsburg	Mar	St. Peter, 1881-1883
NY63	Pomfret	Cem	Kelley Cemetery, to 1999
NY03	Redford	B, s.	1853-1880

New York Repertoires in the FCGSC Library Collection

No.	Locality	Record	Repertoire
NY09	Redford	Bap	Assumption of Mary, 1853-1910
NY09	Redford	Bur	Assumption of Mary, 1853-1923
NY09a	Redford	Mar	Assumption of Mary, 1881-1922
NY57	Rotterdam	Bap	Our Lady of the Assumption, Dec 1933-June 2002
NY56	Rotterdam	Bur	Our Lady of the Assumption, 1933-2002
NY49	Rotterdam	Mar	Our Lady of the Assumption, Dec 1933-July 2002
NY03	Rouses Point	B, s.	1853-1880
NY53	Schenectady	Bap	Sacred Heart, Oct 1902-July 2001
NY51	Schenectady	Bap	St. Columba, Dec 1907-Nov 1974
NY46	Schenectady	Bur	St. Columba, May 1909-Nov 1974
NY52	Schenectady	Bur	Sacred Heart, Mar 1904-July 2001
NY24	Schenectady	Mar	Sacred Heart, Nov. 1903-1998
NY28	Schenectady	Mar	St. Columba, Apr 1908-Oct 1974
NY40	Schenectady	Mar	St. Joseph, 1862-2000
NY33	Schuylerville	B, s	Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 1868-1987
NY48	Schuylerville	Bap	Notre Dame de Lourdes, Nov 1889-Jan 2002
NY47	Schuylerville	Bap	Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 1867-Nov 1987
NY58	Schuylerville	Bur	Notre Dame de Lourdes, May 1890-Jan 2002
NY59	Schuylerville	Mar	Notre Dame de Lourdes, June 1889-Dec 2001
NY33	Schuylerville	Mar	Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 1891-1987
NY16	Standish	Cem	St. Michael's Cemetery
NY62	Steuben County	Mar	Marriage from newspapers, 1837-1868
NY62	Steuben County	Obit	Obituaries from newspapers, 1837-1868
NY29	Troy	Bap	St. Jean Baptist, Aug, 1852-1970
NY42	Troy	Bap	St. Patrick, 1872-2000, 2 v.
NY50	Troy	Bap	St. Patrick, 1872-2004, 2 v. (dup of NY42)
NY30	Troy	Bur	St. Jean Baptist, 1875-1970
NY43	Troy	Bur	St. Patrick, 1919-2004
NY30	Troy	Mar	St. Jean Baptist, 1852-1970
NY15	Wallonsburg (Essex County)	Cem	Mather Cemetery
NY41	Waterford	Bap	St. Anne, July 1887-June 2002
NY55	Waterford	Bur	St. Anne, 1935-June 2002
NY55	Waterford	Mar	St. Anne, Nov 1908-June 2002
NY10	West Plattsburg	Cem	Morrisonville R.C. Cemetery, to 1985
NY15	Westport (Essex County)	Cem	Burying Ground
NY25	Whitehall	Bap	Notre Dames des Victoires, 1844-1997, 2 v.
NY26	Whitehall	Bur	Notre Dame des Victoires, 1860-1997
NY22	Whitehall	Mar	Notre Dame des Victoires, 1843-1997

A Line of Women

Ray Cassidy, #747

www.RaysPlace.org

When people first start to do their genealogy they are primarily interested in tracing back their paternal lineage. These are the ancestors with their family name or surname, also called the male line. Many people stop there, but many others go on to do their maternal lineage or the male line of their mother.

There is another lineage which is often neglected and this is the umbilical or female line. This is the one which I find the most interesting because the family names change with each generation so you never know where you will end up. Also, because women tend to marry at a younger age, a line of women will go back more generations than a line of men. In some primitive societies only the umbilical line is considered as being a person's ancestry. Their belief is that because women are the child bearers, they alone are responsible for the ancestry of their offspring.

Of interest also is how mitochondrial DNA or mtDNA can be used in genealogy. Because mtDNA is inherited from the mother (maternally inherited) it follows the umbilical or female line and changes very little over thousands of years. With the use of mtDNA, relationships between people who descend from a common female line can be proved. As an example, outlaw Jesse James's remains were identified using a comparison between mtDNA extracted from his remains and the mtDNA of the son of the female line great-granddaughter of his sister.

The following chart reflects my umbilical or female line. It goes back fourteen generations to my matrilineal ancestor Thomine Chastel.

Umbilical (Female) Line of Raymond James Cassidy

Maternal Ancestor	Marriage	Spouse (Parents)
I		
Thomine Chastel <i>ca. 1600 -1667</i> (Benoit / Ne...)	1630 Jun 13 [1] La Ventrouze, Perche, France	Jean Bigot +/1632 (Jean / Jeanne Marges)
II		
Françoise Bigot <i>1631-1706</i>	1647 Sep 19 [1][2][3][4] Québec, Nouvelle-France	Charles Guillebourg <i>1609-1658</i> (Charles / Jeanne LeMesle)

A Line of Women

Maternal Ancestor	Marriage	Spouse (Parents)
III		
Marguerite Guillebourg¹ <i>1656-1729</i>	1670 Jun 24 (ct Becquet) [1][2][4] Sillery, Nouvelle-France	Antoine Pouliot <i>ca 1644-1675/1676</i> (Antoine / Jeanne Espinon)
IV		
Jeanne Pouliot² <i>1672-1703</i>	1691 Nov 1 (ct Rageot) [1][2] Sillery or Tilly, Nouvelle-France	Pierre Dumais <i>1663-1714</i> (Jean / Jeanne Voidy)
V		
Marie-Jeanne Dumais³ <i>ca 1696-1749</i>	1715 Jan 15 (ct Laneuville) [1][2][3][4] Ste-Croix, Nouvelle-France	Jacques Houde/Desruisseaux <i>ca 1688</i> (Jacques / Marie-Louise Beaudet)
VI		
Marie-Françoise Houde <i>ca 1719-1754</i>	1738 Jan 27 [2][3][4] St-Antoine-de-Tilly, Nouvelle-France	Louis Croteau <i>1716-1762</i> (Charles / Marie-Suzanne Dion)
VII		
Marie-Françoise Croteau <i>1753-1843</i>	1772 Aug 24 [2][5][6] St-Nicolas, Québec, Canada	Jean-Baptiste Aubin <i>1746-1830</i> (Joseph / Marie-Charlotte Fréchette)
VIII		
Marie-Charlotte Aubin	1795 Oct 13 [2][5][7] St-Antoine-de-Tilly, Québec, Canada	Alexis Genest <i>1772</i> (Alexis / Marie-Josephte Baron)

1 Or Guilleboust

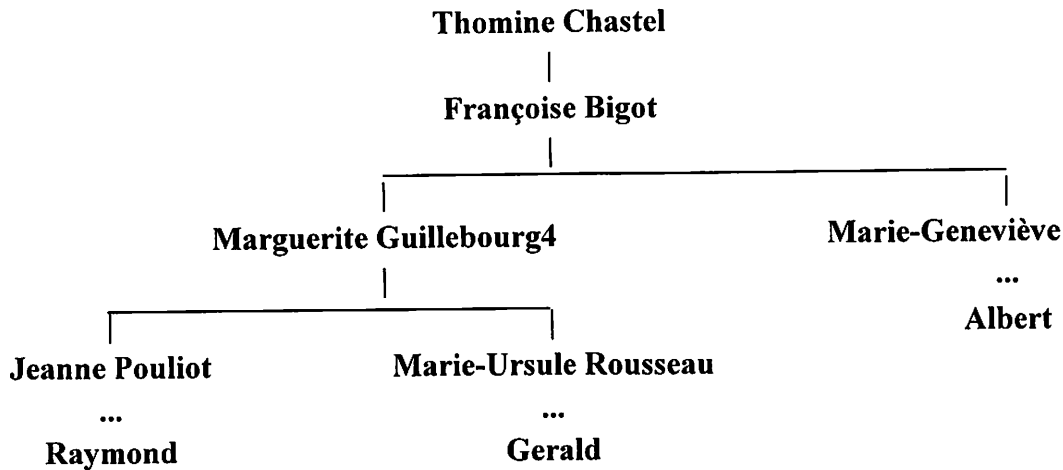
2 Or Pouillot or Pouyault. Sources [3] & [4] give her parents as Charles and Françoise Meunier but their daughter Jeanne was born in 1678 and did not marry Pierre.

3 Or Demers.

Maternal Ancestor	Marriage	Spouse (Parents)
IX		
Marie-Charlotte Genest	1825 Feb 14 [5][7] St-Antoine-de-Tilly, Québec, Canada	Germain Garneau (Augustin / Marie-Louise Bergeron)
X		
Marie-Archange Garneau	1846 Dec 2 [5][8] St-Gilles, Québec, Canada	Jean-Baptiste Martineau (Alexis / Marguerite Dubois)
XI		
Philomène Martineau <i>1851-1914</i>	1870 Jul 5 [5][9] Laurierville, Québec, Canada	François-Xavier Méthot <i>1849-1888</i> (Elzéar / Lucie Sévigny)
XII		
Josephine Méthot <i>1883-1963</i>	1905 Aug 14 [10] Ste-Marie, Manchester, NH, USA	Honoré-Philippe Nadeau <i>1880-1949</i> (Alfred / Aurelie Guénette)
XIII		
Juillenne-Philomène Nadeau <i>1909-2006</i>	1941 Nov 22 [11] St-Jean-Baptiste, Manchester, NH, USA	James Ernest Cassidy <i>1914-1991</i> (Ernest / Marie-Anne Marquis)
XIV		
Raymond James Cassidy	1970 Oct 31 Stamford, CT, USA	Elizabeth Agnes Obman (Richard / Elizabeth Lanefski)

Recently I was contacted by a gentleman, Albert, who informed me that he also descended from Thomine as his female line ancestor and knew someone else (Gerald) who did the same. The most recent common matrilineal ancestor with Albert and me is Françoise Bigot, the daughter of Thomine Chastel, through her daughter Marie-Geneviève Guilleboust. With Gerald our most recent common matrilineal ancestor is Marguerite Guilleboust, another daughter of Françoise Bigot. These relationships are shown in the following chart.

A Line of Women



Both Albert and Gerald have had their mtDNA tested and the results are haplogroup⁵ K which represents a sizeable fraction of Western Europeans and is particularly common around the Alps and the British Isles. Also, approximately thirty-two percent of the haplotypes of modern people with Ashkenazi Jewish⁶ ancestry are in haplogroup K. Other Western European haplogroups include H, T, U, V, X, I, J, & W.

There are two main subclades of haplogroup K, K1 and K2. K1 is further subdivided as K1a, K1b and K1c and K1b is further subdivided as K1b1 and K1b2. Gerald has done further testing and is K1b2, so the mtDNA of Thomine Chastel, Albert and I should also be K1b2.

Also of interest is that the mtDNA analysis of Ötzi the Iceman⁷ has shown that Ötzi belongs to the K1 subclade but that it cannot be categorized into any of the three modern branches of that subclade (K1a, K1b or K1c). A new subclade has preliminarily been named K1ö for Ötzi.

Within the K haplogroup in Western Europe the K1a subclade is dominant and K1b, K1c and K2 are present with substantially equal percentages. When we look at Scandinavia the K1a subclade is almost absent while K1c is dominant, K1b is at its highest level and K2 is a little bit less than K1b. The K1b subclade has a very low representation in Central and Southern Europe and has no representation at all in Eastern Europe. We know that Thomine Chastel was from the province of Perche in France which borders Normandie and that the Normans were Scandinavians who settled in this area and assimilated with the local population. This leads me to believe that Thomine's matrilineal ancestors are Scandinavian.

4 Marguerite married twice, Antoine Pouliot and Jacques Rousseau.

5 A haplogroup is a group of similar haplotypes that share a common ancestor.

6 The Jews who descended from the medieval Jewish communities of the Rhineland in the west of Germany.

7 The frozen mummy from 3300 BC found in the Alps in 1991 on the Austrian-Italian border.

Prior to this knowledge I would have guessed her matrilineal ancestors to be Celtic.

As you can see there is a lot to this DNA stuff. I plan on having my mtDNA tested in the near future and it should turn out to be K1b2, the same as Gerald's. If your female line or matrilineal ancestor is Thomine Chastel, please contact me via e-mail at: rayc@raysplace.org.

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Internet links for further DNA study

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MEN AGAINST GRANITE
Up on the Hill
Roaldus Richmond

Editor's Note: During the Great Depression, the Work Progress Administration (WPA) hired writers to conduct interviews of people from all walks of life and record their stories. Following is an account of the day in the life of a quarry worker in Vermont.

*Courtesy of Library of Congress, Manuscript Division, WPA Federal Writers' Project Collection
American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940*

The car passed through crooked streets lined with frame houses, turned sharply and labored up a steep grade between great pyramids of waste granite. The valleys below were still drowned in white mist, but the hilltop stood clear in the early morning light. The homely wooden houses of Graniteville and Websterville were scattered over the broad summit of Millstone Hill, their windows catching the long flat rays of the rising sun. In the distance the mountains stood ranked against the sky. Five of the six men crowded into the automobile were silent, still sullen from sleep. The sixth, the youngest and biggest, was Dominick Mori and he was kidding and laughing through the smoke of his cigarette.

Leroux, the blacksmith, said: "You're too damn cheerful for so early in the morning, Dom. You're worse'n my wife. She's a Swede and nothing bothers her. She gets up so cheerful it drives me crazy."

"Must be because I live right," grinned Dom Mori.

"Hell," said Leroux. "At your age a man don't have to live right."

At the top of the grade they wheeled round into a row of parked cars, and the men got out with their dinner pails. It was just before eight o'clock. Dom Mori walked past derrick-masts and across railroad tracks to the wooden guard-rail at the brink of the quarry. It was a vast open pit some three-hundred feet deep. The granite had a clean gray look; the walls were sliced down step by step as with a giant knife. Overhead was a network of guy wires and cables interlaced against the pale blue sky. On all sides loomed gaunt mounds of grout, giving the entire hill the appearance of a ruined fortress.

Dow Mori joined his friend, Pepe Perez, another strapping youngster, on the quarry rim. Perez grinned and tossed his black head. "Another day in the hole, kid." He swore. "If anyone told me five years ago I'd be in a quarry I'd told him he was nuts. It's the last thing I ever thought of doing, Dom."

"Better than being in the army, Pepe."

"You'll be in the army yet, boy," Perez said. "I've got a wife and a kid."

"They're going to take married men first. They're more used to fighting," said Don Mori. "Well, here we go."

Now the men were climbing down the steep plank stairs into the quarry hole, French, Italian, Spanish, Irish and Scotch, carrying lunchboxes and tools. It was a long way down. The stairs seemed to drop sheer and dizzily under your feet. At the bottom it was still damp and cold; the sun wasn't high enough to penetrate the depths. The pump man [was] already sucking water from the lowest corner. Dominick Mori left Perez and joined the Old-Timer, Lavalle, a veteran French quarryman with whom he worked.

They crossed the uneven stone floor and climbed a high ladder made of logs with two-by-fours for rungs. All around the quarry men were climbing such ladders to work on shelves at various levels. Dom Mori and the Old-Timer were well up toward the rim, and that was good because the sun reached them early. The blocks they were to work on had already been chalked off by the boss, and yesterday they had drilled along the chalk lines with channel bars. Now the pieces were partly loosened from their bed on the ledge.

The Old-Timer said they wouldn't have to call the powder man up to blast them out, they could do it with the air drills. The Old-Timer didn't like to use dynamite or even black powder. The rock they were working on was good and clear, unstreaked by salt-horse or black-horse, the grain running horizontal in a drift. It would be good stuff for the stonecutters down in the City to work with, and Dom thought of his older brother, Aldo, who was a carver. Dom and Aldo were very close, pals as well as brothers, and Dom had been lonely ever since Aldo got married and moved from the Hill down into Barre.

Dom and his mother were alone in the house on the Hill now. His father was dead. It was a nice comfortable little home, but now with Aldo gone too it seemed empty. His mother never complained but Dom knew she must be lonesome there all day by herself. And nights as well when he was out with Angela. Sometimes Dom took his mother to movies down in the City. He was proud of her. She still looked young and handsome, and she was so understanding and generous and devoted.

"Well, how's the old strike-breaker this morning?" Dom grinned at his mate.

"Don't be calling me a scab," growled the Old-Timer. "I told you I came here in 1892 when I was nineteen years old. I was here before most of you Wops. I came down from Quebec."

"Sure," kidded Dominick. "In 1921 when they brought all you farmers down from Canada to break the strike and take all the jobs."

"What do you know, a young punk like you?" said the Old-Timer. "I was right here and I helped lick some of them scabs, too. We had some fun with them new fellers. They was all farmers, they didn't know nothing, and they worked cheap. I know some union men helped show them new Frenchmen the trade. That was a bad thing. After that big strike I didn't get no work for two years. Two whole years, by God."

The chatter of the pneumatic drills now made conversation impossible. Dust clouded up around them as the steel chewed into the gray stone.

MEN AGAINST GRANITE
Up on the Hill

Old-Timer Lavalley was a short stocky man of sixty-seven with a face like wrinkled leather and red-rimmed eyes. Dust covered him and lined the deep creases in the back of his neck. He threw one leg over his jack-hammer and the vibration shook his entire body. Dom Mori held his own drill steady with powerful young arms.

Lavalley had been in the quarries ever since 1892, except for six years in the Ely Copper Mine at Vershire. His father had worked the asbestos mines in the Province of Quebec before coming to Barre. A quarry accident killed him. Lavalley had been on the Hill a long time and raised a family there. Now there was only one daughter left at home, and she kept house for the Old-Timer. His wife was dead and all the others had gone away, married and settled down elsewhere. None of his sons were in the granite business. Lavalley didn't want them in it. "No place for a young feller, in the quarries," he said.

The Old-Timer had a little house of his own in Upper Graniteville, a quiet pleasant place to live now. He could remember when it was like a mining town in full boom; and nothing quiet about it then. The Hill was a wild raw place in those early days. The workers were mostly young, unmarried and reckless. They lived in boarding-houses, spent their money freely, and did a lot of hard drinking. "Salting the colt," was what they called driving a horse-and-buggy out into the country to buy a jug of cider from some farmer. The arrival of the stagecoach bringing the mail from Barre was a great event each day at six P.M.

Was it Black Mike or Red John who said, "What do we do? We don't do nothing but work and eat and sleep. On payday we hire a team, go to Barre; get drunk, smash the wagon, and pay a fine or go to jail."

Then a derrick was operated by hand-power, two men on the crank. Later horses were hitched to long sweeps and plodded about in a circle to generate power for the derrick. A quarryman couldn't earn more than \$2.25 a day at that time, but money went a lot farther then. That was as good as \$7 or \$8 a day now, maybe better.

The Hill had changed all right. It was settled and peaceful now, the workers were family men, the boarding-houses were gone. The Old-Timer seldom went down to the city any more; most of his friends were dead or gone away. He liked best the long summer evenings, cool and still on his porch after getting the sun all day in the quarry. Every evening he sat there smoking his pipe until the shadows deepened and the lights winked on. The smell of green earth and woodlands was sweet after the hot stone dust of the daytime. Lavalley missed Marie, his wife, but he never spoke of her... In the summer his sons and daughters brought their families to visit, and he was happy playing with his grandchildren.

He was glad he had stayed away from the sheds in Barre. It was better to be out in the open air. In the sheds he wouldn't have lasted this long. Dante Mori, Dom's father, had been under fifty when he died. There was more money down there; in the quarries they lost many days because of bad weather. But he was satisfied to have it the way it was.

The Old-Timer really preferred a smaller quarry, where six or eight men did all the work. There you had to do everything; here each man had his own special job. But even in a big quarry like this the bosses didn't bother you much. Each man went about his task with a calm assurance.

There was little bossing and no slave-driving. Under the heat and racket the men were stolid, patient, and efficient.

The sun climbed higher until it was burning into his back. Lavalle stopped drilling, cleaned the stone and his clothing with blasts from the air-hose, inspected the cleavage, and straightened to rest his aching body. He was still tough and strong, but he tired quicker than he used to. It was hard work, even for brawny youngsters of twenty-one like Dom Mori. He liked the big good-looking boy who worked and laughed beside him and kidded him so much.

Dom paused to use the hose on himself and the block. The dust fanned up and thinned in the sunlit air. Dom Mori turned to face the sun and stretch his limbs in its bright warmth. He took off his faded blue work shirt. His splendid torso was already burnt darkly by sun and wind, tapering from broad shoulders and deep chest down to a trim waist. His dark hair curled damp and close on his heads and his eyes were clear and blue.

Old-Timer Lavalle said; "I bet you got lots of girls, huh?"

Dominick Mori laughed. "Sure, hundreds of 'em, Old-Timer."

"You ain't no movie star," Lavalle said, spitting and tuning back to his drill.

"Take it easy now," warned Dom.

"Don't worry, I'll take it easy," said Lavalle. "I'm old enough to know how to do that."

Up on the surface the riggers were greasing some of the derricks and hoists, and the yard was alive with the clattering din of jack-hammers where other workers were cutting blocks down to size. Scotty Kincaid backed his locomotive up the track and waited for the flatcars to be loaded.

On the shelf where Pepe Perez worked in the quarry they were roping a block for the derrick. Perez signaled with long arms to the head derrick-man at the top of the quarry, who relayed the signal on to the engineer at the controls in the engine-room. A whistle shrilled sharply through the general din, and workmen on the bottom moved out of the way and the huge boom swung across the pit. Perez stood with hands on hips waiting for the cable. Chains were made fast, tested, and Perez applied the big hook. Everyone watched and the block stirred, swayed free and lifted slowly. Last week a stone had dropped with the toppling crash of thunder, skidded across the floor and pinned the Spaniard Manuel against the wall with a crushed leg. Manuel's scream had pierced the echoing roar of the hurtling block. Now they all thought of that as thirty-odd tons of granite swung clear and up over the quarry.

Steadily the mass of rock went up and vanished over the far rim. The men in the hole shook the sweat out of their eyes and went back to work. Big Pepe Perez yelled across: "That's the way to get 'em out fast, Dominick!"

Before noon Dom Mori had his piece free and went about cutting it in halves. First he used the air drill to bore a row of holes; then he inserted plugs in the holes and took up the sledge hammer. Moving along the row he swung the sledge with force and precision, one stroke to each plug. The line of cleavage was barely discernible in the beginning. As he repeated the process the

MEN AGAINST GRANITE
Up on the Hill

line widened. The blazing sun was high and hot now, and Dom's brown body gleamed with sweat. The muscles flowed and rippled under the skin as he swung the hammer.

The twelve o'clock whistle was welcome. Men climbed down the ladders to their lunch-boxes on the bottom. Old-Timer Lavalley stayed on his ledge. "I ain't got no women to brag about with you young fellers," he told Dom. Some of the quarrymen mounted the long steep stairway to the surface, but most felt that it was too much of a climb. Dom Mori took some drill points to Leroux, the blacksmith, for sharpening. Steel loses its edge quickly on the hard-fibred rock.

Allaire Leroux sat near his red-glowing forge, a slender man with a sharply cut face and whimsical blue eyes. The term blacksmith seemed incongruous until you noticed his strong hands, muscular arms and shoulders. Even with the sun's glare and the heat from the forge Allaire Leroux looked cool.

"I don't sweat no more," Leroux said. "I can't sweat. I'm a sick man, Dom."

"You don't drink enough, Al," Dom told him.

"I don't drink nothing now," Leroux said sorrowfully. "I can't take a drop. My stomach is all gone. I don't mind not drinking so much, but I can't eat either. I always liked to eat and I get goddamn hungry now. But to keep on working I got to be careful what I eat."

"I thought they fixed you all up at the Veteran's Hospital in White River.

"Hell, no. That's a nice place they got there, but they didn't do me much good. I was there about a month and I got sick of it. I didn't feel any better and I got lonesome for my wife and kids. So one day I asked for my clothes and got out of there. I can't stand laying round doing nothing. When I get home from here I always work round the house or garden. There's always things to be done, and I feel better doing them."

Dom Mori munched a salami sandwich and washed it down with cool red wine, while Allaire Leroux used his tongs to adjust tools heating in the fire.

"How'd you take up tool-sharpening, Al?" Dom asked.

"I don't know. I tried about everything. My old man was a farmer and I tried that awhile. All I liked about that was trading cattle and horses and equipment. I put over some nice deals, too. I worked in a garage, and I did carpenter work. I was a jack of trades, Dom... But when I was a kid I used to hang round the blacksmith shop in the village. In them days the stone-cutting tools went to regular blacksmiths to be sharpened. The shop on the Hill was a great place for the old-timers to hang out. I liked to listen to them. There was Black Mike, the Irishman; Red John, the Scotchman; old Jed Wygant, the biggest liar of all; and that giant Swede Svensen. They always had a bottle to pass round while they told lies about drinking, fighting, women, and how strong they were. They gave me my first drink." Allaire Leroux grinned boyishly. "I guess I started growing my stomach ulcers right there."

It all came back to him as he talked. The clanging music of hammer and anvil, the smoke and heat, the smell of hot iron and leather, horses and men. There he had learned about fires, forges, and putting an edge on steal tools.

"You still run that roller-skating place, Al?"

"Yeah, three nights a week," Leroux said. "I go home from the quarry, take a bath, change and eat supper. On this diet of mine it don't take long to eat. Then I drive my wife down

to the rink and we work until midnight. It makes a long day, but I don't mind it, I like to keep busy, and it means a little extra money." He drew a chisel from the coals and placed it on the anvil.

"How's your girl, Dominick? Why don't you bring Angela round to the house sometime? I'm not drinking but I keep a little stuff on hand. I'd like to see your brother Aldo and his wife, too. We don't see Aldo much since he got married and moved down to the City."

"I don't either," said Dom Mori. "But I'll bring them all over sometime, Al. Well, back to the chain-gang it is." The whistle was blowing, and men started clambering back to work.

The afternoon passed swiftly enough for Dom Mori, working and joking with Old-Timer Lavallo.

They got their pieces ready to go out, and Dom signaled to the derrick-man, drawing his hand across his stomach for the inch-and-a-half rope, and a slicing palm-to-palm motion for the half-inch chain. The Old-Timer was an expert with ropes and chains. The blocks were made secure one by one, hooked to the derrick, and lifted steadily up and out. Dom Mori and the Old-Timer watched them go with quiet satisfaction.

"Good pieces," Old-Timer Lavallo said. "Damn good stone."

"Good enough to hold somebody under the ground," Dom said cheerfully.

The Old-Timer shook his dusty head. "You don't want to talk like that, son. It's bad luck."

The boss signaled to Dom Mori, pointing out a new man and tapping the fingers of one hand on the outstretched palm of the other. "You're right," Dom grinned at the Old-Timer. "No rest for the wicked." He descended the ladder to help the channel bar operator on the quarry floor. The man was nervous and having trouble guiding the long vibrating bar. Dom Mori laid hold and steadied it for him. The bottom was in shadow now as the sun lowered, and Dom's sweaty body cooled rapidly.

The danger whistle sounded and the vicious clamor of pneumatic tools stopped. They were ready to blast at the far end of the pit, and men moved out of the way and took cover. The explosion shocked the eardrums and reverberated from wall to wall. Fragments of rock flew wildly and clattered as they fell.

"Hey, Mori! The Greeks are coming!" Pepe Perez shouted as the noise faded, and Dom grinned good-naturedly when the men laughed at him. He had no more sympathy for Mussolini and Fascism in Italy than he had for Hitler and the Nazis. Like most of the Italians of Barre, Dom Mori had been shamed and sickened when Mussolini declared war on already-beaten France. And the conduct of the Italian troops in Albania and Egypt had shown that the Italian people as a whole did not want war.

Then it was four o'clock, the seven working-hours were ended, and the quarriers started the long climb up towards the blue cloud-bannered sky.

"How about a bottle of beer, Dom?" Pepe Perez asked.

Dom Mori shook his head, "Some other time, Pepe. I've got to stop in Websterville."

MEN AGAINST GRANITE
Up on the Hill

"Ain't love wonderful?" jeered big Perez. "Well, we'll have to go out to my camp some Sunday. See you tomorrow, boy,"

A train of flatcars loaded with granite blocks stood on the track. Dom Mori pulled on his high school football jacket and boarded the engine with old Scotty Kincaid. "How about a ride, Chief?"

Scotty Kincaid's seamed red face twisted and he spat tobacco juice through his stained gray moustache. "That girl again, is it? I used to think you'd grow up to amount to something." He scratched his gray head and tugged his sooty blue cap back into place. "How are you, laddie?"

"Fine, Scotty, and how's the Chief? Did you hear that one about the Scotchman who found the twenty-five cent piece?"

"Aye, he married it," said the engineer gravely.

"You always hear the Scotch jokes before I do," complained Dom, grinning.

"I'm the man that makes them up," Scotty Kincaid said.

He started the locomotive and they wound slowly down the steep track between high walls of granite blocks. Coming out into the open they saw the hazy blue-gray barrier of mountains on the western skyline. The slanting sun made patterns of lavender shade on the nearer slopes and valleys, and farm clearings were open patches in the forest. Below the railroad track were the roofs of Websterville, and Dom Mori picked out the trim white house where Angela lived.

Dom Mori took the shortcut toward his own home in Graniteville, with a singing in his breast and a strong swinging stride. He looked forward to his afternoon swim in the abandoned quarry hole, but it had been better when he and Aldo swam there together. Everything was better with Aldo. Without Aldo he felt not quite whole somehow, yet when he thought of the girl he had just left he couldn't be lonely. Angela had the fair hair and skin, the clean gray eyes of northern Italy. Angela was lovely. Angela was his.

He turned once to look back over the jumble of shingled roofs that was Websterville. Kids were playing ball in an open lot and their cries came to him thinly. Dom Mori wanted to play ball again himself. Most of all he wanted to play football. If he could have gone to college... Dunkirk, the Gray Eagle, said Dom could have made any college club in the country. That's where he should be instead of in the quarry. He spat and set his bronzed face homeward. Across the ridge were the chimneys and church steeples of Graniteville lying under the shadow of mountains of grout, a straggling village of ugly clapboard houses built hastily in the boom days. But most of the homes were nicely furnished and well kept inside.

The path twisted through underbrush and thickets and on into the calm green depths of the woods. The sky beyond sheer granite walls and jagged piles of grout was painted in flame by the sinking sun, and an early twilight stillness was on the wooded heights. Dom Mori halted on the brink of the deserted Barclay Quarry. It was a hundred feet down to the surface of the dark

water. On the opposite side, derrick masts and booms leaned in a lacework of guy wires. Half-buried in the ground were coils of cable and hooks of rusted iron. A long boiler lay overgrown with bushes and vines. Birds called along the outer slopes, and from the watery chasm below came the deep chunking of a bullfrog.

It was a scene of lonely grandeur and sinister beauty. Dom Mori thought of the men who had worked here to cut this gorge through a mountain of solid granite. His own father had worked here once, before going into the shed. It had been one of the biggest quarries on the Hill. Dominick remembered one night in a thunderstorm when he had seen this grim picture illuminated with green-white flares of lightning. That was the weirdest thing he had ever known.

As Dom Mori moved along the rim he felt as always a strong compulsion to hurl himself into the immense water-filled chasm. He wondered if suicides knew that feeling before their final leap. It was said that a man had thrown himself in there years ago, after his wife and children were burned to death. But no body had been recovered. Just the look of this place was enough to keep anyone from swimming there. Then Dom saw ahead of him the familiar tall figure of Jock Gilligan, staring down at the quarry he had worked twenty-odd years ago. They greeted one another and Dom produced a pack of cigarettes.

"It's quite a sight, Dominick," said old Jock Gilligan. "It does something to a man. Especially a man who worked it. There was some good men worked in that hole, Dom, and your father was one of them. There's a lot of good stone left in there yet."

Jock Gilligan was Scotch-Irish, long of limb and wide of shoulder, well over sixty now but still lean and hard. His thin face was red and graven with harsh lines, his narrow blue eyes crinkled when he smiled, and his jaw had an arrogant thrust. In his younger days he had knocked around all over the country, working in coal and copper mines, following the harvesters.

"What happened here, Jock? Why did they quit working it?"

"It was no good after Langhurst took it over," Jock Gilligan said. "Langhurst didn't know the business; he was just crazy for quick money. He started selling off the land, a piece at a time. Then he got a junk man in and sold all the machinery. He sold that new steam-shovel they got from the World's Fair in Chicago. They came in with blow-torches and cut everything apart and lugged it away. He sold thousands of dollars worth of stuff for about eight hundred bucks. By God, it was a crime! If he'd left the machinery some other company'd be working it today. But Langhurst was no granite man.

"I tried to open a little quarry here myself, about three months ago. See that hand-derrick up by the last waterhole. But it was too much work by hand. Quarrying is slow enough with machinery. I tried to get Old-Timer Lavalley to come in with me. But I guess he's smart to stay in the quarry where he's got steady work. The granite business gets worse all the time, Dom. I can't get a job anywhere. I'm a good quarry man, too.

"I was head-derrick-man here for years. That shack over there was the engine-house. I was running the derrick the day that signal boy fell to the bottom, about three hundred feet. You could hear it on top when he landed. The worst one I ever saw though was when we were blasting. I was a powder man, too. The charge didn't go off. A crazy Frenchman crawled in under the ledge and just then it blew. It fired him out like a cannonball. He was still alive and

MEN AGAINST GRANITE
Up on the Hill

screaming and swearing. It makes me sick to think of it now. It blew the skin right off him, but it took him a long time to die. Things like that you don't forget."

Jock Gilligan flipped his cigarette and watched it drop toward the water. "Dom, I been wondering some about you. What you going to do, stay all your life in the quarries? You ought to break away, see some of the world. When I was your age I'd worked my way across the country three times. I left home in New Brunswick when I was sixteen. There's lots of things to see and do, Dominick. I rode harvesting trains packed with a couple thousand men. All night the gravel from the prairies was like hail on the roof. They didn't dare stop those trains in a town. There was a copper mine in Vancouver high up in the mountains. They carried us up to it in buckets strung on a cable. Some places riding the buckets we went over canyons hundreds of feet deep, and overhead was the mountains, all rock and snow and looking ready to come roaring down on you..."

"You're young, Dominick. You don't want to spend all your life down in that hole."

"I don't intend to, Jock," said Dom Mori. "I'll get away. But I don't want to leave my mother alone now."

Jock Gilligan was still brooding on the quarry rim when Dom Mori left him and walked on his way. The sun was gone and the woods were dusky. It was late for swimming but Dom went to the little abandoned quarry hole that was near his house. He was thoughtful and troubled after listening to old Jock, and he was always lonely for Aldo when he came here to swim. Aldo had that quality of making everything seem richer and finer and more fun.

He knew Aldo was in love with Nina, yet sometimes he thought Aldo was not fully satisfied and happy. Aldo had grown grave and serious lately. Dom wondered if, after all, he should be so anxious to marry Angela. That would chain him to the quarry as it had Old-Timer Lavallo, Pepe Perez, Allaire Leroux, and old Jock Gilligan. Dominick wanted more out of life than that. He was only twenty-one.

He stripped off his dusty clothes and stood poised on a ledge twenty feet above the water. Aldo and he had dared one another here playing follow-the-leader. Dom's toes gripped the edge of the rock and he sprang up and out in the twilight, flashing down in a long clean arc, cutting straight into the water and gliding to cold dark depths. It was pure spring water, fresh and clear. He swam to shore, scrubbed himself with the soap hidden there, and plunged in again, exulting in the flying thrill of the dive. Then he lit a cigarette and let his body dry in the air.

The cold water cleansed mind as well as body. Dom Mori hurried down the path across stony pastureland, vaulted the fence and jogged toward home. Lights twinkled in the houses of Graniteville now. In the distance, farmer Nat Fulburt was calling his cows and the faint tinkle of a cowbell sounded. The upland air was sweet to breathe. Dom Mori was aware of a keen hunger for the supper his mother would have waiting for him. He sang Angela Mia as he went.

MEN AGAINST GRANITE
Old Timer

Roaldus Richmond

WPA interview with Old-Timer Lavalley -- October 1940

The grass-grown road wound upgrade between heaps of waste granite and past abandoned quarry holes filled with dark green water. The vicious chatter of jack-hammers sounded on the sunlit air ahead. A turn brought the quarry yard into sight. Sun-blackened men stood with bodies braced to bear the vibration of the pneumatic hammers as they chewed into the gray stone. The owner, a young man with a pleasant brown face, was at work with the others. They were cutting the blocks to size for trucking down to the sheds. Beyond the great boom and mast of the derrick was the quarry.

It was only a small quarry, dropping to the edge of an older hole full of clean water. The sun beat harshly down into it. Under the dust the workers were burned darkly. Each man went about his task with a calm assurance. They were stolid under the heat and racket, quietly efficient, each one doing his own job. In the granite business there is very little bossing and no slave-driving tactics. This is true in the sheds as well as the quarries.

A short stocky old man went by carrying two long heavy iron bars on one shoulder. He was dust-covered with a face like wrinkled leather and red-rimmed eyes. The deep creases in the back of his neck were dust-lined. With amazing balance and surety the little old man started the descent into the pit, walking down the steep wall of jumbled blocks as if he were walking down a flight of stairs, the long bars on his shoulder.

He was drilling out a block, throwing one leg over the powerfully vibrating drill which shook his whole body. The dust clouded thickly about him, at times nearly shutting him from sight. In the same corner a husky young man was methodically driving a line of plugs into their holes, one stroke to each plug as he moved along the row. Slowly the line of cleavage appeared, barely discernible at first, then widening.

The old man paused after a time, cleaned the rock and his clothing with blasts from the air-hose, and turned to talk with us.

"The compressor? It cost \$1,900 they say. It helps out a lot too. Once they had to do everything by hand. Yes, I been here on the Hill quite awhile," he said, smiling and spitting to clear the dust. "I came here in 1892 when I was thirteen years old. We came from Quebec. I've worked the quarries ever since except for six years in the Ely Copper Mine. I was there from 1900 to 1906—six years. That was after the Ely War—the big strike they had down there. Then I came back to the Hill again.

"It's not so good any more, though. I didn't work from December fifth to February first. Some of the quarries are only working three days now, just three days a week. After that big strike in 1922 I didn't work for two years, two years without working a day. That's no good.

MEN AGAINST GRANITE
Old Timer

"I'm sixty-five now. That's pretty old... I raised a family here, but there's only one girl home now. She keeps house for me. The others have all gone away. None of my boys are in the granite business. They didn't want to get in it—and I didn't want them to. I didn't want them in it. It's no place for a young fellow, the quarries.

"It was bad in 1922 all right. We had some fun with those new fellows though... We had quite a lot of fun with them just the same. We made it some uncomfortable for some of those new fellows. They didn't know what they were coming to. They didn't know the business. They were farmers mostly. They worked cheap. We call them Scabs, we still don't like them on the Hill. Who I blame though was the Union men that helped those new fellows, showed them what to do. Yes, we're all Union men here. Supposed to be anyway. I hope it don't happen again, a strike like that. There was a little trouble last week but it didn't amount to much. We only stayed out about a week. But it hurts to lose time, any time. Well, I'm getting old now, it don't matter much to me any more.

"Don't worry about the boss being mad for talking to me. He ain't looking anyway..." The old man laughed. The derrick boom was swinging now as the derrick-man cleaned up the yard. The block that had been split by sledge on plug-and-feathers was ready to be lifted from the quarry. The brawny young man climbed out carrying his tools, stopping a moment to question the sixty-five year old veteran. Together they inspected the loosened block, bending to peer and point, shake their heads, then finally nodding in agreement. The derrick-man appeared on the rim above, a bulky figure, red of face and arms. "Don't fall off there," he called down to the two. "Yeah, that's okay. I can hook onto that all right. But I got to finish cleaning the yard first."

"We only been here about a year, our informant went on. We opened this up just about a year ago. We've gone down this far. Quite a lot of stone we've taken out of here. We sell anywhere we can, anywhere they'll buy it. Some of it goes to Pennsylvania. It's pretty good stone, but there's a lot of waste. It'll be better as we go down. There's plenty good stone down in back there. That old quarry there was a big one. It was Jones Brothers and they got some real good stone out of it. It's probably three hundred feet deep in there. It was a good one.

"I've done about everything in quarry work. A small quarry like this, everybody has to do everything. You have to figure the cleavage, drill, plug-and-feather, chain the blocks, sharpen tool, run a jack-hammer, a channeling machine, the whole business. Sometimes you have to use dynamite. In the big ones each man has his own special work, he don't do nothing else. But here we do everything that has to be done, you know. Only six-seven of us working. I like it better than in a big quarry though.

"I'm still strong. I'll work some more years probably. Maybe I'll last as long as the work lasts. I like it all right living on the Hill. I got a nice little house in Upper Graniteville.

"In the summer the boys come home with their families. Yes, I'm a grandfather now... Graniteville is a quiet place to live. It didn't used to be so quiet but now it is. You see families sitting on their porches. It's nice in the long summer evenings, cool after getting this sun all day in the quarry.

"Well, I better get back to work, I guess. I been on that stone all day. I'll have it ready to come out by four-thirty when we quit. I think so anyway. It's slow work. It takes a full day here to get a stone ready for the derrick. Probably in the big quarries they go faster. They got more men and more equipment. But it's slow work no matter where. It's quite a sight to watch them work a big quarry, down about three hundred feet probably. More dangerous there, more chance of accidents. Too many men handle the stones. Sometimes somebody gets careless. You ought to go ride down that railroad they got up at Websterville. Steep and crooked where they carry the stones down from the quarries. Now they use trucks more, but they still use the railroad some. In the big quarries they get a lot of noise. Just as bad as in the sheds. I'd rather be here.

"In the quarry we don't think much about the finished pieces. They don't have anything to do with us. Our job is just getting the stone out to ship to the sheds. We don't have to worry after the blocks go out of here. That's up to the stonecutters down in the city. I wouldn't be in a shed. I like it better out in the open air. Of course it's hard work, harder when a man gets older. But I'm used to it. I can still do a good day's work. When I can't I won't care about living much more. I'll be ready to go then.

"We look for three kinds of grains in the reek. When it goes up and down we call it 'rift'. Crossways, like that, we call it 'drift'. 'Hardway' is a grain running at right angles to the other two, a bad one to work. A light streak in the rock is 'white horse' or 'salt horse'. A dark streak we call 'black horse'... Hell, I've talked long enough. I got to get my stone out now.

"Don't worry, I'll take it easy, all right. I'm old enough to know how to do that."

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Germaine A. Hoffman, #333

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MEN AGAINST GRANITE
When I Ain't Got That I Do Anything

Mari Tomasi

WPA interview with Pierre Savoie -- September 1940

Pierre Savoie was a short, stocky Frenchman. He sat under an apple tree in the backyard of his boarding house drawing noisily at a curved, worn pipe.

"I been here now about thirty-five years," he said. "I'm born in Iberville, Canada, but I lived in West Chasy over in New York State until I was ten years old. Just across Lake Champlain. My old man worked in the stone business there. A small shed. We went back to Iberville when the old man died. I didn't have much schooling. I ain't educated but I can write my own name. I was a carpenter in Iberville. When I was out of a job I come to Vermont. I heard tell how summer cottages was going up fast at Mallett's Bay on Lake Champlain. Lots of French from Winooski was building there and they liked to have French workmen. So I come down and got a job for the summer.

"Well, when the job was done I heard how the shed owners in the Barre district was complaining that skilled workers was getting too much pay. Good carvers got twenty dollars a day. The owners was willing to break in new workers to save their own pocketbooks. That's how I got in the sheds. I didn't figure then that stonecutting was hard and dangerous work and that they had a right to strike for shorter hours. I wouldn't go anywhere as a stonecutter strikebreaker again. Not now. Not for twice the money.

"That strike started in April, just when the sheds was busy with their Memorial Day orders. In '22. It was bad for Barre. Around that time southern granite—like Georgia granite—wasn't known at all except for building purposes. It's a softer stone. It don't carve good. Barre was getting most of the business in the country. Well, the workers struck.

"For a while the sheds and quarries couldn't fill their orders. They was stuck. So they called in men, anyone who was willing to learn the work. And when we come we worked. By God, we worked. But we wasn't skilled, we couldn't carve and cut like those old fellows. All the memorials we put out was plain. You can go up the cemetery and see. Most of those with the dates from '22 to '24 are plain. Anyway, people got to talking about this southern granite. And first thing you know Georgia granite began to sell. It's still selling strong against Barre stone.

"I'm a polisher when I work in the sheds. \$8.50 a day, but when I ain't got that I do anything. I'm on WPA now. On the brush gang. \$2.80 a day. But I won't stay. Soon as something turns up I'll quit. I learned the polishing trade from an old Italian that roomed in the same house with me. He was good. I watched him run the machine and I thought there was nothing to it. I was fooled. The first time I tried it the wheel run all over the dam [sic] stone. I spoiled it. I learned it's all steady work with your arm. You got to keep the wheel going around with the same force all the time or you'll get wrinkles in it. And you can't sell granite with a wrinkle in it. When first I'm apprentice I got fifty cents an hour. After five weeks the boss is pleased and I got raised to seventy-five cents. Then I started to work on the [Bucker?]. By God, I hated that. It made me

jump up and down, up and down all the time just like the fellows that drill holes in the road. The pay was good, in a couple of years I made \$1.25 an hour.

"One year I cut a leg with the shed was I have to stay home for six months. The lady where I roomed was good. I paid her just a little and I helped her out in the kitchen for the rest. I learned to cook. I can cook buns, cakes, break, fry all kind of meat. Last summer when shed business was slow I got a job in the kitchen with a railroad steel gang. Boss' helper, I was, and I mad good money.

"My first year in Barre I roomed in a business block on Main Street. A bunch of us Canadians got in the habit of eating together. We'd take in all the church suppers—it was good cooking and cheap, and a change from the restaurants.

"That's how I got to know my landlady, at a St. Ann's Society supper. A Catholic society for married French women. Mrs. Fournier did the cooking that night, we all liked it. Her husband died of stonecutter's t.b. the month before. She said she was going to put her insurance money in a house, and take in roomers and boarders. Four of us moved in next week. She made good. Next year another French woman began to take in roomers and boarders next door. They was friendly, but they knew us men talked about the food and compared it, so there was competition. It suited us fine. Each one would cook the best she could, and still make a profit. I never ate so well since. The next year the woman next door got married and moved away.

"I've lived in lots of rooming houses. Italian or French. Most of them were the widows of stonecutters, and they all had large families. By God, it's funny—the Italians stick to their Italian food, but it's the French that stick to their own language. Every French house I've lived in the mothers make the kids talk French. The last Italian house I lived in the two oldest kids could speak a little Italian, the two youngest couldn't understand it at all.

"We're seven in our rooming house now. Five stonecutters, and two on WPA. The landlady treats us like we are in her family. In September of 1938, the Commissioner of Industries of Vermont enforced the use of goggles by quarry workers, and refused compensation unless the driller was wearing them at the time his eye was injured. Even before this law, our landlady used to keep after a couple of the quarrymen and see that they took their goggles. In the winter when they carried their lunch she made sure the goggles were in the dinner pails. It's a good thing they got to wear goggles. Only the men running plug drills, jackhammers, line drills, bull-sets, bit grinders and emery wheels are made to wear them. It's the owners of the quarries that's got to provide the goggles. It's a good regulation, and most of the fellows stick to it. Sometimes I wear them in the sheds. It's funny, if a man hurts his eye today the fellows are sure to wear glasses for a week or two, then they put them away until the next accident.

"I never been near the quarries. I got enough of the stone right in the sheds. The blocks are lined up in the sheds, they're marked, then a man lines the stone up for the surface cutting machine, either for the polisher or for the hammerer. They make a joint on it, and it's most all rock face stuff. Last week Joe Santoamo, the owner of the shed where I used to work, was hurt. He worked with us. He climbed a ladder to see what was the matter with the crane. He got dizzy, he ain't young anymore. And he landed head first on the tracks that run through the shed. They

MEN AGAINST GRANITE
When I Ain't Got That I Do Anything

took him to the hospital quick—that was in the morning—and, by God, he was back working with his men at three in the afternoon. Not hurt a dam [sic] bit.

"I ain't married. When I come down from Iberville, my mother come with me. She didn't live more than a year. I buried her down in Montpelier, down in the Green mountain Cemetery. She had a cousin there, and I never figured I'd stay in Barre all these years. I got a nice memorial on her grave. I was making good money then. Old Pete Sarto who worked with me carved the stone. The boss gave me the stone cheap. I almost married once with the widow who run the boarding house next door. But she had five kids. Nice kids. But I figured I wouldn't be my own boss no more. I'd have to work all the time, if I liked the job or not. This way when it's too tough I turn to something else. I like money, but I ain't going to break my back getting it."

Repertoires for Sale

Germaine A. Hoffman, #333

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Finding Connections From the Mills of New England to Kings

Paul E. Dalbec, #467

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The 2007 publication of the work of Roland-Yves Gagné and Laurent Kokanosky "*Les origines de son épouse Anne Couvent et leur neveu Toussaint Ledran,*" in Mémoires de la Société généalogique canadienne-française has raised interest among Franco-Americans about the connection of their families to European royalty. Their research shows a relationship between Anne and Charlotte Couvent to Louis VIII of France (*Ascendance d'Anne et de Charlotte Couvent à Louis VIII, roi de France*). The research that is presented here starts with Joseph Dalbec and traces his lineage back through the Dolbec family, then through the Messier family to the Amiot family and finally to Mathieu Amiot, the son of Philippe Amiot and Anne Couvent.

Joseph Dalbec died on January 6, 1924, according to his death record in New Bedford, Massachusetts, which gave his parents as Joachim(?) Dalbec and Marie Louise(?) Cadorette. According to his obituary which appeared in the New Bedford Standard Times, he was born in Canada and moved to Baltic, Connecticut when he was fourteen, making his home there for twenty-eight years. He then lived in Arctic, Rhode Island for a year and came to New Bedford where he lived for his last thirty-one years. He was employed at the Acushnet Mill for twenty-five years as a second hand. Joseph's wife was Emelie Auger who died in New Bedford in 1926. According to the 1870 U. S. Census, Joseph Dalbec, age twenty-two, was working in a cotton mill, and living with his wife and daughter Mary in Sprague (Baltic) Connecticut. The marriage listing for Sprague has the record for a marriage of Joseph Delbee(?), age twenty-one and Amelia Auges(?) on August 8, 1869. Also in the 1870 census for Sprague is John Dalbec, age fifty-six, stone mason. Is there a connection? Yes, this is found in birth and marriage records of Notre Dame du Rosaire, Saint Hyacinthe, Quebec, which show that Jean-Baptiste Dolbec (John Dalbec) was married to Marie Anne Cadoret on October 24, 1837. Jean-Baptiste Dolbec who was born on October 3, 1814, had a son Joseph, born on August 3, 1848. These dates are consistent with the dates on the 1870 Sprague Census. There were a total of seven children born in St Hyacinthe and two in Weedon, Quebec. They include Jean-Baptiste, Pierre, Marie Adéline, Marie Rosalie Hermine, Eusèbe, Joseph, Alphonse, Marie Louise, and Paul. It also appears that some of the other children lived in Connecticut as well.

Jean-Baptiste who married Marie Cadoret, was the son of Jean-Baptiste Dolbec and Marguerite Messier, who were married on September 30, 1804 at Notre Dame du Rosaire. Marguerite Messier born March 16, 1787, was the daughter of Pierre Messier and Charlotte Jarret dit Beauregard, who were married at St. Charles, St Hyacinthe, on June 6, 1768, according to PRDH records. The parents of Pierre Messier were François

Finding Connections
From the Mills of New England to Kings

Michel *dit* St François and Marie Josephe Guyon Buisson Dion, who were married on January 1, 1731 at Varennes. François Michel was born April 18, 1707 and died on January 10, 1749. His burial was at Pointe-aux-Trembles. His parents were François Messier *dit* St François and Marie Anne Amiot *dit* Villeneuve, who were married on February 6, 1706. The PRDH records give the parents of Marie Anne Amiot as Jean Baptiste Amiot and Genevieve Guyon, who were married July 20 1682 in Québec; and give the parents of Jean Baptiste Amiot as Mathieu Amiot Villeneuve and Marie Miville, who were married on Novembre 22, 1650 in Québec. The above records show the connection of Joseph Dolbec (Dalbec) to Mathieu Amiot, and therefore to Louis VIII on the basis of the research of Gagné and Kokanisky.

Lineage from Joseph Dolbec (Dalbec) to Mathieu Amiot

|
Joseph Dolbec (Dalbec) m. 1869 Sprague CT Emilie Auger
|
Jean-Baptiste Dolbec m. 1837 Notre Dame du Rosaire, St Hyacinthe QC Marie Anne Cadoret
|
Jean-Baptiste Dolbec m. 1804 Notre Dame du Rosaire, St Hyacinthe QC Marguerite Messier
|
Pierre Messier m. 1768 St Charles, St Hyacinthe QC Charlotte Jarret
|
François Michel Messier m. 1731 Varennes QC Marie Josephe Guyon
|
François Messier m. 1706 Varennes QC Marie Anne Amiot
|
Jean-Baptiste Amiot m. 1682 Québec QC Genevieve Guyon
|
Mathieu Amiot m. 1650 Québec QC Marie Miville

Sources

All records prior to 1800 are from PRDH at www.genealogie.umontreal.ca.

Notre Dame du Rosaire Church Records from *Centre d'histoire de St-Hyacinthe*.

Drouin Church Records from Ancestry.com.

Obituaries for Joseph and Emelie Dalbec from New Bedford (MA) Standard Times.

Death Records for Joseph and Emelie Dalbec from City of New Bedford, MA.

Sprague Marriage Listing, Connecticut Maple Leaf, Vol. 5, No. 1, 1991, page 91.

1870 U. S. Census for Sprague, CT.

FCGSC Library Resources You Won't Find on the Internet

Part IV

Paul R. Keroack, #157

Following are selected titles from the library's catalog, with new Dewey call number and new or revised subject heading added in bold. The underlined two-digit number following the call number for Quebec (971.4) is the county identification number as used in the library's repertoire shelves. The catalog conversion is still in progress.

Harris, Richard Colebrook. The seigneurial system in Early Canada: a geographical study. Madison, WI: University of Wisconsin Press, 1966.

247 p.

Ref-L HD 314 H3

971 Harr

Canada-History

Brault, Pierre. Histoire de l'Acadie du Haut-Richelieu. St-Jean-sur-Richelieu: Eds. Mille Roches, 1982.

316 p.

Ref-H F 1054.5 A22 B7

971.4 61 Brau

L'Acadie (Quebec)-History

Vachon, Andre. Histoire du Notariat Canadien 1621-1960. Quebec: Les Presses de l'Universite Quebec, 1962.

209 p.

Ref-H KEQ 169 V33

971.4 Vach

Notarial acts-Quebec

Bernard, Antoine. Histoire de la survivance Acadienne: 1755-1935. Montreal: Les Cleres de Saint-Viateur, 1935.

465 p.

Ref-F F 1038 B47

971.6 Acad Bern

Acadians-History

Scanlan, Peter Lawrence. Prairie du Chien: French-British-American. Menasha WI: G. Banta, 1937. 258 p.

Ref-H F 589 P8 S3

305.6 Scan

French-Canadian Americans-Wisconsin

Rumilly, Robert. Histoire des Franco-Americaines. Montreal: L'Union Saint-Jean-Baptiste d'Americque, 1958.

Ref-H E 184

305.6

French-Canadian Americans

FCGSC Resources You Won't Find on the Internet

Massicotte, E.Z. Sainte-Genevieve de Batiscan. Trois-Rivieres: Les Editions du "Bien Public," 1936.
131 p.

Ref-H F 1054 G46 R43

971.4 12 Mass

Sainte-Genevieve de Batiscan (Quebec)-History

L'Hotel Dieu: Premier hospital de Montreal, 1642-1763. Montreal: L'Hotel Dieu de Montreal, 1942.
417 p.

Ref-H RA 983 M6 E65

971.4 Lhot

Quebec-History

De Jordy, G.-A. Genealogies des principales familles de Richelieu. Arthabaska: L'Imp.

D'Arthabaska, 1927.

269 p.

Ref-H F 1054 R5 D4

971.4 54 Dejo

Richelieu (Quebec)-History

Surette, Paul

Memramkouke, Peticoudiac et la reconstruction de l'Acadie. Memramkouke: La Societe historique de la vallee de Memracook, 1981.

176 p.

Ref-H F1054 T5

971.6 ACAD Sure

Acadia-History

La Fontaine, Andre. Recensement annote Nouvelle France, 1681. Sherbrooke: A. La Fontaine, 1981.
369 p.

Ref-H F1054 L3 C5

971.4 Lafo

Census-Quebec

Labelle, Yvonne A.

Monographie d'Iberville. Saint John" La Canada Francais, 1958.

345 p.

Ref-H F1054.5 I2 L3

971.4 25 Labe

Iberville (Quebec)-History

Connecticut Maple Leaf Sale

CML Volume 1 through Volume 9.....\$1.00 each
CML Volume 10 through Volume 13.....\$5.00 each

All amounts are payable in U.S. dollars. Checks should be made payable to FCGSC. Shipping and handling charges for CMLs are US\$1.50 per periodical. Please contact the society at (860) 872-2597 to be sure the item of interest is still available.

2008 in Review

Ivan Robinson, #326

January — President Susan Paquette presents a seminar on “A Hands-On Approach to FCGSC Library Resources.” √ The society buys a new laser printer for the library and a small microwave oven for the break room √ Donald L. Brown, treasurer from May to September, 2006, is remembered. He died Dec. 20, 2007, at the age of 73.

February — The board votes to buy two new books on Native American genealogy.

March — Marcel J. Roy, president from 1995 to 1997, dies March 27 at the age of 75. A memorial fund, set up in his honor, receives more than \$1,000. The money will be used to buy books, and a bookplate will be inserted in each one to memorialize Marcel. √ Susan Paquette gives a talk in Dudley, Mass., about New England mills. √ Maryanne LeGrow speaks at the French Social Circle in East Hartford. √ We now have twenty-five Native American-related books, including marriage indexes, special encyclopedias, histories, and other resources in our library. √ Rene Dugas, 98, historian of the formerly mostly French-Canadian mill village of Taftville, is booked to speak at the spring membership meeting in May.

April — Raymond Cassidy presents a seminar on “French Nobility and Royalty.” √ Ivan Robinson delivers talks on French-Canadian genealogy at the Hartford Public Library and to the Connecticut Society of Genealogists in East Hartford.

May — Maryanne LeGrow presents a seminar on “Les Filles du Roi.” √ Raymond Cassidy is the guest speaker at the spring membership meeting, discussing six family lines that can be traced back to French royalty and nobility. He stands in as speaker for Rene Dugas, who was unable to attend because of complications from shoulder surgery.

June — Ivan Robinson presents a seminar on “The Carignan Regiment: War Heroes in the Family Tree.” √ Susan Paquette represents the society at a Franco-American Day at the State Capitol. √ Tour organizer Barbara “Bobbie” Paradis announces plans for group trips in 2009 to Trois Rivieres and Becancour in Quebec and in 2010 to Louisburg and Halifax in Nova Scotia.

July — Heavy rains cause a cave-in around a basement window of our home, Tolland’s Old County Courthouse, leading to leaking into the cellar, where society property is stored. No damage results. The Tolland Historical Society, the building’s owner, arranges to have the cellar walls and flooring sealed and the outside area re-graded, solving the problem. √ More people are calling the library with research requests rather than visiting themselves, apparently because of high gasoline prices. √ A special work party organized and led by Library Director Germaine Hoffman and including Richard Blais, Glen Chenette and Andrea Scannell gathers to sort

through and organize old periodicals and to label duplicates for sale. v Former President Lionel “Lee” DeRagon donates several boxes of books, including many repertoires and a set of the PRDH.

August — A book on Roy genealogy has been purchased from contributions made in memory of former president Marcel Roy.

September — Richard Bourque presents a seminar on “Acadian History, Culture and Genealogy.” v The annual Volunteer Appreciation Day takes place at the home of Maryanne and Ralph LeGrow in Willington. About thirty volunteers and their guests attend. v Albert Marceau takes over from Susan Paquette as the librarian on Mondays. v Lionel DeRagon dies Sept. 17 at the age of 88. A longtime resident of West Hartford, he served as president from 1987 to 1989.

October — Susan Paquette represents the society at Putnam’s first annual French Canadian Festival v Mary Caldera, a Yale University archivist, is the guest speaker at the annual membership meeting. The title of her talk is “Preservation, Or What You Can Do to Prolong the Lifespan of Objects You Wish to Keep.” Also at the meeting, four Board of Directors members are reelected to two-year terms. They are Richard Blais, Raymond Cassidy, Patrick Lausier and Shirley Morin. And notice is given of a proposal to increase dues from \$25 to \$30 a year, effective July 1, 2009. Reasons are declining membership and increase operating costs. The notice sets the stage for a vote at the spring membership meeting in May, 2009. v Leo Roy presents a seminar on “How and Why You Should Publish Your Genealogy.” v Edmond A. Barrieau, a longtime society member remembered as a passionate advocate of Acadian genealogy and culture, dies Oct. 1 in Albuquerque, N.M. He was 84.

November — Raymond Lemaire speaks to the Newtown Genealogy Club. v Paul Drainville is added to the Board of Directors, filling the vacancy left by the death of Marcel Roy. v The board rules that only the president and library director can buy family histories for the library on their own. All others must have prior approval. The ruling seeks to stop unexpected obligations on the society. v A short-circuit in the fluorescent lights in the break room leads to an inspection of the library by Tolland’s fire marshal and a call for an electrician to fix several problems. The Tolland Historical Society, owner of the building, agrees to pay the entire cost, given as \$1,267, in the interest of safety. v Richard Blais announces he will retire next June after seven years as mailing director. v Ivan Robinson presents a seminar on “Genealogy on the Internet.”

December — The board votes to sell duplicate repertoires for \$20 each. v An electrician replaces the fluorescent lights in the break room and installs several receptacles for computers and other equipment in the library and office. v A problem crops up involving checks from Canada. Local banks want to charge a \$15 fee for cashing them. Canadians will be advised to send money orders instead. v The society nears the end of the year with 516 members.

FCGSC Acknowledges Donations to the Library

June 2008 - October 2008

Jean Fredette, #1537

- 7/6/2008 Mr. & Mrs. Robert Talbot #2121
Various publications re: Oregon Genealogical Reviews
- Oneil T. Devost
Confidences Sur un air Country
- 8/11/2008 Paul Keroack # 157
Brittany (Keith Spence, Photography by Joe Cornish)
- 9/5/2008 Rev. William Pomerleau
Sketches of a Church: A Brief History of the Diocese of Springfield, MA
- Susan Paquette #369
City of Auburn Annual Reports, 1903 & 1907
- Gary W. Potter #1812
Sturbridge Twp. Cemeteries
- Paul Hemingway #938
Hemingway-Trahan Families from Canada to Vermont to New England
States with extended families including the following: Dubuc,
Ducharme, Labonte, Ouillette, Tremblay and numerous others
- 10/8/2008 Dr. Leslie Choquette, director, Institut Francais Assumption College
Holy Name of Jesus Parish 1893-1993, Worcester, Mass.
- Romeo J. Roy
Acadian Flags
- Lionel & Arlene DeRagon
Numerous items relating to Deragon Family
- Florence Davis #49
Les Anciennes Famille du Quebec
Your Ancient Canadian Family Ties
Nos Ancestres (Volume 1-3)
Acadian Genealogy Exchange (copies)
CML (Volume 1-4)
- 10/8/2008 Diocese of Worcester-Judy Stevens
"There Were Giants in Those Days"

Connecticut Maple Leaf, Winter 2008-2009

- 10/8/2008 Florence Davis #49
Acadian Descendents, Volume 1-2
Connecticut Nutmegger (2 copies)
The Genealogist (2 copies)
- Nelson R. Disco #1919
The Disco Family of Black Brook, New York
- Albert Marceau #766
The Spirit of Laws and the American Constitution
Taftville, Connecticut and the Industrial Revolution
Catholics in Easter Connecticut (The Diocese of Norwich)
- Rev. Richard G. Roger, Notre Dame/Saint Joseph Rectory
A Parish Grows Around the Common, Notre-Dame-des-Canadiens
1869-1995 Worcester, MA

- 10/25/2008 Nancy Roberge
Roberge--Tricentenaire 1679-1979, St. Pierre, I. O.

- Carol Stone #1961
Connecticut Maple Leaf, Vol. 11 - 1, 3, 4
Vol. 12 - 1, 2, 3, 4
Vol. 13 - 1, 2, 3

- Dave & Patty Talbot
Various publications: "The Genie" (dealing with Louisiana
Genealogy)
"World Conference on Records & Genealogical Seminars)
"Northeast Louisiana Genealogical Society"
"Ancestors West"
"South Bay Cities Genealogical Society"

Donations Made in Memory of Marcel Roy

- Mr. & Mrs. Robert P. Doyle
Mr. & Mrs. Ralph LeGrow
Mr. & Mrs. William Lively

Financial Contributions to the Society

1 July 2008 – 31 December 2008

Robert Lessard, #1754

TOTAL – 1 Sept 08 – 31 Dec 08	\$165.00
TOTAL – 1 Sept 07 – 31 Aug 08	\$2,096.45
TOTAL – 1 Sept 06 – 30 Aug 07	\$1,692.00
TOTAL – 1 Sept 05 – 30 Aug 06	\$1,645.00

Building Fund Contributors

1 July 2008 – 31 December 2008

Anonymous

Scott & Joanne Ashworth #1851

Robert Auclair #1678

Burton & Lorraine Booker #1033

David Brunelle #526

Joseph Charpentier #1817

Patricia Dion #1763

William Gagnon #1573

Denise Gorka #670

Therese Grego #435

Noella Johnson #1797

William Kelleher #2143

Paul Keroack #157

Paul Lajoie #1402

Raymond & Parise Lemaire #1881

Robert & Sally Lessard #1754

Frank Melanson #1184

Edith Parizo #1794

Gerald & Margaret Perusse #1693

Allen Spooner #1516

Frances Sweitlicki #1840

Surnames of Interest to FCGSC Members

Shirley Giguere Morin, #2075

For a comprehensive list of all surnames being researched by our members, please visit our website at <www.fcgsc.org>.

Surname	Member Name	Address	City	State	Zip Code
Adhemar	Candace Bryan	430 River Rd.	Willington	CT	06279-
Albert	Robert Cummiskey	45 Simpkins Dr.	Bristol	CT	06010-
Alexandre	Frances Swietlicki	2 Copper Ridge Circle	Guilford	CT	06437-
Alix	Richard Snay	1463 Riverside Dr	North	CT	06255-0112
Allaire	Louis Fox	10 Camden St.	South Hadley	MA	01075-2319
Allaire	Joel Cohan	7 Volpi Rd	Bolton	CT	06043-
Archambault	Estelle Gothberg	90 Broad Street	Manchester	CT	06040-2930
Arpin	Candace Bryan	430 River Rd.	Willington	CT	06279-
Arsenault	Frank Melanson	4 Edgewood Ave	Milford	CT	06460-
Arsenault	Marie Chagnon	17 Conifer Lane	Avon	CT	06001-
Asseline	Candace Bryan	430 River Rd.	Willington	CT	06279-
Auger	Jeannette Auger	96 Katherine Ave	Danielson	CT	06239-2713
ayotte	Robert Cummiskey	45 Simpkins Dr.	Bristol	CT	06010-
Ballard	Lawrence Marion	63 Burnt Hill Rd	Farmington	CT	06032-2039
Baril/Barrie	Corrine Wiggins	9780 Simpson Canyon	Klamath Falls	OR	97601-9364
Barriault	Robert Cummiskey	45 Simpkins Dr.	Bristol	CT	06010-
Beauchemin	Jeannette Auger	96 Katherine Ave	Danielson	CT	06239-2713
Beauchene	Pauline Wilson	73 Arcellia Drive	Manchester	CT	06042-
Beauchesne	Lynn & Allan	26 Patten Rd.	Stafford	CT	06076-
Beauregard	Pauline & Leo Andstrom	151 Lovers Lane	Plainfield	CT	06374-1527
Beauregard	Everett & Dorothy	PO Box 328	Summerville	SC	29484-
Beauvilliers	Lillian Beauviliers	641 Middlebury Rd.	Watertown	CT	06795-
Bedard	Robert Bedard MD	25 Elna Dr	Tolland	CT	06084-
Belanger	Angelina Shea	100 Pine Street	Homosassa	FL	34446-
Belhumeur	Christopher Child	101 Newbury Street	Boston	MA	02116-
Belliveau	Marie Chagnon	17 Conifer Lane	Avon	CT	06001-
Benoit	Sylvia Bockstein	172 Jackson Street	Jefferson	MA	01522-1469
Berard	Gary Potter	370 Lake Ave.	Bristol	CT	06010-7328
Bergevin	Honora Futtner	1629 Main Street	South Windsor	CT	06074-1008
Bernard	Robert Cummiskey	45 Simpkins Dr.	Bristol	CT	06010-
Bernier	Rene Bernier	8 Honeysuckle Lane	Niantic	CT	06357-1933
Bernier	Helen Bernier	52 Robbie Rd	Tolland	CT	06084-2210
Bernier	Wendy Lemieux	501 Dunn Rd.	Coventry	CT	06238-1164
Bertrand	Gilbert & Lucia Levere	26 Ellsworth Rd.	West Hartford	CT	06107-2707
Berube	Rene Bernier	8 Honeysuckle Lane	Niantic	CT	06357-1933
Besaw	Edna Franz	41 Garwood Rd.	Fair Lawn	NJ	07410-4511
Bessett	Robert Bedard MD	25 Elna Dr	Tolland	CT	06084-
Bessette	Dorothy & Diane	42 Main St	Woodbury	CT	06798-3403
Bibeau	Sylvia Bockstein	172 Jackson Street	Jefferson	MA	01522-1469

Connecticut Maple Leaf, Winter 2008-2009

Surname	Member Name	Address	City	State	Zip Code
Biron	Gilbert Wolf	404 Addison Rd.	Glastonbury	CT	06033-
Bissen	Edna Franz	41 Garwood Rd.	Fair Lawn	NJ	07410-4511
Blais	Lynn & Allan	26 Patten Rd.	Stafford	CT	06076-
Blanchette	Helen Bernier	52 Robbie Rd	Tolland	CT	06084-2210
Blouin	Norman & Alice Jolie	19 Yeomans Rd	Columbia	CT	06237-1534
Bombardier	Jeannette Auger	96 Katherine Ave	Danielson	CT	06239-2713
Bombardier	Gary Potter	370 Lake Ave.	Bristol	CT	06010-7328
Bordeau	Mildred Roberts	71603 180th St	Albert Lea	MN	56007-5461
Bordeaux	Mildred Roberts	71603 180th St	Albert Lea	MN	56007-5461
Bouchard	Lillian Beauviliers	641 Middlebury Rd.	Watertown	CT	06795-
Boucher	Richard Wilmarth	7 Lake Ridge Dr.	Holland	MA	01521-2405
Boudreau	Beverly Sherman	3566 Plum Dale Dr	Fairfax	VA	22033-1237
Bourgeault	Richard Snay	1463 Riverside Dr	North	CT	06255-0112
Bourgeois	Janice Livermore	PO Box 222652	Chantilly	VA	20153-2652
Boutin	Gilbert Wolf	404 Addison Rd.	Glastonbury	CT	06033-
Boutot	Brenda Chavez	516 Hartford Ave	Weathersfield	CT	06109-
Boye	Honora Futtner	1629 Main Street	South Windsor	CT	06074-1008
Boyer	Honora Futtner	1629 Main Street	South Windsor	CT	06074-1008
Boyet	Honora Futtner	1629 Main Street	South Windsor	CT	06074-1008
Bplduc	Edna Franz	41 Garwood Rd.	Fair Lawn	NJ	07410-4511
Bran	Edna Franz	41 Garwood Rd.	Fair Lawn	NJ	07410-4511
Brazeau	Angelina Shea	100 Pine Street	Homosassa	FL	34446-
Breard	Carol Stone	30 Fern Dr.	Storrs	CT	06268-
Breault	Eleanor Page	Po Box 85	South Woodstock	CT	06267-0085
Breault	Raymond Breault	280 Main St	Sterling	CT	06377-1810
Breault	Germaine Goudreau	629 Riverside Dr. PO	Grosvenordale	CT	06246-
Breton	Lynn & Allan	26 Patten Rd.	Stafford	CT	06076-
Briere	Germaine Goudreau	629 Riverside Dr. PO	Grosvenordale	CT	06246-
Brook	Jean Lepore	56 Elvree St.	Manchester	CT	06042-
Brosseau	Elaine Fazzino	126 High St.	Portland	CT	06480-
Brouillet/Riley	Eugenie Picard	132 Gooseneck Hill	Canterbury	CT	06331-
Caisse	Pauline Casey	28 Eleanor St	Vernon	CT	06066-
Camirand	Michele LeBlanc	227 Tracy Ave	Waterbury	CT	06706-2521
Cantin	Everett & Dorothy	PO Box 328	Summerville	SC	29484-
Carbonneau	Lynn & Allan	26 Patten Rd.	Stafford	CT	06076-
Cardinal	Sheila Clark	9 Farrell Road	Storrs	CT	06268-2216
Caron	Therese Grego	7610 E 21St. Pl.	Tulsa	OK	74129-2428
Caron	Honora Futtner	1629 Main Street	South Windsor	CT	06074-1008
Carter	Ann Marie & Herbert J	505 Scotland Rd	Norwich	CT	06360-9405
Cauvier	Gilbert & Lucia Levere	26 Ellsworth Rd.	West Hartford	CT	06107-2707
Caya	Leonard Caya & Terri	438 Kemp Road	Hampton	CT	06247-2010
Chabot	Wendy Lemieux	501 Dunn Rd.	Coventry	CT	06238-1164
Chaput	Helen Bernier	52 Robbie Rd	Tolland	CT	06084-2210
Charron	Robert Cummiskey	45 Simpkins Dr.	Bristol	CT	06010-
Choinier	Richard Snay	1463 Riverside Dr	North	CT	06255-0112
Choiniere	Frances Swietlicki	2 Copper Ridge Circle	Guilford	CT	06437-

Surnames of Interest to FCGSC Members

Surname	Member Name	Address	City	State	Zip Code
Choiniere	Frances Swietlicki	2 Copper Ridge Circle	Guilford	CT	06437-
Choquette,	David Stoddard	31 Maple Ridge Rd	Somers	CT	06071-
Cloutier	Muriel Chebro	PO Box 308	South Windham	Ct	06266-
Collette	Kenneth Collette	168 Fairlawn Ave	Waterbury	CT	06705-2120
Comeau	Candace Bryan	430 River Rd.	Willington	CT	06279-
Concannon	Angelina Shea	100 Pine Street	Homosassa	FL	34446-
Cormier	Frank Melanson	4 Edgewood Ave	Milford	CT	06460-
Corriveau	Marie Langan	3813 West Rose Lane	Phoenix	AZ	85019-1729
Corriveau	Pauline Casey	28 Eleanor St	Vernon	CT	06066-
Couillard	Michele LeBlanc	227 Tracy Ave	Waterbury	CT	06706-2521
Coulombe	Sylvia Cologne	190 Laurel St	South Windsor	CT	06074-2347
Courchaine	Donald Roy	112 E Elm St	Torrington	CT	06790-5016
Cournoyer	Eleanor Page	Po Box 85	South Woodstock	CT	06267-0085
Coutu	Ann Marie & Herbert J	505 Scotland Rd	Norwich	CT	06360-9405
Cowan	Robert & Millicent	1315 Warmwood Dr.	Grand Island	FL	32735-
Croteau	Eugenie Picard	132 Gooseneck Hill	Canterbury	CT	06331-
Cummings	Nancy Post	227 Holloster	East Hartford	CT	06118-
Cyr	Candide Sedlik	196 Brace Rd	West Hartford	CT	06107-1813
Cyr	Lillian Beauvilliers	641 Middlebury Rd.	Watertown	CT	06795-
Cyr	Phyllis Nedorostek	5 River Rd.	Unionville	CT	06085-1010
Daigle	Candide Sedlik	196 Brace Rd	West Hartford	CT	06107-1813
Daigle	Phyllis Nedorostek	5 River Rd.	Unionville	CT	06085-1010
Daniels	Candace Bryan	430 River Rd.	Willington	CT	06279-
Daoust	Honora Futtner	1629 Main Street	South Windsor	CT	06074-1008
d'Avignon	Corrine Wiggins	9780 Simpson Canyon	Klamath Falls	OR	97601-9364
Deforest	Donald Theriaque	910 Parker St.	Manchester	CT	06042-
DeLatour	Lawrence Marion	63 Burnt Hill Rd	Farmington	CT	06032-2039
Deloge	Christopher Child	101 Newbury Street	Boston	MA	02116-
Delorme	Anne Marie St Jean	62 Maynard St	Putnam	CT	06260-1116
Denis	Roger & Phylis Lapierre	46 Lakeview Dr.	Coventry	CT	06238-
Deschenes	Ann Taft	PO Box 893	Arlington	VT	05250-0893
Destroismaison	Eugenie Picard	132 Gooseneck Hill	Canterbury	CT	06331-
Deveresse	Nancy Post	227 Holloster	East Hartford	CT	06118-
DeVost	Louis Fox	10 Camden St.	South Hadley	MA	01075-2319
Doherty	Pat Tripp	109 Orchard St.	Ellington	Ct	06029-
Donais	Rene Bernier	8 Honeysuckle Lane	Niantic	CT	06357-1933
Dore	Sheila Clark	9 Farrell Road	Storrs	CT	06268-2216
Dore/Dorais	Bernard Doray	734 Pratt	Outremont PQH2V	Canad	
Doyon	Edie Parizo	536 South Main St.	West Hartford	CT	06110-
Dsperp	Everett & Dorothy	PO Box 328	Summerville	SC	29484-
Dube	Donald Roy	112 E Elm St	Torrington	CT	06790-5016
Dubois	Ann Taft	PO Box 893	Arlington	VT	05250-0893
Dubois	Beverly Sherman	3566 Plum Dale Dr	Fairfax	VA	22033-1237
Dubois	Pauline Wilson	73 Arcellia Drive	Manchester	CT	06042-
Ducharme	Angelina Shea	100 Pine Street	Homosassa	FL	34446-
Duclos	Frank Melanson	4 Edgewood Ave	Milford	CT	06460-

Connecticut Maple Leaf, Winter 2008-2009

Surname	Member Name	Address	City	State	Zip Code
Duhamel	Eugenie Picard	132 Gooseneck Hill	Canterbury	CT	06331-
Dupont	Ernest & Barbara	Po Box 85	South Windham	CT	06266-0085
Dupont	Robert & Patricia Talbot	32 Mountainview	Bristol	CT	06010-
Duquet/Duquet	Richard Snay	1463 Riverside Dr	North	CT	06255-0112
Durand	Eleanor Page	Po Box 85	South Woodstock	CT	06267-0085
Durand	Sylvia Cologne	190 Laurel St	South Windsor	CT	06074-2347
Ethier	Carol O'Neill	525 Gardner St.	Manchester	CT	06040-
Evens	Jeanne Miller	34 Main St PO Box	Versailles	CT	06383-0233
Falcon	Everett & Dorothy	PO Box 328	Summerville	SC	29484-
Fortier	Ernest & Barbara	Po Box 85	South Windham	CT	06266-0085
Fournier	Elaine Mandro	30 Cherry Ln	West Haven	CT	06516-5607
Fournier	Helen Bernier	52 Robbie Rd	Tolland	CT	06084-2210
Fournier	Byron Benton	77 Avery Heights	Hartford	CT	06106-4201
Fournier	Louis Fox	10 Camden St.	South Hadley	MA	01075-2319
Fournier	Wendy Lemieux	501 Dunn Rd.	Coventry	CT	06238-1164
Frechette	Michele LeBlanc	227 Tracy Ave	Waterbury	CT	06706-2521
Frechette	Robert & Patricia Talbot	32 Mountainview	Bristol	CT	06010-
Freeman	Lillian Beauvilliers	641 Middlebury Rd.	Watertown	CT	06795-
Gagne	Honora Futtner	1629 Main Street	South Windsor	CT	06074-1008
Gamache	Chris Stark	8621 51St Terrace	Bradenton	FL	34211-
Gareau	Corrine Wiggins	9780 Simpson Canyon	Klamath Falls	OR	97601-9364
Garrett	Gary Potter	370 Lake Ave.	Bristol	CT	06010-7328
Gaudreau	Frances Swietlicki	2 Copper Ridge Circle	Guilford	CT	06437-
Gauthier	Lucille Langlois	Po Box 47	Quinebaug	CT	06262-0047
Gendreau	Phyllis Nedorostek	5 River Rd.	Unionville	CT	06085-1010
Gerard	Candace Bryan	430 River Rd.	Willington	CT	06279-
Giguere	Benjamin Edelman	844 Cornwall Ave	Cheshire	CT	06410-
Girard	Corrine Wiggins	9780 Simpson Canyon	Klamath Falls	OR	97601-9364
Giroux	Estelle Sawtelle	210 Green Manor	Windsor Locks	CT	06096-2714
Godbout	Douglas & Mary Lou	22 Indianola Rd	Niantic	CT	06357-3409
Godin	Norman Godin	641 Westminster Rd	Canterbury	CT	06331-
Goodhue	Gary Potter	370 Lake Ave.	Bristol	CT	06010-7328
Goulet	Pauline Nero	1 Horne Ave Apt D1	Winsted	CT	06098-1270
Goulet	Benjamin Edelman	844 Cornwall Ave	Cheshire	CT	06410-
Goyette	Frances Swietlicki	2 Copper Ridge Circle	Guilford	CT	06437-
Grenier	Byron Benton	77 Avery Heights	Hartford	CT	06106-4201
Guillemette	Edna Franz	41 Garwood Rd.	Fair Lawn	NJ	07410-4511
Guilmitt	Jeanne Miller	34 Main St PO Box	Versailles	CT	06383-0233
Guimond	Louis Guimond	2-547 Belden Ave.	Norwalk	CT	06850-
Guimond	Hans & Annabelle	43 Florentine Gardens	Springfield	MA	01108-2507
Hache	Gilbert & Lucia Levere	26 Ellsworth Rd.	West Hartford	CT	06107-2707
Hackett	Maria Holmes	488 Oak Ave Apt 48	Cheshire	CT	06410-3016
Harnois	Dorothy & Diane	42 Main St	Woodbury	CT	06798-3403
Hebert	Ernest & Barbara	Po Box 85	South Windham	CT	06266-0085
Hebert	Carol O'Neill	525 Gardner St.	Manchester	CT	06040-
Henri	Lucille Langlois	Po Box 47	Quinebaug	CT	06262-0047

Surnames of Interest to FCGSC Members

Surname	Member Name	Address	City	State	Zip Code
Houde	Armand Catelli	18 Juniper Lane	Berlin	CT	06037-
Houde	Lillian Beauviliers	641 Middlebury Rd.	Watertown	CT	06795-
Houle	Jeanne Lincoln-Kent	Po Box 88	Winsted	CT	06098-0088
Houle	Christopher Child	101 Newbury Street	Boston	MA	02116-
Isaac	Robert Bedard MD	25 Elna Dr	Tolland	CT	06084-
Janard	Candace Bryan	430 River Rd.	Willington	CT	06279-
Jandren	Joel Cohan	7 Volpi Rd	Bolton	CT	06043-
Jolie	Norman & Alice Jolie	19 Yeomans Rd	Columbia	CT	06237-1534
Joly	Norman & Alice Jolie	19 Yeomans Rd	Columbia	CT	06237-1534
Jouanne	Byron Benton	77 Avery Heights	Hartford	CT	06106-4201
Kelly	Pat Tripp	109 Orchard St.	Ellington	Ct	06029-
King	Gary Potter	370 Lake Ave.	Bristol	CT	06010-7328
Kluntz	Robert & Millicent	1315 Warmwood Dr.	Grand Island	FL	32735-
Klunz	Robert & Millicent	1315 Warmwood Dr.	Grand Island	FL	32735-
Lablanc	Carol Stone	30 Fern Dr.	Storrs	CT	06268-
LaBlanc	Allen Robicheau	205 Plymouth Colony	Branford	CT	06045-
LaBombardier	Gary Potter	370 Lake Ave.	Bristol	CT	06010-7328
Labonte	Rita Roy	61 Churchill Dr.	Norwood	MA	02062-1644
Labonte	Roger & Phylis Lapierre	46 Lakeview Dr.	Coventry	CT	06238-
Labossiere	David Labossiere	436 Lantern Way	Windsor	CT	06095-1650
LaBrecque	Pauline Nero	1 Horne Ave Apt D1	Winsted	CT	06098-1270
Lacasse	John Farrow	14 Virginia D.	Ellington	CT	06029-
LaChance	Lillian Beauviliers	641 Middlebury Rd.	Watertown	CT	06795-
LaChapelle	Mark & Kerstin	45 Furnace Ave	Stafford Srpings	CT	06076-
LaCroix	Donald Roy	112 E Elm St	Torrington	CT	06790-5016
Lacroix	Richard Snay	1463 Riverside Dr	North	CT	06255-0112
Lafaille	Bernard Doray	734 Pratt	Outremont PQH2V	Canad	
Lafaille	Richard Larson	10 Depot Rd. Unit	Willington	CT	06279-
Laflamme	Robert Cummiskey	45 Simpkins Dr.	Bristol	CT	06010-
LaFond	John & Patricia	74 Dexter Avenue	Meriden	CT	06450-6111
Laforest	Donald Theriaque	910 Parker St.	Manchester	CT	06042-
LaFramboise	John & Patricia	74 Dexter Avenue	Meriden	CT	06450-6111
Lagace/Lagass	Frank Melanson	4 Edgewood Ave	Milford	CT	06460-
Lagasse	Kenneth Collette	168 Fairlawn Ave	Waterbury	CT	06705-2120
Lagrace	Candide Sedlik	196 Brace Rd	West Hartford	CT	06107-1813
Laliberte	Jeanne Lincoln-Kent	Po Box 88	Winsted	CT	06098-0088
Laliberte	Ernest & Barbara	Po Box 85	South Windham	CT	06266-0085
Lalime	Jeanne Lincoln-Kent	Po Box 88	Winsted	CT	06098-0088
Lambert	Doris Vaughan	31-7 South Meadow	Carver	MA	02330-1821
Lambert	Lise Lambert	13 Hanson Rd	Canterbury	CT	06331-
Lamontagne	Ann Taft	PO Box 893	Arlington	VT	05250-0893
Lampron	John & Patricia	74 Dexter Avenue	Meriden	CT	06450-6111
Langan	Marie Langan	3813 West Rose Lane	Phoenix	AZ	85019-1729
Lange	Sylvia Bockstein	172 Jackson Street	Jefferson	MA	01522-1469
Langlois	Lucille Langlois	Po Box 47	Quinebaug	CT	06262-0047
LaPerche	Douglas & Mary Lou	22 Indianola Rd	Niantic	CT	06357-3409

Connecticut Maple Leaf, Winter 2008-2009

Surname	Member Name	Address	City	State	Zip Code
Lapierre	Roger & Phylis Lapierre	46 Lakeview Dr.	Coventry	CT	06238-
LaPointe	Therese Grego	7610 E 21St. Pl.	Tulsa	OK	74129-2428
Larche	Honora Futtner	1629 Main Street	South Windsor	CT	06074-1008
L'Archeveque	Honora Futtner	1629 Main Street	South Windsor	CT	06074-1008
Lariviere	Christopher Child	101 Newbury Street	Boston	MA	02116-
Laroche	Carol Stone	30 Fern Dr.	Storrs	CT	06268-
Lausier	Michele LeBlanc	227 Tracy Ave	Waterbury	CT	06706-2521
Lavallee	Scott Lovely	55 Airline Ave.	Portland	CT	06480-
Lavallie	Therese Grego	7610 E 21St. Pl.	Tulsa	OK	74129-2428
Lebeau	Robert & Patricia Talbot	32 Mountainview	Bristol	CT	06010-
Leblanc	Marie Langan	3813 West Rose Lane	Phoenix	AZ	85019-1729
LeBlanc	Michele LeBlanc	227 Tracy Ave	Waterbury	CT	06706-2521
Lebrun	Candide Sedlik	196 Brace Rd	West Hartford	CT	06107-1813
LeClair	Jeanne Miller	34 Main St PO Box	Versailles	CT	06383-0233
Leclerc	Armand Catelli	18 Juniper Lane	Berlin	CT	06037-
LeGare	Edna Franz	41 Garwood Rd.	Fair Lawn	NJ	07410-4511
Legare	Irene Schott	15 Tunnell Hill Court,	Lisbon	CT	06351-
Leger	Lucille Langlois	Po Box 47	Quinebaug	CT	06262-0047
Lelievre	Gilbert & Lucia Levere	26 Ellsworth Rd.	West Hartford	CT	06107-2707
Lemay	Marie Langan	3813 West Rose Lane	Phoenix	AZ	85019-1729
Lemay	Sylvia Cologne	190 Laurel St	South Windsor	CT	06074-2347
Lemieux	Michele LeBlanc	227 Tracy Ave	Waterbury	CT	06706-2521
Lemieux	Wendy Lemieux	501 Dunn Rd.	Coventry	CT	06238-1164
LePire	Edna Franz	41 Garwood Rd.	Fair Lawn	NJ	07410-4511
LeVasseur	Robert Cummiskey	45 Simpkins Dr.	Bristol	CT	06010-
Lise	Lise Lambert	13 Hanson Rd	Canterbury	CT	06331-
Lord	Bernard Doray	734 Pratt	Outremont PQH2V	Canad	
Loubier	Edna Franz	41 Garwood Rd.	Fair Lawn	NJ	07410-4511
Lovely	Scott Lovely	55 Airline Ave.	Portland	CT	06480-
Luko	Gilbert & Lucia Levere	26 Ellsworth Rd.	West Hartford	CT	06107-2707
Lussier	Leonard Caya & Terri	438 Kemp Road	Hampton	CT	06247-2010
Lussier	Edward Perron	59 Sunnyside Ave.	Putnam	CT	06260-
Major	Irene Schott	15 Tunnell Hill Court,	Lisbon	CT	06351-
Mandville	Rene Bernier	8 Honeysuckle Lane	Niantic	CT	06357-1933
Marc-Aurele	Elaine Mandro	30 Cherry Ln	West Haven	CT	06516-5607
Marion	Lawrence Marion	63 Burnt Hill Rd	Farmington	CT	06032-2039
Marquis	Candide Sedlik	196 Brace Rd	West Hartford	CT	06107-1813
Marquis	Brenda Chavez	516 Hartford Ave	Weathersfield	CT	06109-
Martel	Christopher Child	101 Newbury Street	Boston	MA	02116-
Martin	Beverly Sherman	3566 Plum Dale Dr	Fairfax	VA	22033-1237
Martin	Carol O'Neill	525 Gardner St.	Manchester	CT	06040-
Martineau	Edward Perron	59 Sunnyside Ave.	Putnam	CT	06260-
Masse	Carol Stone	30 Fern Dr.	Storrs	CT	06268-
Massicotte	Janice Livermore	PO Box 222652	Chantilly	VA	20153-2652
Masson	Armand Catelli	18 Juniper Lane	Berlin	CT	06037-
Matinew	Mark & Kerstin	45 Furnace Ave	Stafford Srping	CT	06076-

Surnames of Interest to FCGSC Members

Surname	Member Name	Address	City	State	Zip Code
Maynard	Mark & Kerstin	45 Furnace Ave	Stafford Srping	CT	06076-
McCoy	Nancy Post	227 Holloster	East Hartford	CT	06118-
McNeilly	Nancy Post	227 Holloster	East Hartford	CT	06118-
Melanson	Frank Melanson	4 Edgewood Ave	Milford	CT	06460-
Menard	Frances Swietlicki	2 Copper Ridge Circle	Guilford	CT	06437-
Menard	Corrine Wiggins	9780 Simpson Canyon	Klamath Falls	OR	97601-9364
Meunier	Pauline Wilson	73 Arcellia Drive	Manchester	CT	06042-
Meurs	Wendy Lemieux	501 Dunn Rd.	Coventry	CT	06238-1164
Milot	Lillian Beauviliers	641 Middlebury Rd.	Watertown	CT	06795-
Minor	Mark & Kerstin	45 Furnace Ave	Stafford Srping	CT	06076-
Molleieur-	Mildred Roberts	71603 180th St	Albert Lea	MN	56007-5461
Monty	Maria Holmes	488 Oak Ave Apt 48	Cheshire	CT	06410-3016
Monty	Irene Schott	15 Tunnell Hill Court,	Lisbon	CT	06351-
Moquin	Mildred Roberts	71603 180th St	Albert Lea	MN	56007-5461
Moreau	Beverly Sherman	3566 Plum Dale Dr	Fairfax	VA	22033-1237
Morin	Corrine Wiggins	9780 Simpson Canyon	Klamath Falls	OR	97601-9364
Morin	Robert Cummiskey	45 Simpkins Dr.	Bristol	CT	06010-
Nadeau	Florence "Pat" Davis	64 Neptune Dr	Old Saybrook	CT	06475-2934
Nadeau	Edie Parizo	536 South Main St.	West Hartford	CT	06110-
Neron	Honora Futtner	1629 Main Street	South Windsor	CT	06074-1008
Neveu	Everett & Dorothy	PO Box 328	Summerville	SC	29484-
Nichollet	Edna Franz	41 Garwood Rd.	Fair Lawn	NJ	07410-4511
Nosek	Helen Bernier	52 Robbie Rd	Tolland	CT	06084-2210
Oliver/Olivier	Janice Livermore	PO Box 222652	Chantilly	VA	20153-2652
oururier	Virginia Clark	6 Grey Fox Trail	Avon	CT	06001-
Pagé	Eleanor Page	Po Box 85	South Woodstock	CT	06267-0085
Paquet	Irene Schott	15 Tunnell Hill Court,	Lisbon	CT	06351-
Paquette	Pauline Casey	28 Eleanor St	Vernon	CT	06066-
Paquin	Germaine Goudreau	629 Riverside Dr. PO	Grosvenordale	CT	06246-
Patenaude	Elaine Mandro	30 Cherry Ln	West Haven	CT	06516-5607
Patenaude	Candace Bryan	430 River Rd.	Willington	CT	06279-
Paulhus	Rene Bernier	8 Honeysuckle Lane	Niantic	CT	06357-1933
Pearl	Nancy Post	227 Holloster	East Hartford	CT	06118-
Peloquin	Rene Bernier	8 Honeysuckle Lane	Niantic	CT	06357-1933
Peloquin	Anne Marie St Jean	62 Maynard St	Putnam	CT	06260-1116
Pepin	Edna Franz	41 Garwood Rd.	Fair Lawn	NJ	07410-4511
Perrault	Benjamin Edelman	844 Cornwall Ave	Cheshire	CT	06410-
Perron	Edward Perron	59 Sunnyside Ave.	Putnam	CT	06260-
Perron	Lynn & Allan	26 Patten Rd.	Stafford	CT	06076-
Petit	Gary Potter	370 Lake Ave.	Bristol	CT	06010-7328
Piette	Therese Grego	7610 E 21St. Pl.	Tulsa	OK	74129-2428
Pinard	Armand Catelli	18 Juniper Lane	Berlin	CT	06037-
Pitre	Honora Futtner	1629 Main Street	South Windsor	CT	06074-1008
Plasse	Richard Snay	1463 Riverside Dr	North	CT	06255-0112
Poirier	Ann Taft	PO Box 893	Arlington	VT	05250-0893
Poirier	Pauline & Leo Andstrom	151 Lovers Lane	Plainfield	CT	06374-1527

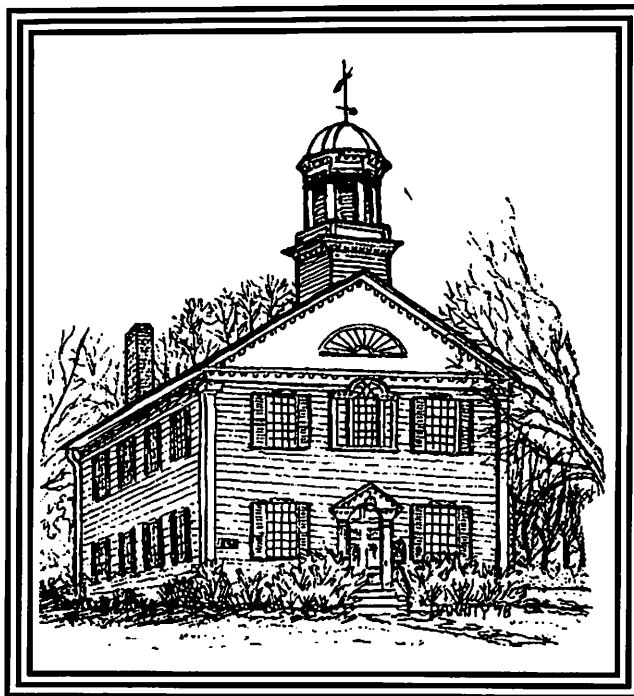
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