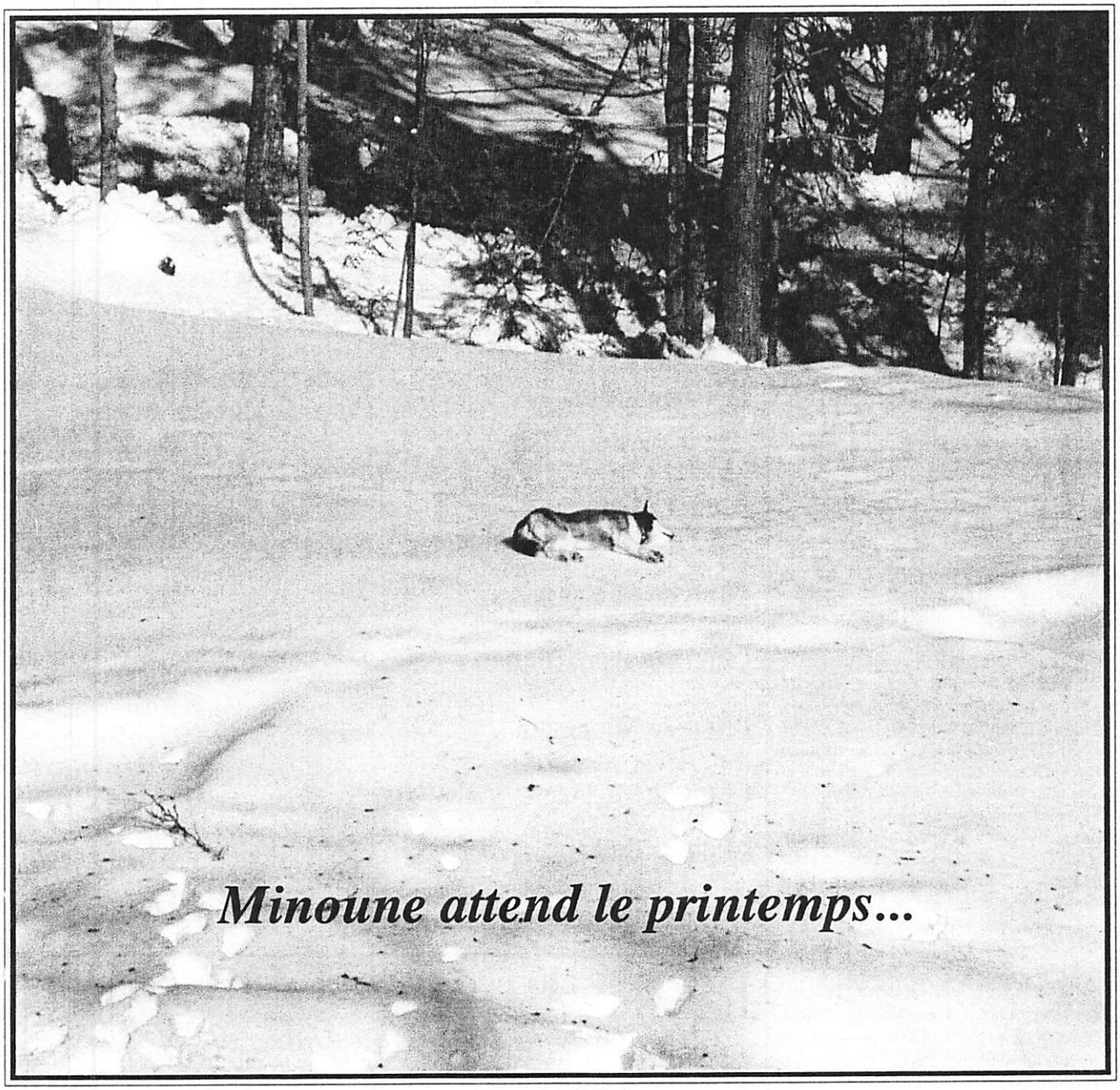
Le FORUM

"AFIN D'ÊTRE EN PLEINE POSSESSION DE SES MOYENS"

VOLUME 31, #4-5 **PART 1/PREMIÈRE PARTIE** HIVER/WINTER 2005



www.FrancoMaine.org

www.Francoamerican.org

other pertinent websites to check out -

http://users.adelphia.net/~frenchcx/index.html

and **www.FFA-USA.com/**

Franco-American Women's Institute:

http://www.fawi.net

$4.00 US

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

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

Le Forum et son staff—Universitaires, gens de la communauté, les étudiants --Natalie, Leona, Centre staff — Lisa et Yvon—sont vivement reconnaissant pour l'appui moral et financier que représentent les contributions des abonnés, and an anonymous donor.

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Endowment

One way to support the University of Maine's Franco-American Centre, Le FORUM, while at the same time reserving a life income is the establishment of a charitable gift annuity with the Franco-American Centre Fund at the University of Maine Foundation at 1-800-982-8503.

(N.D.L.R.)

Dear Readership;

I 'd like to start this letter by thanking you for your continued patience, support and well wishes.

We have been working diligently on this issue to make it the best possible with the material and finances we currently have available.

We have decided to change the format to magazine style and we will be printing in-house so as to reduce expenses. We no longer receive the donation of paper from Great Northern so we have been trying to obtain paper from other sources. We are looking for 11 x 17, 80 lb. glossy for the cover and 60 lb. for the text pages within the publication, 4,000 copies per issue. If you have any ideas as to where we may obtain paper or monetary donations it would be greatly appreciated.

We are hoping to publish an additional issue before summer break. We ask that you bear with us during this time of transition.

I present to you the new *Le Forum*...hope you enjoy this issue.

(Continued on page 7)

CONGRATULATIONS! FÉLICITATIONS!
Judy Ayotte Paradis

Judy Ayotte Paradis was selected to the Maine Women's Hall of Fame.

The honor was conferred upon her at the annual induction ceremony on Saturday, March 19, at the University of Maine at Augusta...

(Photos by Larry Ayotte)

Judy Ayotte Paradis, Patricia Collins and Senator Susan Collins

Other Hall of Famers of Franco-American heritage:

Maine Women's Hall of Fame, including Franco-American women: Senator Margaret Chase Smith, Joan Benoit Samuelson, and, now, Judy Ayotte Paradis

Judy Ayotte Paradis
Maine Women's Hall of Fame Inductee

Under Cover as a Franco

by Richard Gay (aka Guay), Blue Hill, ME

Recently I wrote an article for publication in a CIA newsletter, about my recruitment and early experiences in the U.S. intelligence services. The article included a brief passage about experience as a student at Laval University in Quebec City. Last year, I had shared some of my *affaire Québécoise* with Yvon Labbé, Director of the Franco-American Center. He suggested "Under Cover as a Franco" as a fitting title, and invited me to submit the story for readers of *Le Forum*. The first part of the following piece is condensed from the article written for an audience of former CIA operatives, and may seem a bit out of place, but it got me started. I hope that readers, both young and old, will find *mon historie* informative and entertaining.

During a luncheon presentation last year (2003) as guest speaker at the Bangor Rotary Club, someone stood up and asked, "How does a nice boy from Maine end up in a place like CIA?" I am often invited to speak about a pictorial history book that I co-authored on WWII espionage in Maine, published May 2003, titled *They Came to Destroy America*. My pat answer to the CIA question is that because of a foreign language major including Russian, I was recruited in college. Another Rotarian asked if I had interviewed other companies besides the CIA, and if so why had I chosen a career in spying? At this I rolled my eyes and said it was a long story. That satisfied the audience, most of whom had to hurry back to their offices, but the questioner responded with a touch of cynicism, "I know, if you told me then you'd have to kill me, right?" Cringing at this worn-out cliché, I assured them that CIA people go unarmed, unless perhaps in enemy territory on assignment with a special operations group.

Driving home from the Rotary meeting, I repeated the question to myself: how come I ended up in the CIA? As a senior at the University of Maine I had interviewed a number of companies in international business and foreign trade, Grace Lines, American Fruit, AT&T, etc offering mid-management entry level jobs with attractive salaries. Yet I went to work in the intel business, starting at the pay scale of GS5 at about $3,500 a year. This would be equivalent to about $20,000 today. You may think that going bareheaded winters at 20 below zero in Maine slows down the cognitive process, and you may be right. It was a puzzlement to me too. Was it the up-front expense money?

The first week in June 1957, with

(Continued on page 50)

Letters/Lettres

Dear Editor,

In the last issue of *Le* Forum, Volume 3, #3 is an article, which I found at the Wilson Library of the University of Minnesota. It is on page 11. Originally it was printed by our local newsletter, *Chez Nous*. Unfortunately, that newsletter plus the society is now defunct.

However, I'm sending an article I wrote for the publication. It concerned my home parish of St. Jean Baptiste in Daluth, Minnesota. Your reading will reveal its fate.

Publication such as yours are always seeking news and information about our ethnic background, etc. Please review my material and use it if possible. Also when published I would like a copy.

Your efforts to preserve our past are appreciated.

Sincerely,
Treffle R. Daniels
St. Louis Park, MN

Dear Treffle;

Le Forum would like to thank you for your submission. It is always with great pleasure that articles such as yours are ever so important to the eyes of others. Our readership will certainly appreciate your submission.

It is not only Le Forums efforts but all of our efforts to help preserve the past, but also to make a difference in the future.

la rédactrice

(see page 21 for article)

Dear Editor;

A recent article in the Family Ties section of the *Bangor Daily News* brought back memories of "Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum" and my days as a student at the University of Maine at Orono. The article reminded me that I still have copies (now a bit yellowed) of issues dating back to between 1974 and 1976. I originally saved them for the genealogical information they contained. It is a pleasure rereading them now.

Enclosed is my check for a subscription to *Le* Forum. I look forward to receiving my first issue.

Thank you very much.
Sincerely,
Patrick Voisine
DeKalb, IL

Dear Patrick;

Le Forum has been in existence for over 30 years, not without it's financial hardships, like the current one. But somehow "our journal" has perservered.

Welcome back!
la rédactrice

Dear Editor,

It has been about a year since the camp story first started to percolate in the back of my mind. As is often the case, the writing took me elsewhere until I found myself speculating on the fine adults who so influenced my life that summer of 1936. Eventually their story overshadowed the one of the camp, which shrank in importance as I continued to write.

My hope is that there are many of us out there who might consider setting down their personal stories about those whose dedication and commitment so affected their lives, those whom we casually took for granted as youth has always done and will always continue to do.

Sincerely,
Marie Martel Hatch
Indianapolis IN

Dear Editor;

I want to thank you for thinking of me and sending me the "*LE* FORUM" paper. I truly enjoy every page of it. Your doing an excellent job. All article are so well presented, many of them touch my heart. I hope one day to write a story myself. Any hints???

Love,
Mrs. Bernadette Lajoie
Van Buren, ME

Dear Bernadette;

You have already made the first step, by writing to us, the next, is putting pen to paper or fingers to keyboard and let it flow with whatever comes to mind. I look forward to reading your submission. Thank you in advance.

Merci!
la rédactrice

Dear friends,

On August 6, I was transferred from the U.S. penitentiary at Atlanta to a pre-release center in Portland, Maine. On November 4th I was released from the federal bureau of prisons custody. After 20 years confinement I've finally come home.

I am deeply grateful to all of you who've supported me during this excruciating ordeal. Some of you have been around since the first day of my capture in 1984. Others became involved during court trials attempting to criminalize actions taken in support of struggles from Central America to Southern Africa. Some of you came through during the lockdown years at Marion and ADX'– prisons continually violating the spirit and law of human rights. Others joined in during the quest for parole. Be it cards, letters, phone calls, books, literature, funds, political events, providing various kinds of support— each of you contributed in some way to my survival, enabling me to reach the dawn of a new life.

My release after 20 years imprisonment for political offenses demon-

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)
strates that political prisoners can be brought home. Do not forget those left behind. Mumia is still on death row. The MOVE prisoners have endured over 25 years of unjust imprisonment. Mutulu Shakur, Oscar Lopez, Marilyn Buck and many others are weighed down by inordinately long sentences. A new generation of political prisoners needs support – from younger activists like Jeff "Free" Luers to immigrants detained in the extended post 911 repression.

I make special mention of my codefendants – Tom Manning, Richard Williams and Jaan Lamaan. Of 8 of us charged with United Freedom Front actions, they are the only 3 remaining in prison. That's "freedom", as in what these comrades fought for on behalf of others. They deserve respect and support. All our political prisoners need to be brought home.

One does not pass through 2 decades in America's maximum security cells without feeling its effects. The voices still reverberate from those I knew that died in prison. The sun is shining but shadows around me bear decades of physical and emotional pain. I remember hunger strikes and beatings; the sickening sounds of violence and the creeping silence of box car cells. I know the medical neglect suffered by some of our prisoners. I remember a world apart within which the spirit of political prisoners remains unbroken, and the circle of life survives the house of the dead. America's political prisoners are among the most principled people it's ever been my honor to know.

I was never a victim. I am a survivor of wars fought for and against U.S. imperialism. I believe that our political prisoners stand on the side of history that will vindicate our actions to alleviate the suffering of those most used and abused by a system that prioritizes profit over human needs. However, I am an anti-imperialist whose military role has ended.

I am now home with my wife Jamila and close to my family, including daughters, grandchildren and mother. From my heart I thank you all, for what you gave helped in some way to make this return home possible.

Love and respect,
Ray Luc Levasseur

Gathered together the evening of August 5 were the most politically conscious brothers in the compound – who fast , study and push themselves physically to honor those who've made significant sacrifices on the road to Black Liberation. Black August. The event was within hours of my release and I was asked to speak. What words might there be from one who's done two decades in the gulag by way of Marion and ADX? Big Black had died days earlier so I began by saying there can be no talk of Black August without we honor and carry forward the spirit of Frank Big Black Smith. The brother epitomized the strength and courage that ran through the Attica rebellion. He survived torture and indignities no one should ever be subjected to. From the carnage of Attica he emerged with a commitment to bring the light of truth to bear on the fact that Attica was a watershed moment on the road to freedom. And he emerged with a compassion that led him to fight tirelessly over decades on behalf of the Attica survivors and their families. Black would bring my kids to visit me in prison because he listened to his heart and knew the needs of the downpressed. He should continue to be honored, Black August and beyond.

Brothers asked me what advice I might share with them after 20 years of box car cells, the Marion shuffle, holes in every joint I been in, etc. I know what worked for me but one size does not fit all. I shared the bedrock of it. You must keep the faith. Have faith in the Creator and the Circle of Life. Keep faith in your family – however way your family is defined. Keep faith in yourself. Don't let you spirit be devoured by cynicism. And try to keep your strength and conditioning at a high level. The following morning Mutulu and me broke bread together shortly before I left – leaving him being the most painful part of moving on.

A few hours later I walked out from behind forty foot walls— unshackled for the first time in 20 years. A dozen steps and I was in my sweet woman's arms. She who had never lost faith in me. Before sunset we were a thousand miles away. At a family reunion several weeks later were gathered the youngest – great granddaughter(2) to the oldest – great grandmother (83) – and the released captive – the first time ever we'd all been together in the same place, same time.

An old friend not seen in 30 years said seeing me unexpectedly freed on the evening news was like watching someone rise from the dead. I prefer to think of it as an affirmation of Life. A testament that political prisoners can and will be freed. I told Mutulu his day will also come. Keep faith. Death is part of life and we've lost good comrades – Zayd, Mtyari, Nuh, Merle. And we've also seen brothers and sisters released. Rafael, Lolita, Geronimo, Dhoruba, Alicia, Laura – all unbroken spirits who kept their essential humanity and passion to break the chains of oppression. Take heart with my release. There are those who opposed my excarceration and wished me dead in prison but I prevailed. I came home. I believe that all our political prisoners are coming home. IO believe so because I believe in the righteousness of our cause and that struggle brings results. Keep hauling up the morning— it's the best way to live.

Ray Luc Levasseur
August 2004

Chère Editeure;

Depuis quelques temps nous ne recevons plus votre excellent Journal. Cela mangqu à ma mére et moi. Est-ce possible que nous ne nous sommes plus abboné?

Ci-inclus est notre chèque de $50 pour deux abbonements. Gardez le surplus pour payer le papier qui ne cesse d'augmenter.

Merci encore mille fois. C'est avec grand plaisire que nous récevons vos fascicules.

Amicalement,
Xavier de la Prade

To the Editor of Le Forum;

If you think my story could be interesting for *Le* Forum, I'm sending it to you. I was very surprised that fifty years later, young students wanted to know all about the Flood of 1955. It was a big project at the school where my twelve year old great-grand-daughter Laura Rinaldi goes, so for her I wrote my story.

Sincerely,
Alice Gélinas
Waterbury, CT

Dear Alice;

Can't think of a better place for your submission to appear. Un gros merci. *(See page 14)*

Dear Editor;

I hope that your health has recovered to permit you to put out September issue of the "Forum." If so; I have not received it yet.

Also I would like to learn the status of my subscription to the""Forum." I really enjoy reading it and hope I didn't miss an issue.

See the enclosed address label from May and June 2004 issue which I did receive.

I don't understand the 05/12. Please reply soon.

Merci,
René Collette
Lemon Grove, CA

A Reflection on Chabot:

An Open Letter

Monsieur Grégoire Chabot:

I read with great interest your book Un Jacques Cartier Errant. You have given a valuable gift. I read three or four lines of the first of your plays and realized that this, at last, was what I had been looking for

—*my grandparent's French.* You write in the Maine French of my grandparents without apology. I have never seen such a large helping of this language and now I have a rich resource to study. I expect that you never imagined that your plays would be used as a language-learning tool, or that the Maine French would ever be a target language for anyone. Like a shovel, turning recalcitrant soil, your book dug into my earliest memories, to bring to the surface the language I heard only in very brief snatches.

You present not only the language, but also the attitudes and mores of our parents and grandparents with no apology, and with a critical eye, and keen humor, and for this, too, I am grateful. How you snuck that tape recorder into my mom's family's house to produce material for your play *Chère Maman* I'll never figure out.

As valuable as were the plays, of equal usefulness was your introduction presenting their *raison d'être*. One passage in particular struck me. You write:

"La génération de mon père (et celles qui l'avaient précédée) savait qu'elle était plutôt franco qu'américaine. Les générations qui suivraient seraient clairement plus américaine que francos. J'avais l'impression que moué pi mes chums, on était perdu dans le milieu en quèque part."

I'm afraid that things did not go as *clairement* for the generations *qui suivraient* as you might have expected. Some of us are still lost in the middle – although most of us can't write about it in as beautiful and as natural a French style as you. How could we Anglophones, we assimilated Francos, the *Bonhommes* (pi *Bonnefemmes*) *Sept Heure's* of the old-guard Franco-American elite of an earlier generation, *still* have not made it to the other side, wherever that is? Perhaps the following story will make it clearer.

It was the summer of 1970. Our family was on its way to Montreal on vacation, one of the only genuine family vacations we would ever take. I was still six-years-old that summer when I witnessed an event I will never forget. We were staying in Northern Vermont at a small motel before making our way across the border. My father asked the motel clerk if she would take a check. *"Yes, sir,"* came the reply. *"It's an out-of-state check,"* my father cautioned, *"are you sure that's going to be O.K.?""Sure."* My father wrote the check and handed it to the woman. She took a look at it and her tone and her face changed. *"I'm sorry. We can't take this,"* she said curtly. My father didn't even need to ask why. He had seen this before, but it had been long ago. Further uncomfortable probing suggested (if it did not reveal) the truth. Out-of-state-checks. Yes. Out-of-state-checks-with-obviously-French-names-on-the-top. No. I had seen my father angry before, but I had never seen'*this*. At the epicenter of the anger was hurt. And embarrassment. He let his displeasure be known, in no uncertain terms, to the manager and found a way to pay his bill.

Later, when he didn't think the children were listening, he said to my mom the words that ring in my ear to this day: *"My parents had to put up with this s—t, but I didn't think I'd have to!"* I wasn't accustomed to hearing my father use "bad" language. He used it on occasion, to be sure, but, if he could help it, not in front of his kids. His statement, spoken in a hushed but angry voice to his wife, spoke volumes.

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(An Open Letter
continued from page 6)
Why not? Why didn't he think he would "have to"? Because he had done everything he was supposed to do in order to assimilate, to belong to the land of the free. He was a native born American. He spoke English with no discernable accent, save a New England lilt; he served in the U.S. Navy in World War II; he found a way out of the mills and the shipyards of his father and grandfather by learning a useful, skilled trade; he had a good job; he paid his bills on time and saved his pennies; his family had moved from the mill town to the metropolis of New England and, finally, he was able to afford a small house in a suburb where, so he imagined, he could raise his kids in relative safety. He did"*everything* he was supposed to do to fulfill the American Dream of his generation, the one that's been called *The Greatest*. With all that work – both his work and his parent's work – he *still* had to put up with, in his apt phrase, *"this s—t."* All that work, and we still had the stigma of the "dumb Canuck," hanging over us. No wonder, long ago, so many Racines became Roots and Leblancs became Whites!

Each generation bears its cross, but like the *Stations* with which we all grew up, the cross remains the same in every portrait, although its situation changes from one to the other. *Our* station along the way, is the almost complete absence of the French language. Sure, I can take a course in French, and, in fact, I did, and I continue to study it, but I will never speak French like Mémère did. On a deeper level, though, our *cross* is a loss of access to our history. We were influenced by a history the evidence of which had been all but erased. It's like experiencing a trauma and then living in a world that treats you as if it had never occurred. Those of us who are yet another generation removed from our French language, and an *explicitly* French experience, have all of the beliefs and attitudes and lifestyle peculiarities of *nôtre ethnicité*, both those that are "*le beau pi le fun*" and those that are limiting, but minus important possessions which identify us as anything but Americans *sans* hyphen.

What is a Franco without his or her French? Is he or she is like the *Chimera* of ancient mythology – a monster, part one animal and part another? On a trip to Prince Edward Island, the home of my maternal grandmother, after my sister had a run-in with a somewhat surly Francophone Acadian, I asked her, *"What are we doing here? Are we just frauds and* poseurs *up here?"* I went on a trip to Québec last summer, to my father's ancestral parishes, to find out what my relationship was to this place. *How would the Québecois view me?* Am I just another American tourist, despite the fact that eight or nine or ten generations of my families are buried beneath the soil of Québec. Do they recognize that I, too, have a connection, and a *right* to a connection, with this place? On that trip, the one thing I discovered is that I couldn't yet communicate with people well enough to answer the question sufficiently.

Language'*is* important and I feel the loss of the language acutely. But the other lesson to be learned from our generation is that language is *not* synonymous with culture, even though that belief of the old Franco elite still holds sway over many of us. The culture of everyday life (as opposed to the so-called High Culture one finds in universities and museums) is incredibly persistent and, I've discovered, transcends language.

Perhaps a subtler mind than mine could discern the difference between...

"Bon Dieu, y a marié une Protestante!" and

"Oh my God, he married a Protestant!"

...but, for all intents and purposes, they are the same. "*Sans doute*, there are certain things that are better expressed in one language than another, and I observed distinct differences, in places, between the French and English versions of your plays, although the same author produced both, but there are some broad strokes that are *so* broad that they cannot be lost in translation. A great deal of life is lived in the broad strokes, although our most sublime and memorable moments slip through them. Perhaps the lesson of our generation is that attitudes, aptitudes, prejudices and lifestyles cross the language barrier, because one adopts them and absorbs them non-verbally. Question: *How does one learn how* to be? Answer: *By absorption.*

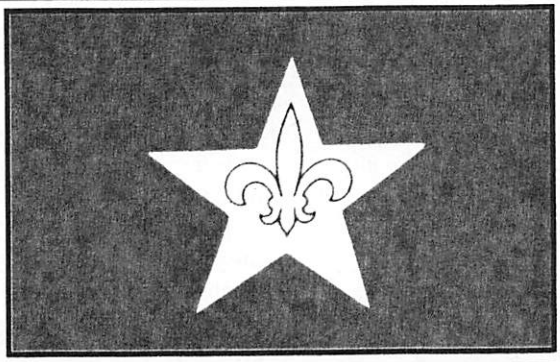
There's a photo taken at my uncle's 25th wedding anniversary the same year as our vacation in Montreal. There I am in the photo, dressed as they are dressed, at my dad's elbow while he talks with my Uncle Paul. There's dad, there's Uncle Paul, and then there's mini-me. Doing what? '*Absorbing*. I am looking up as they discuss whatever it was they were discussing that day and as I do this, I absorb what it is *to be*: to be a man, to be a father and an uncle, to be a human being, and, yes, to be a Franco in all of those. I *hear* the words
(Continued on page 23)

(N.D.L.R. continued from page 3)

Let me reiterate...this is our first issue in the new format and we encountered many, many problems, but the content of this issue is diverse and there is something for all interests.

We would greatly appreciate any feedback.

Lisa Desjardins Michaud
Rédactrice



ALONG ACADIAN SHORES

by
Reinhard Zollitsch
July/August 2004

The Celebration

The year 2004 is a very special year for all Francophones along the shores from Louisiana to Maine, but especially for our Canadian Maritime neighbors to the north. 400 years ago, on June 26, 1604, to be exact, Pierre Dugua, "Sieur de Mons", led 79 French settlers and traders to a small island in the St. Croix River along the present day CAN/AM border (between Maine and New Brunswick) to establish a permanent trading post in the new world. It was the first permanent settlement of north Europeans on the eastern shores of North America (north of Florida). In return, the King of France gave Dugua a trading monopoly in the lucrative fur trade and the title""Lieutenant General of Acadie".

With that act, French Acadia was born, which, together with the founding of the city of Quebec by Samuel de Champlain four years later, is the cradle of today's 18 million North American people of French descent.

It is of interest to note that the landing on St. Croix Island predates the first British settlements of 1607 in Jamestown, VA, as well as the Pilgrims' leap off their Mayflower onto Plymouth Rock in 1620. Sure, everybody knows that "in fourteen hundred ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue", an event with monumental consequences, but remember, he did not really know where he was, he did not even know the American continent existed, and he did not stay. He came, he saw and left again, like so many other early Spanish and Portuguese explorers, as well as the Vikings at around 1000.

The first French Acadian settlement

The French 1604 expedition, unlike all other previous explorers, came over in five big sturdy sea-going ships, full of building supplies and provisions, trading goods, tools, arms, even guns. They meant business; they knew where they were going, they came with a purpose and came prepared to stay. This was no raiding party; they weren't buccaneers or pirates, but peaceful, pious settlers and adventurous traders, but willing to protect their turf against other raiders and the native population, if necessary. Right from the beginning, they tried to establish a good rapport with the native population, the Passamaquoddy, Malaseet and Micmacs, as the French have always done, especially in Voyageur country, because they needed them as guides and trading partners.

The St. Croix group of 79, I read, was part of a larger French project of five ships and 120 men, all making a first landing on Sable Island off Nova Scotia - what a feat in itself! From there, two ships with 41 men aboard went towards the St. Lawrence to trade, one ship went to Canso, NS, and the remaining two ships and 79 men, led by Dugua and Champlain, explored the south coast of NS and the Bay of Fundy.

The project

When I finished the first half of my solo circumnavigation of Nova Scotia in August 2003 (from Port Elgin, NB to Halifax; see my article "A Meeting at Sea" in the August issue of ACK), I immediately thought of completing my trip from Halifax to Yarmouth and Digby, paying special attention to the Acadians' quest for the perfect site for a new home in the new world. Fortunately we have Samuel de Champlain's trip logs, charts and even diagrams to let us relive their audacious and perilous trip along this unforgiving, fogbound, rocky shore, rounding up into the tide-ridden Bay of Fundy. Paddling this stretch of 380 miles solo in my 17-foot Kruger Sea Wind sea canoe sounded like fun and a real challenge for a 65-year-old. I could not wait to get started and celebrate the Acadians' historic event and my retirement.

Acadian Windjammer Parade route

Even though July and August are the foggiest months along these shores, according to the official *Sailing Directions*, I wanted my trip to coincide with the 2004 International Operation Sail Windjammer Parade, commemorating 400 years of Acadian presence along these shores. The start was to be in Halifax on July 29 (just one day after my own start), and it was to end up in St. John, New Brunswick, August 15, stopping at various Nova Scotia ports on its way, including Lunenburg, Pubnico, Shelburne, Yarmouth, Meteghan and Digby, just as I was planning.

What a wonderful backdrop and escort, I thought to myself, and what a cause to celebrate along with 18 million French-speaking North Americans. But could I keep up with them? Only in my wildest dreams - I knew I had to plan my own trip through this island world and around those numerous points and capes. I knew I would be lucky to ever really meet up with "the big boys". But it did happen several times on my 18 day totally unassisted journey of 20 nautical miles (22.5 statute miles or 36 kilometers) per day. (As

(Continued on page 9)

(ALONG ACADIAN SHORES continued from page 8)

a matter of fact, I gave myself a one-day headstart, and I also finished one day ahead of them!)

So here is a short summary of my 2004 Acadian venture.

The first leg: Halifax, heading southwest for 265 miles

I started in Halifax, which had recovered nicely from the devastating hit from Hurricane Juan on September 29, 2003. But I encountered the predicted fog and headwinds even before I got out of the Northwest Arm of Halifax Harbor. Fortunately I felt reasonably comfortable with that, relying on my years of experience of ocean travel and dead reckoning (no GPS), and a new high-tech, compact lensatic radar reflector (from WEST Marine) mounted on my stern deck. But the sun eventually came out for a bouncy but stunning rounding of the bare granite headland of Peggy's Cove and for crossing the mouth of St. Margaret's Bay early next morning.

Mahone Bay and the area around Lunenburg, especially the Blue Rocks area, were truly a paddler's delight - a myriad of islands and intricate passages and mostly fog free. No wonder this area turned into Nova Scotia's ocean playground. But most of the boats I saw there were sailboats, not noisy power boats or Sea-dos - nothing like our New England or Maine coast; more like a friendly throw-back to the 1960s or 1970s.

La Have Bay, Champlain's first Nova Scotia landfall in 1604, is another sea kayakers' delight and offers great gunkholing through its inner clump of islands, and it has great beaches. I spent a night on Bush Island, while Champlain's chart shows his boat anchored off mile-long Crescent Beach in Green Bay. I noted that these stunning beaches are now also accessible from shore and thus can be quite populated and noisy during the peak tourist season. So I gave them a wide berth.

I then passed "Por du Rossÿnol", now known as Liverpool Harbor, to a spot Champlain had marked with his boat logo as his anchoring spot on his "Port au Mouton" map. It was another remote beach campsite just outside of today's Port Mouton, which locals, by the way, pronounce something like "Matoon" as in "a spittoon in a saloon". The story goes, Champlain lost a "mouton", a sheep, overboard. I am afraid the poor thing drowned and was served for supper. The Sieur de Mons party stayed here with their two big boats for almost a month, while Champlain and eleven men scouted the route into Fundy Bay in a smaller eight ton pinnace.

This was a great spot to camp for me too, the best one so far, by the way, and right at the edge of the Canadian National Park Kejimkujik, a 10 mile stretch of no camping and no trespassing for boaters.

At Shelburne (formerly known as Port Razoir) I finally caught up to the windjammer parade, but their moorings

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Remembering Christmas Past

by Adrienne Pelletier LePage, Saco, ME

When I think of my childhood and my family life in the 1930's and 40's, I especially remember Christmas Eve with a smile, it is the best memories.

Christmas Eve, my father would harness, King our old horse, to the sleigh with one seat and a back enclosed all around with boards he would put straw and fur blankets for us children to sit-on and another fur blanket to cover ourselves. We used warm bricks to put near our feet to keep warm, because Christmas week was always around 25° below zero. My father and grandmother would sit out front and my sisters and I would sit out back, as best we could.

The Christmas I remember were starry nights and the air crisp and a cold breeze by the motion of the sleigh and the crunching snow under the runners and the harness bells, tinkling. Without street lights the stars were very bright in the December sky and we dream of Santa traveling in the sky and bringing presents to the children all over the world.

We traveled four miles to our village church, it was an adventure! The church bells would ring at 11:45 p.m. as we were arriving, because my father was always early, he would put a fur blanket on King's back to keep him warm during mass. He would park close to the church, to protect King from the wind.

Once in the church we were ready for a celestial experience, school children were dressed like angels with wings reaching the floor and high school girls with wings pointing to heaven, all were dressed in white and gold or blue sashes. They would sing Christmas hymns all during mass, while the priest sang the Latin High Mass.

There was also boys dressed in shepherd's clothing wearing brown robes and crosses in their hands, one would wait while an angel would bring the infant Jesus (a statue) to the manger while a girl dressed as Mary and a boy as Joseph waited for the infant Jesus to be placed in the manger for all to see.

Behind the altar, a large stand was set and the tall angels stood on the upper steps and the smaller angels on the lower rows of steps and their voices ascended in the church like a choir from heaven. To us children it was an inspiration to a perfect night and a feeling of peace and joy. A real Christmas.

After listening to those hymns like: Minuit Chrétiens, Il es née le Divine enfant, Noël Noël, Les Anges dans nos Campagnes, Avé Maria and Adest

(Continued on page 24)

1858 – Voting Fraud Among the French in Northern Aroostook

by Norbert Michaud

[The following historical information was derived from the Papers of Prudent Mercure in his history of Madawaska County, New Brunswick.]

A formal investigation was conducted into the voting fraud that occurred during the 1858 election "among the French population in the County of Aroostook" Elijah Hamilton, in explaining why the French population was particularly guilty, reported to the Maine governor, Morrill, and the legislature that it was the custom for the candidates for office in New Brunswick, or their friends, to provide gratuitous entertainment on the date of the elections to their supporters, and, in this way, frequently larger sums of money were expended. And when by the treaty of Washington of 1842, the French settlements on the south and west side of the St. John river fell within the jurisdiction of Maine, the same course of treatment was expected from the candidates for office in Maine as it was in New Brunswick.

The election fraud of 1858 amounted to more than the purchase of votes, however. Illegal voters were added to the rolls. In Van Buren the registered voters swelled in numbers in one year from 176 to 360. Many of the new registrants had been born in Canada and did not live in Aroostook county when the Treaty of Washington (Webster Ashburton Treaty) was effected in 1842 so they were not naturalized citizens. It was also charged that some people still living in Canada and some minors voted.

Mr. Hamlin reported that the elections came under the control of persons living outside of the plantations and were conducted in an outrageous and scandalous manner. This assertion was based on a report by James Pike who was appointed by Governor Morrill to investigate the charges. In the process Mr. Pike deposed many officials, including Michael Farrell as follows:

"I, Michael Farrell, Constable of the Van Buren Plantation depose and say that on the 13th day of September, 1858, I was in attendance at the polling place."

[I, Almon Richards, heard one of the assessors call Michael Farrell, a constable of said plantation, and heard him in the French language, make some remarks to whom, whereupon the said Farrell directed all persons present to leave the room]

"After I had directed and all persons had left the room one W.C. Hammond came to the door and insisted upon coming into the room occupied by said assessors and myself. He came in against my consent and was allowed to remain by the assessors and allowed by them while along with them to assist in sorting and counting votes. Said Hammond is an alien who lived in the province of New Brunswick at the time the Ashburton treaty was executed, and has never become a citizen of the United States by being naturalized... I was astonished after the said W.C. Hammond came in to assist the assessors, at seeing him sort, count and declare the votes after holding them in his possession, thereby giving him an opportunity to add or diminish the ballots if he should wish to do so, more particularly as he appeared to take a warm interest in said election."

In his commentary James Pike does not appear to have a high opinion of the French citizens of Northern Maine yet he concludes with a fair if not generous appraisal of these people and assigns blame for the fraud on others ..

"No man of whom I asked the question knew who was President or governor. Yet it is of course the most intelligent who speak English."

'The rapid growth of this peculiar people, which the numerous well filled households and the parish records of births amply attest, render their condition a matter of more than local interest They are ours by the accident of jurisdiction only. They have, by treaty stipulation, come into the sudden inheritance of citizenship in a country to which they are aliens by birth, language, and association, and of those institutions, history, custom and manners they are totally ignorant. They already total 800 voters who are made the prey of designing the reckless men, mainly agents of the federal government, and who in the shape of unscrupulous politicians, as I have shown, debauch and corrupt them by the twin agencies of rum and money, thus rendering them a controlling element, in an important aspect of our elections, a mere dead weight of suffrage, wielded by the more sinister and degrading influences."

"Yet this is a contented and happy people, of pleasant magnetism and polite manners. They are a devout and church going people with ample accommodations for religious worship, their natural parts are quick and lively, and they number men among them who are thrifty and energetic. Starting as they did from the same level, three quarters of a century ago, a pauper peasantry, they now exhibit themselves a wholly self-sustained community with no infusions from without, in which society has already begun to shape itself, property to accumulate and natural distinctions to arise. In view of all circumstances of the cases I think we may rather wonder at their advance than marvel at their deficiencies." "Amid all the circumstances of their anomalous career and position, they number men among them whose native powers would be remarked in any population."

East Middlebury, Septembre 2004

Nouvelles francophones du Vermont, du printemps à l'automne.

En mai, des élèves de Colchester High School, dirigés par Seth Briggs, leur professeur de français, ont présenté des chansons québécoises pendant une rencontre commerciale Vermont-Québec à Burlington.

Venu de France, le jeune choeur de l'Ile de France, a été applaudi en juillet dans le Vermont et en particulier à St. Michael's College qui a hébergé les jeunes chanteurs. En août, pour le Festival des Contes de West Brome (Cantons de l'Est), Simon Barenbaum a présenté un conte québécois, un conte français et un conte africain.

Cet été, les responsables de l'alliance française de notre région se sont réunis plusieurs fois et ont préparé le programme de l'automne.

Les déjeuners de l'Alliance ont repris en septembre et, pour le 2 octobre, une sortie est prévue dans les vergers de Rougemont, de l'autre côté de la frontière! Les projets pour la Franco fête que St. Michael's et l'Alliance organiseront le 7 novembre sont en bonne voie. Pour les chansons du Québec et du Vermont, nous aurons Josée Vachon, une chanteuse favorite de la Nouvelle Angleterre, et aussi notre Trio Va-et-Vient avec Suzanne Germain, Carol Reed et George Dunn.

Enfin, Jean Jacques Psaute, après ses tournées du printemps et de l'été présentera ses chansons modernes de France à notre Franco fête.

Cet automne, 2 des groupes de conversation de notre région (Pause Café de Burlington et les Boulangers de Bristol) fêteront leur 10ème anniversaire!

Middlebury College annonce leur exposition consacrée à Rodin, un concert d'un groupe africain du Mali, un film québécois: les Invasions Barbares et les Triplettes de Belleville, un dessin animé de France.

Simon Barenbaum

Du groupe de direction de l'Alliance française

Responsable de l'émission de télévision

Chronique francophone

Nouvelles du Vermont

Notre région

• Notre Francofête a été un grand moment de joie! Nous l'avons ouverte en évoquant le souvenir de **Martha Pellerin** et d'**André Germain** qui avaient tant fait pour les Franco-Américains de notre région...Ces **Va-et-Vient**, notre trio, qui nous a lancés dans notre fête et le public les a applaudis chaleureusement. Une surprise! Les responsables de **l'Alliance française** ont remercié publiquement **Eric et Anne Bataille** pour les 6 années où ils ont piloté notre bateau! Retour aux chansons, au mime et même à la danse avec **J.J. Psaute et Nate**, son pianiste, tous deux en pleine forme. Et enfin, **Josée Vachon** avec ses chansons d'hier et d'aujourd'hui est venue finir en beauté la plus joyeuse de nos fêtes. Un grand, un très grand MERCI à St. Michael's College pour sa généreuse hospitalité.

• **Les Boulangers** ont fêté en chansons leur 10e anniversaire au Café Provence de Brandon le 11 décembre. Simon, Hildgund, Maurice, Carol, Suzanne, Linda, et Denise ont joui de l'ambiance et de la nourriture (et de la bonne bouteille de Château de Lascaux!) de ce superbe restaurant. Merci, Chef Robert! Nous avons bien causé, et puis bien sûr, chanté, avec Carol à la guitare...chansons de Noël et chansons traditionelles. Merci surtout à Simon Barenbaum, notre moteur, qui tient nos roues à tourner! Sans vous, ce groupe n'existerait pas! En l'honneur de ce déjeuner mémorable, chantons tous (à la mélodie de "Passant par Paris"):

Passant par Brandon, en vidant bouteille,

Un des Boulangers me dit à l'oreille

'Que c'est bon!!'

Le bon vin m'endort, le chant me réveille encore!

• Pause-Café à fêté son 10è anniversaire le 8 janvier en soirée.

Ces nouvelles vous sont envoyés par Simon Barenbaum et Denise Bérubé Mayone, 2 des "Boulangers".

Bonne Année!

The Vermont region was explored and claimed for France by Samuel de Champlain in 1609, and the first French settlement was established at Fort Ste. Anne in 1666. The first English settlers moved into the area in 1724 and built Fort Dummer on the site of present-day Brattleboro. England gained control of the area in 1763 after the French and Indian Wars.

CONNECTICUT

Life in the Cameroon, An Interview with Fr. Legault, MSA

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT For Le Forum

Fr. Michel Legault, a Roman Catholic priest in the Order of the Missionaries of the Holy Apostles, spent 20 years in the Cameroon. He has been a Canadian citizen all of his life and currently teaches at Holy Apostles Seminary and College in Cromwell, Connecticut. Thus, as an outsider, his experiences can give some insights into everyday life in the Cameroon, especially how the lives of citizens and foreign Catholic religious are monitored. This interview was conducted in person during the first week of October 2004.

Le Forum: Fr. Legault, as a Canadian citizen, why did you choose to work in the Cameroon, and what did you do there?

Legault: I was sent by my superior of my order to teach in the seminary for late vocations.

Le Forum: When were you in the Cameroon?

Legault: From 1971 to 1982 and 1988 to 1997.

Le Forum: What other religious orders from Canada have missionaries in the Cameroon?

Legault: There were the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, the Brothers of Christian Schools, the Marist Brothers, the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Sisters of St. Ann, Sisters of Providence, Sisters of Notre Dame, and my order, the Society of the Holy Apostles. There were many orders from France and other countries.

Le Forum: I have told you before about Richard Sitcha and gave you copies of the Hartford Undercurrent to read about his tragic circumstances now in the U.S., did you know him in the Cameroon?

Legault: No.

Le Forum: Did you know his teacher of many years, Br. Daniel Croteau of the Order of Brothers of Christian Schools?

Legault: I have heard of him and I may have met him once.

Le Forum: What was your experience and the experiences of other Catholic missionaries in the Cameroon concerning the use of the telephone and both domestic and foreign mail?

Legault: I cannot confirm the fact that the telephone lines were tapped. I never experienced that, but I heard the rumors. For mail, many times our mail was opened. Sometimes checks were missing. Sometimes documents were missing. Often the envelopes of letters arrived poorly re-glued. Sometimes the envelopes were cut open on the side and not re-sealed. Let me give you an example that I heard. There were two sisters in the same order who lived in two different cities in the Cameroon.† The envelopes were delivered to the correct sisters, but the letters inside the envelopes were addressed to the other sister, and the letters were sent by two separate persons. How can we explain that?

Le Forum: Was it common practice that the mail of Cameroonian citizens be opened before they received the mail?

Legault: I cannot confirm in general, but I heard many people complain about that.

Le Forum: Would you agree with the statement that the Cameroon is a police-state run by President Biya?

Legault: No, there are opposition parties and opposition newspapers in the Cameroon.

Le Forum: Cardinal Tumi is the chief Catholic religious in the Cameroon, any remarks about him?

Legault: He is a very intelligent and courageous man, fighting against corruption and injustice. Defending those in prison without justification and asking for democracy where every political party can express and share in the administration of the country. Just go to Google and write "Christian Tumi" and you will find more than 600 references where his name is cited, the large part of which is in defense of human rights.

Ponsor Denies Bond to Sitcha, Looks to Move Case to BIA

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT

Richard Sitcha, a refugee from the Cameroon and a resident of Hartford, Connecticut, was denied bond without prejudice on Friday, September 10, 2004 by Judge Michael Ponsor of the U.S District Court in Springfield, Mass. Defense Attorney John P. McKenna offered to the court a bond of $10,000.00 plus electronic monitoring as assurance that Sitcha would return to court on Sept. 23, 2004, the then-scheduled date for the hearing on the Writ of Habeas Corpus. Judge Ponsor considered Sitcha a flight-risk and spoke hyperbolically that he would not consider a bond that comprised of the mortgages from ten homes owned by Sitcha's supporters. (A rough estimate of this theoretical bond is one million dollars.) Judge Ponsor later withdrew the theoretical bond offer, and advised Sitcha's supporters'who were seated in the courtroom'not to go out and find ten homes to mortgage. Judge Ponsor did emphasize that the denial of bond is without prejudice, so the defense can

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Looks to Move Case to BIA continued from page 12)

make another offer of bond at a future hearing.

During the same hearing, the Prosecuting Attorney, Karen Goodwin, stated that the Department of Homeland Security was ready and able to deport Sitcha, for it had contacted a representative of the Cameroonian government who agreed to waive the requirement of the issuance of a valid Cameroonian passport before deportation. During the ten-minute recess before Judge Ponsor's decision that was made at 11:22AM, the travel documents to deport Sitcha were delivered by courier to the prosecution in the courtroom.

Sitcha as Refugee

Richard Sitcha fled his homeland of the Cameroon in April 2001 after he helped expose the killing of nine youths (known as the Bepanda Nine) by the Operational Command in Douala, because at least one was accused of the theft of a gas canister. Sitcha, as a bailiff, provided information about the arrest and detention of the Bepanda Nine to their families and to the Archdiocese of Douala. On March 26, 2001, he was arrested by the uncover police, and was tortured. When he posted bail, the judge informally told Sitcha not to return to court for the charges against him, amongst which was the release of state secrets, and so, he left for the United States. On Jan. 16, 2003, the Federal Court in Hartford granted refugee status to Sitcha, and on Sept. 18, 2003, the same court revoked his refugee status, and was detained by the Federal Government first in the Osborn Connecticut Correctional Institute in Somers, Conn., and later in the Franklin County Jail in Greenfield, Mass. On May 10, 2004, Sitcha submitted a Writ of Habeas Corpus to the First District Court in Springfield, Mass. to challenge the Federal Government's case against him. On July 12, 2004, Judge Ponsor accepted the petition and ordered that Sitcha cannot be: "deported or moved from facility without further order of the court."

Snafu at the Federal Clerk's Office

On Thurs. Sept. 23, 2004 at 2PM, Attorney McKenna and more than 20 supporters of Richard Sitcha learned while waiting at the Federal Building in Springfield, Mass., that the hearing on the Dismal of the Writ of Habeas Corpus had been postponed by the Federal Court. One of the supporters was Andrew Cohen who traveled from Wisconsin for the hearing. The Federal Clerk's Office failed to notify Attorney McKenna of the postponement that was due to the Federal indictment of ten men from the greater Springfield area in a land-flip scam. Around 4:10PM, Attorney McKenna received an e-mail and attachment from the Federal Clerk's Office that the hearing would be on Oct. 6, and he immediately faxed the information to the Franklin County Jail in Greenfield, Mass., so that Sitcha could learn of the new date for his hearing. Due to a bureaucratic error, Sitcha did not receive the information until Tues. Sept. 28 when Lorena Dutelle, a friend and his strongest supporter from Ste-Anne/Immaculate Conception Parish in Hartford, visited him at the jail.

The Death of Sitcha's Father

Richard Sitcha learned on Tues. Oct. 5, 2004, that his father, Matthew Tuebedji, had died in the Cameroon during the previous week. (The difference in the surnames is due to Cameroonian practice that began to end in the 1960s.) Three friends broke the sad news to him – Lorena Dutelle, Rachel Dapombe and Suzanne Carlson – plus a social worker, in a visitation held in the library at the jail that was arranged by Attorney McKenna. (The normal procedure at the jail is two visitors at a time in the visitation area.) Sitcha also learned about the death of a friend in the Cameroon, whereupon he cried over their deaths, and raged at the injustice that has befallen him.

Hearing on the Writ of Habeas Corpus

photo by Felix Siewe

Richard Sitcha

The next day, Wed. Oct. 6, 2004, Richard Sitcha was before Judge Ponsor for the hearing on the Dismal of the Writ of Habeas Corpus that was filed by Attorney Karen Goodwin for the Dept. of Homeland Security (DHS). Judge Ponsor first reviewed the case from Jan. 16, 2003 when Sitcha was granted refugee status by the Federal Court in Hartford, Conn., to Sept. 10, 2004 when he ruled that Sitcha is denied bond without prejudice. During the review, he stated that the normal course of such a case is before an Immigration Judge, then the Bureau of Immigration Appeals (BIA), and then the Court of Appeals.

Judge Ponsor also disclosed that he received three documents before the hearing. The first was a motion that Sitcha submitted to the court two hours before the hearing, a motion that was not known either to the Attorney McKenna or Attorney Goodwin. The second were medical records from the Osborn Correctional Institute in Somers, Conn., that were photocopies of hand-written text concerning Sitcha's stay in the prison hospital in February 2004. Judge Ponsor stated that the document was unreadable. The third was a one-page document simply entitled "Richard Sitcha Affair." Ponsor graciously and understandingly reprimanded Sitcha not to submit a motion on his own and that the defense must speak with one voice.

Attorney Goodwin argued for the dismal of the Writ that Sitcha as a petitioner cannot appeal to the District Court, that his stay in the hospital at Osborn was not serious and lasted only

(Continued on page 23)

CONNECTICUT

Un peu de mon journal...

Alice Gélinas on her 88th birthday, March 31, 2004

par Alice Gélinas
Waterbury CT

C'est le trois de juillet, 2004. Je m'ennuie...tous les fins de semaines sont longues. Là ces le fête du quatre juillet, le temps des piques-niques et du feu d'artifice. Je me fais Belle , au cas ou j'aurais de la visite. Je conserve mon plus beau linges pour des occasions comme ça. Je me maquille et met mon collier de perle satin (fausse) mais j'aime ça. Je me regarde dans le miroir....Je tourne de tous les bords et je suis satisfaite, pour mes 88 ans....on peu pas toute avoir. L'important ces que je suis encore là.

J'ai mal au genoux droit, à que ça fait mal. Je m'en vais demander deux tylenol extra strength à la garde malade. Je n'ai pas eu depuis deux jours. Elle me refûse, rien à faire, ces pas dans le computer, et elle m'ignore complètement. Je suis fâcher après elle. Je revien à ma chambre et cherche dans mes papiers, je veux trouver celui ou on m'explique mes droits. J'ai le droit d'être soigner pour la douleur aussi tout que je le raporte.

— Et ma journée se continue —

Je regarde dehors, peut-être que je voirais un char tourner le coin, mais je ne vois pas un des miens. La pensée me trotte; Lorie est en vacance et visite les Grand-Canyon, Michelle fait son gros pique-nique aujourd'hui, tous les autres seront là, mais peut-être arrêteront-ils me voir en chemin faisant? Mais personne n'est venu.

Dimanche le 4-Juillet, Nicole m'appelle, elle viendra me chercher lundi pour me prômener chez-elle, je suis contente.

Je revois la fameuse garde-malade, et lui montre ma lettre qui expliques tous mes droite. Elle se fache et moi aussi. Elle va chercher la supervisor. J'étais bien contente, ça ma donner la chance de me vider la coeur. J'étais essouflé, je ressentais comme des coup de marteau dans la poitrine, j'avais envie de pleurer. La supervisor veux que je parle à l'administrator, pas de raison pour me faire bousculer parce que je demande une pilule.

Le soir arrive, j'enlève mon collier de perle satin, je me prépare pour me coucher, à part la supervisor je n'ai pas eu aucune visite, mais demain j'irer me promener chez Nicole, sortir de la maison ça sera bon. Le téléphone sonne, ces Nicole. Elle et Paul aimeraient à aller au Casino demain, et je pourais y aller avec eux autres, arrêter diner en chemin, mais j'ai trop de misère a marcher, donc elle me sortira mercredi, le 7, on ira diner à American Steak House, et on ira au cimetière voir mon monument et la plaque ou "Frisé" est enterrer. Ses O.K. À Mercredi.

Ses la fin de la semaine du 4 juillet 2004. Est-ce que j'en voirais une autre? – Je me ferme les yeux et j'entend quelques Boum! Boum! Écho du feu d'artifice pas trop loin d'ici. Je m'endore en pensant a toute ma famille— Nicole, Paul, Lynn, Rob, Laura, Stephen, Michelle, Bob, Danielle, Michael, Lorie, Tony, Hailey...

et Je les aime toujours

xxxxx

Alice Gélinas

The Flood Of 1955

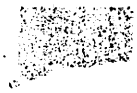
by Alice Gélinas, Waterbury, CT

Friday, August, 19 – 1955 was a day our family will never forget. Early in the morning we woke up with a noise that sounded like a far away thunder that kept on going. My husband–"Frisé" and I went on the porch to see what was going on. We lived on Meadow Street, a street that is now under route 84.

It had rained a lot and Frisé noticed that there was some water in the street reaching up to his car, so he said"– –"I'm going to move my car to South Elm St. so that the water won't get to it"– I turn the radio on to get the news, but there was nothing, the TV. or telephone, nothing was working. My father Elizée Gélinas was living with us, we went on the porch to find out that the water was filling the street and reaching up to half of the first floor all over the street. It came up so fast that "Frisé" was not able to come back home.

It had started during the night and I heard that all communications were cut off because people could have panic

(Continued on page 15)



(The Flood Of 1955 continued from page 14)

trying to get away.

By this time the water had reach the second floor. There were soldiers with small boats, trying to save people out from windows, but it was never our turn, Nicole our daughter, was crying and so scared, she went on the couch and cover her head with a pillow, while my father Elizée, was thinking of pulling of a few doors, so that we might be able to float on them. Finally the soldiers came for us, but they would only take Nicole and me, and they came back for my father Elizée. The water was dirty and muddy, barrels, garbage cans, gallons of paints, dead animals, were all floating in the water and big pieces of lumber were banging on our building, and the smell was awful, because it had washed up factories with all their chemicals.

My sister Rose and Alex her husband and their children had to climb on top of the roof to be saved. There they had to cross to the next building on a big stud that was put there, and police were helping people cross over. They lost everything. Emile, my brother saved his wife and daughter by sitting them on a tire each their turn and swim pushing them to safety.

The lower land in Waterbury, was all under water. We didn't have electricity, gas, telephone, water, etc. All the grocery stores were floated like everything else. Frisé, Nicole's father got us some water from his friend Arthur Gélinas who lived in Wolcott.

The currant was coming down with such a force that it moved buildings off their foundations, in fact Riverside Street and Congress Avenue all went down, buildings after buildings floated and bang on each other and fell apart with people in windows screaming for help, but they all disappeared in the water. Helicopters were picking up people that were hanging on to trees or holding on to anything they could reach.

> *"I'm going to move my car to South Elm St. so that the water won't get to it"*

Some workers had reach the roof of the American Brass, some were drown inside the shop. Our parish priest father Laurion from St. Ann's Church was there giving the last Sacrament to the people. The railroad tracks were all twisted and pulled apart. Cemeteries were destroyed. In Ansonia, the caskets were floating like paper boxes.

Waterbury had become a large lake. The force of the water was tearing everything apart on its way to the ocean. A full day of that and finally the water receded, and we were able to go home, a lot of people didn't have no place to go.

Frisé, Nicole's father was called to go back to the Rubber Shop to help clean up the debris. He had a long stick with a pointed blade at the end and he was searching for bodies, some were never found. It was a complete mess for about three weeks. There was funerals in every church down town. In my mind I can still imagine the sad picture of such desolation.

Help came from everywhere in the U.S.A. and Canada. Trucks full of clothes, food, etc. The Lady of Lourdes priest delivered bread and food to us in the neighborhood. The Blue Cross took over and help Rose on everything. If you didn't see it, you can't imagine the destruction in Waterbury. We all needed shots because of the scare of an epidemic.

It had all started after we had a lot of rain. The Connecticut River that begin up north in New Hampshire and Vermont, it divides the two States was floating all the way to Massachusetts and reach Connecticut, always getting more water from every smaller rivers that empty into it. Dams started to break down all along the way on its way to the ocean. Here in Waterbury it was the Naugatuck River that caused such a disaster.

A few years later the Thomaston Dam was built in hope it would prevent that kind of tragedy to ever happen again.

Well Laura, you asked about the Flood of 1955; So this is my story and my family. Keep on asking questions, I read somewhere that -"Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous mind".-

"Je taime de tout
mon Coeur"

Great-Grand-Ma
Alice Gélinas

Group organizes to save church

By Tracey O'Shaughnessy, ©2004 Republican-American, November 20
Submitted by Ronald Bouchard, Waterbury, CT

WATERBURY— Desperate to save city landmark before it is too late, a group of philanthropists has begun a fund to restore and renovate St. Anne's Church on South Main Street.

"We're never, never going to build another building like that," said Fern Verriker, who chairs the new Friends of St. Anne's Church. "Why can't we try to keep it alive?"

The renovation of the church, once a home to a thriving school and community of nuns, now physically remo ed from the city's core by the interstate and the city's new Maloney Magnet School, came as welcome news to current and former parishioners.

"The parish has already spent a lot of money for the outside, but there is still more to do," said Roger Gélinas, who attends the church's Saturday evening Mass with about 60 others.

Friends of St. Anne's Church hopes to raise $200,000 to restore the stunning granite church, visible from Interstate 84, which has sufffered a dramatic decline of parishioners and money in the last 30 years.

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A CHANGE OF HEART

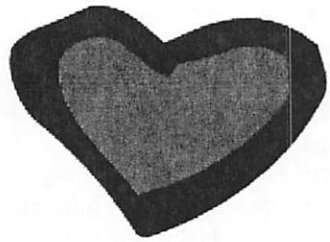
Marie S. Landry
Jennings, Louisiana

« Marry me and come away with me. » Love conquers all. Truth? Maybe. Well an adjustment or two probably. Believe me, love is not enough not at first. Day is still day, night is still night, but something is amiss. At Christmas where is the snow? You hear White Christmas played on the radio, and outside someone is washing his car in his Bermuda shorts. Your ice skates hang in the closet and you realize that they will never be used again. On a short trip to a picnic you notice that there are no mountains. I love the mountains. The river runs red with the sand deposits, you can't see your feet. What else is hiding in the water ? You decide swimming in that water is not something that you want to do. I miss the rock-bound coast of Maine. Well, first you cry, then you meet some really nice people. You make friends, eventually, you start to get involved in community activities. It helps to think of other things, but you still have Christmas to deal with. After a while you notice that Mardi Gras is fun, especially each area of Louisiana has it's own kind of celebration. And fall is kind of nice too. You notice that rice is a beautiful shade of green when it is growing and when it ripens it is pure gold in color. The bayous are brown and have Spanish moss hanging gracefully from the oak trees and millions of geese fly over your house singing as they pass. New Orleans is magical, there are street musicians, artists in the square, beignes (wonderful square raised donuts served with plenty of powdered sugar) and strong coffee at the Café du Monde offers a nice rest from shopping in all the little shops under the famous iron grilled balconies. Near Bourbon Street you can hear the jazz music spilling out of the open doors. A good map will offer many pleasant places to explore besides the French Quarter. Auduborn Zoo, museums, Aquarium of the Americas, even great rides on beautiful paddle boats on the legendary Mississippi.

Am I beginning to get accustomed to my new home? I think so. The people who first struck me as «nosy » turned out to be truly interested in my well being. The beauty of Maine, which I saw as white, green, mountainous, varied topography is still beautiful but I've accepted the gold and brown as beautiful also. Miles of graceful bridges across the Achafalaya spillway offers ever pleasing scenery. There is even a bit of jungle adventure in the many guided tours offered to tourists and locals alike on boats with glass sides for the more timid or the thrilling air boats for the more adventurous.

Maine will always be my first love, of course, it is home. But isn't it good to know that the line which says « When God closes one door He also opens a window. » is true ? It is nice to participate in the renewal of old friends and family during vacations and holidays, but isn't it also reassuring to know that we can adapt to a new life, new customs to broaden your vision of people ? I have learned to appreciate something that I could never have at home, oranges growing in my back yard in the middle of winter and black berries (dew berries) that ripen in April.

I'll be here a while longer. I'll give my family and friends from Maine and Canada a place to vacation. I welcome them with joy and ready to help them enjoy what this part of our country has to offer. Hey, We Cajuns are French too. *Nous sommes vos ancien cousins. Venez nous voire !*



THE DUCK HUNT

Marie S. Landry, Jennings, Louisiana

In French Louisiana each child who reaches the age of twelve years and is interested in hunting, gets his or her first gun. It's a proud day for that child and his/her father. Of course the child does not get the gun automatically. It has been a long apprenticeship.

From the first taste of goose gumbo, he realizes the great gift these precious geese and ducks are. They come in great flocks that sing as they fly overhead in the mornings on their way to the feeding grounds of harvested rice fields and again in the evening as they go to sleep in the marches. They are welcomed and appreciated not only for the food they provide but for their beauty.

Early is his life the child follows his father and uncles to the goose blind. He tends the hunting dogs and learns the rules of safety, conservation, politeness toward other hunters in the area. Imagine how proud and happy he is to accompany his elders to the field or hunting camp. It's his first step to taking his place among the grown ups. First step, indeed, there is much to learn. First you take your place with the dogs, they too have much to teach the child, to be quiet, to not jump up early to not spoil the shot, to locate the bird because no injured one must be left to waste.

My daughter was at that stage of growing up among the Cajuns, when she accompanied her father and cousins on an early morning hunt. It was a cold winter morning so everyone was dressed suitable in warm clothing. Her

(Continued on page 17)

Growing Up French And Not Knowing It (1960-1970)

by Kent Beaulne dit Bone, La Vieille Mine au Missouri, La haute Louisiane

Ah bien! C'est bon de vous dire. Ah well. It's good to tell you. That's how the old Créole folk tales started. None of that "Once Upon a Time Stuff" *icitte, non.* Maybe someday this will be an old Créole story too, so here it goes.

Ah ben, c'est bon de vous dire. I grew up in DeSoto, a railroad town. The Parens, Orville "Duddy" Bone and Betty Portell, as well as hundreds of other Pawpaw French had moved there from Washington County to work for the Missouri Pacific. R.R. The pay was better than at the tiff mills and there weren't any company stores. While DeSoto is only eighteen miles north of Old Mines, it might as well have been a thousand. Even with a large Créole population, this was definitely an "American Town". The Anglos called the Barite Miners from the South, Pawpaw French, or Tiff Diggers.

These immigrant Créoles could blend in most of the time, but sometimes they would relapse to *Pawpawism*, like when they ate pancakes for Groundhog Day, i.e. Candlemas, to prevent the seven year itch, or braid palm during Holy Week. At Easter they would have egg fights, (no you don't throw them). The Créoles called it *pacquer des oeufs.* One takes a colored, boiled egg and makes a fist around it exposing only the tip. The idea was to pop your own egg against the egg of an opponent cracking it. The egg that cracked was given over to the winner. This was a grown-ups game where it was fair to take the kids eggs. Sometimes they used colored rocks or wooden eggs. They played for blood. In winter they played Euchre and ate chicken bouillon with crackers for a snack.

During storms blessed palm or candles were burned for protection and every home had a religious shrine. On a dresser top or small table could be found blessed candles and palm, rosaries, statues of St. Joseph, Sainte Marie, Jesus Christ, a portrait of the Pope as well as the indispensable bottle of holy water.

On Sundays we went to "The Country", to the Grandparents. Possum and Tori Bone lived at Shibboleth and Touden and Ida Portell lived down the road at Bottom Diggins. Every hill and holler was named. These had originally been "Diggins"; mining camps with names like La Vieille Mine, Old Mines, Rousseau Plombé, Mine à Cannon, Tiff, Belle Fountaine, Arnault Branch, Fertile, Richwoods, Mineral Point, Racola and Michaux Diggins, to name a few.

I was surprised to learn that the Grandparents once had grandparents. What an Epiphany that was for a five year old. The Grandparents, grandparents, grandparents, had come down from *le Canada* in boats. It was so long ago that no one even knew when, but it was before the *américains* had come into the region. I decided early on to find out when the Ancestors made that trip. *Les américains*; that 's what the Pawpaws called folks who weren't French.

The miners had originally dug for lead since about 1700, but by the late 1800s the rich deposits had played out. About the same time there developed a demand for Barite, a white chalky rock the Créoles called *du tuf.* The word soon entered the English language as tiff. At some point in time linguists decided that *du tuf* was a Créole word for waste, since the lead miners used to discard the tiff. None of the Créoles I talked to knew where the linguists got that idea. I found the *du tuf* in a French dictionary and to my surprise d*u tuf* turned out to be barite. *Quelle supris*! Maybe the linguists should have looked in Grand Robert. Anyway, if cotton was king in the South, then tiff was king in Washington County, Missouri.

On Decoration Day (Memorial Day) we always went to the cemeteries at St. Joachim Parish to visit dead people. There I met lots of relatives. I met the Tantes et Oncles of the Parents, who I figured out were the brothers and sisters of the Grandparents. At each grave I learned a little story about an ancestor and eventually found pictures of most of them. Later in the day there would be a big barbeque where everyone got real friendly and I heard more ancestor stories and they tried to figure out who I was.

Bon Guieu, there were lots of cousins. Everyone was cousin dis or cousin dat, or *tante* or *n'oncle*. They *(Continued on page 30)*

(THE DUCK HUNT continued from page 16)

father gave the order to « hold the dog and don't let him go. » but he omitted to say « until it is time ». A shot rang out, the bird came down , off went the dog. Curley-Brown, our beautiful retriever, knew what to do. My daughter did what she was told. She held on tightly to the dog's lead, but being a big strong animal, he had no trouble making headway. He had a job to do. At first she held him back some, then she started to trot, soon she was on the run. « Don't run », « Let him go ! », came cries of uncles, cousins and father's voices were drowned as my daughter was unceremoniously drug though cold water and over rice levees again and again on her belly.

Curley-Brown got his duck, Selina, my daughter, got wet and when they brought back their prize, Curley had done his job and was proud of it. So had my daughter. Wet, out of breath, but happy. She had followed her father's orders. « I didn't let him go, Daddy, I didn't let him go. »

(ALONG ACADIAN SHORES
continued from page 9)

were ten miles out of my way, and I felt I had to press on. Tall masts and a few sails five miles up the bay had to do, as I headed towards another headland named by Champlain, Cape Negro, "Cape of the black rocks". But thanks to some eager sailor/settlers who dug a quarter-mile-long narrow canal at the head of the bay (in 1828), connecting it to the next bay over, Port La Tour Bay, I was spared bounding around those black rocks.

I knew I would have my hands full with the next point, big bad Cape Baccaro. It was a doozie, and I was taxed to the max. I had planned a dead-low rounding, but when I got there the tide was still running hard, on top of some big swells from Hurricane Alex.

I then decided prudently to go inside of Cape Sable Island and portaged over the causeway connecting it to the mainland, an agonizing 100 minutes, but this time fully in control on terra very firma. (I had hoped for a bridge.) The tide rips off Cape Sable are said to be legendary, and after Baccaro, I wanted none of it.

Turning the corner

I knew I had turned the corner when I was suddenly headed northwest, then north, and eventually northeast. The tides also suddenly began to flow with a real purpose into and out of

"French Bay", the Bay of Fundy, that is. I knew I had to work with them and plan my point roundings very carefully, hopefully at slack tides.

This shore past Pubnico, Yarmouth, Meteghan and all the way into St. Mary's Bay is truly Acadian country, my charts and info books revealed. Despite the cruel, inhumane expulsion of the Acadians by the British between 1755 -1778, French town names survived, and many former Acadians eventually came back, and so did their language and culture. There is Cape Forchu at the entrance to Yarmouth (pronounced something like

"horseshoe", meaning

"Forked Cape" - a dual headland shaped like a pickle fork), Chebogue, St. Aphonse, Meteghan, Saulnierville, Comeauville, Grosses Coques, Belleveau, St. Bernard and my favorite, the Sissiboo River at Champlain's "Port St. Margaret" (Weymouth), an English corruption of the French name "Six Hibou",

"The River of the Six Owls".

Joining the parade

At Meteghan I finally caught up with the windjammer fleet again and marveled at Nova Scotia's symbol of former fishing, boat building and sailing greatness, the two-masted schooner BLUENOSE II out of Lunenburg. (Yes, I had also spent an entire day in the Lunenburg area, a UNESCO World Heritage Site, but found the town turned into a museum, a good one, I admit, but sadly wrung out, as towns are, when they lose their main sources of income in a short span of time. Both fishing and boat building went belly up, and have already turned into history. People here now live off tourism and their past - not my kind of a town, sorry.)

The next morning Hurricane Bonnie was approaching, as *Bluenose II* left port for the Petit Passage in Digby Neck, cautiously, with foresails only (no mainsail). I headed out in Gore-Tex, hugging the right shore towards the inside of Digby Neck, for a tiny town at the head of the bay, Barton, to be exact. I was glad I had decided to stay inside of Digby Neck, because next morning was even worse: torrential rain and minimal visibility, but a strong wind from behind and a flood tide made the ride quite exciting. I distinctly felt it was time to get off the water.

And when I arrived at the designated point at exactly 10:00 a.m. on August 14 on the high tide, as planned four days before, and met up with Nancy, who had driven up from Orono, Maine to pick me up, I suddenly felt very accomplished, smiling from ear to ear. Thanks, Nancy, for all your support which made this trip possible. And as we drove over to the ferry in Digby Harbor, the *Bluenose II* was already there and would eventually follow us across the Bay of Fundy to St. John, NB, its last stop of the Acadian Windjammer Parade.

Reflections on the first Acadian settlement

I had originally wanted to stop in "Port Royal", just a few miles up the bay from Digby towards Annapolis Royal, but the weather was not cooperating, and time was running out. Pierre Dugua and Samuel de Champlain had stopped here on their first arrival and liked this place, but they too eventually crossed big Fundy Bay and settled instead on tiny St. Croix Island at the mouth of the St. Croix River where it opens into Passamaquoddy Bay. The two leaders and 77 men felt even more protected there, but had to learn a bitter lesson in climatology during their first winter, when 35 men died and 20 more had to be nursed back to health due to cold, starvation and scurvy.

Being good sailors, they were always thinking in latitudes and had thought that 45 degrees north on the western shores of the Atlantic (like in Maine) had more or less the same climate as 45 degrees on the eastern shore of that ocean (like in Bordeaux, France). What they did not know was that there is a significant difference between having a large, rapidly cooling continent to your west, or a much more slowly cooling large body of water. But they were quick learners and left the next August, exploring the entire Atlantic coast down to Cape Cod. However, they eventually returned to their first choice, up Digby Gut to "Port Royal", which was somewhat milder than Maine. And this time they built their habitation on shore, not on an ice-bound island.

Happy ending

All's well that ends well, and from this little settlement and the founding of Quebec City two years later (by Champlain also, by the way), today's 18 million French-speaking North Americans arose. And this year, the year 2004, they were all celebrating their 400th birthday in a joyous fashion with Acadian (Cajun) music, dance, food and flag-waving, the French tricolor with a gold star in it, that is.

It was a pleasure and a privilege for me to be part of this celebration, be it only in a small way, but I

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MASSACHUSETTS

Le Bois de Chauffage

Albina Robichaud Martin
Gardner, MA

Pendant la dépression ont demeurais à 125 Avenue Rumford à Rumford, Maine.L'avenue commensais au bout de la rue Falmouth jusqu-au Pond Morse environt 1 mille de distance.Entre la rivière Androscoggin et l'avenue était le parc Chisholm qui était nommer après le fondateur du moulin de papier Oxford Paper Company.Un bout du parc était des amusements pour les enfants, des boites de sable pour les petit, des balancines (swings teeters), des jeux gymnast, des fers a cheval.

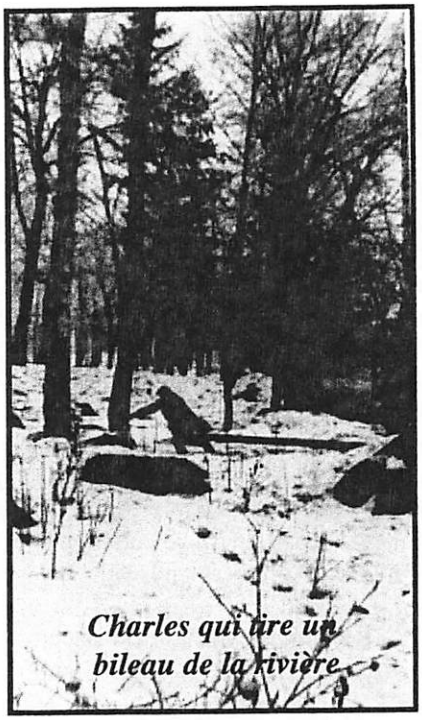
Un théâtre ouvert, avec des rangers de banc autour. Et toute les semaines d'été il y avait des concerts par des fanfares ou orchestre d'école. Il avait des sentiers (paths) toute le long du parc, quelque-un a l'ombre des arbres le long de la rivière, et d'autres dans des places ensoleiler, et toute le long du sentier des arbres, des rosiers des buissons (bushes) s'était un vrais chemin d'amoureux. Il avait une source prêt du pont Morse. Ont allait avec Papa remplir des cruches d'eau.Papa coupait des écarces de bouleau (birch bark) et nous faisait un petit cornet (cone) pour boire d'eau de source, qu'elle plaisir ces marches avec Papa.

Mon frère Charles allait le long de la rivière qui coulait le long du parc ramencer du bois flottant (drift wood) et comme j'était un peut garçonière (tom-boy) je le suivait souvent quel plaisir sauter d'une roche a l'autre pour trouver du bois que l'ont hissait (pulled) à travers le parc, jusqu'au bord du chemin ou grandpère avait son chevalait (saw horse) et son sciotte (buck saw).

Toute le beau temps ont ramassait et trainail le bois en haut de la butte, qui était à peu près vingt pieds de profondeur. Après que le bois était scier et fendu avec la hâche (axe) l'oeuvre a Charles était de le transporter dans la cave, avec un panier d'un boisseau (bushel basket) avec des ances (handles) de branche, il faisait plusieurs voyages à la cave dans la cour de son été, fallait que la cave soit remplit pour l'hiver du plancher au plafond et d'un coté a l'autre.

Charles a toujours dit que sa vacance d'été commensait quand la cave était pleine de bois. Cette œuvre était utile à plusiers. Charles qui le ramansait et grandpére c'était un passe temps pour lui et sa sauvait plusieurs piastres à mon Pére.

Mon frère Alexandre son œuvre était de monter le bois de la cave pour remplir la boite à bois au troisième étage, sa lui prenait quatre voyage pour remplir la boite à bois. Il décendait le panier et le laissait à la porte de cave, quand il allait jouer après souper et en revenant de jouer il montait le bois.



Charles qui tire un bileau de la rivière

Papa travaillait au moulin de papier de quatre-heure à minuit. Un soir quand il est revenue de son travaille le panier était vide à la porte de cave. Il entra dans la maison et file à la chambre à Alexandre, le reveille, le fait s'habiller et décendre à la cave pour monter le bois et remplir la boîte à bois, cela à été la derniere fois que la boite à bois était pas remplit. Si cela arrivait aujourd'hui, cela serait abus d'enfants. Dans notre temps cétais nous enseigner de la responsabilité. Bravo Papa!

Je me souviens... quand j'avais huit ans

Albina Robichaud Martin, Gardner, MA

Je demeurais à 322 rue Waldo à Rumford, Me, aux Etats-Unis avec papa et maman.Otho Robichaud et Marie Sivret, mon frère ainé Louis Alexandre. Charles et moie Albina. C'était l'année 1926.

Mes parents avaient décidé de retourner au Canada, parce-que les parents de maman étaient déjà avancés en âge et ils étaient seul avec un fils qui était handicapé. Alors papa avait décidé d'aller a Aloida, Quebec, oú un gros moulin de papier venait d'ouvrir. Papa voulait aller ouvrir une maison de pension.

Maman et tous les trois enfants on est allé demeurer à Caraquet avec

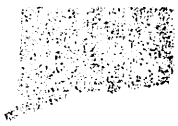
(Continued on page 34)

(ALONG ACADIAN SHORES
continued from page 18)

immensely enjoyed seeing their ports and homesteads and even trying my by now quite rusty school French. I marveled at and admired how these quiet, strong people made a living along these harsh and unforgiving shores.

And for you boaters reading this, trust me, there are some very rough segments out there, but also some very kind and beautiful island-filled bays. But wherever you go, remember, the water is brutally cold, and outside help is not as easily available along Nova Scotia's remote shores as it is in New England.

Salute to the Acadians!



(Group organizes to save church continued from page 15)

"We're not doing this as a parish thing," said Ron Bouchard, a member of the Friends group. "We're doing this for all the citizens of Waterbury. I don't think there's a better looking building in the city of Waterbury."

The group says its funds are specifically targeted to building renovations and not to parish operations. The church's parish council already has made considerable repairs to the building, including a $329,000 project this summer to repair the stonework in the building's two towers and damaged dome.

The new group will be run under the auspices of the Connecticut Community Foundation, a nonprofit organization that provides grants and scholarships to groups in Greater Waterbury. Running the fund raising through the foundation eliminates the need for the Friends group to seek non-profit status.

The church, with its two Gothic steeples and Italian Renaissance dome is, along with Holy Land and the Republican-American tower, one of Waterbury's most arresting landmarks. But like many Waterbury churches, it has suffered a dramatic loss in parishioners, largely a result of suburban flight. In 1973, the church boasted 1,500 families. It currently lists about 200.

Given the glut of churches in downtown Waterbury, which already has led to pairing of several city parishes, it is unclear what would happen to the church if the Friends group meets its goal but the Archdiocese of Hartford decides to close the church. Calls to parish administrator, the Rev. Kevin Gray, were not returned.

But a spokesman for the Hartford Archdiocese said the best way to prevent closure is for the parish "to maintain activities and facilities.

"If the church is alive as well it's reflected in the upkeep of the building," said the Rev. John Gatzak. "The name of the game is involvement on the part of the church community, and where there is involvement there is living faith." Still, he said, Archbishop Henry J. Mansell can kill a project even if there is money for it.

"If the fear is that the parish, after raising the money and doing the work and then having the parish close, it behooves them to make sure that that doesn't happen," Gatzak said.

Ingrid Manning, of the Connecticut Foundation, said that in the event of a church closure, the foundation would work to redistribute the money to similar causes.

But Verriker does not believe the church will be closed. "I'd be heartbroken," she said. "I think all of the people in Waterbury should fall on their knees if one of those towers came crumbling down."

The group is hopeful the 200 pleas for donations "or shares of stock" it plans to mail out this week will meet with wide approval.

Apart from its integral position in the French-Canadian community, the church is a stunning visual landmark.

Verriker is not currently and never has been a parishioner. "It is not for the religion," she said. "It's for the building itself. It's art Gothic and therefore it must be preserved. It is our pride and joy."

The group has raised $5,000 in seed money to kick off the project. Bouchard said members of his group met with Auxiliary Bishop Christie Macaluso to alert the archdiocese of its plans as a "courtesy." At press time, the meeting with Macaluso could not be confirmed.

Bouchard, who also serves as president of the parish council, said that the inside of the church's steeples are damaged, water has seeped into the choir loft making it unusable and the roof needs attention. He said he expected the archdiocese to welcome the group's ambitions. "If you owned something and I came over and said, 'Look, when you need something done, come over and I'll take care of it for you and I'll pay for it,' you'd appreciate it, too."

St. Anne's Church was established in 1886, the fourth Roman Catholic parish founded in Waterbury after the Immaculate Conception, St. Patrick and Sacred Heart. The cornerstone of the present-day church was laid in 1906, although the church wasn't dedicated until 1922.

Established by an Irish priest fluent in French, the parish served a thriving French-Canadian community that had settled in the South End at the end of the 19th and beginning of the 20th centuries, largely to work in the city's bustling factories. Pride in the church was immediately evident. In 1919, the church launched a campaign to raise $65,000. Within a year, it had raised $96,000.

In its heyday, St. Anne's School served more than 1,000 students who had to memorize the Gospel of the Passion in French and recite it, nervously, to Mother Superior.

But the days of students vying for the honor of refilling the ink wells on the school's desks were short-lived. The number of parishioners, and, with them, students, began to decline in the 1970s as second-generation French-Canadians moved to neighboring suburbs such as Wolcott, or out of state.

Although named after the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré near Québec City in Canada, the Waterbury church bears the architectural hallmarks of both the French and Italian Renaissance, with a little bit of Celtic detail thrown in. While the rigid towers, attenuated steeples and flying buttress are hallmarks of the ornate Gothic style, the dome is characteristic of the Renaissance. The church boasts two Celtic crosses on its facade — a legacy, perhaps, to the Irish priest who founded the parish.

Contributions may be sent to the Friends of St. Anne's Church Restoration Fund, care of the Connecticut Community Foundation, 81 West Main St., Waterbury 06702 or through the foundation's website: www.conncf.org. For more information, call (203) 753-1315.

Staff writer Mark Azzara contributed to this report.

My Memories of St. Jean-Baptiste

By Treffle Daniels, Saint Louis Park, MN

Dick Bernard's recent article (Chez Nous Septembre-Octobre 1999) on the role of the Catholic Church within the French-Canadian culture triggered my memory about my early days in a French church, St. Jean-Baptiste, in Duluth, Minnesota's west end. Although I moved from Duluth almost fifty years ago, I still have memories of that parish. My maternal great-grandparents, both born in Quebec, were buried from the church, as well as my maternal grandparents. These ancestors passed on before my birth. May parents were married and also buried from the church. At my moth's death in 1988, she was the oldest parishioner who had been baptized the parish—number one on the seniority list ! My three sisters and I were baptized, confirmed, and also graduated from the parish school. Two were married there, as was I.

These thoughts that I write are just fragments from my memories. I could write about many additional things, events recalled, people described. This is a start in recording the past.

Young girl at the steps leading to the original St. Jean Baptiste Church, Duluth, Minnesota. Undated.

Do you have a French church in you life's history ? Now is the time to record your memories for the future. If you don't, who will ?

If you were a French-Canadian living in Duluth during the first 50 years of the 1900s, it is likely that you belonged to St. Jean-Baptiste, Catholic Church, commonly called the French church. The original parish was established in 1889 and had a building not far from the downtown area. In the early 1900s a new church was built at 25th Avenue West and Third Street. The church itself was on the second floor. The lower level housed the original school. That level was remodeled in to meeting rooms when a new school was built. On the same block was « The French Hall » which had an auditorium used for plays, pageants and movies. Downstairs was

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Examples of Family Names and *Dit* Names in 1701-1710 Détroit

Gail Moreau-DesHarnais, member of French-Canadian Heritage Society of Michigan

e-Mail: gfmoreau1@aol.com/ Society web site: http://www.habitant.org/fchsm

There were approximately 750 people (men, women and children) who were in Détroit between 1701 and 1710. The following names represent some of those individuals. Their family names are given, as well as their *dit* names. Some of those families still reside in the Detroit River region today. Some are known by their *dit* names, others by their original family names. Those names in bold below. Even though Detroit300 (1701-2001) is now over, research is on going into these early families and individuals. Articles are continuing to appear in ***Michigan's Habitant Heritage***, the journal of the French-Canadian Heritage Society of Michigan. The Society's web site has updated lists of the tables of contents of each of the issues of the Journal.

Étienne Amiot dit Lincourt
Julien Aubert dit Latouche
Étienne Audibert dit Lajeunesse
Catherine Badaillac dite Laplante
Louis Badaillac dit Laplante
Julien Bariteau dit Lamarche
Gabriel Baudreau dit Graveline
Joseph Bazinet dit Tourblanche
François Benoît dit **Livernois**
François Bienvenu dit **Delisle**
André **Bombardier** dit Labombarde et Passepartout
Guillaume Bonnet dit Deliard
Pierre Botquin dit St-André

(Continued on page 36)

GROWING UP FRENCH DURING THE GREAT DEPRESSION

by Marie Martel Hatch, Indianapolis, IN

I was out the evening my husband received the call from our daughter, "Becca is leaving for camp next week and wants you to write to her." Becca is our twelve-year-old grand-daughter who loves mail.

What to write to Becca? I quickly reviewed my own camping days when I was just twelve, an experience that proved to be unforgettable.

It all began in the 1930's when the bishop assigned an energetic young curate to Sacred Heart Parish in Lebanon, N.H. Outwardly Father Oscar Giguere's role would be to assist its aged pastor but in effect he had been sent to revitalize and rebuild a neglected parish. He had to raise funds for a new church which was to be located in the heart of the Franco-American community, a replacement for the late 19th century edifice erected on the Yankee side of the river that separated the community.

This having been launched, it was then announced that the parish would be opening a summer camp at nearby Mascoma Lake, a revolutionary idea that was received with skepticism by people who knew all about summer camps, about the camps that ringed our local lakes, camps that were attended by wealthy children who would come into our town transported in wooden-panelled station wagons emblazoned with American Indian – inspired logos. Around the parish there was tacit agreement that summer camps were inappropriate for children of unemployed mill workers.

The establishment of Fresh Air Camps for deprived children was a popular 1930's social concept so Father Giguere, who might have recognized some deprivation among the parish children, announced plans to open a summer camp. When he also announced that the fees, already less than nominal, would be waived for those whose fathers were out of work, everyone signed

(Continued on page 46)

A Minuet in G

by Beverly Sheresh
Bonita, CA

Jamie wondered if it was still there, pushed to the back of her bedroom closet, behind piles of jig saw puzzles and boxes of old magazines, put there where she could not see it. A reminder of her failure, years ago, about a promise to her grandfather she could not keep. But, yes, she could see it, was there...the black leather case containing her grandfather's violin.

Carefully, she grasped its handle and pulled it from the closet. She put it on the floor and knelt beside it. The aging case shed black flakes as she popped the brass fasteners.

The violin lay in its red velvet bed, dustless...the wood still glossy. Only a musty scent told of its captivity. Amazing. It looked no different from the day her grandfather thrust the instrument into her hands years ago.

"It is yours now...you learn, you play."

Jamie was touched, holding it gently. "*Merci Pepe*," she said, using her limited French for she knew it pleased him.

A sad day for him was she knew what this gesture meant. Music was his joy, his release from his thankless job of repairing looms at the mill. His escape. And the dancers sensed it when he played at the square dances, whirling and prancing until they were breathless. But, now, with fingers crippled with arthritis with notes no longer true, it was over for him.

"You learn the "vibrat," he said that day, trying to demonstrate with his hand, the movement of the vibrato, "the teacher, she will show you. It make the violin sing! I could never do."

"*Oui, je veux, Pepe*." ("I will.")

He looked away, then, staring out the window, where a pewter sky threatened rain. She thought about going to him, touching him to let him know she understood his sadness but decided he would not want that.

And the vibrato. Jamie had seen it often. When her parents took her to the symphonies, she'd watched the string section and they way the violinists pressed their fingers against the strings with rapid vibrating movements

(Continued on page 40)

(An Open Letter
continued from page 7)
they say, but, I *absorb* their postures, the attitudes inherent in their movements and expressions, the *way* they say what they say, their orientation toward their speech and toward the world and toward one another. Whether we're speaking French or English or Swahili the process of absorption – the–*fact* of absorption – is the same. What my experience teaches me is that ten or eleven generations of French North America cannot be effaced by two paltry generations of–*Anglophonie – because it is not possible.* My dad, who had two Franco parents, and I, who had two Franco parents, can't possibly be anything else but Franco. We had no choice but to be that curious, chimerical being: *The Anglophone Franco.*

Like the Chimera, we are mysterious creatures who seem now one way and now another, depending on which end you happen to be looking at. Even my closest friends of other backgrounds, cannot fathom how a guy who grew up in a suburb, speaking English, who had a middle-class upbringing, with an advanced degree and a white collar job could conceive of himself as anything but a son of privilege. Do I hear a note of resentment in their incomprehension? *"Why can't you accept that you're just another 'one of us'? Why can't you claim your white, male, middle-class privilege and stop this nonsense that you're some kind of 'ethnic'."* This is the same devil that sits on my shoulder and says, *"You're a fraud and a'*poseur *with all this 'Franco' stuff! Just forget all about it and find something'*productive *to think and write about."* Well, here's a new brand of *"s—t"* that my parents probably did *not* have to put up with, but I do, sadly.

How do I answer these friends? Do I tell them about my research into the hellholes that were the mill housing in the Franco town my great-grandparents inhabited when they first came from Québec? Do I tell them about the totally avoidable diphtheria and typhoid epidemics that raged through these places killing children left and right? Do I tell them about my grandmother who wrote in her scrapbook about a contest she wanted to enter but could not because they were on "the welfare" (as she put it) and didn't have enough money to buy a single stamp – in a time when a stamp cost three pennies? Do I tell them about my dad's hurt and anger and shame about the check he couldn't write? How do I explain my chimera-like relationship to French North America, without being one of those touchy whiners who make people feel *uncomfortable* simply because they happen to be *comfortable*? How do I explain that I've discovered something, at age 40, that explains so much – that fills-in the deleted information that hung over our family like smog...an Ariadne's thread through the labyrinth of experience?

I don't expect you to answer these questions. That's my job, I suppose, and the job of my generation. In any case, thank you for the mirror, for the reflection, that allows me to see myself a little clearer. I am in your debt, *mon vieux.*

Yours,
David Gérard Vermette

David Gérard Vermette is a writer & researcher based in Somerville, MA. He may be contacted by writing:
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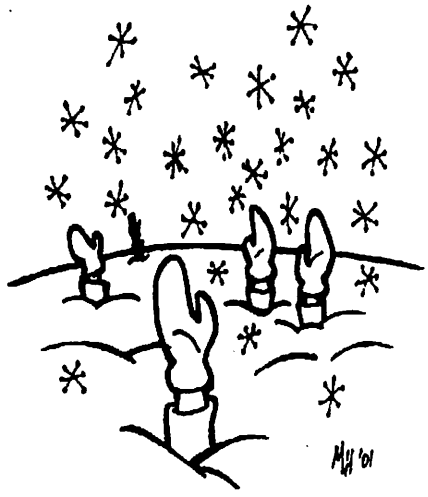


(Ponsor Denies Bond to Sitcha, Looks to Move Case to BIA continued from page 13)
two days, and affirmed that Sitcha is not accused of a crime. Judge Ponsor raised the possibility that the Writ could be brought before the First Circuit Court of Appeals, at which, the prosecution did not comment.

Attorney McKenna opened his argument by acknowledging the 23 supporters for Sitcha in the courtroom, and stated the organizations that they represented – the Parish of Ste-Anne/Immaculate Conception in Hartford, Fr. James Aherne M.S. of Immaculate Conception in Holyoke, the American Friends Service Committee of Hartford, the AFSC of Northampton, the Conn. Coalition for Peace and Justice, the Hartford Independent Media Center and the Progressive Student Alliance at Central Connecticut State University. McKenna stated that Sitcha fled the Cameroon where he was tortured and concluded that his imprisonment is unjust.

McKenna stated that the significance of the medical issue that Sitcha was in a "frail mind set" in February 2004 after he was beaten by his cellmate at Osborn. Also, once Sitcha arrived at Franklin County Jail, he was on suicide watch for two weeks. Ponsor stated that he did not receive an affidavit about the suicide watch, and McKenna replied that Sitcha was willing to testify on the matter. Judge Ponsor did not call Sitcha to the witness stand.

McKenna stated that the document "Richard Sitcha Affair" is a one-page e-mail synopsis of an investigation by the U.S. Embassy in the Cameroon in which three character witnesses that Sitcha claimed to have known him were simply called on the telephone and asked questions. McKenna called it "totem-pole hearsay" evidence, and he stated"that it is unclear that interviewer who made the telephone calls spoke to the right people and whether the phone was tapped by parties in the Cameroonian government. McKenna gave the example that the interviewer did not call Mrs. Kouatou

(Continued on page 24)

(Ponsor Denies Bond to Sitcha, Looks to Move Case to BIA continued from page 23)

(whose two sons were two of the Bepanda Nine victims), but her attorney.

McKenna argued that the error made by DHS to reopen Sitcha's asylum case has shifted the burden of proof onto Sitcha, the petitioner of the Writ. Ponsor stated that Sitcha did have an opportunity to present his own evidence during the hearing in Sept. 2003, and McKenna responded that Sitcha was unable to cross-examine the official who submitted the evidence to the U.S. Embassy in the Cameroon.

Judge Ponsor s Ruling

Judge Ponsor ruled that the defense must produce an affidavit from Sitcha that states the reasons why he did not appeal to the BIA during the period of February 25 to March 25, 2004 and must produce a motion from Sitcha to reopen his case before the BIA. Also, he ruled that the prosecution must submit copies all the letters written by Sitcha that were sent to the Federal Government, a copy of the motion by DHS to reopen Sitcha's asylum case, and the transcripts of the two hearings before the Immigration Judge at the Hartford Federal Court in January and September 2003. Lastly, he ruled that the deadline for all the said documents to be submitted is November 8, 2004, after which he would notify the defense and the prosecution of his decision and a possible future hearing.

After Judge Ponsor left the courtroom and before Richard Sitcha was hand-cuffed and escorted out of the courtroom, he was able to so say a few words to his supporters: "one year in jail, God give me strength," and "I love the people of the United States." Some supporters were able to either shake his hand or to hug him briefly before he was hand-cuffed and as he was led away, Frances Crowe, a well-known anti-war activist in the Pioneer Valley, broke into song soon accompanied by five or six others: "And everyone"'neath his vine and fig tree shall live in peace and unafraid."

Sitcha Still Waiting for Justice

On Fri., Dec. 3, 2004, Attorney McKenna met with four supporters of Richard Sitcha and conferred with them on the options available to Judge Ponsor for his ruling, and the necessary steps to maintain a legal defense. If Ponsor would rule in favor of the Writ of Habeas Corpus, McKenna would remain Sitcha's lawyer, while if Ponsor would rule to dismiss the Writ, and that the case should go before either the BIA or the Court of Appeals, then it would be necessary to find an attorney for either court.

In the meantime, Sitcha remains in jail, and from Sept. 18, 2003 to Dec. 3, 2004, he has been under Federal detention for one year, two months, and 15 days because of a questionable investigation by the Dept. of Homeland Security via the U.S. Embassy in the Cameroon of three character witnesses and because of a pilot program by the Dept. of Homeland Security to detain illegal immigrants before their appeals that was tested in Connecticut during August and September 2003.

In contrast, the eight members of the Operational Command in Douala, Cameroon who were brought before a military tribunal in Yaounde on July 9, 2002 for the killing of the Bepanda Nine, received light sentences. *Afrique Express* reported on July 30, 2002 in « Affaire des disparus de Douala. Un verdict au gout amer pour les familles des victimes dont le sort reste mysterieux » that Col. Bobo Ousmanou received a 15-month prison sentence suspended for "complicity of violation of orders," and Capt. Jean-Jacques Abah Ndzengue received a 16-month sentence at a military detention farm for "violation of orders." "The six other officers were acquitted, three for "benefit of doubt, and three "for facts not established." Both convicts are free today.

Unlike the two convicted members of the Operational Command in Douala, Richard Sitcha has been wondering why he has been detained by the Federal Government for fourteen months and counting without being charged with a crime, or in his own words from a letter dated Oct. 31, 2004: "what I want now, it's just to get my freedom." And so, Richard Sitcha waits for justice.

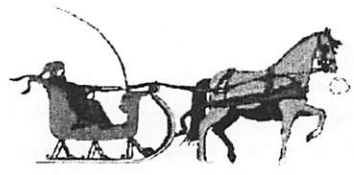
(Remembering Christmas Past continued from page 9)

Fideles.

On our way home we would fall asleep under the fur blankets and dream of angels and those beautiful songs we had heard in church with the ringing of the bells as King trotted along the crisp road taking us home to a warm hearth and hot cocoa and tourtiere and a warm bed. We would hang our Christmas stockings and hope Santa would bring what we wished for the following morning.

Sometimes some cousins would stop by on their way home and my mother always had a pot of tea and food to serve them but us children would be in bed so Santa could come before daybreak.

I always say that I will go one more time before I die to a midnight Mass in my village church. I know things have changed and Father Ezzy's angels will not be there, but if I close my eyes I know that they will be there for me once again and I will enjoy them one more time in my village church in St. Anne.



Still Stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1847

Honoring the Ancestors
Congrès Mondial Acadien

Thronged was the hill with the descendents of those blithe Acadian peasants who long ago, by order of the British Crown, were deported from their land in L'Acadie.
It was the Feast Day of Our Lady of Assumption, the Acadian National Feast Day, when a reported 8,000 people gathered for the closing mass of the third Congrès Mondial Acadien.
Many a welcome spake the descendents of the British soldiers who executed the order of deportation on that fateful day in September 1755.

For two weeks they had journeyed as pilgrims in the beloved land of their ancestors.
They had come from neighboring hamlets of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and other parts of Canada.
They had come from Louisiana, New England, and other parts of America.
They had come without wains and without their household goods and gods.
They had come with anticipation, with their questions, their hopes, and their dreams.
They had come with hearts open and brains alert.

They had come to L'Acadie, the vast land of ancestral hopes and dreams.
They had come to see the forest primeval where their ancestors had found refuge from the oppression in their mother country.
They had come to walk on the dikes that their ancestors had built to create the fertile land from which they fed their families, their friends, and their enemies.
They had come to sit under the weeping willow trees that their ancestors planted nearly four hundred years ago.
They would hear the reverberant branches and the wailing of their forebears.
They had come to step foot on the spot from where their ancestors were loaded onto boats and scattered along the Atlantic seashore nearly two and a half centuries ago.
They had come to the spot where now stands a cross to make sacred the site, with its small floral Acadian flag laid as a blanket in the ground beside it.

They came to try to understand and to forgive.
They came to remember and to honor.
They came to pay homage.
They came to celebrate their survivance Acadienne.
They came to meet and celebrate their decouvert famille.
They came to find pieces of their soul.

They found their names on placards among those deported or escaped.
They read the Queens proclamation of July 28 as a Day of Commemoration of the Great Upheaval.
Some bowed their heads with acceptance and forgiveness; others sneered with distain at the lackings of the gesture.
They watched archeologists, ever so delicately, unearth the pieces of their ancestors lives.
They ambled along a field of photographic images, tracking the journey of the Acadians from their past to their present.
They walked along the plains smelling the rosa rugosa.
They reveled at the kaleidoscope of colors in the many flower gardens, glorious in the fullness of their summer blooms.
They shared rappie pie, tortiere, boudin, gumbo, and jambalaya with their new found families and new friends.
They watched theatrical interpretations and listened to soulful laments written and performed by Acadians, young and old. *(Continued on page 26)*

(Honoring the Ancestors Congrès Mondial Acadien continued from page 25)

They drank and dined in the joie de vivre of **L'Ordre du Bon Temps.**
They merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances (HWL) at night.
They sang the familiar French songs of their ancestors.
They tasted wine from the grapes that now are grown on their ancestral dike lands.
They filled their bags with books about the arduous journeys of their ancestors.

By the stately statue of Evangeline, Longfellow's heroine whose story tells of a nation molested and fragmented, they stood in awe.
At his bust, they paid tribute to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow for giving them the key to unlock their history.
They peered at the exhibition that outlines the impact of Evangeline a story on the reunification of a nation without boundaries.
They listened to and recited lines from Longfellow's epic poem.
Evangeline, they revered as the symbol of Acadian idealism, devotion, and tenacity.

Tears of grief were shed for the ancestors buried at sea and those smote to an early grave.
Anger welled up at the wrongs that were perpetrated onto them.
Ancestral pain was purged onto the Land of Evangeline.
Hearts were filled with the love of cousins they met at their family reunions.
Peace from knowing their history, the stories of their forebears, finally was found.
Grown in esteem from knowing, finally, who they are, they walked with heads held high.

And finally, on the cloudless Sunday morn, on foot, they came in procession from the deportation cross where early in the morning they did ceremony.
In a precession of cars they arrived from afar, driving on the dike roads.
Thither they walked up the hill to stand in front of the grand chancel where set the altar, with the steeple of the Church of Saint-Charles-des-Mines in the background forming the steeple of this open church.
They congregated on the greensward of the hillside, carrying with them their chairs and their colorful umbrellas.
Five dollars they fain paid for a program of the great mass.
Around the placards of their family names the jocund folks swarmed.
They stood as sentinels and prayed for those departed and those yet to come.
They faced the altar where sat the priests, the bishops, and the choir of angels all dressed in the fanciest of copes and mantles.
Side by side the faithful stood in each other's shadow or shared umbrellas as the sun radiated the heat of its soul onto them.
More tears were shed as the choir belted out Ave Maria Stella, the guiding song of their people.
Amen they chanted when they were asked to pray for their ancestors molesters.
They forgave and received God's benediction; and they were healed.
They ate the body of Christ and drank his blood to seal their experience into their memories; to change forever the DNA of the Acadian soul.
They rejoiced with their people as they sauntered down the hill and walked across the road to partake of the feast and find the perfect souvenir of an expedition that was more supernal than reverberant.

And thus they had come, the descendents of those smirched Acadian peasants of olden times.
They came and they were nourished, honored, blessed, and enlightened.
And now they've left the land of their ancestors, The Land of Evangeline, to return to their homes and families.
They left L'Acadie wimpling with new understanding, new families, new awakenings, and mended souls.

Still stands the forest primeval — **[the metaphor still works]**
[And the dikes built by our ancestors are still there too]
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, an in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the **[ancestors].**
HWL

(Continued on page 27)

Honoring the Ancestors Congrès Mondial Acadien continued from page 26)

Will they return next year, these enlightened Acadian descendents, to commemorate the 250 year anniversary of the deportation?
Or will it be a whole different assemblage who does their pilgrimage then?
Will the Acadians of Maine be there, perhaps, to establish their presence in the world?
Will they go to share their history, their music, their ployes, and their hooked rugs?
Will the Acadians of New Hampshire be there, perchance, with their stories and their wares?
And those from Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, and Pennsylvania?
And what about those from the Carolinas, Virginia, Connecticut and Maryland?
And those scattered in more distant corners of the world?
Do they know who they are? Will they go to hear the Queen read and make official her Proclamation — to launch the Day of Commemoration of Le Grand Derangement?
Will they go to celebrate the survivance of a people whose nation was shattered?
Will they go to L'Acadie to show the world that they, like the phoenix, have arisen and will prevail?

Time for Évangéline to Rest or Move On?

By: Françoise Paradis

Évangéline: Un histoire d'amour d'Acadie

Evangeline: A Tale of Love in Acadie

Un drame musical/A Musical Drama
Presenté en français acadien et en anglais
Presented in Acadian French and English

Théâtre Marc-Lescarbot
Université Sainte-Anne
Pointe-de-l'Église (Church Point)
Nova Scotia, Canada B0W 1M0

2002 Provincial Winner
Attractions Canada

If you haven't made your way to *Pointe-de-l'Église*, Nova Scotia , in the past eleven summers to see this heart-wrenching dramatization of Longfellow's story of Evangeline, you have missed it. The musical drama, adapted by Normand Godin from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's epic poem, **Evangeline**, depicts the sad events of the deportation of Acadians from Nova Scotia in 1755. The performers take us on Evangeline's more than 40-year journey to find her betrothed, from whom she was separated during the deportation. The music and songs give an uplifting wave of energy that balances the depth of fear, sadness, and grief that is experienced by the non-Acadian and Acadian audiences as we become witness to her wanderings, ponderings, hopes, disappointments, and finally resignation. In the end she finds peace in her soul and is rejoined with her lover for their glorious moment of healing their hearts before he expires.

I talked with Denis Comeau, Manager and Normand Godin, Artistic Dirctor, of *les Araignées du boui-boui troupe de théâtre* at *l'université Sainte-Anne* at Church Point to find out if the rumor was true. Both said the fate of **Évangéline** will be decided in the next few weeks by the Board of Directors and community members.

Les Araignées du boui-boui (loosely translated as 'spiders of a messed-up stage') *troupe de théâtre* was created by Jean-Douglas Comeau at l'Université St. Anne in 1971. The *Troupe* performed plays by Molière, Ionesco, Tardieu, and Labariche. In 1973, Normand Godin assumed the position of Artistic Director and introduced a series of plays by French authors, some adapted to Acadian French. Since 1986, the *Troupe* has become best known for its Acadian plays. The *Troupe* has won many provincial, national, and international awards over the years and is best known for its musical drama ***Évangéline,*** which just competed its eleventh season. ***Évangéline*** was the provincial winner of *Attractions Canada* in 2002.

Évangéline's inauguration was at the first Acadian World Congress in Memramcook, New Brunswick in 1994. Normand Godin has authored, co-authored, and adapted several plays in the past fifteen or so years. Normand Godin said he wrote the play in response to the need to create a tourist attraction to the community of Church Point. He chose ***Évangéline*** because she has been a symbol of Acadian identity since her creation by Longfellow in 1847. Godin adapted the play, using Acadian songs and Acadian language to honor and celebrate the Acadian French. It was an occasion to celebrate *le 'bon parler acadien'*; to give it some credibility and nobility through theatre, he said. He wanted to make Acadians, young and old, proud of their language, and wanted them to value their historical and cultural origins. Normad Godin is an Acadian who obviously cares about his people and how they view themselves in the context of an Anglo Acadia. In creating the play, he offered an outlet for Acadians to use and preserve the Acadian French that can be traced back to old France. Godin chose ***Évangéline*** as a tourist-attracting show to give local Acadians an opportunity to express themselves in a dynamic art form, in their own language that they might value their gifts.

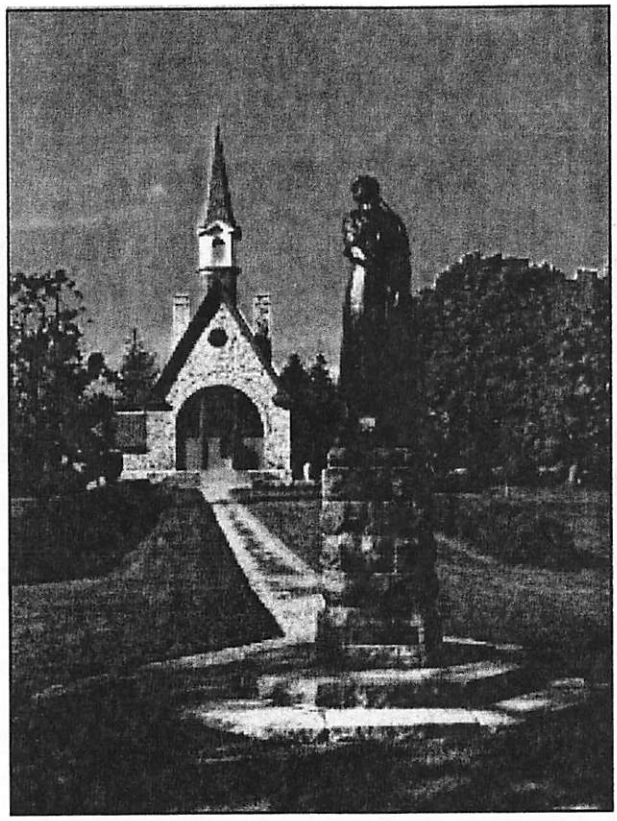
Denis Comeau said the *Troupe* has had financial struggles over the years, but have managed to stay together. ***Évangéline*** brings in modest

(Continued on page 29)

(Time for Évangéline to Rest or Move On? continued from page 28)

revenues as they keep the admission charge low to make it affordable to the community and visitors. They rely heavily on government grants and large private donations to keep the show going. In 2000 they added an outdoor performance that takes the audience on a 2K walk in the woods and along the beach around the university. This is reminiscent of Marc Lescarbot's first theatrical production in North America, ***Le Théâtre de Neptune***, which was performed in barges and canoes in the waters of Port Royal in 1606. In 2002 the *Troupe* added an English version of the show on Saturday evenings in response to tourist demand. And now, there is a question of what to do with this wonderful play. The actors are getting older, and perhaps would like a break, or perhaps try something new, or perhaps have some time for vacationing with family and friends during the summer months. It is getting harder to find new actors who are as versatile as these veterans who act, sing, dance, and play musical instruments. A traveling *Troupe* is not financially feasible and near impossible for a group of 25 actors who have other family and job obligations.

Évangéline has been performed 238 times at Church Point and has been seen by over 25,000 spectators, about 90% of whom were tourists. In addition to the home-based shows, the *Troupe* has performed 19 shows in various theatres across Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and in Maine. Their first tour was at the first Acadian World Congress in Memramcook, N.B. in 1994. It's biggest touring year was 1997, the 150 year anniversary of Longfellow's poem. That year, the *Troupe* traveled to the province of Quebec to do performances at Trois-Rivières and Montreal; the province of Nova Scotia for performances in Wolfville and Cheticamp on Cape Breton Island; and to northern Maine to do a performance at the Centre Culturelle du Mont Carmel in Lille. After taking a year off from travel, in 1999 the *Troupe* traveled to Halifax; and in the following three years traveled to various places in Quebec and New Brunswick. They did not travel in 2003 and 2004. The *Troupe* may have played its last season at ***Théâtre Marc-Lescarbot,*** *Université Sainte-Anne*, as well.



Normand Godin has written several dinner-theatre plays that have traveled well, and perhaps a stream-lined, adaptation of ***Évangéline***, with a smaller *Troupe*, is in the wings. He is still brain-storming ideas as he does not want to see ***Évangéline*** abandoned for the same reasons he developed the production in the first place. But his dinner-theatres are being well received on other parts of Nova Scotia as well as in the Baie Sainte Anne area. For the third Acadian World Congress, held in Nova Scotia in August, ***Une comédie historique*** was very well received. Based on Champlain's journals, Godin's latest play depicts the arrival of Sieur de Monts and Champlain to Nova Scotia in 1604 and portrays the events of 1605 and 1606, leading to the creation of *l'Ordre de bon temps*, an organization devoted to good food and entertainment. The dinner-theatre was presented several times a week in Saulnierville (Baie Sainte-Marie) during the World Congress. Now the play is accepting requests to perform in other communities. Godin said the smaller *Troupe* is more amenable to travel, and perhaps his next project will be to modify ***Évangéline*** so it is economically feasible to take it on the road.

If anyone is interested in engaging *les Araignées du boui-boui troupe de théâtre* for their community, they can reach Denis Comeau or Normand Godin at Evangeline@ustanne.ednet.ns.ca or at (902)769-2114. CDs of ***Évangéline, The Musical,*** are available from them or from Françoise Paradis at (207) 929-5454.

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Hidden Springs, Inc.
50 Marshall Lane
Buxton, ME 04093
(207) 929-5454
feparadis@hiddensprings.info
www.francoiseparadis.com
www.hiddensprings.info

(Growing Up French And Not Knowing It (1960-1970) continued from page 17)

may not all have been closely related but if they weren't your cousin they were your friends cousins. It was respectful to address them by their first name as long as Cousin, Uncle, Aunt, Mr. or Miss was used with it. In DeSoto we would have gotten in trouble for calling a grown up by their first name. There seemed to be two standards on acceptable public behavior, a DeSoto, and a Créole one.

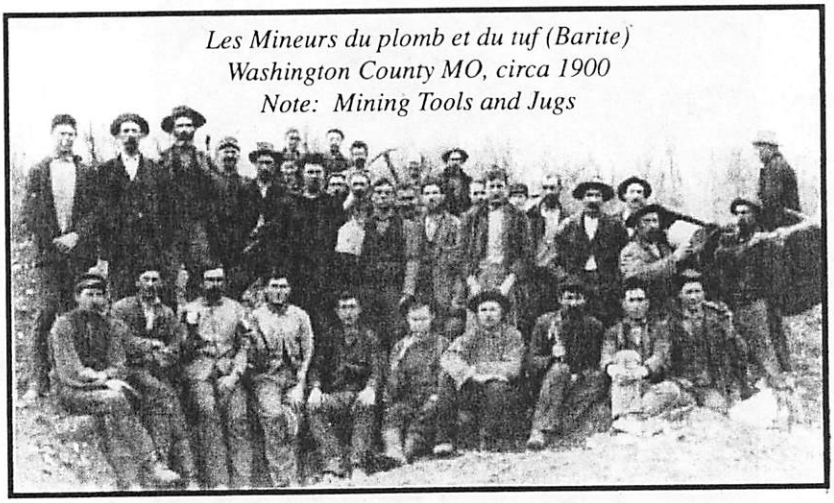
The Créoles had names like Aubuchon, Aujier, Boyer, Bone, Bourissaw, Bouchard, Courtois, Courtaway, Coleman, DeClue, Degonia, Govereau, Juliette, Masson, Osia, Pashia, Partney, Portell, Politte, Riendeau, Roussin, Robart, Sansoucie, Trokey, Troqué, Vallé, and Villmer. Some had retained the original spelling but many had been anglicized. There were so many families with the same last name, that each was subdivided into clans. By knowing one word, the "Clan Name" one instantly became clued into who your parents, grandparents and great-grandparents were, as well as dozens of other families that you were closely and distantly related to. *C'est un peu compliqué.* Paco, Diego, Panné, Rousse, Jake, and Vess were some of the clan names.

The husband's first name was often tacked onto the wife's first name. If Donna Emily married Gary Robart, she would have been called Donna Gary. With the single girls, their fathers first name was tacked on in the same manner. In this way Catherine daughter of Edmond Boyer would be known as Catherine Edmond.

The Grandparents generation had grown up *à la maison* thinking *le français* was the one world language. The first day of school for them in 1915 was a real reality check, when all they heard was, "*Ne govoris franceski u skila*" coming from the teacher's mouth (Do not speak French at school.) Confused they responded, "*Je ne peut pas te comprend mamdemoiselle, quoi t'as dit*?" Well I tell you dis, dat was the wrong ting to say. After being smacked a few times for trying to talk, they just decided to keep their mouths shut. This then reinforced the teachers idea that the French kids were dumb. This early 20th century "Progressive Era" education system didn't totally destroy the Créoles language, but it did send it underground.

The Grandparents generation called the new language américain and taught it to their kids, the Parents generation.

Les Mineurs du plomb et du tuf (Barite)
Washington County MO, circa 1900
Note: Mining Tools and Jugs



The Anglos who spoke no French, claimed that the Pawpaws didn't speak Real-French and it was something they just made up or that it was Broken French. I often wondered how those Anglophones could tell Real French from Faux French since they didn't speak either one. It also occurred to me that if they were right, those Créole ancestors must have been really smart to have created a new language on the frontier of the Ozarks mountains.

The locals often feigned having forgotten their French, but the amnesia would disappear when one Pawpaw ran into another Pawpaw. Instantly out of their mouths would flow "*Bonjour, comment ça va, toé*?" After hearing that a few times I figured out it was a greeting. *Quins donc ça* was another expression used a lot.

It was said when something was dropped, while playing cards, or when surprised. [*quins = tiens*] I don't think the old Pawpaws could have talked if their hands were tied. The hand movements are tied intrinsically to the language. Sometimes when they would get deep into a conversation it looked like they were gonna slap the crap out of each other with those flying hands.

"We didn't learn any French. They didn't teach it to us." That's what the Parents generation usually said, but their older relatives had always gossiped *en français* to keep the kids from understanding. Those kids were *canaille* and became passive francophones, learning to understand quite a bit of the language without learning to speak much of it.

Several times I tried to learn a few phrases by saying them over and over, but by the time we got back to America, (DeSoto) *Comment ça va,* came out as, *Vomment ka sa.* The Parents thought that was funny. I would have to wait until I could figure out a phonetic system to spell what I learned, so that I could remember it for more than fifteen minutes. I got serious about learning the language at fifteen and took French in High School. The first day of school the instructor told us Pawpaws in the class that our relatives didn't speak Real French. That sounded familiar. In spite of that remark I decided to learn the foreign Parisian that I would never use anyway. At least then I could learn to write the North American variants that were Real French to us.

I discovered that the women would speak French with no hesitation, but the men usually refused to. At a bouillon (house party) or barbeque those same men could miraculously

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rattle off *le français, joliment bien*, after they found some *courage*. *Courage* it seemed was the French word for booze. Both sets of grandparents lived in double-pen, dog-trot log houses common in the Ozarks, but these were Créole homes which meant there must be a big porch across the front. There might also be a smaller porch off of the kitchen. The porch wasn't just a place to kick off muddy shoes or get out of the rain. It was an integral part of the living space, with furniture. In the summer they cleaned up and hung out, on the porch. In winter fire wood and tools was stored on it. There were always dogs on and under the porch. If the chickens were turned out they would head for the porch every time they heard the screen door slam. That got pretty messy and the porch often had to be washed down. *Les poules* might be dumb as a box of rocks, but they knew a slamming door meant humans had just exited *la maison* with table scraps. The dogs and chickens often "got into it" over those scraps. Sometimes the chickens won.

Before screens became available, the windows were kept shut in summer to keep out the *maudit maringouins*. Folks would then "set-up" out on the porch or out in the yard till late at night waiting for the house to cool down enough to go in and sleep. "You don't know how miserable it was to try and sleep with a mosquito buzzing around your head all night if you left the window open, and trying to sleep in a closed up hot house was just as bad. The window screen was the greatest thing invented." (Ida Portell, Bottom Diggins)

While sitting outside in the evening they would make a little fire and then throw leaves or rags on it to "make a smoke". This kept the mosquitoes away. Moving around to stay upwind from the smoke was the key to optimal enjoyment of the evening. Accompanied by the night times sounds of whip-or-wills, hoot owls, katydids, frogs and the occasional coyote they told ancestor stories, *contes*, gossiped, gambled, played music and tried to out lie each other.

"I learned to smoke a pipe from tante Josephine when I was five. We'd set up out in the yard and smoke our pipe at night to keep the mosquitoes away." (Toria Bone Shibboleth) Once when a mosquito buzzed her ear she swatted the air and said "Go away I ain't your cousin".

"What?" I said.

"The little devil is calling me his cousin." I learned then that coozin, the buzz of the maringouin, sounds like *cousine*, the French word for a female cousin. As late as the 1970s there could still be seen elderly ladies, sitting on their porches smoking their pipes.

Most Créole houses had been built in the nineteenth century and added onto several times as families grew. The houses had been wired for electricity as it became available in the 1940's and fifties. There was usually a 60 amp, two-fuse, shut off on the porch. The me the Pawpaws were electrical engineers. With only a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling of each room they had screwed something into the light socket to allow extension cords to be plugged into it. The cords then ran across the ceiling like a spider web, and down the walls to the TV, radio, toaster, iron and Christmas tree. Luckily they didn't have many gadgets back then or they would have burned the house down.

At the time many folks still packed water from a well to the house. In the kitchen there would be a zinc bucket which everyone drank from with a communal dipper. I wasn't too keen on drinking after everyone like that but it seemed to be the norm. The kitchen sink was always call a zink.

The Créole ladies who didn't yet have running water in the house, would heat water on the stove or on a fire to do the laundry. They usually had an electric or gas ringer washing machine as well as two square, zinc or galvanized, wash tubs set on metal legs. These were for the rinse cycle. The washing was done in the yard in summer and on the porch or in the smoke house in winter. It took all day to do the wash like that.

In winter they cooked and heated with wood, but in summer they would cook on a second-hand gas stove that wouldn't heat up the house. In the old days they moved the wood cook stove out of the house onto the porch or put it in the smoke house for the summer. For those who didn't have electricity there were refrigerators and washing machines that ran on propane. Cousin Sadie Boyer had both. Neither one of us knew how that worked but just accepted the new technology as a gift.

The toilet, or "shit-house" as they often called it, was just that. You took a bath in the house. I could tell early on that the grown-ups didn't waste much time or resources building them. The boys usually went in the woods if they didn't have to sit down. In summer a trip tot the toilet was an adventure. Since the toilet stank, it was located far from the house. "Takin the path", meant watching out for snakes, and maybe getting a mess of seed-ticks or chiggers, so it was best to let someone else go first so they caught the *poux-d'bois*. Now opening the door was done with extreme caution to check for the nest of some evil red wasp. The mud daubers weren't a problem, since we were convinced that they didn't sting. The interior walls were covered with card board and news paper to keep out the draft.

Although we didn't need to, we saved our little pieces of soap all year. Mom and Granma Torie would melt them down, and pour the liquid into a cake pan to make new bars. The years that Possum raised hogs there was plenty of lard for cooking and to make soap from scratch. That soap was so white by the next Sunday when we went back to get our cut. Lye soap is the best medicine for a mess of chiggers or poison ivy. Tub it on and let it dry. It smothers the *bêtes rouges* and dries up the *l'herb à puce.*

Rendering lard was done outside in the fall or winter as part of *la boucherie* (a butchering frolic). The pigs skin was heated in a *gros chaudiere noir*. The iron kettle was set on its metal ring over a fire and stirred for several

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hours until the fat melted off of the skin. A by-product of this rendering was *les gortons*, or cracklins, which they adored. They are nothing like those puffed up plastic cracklins sold at gas stations. The liquid lard was poured into buckets and five gallon cans where it solidified and was stored for later use.

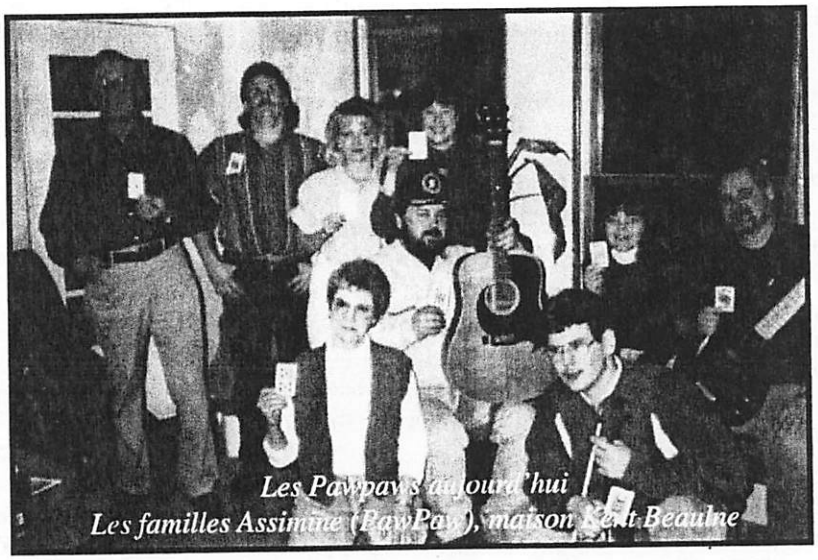
"Making a visit" an important part of socializing, could happen at anytime and required no special invite. "Who's your friend, want something to drink, wanna eat? Your a Boyer hun. So what batch of Boyers are you related to?" (Time to use the Clan Name.) Those were the words one usually heard about sixty seconds after entering a Pawpaw home. It was polite to decline twice so that it didn't look like you came to eat, but don't pass on the third time or you might leave hungry. "Looking at the TV" was rarely done during a visit. Upon announcing that you were fixing to leave, the hosts would say "You ain't got time to go", which may be a direct translation from some ancient French idiom for "what's your hurry?" After a half hour, the parting party might have made it out of their chairs, and it might take another thirty minutes or so to make it to the door. Pawpaws always use the kitchen door. The front door was for strangers and salesmen. Parting had evolved into a ritual with everyone promising to visit more often.

Both Granmas made biscuits every day. The had these metal five gallon lard cans full of flour. They'd pop off the lid, roll the dough out on a table and cut out biscuits with a drinking glass kept in the can just for that purpose. In DeSoto we would have home made biscuits once in a while but they were guaranteed in the fall when the peddler came by selling Sorghum. We would stir butter and sorghum together and put it on hot biscuits. You talk about *bon...*

In the country the cousins always put home made jelly on their pancakes. I thought it was because they were poor and couldn't afford syrup, but after a while I preferred jelly too. Rolled-oats or egg-bread was a breakfast mainstay down on the Pawpaw Patch. *Du pain perdu*, (lost bread) was a way to use the stale bread that would otherwise by thrown away; they never called it French Toast.

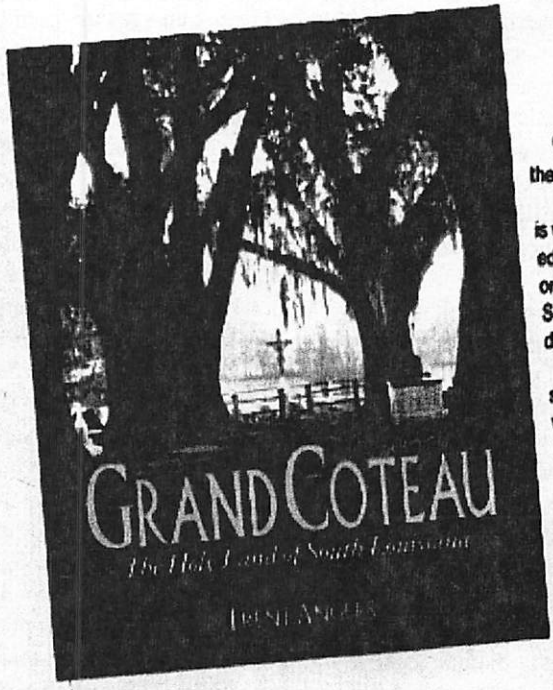
When the power went out, which was often, the grown-ups would light the oil lamps, pop some tac tac and tell ancestors stories and folk tales called *contes*. They would tell us the stories in *américain*. My favorite was *La Bête à Sept Têtes*. (The Beast With Seven Heads). It took a long time to tell. *Psit Jean,* was the hero who with the help of his three dogs, killed the beast with seven heads, foiled the charcoal burners plans to take the credit, and married the Kings daughter. The two then lived happily in a log cabin at the edge of the forest and the charcoal burner was hanged. *Moquié Coq*, (Half Rooster) and *Jean Bête pis Jean Sage* were good ones too. Some like *Bouki pis Lapin* were of African origin which my French ancestors had learned from their African slaves. *Lapin* was always a waskaly wabbit, but no one could say exactly what *Bouki* was. *Bouki* was also a nickname for boys. Well *Bouki* it turned out was an Oulof (Senegal, Africa) word for the hyena. One day at Granma Ida's house while we were "looking at the TV", a Hyena appeared on the screen. For the first time in her life she got to see a *bouki*. "Oh he's ugly as the devil's butt" she said. Other *contes* were *les corps san lame*, (zombies), *le loup-garou*, (ware wolves), *les sorciers*, (witches) *les lutins*, (elves), *les feu follets*, (lights in the forest) *les fées*, (fairies), *Chat Botté*, (Pusin Boots), *La Belle pis La Bête*, (Beauty and the Beast). So what I had once though were Hollywood creations were actually European legends brought over by the Ancestors in the 1600's.

En fin, aprés un bout de temps, j'ai appris comment de parler Créole et dat udder one, "Real French". The first word that I could permanently store in my head was *bois-pouri*. Early on May when I was just a pup, sitting out in the yard talking to Granma Torie, she goes "Shush, be quiet. The *bois-pouris* are back." "What" I said. "Be still and listen, the *bois-pouris* are singing." "What's a whah-purdy" I said. "Well what do you hear, you?" "I hear a whip-or-will, me" "Well that's what a *bois-pouri* is. He's saying *bois-pouri, bois-pouri.*" (rotten-wood, rotten-wood).



Les Pawpaw's aujourd'hui
Les familles Assimine (PawPaw), maison Sept Beaulne

Notes: Guieu = Dieu in Standard French



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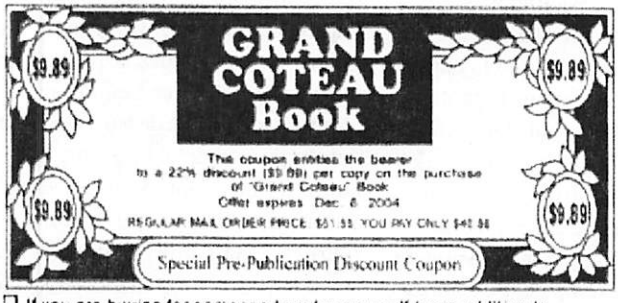

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(Je me souviens... quand j'avais huit ans suite de page 19)
pépère et mémère Sivret et oncle Urbain.

C'était au mois d'avril après Pâques, on a fait le voyage par chemin de fer, a peut près 650 miles.Il a fallu que l'on couche dans une grosse hotel à St.Jean. La deuxième journée on est arrivé à Caraquet, moi avec mon manteau neuf de Pâques, et mon beau chapeau de paille. Il y avait des banc de neige plus hauts que les maisons chaque bord du chemin et la rue principale c'était le seul chemin, c'était comme un gros tunnel. Pépère et mémère étaient fier de nous voir arriver. Quelle experience pour une jeune fille de huit ans qui venait d'une petite ville des États. Pas de toilette dans la maison, ni de l'eau dans la champlure. J'avais soif souvent une excuse pour pomper la pompe à l'eau.La semaine ensuite, j'ai commencé l'école, deux classes avec quatre grades dans chaque classe. Moi qui était accoutumée dans une grosse école paroissiale avec des religieuses, mais c'était encore une nouvelle expérience.

Caraquet, un village de pêche. À toutes les fins de semaine les grosse goêlettes arrivaient avec la pêche de la semaine. Je courais au quai pour voir décharger les grosses morues. Il y avait de vigneaux dans les champs pour sécher la morue et de têtes de harengs dans les jardins pour engraisser la terre, une senteur de poisson, s'il vous plait, dans peu de temps j'avait plusieurs petites amis.Une était Desneige les apresmidi, j'allait la trouver pour jouer avec elles, pour un (snack).Sa mère nous donnait une tranche, une cuillière et on formait des assiettes pour nos catins. C'était toute une traite.

Une autre amie, Madeline, restait prés de pépère.Son père était pêcheur et en arrière de la maison, il y avait un tonneau plain de foies de morues.Quand le soleil (fessait) là ça sentait la morue; les odeurs que je n'étais pas accoutumée à sentir. Mais quand on est jeune on s'accoutume vite.Papa est revenue nous trouver à Caraquet les conditions à Arvida avaient pas fait son affaire.Les dimanche on allait au Bas de Caraquet visiter les tantes et cousines à maman Tante Milie (Emilie Sevret, Mme. Dacron, la sœur a Pépère, restait en face de l'église Saint Paul. Tante Lizzie restait près de Pépère.

Le trois de juillet, ma sœur Rita est venue au monde. Quand Rita à eut quatre semaines on est allé à Néguac visiter les parents du bord de Robichaud. Chez mon grand-père qui restait sur le vieux bien avec deux petite filles, Clarisse et Thérèse.Chez oncle Ludger, le frère à papa et tante Julie, ils restaient tout près de grandpère. La j'avait une cousine Aline et un cousin Gérard. Tante Julie m'avait montré comment passer la navette sur son métier à tisser et aussi comment user ses écardes pour écarder la laine, des souvenirs que j'ai jamais oubliés. Notre visite chez oncle Marcel et tante Elizabeth, ma cousine Andréa, mes cousins Rudolphe et Amélés et le petit cousin Martin que je trouvais qu'il ressemblait au petit Jesus dans le crèche, tellement il avait les cheveux frisés. Le dimanche on est allé visiter tante Sara et oncle Xavier Robichaud. Elle était la sœur à papa; mariée avec un Robichaud. Là, j'ai rencontré deux cousines, Imelda qui était de mon âge et Aurélie la plus vielle.Je me souviens on a ramassé de l'anis qui poussait près de la clôture.Ensuite on a visité tante Marcelline qui était mariée avec Pierre, frère de l'oncle Xavier. Elle restait sur le chemin du Fair Isle. Il y avait un garçon René. Là je me souviens d'une petite cabane pour boucaner du hareng. Ces choses sont restée gravées dans ma mémoire car c'étais tout nouveau pour moi. Dans la semaine ensuite on est

(Suite page 35)

Les réveillons de Noël au Nouveau Brunswick

Albina Robichaud Martin, Gardner, MA

Après que Ronald et moi était mariée on allait passé deux semaines avec ces parents à tout les ans, au mois de juillet.

En 1955 ont à décider d'aller passé les Fêtes de Noël avec ces parents. Avec nos cinq enfants ont est partout de bonneheur la vielle de Noël pour St.Basile. Ont est arriver à la baunant.

En entrant dans la maison, il y avait une odeur que je n'avais j'aimais senti.

Après quelque temps, Ronald a dit à sa mére ton Ci-Pâte sent bon. Ci-Pâte un mot nouveau pour moi. La Marmite, mijotait au fond du poele, j'etait trop orgeulleuse pour demander qu'est était un Ci-Pâte.

Les frères et sœurs à Ronald sont venue veieller, et on est aller à la messe de minuit.Après la messe quand ont s'ait assis pour manger et que la mére a Ronald à mit le manger sur la table, je lui ai demander pourquoi dans les 16 fois précesdants que j'avais j'amais manger du Ci-Pâte.Elle ma repond, parce qu'il faisait cela seulement au fête, parce qu'il avait plusieurs sorte de viandres frêche ce temps là de l'année. Grandpére faisait boucherie, ils avait du port frais.

Les frères à Ronald faisait la chasse au chevreux, Grandpére tendais au collait et ils avait du lièvre et ils tu a une poule. Un Ci-Pâte est meilleur avec plusieur sorte de viandes, et presque toutes les familles du Compté du Madawaska reveillonent avec du Ci-Pâte.

Il se fait avec un rang de patates en morceaux, un rang de viande mélanger et un rang de petites jâtes (dumpling) et l'ont répette j'usque à la marmite soit remplit ont ajoute sel et poivre et 2 cuillieres a thé de canelle (cinnamon), ajouter l'eau pour couvrir toute, ont couvre le dessus avec une pate detremper comme la petite pâte. On, laisse mijoter toute la journée au fond du poële. Il y en a qui le font dans le fourneau mais nous-autres ont l'aime sur les dessus du poële car la pâte qui couvre le Ci-Pâte est plus tendre quand que fait au fourneau. Un vrais régalles des fêtes au Nord Ouest du Nouveau

(Suite page 35)

(Je me souviens... quand j'avais huit ans suite de page 34)

allé à Shippagan visiter toute Angélique et oncle Adelard Savoie. Là il y avait une grosse famille; dix enfants a oncle Adelard avec sa premier femme et ensuite tante Angélique en a eu huit. Là je me souviens de mon cousin Edmond qui était là en vacance d'été.Il étudiait pour la prêtrise et il avait une sœur religieuse et aussi trois religieuse du deuxième lit. De retour chez Pépère Sivret, ils avaient commencer à bâtir une grosse gaêlette. Je passait des heures à les regarder travailler. Chez Pépère Sevret, il y avait un magasin. Je me souviens d'un gros baril plein de gros biscuits qu'il appelait des biscuits de matelots.Les soirs, voisins et patrons venaient veiller et ils contaient des contes du vieux temp. Papa est parti pour retourner a Rumford à la fin d'août et nous les enfants et maman au moi de septembre. Encore un grand voyage n chemin de fer et coucher dans un gros hotel à St. Jean et le lendemin à Rumford, Maine. J'ai bien joui des coutumes et culture de mon passage de six mois au Canada. C'est seulement vingt-quatre ans plus tard que je sui retourner à Neguac et cette fois, j'ai rencontré tante Venerante pour la premier fois, et bien de mes nouveaux cousins et cousines. J'ai fait plusieurs voyage depuis ce temps-là toujours heureuse de rencontrer mes cousins et cousines.

Mes beau souvenirs!

(Les réveillons de Noël au Nouveau Brunswick continued from page 34)

Brunswick Dan le Compté du Madawaska. Mes parents vienne du Nord est du Nouveau Brunswick. Là c'était les pâtés à la viande de porc, couper en petits cubes que l'ont fait cuire dans l'eau au 3/4 de la quantité de viande avec sel et poivre, et des herbes sallée, maman n'ajoutait pas aucune épices, d'autres en mettait au goût, ont épaississait avec de la farine.

La croute était une pâte comme de la pâte a buescuits, un peut plus ejaisse que une croute de tarte. Ont les fais dans une assiette de tarte, dans les grosse famille ont les fait dans une grande coscerole allant au four. Les pâtér ce font aussi durant l'année avec des cogs (clams avec de fruits de mer) (seafood) et aussi avec du porc et bœuf, encore du lièvre. C'est un met bien connue au Nord est du Nouveau Brunswick.

Au Sud est c'est le poutines rapée qui autrefois était seulement connu à 50 milles environ de Moncton. Les poutines sont comme le met National de Moncton.

Une recherche a était fait, et au contraire que l'ont pensait que la recette de poutines rapée avait été emporter de France a la Nouvelle Ecosse, ont a trouver dans la recherche que des famille Allemande sont venue s'installer a Hall's Creek près de Moncton, ces Allemands venait de la Pennsylvania en 1763.Les Allemands font un knoddles qui est des patates rapée avec un peut de jarin seche et de petits morceau de lard qui ce mange avec le repas. Ces knodles sont connu comme le met national de la Bavaria en Allemangne.

Alors c'est d'après les knodles que la poutines rapée origine. Elle est tres populaire parmit les acadiens du Sud-est de la province et un peut partout, surtout dans le provinces de la Nouvelle Angletaire au États Unis.

Les poutines ce font avec 2/3 de patates rapée et épurer, 1/3 de patate cuitte et écrasser (mashed), une boule de lard sallé la grosseur d'un petit œuf.

Ont mélange les patate rapée et en purée, ont forme une bole et avec le pouces, ont fait une overture pour mettre la viande ont la reforme qui fait une poutine la grosseure d'une plotte de neige, ont la met dans une marmite deau bouilliante quelques une à la fois pour pas arréter l'eau de boulioner et les fair boullir deux heure de temps ont les salle au goût quand ils sont cuitte.

Bonne Fêtes à toutes!

(My Memories of St. Jean-Baptiste continued from page 21)

the cafeteria. Also on the block was a three-story convent for the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, a Canadian order that staffed the school. Finally, the school itself faced Second Street, behind the Church. In addition to a large number of French Canadians there was a small group of Belgian immigrants and their offspring in the congregation.

Within three blocks of the church were two other parishes organized on ethnic lines. St. Clements served Irish and German folks, while Polish residents attended Sts. Peter and Paul. There seemed to be little cooperation between the churches, and the only time a French church member visited a neighboring parish was on Hold Thursday when it was the custom to visit various churches. It was unheard of to attend Mass or other services outside of your own parish.

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate from St. Boniface, Canada, served the parish. They were fluent in French and gave sermons in that language at some Sunday Masses until the late 1940s. Sermons were quite predictable in pre-Vatican II days as only one set of readings were used, rather than the three-year cycle of readings used at present. I the early years, the language of the parish was French. My father's death in 1948 is recorded in French. Other records, such as baptisms and marriages, were also in French.

Frequently the sermons revolved around detailed explanations of the many church regulations, especially those concerning fasting, abstinence and marriage. The seven capital sins, especially those of the flesh, were other favorite topics. Marriages outside of the faith were deplored to such an extent that couples in « mixed marriages » were not allowed a nuptial Mass and some were performed in the rectory, or if tin church, outside the altar rail. (Another definition of « mixed marriage » was one in which a spouse was not from the French church !)

In addition to Masses a great

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(Examples of Family Names and Dit Names in 1701-1710 Détroit continued from page 21)

Étienne Boutron dit **Major**
François Brunet dit Bourbonnais
Suzanne Capel dite Desjardins
François Carré dit Laroche
Jean Casse dit **St-Aubin**
Étienne Charles dit Lajeunesse
François Charlut dit Chanteloup
Charles Charron dit Larose et Cabanac
Geneviève Charron dite Laferrière
André Chauvet dit Camirand
Pierre **Chesne** dit **St-Onge** [One of his sons, Pierre, acquired the *dit* name of **Labutte** and some families in the Detroit area are known by that name today.]
Bonaventure Compein dit L'Espérance
Pierre Cosme dit Lajeunesse
François Daupin dit La Forest
Louis Delpé dit Saint-Cerny
Gilbert Desautels dit Lapointe
Jacques Desmoulins dit Philis
Joseph-Marie Desrosiers dit Dutremble
Michel Dizier dit Sansquartier
Antoine Dupuis dit Beauregard
Pierre Duroy dit Deslauriers
Pierre Estève dit Lajeunesse
François Fafard dit Delorme
Marguerite Fafard dite Maconce
Pierre Gareau dit St-Onge
Jean-Baptiste Gatineau dit Duplessis
Louis Gatineau dit Duplessis
Joseph Gauthier dit Landreville
Jean-Baptiste Gouriou dit Guignolet
Joseph Guyon dit Després
Jacques Hubert dit **Lacroix**
Jean Joly dit Jolicoeur
François Judic (Contant) dit Rencontre
Michel Kerigou dit Fily
Marie Lalande dite Filiastreaux
Henry Lamarre dit **Bélisle**
François Lamoureux dit St-Germain
Pierre Léger dit Parisien
Ignace Lemay dit Poudrier
Jean-Alexis Lemoine dit Monière
René-Alexandre Lemoine, sieur (dit)Despins
Jacques Lucas dit St-Arnould
Antoine Magnan dit Lespérance
Gaspard Magnan dit Champagne
Marie Magdeleine Maret dite Lépine
Jacob **Marsac**, sieur de l'Hommetrou dit DesRochers (family name has prevailed)
André Marcil dit L'Espagnol
Louis Normand dit Labrière
Julien Piédalue dit Laprairie

(Continued on page 38)

(My Memories of St. Jean-Baptiste continued from page 35)

number of devotions were held : rosaries, novenas, missions, Stations of the Cross are some that come to mind. Usually these were held in the evening to permit greater attendance. An annual novena to St. Anne coinciding with her feast in the summer gave rise to this it of doggerel recited by young women : « Dear St. Anne, send me a man, as fast as you can. »

One of the great annual pageants centered around Midnight Mass. Before the service itself the school children presented a play with singing and acting at the altar. Its theme was the birth of Christ. Being chosen as the Blessed Virgin and carrying the infant Jesus statue in to the church was perhaps the highest honor a girl could attain. So popular was this event that tickets at 25 cents were necessary to get a seat. If your family had paid its pew rent of $2 per quarter, you were given a pair of tickets.

When school children entered daily Mass of any service during the school time, they were assigned, under the sisters' watchful eyes, to sit in certain pews according to their grade. Girls were on the left of the church, boys on the right.

The parish had a broad array of organizations. For the men it was the French Club, originally an organization to help French Canadians become acclimated to the USA. Later it was just a social group.

There was also a Catholic Order of Foresters group.. The women had a guide of some sort to help with altar projects but the organization was social in nature. An active Boy Scouts troop plus a Holy Name Society were available for the boys. Girls were encouraged to become Girl Scouts and later to join the Sodality of Our Lady. Boys were recruited to become altar boys and girls were enlisted into a junior choir. An adult sang at various events such as high Masses and holidays. Under guidance of the sisters and priest, leaders were developed. Sometimes high marks in school were equated with lead-

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(My Memories of St. Jean-Baptiste continued from page 36)

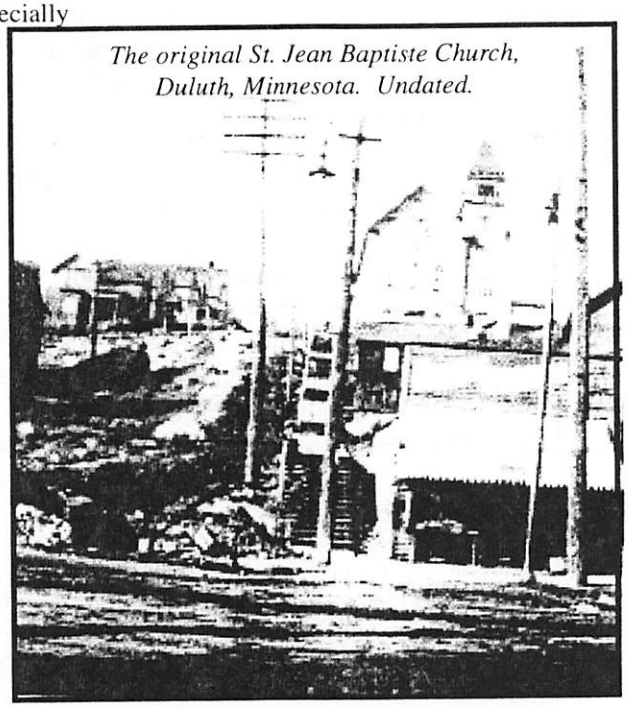
ership opportunities.

The laity seemed to have a very small role in official church affairs. Several older men were trustees, almost a lifetime appointment. Ushers were seated at the rear of the church to collect dimes from attendees as pew rent. Some families paid a pew rent of $8 annually so didn't have to come up with the weekly dime. Adult education was unknown. Catholic newspapers as well as religious magazines were encouraged to be read through pulpit announcements. No bulletin of events was known. One had to listen to the priest's announcements at Sunday Mass to learn of parish events. Devotions, especially during Lent, Advent, and special times such as missions and novenas, were stressed.

The school was staffed by French-Canadian sisters. Many were natives of Canada and had French as their first language, though all spoke English. Several were daughters of parishioners, and their families were held in high esteem. Students progressed through the school one grade at a time with one room per grade. Under such circumstances, you really got to know your classmates. Numbers sometimes decreased as a class passed through school, especially in junior and senior high school. Some quit to go to work, others to attend public or other Catholic schools for a broader education and especially for boys played in an elementary league under the sponsorship of the Knights of Columbus. At one time the young men and some high school boys played in a recreational league in the city.

As with most schools of the time, the curriculum stressed the "3 R's", though Religion as the fourth R was stressed. Religion was taught from the Baltimore Catechism with much memorization. Some instruction in science, music and art was also available. History and geography were important and a heavy dose of patriotism was very apparent. Although a large gym was available it was seldom used for physical education: heating costs were prohibitive, there were no male teachers, and the sisters just weren't trained in that area. Plays and pageants were performed in the French Hall to audiences of proud parents. Of course, French was taught in all grades. On the high school level, Latin and formal education in French was offered. (My youngest daughter is a certified French teacher, a trait she inherited from her mother who wasn't French-Canadian, but a good student in French at St. Jean's. My won ability in foreign languages is limited.)

The sisters had profound affect on the students, instilling in them a sense of morals, scholarship, and habits that lasted a lifetime. Graduates frequently went into the work force to support their families. Very few students went on to further education for several reasons: it was an expense that many families couldn't afford, and the jobs available didn't demand the training needed in today's world. (In about Grade 3 or 4 a sister gave me Marco Polo's life to read. Did that influence me to become a librarian in my middle years?)



The original St. Jean Baptiste Church, Duluth, Minnesota. Undated.

Support of the parish and school was always a difficult endeavor. During the heyday of the parish in the 1920s-1950s, most families were headed by fathers employed in semi-skilled occupations in the city's many factories, railroads, and stores. I don't recall any middle-class or professional members. The large debt to build the school took years to pay off. Keno was a twice-weekly fund-raiser to pay the bills. Special monetary gifts were expected by the parish on Christmas and Easter. Sundays following those days featured the pastor reading each family's contribution, from the most to the least, for the pulpit. How the school functions, and how the sisters were cared for, was a miracle. Tuition was very meager. Sacrifices were many and made by all: priests, sisters, and parishioners.

Each of the three neighborhood parishes had their own elementary school. St. Jean's had a high school. There was little cooperation between them. Some graduates of the other schools did matriculate to the French school for their high school.

(Being a crossing guard was an honor for boys in Grades 5 to 8. It was not uncommon to harass students from the other schools when the¥ walked on Third Street to their school. Being slow to put up the metal stop sign to permit their crossing at busy intersections was unchristian-like behavior.)

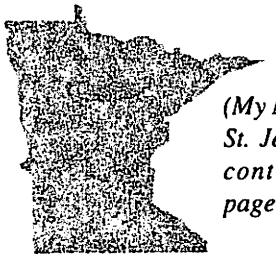
What happened to the French Church? Duluth suffered a loss of jobs in its industries much the same as other cities of the "rust belt." Many people moved into the suburbs. St. Clements was closed in the early 1970s. The senior high at St. Jean's was discontinued in the 1960s, and the school itself was closed in the late 1970s, leaving Sts. Peter and Paul as the only neighborhood Catholic school. In 1993, a fire destroyed that school. A decision was made to combine the three previous parishes into one called Holy Family. The French church was demolished and the parishioners worshipped at Sts. Peter

(Continued on page 38)

(Examples of Family Names and Dit *Names in 1701-1710 Détroit continued from page 36)*

René Pineau dit Laperle
Pierre Poirier dit Lafleur
Toussaint Pothier dit Laverdure
Claude **Rivard** dit **Loranger**
François **Rivard** dit Montandre
Joseph **Rivard Loranger** dit la Jouge
Pierre **Robert** dit Lafontaine
Michel Roy dit Châtelleraut
Pierre Tastet dit Francoeur
Antoine Théroux dit Laferté
Antoine Thunay dit Dufresne
Madeleine Thunay dite Dufresne
Marie Toupin dite DuSault
Michel Toussignan dit Lapointe
François Trottier dit Bellecour (Belcour)
Joseph Trottier dit Desruisseaux
Jean-Baptiste Vanier dit Lafontaine
Étienne Venaird, sieur (dit) de Bourgmont
Étienne Veron dit Grandmesnil

(More from Michigan on page 49)



(My Memories of St. Jean-Baptiste continued from page 37)

and Paul until a new building was erected on the Old French church site. The new building, opened in 1997, incorporated many artifacts from the original three ethnic parishes. It is highly likely that members of the new parish have familial roots in the previous three parishes of Duluth's west end.

(GROWING UP FRENCH DURING THE GREAT DEPRESSION continued from page 23)

up for camp that summer. It was considered a good deal that no family could afford to pass up.

Father Giguere soon demonstrated upon his arrival that he was worthy of the bishop's confidence when he quietly purchased an old camp on Lake Mascoma, one that had recently succumbed to bankruptcy. The parish watchers covertly inquired, "Where is he finding the money?" The answer was never really clear. What was evident was that he was neither impressed by wealth nor defeated by poverty. Contributions were probably sollicited from well-to-do Boston area contacts as Father Oscar was the scion of a wealthy Manchester family. The Parish may also have applied for Federal Fresh Air funds aimed at improving nutrition for low income families. Whatever strategies were adopted. Extreme care was taken to prevent offending a proud people. He kept his financing secret.

When we girls arrived at camp that first week, the men from the parish were just finishing up, were applying the last few brush strokes to the seedy white building complex with the peeling red trim. A bold new sign proclaimed SACRED HEART CAMP. We soon discovered that at Sacred Heart emphasis would be placed on strenuous outdoor exercise accompanied by hearty food prepared by the parish ladies. They also supplemented three enormous daily meals with homemade cookies and milk which they served before the mandatory rest periods. During our two weeks we learned to swim in clear lake water alongside live minnows. Volunteers taught us crafts which included embroidery, crocheting and knitting, crafts in which our French Canadian women had always excelled but which were no longer valued in our homes.

Evenings we sat around a campfire singing the long forgotten songs of our ancient heritage, songs that few of us had ever heard.

They were taught to us by Father Jack Dutille who would come over from the LaSalette seminary to check on the fledging camp. He would arrived unpredictably, dressed in the guise of a peasant, his union suit top replacing his traditional white shirt and roman collar, his wide suspenders holding up the shabby black pants that were rolled above his boot tops. We girls were well aware of this unorthodox attire but we pretended not to notice because he was so amusing, so much fun, and so very French.

We sang those same songs as we climbed up Shaker Mountain the day he led us on a field trip to locate the spring that the Shakers had tapped to transport fresh drinking water down to their settlement on Mascoma Lake.

The Shakers referred to it as their Enfield Settlement because of its proximity to the little town of Enfield, N.H. Peaking in the 1840's, they were a communal religious sect whose members were housed in locally quarried stone dormitories and who supported themselves by making and selling furniture as well as their seeds and produce. They were viewed suspiciously by the locals who considered them a curious group that encouraged singing and dancing but advocated celibacy, ideas to them that hardly seemed compatible. Everything built by the ?Shakers was calculated to endure, everything but the Shakers themselves who eventually had to abandon Enfield when their members had mostly died out.

By the 1930's the property had been purchased by a Catholic religious order which established a seminary. It is interesting that it too advocated celibacy.

It was late afternoon that day we came off the mountain at the old Shaker site. We passed vestiges of the old Shaker buildings, most memorably an enormous multiwindowed granite dormitory and an unusual barn with entrances built in to the side of the hill for easy access. Then Father Dutille led us to a cool ground level kitchen where we were fortified with warm homebaked bread spread with honey along with still more milk. This brief experience became more meaningful to me as the Shaker impact on our American culture

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(GROWING UP FRENCH DURING THE GREAT DEPRESSION
continued from page 38)

was recognized.

It was later that week on a different occasion that we girls caught a glimpse of a transformed Father Jack Dutille, equally unrecognizable in his alternative role of Superior General of the LaSalette Order, impeccably attired, erudite, urbane and still excluding the Gallic charm that had so attracted us.

Suddenly it was time to leave for home as the parish boys arrived to replace us. Father Giguere had achieved his goal which I now believe had much to do with assisting his parishioners to grow in self esteem, with demonstrating what they could do collectively for this new generation of children. He had other goals. Shortly after my returning from camp as I worked on one of his myriad fund raising projects, he casually inquired whether I had ever considered going to college. When I admitted to wanting to teach some day, a financial impossibility that both of us recognized, he replied, "Don't worry, ma petite. I have plans to send our children to college." Yes, Father Oscar Giguere, the plump little Frenchie with the black curly hair also had a dream.

Father Oscar Giguere and Father Jack Dutille, two vastly dissimilar 1930's Depression-style missionaries who shared the common goals of preserving the fast disappearing Franco-American cultural heritage, who dared to dream of rescuing their people from their mill-ended ghettos. Giguere and Dutille, who provided assistance, direction and support for a vision that extended well beyond their own lives.

No sooner had the church building program been successfully launched than Father Giguere was transferred to an equally depressed parish. The bishop sent in a new Irish team. It seemed only a little later that we parishioners learned that he had suddenly died of a coronary. That said he was about 40.

Obviously there would hardly be room for all the above in my short letter to Becca so I would focus on describing the 1930's camp, the activities and crafts, and our climb up Shaker Mountain. I would also describe my mother's dismay when she learned that I had gained then pounds.

It was about a week later when Becca's reply, written from her camp in the Pennsylvania mountains arrived . In it she described their activities. "You can do horseback here which is really fun. I always feel bad for the horse though because the woman in charge makes me hit it whenever it doesn't move. I never hit the horse hard," she reassured me.

All of which proved I again reassured myself, employing the timeless phrase of all grandmothers, "Becca is just like me when I was twelve years old."

1. Rev. Oscar Giguere, Assoc. Pastor of Sacred Heart Parish, Lebanon, N.H. 1933-1938

2. Rev. Alphonse Jacques Dutille, 1896-1991, Missionary Of LaSalette, Superior General of the LaSalette Order.

Photo by: Lucy Martel

Boat load of beauties and children 1930
Mascoma Lake
Enfield, NH

Note: The child in the bathingsuit at the extreme right is Marie Martel, age 6

Marie Martel and cat at Mémère's house. Wilder, VT 1936

Birch Canoes of the Fur Trade

By Timothy J. Kent, Ossineke, MI

Birchbark Canoes of the Fur Trade is an invaluable resource for those interested in North American history, the fur trade, canoes, early exploration, the traditional life ways of Native American people, early military transport, and sailing craft. The core of the book is based on the author's discovery of eight surviving original voyaging canoes of the nineteenth century, four in full size and four miniature models. These historical treasures, representing both freight canoes, are preserved in museum collections in England, Canada, and the United States.

The author provides detailed descriptions and illustrations of each element of these canoes, which contain a number of previously unreported features as well as authentic period repairs of the bark cover and wooden elements. Also included is a reexamination and expansion of all the fur trade materials in the classic work by Adney and Chapelle. This is necessary in light of the newly-discovered original specimens, as well as numerous new historical resources, of which both Adney and Chapelle were unaware.

In addition, the book contains extensive chapters on the origins, manufacture, decoration, usage, sailing, portaging, repair, storage, equipment, and cargoes of voyaging canoes. A great deal of this material pertains to the 17th and 18th century French era of the trade. Based on unpublished record books and documents of French outfitters, traders, and travelers as well as numerous other early documents, much of this material has never before been published.

The work is copiously illustrated with over one hundred fifty contemporary and early photographs, some two hundred line drawings, and reproductions of numerous art works of the fur trade period. Many of the photographs and art works are presented in full color. The book contains 686 pages in two volumes, in a large 8-1/2 by 11 inch format, with heavy soft covers and perfect binding.

(Continued on page 42, more books from Timothy on page 42)

(A Minuet in G continued from page 22)

and the sounds, so resonating and beautiful.

Later that day, Jamie's mother said, "Your father and I think you should take violin lessons."

Jamie wasn't surprised. Somehow, she'd expected this. For her grandfather...yes, she would do it.

With a shrug, "Okay."

But playing the violin...no, she'd never wanted that. She loved to hear her grandfather play...a natural musician...never had a lesson. But, the piano, that was her love. On their aging upright with its yellowing keys, with felt hammers partially eaten by moths, she played songs she had heard...some classical...all by ear. She loved it. Maybe she was a natural musician too. She wasn't sure.

But, she so wanted to please her grandfather. She would learn the "vibrato" and she would play for him.

Old Mrs. Larribee, who lived across town, a friend of the family, would be her teacher. Her home always smelled of moth balls and tomato soup, not really unpleasant. But, Jamie figured she could close her eyes and find her way to the small clapped board house by scent alone.

Mrs. Larribee once played with the Portland Symphony or so they said. Now retired, she eked out a living, bearing with admirable patience, (Jamie had heard them, as she waited on a bench in the teacher's hall) the squeaks and squawks of aspiring musicians.

"I want to learn the vibrato." Jamie announced at her first lesson.

The teacher's rotund little body shook with laughter. "Oh my, child, in time....in time. First the basics."

Scales and exercises...that was the basics. One book after another. Double notes, triple notes, major keys, minor keys, rests, counting the beats. Necessary, Jamie figured, but exceedingly boring. But she tried and she guessed she hadn't done badly, as Mrs. Larribee, listening intently, said "Good, good...the talent is there, you have your grandfather's genes, but you need to keep practicing."

And when her grandfather came to visit, usually on a Sunday to have dinner with them, he would ask her to play...Out would come the exercise books and dutifully, she would perform. He never complained, only listening and tapping his foot, smiling. Occasionally he would ask, a gentle prod, "The vibrat?"

"*Oui, bientot.*" Jamie said, nodding her head. (Yes, soon")

Finally, after several months of lessons, she was rewarded with her first selection, "A Minuet in G." She would never forget it. A simple piece but she was elated. At last.

When she asked Mrs. Larribee once more about the vibrato, the teacher produced her own violin, tucked it under her chin and closing her eyes, played the piece.

Shivers traveled up Jamie's arms. How beautifully she played, the notes resonating, thrilling! No novice, this lady.

When she finished, she helped Jamie to position her instrument. "Hold it this way," she said, " Don't grip it too hard...relax your hand. Press your finger so...move it slightly left and right. When you get home...you try...and we'll see."

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(A Minuet in G continued from page 40)

That after noon, in her bedroom, she tried to remember Mrs. Larribee's instructions. She held the instrument between her shoulder and chin so that her fingers could maneuver the fingerboard. Impossible. She kept trying, again and again until her fingers were lined with the mark of the strings...so hard did she press. Maybe tomorrow, she thought, finally.

But, it was like the instrument was mocking her...refusing the thing she most wanted ...to learn the vibrato...for her grandfather.

"Relax, Mrs. Larribee said at her next lesson...I think you're trying too hard!"

Maybe. Jamie didn't think so.

Finally, after, months of failure, she said to her mother, "Ma, I don't want any more lessons. Please don't make me. I can still play for Pepe...he likes to listen to me, no matter what I play. Just like the piano, I can play songs I've heard. I don't need the music."

Her mother relented. "All right."

So, her grandfather's Sunday visits continued and the violin would come out and she would play for him...something she though would please him. But he must have known...she'd tried and failed and the love for the instrument, it just wasn't there.

That was when the violin was relegated to the back of her closet, hopefully, to be forgotten.

And then, one cold October morning when the days had settled into the calm of autumn, a call from her mother's sister. Pepe had been stricken with a shock (their term for a stroke). It did not look good. Those magic stubby fingers, forever still...his broken English that charmed her, his quiet ways. In the hospital, she pressed his hand to say good-bye. She wasn't sure he knew she was there. The next day, he was gone.

A week had passed before she'd thought about the violin. She seemed drawn to that hiding place. And now, somehow, just seeing his violin and touching it made her feel closer to him., giving her a kind of comfort. She plucked the strings, a mellow sound, inviting, somehow.

After rosining her bow and tuning the instrument, she lifted it to her shoulder. She began to play. A few exercises, a few notes. The, one note at a time...gradually.

Something was different. She though she knew why. No more urging her to keep trying. "You're gripping the violin too hard," Mrs. Larribee had said. "Keep trying..." from her mother. And her grandfather remaining patiently silent.

A vibrating note...and then another.

With her bedroom door closed, she practiced each day. She told no one. Telling would spoil this wonderful thing that was happening.

Then, early one Sunday morning, she slipped out of the house, before anyone was up. Though cold, the air was invigorating with the scent of winter. Overhead, the trees, laden with leaves of red and gold, stood silent.

It was a short walk to the bus stop and as she waited, she stamped her feet to keep them warm. A short time later, the yellow coach, with complaining brakes, drove up. It was nearly empty. She sat near the back with he violin case pressed firmly between her knees. In her haste, she'd forgotten to wear her knitted hat and her gloves. A small thing. Her heart thumped and she felt her excitement build just thinking about what she planned to do.

It wasn't far. A short trip. After the bus door hissed closed, she hurried down a graveled path where, set back from the road and beyond fieldstone walls, was St. Hyacinths Cemetery. She could see the trees, mostly oak and maples, that graced the grounds. It was an old cemetery but to Jamie, beautiful in its aging.

The wrought iron gate creaked on rusty hinges as she closed it behind her. No one about. She was glad. This was a private thing. She walked slowly along a path, strewn with fallen leaves that rustled under her feet. She knew the way. Only a few weeks ago, she'd been here for Pepe's funeral.

Finally, she stood before the family plot where her grandfather's tombstone stood, washed clean by the rains of autumn. The air was so still, she couldn't believe it...as though waiting.

From its case, she took the violin and its bow. She tucked the instrument under her chin. Her hands trembled but she took a deep breath and closing her eyes, she played.

A Minuet in G.

Adagio...slowly, tenderly.

The notes, mellow and rich, swelled and rose, drifting in the air and seemingly, with little effort, the vibrato. She sobbed as she played...for how wonderful it sounded.

When the song was over, she slowly lowered the instrument, holding it against her body.

Now, the quiet again. Even the birds were hushed. Yet, she waited.

Then, a whisper of wind that grew, becoming stronger, lifting her hair, stinging her cheeks and above trembling the leaves of the oak.

The leaves, gold and some still green, drifted down, covering her jacket, gently touching her face, carpeting the ground. Not unlike a bouquet presented after a performance, after the applause had ended.

For a long time she stood there, swallowing hard.

Would she ever play like that again, she wondered. But, it didn't matter somehow. For on this day, for her grandfather's he'd made his violin sing.

BOOKS/LIVRES

Ft. Pontchartrain at Detroit

A Guide to the Daily Lives of Fur Trade and Military Personnel, Settlers, and Missionaries at French Posts
by Timothy J. Kent Ossineke, MI

When Cadillac departed from Montreal in June of 1701, he led an expedition of 100 voyageurs and soldiers in 25 birchbark canoes. Sent by King Louis XIV, he had been ordered to establish Ft. Pontchartrain at Detroit as the new center of fur trade and military power in the interior regions. The large canoes had been packed with everything that would be needed to paddle for seven weeks to the site, construct the fort and its buildings, and fully equip a state-of-the-art trading post, military installation, and settlement. Before departure, the King's Storekeeper had meticulously recorded every single item of equipment, provisions, and trade goods, along with the transport containers. That 18-page cargo manifest, discovered and translated by the author, provides a minutely detailed insider's view of life at a French trading post and military fort three centuries ago. Additional information has been gleaned from inventories of private households at the fort, the complete inventory of Cadillac's possessions there in 1711, many lists of trade goods that were transported to the post, and hundreds of other period documents.

The items listed in these records, as well as those excavated at numerous French and native sites of the period, have been divided into the various activities which took place in daily life at such a fort. An extensive chapter is devoted to each activity area: canoe transportation; provisions, cooking, and eating; hunting and warfare, trapping and fishing; buildings, hardware, and furnishings; vestments and activities of the priest; woodworking, metalworking, and masonry-working, farming and gardening; clothing; sewing, laundry, and cleaning; grooming and medical treatments; recreation; and trade and commerce. The individual articles are fully described and illustrated, and their usage is explained, incorporating numerous references from firsthand accounts by French outfitters, traders, military officers, and missionaries, many of which have never before been published. Since considerable numbers of the French items were also incorporated into native life, this material pertains to the lifestyles of the native populations as well.

This two-volume set is a unique and entertaining reference work for avocational and professional historians, archaeol- ogiests, curators, re-enactors, and enthusiasts of the fur trade era, early military life, and native lifeways. Containing 1,154 pages in a large 8 1/2 x 11 inch format, the two hardcover volumes are profusely illustrated with over 600 drawings and photographs. This work clearly and vividly reveals the complete anatomy of an interior post and settlement during the French era.

(More from Timothy on page 53)

Paddling Across the Peninsula

An Important Cross-Michigan Canoe Route During the French Regime

by Timothy J. Kent Ossineke, MI

During the prehistoric era, native travelers discovered a series of interconnected rivers which formed a water highway across the entire Lower Peninsula of Michigan. When Frenchmen arrived in the Great Lakes region during the 1600s, they were guided along this crucial canoe route by their native hosts.

Through meticulous research, the author has assembled a full array of maps from the French era which depict the eastern and western halves of the route, as well as the overland portage which connected features on modern maps. Finally, his work has uncovered a number of original French documents which describe the usage of this cross-peninsula highway, by both native and French paddlers.

The book, containing 63 pages within soft covers, is copiously illustrated with five ancient maps dating from 1656 to 1744, as well as six modern maps. In addition, it contains a portfolio of twenty photographs, with detailed accompanying text, which show the author and his family authentically recreating the ancient native and French methods of traveling by birchbark canoe, including carrying the craft over

(Continued on page 43)

(Birch Canoes of the Fur Trade continued from page 40)

"An invaluable source for amateur and professional historians, museums and historic sites, authors and re-enactors. These volumes will significantly ease the labors of anyone interested in furthering his knowledge and appreciation of the great bark canoes of North America. A major reference work for amateur and professional alike."

Ralph Frese, premier canoe historian, designer, and builder.

BOOKS/LIVRES

Rendezvous at the Straits

Fur Trade and Military Activities at Fort de Buade and Fort Michilimackinac, 1669-1781

By Timothy J. Kent
Ossineke, MI

For well over a century during the colonial era, the Straits of Mackinac, at the junction of Lakes Huron and Michigan, served as the very epicenter of activities in the northern interior of North America. At this locale, great numbers of native people and Europeans congregated each summer to trade. In addition, fur trade personnel acquired birchbark canoes, equipment, and provisions here for their far-flung journeys to other regions, and here they stored large amounts of westbound merchandise and eastbound furs and hides. From the central location at the Straits, native and European forces were dispatched on numerous occasions over the decades, to fight military campaigns far afield. Also, many expeditions intent upon exploration or missionary efforts were launched from Mackinac.

Timothy Kent has located and translated large numbers of original French documents concerning these various activities, while he has also gathered most of the previously published ones as well. Through this extensive research, the author has woven a highly detailed, year-by-year chronicle of these many events, which focused upon the Mackinac area but occurred in the vast region which stretched from the home colony along the St. Lawrence Valley to the distant west and northwest. He has likewise compiled a similarly thorough account of the first two decades after British forces took control of North America in 1760. During this latter period, the fur trade of the French era actively continued, with gradually increasing British participation.

More than fifty original French documents are translated and published for the first time in this work. These include legal agreements, outfitters' ledgers, letters from traders, officers, and missionaries, inventories of trading stores and military forts, official government ordinances, and lists of materiel for native allies. Interweaving these documents with hundreds of previously published government and military reports, fur trade licenses, and travel accounts, Kent clearly presents the history of the period, and exposes many aspects of life during the era which are little known. These range from rampant prostitution to widespread trade in native slaves, from the huge amounts of illegal commerce to the realities of French-native relations. This evocative work, in two hardcover volumes containing 679 pages in 8 1/2 x 11 inch format, is illustrated with some eighty drawings and photographs.

'Kent has written the only comprehensive overview of the area known as Michilimackinac, focusing equally on both sides of the Straits. It will be of very great interest to enthusiasts of military and fur trade history and native lifeways, as well as reenactors, staff members of museums and historic sites, and genealogists.[a]

David A. Armour, Deputy Director and Historian, Mackinac State Historic Parks

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(Paddling Across the Peninsula continued from page 42)

land portages, repairing it, and using it as a shelter.

"Kent, an in-depth researcher and a respected author, is one of the few historians who delve into the French era of Midwestern history. This book will be of great interest to historians and serious re-enactors of the French regime in the Great Lakes region, and also to paddlers and canoe enthusiasts everywhere."

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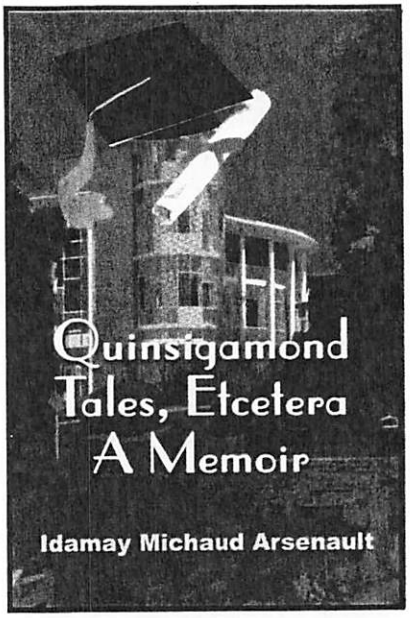
About The Author

Timothy Kent

Tim Kent is an independent scholar and lecturer living in Ossineke, Michigan. With his wife Doree, their sons, Kevin and Ben, and their dog Toby, the family paddled the 3,000 miles of the maineline fur trade canoe route across Canada, from Montreal to Fort Chipewyan, in a series of annual segments. An account of their many adventures en route is currently in preparation. In addition, the author spent two decades researching and replicating the articles of native life and the primary French trade goods, and then utilized a decade of vacations with his family living with only those articles; this program of living history research resulted in the entertaining volume *Tahquamenon Tales, Experiences*

(Continued on page 44)



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NEW MEMOIR GIVES "BACK TO SCHOOL" NEW MEANING

Who hasn't dreamed of going back to school at some point in their lives? But, inevitably, something always gets in the way. Be it personal finances, professional commitments, or simply feeling too old to compete with the big men (or women) on campus, life invariably sets up roadblocks to our continuing education.

Not so for author Idamay Michaud Arsenault, who chronicles her own return to formal education at Quinsigamond Community College at the "ripe young age" of 55 in her new book, appropriately titled **"Quinsigamond Tales, Etcetera: A Memoir."**

This stunning debut memoir chronicles the life of a struggling schoolgirl who failed constantly and was mortified because she repeated the 4th and 6th grades. She grew up thinking she would never succeed at anything, but she never forgot what her high school teacher told her after reading one of her essays: "You could write a book someday." Idamay was the "class dummy" who became editor of a college newspaper and published her first book in 1999—at age 75!

The author's message: "You are never too old to get an education or to begin something new." Giving Erma Bombeck a run for the money, Idamay reflects with humor and wit on her first day back to school—at the age of 55—and how her perceptions never quite matched up to her reality.

"In 1979 there were just a few students over age 50 enrolled at the college," she points out. "In 1982, when I graduated, a few more had trickled in. Believe it or not, the professors are glad to see older students in their classes. The younger students appreciate you, too."

Born in Lewiston, Maine on August 24, 1924, **Idamay Michaud Arsenault** has been married to Gerard Arsenault since September 15, 1945. Together the two have 5 children, 8 grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. A free-lance writer since 1964, she has sold articles, poetry, essays and anecdotes to ByLine magazine, Mediapolis News, Miraculous Medal Magazine, American Poetry Anthology, Marian Helpers Magazine, Queen of Hearts Magazine, Leicester Journal, Worcester Sunday Telegram, The Family Digest Magazine and The Open Door college newspaper.

(**Quinsigamond Tales, Etcetera: A Memoir** by Idamay Michaud Arsenault

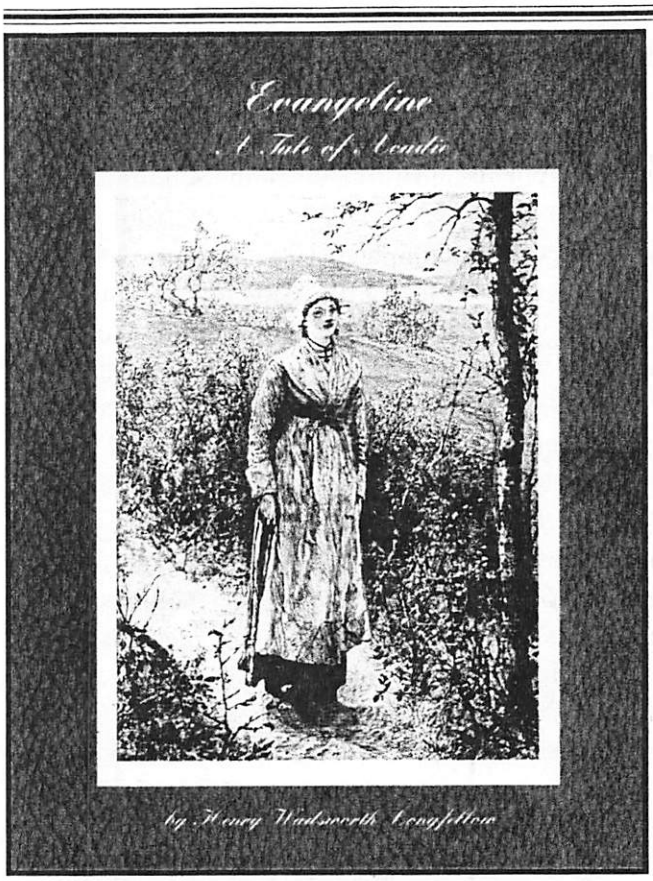
ISBN: 0-9747949-0-2; $14.95: paperback; 5 x 8; 124 pages, Good Nature Press)

(About The Author continued from page 43)

of an Early French Trader and his Native Family. His other works to date include two monumental double-volume sets. These are entitled *Birchbark Canoes of the Fur Trade* and *Ft. Pontchartrain at Detroit, A Guide to the Daily Lives of Fur Trade and Military Personnel, Settlers*, and *Missionaries at French Posts*. Tim has also nearly completed a highly detained study of some five hundred dugout canoes across the U.S. and Canada, ranging from the southern tip of Texas to Nova Scotia to the Yukon, which will result in a major publication of these crafts.

Of the 725 direct French and French Canadian ancestors that Tim has researched (originating from over 120 communities in France), many were involved in the fur trade of Northern America, from about 1618 to at least 1758. They were engaged in the occupations of fur trade company manager, clerk, trader, interpreter, guide, voyageur merchant/outfitter/fur buyer, inventor, laborer, tradesman (cutler, gunsmith, post carpenter, etc.), birchbark canoe builder, and trans-Atlantic shipping merchant. In addition, other ancestors served as soldiers in Canada, in the Carignan-Saliéres Regiment during the 1660s and the Troupes de la Marine in the 1680s and 1690s. Biographies of these various individuals are in preparation.

Idamay Michaud Arsenault



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LES BELLES HISTOIRES...

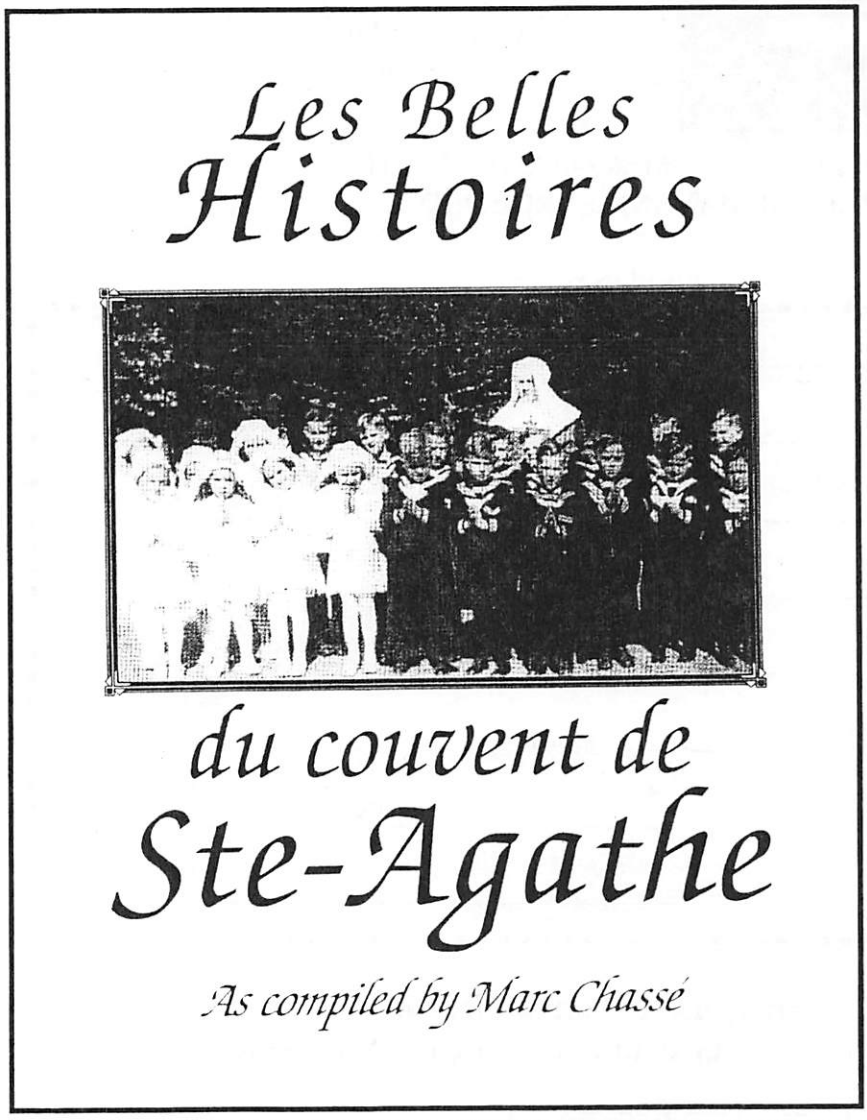
by Dr. Marc Chassé

The Daughters of Wisdom came from France to Ste-Agathe, Maine, in 1904, as missionaries. There was turmoil in France and many of the priests and nuns were looking elsewhere to their work.

Throughout the 60 years that the nuns operated the convent, they educated a couple of thousand (more or less) of us here in Northern Maine. Their decision to start a boarding school in 1904 was the defining event in the history of the little town of Ste-Agathe. How different the town would have been without them! Where would the young people of Ste-Agathe have gone to high school? Roads were mostly closed in the winter, into the 1940's.

Throughout the winter, I have been compiling stories from those who attended the convent as students. The oldest one comes from 94 year old Mr. Rosaire Legassey, who started school in 1914 and graduated in 1927. There are 112 stories, up to 1968, when the school closed.

The book grew from an anticipated 100 pages to over 200. It is a fun book and is historical as well as memorable. Compiling these stories has been a labor of love and has been educational for me. Any profits will go to the Ste-Agathe Historical Society. The only regret I have is that I'm not charging enough for the book—only $30 (includes postage). Only 500 copies are being printed.



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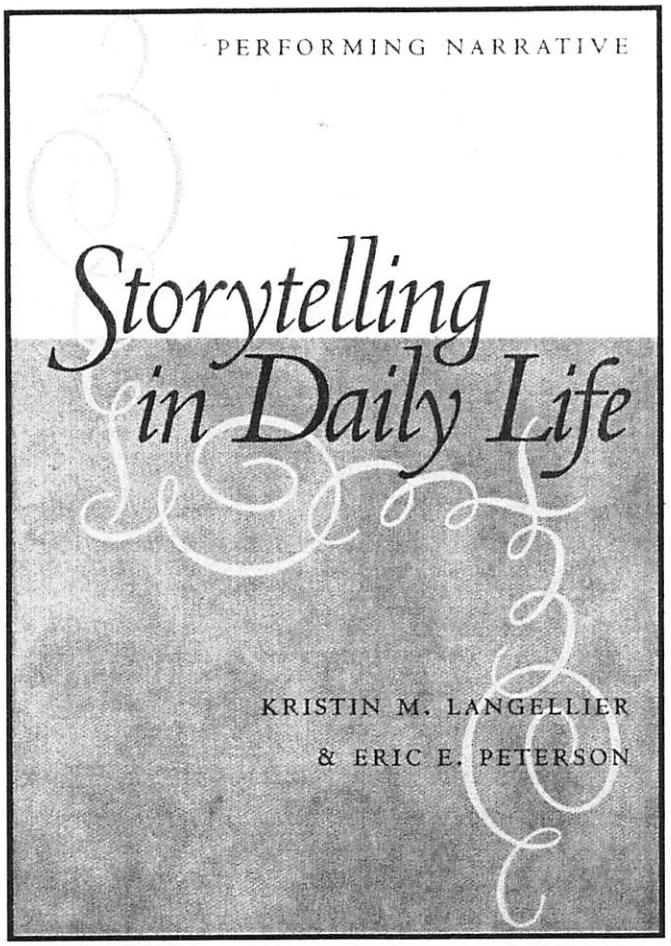
Storytelling in Daily Life

Performing Narrative
by Kristin M. Langellier and
Eric E. Peterson



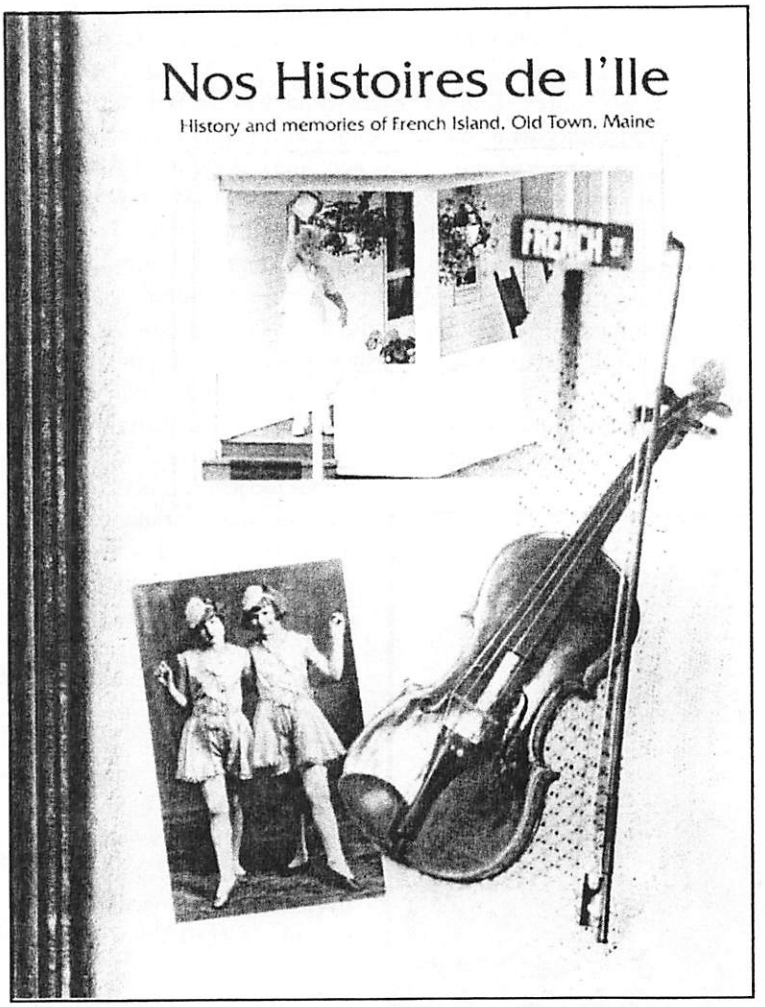
Storytelling in Maine

"And the priest says to me 'we'll see you next year.'" "Did you tell her the story about how we met?" "My brother got a licking for smoking." "And to be truthful, you gotta cook with onions." "Being Franco American was . . . that's just who we were." These quotations are from stories told by Franco American families in Maine. Storytelling in Daily Life: Performing Narrative, by Kristin M. Langellier and Eric E. Peterson, contains three chapters based on talking with Franco Americans in Maine. One chapter examines how these families make their experiences into stories and what stories they tell. A second chapter looks at who tells family stories to whom: family storytelling across generations and between and within genders. A third chapter considers how storytelling forms Franco American identities for individuals and families. "We're all French, although . . ." looks at variations in Franco American identities in different communities in Maine.

Langellier and Peterson are professors of communication at the University of Maine. They are also participants in the Franco American Studies program and Franco American Center.

Storytelling in Daily Life is available from the University of Maine Bookstore and Amazon.com.

Nos Histoires de l'Île



http://www.old-town.org/nos/

The members of Nos Histoires de l'Ile enjoyed our work with the residents and former residents of "French Island" (Treat and Webster Island, Old Town, Maine). We are very thankful for their willingness to spend a few hours sharing pieces of their lives with us, for without them this book - this history- would not exist. Several of the people interviewed have since passed away, and our tapes and transcripts are the record of their voices and stories for their families and friends. Because of these stories, the "way life use to be" in one of New England's many "Little Canada's" is now preserved for future generations.

—Amy Bouchard Morin
Secretary, Nos Histoires de l'Ile

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(Under Cover as a Franco continued from page 3)

the ink not yet dry on my degree, I'm tooling down the road to DC in my beat up old Plymouth coupe, with a wad of $20 bills in my pocket. In those days $20s were the common tender for military pay. I did not know it at the time, but the unlikely address to which I was heading had something to do with the military. To explain the money, let me go back a month, to the UMaine campus in Orono. Orono was the only UMS campus at the time, and as mentioned, my degree was in languages, French, Spanish, and Russian, with a minor in European history. One day a recruiter from Washington came to see my faculty advisor Dr. Wilmarth Starr, who was also head of the Language Department. In those days full professors actually taught in the classroom and worked with students as advisors! When I arrived at Dr. Starr's office in Stevens Hall for the interview I was surprised to see Dr. Joseph Murray, the dean of Arts and Science.

The recruiter wore a brown suit, a brown coat and hat, and carried a brown briefcase. He was a secretive individual and told me little except that I would have a chance to put my foreign languages to full use, and could make a valuable contribution to national security. I asked if he was by any chance from the CIA, and he said with a frown that the name of his employer was a classified secret. I told him I had a secret clearance! Dr. Starr, who knew of my summer construction jobs at a SAC base up on the Canadian border, nodded in agreement. Working as a grunt on a line-crew installing an electric fence around the Loring AFB "restricted area" required a national agency check and secret clearance. The area enclosed two rows of buried storage bunkers called Igloos, with a central assembly bunker, aptly called the A-Frame. This was before the complex became operational for storage and assembly of atomic bomb components.

Unmoved by my security clearance status, the man in brown did not tell me the name of his organization. On the other hand he already had a *dossier* on me in his briefcase that included references from the two administrators present, and my test scores from an exam administered nationwide each spring to college seniors looking to qualify for federal jobs. It was one of those old generic "bluebook" tests, with multiple sections, history, geography, literature, languages, mechanics, etc. Each section was timed by a big clock at the front of the room, and monitored by patrolling proctors. The section on mechanics, always my downfall, was loaded with puzzles, weights, pulleys, and arrows, but as luck would have it, I found myself sitting between two engineering students who were in need of a translator for the language section.

Passport photo (CIA) Aug.1960

I was hesitant about the idea of driving all the way to Washington for further interviews with an unknown employer, but as he spoke the recruiter reached absently into his briefcase and pulled out a sheaf of new $20 bills. Without pausing in his monologue about my unique qualifications to serve our nation, he began to stack $20s on the table in front of me, one at a time. I became more and more interested in what the recruiter had to say as the stack of $20s grew, until finally he placed his card on top of the pile and slid it over to me like a croupier at Monte Carlo. This should cover travel expenses, he said, and suggested that I visit a certain school in Virginia on June 5 at 0900. I grabbed the stack and without counting it, stuffed it into my pocket.

I never saw the recruiter again, but some years later learned that my faculty advisor Dr. Wilmarth Starr, had been a commander in Naval Intelligence; and the Dean of Arts and Science, Dr. Joseph Murray, had been a major in Air Intelligence. The week following graduation, I arrived at the address on the recruiter's card, a girls school named Arlington Hall, and was ushered into a classroom with a dozen other newly arrived graduates. Soon we were loaded into an old military bus and taken across the river to a two-story wooden barracks in Washington. It was one of those rickety relics from the 1940s, located across from the Reflecting Pool, which for years provided "temporary" office quarters for CIA and others. To get a sense of what transpired next, picture yourself with a dozen new recruits, two of whom seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown, sitting along a bench in the hallway of a bleak WWII era wooden barracks, waiting your turn for a biopsy of the liver with a rusty needle. We had all recently learned a new word, polygraph.

What kept me from walking out and blowing the remaining $20s as a tourist in our nation's capitol, deserves further examination. Meanwhile my turn came, and I was called into a small room with table and two chairs, and an SS type interrogator who could have been on loan from Hollywood central casting. There was a mirror covering much of one wall. Once he had me strapped into a medieval looking contraption on the table, the man from central casting abruptly left the room. The walls were thin and the old wooden floors creaked. That the man had walked around into the adjoining room and was standing behind the mirror was a no-brainer. You could almost hear what he was saying to another person, and in order not to follow the shadowy movement of their figures through the looking glass, I turned away feigning interest in the polygraph machine.

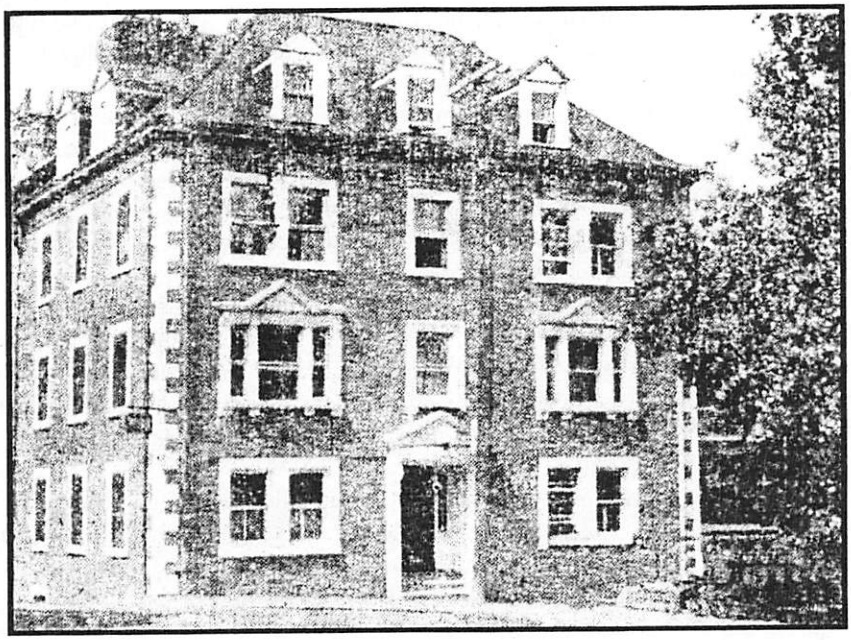
(Continued on page 51)

(Under Cover as a Franco continued from page 50)

Back at Arlington Hall the next day, having miraculously passed the polygraph test, I was told the name of the mystery employer. It turned out to be a Department of Defense agency (this would explain the $20s) called NSA, which in those days meant No Such Agency, or Never Say Anything. The name of the National Security Agency was not declassified until years later. So relieved at passing the dreaded polygraph, those of us who did were ready to sign on no matter what the three letters meant! Did I admit that I had "covertly enhanced the blue book exam scores" by trading answers with engineers? Yes, but that was among the least embarrassing of my confessions.

The late 1950s, not unlike today, was a time of renewed threats from East Europe to the Far East, and improvements were being implemented for the intelligence agencies. A program known as PATA, Promotion And Training Agreement, was initiated at NSA, whereby qualified college recruits were hired at GS5 pay grade, but jumped to GS7 in six months, and thereafter skipped even grades to GS12. We all signed on as PATA trainees at the salary of a GS5. Orientation training at Arlington Hall was upbeat and fun. The school had been taken over by defense intelligence services, but explaining why we were going for training through the gates of a girls prep school required a little imagination.

After six months training in VA and tempo-quarters in DC, I was part of the original move to the new NSA Hqs building at Ft. Meade, MD. With a background in European studies and Slavic languages, my first assignment would involve Eastern Europe. After three years training and operations in a number of areas, I was assigned to a program that involved liaison with other intelligence agencies. In 1960 a nice lady on liaison from the CIA invited me to join her agency's clandestine services. The offer was tempting and I took it. As tempting as it would be now to recall accomplishments and escapades, I'd be getting away from the story. I could say in jest that if I told you I'd have to kill you, but I much prefer the old axiom, "Those who tell don't know, and those who know don't tell." I will say, however, that three years later, between CIA overseas tours, I was back stateside in time for the original move out to the "new" Langley Hqs in McLean, Virginia. It was new then, but is now referred to as the old hqs building. I got to experience the freshly painted hallways at both intelligence agencies!



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Well, that explains how I came to the CIA, but this article has yet to seriously address the Rotarian's original question, why. It was not, I repeat not, the recruiter's money! That would only have gotten me as far as the hall outside the polygraph room. However, the polygraph itself may have yielded some clues. Not long into the Q&A session, among other things, it came to light that I had done some early spying. I may in fact have been the youngest peeping-Tom in Hancock County. My grandfather was a retired First Mate on ocean going yachts, and he played the banjo and sang dirty songs in foreign languages. One of these I remembered some of the lyrics but did not understand their meaning until German-101 class at Lafayette College. Until about age six we lived next to my grandparent's house in Bar Harbor, Hancock County, Maine. I would sit next to my beloved grandfather in the evening on his front porch as he played his banjo, and read the newspaper. He would usually fall asleep reading the paper, and my instructions were to wake him as soon as lights came on in the YWCA windows. The rear of the three-story YWCA, the side with the bedroom windows, was about 100 feet from grandfather's porch. I took this duty seriously and night after night watched like a hawk not to miss waking the old gent as soon as a light came on! Did I ever break the habit? Well I passed the polygraph test!

Speaking of German-101, I had gone to Lafayette College, an ivy league men's school on a hill overlooking the Delaware about an hour north of Philadelphia. A rich college, full of wealthy scions from the Main Line, and this boy from rural Maine who was there only with a baseball scholarship, and living off campus with an uncle who was head of the Physics Department. Following parental wishes, I was in pre-med, with a Biology major, and a Chemistry minor. There was a "scientific language" requirement, so I ended up in German-101, along with about forty students who spoke it at home! The first day of class the professor came in and ex-

(Continued on page 52)

(Under Cover as a Franco continued from page 51)
claimed "Guten tag, Studenten." The class, in one voice resembling a rally at Nuremberg Square, shouted "Guten tag, Herr Professor!" A week later I was in my faculty advisor's office, with a mild case of culture shock. As luck would have it, there was one other language taught at Lafayette that qualified as scientific. Can anyone guess? It was Russian. I was told that the Pavlov Institute in Moscow had a lot to do with this distinction. I was in German-101 long enough to pick up some dirty words from the other students, and recognized them in lyrics to one of my grandfather's songs. Score one for higher education.

During my junior year at Lafayette College in Pennsylvania I joined KDR fraternity, which had a chapter in Maine (Colby College). Lafayette did not go coed until 1972, not in time to do me any good. But *pas d'problème*, I was pinned to a girl from Quebec! Years prior, during a high school class trip to Quebec City, I had one of those experiences which, in retrospect, emerge as a major fork in the road. From the moment we crossed the Quebec Bridge, I was awed by the beauty and grandeur, everything excitingly new and different. I had not yet learned the word *étranger*, but as we drove along the Grande-Allée past chic boutiques and sidewalk cafés, my perception of foreign was beginning to change. What I saw out the window was compellingly *foreign*, and in a word, exotic. As our big yellow school bus, with kids hanging out windows, made its way around horse-drawn *calèches* it struck me that we were foreign, but perhaps not so compelling. By the time we reached the St-Louis Gate, I had a secret urge to get out and walk.

We were staying at an *auberge* on rue Laporte in Place Dufferin behind the majestic Château Frontenac. Our inn overlooked the St.Lawrence a few doors up from the hotel *Jardin du Gouverneur* (now the U.S. Consulate General). As soon as we arrived, a baseball teammate and I were tasked with unloading luggage. We had just unloaded when two gorgeous *Québécoise* came along on bicycles. Laughing and chatting they coasted around the corner where we were standing next to a pile of luggage. Their voices had a lilting tone like I had never heard before. It was a warm afternoon in May, and short-shorts were in season. Still clutching a suitcase I stepped off the curb and, addressing the lead cyclist, managed to construct the first grammatical sentence I had ever uttered in nearly two years of high school French. *"Excusez-moi, Mademoiselle, où est la toilette!"* Later she enjoyed telling friends that I had thrown myself in front of her bicycle.

The French words I used were quite accidental, but from the effort in getting them out, the girls assumed that I must be desperate for a bathroom. They stopped and beckoned us to follow them. This of course we did, oblivious of luggage left on the sidewalk. Walking their bicycles, they led us to a side entrance of the Château, and pointed inside. The space is now occupied by a Bank of Montreal branch in a chic mini-mall, but at that time there was a public latrine done in white marble. The girls peddled off with a cheery wave, and we went in one door and found our way quickly out another. We caught up with them about half way down rue de la Fabrique in the middle of *Vieux-Québec*. With looks and gestures indicating our luggage duties, and pretending also to be lost, we managed to con them into leading us back to Place Dufferin. Neither girl spoke a word of English. They could not even say yes. You are thinking perhaps they could not say no either? Alas, this was not to be the case.

The lead cyclist was a willowy brunette, with eyes wide-set and hazel-brown, and to this sixteen year old Mainer, she was in a word, exotic. Her name was Jacqueline-Marie, and (as you will learn later) I never tire of saying it. As I learned later, J-M was the daughter of a Major in charge of an artillery detachment of the Royal Canadian 22nd Regiment, the Black Watch, stationed at the Quebec Armory and guarding the historic Citadel. The other girl was the daughter of a city official. So what in the world does any of this juvenile episode have to do with me not ducking out across the Washington Mall and blowing the expense money before hightailing it back to Maine? Well, with gestures, wristwatch dials, and English words a la Peter Sellers, we tried to get them to meet us later by the cannons (gone now) lining La Terrasse in front of Place Dufferin. They smiled and shook their lovely heads, and there is no mistaking the French word *non*. Nor did we have any success in obtaining phone numbers, but in a rare burst of adolescent intellect I ran for a pencil and notepad on the concierge desk, and gave Jacqueline-Marie my mailing address. I handed her the pad and pencil with a shrug that may have resembled hopelessness, and the hazel-brown eyes stopped smiling, and voilà, she wrote her mailing address!

Two years of Latin were then required in high schools for the college scientific course. I was a 3-letter jock who had failed and was repeating first year Latin, and was squeaking by in French by hook or by crook, which included shameless cheating. The French teacher was mystified when my homework suddenly improved, and my final exam grade was unnaturally high. And what was more surprising, I didn't have to copy anyone else's answers! If the key to learning is motivation, allow me to give an illustration. A week after returning home from Quebec I had finished writing a one-page letter in French. I made use of the text book, a dictionary, and when necessary, the teacher. I asked him how to write things not in the book like "we played Bangor at home and I pitched 12 strikeouts." I received a two-page letter back from Quebec on colored stationery that smelled of flowers. It took me a week to decipher the beautifully foreign longhand and to translate it. Perhaps you can see where this is going.

That brief encounter one May afternoon in Quebec led to college grades and an attitude towards foreign languages that impressed the department head and caught the eye of an NSA recruiter. In keeping with motivation, I prefer the word attitude rather than ap-

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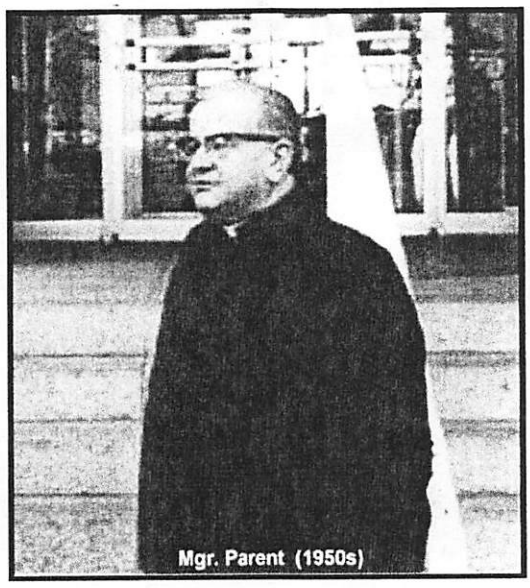
titude. Meanwhile, having gone this far, there is more to the Quebec story that I should not keep from you. During our exchange of letters I learned that J-M was a senior, age eighteen, and worked after school as an undergarment model for the Parisian Corset Manufacturing Company, Ltd. Did I mention motivation? Even my Latin improved, to the point that I shocked everyone by winning an award on a national Auxilium Latinum exam. You can not be blamed for asking if I cheated. I could have, but from whose paper? My score was the highest in school. The next February we met again only briefly during a *Carnival d'Hiver* tour of our high school French Club. I was now the club chairperson, and could not leave the tour. We arranged to meet at the Taschereau monument just off the upper corner of de la Fabrique. It was not unlike an agents brush-contact in an East European park, with J-M in fur hat and mittens, slipping a letter into my coat pocket as we kissed for the first time. If it was not, for me, love at first sight from our previous encounter, it was love at second sight under the Bishop Taschereau statue. To say that I became a francophone at age 17 is an understatement. With the thrill of being able now to understand much of what she was saying, I was moved to speak her language as best as a boy from Downeast Maine possibly could. The spring of my senior year during another school trip we met again in Quebec. Our final night in town, with the complicity of roommates, I managed to exit the auberge after lights-out, and my relationship with J-M moved up a degree. To be honest, the word *lover* seems a little too adult for my part in what ensued that night. Slightly dazed but no less motivated to improve my *French*, I was back in the school lineup in time for breakfast.

In the fall I was off to Lafayette College in far away Pennsylvania. As our letter writing progressed so did my French. In three years of pre-med at Lafayette I managed to cop beaucoup French language electives, from 17th century theatre to the contemporary novel. Was I motivated as a pre-med student? No. The custodian behind the take-out window of the Organic Chemistry supply room questioned our scams about spillage and evaporation, but ethyl alcohol by the beaker cut 4 to 1 with grapefruit juice wasn't half bad. Chemistry had its moments, but in the end was not my cup of tea. Comparative Anatomy can be fun, if you know what I mean, but dissecting organs pickled in formaldehyde never did it for me.

We were assigned lab rabbits for Pathogenic Bacteriology. My rabbit was white with pink eyes, and I named her Anastasia. The other lab rabbits lost their hair and began to expire one by one during the course of the semester, but oddly enough, Anastasia remained bright and healthy. Near the end of the course, Dr. "Bugs" Hunt, the department head, came lurking around the area one day during my lab hours. Some time after midnight that weekend I managed to ingress and egress the biology building undetected. My uncle being a close associate of Dr. Hunt, bringing Anastasia home was impossible, so I released her into a nearby wooded area. She was seen hopping around campus for two days before someone took her home. Could Anastasia have been contaminated with disease? Not hardly. Instead of injecting her with various pathogens to study the antibody process, I had been substituting a mild saline solution all semester.


Mgr. Parent (1950s)

And that leads me to the title of this article. During junior year at Lafayette, I began plotting ways to spend some time north of the border. Back home in Maine on spring vacation I sent for information from Laval University in Quebec. Their information package indicated that there were ten scholarships available to Franco-American students for a years study in French-Canadian literature. My ancestor John Gay had sailed from Portsmouth, England in 1630 on a boatload of Puritans. He was a teenager in bondage with a four-year indenture to the ships company to pay his passage. Other non-Puritan passengers included a French couple named Jean and Marie Bolduc. During the crossing the husband took ill and died, leaving Marie with a babe in arms. Before the passengers disembarked at the port of Watertown, MA the captain called John Gay forward, took a bible from his pocket, and married him to the widow Bolduc on the spot. Being in bondage to the ships company, he could not refuse, but my guess is that the teenage lad did not protest much. John and Marie Gay had ten more children. Other than this a Passamaquoddy great-grandmother named Olouisa, was educated on the reservation in Maine by French nuns.

I leveraged these French connections to the max on the application, and gained an interview. Catching a ride to Madawaska, I walked across the bridge to Edmunston, NB bought a roundtrip ticket and boarded the train to Quebec. I would gladly have settled for a much lesser figure, but the interview was with none other than Monsignor Parent, director of the university. My French was still quite halting, and one of the first questions asked was why it was not spoken at home. I responded that I grew up in an area of Downeast Maine that was the most remote from any French speaking towns. The fact is, you could count on one hand the native francophones in Hancock and Washing-

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ton counties and still have enough fingers for a golf grip. My accent from speaking French with J-M was Québécois, and from this Mgr Parent assumed my name was misspelled on the application. I did not protest when he corrected it to Guay, one of the most common surnames in Quebec. As the interview progressed and the questions became more pointed, I expected at any moment the Monsignor would ring a bell and I would be escorted to the street. Mgr Parent was a good-natured man, and there was something about my story that he found overtly amusing, but it was probably the display of genuine enthusiasm to study in Quebec that won him over.

In the end I bagged a Franco-American scholarship, and was given a room in a dormitory known as *La Maison des Étudiants*. It was a three-story edifice located on rue St-Joachim, just down the street from St-Matthew's church. Administrative offices, kitchen and dining hall, chapel, auditorium, and courtyard occupied the *rez-de-chaussée*. I was given a room on the far end of the *deuxième étage*. There were at least twenty-five seminarians cells on each upstairs floor of the dormitory. Perhaps this was Monsignor Parent's way of assuring that my cultural exposure would be of the proper order. The dormitory was supervised by a Jesuit canon (*chanoine*) Père Maurice LaLiberté. His quarters and office were near the front entrance, and no one got in or out without passing his double doors, which were always open to the hallway. His role as canon over fifty or more seminarians required a certain authoritative bearing. A large and portly man in his flowing back robes, he surely looked the part, and his deep voice carried easily to the second floor. Père LaLiberté was an erudite man, and as with Monsignor Parent, underneath the authoritative black robes was a heart of gold. I was one of two lay students in the building, and since no one ever discovered it, I will break secrecy now and tell you, I was the only non-Catholic in the dormitory! From the moment I moved in, I spoke only French, simply because that was the only language spoken. The seminarians accepted me because I did everything they did. From total immersion I learned the mass, and soon could recite Hail Marys and Our


Père Maurice LaLiberté, Chanoine

Fathers in French as fast as any devout seminarian. I was a 20 year old wretch in many ways (okay, most) but I became enamored of everything Québécois, including the religion.

The classic old Laval University compound was co-located with the Quebec Seminary. Its distinctive rooftop towered over the ramparts above the lower city. It was an easy ten-minute walk to classes from the dormitory, taking a short cut from rue de la Fabrique up narrow rue Couillard to rue Ste-Famille. En route I treated myself to an occasional *napoléon* in what became a MacDonalds (gasp) but was then the fabulous pâtisserie of the renowned *Kerhulu* restaurant. All my classes were in the *Faculté des Beaux-Arts*. Everything of course was in French, and from day one it was sink or swim. After one month I was speaking Canadian French with near native fluency. Some professors believed that my non-native inflection was an Acadian accent from Nova Scotia, and there was good reason for this. I had gone from 8th grade through high school in Aroostook County at Ft. Fairfield, on the New Brunswick border, not far below St-John valley (*La Vallée*). It was not a francophone town, but many of my classmates still spoke French at home. Together on the street, in the poolroom, and playing outdoor sports certain expressions came out, and I learned to mimic them. Most were teenage banter, like how's it going with you, how's the boy, not too bad, sure, who's turn is it, mine, it's gonna rain tonite, get outside, shut ya trap, etc: *cama-sa-vaw-tway, coma-s'gar-q'ton, paw-trow-peer, bañ-way, s'taw-kee-law, s'taw-m'way, s'vaw-muyay-aswear, va-ty-dahow, mutt-ta-jel*. As you may surmise with a gang of teenage boys, many expressions were not those you would utter in mixed company, at least not in those days. Gimme a kiss, *dem'way-beck* was mild enough, and kiss my butt, *baze-mon-ky*, a little worse, and then progressing to expressions not unlike my grandfather's salty lyrics, a milder example being *dem'way-la-pô,* which had a somewhat different meaning than a handshake, and more colorful idioms. Even after beginning French in high school, I had no clue which words these were, but understood the meaning from context. Not until I returned from the junior year Quebec trip did I badger my francophone friends for words and more words.

My senior year as varsity pitcher, when our baseball team played a school like Brewer or Bangor, we used what to the opposition must have sounded like *secret code*. When the catcher, Robert Cyr, would mutter *dem'way ta vit*, I would throw a fastball. Or he'd eye the

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base-runner and mutter *dzi-piay*, and I'd wheel and throw out the runner, who was leading ten feet off base. It was a bilingual camaraderie we had on the team, but there was an interesting paradox. The French argot was "cool" among us high school jocks, yet there was a kind of taboo that prevented my francophone teammates from overtly communicating in French in school, or in public. Part of it was that the 17th century Acadian language conflicted with the text books, and at least in Ft. Fairfield, the old language was no longer written. The teachers were limited to textbook French, with no room for distinctions. Both in Maine and Quebec I witnessed the forced march from local to "standard" French. I could go on and on, but readers of this article no doubt are more *au current* on the subject than I. A few years ago, during a Mardi-Gras visit to Louisiana, I was guest speaker at a district Rotary Club meeting in Abbéville, a club composed of all Cajun members. Knowing the tie between *cajun* and *'cadien* I asked the chairperson to introduce me in French, and thereafter I spoke only in French. My ear was a bit rusty and during a Q&A session, I had to ask them to speak slowly, but I found no great difference in the Acadiana-South language, except it was of a slightly more anglicized rhythm and intonation.

Embarking for a moment on a condensed *recherche des temps perdus*, la rue St-Joachim was a short street parallel to rue St-Jean a block up from St-Jean Gate. Not only has *la Maison des Étudiants* passed into history, but half of St-Joachim street is now somewhere under the Quebec Hilton and Ambassador Hotel parking lots. It was a three minute walk down to the Place d'Youville central bus stops, from whence I could take a bus to J-M's on avenue Bougainville, or to the new Silléry campus, or to the public beach at Anse-au-Foulon (now a tank farm). Around Place d'Youville area there were many movie theatres, now gone or converted to restaurants and mini-malls. It was a ten minute walk down côte du Palais to the classic Gare Union (more mini-malls) and Central Post Office. Across St-Paul street, by the Talon Vaults, was Brasserie Dow (gone also) where I could sign in and enjoy free beer (*Kingsbeer*) and cheese, among the American tourists. The trick was to sign a new name and address each visit, and speak English. As I wrote in the CIA article, these youthful experiences in Quebec belied a certain predisposition for things to come later, when "under cover" would be a part of *mon métier*.

At age 20 I had not the remotest idea of becoming a spy, but if the job of a covert operative is to blend-in, it seemed to work for me in Quebec. And with my new "given name" it was not so difficult to blend in around town. Not because the name was bestowed by a Monsignor, but because in the Quebec City phone book you will find a full page of the name Richard Guay! Speaking of breweries and blending-in, one day I was walking past the Hôtel St-Louis (long gone) and heard the sounds of a party, a large party! Seeing cases of beer being delivered from a Molson's truck, my interest was aroused to the point of slipping into the hotel and following the sounds upstairs. To this day I am not sure if it was a wedding or a victory celebration, because the main event had taken place the day before, but the party was still in full swing. On accessing the second floor I learned that it was for Jean Beliveau, the all-time great hockey player, who has a Canadian postage stamp in his honor. The ballroom and entire second floor was packed with so many people that blending-in was *sans aucun problème*. My French was *pas pire*, I was after all a fellow athlete, and had learned to drink beer in Pennsylvania. The party was sponsored by Molson Brewery, and may have gone on for one or two more days—my recollection is a bit fuzzy.

No college student's memoir can be complete without a word about extra-curricula activities. I did not participate in Laval sports, so what does a Downeast Yankee, footloose in Quebec, do after school? In the 1950s Quebec City was pretty much like New York City—being "carded" for booze and cigarettes had not yet been invented. A few steps from the dormitory was a little hole in the wall called Au Senateur, where I could buy a baguette, gruyère cheese, and claret wine, none of which were off-limits in the dorm. During the week, Laval students were a staid group, but weekends there was music and dancing. Night clubs like the Beaver Room, Bal Tabarin, and Ch.Frontenac's Piano Bar had an older clientele, but the Hotel Clarendon (still there, and renovated) had a bar that was a popular Saturday night hangout. Because it remained open after midnight we students called it *La Chapelle*. There was a seedy third floor after-hours club called *La Sauterelle* located near St-Jean Gate, and another club in Québec-Ouest called *l'Aiglon* that had a little sliding "speak-easy" aperture in the door. In the suburbs there was live music and dancing at *Chalet des Cèdres* across the Quebec Bridge, the *Auberge des Quatre-Chemins* near the airport, and *Val Cartier* lodge (now a private school), and there was an occasional dance at the Lac Beauport lodge, where J-M was a part-time ski instructor. Speaking of Winter Sports, I had won a letter in snowshoe racing, and was quite fast on the bases for a pitcher, but in a foot race from the *Anse-au-Foulon* beach a half-mile down to the *Quai des Trans-Atlantiques* and back, J-M could leave me in the sand. She ran like a deer, and danced like a dream.There was singing and dancing *sur la Terrasse* in front of the Ch.Frontenac, and in winter a public skating rink (no longer) with music behind the Château. When money was tight, for a fare of ten cents you could *faire la Navette* all evening on the upper deck of the *Traversiers* to Lévis, where there was music and, for those in the mood, dancing.

On a more serious academic note, I must not forget the rare opportunity for a Downeast Maine boy, of knowing not only Mgr Parent, but another leading figure from 20th century French Canada. One of my literature courses was called *Explication des Textes*. We studied the classic *Maria-Chapdelaine*, and other works including *Menaud Maître-Draveur*. My grandfather, Charles Gay, was a master log-driver on the Machias River in Washington
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County. He was half Passamaquoddy and, typically, could not swim, but he could pole a log up stream as easily as you can paddle a canoe. This gave me a connection with the author, who from time to time stopped by the classroom and gave us personal insights into his novel. His name was Félix-Antoine Savard, and from his dress and friendly good humor, you would have no idea 1) that he was Dean of the Faculté, and 2) that he was a Monsignor. Mgr Savard enjoyed his visits with the students as much as we enjoyed him.

As a student project I wrote a one-act play called *Le Lion*. Madeleine, a lovely graduate assistant (*monitrice*), worked with me after classes. The play was a comic satire in three scenes, based on a well known Laval University professor from France, named Jacques Mordret. In a way it was a *pièce de résistance*, and by that I mean a Resistance Play, like *La Folle de Chaillot*. Underlying the Giroudoux play was a protest against the German occupation of France in WWII. Underlying *Le Lion* was a protest against the importation to Laval of the Parisian French which Prof. Mordret, a professor of French Literature and French Linguistics, spoke so eloquently. The cast included myself in the lead role playing the part of Mordret, and six other Laval students. With the help of Madeleine as editor and director, it played two nights at the Laval center for the arts on the new campus in Silléry, and was well received.

The play was a comedy, but *hélas* my J-M affair turned out to be of the other genre. We broke up about midway through the semester. Perhaps it was the stress of sneaking into the dormitory past the canon's office, and up two floors past fifty seminarians, to my little cell with a squeaky metal cot. Perhaps it was the neo-Bohemian mode of college students in the 1950s, and my newly acquired taste for Bordeaux. And I must confess that a certain Madame was no help. Before you get the wrong idea, let me explain! Eight or ten generations prior to my arrival in Quebec, a royal proclamation had gone out in France inviting unmarried women to apply for immigration to Canada. *Madame de Maintenon*, the second wife of Louis XIV, was responsible for screening and selection. In 1672 more than 1,000 young women, carefully selected by Mme de Maintenon for their beauty, arrived in the Quebec marriage mart. The eye-catching results were still only too evident among Laval University coeds. In spite of working at adult jobs since grade school, I had some years to go before qualifying for a mature relationship. The good news is that J-M is happily married with four children and, as I hinted earlier, her name is often on my lips—my oldest daughter is named Jacqueline Marie.

Richard Gay is a Maine native, living in Blue Hill. Born in Bar Harbor, he attended public schools in Hancock, Washington, and Aroostook counties. An alumnus of University of Maine'57 and University of Maryland Graduate School, he has instructed foreign languages at College of Atlantic, Husson, and Maine Maritime. He is a former UMaine recruiting ambassador and volunteers as a mentor for UMaine students in international studies and foreign languages. CEO of a family landholding corporation, he is a solo pilot and member of the Bar Harbor squadron of Civil Air Patrol, and (under the name Richard Guay) is the former international exchange coordinator for Rotary Clubs in Maine and Quebec province. He is currently writing an historic spy novel and screenplay, and can be found en français at www.inn-guide.com/tenneyhill/bb.html

Le FORUM

"AFIN D'ÊTRE EN PLEINE POSSESSION DE SES MOYENS"

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www.FrancoMaine.org

www.Francoamerican.org

other pertinent websites to check out -

http://users.adelphia.net/~frenchcx/index.html

and **www.FFA-USA.com/**

Franco-American Women's Institute:

http://www.fawi.net

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"The Acadians Have Landed" – First appeared in the magazine "messing about in BOATS"- Volume 22 – Number 9 – September 15, 2004

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor
"messing about in BOATS"-

Dr. Reinhard Zollitsch participated at the Blackburn Challenge in July. After talking about his experiences competing in the race, Reinhard and I got onto a topic of some significance to me and, as it turns out, to Reinhard also. I took the occasion of our meeting to tell Reinhard how much I appreciated the inclusion of cultural and historical information in his chronicles of his long distance paddling adventures. To me this sort of background about the places visited on any sort of cruise fills out the tale beyond the direct personal adventures encountered, or the detailing of the boat's performance.

I hasten to add that Reinhard is not alone in supplying such information, a number of others who have sent in cruising tales have been similarly interested in the nature of the places they visited and included such background. But Reinhard was right here in front of me so I could personally tell him how much I appreciated this. He obviously took it to heart because I'd hardly gotten back to work when I received the article published in this issue about the 400th anniversary of the first settlement in North America north of Florida, on the island of St. Croix in Maine's Passamaquoddy Bay in 1604. Reinhard went over to St. Croix to have a look around, just a short outing for this marathon paddler, and his story is mostly about the history of the place. Despite the absence of any personal boating experiences in his narrative, I decided to run it for the maritime aspects of the original settlers' experiences.

A number of years ago now (I did not look up exactly when) I serialized a book published in 1876,

The Voyage of the Paper Canoe

by Nathaniel Bishop. It chronicled Bishop's trip from the St. Lawrence River to Florida in a paper canoe built by the Waters firm in Troy, New York (see the August 15 issue for more on the Waters canoes). What fascinated me as much as Bishop's adventures afloat was his ongoing commentary about the people he met along the way, their lifestyles, and history. It was revelatory about the post Civil War south in particular. The fact that much of his southern route utilized the inshore canals/rivers/bays the Confederacy connected up tot avoid Union blockaders made him pretty much an original recreational boater on the ICW, for that is how the ICW came to be.

I live in a history besotted part of the country, "Olde" New England, where we go back almost 400 years now, and so history has always been in my life. The schools saw to it that we learned all about what had gone on right here since the 1620s landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock (about 50 miles from us). The maritime aspects did not get major attention in those school years, but once I became interested in boats and nearby seacoasts, they became of increasing interest to me.

The nearest coast to me is on Salem Sound, about five miles away as the crow flies. It is a modest bay encompassed by towns and cities of Manchester, Beverly, Salem, and Marblehead. Salem was a major colonial era seaport and, as a result the bottom of Salem Sound is littered with over 100 known shipwrecks from Colonial to recent times. I wonder how many of the "boaters" on the 5,000 plus pleasure boats docked in these communities, who clog the Sound on sunny summer weekends, are aware of them, of what's down there beneath their keels?

I became very aware of them a number of years ago (I didn't look this one up either) when some of our local small craft club indulged in a sunny New Year's Day row out to Misery Island in the Sound from nearby Manchester. While paddling alongshore Misery at one point, our canvas-covered Rangeley Lake boat scraped over what proved to be a snag of rib from a wreck of vessel sunk there in a storm in the 1920s. The rip let in some water so we were somewhat concerned, with the water at about 36 degrees. All was well but we had a firsthand experience with some local maritime history.

That same Misery Island is today held as open space by a Massachusetts open space trust, the Trustees of Reservations. It is open to the public but accessible only by boat. A seasonal caretaker is ashore daily to collect the modest fee ($1, I think) to go ashore and look around. The ruins of its last iteration in the early 20th century as a summer colony of homes complete with a dance hall and all can be viewed. The colony was wiped out in a island fire in the 1920s and never rebuilt. The island's name is derived from an incident in the early 1800s when a vessel was wrecked on its shore in a winter storm and the survivors spent the rest of the winter trapped on the island unable to signal anyone ashore that they were there. Knowledge of what had transpired in the past adds for me to the mystique of going ashore there (we've been there a half dozen times).

Misery Island also has a anchorage sheltered from the winds from the east around to the southwest. Its relatively placid sea surface attracts host of weekend boaters whose boats spend their weekdays in marinas in nearby Beverly and Salem in particular. Giant raftups get organized on almost any nice weekend and it's party hearty time. They motor out the four or five miles from the port and motor back at weekend's end. That appears to be the extent of their boating experience. Mobile waterfront property is how I view these craft. I wonder if many of the owners have any idea as to the history of this island that provides this protected hangout of their partying?

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The Acadians Have Landed

By Reinhard Zollitsch
Orono, ME

Celebrating 400 Years of Acadian Presence in North America

On May 14, 1804, Lewis and Clark led the intrepid Corps of Discovery from the confluence of the Missouri River with the Mississippi to find a waterway to the Pacific. They were to report back to President Jefferson about the newly acquired Louisiana Purchase and beyond, and they did, with comprehensive trip reports, drawings of scenery, animals, plants, and people, as well as extensive charts. That was 200 years ago and without a doubt the beginning of a new era. (See my "L&C + 200" article in MAIB, October 1/15, 2003.)

We have to go back another 200 years, exactly, to witness a similar feat with the same importance for what is now known as the U.S. and Canada, the first permanent settlement of North Europeans of the eastern shores of the Atlantic (north of Florida). Four hundred years ago, on June 26, 1604, to be exact, Pierre Dugua led 79 French settlers and traders to a small island in the St. Croix River along the present-day CAN/AM border (between Maine and New Brunswick) to establish a permanent trading post in the New World. In return, the King of France, Henry of Navarre, gave Dugua a trading monopoly in the lucrative fur trade and the title "Lieutenant General of Acadie" on top of already being a noble with the title of "Sieur de Mons."

With the act, French Acadia was born which, together with the founding of the city of Quebec by Samuel de Champlain four years later, is the cradle of today's 18 million North American people of French descent.

The Vikings Were Different

It is of interest to note that the landing on St. Croix Island predates the first British settlements of 1607 in Jamestown, Virginia, as well as the Pilgrims' leap off their

Mayflower onto Plymouth Rock in 1620. Sure, everybody knows that "in fourteen hundred ninety two Columbus sailed the ocean blue," an event with monumental consequences, but he did not stay. He came, he saw, and left again, like so many other early Spanish and Portuguese explorers.

And so did the Vikings, by the way, around 1000, touching on "Markland" (Labrador) and "Vinland" (Newfoundland) following the receding walrus herds and looking for adventure. They had no intentions of settling on these shores, but rather establishing seasonal hunting and fishing stations like the Basques and Portuguese had done before them, maybe even before Columbus, but certainly before our Pilgrim Fathers.

The Vikings, according to Farley Mowat's Westviking, were also strangely afraid of the native Beothuk people and were very reluctant to settle on their turf. The Viking camp at L'Anse au Meadows at the Straits of Belle Isle (between Labrador and Newfoundland), so he thinks, was only a temporary camp, home base for a group of "later Vikings" looking for Leif Eriksson's fabled "Vinland," the land of wine and roses. Leif never told anybody where it was exactly, not even his own sons. (he may have had a very good reason for it-he may have made up embellishments in true Viking fashion!) But the Vikings, according to Mowat, decided to look for it anyway and established a search camp at L'Anse au Meadows, from where they fanned out to check both the eastern and western shores of Newfoundland as well as the southern shore of Labrador. But when they did not find the "promised land," they broke camp and returned to Greenland, which likewise was everything but green-another euphemistic misnomer.

The First French Acadian Settlement

Unlike the Vikings, the French 1604 expeditions came over from today's LeHavre in five big, sturdy, seagoing ships, full of building supplies, provisions, trading goods, tools, arms, even guns. They meant business; they came with a purpose. This was no raiding party; they weren't buccaneers or pirates, but peaceful settlers and adventurous traders, but they were willing to protect their turf against other raiders and the native population if necessary. No, they did not ask permission from the Passamaquoddy, the Malaseet, or MicMacs to land on this modest little island, but they also did not drive anybody away.

They tried to establish a good rapport with the local tribes, as the French have always done, especially in Voyageur country, because they needed them as guides and trading partners. The French group of 79 was totally convinced they were bringing the "locals" a better life with the spoils of European culture, as well as saving their souls with Christianity, Catholicism, that is. As they saw it, it was a win-win situation, but just in case, they brought some guns to protect their turf, mostly against other European raiders like the British, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese.

The St. Croix group, I read was a part of a larger French project of five ships and 120 men, all making a first landing on Sable Island off Nova Scotia – what a feat in itself! From there, two ships with 41 men aboard went towards the St. Lawrence to trade, one ship went to Canso, Nova Scotia, and the remaining two ships and 79 men, led by Dugua and Champlain, explored the south coast of Nova Scotia and the Bay of Fundy. They all liked the Annapolis Basin area but decided instead to try their luck on the other side of the tide-ridden Fundy Bay, on a small island in the tidal part of the St. Croix River where it empties into the Passamaquoddy Bay.

A Great Choice for a Settlement, but...

What a decision, facing a new venture in the New World, with new people, in an area often shrouded in fog

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and surrounded by extreme tides. Why would anybody choose a place like that? I felt I had to revisit Passamaquoddy Bay in my trusty canoe to check things out and reread Champlain's trip reports and other pertinent literature to inform myself. So I spent June 10-13, 2004, on and around this little island at the mouth of the St. Croix River and the greater Passamaquoddy Bay area to get reacquainted with the lay of the land of one of my favorite haunts.

I was impressed right from the beginning that the ships made it across the North Atlantic to Sable Island so early in the season and found their way into Passamaquoddy Bay. Cabot (1497) as well as Verrazano (1524) and Gomés (1525) may have sailed by here. Even if our intrepid group of French traders and settlers had heard about this huge tidal bay, it is still difficult to find and even harder to get into. There are only three very small, rock-studded openings into the bay through which the 19' tide gushes with a 5-8 knot vengeance. They had to have been good sailors who had learned their lessons from the Fundy-like tides in the Bay of St. Malo in Brittany, the home of Cartier, by the way. They even knew how to use the tides to their advantage; i.e., use them as protection against unwanted intruders. At ebb tide their bay was safe-nobody could get in. The ebb flow would act like a gate. Their later camp at Port Royal, Nova Scotia, by the way, had the same tidal set-up, with Digby Gut keeping intruders for nearly 12 hours each day.

The second plus point for establishing a colony here, as I see it, was the fact that Passamaquoddy Bay is huge, with lots of lobes, and that means lots of shoreline. It is wooded and yet is conveniently interspersed with shoaling sandy, or at least gravelly, beaches. It abounds with fish, seal, porpoise, duck, clams, and mussels and the woods look promising for game and their fur trade. The fog also mostly hangs around like a thick shroud on the open Bay of Fundy, again making it hard for intruders to find. Yet another plus point for the intrepid sailors-they had done their homework.

St. Croix Island itself also looked very promising. There was good anchoring and landing and a higher field for the settlement with lookout point. The settlers could feel safe on their island and shore was real close on all sides. It was a natural fort in more than one sense.

So What Went Wrong?

In August the supply ships left for France, leaving the settlers full of hope to make a go of their venture. According to Champlain's drawing of the place, they started building a real settlement with roads, houses, church, and gardens, all surrounded by a palisade fence. The model in the present park looks real cozy and promising. So why did the settlement fail to, all on its own, in less than a year? What went wrong? They were great sailors, but where is their basic mental miscalculations?

All literature I have read on their failure points to the especially harsh winter that year or blames it on the cold north wind in that region. The settlers' miscalculations must have been much greater to cause such havoc among the 79 men. And then it came to me. They were sailors at heart, very good ones at that, thought in latitudes, north/south reference points. They knew most of the latitudes of most of the bigger harbor cites in Europe and beyond by measuring the angle from the horizon to the North Star, the "Guide Star" for the North Atlantic. Up here in Maine, for example, the North Star is quite high in the sky, while looking at the same star from the Everglades makes it appear to have risen just about the treeline.

In early navigation, relative north/south fixes were determined by the angle between the horizon and a fixed star, like our North Star. Longitudinal fixes, on the other hand, remained guesswork until sailors got more or less accurate chronometers, and they weren't invented until 1714. East/west fixes, as you may remember from any navigation class you may have taken, are based on the course of the sun; i.e., are time related, with Greenwich, England, being the mathematical point of departure, the "trans polar equator," if you want to picture it that way.

Latitudinal Thinking

So here is my reconstruction of their thought process: St. Croix Island, according to their correct measurement, is at about 45 degrees north, halfway between the North Pole and the equator, which to a Frenchman would put it into the wine growing region of Bordeaux (also at 45 degrees north), or right in the middle of the Gulf of Venice in the Adriatic Sea in Italy, a very familiar latitude for Europeans. What a climate, they must have thought. No problem! From their new home on St. Croix Island they could row over to the nearby shores and fetch water from the rivers or streams and go hunting and trapping all winter. Saltwater just does not freeze, definitely not near Bordeaux or Venice, right?

But it did, and with a 19' tide this was not solid ice but shifting pack ice, impossible to traverse. They were trapped on their own island, held hostage by the winter, and slowly starved and froze to death when their supplies ran out. Their diet was also missing one important ingredient, vitamin C, like in oranges, lemons, and limes, which the "Limeys" (British sailors) learned first, but also not until 1753.

Many settlers on the island were weakened or struck down by scurvy. This was a major miscalculation for which they paid dearly, 35 of the 79 settlers died and 20 more had to be nursed back to health when supply ships returned the following June.

How did it happen?

In 1604, people had no idea that 45 degrees latitude on the western Atlantic shore is not the same as on the eastern, the European side of that ocean. Nowadays most Americans know, for example, that living in Maine is quite different from living in Washington State. Maine has a cold, continental

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climate while Washington State is majorly influenced by the ocean to its west. The same is true for the comparison of Maine with Bordeaux in southern France, or Venice. The latter European places are heavily influenced by the ocean, like Washington State, and the Gulf Stream in particular.

With our easterly drift of weather systems you would thus encounter a very cold climate in Maine, (caused by a huge land mass to the west which cools very rapidly) and a climate affected by a much slower cooling ocean in Washington State or France. Furthermore, if early ocean travelers noticed the Gulf Stream on their way over, or heard about it from early explorers or fishermen, they must have thought it should have a much more significant effect along the shores from which it originated than on the distant European shore.

So you see, according to their knowledge, they had everything planned just right, but in the spring of 1605 they knew they had made a bad mistake choosing an island in a tidal bay that freezes up, and knew they had to leave and try again somewhere else.

I admire those guys for being quick learners. It was not the north wind or a specially cold winter, as some people still maintain 400 years later. No, there was a basic flaw in their thinking for which, however, they cannot be blamed. It was the climate! But even if they did not quite understand the reasons for the surprisingly cold Maine winter, they knew they had to get out of there and try again somewhere else, on shore this time, which they eventually did.

What Now?

So they scouted the entire coast south to Cape Cod, but decided in the end to return to one of their first stops, another tidal inlet off the Bay of Fundy, up through tide-ridden Digby Gut, Nova Scotia, again for protection. So they packed up whatever they could, loaded it onto the two supply ships, which returned as arranged in late June the next year, and sailed up to the mouth of the Annapolis River. They called their new settlement Port Royal.

From there the Acadians moved to other enclaves in Nova Scotia, along the Gulf of St. Lawrence in New Brunswick, the southwest shore of Prince Edward Island, up the St. John River, and yes, to other parts of Maine also. They were a very peaceful, pious, and accommodating people until the British so rudely, even cruelly, deported them between 1755-1778 in an effort at ethnic cleansing. The Acadians were driven out of their homes by the thousands, shipped back to France or expelled, and finally resettled wherever they were welcome, including Louisiana where they established their new "Cajun" (Acadian) culture, language, and lifestyle. (Try to remember Longfellow's poem

Evangeline from your high school days, and you will know what I am talking about).

The 400 Year Celebration

Driving up towards St. Croix Island this June, 2004, I was not surprised to see road signs pointing to "DOWN EAST AND ACADIA." The closer I got to this historic place, I found a new, very well-appointed little park at Red Beach in Maine, on Route #1 about 10 miles SE of Calais/St. Stephen, right across from the island. I loved looking at the model of the settlement (I have always loved models, ever since I was a kid) and pictured myself in it taking notes, recording events, and most of all charting everything I saw – like Champlain, you guessed it. There were lots of explanatory tablets and life-sized statures of settlers in the woods watching me as I took the self guided tour.

On the other side of the bay (on the Canadian side), off the route to St. Andrews, there is a much bigger Information Center explaining the significance of St. Croix Island for Canada. As a matter of fact, the Canadian Maritimes were caught in a festive frenzy this past summer. Celebrations with Acadian music, dancing, food, and lots of tricolor flags accentuated by the gold star of the Acadians were all planned. Halifax even sported an international tall ships parade on July 29-August 2.

Technically, St. Croix Island is in U.S. waters, but the landing of the Acadians on these shores is truly an international historic event, and the two visitor centers on either side of the border are worth visiting and reflecting about, even if you are not of Acadian descent.

Champlain soon thereafter led his own exploratory trips, still in search of a sea way to China. Yes, trade was the motor of exportation those days. There were no agencies and grants to finance a research trip. It had to be self-paying in the long run. Champlain soon sailed up the St. Lawrence River in search of the Great Lakes, which he also did not find on his first attempt. But what is important, is that he preserved and eventually found and described the Great Lakes. He also founded the city of Quebec in 1608. What a guy! I see in him the real leader of the group, and were it not for his trip logs, we would not even know about the failed first attempt of a French settlement on a tiny island in the St. Croix River, and without his charts we would still be bickering about the border between Canada and the U.S. in this neck of the woods.

Salute the Acadians!

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L'abbé Lionel Groulx et les conséquences de l'émigration canadienne-française aux États-Unis[1]

Par Damien-Claude Bélanger, Université McGill

Vaudreuil 13 janvier 1878
Montréal 23 mai 1967

« Les pires catastrophes, en histoire, ne proviennent pas tant de fausses doctrines ou d'actes criminels, que de négligences accumulées, de volontés passives et d'idées trop courtes. »

Lionel Groulx

À mes jeunes ami(e)s de Québec, Vivent les vivants!

Lionel Groulx, ptre

Prêtre, historien, romancier et intellectuel nationaliste, l'abbé Lionel Groulx (1878-1967) s'intéressait fortement à la survivance des minorités françaises du continent nord-américain. Sa conception ethnoreligieuse de la nation embrassait tous les groupes dispersés de l'Amérique française.[2] En effet, il est fort révélateur que les deux romans qu'il a rédigés, *L'appel de la race* (1922a) et *Au Cap Blomidon* (1932), s'articulent respectivement autour des luttes des Franco-Ontariens et des Acadiens. Écrivain et conférencier prolifique, il a consacré plusieurs textes aux problèmes des minorités françaises. D'ailleurs, son oeuvre, tant polémique qu'historique, témoigne d'une volonté constante d'inclure les Franco-Américains dans sa conception de la nation et d'appuyer leur lutte pour la survivance. Groulx fit de nombreux voyages en Nouvelle-Angleterre et dans le'*Midwest* américain pour donner des conférences ou pour participer à des congrès. De plus, son fonds d'archives contient un grand nombre de lettres échangées avec la plupart des principaux leaders de la Franco-Américanie. Groulx était connu, lu et respecté par l'élite franco-américaine, surtout durant l'entre-deux-guerres. Par conséquent, son influence sur cette élite, en particulier sur Henri d'Arles (pseudonyme de l'abbé Henri Beaudé, né Beaudet, 1870-1930), Elphège-J. Daignault (1879-1937) et l'abbé Adrien Verrette (1897-1993), était importante (voir Bélanger 2000).

Pourtant, comme la plupart des élites canadiennes-françaises de l'époque (voir Roby 40-79), il avait une vision fortement négative de l'émigration. Historien, Groulx l'aborde dans ses cours et dans ses écrits pour mieux illustrer les carences du régime de l'Union (1841-1867). Intellectuel engagé, il s'attaque à la dernière grande vague migratoire des années vingt. Dans son esprit, l'émigration procède de causes plongeant leurs racines dans le monde rural. Essentiellement, ce phénomène est la conséquence démographique d'une économie rurale en état de crise permanente. En bonne partie, celle-ci est engendrée par un État dont l'intérêt pour l'agriculture est marginal. De plus, une agriculture trop routinière rend la terre improductive. Enfin, au point de vue des mentalités, l'émigration est tributaire d'un manque de patriotisme et d'enracinement chez le peuple. Cette lacune est attribuée à l'attrait qu'exercent la ville et les États-Unis sur les ruraux, à un goût de l'aventure et à un manque de patriotisme chez l'élite.

Somme toute, Groulx avait une conception classique de l'émigration canadienne-française et acadienne aux États-Unis. Son discours contient essentiellement les mêmes thèmes que la plupart de ses contemporains. Cependant, l'intérêt de cette courte étude découle du fait que sa conception de l'émigration est intimement liée à son ruralisme et permet à l'historien de mieux définir son messianisme. Ces deux concepts sont souvent évoqués par les historiens canadiens, mais rarement étudiés en profondeur. Ils seront abordés ici dans le cadre d'une étude sur la vision groulxiste des conséquences de l'émigration. Cet article se penche donc à la fois sur les limites du messianisme et sur la complexité du ruralisme canadien-français. Les aspects messianiques de sa pensée franco-américaine seront

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d'abord examinés pour conclure qu'il s'agit d'un faux messianisme. En fait, Groulx croit que l'émigration mine la mission providentielle du Canada français. La dimension ruraliste de ses écrits sur l'émigration sera ensuite abordée. Dans l'ensemble, son ruralisme est une expression de son traditionalisme. Cette étude propose une nouvelle lecture et une typologie du ruralisme canadien-français, souvent appelé, à tort, *agriculturisme*. Celui-ci est traversé par deux courants: l'un doctrinal et essentiellement moral, l'autre situationnel et propre au contexte canadien-français.

Émigration et messianisme$_3$

Dans l'ensemble, l'abbé Groulx se concentre surtout sur les causes et les conséquences canadiennes de l'émigration. C'est d'abord l'impact de ce phénomène sur le développement de la nation qui l'intéresse. En effet, si les écrits de l'abbé sont d'abord axés sur le politique et le religieux, "les autres dimensions du réel [l'intéressent] dans la mesure où elles éclairent la vie nationale" (Trépanier 1992, 251). Pour le Canada français, l'émigration est un *désastre national*. Dans ses écrits historiques, Groulx divise ces conséquences désastreuses en trois catégories: nationale, sociale et économique. Toutefois, il est clair que toutes ne font que graviter autour d'un constat central: l'émigration affaiblit la nation.Dans son *Histoire du Canada français* (1952), Groulx, citant le curé Labelle (1833-91), dont les plans de colonisation laurentiens visaient d'abord à freiner l'émigration aux États-Unis, affirme que les États-Unis sont le "cimetière de la race" (Groulx 1952, 177).L'émigration amoindrit le potentiel de développement du Canada français. D'ailleurs, Groulx voit l'émigration comme un élément contribuant à l'infériorité numérique et économique du Canada français et de l'Acadie. Ainsi, une partie des carences du Canada français sont attribuables à l'émigrations canadienne-française aux États-Unis.

Cependant, l'émigration serait surtout une *manifestation* concrète des maux du Canada français et de l'Acadie. Pourtant, si l'abbé fustige l'émigration, il lui arrive parfois d'y voir des desseins messianiques. Groulx n'est pas le premier traditionaliste à prétendre que l'émigration s'intégrerait à la mission providentielle du Canada français (voir Roby 49-61), c'est-à-dire de propager la foi catholique sur le continent nord-américain. Ainsi, il tempère quelques-unes de ses attaques contre l'émigration par du providentialisme. En 1953, devant un auditoire france-américain, il se demande:

Quand, petit peuple de rien du tout, à demi perdu dans la masse étrangère, nous aurions eu tant besoin de cohésion, comment expliquer notre singulière et troublante dispersion à travers ce continent-nord? La Providence est au fond de toute histoire. Nous est-il interdit de scruter son dessein? Pourquoi cette survivance? Serions-nous les élus d'une mission, les porteurs d'un message? Notre expansion missionnaire à travers le monde, fait assurément extraordinaire, nous apporterait peut-être une première réponse. Pourquoi n'en pas voir une seconde en notre éparpillement, ici-même en Amérique, s'il est vrai que leur message, les peuples catholiques n'ont pas qu'à le porter sur les continents lointains, mais tout autant autour d'eux, partout où ils sont? (Groulx 1953b, 165)

Si l'émigration constitue un désastre pour la nation et, comme nous le verrons, pour la foi des émigrés, comment se fait-il que Groulx puisse suggérer que "tout nous invite à croire qu'un dessein de Dieu nous a placés à tous les points du continent, pour constituer un peu partout des foyers d'apostolat catholique?" (Groulx 1922, 29).

En effet, dans certains textes, Groulx semble parfois mettre l'accent sur une vision de l'émigration qui, en apparence, est en contradiction avec l'optique négative qu'il enseigne à ses étudiants à l'Université de Montréal. Cependant, dans les faits, il s'agit, dans ce cas, d'un messianisme circonstanciel et non d'une conviction profonde. Voilà pourquoi il a tendance à l'énoncer lors de ses conférences devant des auditoires franco-américains. L'abbé accepte l'émigration antérieure comme un fait accompli. S'il souhaite mettre fin à l'exode, il n'est pas très optimiste à l'égard des perspectives de rapatriement massif des émigrés. Aussi, formule-t-il un discours qui plaît à l'élite franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre.

Toutefois, il ne faut pas s'imaginer que l'abbé ne croit pas à la mission providentielle du Canada français. Pour lui, l'itinéraire de la nation, de l'époque de la Nouvelle-France au XX siècle, a été marqué par la croix, par l'évangélisation (Groulx 1926, 1). En 1925, devant l'auditoire de la Semaine d'histoire du Canada, il citera l'écrivain français Léon Bloy (1846-1917):

L'essence français est une chose tellement à part, tellement réservée, qu'on ne trouve à lui comparer que l'essence juive. L'estampille de l'une ou de l'autre paraît être la'nécessité divine, l'ineffaçable et irréfragable décret qui les associe pour toujours aux vicissitudes providentielles. (Groulx 1925, 269)

Selon Groulx, Dieu a mis "au fond de l'âme français," une""disposition exceptionnelle au prosélytisme religieux, à l'oeuvre apostolique" (Groulx 1953b, 167).

Malgré celà, l'abbé ne croit pas vraiment que l'émigration fut motivée par des desseins providentiels. Si tel avait été le cas, il l'aurait souligné dans ses cours d'histoire. Le fait qu'il ne soulève aucun messianisme dans ses cours sur ce sujet est une indication à la fois des fondements scientifiques de sa démarche historique et de sa conviction que l'émigration mine la vocation apostolique des Canadiens français.

En effet, comme le souligne le politologue Jean-Pierre Gaboury, chez Groulx, la mission providentielle du Canada français est d'abord liée à l'agriculture. Ensuite, elle se centre sur l'expansion missionnaire, puis sur la présence des Canadiens français catholiques au Canada et le témoignage de la vraie foi qu'ils peuvent apporter dans un milieu anglo-saxon. Ainsi, la mission providentielle du Canada français n'est pas une croisade où un

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peuple s'éparpillerait à travers le continent, mais plutôt l'oeuvre de professionnels, des missionnaires, et d'une nation qui doit servir d'exemple à ses voisins (Gaboury 56-60). L'émigration ne peut véritablement s'intégrer à cette mission. Elle ne fait que la miner: d'abord parce qu'elle déracine le Canadien français de la terre pour le placer dans un univers industriel et ensuite parce que l'exode affaiblit le Québec français, qui doit être le pivot central de la nation et de sa mission providentielle.

Nous discuterons plus loin dans cet article comment le monde urbain et industriel mine la survivance français et catholique. Pour l'instant, il suffit de souligner que l'émigration, qu'elle soit dirigée vers les États-Unis ou vers le Canada anglais, est un danger pour la survivance car elle place le Canadien français "en des climats peu favorables à sa vie française et catholique" (Groulx 1949, 187). Selon Groulx, l'émigration mine la survivance parce qu'elle affaiblit ses assises fondamentales au Québec. Dans la pensée groulxiste, le Québec est le berceau et le coeur de la nation canadienne-française. Ainsi, ce qui affaiblit le Québec français affaiblit l'Amérique française.

L'abbé reproche à l'émigration d'avoir démembré la nation. Celle-ci est écartelée à un tel point que'"les fils de la dispersion sont plus nombreux que les fils de la maison" (Groulx 1922a, 362). Or, pour être forte, la nation doit être unie. L'émigration place des Canadiens français dans des situations géographiques isolées et ne fait qu'accentuer leur état de peuple minoritaire. La dispersion est une des sources de la faiblesse du Canada français. "Notre situation géographique [dispersée] aggrave donc l'infériorité de notre situation numérique" (Groulx 1927a, 323) car l'émigrant souffre d'une mise en minorité double. À l'instar du Canadien français du Québec, il est minoritaire en Amérique du Nord. Cependant, l'émigrant franco-américain est également minoritaire dans sa région, dans son État.

L'émigration est donc un mal "général...au Canada; mais mal mortel à la race française, qui, ne pouvant compter sur l'immigration européenne, n'a pour toute source d'accroissement que sa natalité" (Groulx 1932a, 151). L'émigration bouleverse les assises fondamentales de la nation: elle mine son équilibre agraire en faisant baisser la proportion de l'élément rural au Canada français et elle fait baisser la proportion relative de la "race" française au Canada, accentuant ainsi son état minoritaire. L'émigration aux États-Unis "nous a coûté plus de la moitié de notre race et toute notre espérance d'être la majorité au Canada" (Groulx 1927, 140).

En effet, historiquement, l'émigration a hâté et aggravé la mise en minorité des Canadiens français au sein de l'Union, puis de la Confédération. L'émigration consacre

l'égalité ou la supériorité numérique à jamais perdue à l'égard de l'autre race, et toutes les conséquences qui suivraient pour nous de cette condition de peuple minoritaire: tant d'agressions que notre faiblesse susciterait ou encouragerait et tant de droits et de revendications qui ne triompheraient plus qu'à demi et au prix de quelles luttes. (Groulx 1928, 29a)

Or pour être forte, la nation doit être géographiquement aussi unie que possible. Toutefois, la nation s'est dispersée au moment où "nos intérêts de race sous faisaient alors un devoir de nous grouper, de nous rapprocher du coeur de la patrie" (Groulx 1918, 75-76).

Selon Groulx, l'impact démographique de l'émigration est plus important que ne le suggère les données brutes. Il doit aussi être mesuré "d'après les diminutions de naissance que ces départs devaient occasionner dans la pop[ulation]" (Groulx ca 1934-1937, 138). Ce sont les pertes nationales qui l'intéressent, et non les gains de États-Unis. Du point de vue quantitatif, l'émigration est un désastre. En 1927, dans les pages de *L'Action français*, revue traditionaliste, et qu'il ne faut pas confondre avec le quotidien parisien du même nom, Groulx affirme que sans cette saignée, il se trouverait 12,800,000 Canadiens français au Québec (Groulx 1927, 132). Devant ses étudiants à l'Université de Montréal il se penche sur l'impact de la première vague migratoire:

Les recensements décennaux nous restent toutefois, qui projettent sur ce problème une lueur troublante. Depuis la conquête, la population du Bas-Canada s'était invariablement doublée tous les vingt ans. Nous étions 890, 261 en 1851; au recensement de 1871, nous aurions dû figurer régulièrement pour 1,780,522; au lieu de ces deux millions ou presque, nous ne comptions que que [sic] pour 1,191,516. Et si l'on se reporte au recensement de 1861, il appert qu'en dix ans nous n'avions fait que le gain pitoyable de 80,000 âmes. 600,000 âmes en moins! Voilà donc la trouée béante opérée par l'émigration dans notre capital humain. (Groulx 1928, 28-29a)

Pour les Acadiens, le problème serait similaire. En effet, la pire conséquence de l'émigration acadienne serait de saper les bases de sa forte natalité. Selon Groulx, l'Acadie souffre d'une pléthore de problèmes mais "le pire mal de la race acadienne, celui par lequel s'écoule et se perd la puissance génératrice de ses foyers, c'est l'émigration aux États-Unis" (Groulx 1932a 151). Pour l'Acadien du Nouveau-Brunswick, l'émigration enlève tout espoir de former une majorité dans la province. D'ailleurs, l'abbé affirme que le gouvernement du Nouveau-Brunswick ne fait rien pour enrayer l'émigration acadienne. Salon des propos recueillis lors de son voyage de 1915 en Acadie, il semblerait même "que le gouvernement provincial s'emploie secrètement à maintenir aussi longtemps que possible l'actuel état de choses," car'"les spectre de la domination française se dresse et épouvante les hommes politiques de Fredericton." Pour l'Acadien de la Nouvelle-Écosse, "en dépit de sa natalité," l'émigration assure qu'il n'occupera'"point dans la population de la presqu'île, la place que semblait lui promettre l'avenir" (Groulx 1915a, 18, 22).

Enfin, Groulx souligne que

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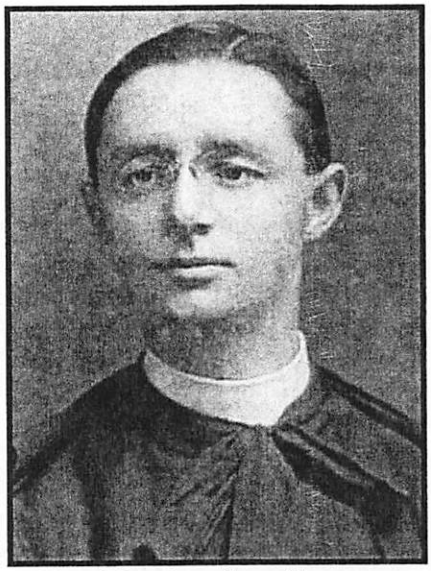
l'émigratoin est une perte sérieuse pour l'économie du Canada français. L'exode opère une "trouée béante ... dans notre capital humain." Cette perte dépasse le "demi-million de consommateurs partis pour toujours" et représente également *le numéraire emporté par les émigrants, et toute la richesse physique de ces bras de jeunes travailleurs passée à l'étranger, et toute l'étendue du domaine national que, gardés au pays, ils auraient ... pu conquérir sur la forêt et rendre productive. (Groulx 1928, 29a).*

Donc, l'émigration n'étend pas la nation; elle l'éparpille et l'affaiblit. De ce fait, la vision qu'a Groulx de ce phénomène diffère quelque peu de celle qu'énonçaient certains nationalistes canadiens-français vers la fin du dix-neuvième siècle. Pour des hommes de lettres traditionalistes comme Édouard Hamon, s.j. (1841-1904) ou Jules-Paul Tardivel (1851-1905), l'exode est un danger. Toutefois, ils en font une récupération intellectuelle et affirment que l'émigration peut s'intégrer à une reconquête canadienne-française du continent (voir Roby 54-59). Ces hommes formulent donc une sorte de *manifest destiny* canadienne-française. En effet, Hamon et Tardivel rêvent d'un Canada français indépendant qui comprendrait une partie de la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Le père Hamon, par exemple, croit "qu'avant longtemps, les deux fractions du peuple Canadien (*sic*), celle qui habite la terre des ancêtres et celle qui a déjà franchi la frontière américaine [,] se rejoindront et pourront alors se donner la main pour ne plus former qu'un seul peuple" (Hamon 145. Pour cet ultra, le jour viendra où un Canada français indépendant et catholique jaillira des cendres d'une Amérique du Nord saconne et protestante déchue, et unira le Québec et une partie de la Nouvelle-Angleterre (Hamon 143-56).

Groulx ne croit pas à ces rêves chimériques. Son nationalisme est expansionniste, mais il s'agit surtout d'une expansionnisme intérieur. Il cherche plutôt à étendre l'écoumène de la nation canadienne-française à l'intérieur des frontières du Canada—surtout au Québec—par le biais de la colonisation. Même si dans l'enquête de *L'Action française* sur l'avenir politique du Canada français Groulx affirme que les États-Unis sont travaillés par des forces centrifuges (Groulx 1922c, 148), suggérant donc vaguement leur effondrement, il ne prétend pas que l'État français don't il rêve comprendrait un jour une partie de



Lionel Groulx, prêtre, éducateur, professeur, homme de lettres, historien, homme d'action, maître à penser du nationalisme canadien-français de la première moitié du 20e siècle

la Nouvelle-Angleterre.

Groulx est convaincu que la nation canadienne-française doit s'étendre. Cependant, cette expansion, qui est synonyme de colonisation, doit se faire à l'intérieur des frontières du Canada et, de préférence, au Québec. Il est vrai que l'abbé reste nostalgique face à la grandeur géographique de la Nouvelle-France, mais il ne cherche pas à la recréer. Au mieux, il ne fera que suggérer que l'on place une carte de cet empire français dans les salles de cours des écoles du Canada français pour éveiller, chez la jeunesse, des "rêves d'un grandiose chimérique" (Groulx 1938, 170-71). Ainsi, il est clair que les émigrants ne sont pas l'avant-garde d'une reconquête du continent nord-américain. Vers 1948, il écrira que: "Ce rêve d'une expansion fr[ançaise] est fini--sauf peut-être au Canada" (Groulx ca 1948, 2).

Pour l'abbé, il s'agit plutôt de "conquérir la terre québécoise jusqu'à ses extrêmes limites, jusqu'à sa dernière motte cultivable" (Groulx 1937, 230). La colonisation doit donc se faire d'abord au Québec, puis ailleurs au Canada. En ce sens, il affirmera en 1923 que:

Un Canadien-français vaut mieux sur les terres de l'Ouest que dans Montréal. Mais avant de le laisser partir pour l'Ouest, pour Montréal, ou pour les États-Unis, nous croyons qu'il faut essayer de le retenir sur les terres du Québec où il donne à toute la race son rendement le plus fécond. (Groulx 1923)

Si Groulx souhaite voir des agriculteurs canadiens-français coloniser l'Ouest plutôt que de se prolétariser à Montréal ou à Lowell, il préfère tout de même qu'ils restent dans le Québec rural. En effet, dès le début du siècle, notre intellectuel ne croit pas que les Canadiens français pourront conquérir l'Ouest ou y être autre chose qu'une minorité. L'immigration étrangère et ontarienne y est trop massive pour que l'on puisse rêver de l'établissement d'une province français dans l'Ouest.

Dans le *Manuel d'histoire du Canada* qu'il rédige au Collège de Valleyfield au début du siècle, Groulx examine quelques projets expansionnistes pour montrer que la conquête de l'Ouest canadien sera improbable pour les Canadiens français. Ainsi, dans une section qu'il intitule "L'avenir des Canadiens-français," l'abbé montra comment le curé Labelle rêvait d'un Canada français qui au XXI siècle, s'ètendrait du Canada au Cap Horn. Pour Groulx il ne s'agit que'"[d']une boutade du brave curé" (Groulx ca 1912, 111). Par après, il souligne que le géographe français Onésime Reclus (1837-1916) croit que les traditions catholiques et la fécondité des Canadiens français assureront leur triomphe sur les protestants dans le peuplement de l'Ouest.[4] Ensuite, Groulx expose le projet de colonisation de Jules-Marie-Armand Cavelier de

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«Qu'on le veuille ou qu'on ne le veuille pas, notre État français, nous l'aurons; nous l'aurons jeune, fort, rayonnant et beau, foyer spirituel, pôle dynamique de toute l'Amérique française. [...] Les snobs, les bon-ententistes, les défaitistes peuvent nous crier, tant qu'ils voudront: "Vous êtes la dernière génération de Canadiens français!" Je leur réponds avec toute la jeunesse: "Nous sommes la génération des vivants. Vous êtes la dernière génération des morts!"» - Lionel Groulx

Cuverville (1834-1912), amiral français intéressé aux questions canadiennes. Celui-ci souhaitait voir les Canadiens français reprendre l'Ouest comme ils avaient reconquis les Cantons de l'Est. Il aurait suffi d'établir une série d'îlots français dans l'Ouest reprendre l'Ouest comme ils avaient ronconquis les Cantons de l'Est. Il aurait suffi d'établir une série d'îlots français dans l'Ouest pour que, après un certain temps, ils se rejoignent et forment de vastes territoires franco-catholiques (Groulx, ca 1912, 113). Après avoir énoncé ces projets, Groulx offre sa propre vision de l'avenir du Canada français:

Si nous sortons du rêve pour entrer dans la réalité, voici ce que le présent nous permet d'augurer de l'avenir. Les Canadiens de race française sont groupés dans le nord-est du continent: ils contrôlent la province de Québec; ils envahissent les comtés limitrophes, ils débordent sur les provinces maritimes où ils donneront la main aux Acadiens. Les Anglais de l'Ontario se dirigent vers l'Ouest, et c'est au seul groupe français que la province doit son dernier accroissement en nombre. La population anglaise des provinces maritimes n'augmente pas sensiblement non plus. Nous formons un groupe presque compact, sur un territoire dont toutes les sections ont des intérêts semblables. Nous avons l'unité de langue et de foi. Si nous le voulons, notre influence ne fera que grandir dans l'Est. (Groulx ca 1912, 113)

Dans le manuel inédit, ce passage sert à introduire l'idée que la fédération canadienne est éphémère et, qu'un jour, après la désintégration du *Dominion*, un État français indépendant naîtra dans l'Est du Canada. Groulx diffusera davantage cette idée en 1912 dans *Une croisade d'adolescents* (159-62), puis en 1922 dans l'enquête de *L'Action française* sur "Notre avenir politique," où elle sert de postulat de base. Pour lui, l'avenir du Canada français se joue dans l'Est du Canada, plus particulièrement au Québec français pour qu'un jour l'État français soit en mesure de naître. L'émigration ne fait que miner cette force et de ce fait, mine l'avenir et la survivance de la nation.

Émigration et ruralisme

L'émigration aux États-Unis affecte d'abord le monde rural du Québec et celui de l'Acadie. Cependant, pour l'émigrant, le contact avec la vie américaine est une expérience essentiellement urbaine. Ainsi, l'analyse que fait Groulx de l'émigration est intimement liée au ruralisme qui sous-tend sa pensée. Dans son esprit, l'émigration englobe non seulement l'exode des Canadiens français vers les États-Unis, mais également vers la ville en général. En effet, ces deux mouvements mettent le Canadien français en danger. Voilà pourquoi il aborde l'émigration et l'urbanisation conjointement. Pour Groulx, les causes, conséquences et remèdes de l'émigration sont, en grande partie, identiques à ceux de l'urbanisation.

Dans cette discussion, il faut préférer le terme ruralisme à celui "d'agriculturisme." Selon l'historien Michel Brunet (1917-85), qui fut le premier à introduire ce mot dans le vocabulaire des sciences historiques au Canada français, "l'agriculturisme" serait "avant tout une façon générale de penser, une philosophie de la vie qui idéalise le passé, condamne le présent et se méfie de l'ordre social moderne."[5] Fondé, en partie, sur "un amour déréglé de l'agriculture," l'agriculturisme consacre un refus de l'âge industriel et soutient que le monde occidental s'est égaré durant la révolution industrielle, oubliant ainsi que la véritable force des nations est fondée sur l'agriculture (Brunet 199). Pour Brunet, on "pourrait résumer toute la politique agriculturiste par ce mot d'ordre: 'Pour vivre heureux, refusez de vivre à votre époque.' Il serait plus juste de dire: 'Si vous voulez vivre une vie diminuée, réfugiez-vous dans le passé'" (Brunet 139).

Cette définition a été formulée durant les années 1950 alors que""l'agriculturisme" était encore présent dans l'univers intellectuel du Canada français. De ce fait, le texte de Brunet affiche une certaine qualité polémique et mériterait d'être nuancé. De plus, le terme "agriculturisme" est mal choisi car il attire exagérément l'attention sur l'agriculture alors que, même pour Brunet, il désigne une réalité plus complexe. Voilà pourquoi il est préférable de parler de ruralisme. Le ruralisme est une façon de penser qui valorise le monde rural et comporte une grande méfiance à l'égard de l'industrie à grande échelle et des métropoles urbaines. Le ruraliste croit

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que l'être humain connaît une vie plus épanouie dans un cadre de vie rurale. Ainsi, il valorise non seulement l'agriculture mais aussi les petites industries rurales et l'univers de la petite ville régionale. Au Canada français, il s'agit d'une mise en valeur du mode de vie traditionnel au détriment de la société industrielle et moderne. Diffusé notamment par le clergé et les intellectuels conservateurs, don't l'autorité et le prestige sont intimements liés à la vitalité du Québec rural traditionnel, le ruralisme canadien-français exerce de l'influence sur la sphère politique. Par ailleurs, la structure électorale québécoise, qui a toujours accordé un poids politique disproportionné aux régions rurales, a contribué à assurer la rentabilité politique des idées ruralistes. La vie littéraire du Canada français a également subi l'influence du ruralisme avant la Deuxième Guerre mondiale. De *La terre paternelle* (1846) de Patrice Lacombe (1807-1863) au *Survenant* (1948) de Germaine Guèvremont (1893-1968), le roman du terroir, expression la plus pure du régionalisme littéraire canadien-français, fera longtemps fortune au Québec.

S'il est vrai que le ruralisme s'allie mieux à la pensée traditionaliste et droitiste,[6] il s'agit néanmoins d'une *valeur polymorphe*—le ruralisme n'est pas en soi une idéologie complète—qui peut se greffer à plusieurs tendances idéologiques. Voilà pourquoi il existe un ruralisme de droite, comme celui des *Southern Agrarians* américains ou de l'intellectuel français Charles Maurras (1858-1952), un ruralisme libéral et centriste qu'on retrouve dans la pensée jeffersonienne aux États-Unis (voir Hofstadter 18-43), et un ruralisme d'extrême gauche dont les principaux représentants furent les dictateurs asiatiques Pol Pot (1928-1998) et Mao Tsé-Toung (1893-1976). Traditionalisme devenu fou et meurtrier, le ruralisme d'extrême gauche est surtout un instrument de nivellement social. Dans sa version droitiste, le ruralisme est une valeur qui naît avec la modernité industrielle puisque contre elle. Ainsi, au Canada français, le ruralisme apparaît au dix-neuvième siècle et s'intensifie avec chaque vague industrielle qui déferle sur le Québec, avant d'entrer en déclin après la Deuxième Guerre mondiale alors que la pensée traditionaliste s'estompe progressivement.[7]

Le ruralisme de l'abbé Groulx, comme c'est le cas chez la plupart des ruralistes canadiens-français de l'époque, comporte deux tendances. D'abord, on retrouve dans ses écrits, un ruralisme doctrinal, essentiellement moral, qui s'apparente à la définition que donne Brunet de "l'agriculturalisme." La campagne et la vie agricole constituent un cadre de vie foncièrement plus sain que celui de la ville et de la grande industrie. L'urbanisation serait donc une'"déchéance sociale" pour l'agriculteur et, collectivement, un malheur pour la nation. Ensuite, on peut également déceler, chez Groulx mais aussi chez d'autres ruralistes canadiens-français, un ruralisme situationnel, fondé sur les particularités économiques du contexte national. À ce niveau, l'abbé accepte l'industrialisation comme inévitable dans le contexte nord-américain et compte tenu de la géographie du Québec et de ses ressources, mais persiste à s'en méfier. Ainsi, l'industrie est méprisée parce qu'elle est mise en place trop rapidement et bouleverse l'ordre social traditionnel de la nation. De plus, cette industrie est sous contrôle étranger et les Canadiens français ne s'y intègrent qu'en tant que prolétaires. Groulx se méfie de l'urbanisation parce qu'elle jette le Canadien français dans un monde dominé par l'étranger et consacre son infériorité économique. En somme, le ruralisme situationnel de l'abbé ne rejette pas l'industrialisation mais plutôt l'américanisation des villes et des industries du Canada français. Comme le montre son attitude à l'égard de l'École des Hautes Études commerciales, où il enseigne, et ses prises de position dans les années 1950 comme dans les années 1920, il souhaite le renforcement de la bourgeoisie d'affaires canadienne-française ainsi que l'expansion du nombre et, dans une certaine mesure, de la taille des entreprises industrielles et commerciales appartenant à des patrons canadiens-français.

Le ruralisme doctrinal correspond à ce que les Américains appellent'*agrarianism* et ses thèmes sont largement répandus en Occident. C'est pourquoi le ruralisme doctrinal du Canada français a de fortes affinités avec celui que l'on retrouve chez les traditionalistes américains ou français. Ici, comme ailleurs, ses fondements sont moraux. Le ruralisme situationnel est une critique essentiellement socio-économique et propre au contexte canadien-français.

Ces deux types de ruralisme se côtoient dans la pensée de l'abbé Groulx et ne s'atténuent pas avec le temps.[8] Ainsi, il est loin d'être clair quel ruralisme domine dans sa pensée. Le défaut central des thèses de Brunet et d'Angers (voir la note 5) est d'avoir trop mis l'accent sur l'un ou l'autre des types de ruralisme. Chez Groulx et d'autres traditionalistes canadiens-français, les deux éléments sont présents. Toutefois, en cherchant à dévaloriser la pensée traditionnelle, Brunet analyse surtout le pendant "anachronique" du ruralisme, le ruralisme doctrinal. Angers, pour sa part, en voulant contrer cette vision, se penche d'abord sur le ruralisme situationnel.[9]

Ici, il sera surtout question de ruralisme doctrinal. En effet, lorsque Groulx discute des conséquences néfastes de la vie urbaine et industrielle sur l'émigré canadien-français, il ne se penche que de façon minimale sur le contrôle étranger de l'industrie québécoise. Puisque les émigrés se sont dirigés vers les États-Unis, il est logique que leur prolétarisation soit dirigée par des Américains! Toutefois, s'il est normal que l'ouvrier travaille pour des Américains, cet état de fait est aussi néfaste aux États-Unis qu'au Canada.

Puisqu'elle affecte surtout le monde rural, l'émigration bouleverse d'abord l'équilibre ville-campagne traditionnel au Canada Français. Elle consacre

la prépondérance numérique moins longtemps gardée des masses

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rurales sur les masses urbaines; le réservoir des vertus saines qu'alimente partout la force paysanne, épandant une fécondité moins généreuse; et, par là, dans l'économie de la vie nationale, un équilibre plus instable, plus précaire. (Groulx 1928, 29a)

L'émigration est un désastre non seulement parce qu'elle éparpille la nation mais aussi parce qu'elle jette le Canadien français dans un univers urbain et industriel qui nuit à sa survivance. Ainsi, les émigrants sont des'"malheureux que le machinisme, les moeurs urbaines, allaient ... achever d'avilir" (Groulx 1931, 89). Pour Groulx. La survivance canadienne-française a été assurée, en partie, par son milieu social orginal, la campagne. La terre n'est pas "l'unique condition de la survivance, ni même la principale," mais son rôle y demeure important.[10] L'agriculture "garderait à sa plus haute valeur notre premier capital, notre capital humain; elle établirait chez nous l'état social le plus favorable au développement d'un état de puissance" (Groulx 1933, 328).

Selon Groulx, la première constante de l'histoire canadienne-française a été "notre vocation paysanne" (Groulx, 1937, 211). L'émigré déroge donc à sa vocation historique lorsqu'il quitte sa terre. Puisque c'est l'univers rural qui forge l'âme canadienne-française, quitter ce cadre de vie, c'est se forger une nouvelle âme. L'émigrant laisse derrière lui deux milieux, son milieu national, le Canada, et son milieu social, l'agriculture. Ce double déracinement boulverse son âme et met en danger sa survivance. Pour Groulx, "changer, détériorer ou révolutionner son milieu national, [serait] pour un peuple une expérience des plus graves, un risque suprême" (Groulx,1937a, 192). Le bouleversement est donc à la fois culturel et moral. L'émigrant risque l'assimilation ou la perte de ses vertus traditionnelles. Citant le Tocqueville du Canada, André Siegfried (1875-1959), Groulx affirme que "la ville est mortelle au paysan canadien-français." Ce danger tient au fait que "la civilisation industrielle" est "l'antithèse " de la civilisation canadienne-française. Autant l'une est "matérialiste, quantitative [et] dédaigneuse de la dignité humaine," l'autre est "spiritualiste, qualitative [et] personnaliste" (Groulx 1952., 197-98). En effet, comment ne pas voir en l'ouvrier canadien-français "un type abâtardi de la race?" (Groulx 1933, 330).

Pour l'abbé, la terre, en particulier le sol des ancêtres, a la capacité de régénérer à la fois l'individu et la nation. Ce thème ruraliste apparaît clairement dans son oeuvre romanesque. Dans son deuxième roman, *Au Cap Blomidon*, dont la thèse centrale est ruraliste, le héros, Jean Bérubé, est un Acadien établi au Québec dont l'âme est régénérée par la reprise de la terre de ses ancêtres dans le Bassin des Mines. Récit mystique, sorte de *Macbeth* du Canada Français où interviennent volontiers fantômes et sorcières, *Au Cap Blomidon* est également l'histoire d'un pionnier dont le retour à l'Acadie des origines présage un renouveau pour la nation acadienne, une revanche pour la déportation qui s'opère par le biais d'une reconquête du Bassin des Mines. Dans ses écrits, Groulx a toujours déploré ce qu'il estimait être le manque de vocation agricole des Acadiens. La pêche, principale activité économique de l'Acadien, fait de lui une sorte de vagabond, un être facilement attiré par les salaires industriels des États-Unis. L'abbé est convaincu que l'agriculteur, quant à lui, reste plus attaché au sol et aux traditions ancestrales que ne l'est le pêcheur. Il serait mieux enraciné dans son milieu national et mones enclin à l'exode. Pour contrer le fléau de l'émigration, "les Acadiens ont besoin, de même que les Canadiens Français [*sic*], leurs frères, d'une réadaptation économique" (Groulx 1932a, 151). Cette réadaptation se centrerait sur un retour à la terre. "L'orientation vers l'agriculture s'impose si l'on veut [qu'en Acadie] la race française s'empare du sol, qu'elle garde sa moralité, ses habitudes de tempérance...et aussi qu'elle se livre aux travaux qui font appel à l'effort de l'esprit" (Groulx 1915a, 18). Ce retour à la terre serait une des conditions nécessaires pour assurer la survivance acadienne car "les peuples agricoles sont les plus endurants, les plus magnifiques créateurs de vie, les plus difficiles à vaincre" (Groulx 1932a, 151). Groulx mise sur la terre pour réformer "le tempérament national" des Acadiens car elle "habituerait au long effort [et] corrigerait le Bohème [de] certains types acadiens" (Groulx 1915, 2).

Dans son premier roman, *L'appel de la race*, le thème de la terre régénératrice est également présent. Dans ce récit à thèse, le protagoniste Jules de Lantagnac, un avocat d'Ottawa embourgeoisé et anglicisé, reçoit "l'appel de la race" après avoir visité la terre de ses ancêtres dans les Laurentides. Ici encore, la terre possède des qualités mystiques: elle lie le Canadien français à ses traditions, à son passé, à ses ancêtres et elle porte conseil. Ainsi, le contact avec le sol ancestral provoque une transformation profonde dans l'âme de Lantagnac. Citadin jadis déraciné et presque assimilé, le héros devient un apôtre de la survivance franco-ontarienne.

Comme ce fut le cas pour Lantagnac, l'urbanisation altère le caractère du Canadien français à plusieurs points de vue. La ville affecte sa santé et sa fécondité. La "terre, la campagne sont les grandes productrices d'hommes" tandis que "les grandes villes...sont d'effroyables mangeuses d'hommes" (Groulx 1933, 329). Les métropoles souffrent de surpeuplement et de problèmes d'hygiène qui entraînent des taux de fécondité inférieurs à ceux de la campagne et des taux de mortalité, notamment de mortalité infantile, supérieurs. Les dangers des accidents industriels et la promiscuité urbaine offrent un contraste choquant avec l'atmosphère saine de la campagne. Dans ses *Mémoires*, Groulx personnalise ce jugement sur le travail industriel. Il affirme que le travail que son père effectuait au New Jersey contribua à la mauvaise santé qui finit par l'emporter (Groulx 1974, 96-97).

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L'urbanisation affecte également la famille canadienne-française. À ses yeux, la famille traditionnelle, marquée par l'autorité paternelle, la solidarité et une robuste fécondité, est une des sources de la survivance. "La famille rurale est la force et l'honneur de notre race" (Groulx 1927, 134). Toutefois, dans les grandes villes, ces traits s'affaissent. Ainsi, la famille traditionnelle fait place "à la famille individualiste des milieux ouvriers: famille où chaque enfant, gagnant sa vie, peut se targuer d'indépendance à l'égard de ses parents, et où la maison est moins un foyer qu'une pension." L'autorité paternelle baisse, et la contraception, le travail féminin rémunéré, le divorce et même le concubinage sont à l'ordre du jour (Groulx 1950, 62).

Dans la pensée groulxiste, la ville est marquée par de mauvaises moeurs qui minent les traditions du Canada français. Le cosmopolitisme et l'américanisme sont au fond de ce problème. Les divertissements urbains, comme le cinéma, mettent l'ouvrier en contact avec un monde immoral. En plus d'exposer le travailleur canadien-français aux moeurs et croyances des immigrants et des Anglais, l'atmosphère cosmopolite de la ville l'expose également à des idées malsaines et étrangères, De plus, l'embrigadement de nos ouvriers dans des associations étrangères, étrangères à eux non seulement par le pays d'origine, en certains cas, mais par la poi, par la langue, par la philosophie sociale," comporte des risques "pour la culture, pour les traditions religieuses, pour notre structure sociale" (Groulx 1944, 159). La criminalité des grandes villes est également un danger selon Groulx, qui dit "l'agglomération des hommes, comme celle des pommes, engendre la pourriture" (Groulx 1924, 193). Enfin, l'on viole plus souvent le repos dominical en ville.

Toutes ces mauvaises moeurs minent la spiritualité de l'ouvrier. La baisse de la pratique religieuse en milieu urbain met en danger la survivance de l'ouvrier et sape les bases de la paroisse. Par ailleurs, "le nomadisme trop fréquent du citadin" affaiblit son attachement à sa paroisse et fait baisser sa spiritualité (Groulx 1933, 338). Pour Groulx, la paroisse est l'une des institutions qui a su assurer la survivance du Canada français. Son affaiblissement, tout comme la baisse de la pratique, mine les assises religieuses de la famille et de la nation. De façon générale, "la civilisation technique expulse le sentiment religieux" (Groulx 1953a, 100). De plus, l'ouvrier travaille généralement pour des étrangers, surtout des Américains qui, dans l'esprit de l'abbé, sont foncièrement matérialistes. Or, "un peuple incline fatalement vers la civilisation où il gagne sa vie" (Groulx à Marie-de-la-Charité, s.g.c., 1er mars 1960).[11]

Fondamentalement, son rejet de la civilisation américaine et industrielle est un rejet de la modernité et de sa dimension idéologique, le libéralisme. Voilà pourquoi son antiaméricansime et celui de beaucoup de ses contemporains est essentiellement un traditionalisme antilibéral. Groulx rejette la civilisation américaine parce qu'elle est, à ses yeux, matérialiste et, de ce fait, incompatible avec la civilisation canadienne-française, dont les fondements sont spirituels. Pour lui, la "nocivité" de la civilisation américaine se centre sur trois points:

1. Elle s'adresse ... au culte du corps beaucoup plus qu'a l'âme. Elle ne croit pas en une autre vie. Elle s'arrête à la religion du confort, à la religion de l'argent.

2. Elle a perdu le sens chrétien du mariage et de la famille.

3. On l'a assez dit: c'est par trop une civilisation de démesure, du gigantisme. (Groulx à Marie-de-la-Charité, s.g.c., 1er mars 1960).

Par ailleurs, l'univers industriel expose l'ouvrier aux dangers du chômage et de l'indigence. Durant la crise, Groulx oppose le secours direct, dont vivent des milliers de chômeurs urbains, à la sécurité relative du monde agricole pour promouvoir le maintien des agriculteurs sur leurs terres (Groulx 1937, 229). La mentalité de l'ouvrier peut également mener à l'indigence. Si Groulx critique l'imprévoyance des agriculteurs, il est beaucoup plus sévère envers celle des ouvriers. Les ouvriers ont tendance à être "dépensiers, prodigues, imprévoyants à la façon indienne, incapables d'amasser pour le prochain hiver, pour la période de chômage" (Groulx 1933, 330).

Pour lui, "tout départ de la campagne implique presque invariablement une déchéance sociale" (Groulx 1941, 28). En quittant sa terre, l'émigrant, qu'il parte pour Montréal ou pour Woonsocket, se retrouve presque toujours dans le prolétariat. L'industrie étant contrôlée par des étrangers, le Canadien français ne peut s'y intéger qu'en tant que manoeuvre. Selon lui, "notre peuple s'est prolétarisé dans les conditions les plus défavorables pour lui, à l'époque où le capitalisme moderne atteignait à l'apogée de sa malfaisance" (Groulx 1933, 330). Cet état de servitude tranche nettement avec l'indépendance du monde agricole. À ce titre, Groulx déclare à des membres de l'Union catholique des cultivateurs en 1926 que "la grande industrie n'est pas à notre portée; la propriété agricole l'a toujours été et le sera toujours" (Groulx 1926a, 3). Nous touchons ici aux aspects situationnels, socio-économiques, du ruralisme groulxiste. L'urbanisation constitue une déchéance sociale pour l'agriculteur parce qu'elle mène invariablement à la prolétarisation. En effet, le "développement industriel trop soudain et trop rapide nous a trouvés impréparés financièrement et techniquement" (Groulx 1941, 25). En attendant l'émancipation économique, l'abbé préfère voir l'agriculteur canadien-français se cramponner au sol.

La prolétarisation engendre l'exploitation et la déshumanisation de l'ouvrier. Celui-ci doit subsister avec des salaires de misère qui compromettent son bien-être et la taille de sa famille. La prolétarisation crée un "homme nouveau," "à l'état de robot, " car "l'ouvrier contemporain est un homme proprement déshumanisé." Or "un homme qui se déshumanise, ... c'est un homme qui se déchristianise" (Groulx 1950, 63). Selon Groulx, le capitalisme et le machinisme sont *(Suite page 69)*

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"enclins au mépris de la personne humaine" (Groulx 1935, 291). Dans le vocabulaire groulxiste, les mots ouvriers ou prolétaires sont souvent rattachés à robot, bête ou esclave. Par exemple, dans son roman acadien *Au Cap Blomidon*, l'abbé fait dire à son héros, Jean Bérubé, que "si j'étais parti pour les facteries des États [j'aurais passé toute ma vie] autour d'une machine, comme une bête" (Groulx 1932, 25). Par ailleurs, si le travail industriel est déhumanisant, le travail agricole est humanisant. Pour Groulx, il est pénible de constater que les agriculteurs, qui appartiennent "par tradition à l'une des professions les plus humanisantes, n'aient d'autre rêve à nourrir que celui de se faire ouvriers" (Groulx 1953, 134).

Le travail industriel affecte également l'ambition de l'ouvrier. Déshumanisé et déshérité, celui-ci se résigne à son sort. Or l'abbé souhaite ardemment voir l'émancipation économique des Canadiens français. Cet objectif, qui nécessite une forte réaction, est compromis par le développement "chez une portion considérable des masses populaires, [d']une sorte de résignation sereine à domesticité, aux emplois subalternes, au prolétariat perpétuel" (Groulx 1972, 169).

Dans la cosmologie groulxiste, les agriculteurs constituent la classe moyenne, alors que l'ouvrier fait partie de la classe inférieure. L'homme rural est placé sur le marchepied de l'élévation sociale" d'où se dresse le "vol facile vers toutes les supériorités" (Groulx 1933, 331). De ce fait, l'abbé a toujours cru que c'est sur cette classe moyenne que "s'appuie d'ordinaire l'élan vers les classes supérieures" (Groulx 1931, 57). Donnant en exemple le maréchal et chef d'État français Philippe Pétain (1856-1951), qui comme Groulx était un campagnard de naissance, et dont le traditionalisme impressionnait bien des intellectuels canadiens-français et franco-américains, l'abbé affirme que "dans tous les pays du monde on s'accorde à constater que l'élite de la nation vient le plus généralement de la souche paysanne." Cette élite est la plus consciente des véritables problèmes de la nation car elle "est formée dans le milieu le plus approprié [rural] et à la plus grande école [l'agriculture] qui soient" (Groulx 1953, 138). L'émigration et ses inévitables séquelles, l'urbanisation et le prolétarisation du peuple, sont donc un frein à son ascension sociale et à son émancipation économique puisque le prolétaire est prisonnier d'un cadre social qui le désavantage, l'asservit. Partir pour les États-Unis ou pour Montréal est donc une condamnation à l'exploitation perpétuelle, à la fois pour l'individu et pour la nation.

Enfin, selon Groulx, le prolétariat est une classe instable qui peut facilement verser dans la révolution si elle n'est pas solidement encadrée. En effet, l'ouvrier exploité et déhumanisé côtoie des étrangers aux idées malsaines, voire même subversives. De plus, le capitalisme industriel crée des inégalités sociales criantes. Or l'inégalité sociale engendre la révolution. En 1946, il affirmera que les "jeunes ouvriers canadiens-français [sont] guettés par des influences malsaines" et que, "chez nous, le communisme et autres pholosophies perverses gagnent du terrain" (Groulx 1944, 171). Une partie de l'instabilité de la classe ouvrière provient de son manque de propriété foncière. Ainsi, "le meilleur antidote contre" l'esprit révolutionnaire" serait "la propriété et particulièrement...la propriété rurale" (Groulx 1933, 346). Voilà pourquoi les agriculteurs constituent le groupe social le plus réfractaire aux doctrines subversives. Ils vivent également dans un milieu où la richesse est mieux répartie et souffrent moins des inégalités sociales qui fomentent la révolution.

Pourtant, si la prolétarisation engendre le désordre social, l'abbé souligne à ses étudiants que l'émigration du dix-neuvième siècle a peut-être préservé le Canada français d'une révolution:

L'émigration agit comme une soupape de sûreté. Parlons plus juste: Elle fut l'hémorragie violente qui ne préserve un organisme de certaines catastrophes que pour le laisser d'éprimé, atteint parfois dans sa vie profonde. Tout autre, on peut du moins le présumer, eût pu être l'attitude de la populaiton rurale, enfermée dans les vieilles seigneuries, comme dans un enclos, poussée aux voies extrêmes par des démagogues et ruminant ses misères sans autre espoir de les alléger que l'aussaut au manoir. (Groulx 1928, 90)

Conclusion

Traditionaliste peu friand de ruptures, Lionel Groulx craint finalement plus la révolution qu'une saignée démographique. Si l'émigration est un désastre national, la nation y a pourtant survécu. Toutefois, la nation de l'abbé Groulx n'aurait pas pu survivre à une révolution libérale et anticléricale.

La conception qu'a Groulx de l'émigration et de ses conséquences est largement tributaire de son traditionalisme. Voilà pourquoi il observe l'émigration canadienne-française et acadienne à travers le prisme de son messianisme et de son ruralisme. Or, l'émigration nuit à la mission spirituelle du Canada français parce qu'elle affaiblit et éparpille la nation. Dans son esprit, la vocation apostolique de la nation est intimement liée à l'univers rural et laurentien. Ainsi, son ruralisme est associé à sa vision de l'émigration et à son messianisme. De plus, le ruralisme doctrinal lui interdit toute sympathie à l'égard de l'émigration. Groulx assimile l'émigration à l'urbanisation. Or il est clair à ses yeux que la vie urbaine et industrielle déshumanise l'agriculteur canadien-français et met en danger sa foi, premier élément dans la cosmologie groulxiste.[12] La ville, qu'elle soit américaine ou canadienne, n'est pas un lieu propice à l'épanouissement de la vie catholique et française. Voilà pourquoi, à l'instar de plusieurs autres intellectuels de sa génération, l'abbé Groulx, campagnard de naissance, a réussi à habiter l'Île de Montréal pendant une majeure partie de sa vie sans pourtant développer un véritable attachement sentimental envers la métropole du Canada français.[13]

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Notes

[1]Cet article est une version revue et corrigée du premier chapitre de mon mémoire de maîtrise sur "Lionel Groulx et la Franco-Américanie" (2000a). J'ai pu aborder d'autres aspects des relations entre l'abbé Groulx et les Franco-Américains dans les pages des revues *Mens* (2000) et *Francophonies d'Amérique* (2002). Je tiens à remercier les professeurs Pierre Trépanier (Université de Montréal) et Claude Bélanger (Marianopolis College) pour l'aide précieuse qu'ils ont apportée à la redaction de toutes ces etudes. La révision de cet article a été rendue possible grace à un *fellowship* de l'Institut d'études canadiennes de McGill.

[2]Dans l'ensemble, le groulxisme est un nationalisme ethnoreligieux reconnaissant au Québec un rôle prééminent en Amérique française. Mais il ne s'agit pas d'un nationalisme québécois. En effet, la nation de l'abbé est canadienne-française et l'intérêt qu'il porte à la survivance des minorités françaises reste central dans sa conception de la nation. L'Amérique françaises est une entité dont les fondements sont d'abord ethniques et spirituels. Néanmoins, la province de Québec est bien le foyer territorial de la nation et son expression politique. Coeur de l'Amérique française, le Québec doit jouer un rôle de métropole vis-à-vis la diaspora.

[3]Dans la théologie judéo-chrétienne, le messainisme fait référence à l'attente et l'espérance du Messie. Cependant, les anthropologues, sociologues, politologues et historiens s'accordent pour lui donner trois ou quatre autres sens. D'abord, on range sous la catégorie du messianisme toute construction idéologique, même étrangère au nationalisme, qui insiste sur la mission civilisatrice d'un pays (la France: *gesta Dei per Francos*; Les États-Unis: la manifest destiny qui légitime le fait d'arracher au Mexique, par ememple, une partie de son territoire), d'une religion (l'Islam, le protestantisme et le catholicisme missionnaires), d'une race (le'"fardeau de l'homme blanc"), d'un système économique (le libéralisme économique) ou d'un système politique (la démocratie). Ensuite, le mot souligne la tendance à l'universalisation des institutions et des valeurs que l'on rencontre souvent dans les nationalismes: ainsi, le nationalisme est volontiers expansionniste et, comme certains nationalistes ne peuvent s'empêcher de croire que leurs institutions et valeurs nationales sont supérieures à celles des autres, ils se convainquent qu'ils ont le droit de les imposer aux populations conquises. On qualifie également de messianisme un projet plue ou moins utopique véhiculé par une sorte de prophète laïque, telle l'instauration de la société sans classe de Marx. Enfin, le terme désigne, en Afrique, dans le monde musulman, etc., un chef religieux ou un mouvement politico-religieux qui se met à la tête d'une révolte ou d'une réaction contre la puissance occupante (il arrive que ces mouvements s'appuient sur un syncrétisme entre la religion de la puissance impériale et la foi traditionnelle). Le "Messie" peut donc être un homme, un mouvement, une classe, une caste, un peuple, une race, un État, une religion, etc. Dans le contexte canadien-français, il s'agit d'une croyance liée au présumé rôle apostolique des Canadiens Français. Peuple élu par Dieu pour propager la foi catholique sur le continent nord-américain, le Canada français serait une nation messianique. Cette idée apparaît au dix-neuvième siècle puis s'étiole après la Deuxième Guerre mondiale. (Je tiens à remercier M. Pierre Trépanier d'avoir attiré mon attention sure la diversité des messianismes). '

[4]Dans son *Manuel* inédit, l'abbé Groulx confond Onésime et Élisée Reclus.

[5]En fait, le texte de Brunet a engendré un débat historiographique au sujet de "l'agriculturisme" canadien-français, notamment sur le réseau des intellectuels traditionalistes qui gravitent autour de la revue L'Action française. Certains érudits, donc l'historienne Susan Mann Trofimenkoff dans son' Action française: French Canadian Nationalism in the Twenties (1975) et Jean-Pierre Gaboury dans son Le nationalisme de Lionel Groulx. Aspects idéologiques (1970), acceptent les postulats de base de l'analyse de Brunet tout en y apportant des nuances importantes. D'autres suivent l'interprétation de l'économiste François-Albert Angers, et soulignent que la génération nationaliste de L'Action français n'est pas "agriculturiste." Selon lui, ce n'est pas l'industrialisation qui inquiète L'Action française mais son développement rapide et anarchique qui crée un déséquilibre dans l'économie et la société canadienne-française. Ainsi, ce n'est pas l'industrie que l'on rejette, mais plutôt le contrôle étranger des ressources industrielles du Québec (Angers 427, 431). Récemment, cette analyse a été reprise dans les pages de la Revue d'histoire de l'Amérique française par l'historien Jean-Claude Dupuis. Pour lui, c'est Montréal et non "la ville," qui inguiète Groulx et L'Action française. La revue nationaliste rejette surtout la concentration industrielle et l'américanisation de la société urbaine et non l'industrie en général (Dupuis 213). Pour leur part, Gaboury et Trofimenkoff opèrent une synthèse entre les thèses de Brunet et d'Angers. Gaboury fut le premier à se pencher sur'"l'agriculturisme" de Groulx. Selon lui, l'abbé s'inquiète surtout de l'industrialisation massive du Canada français et cherche à promouvoir un meilleur équilibre entre la ville et la campagne et entre l'agriculture et la grande industrie. S'il est vrai que la civilsation industrielle est l'antithèse de la civilisation canadienne-française, il reste que le Canada français est appelé, pour une part, à devenir un peuple industriel (Gaboury 177-78). Si sa thèse s'apparente à celle d'Angers, il accepte néanmoins les postulats de base de la thése de Brunet. Groulx est donc un "agriculturiste."

[6]Dans son ouvrage classique sur le populisme américain, l'historien américain Norman Pollack, souligne que'"clearly, agrarians (les ruralistes) often aligned with conservative groups in the vain attemt to turn back history," par conséquent,'"whether radical or conservative, agrarianism in a world perspective takes on the shape of a retrogressive social force" (Pollack 2-3).

[7]Le philosophe Morton White relève une évolution similaire pour le ruralisme américain: "For while our society became more and more urban throughout the nineteenth century, the literary tendancy to denigrate the city hardly declined; if anything its intensity increased. One of the most typical elements in our national life, the growing city, became the bête noire of our most distinguished intellectuals rather than their favorite" (White 14). Pour Michel Brunet, l'avènement et l'ampleur de "l'agriculturisme" canadien-français sont intimement liés aux effets de la Conquête de 1760. Ce désastre national condamne les Canadiens français à vivre une vie diminuée et à se réfugier dans des systèmes d'idées (agriculturisme, messainisme et anti-étatisme) qui compensent leur infériorité économique en la transmuant en une valeur positive. S'il reconnaît qu'au "Canada anglais et aux États-Unis, l'idéal agriculturiste a eu d'éloquents défenseurs. Néanmoins, ceux-ci furent toujours une minorité don't l'influence était restreinte à quelques milieux isolés. Leurs conceptions sociales et économiques n'ont pas guidé les principaux dirigeants de la politique, de l'économie et de l'enseignement" (Brunet 120). L'historien néonationaliste a tort de prétendre que les ruralismes canadien-anglais et américain sont des phénomènes marginaux. Certes, leurs fondements idéologiques sont parfois très differents, mais leur influence reste consdérable.

(Suite page 71)

(L'abbé Lionel Groulx suite de page 70)

Au Canada anglais, le ruralisme s'incarne notamment dans la pensée traditionaliste des intellectuels impérialistes et, sous une forme plus progressiste, dans les puissants mouvements Granger et United Farmers de l'Ontario et des Prairies. Répandu et important, le ruralisme a également exercé une influence considérable sur ce que le célèbre historien Richard Hofstadter (1916-70) appelle "the American political tradition" et sur la vie littéraire des États-Unis. Morton White parle même d'une "powerful traditon of anti-urbanism in the history of American thought" (White 15). Somme toute, l'importance historique des ruralismes américain et canadien-anglais est probablement comparable à celle du Canada français (voir Corbeil). Toujours prêt à blâmer l'Anglais pour les maux du Canada français, Brunet se trompe également en établissant un lien trop direct entre la Conquête et' "l'agriculturisme." Assurément, l'infériorité économique des Canadiens français crée le ruralisme situationnel. Cependant, le ruralisme doctrinal n'est pas un résultat de la Conquête. Si les effects de 1760 ont pu intensifier le ruralisme canadien-français, c'est une doctrine qui naît avecLaur la révolution industrielle.

[8]À ce titre, Groulx publie son texte le plus ultraruraliste en 1950. Véritable petit catéchisme de l'antimodernisme, "Aux tournants de l'histoire," paraît dans les pages de la revue Relations, organe des Jésuites canadiens-français.

[9]Aux États-Unis, où un ruralisme vigoureux et complexe traverse le temps et les courants idéologiques, le débat historiographique concernant le ruralisme du Parti populiste des années 1890 ressemble beaucoup à celui qui entoure L'Action française de Montréal, à savoir: quel ruralisme est dominant, le doctinal ou le situatinnel? Norman Pollack résume le débat ainsi: "Did Populism accept industrialism and social change, basing its protest on what it believed to be the realities of the 1890's? Or did it seek instead to restore pre-industrial society, comprehending neither the major trends of its age nor the solutions necessary to cope with these altered circumstances? Was Populism therefore a progressive or retrogressive, a forward- or backward-looking, social force?" (Pollack 2).

[10]En cela, Groulx différait de son ami Alexandre Dugré, s.j. (1887-1958), s'il faut en croire ses Mémoires:"Un passionné des terres neuves, de l'établissement des colons, panacée, pour lui, de presque tous nos maux" (Groulx 1972, 271)."

[11]Les lettre et manuscrits cités ou évoqués dans cet article proviennent tous du Fonds Lionel-Groulx des Archives du Centre de recherche Lionel-Groulx, 261 avenue Bloomfield, Montréal (Québec).

[12]Selon Morton White, "once it is recognized that not all writers who criticized the American city did so in the name of a romantic attachment to the forest, irrationality, spontaneity, and the unaided heart, it becomes easier to take some literary and philosophical attacks on the city more seriously. Or at any rate, it becomes more difficult to dismiss them all as irresponsible, just as it becomes more difficult to dismiss them all as the product of racism, nativism, or anti-Sentimism when one realizes that many American writers criticized the city without being gripped by irrational prejudice" (White 231). En effet, à l'instar des critiques américaines de la ville, le ruralisme groulxiste n'est pas un simple délire traditionaliste. Ses fondements sont largement rationnels. Sur certains aspects, il rejoint la critique marxiste de l'organisation de la société capitaliste et industrielle. Par ailleurs, ce ruralisme est loin d'être déplacé dans le contexte de l'époque, compte tenu de l'insalubrité de plusieurs grandes villes nord-américaines, et en particulier de Montréal, avant la Deuxième Guerre mondiale. Enfin, même certains de ses aspects moraux tiennent de la raison. Au Canada français et ailleurs, il est clair que la perte de sentiment religieux est en partie liée aux effets de l'urbanisation.

[13]Pour Morton White, ce comportement serait typiquement ruraliste: "Of course there were some like Walt Whitman and William James who could at times speak affectionately about New York, but they were on such occasions voices crying in 'the city wilderness,' to use a phrase of their time. The volume of their voices did not compare with the anti-urban roar produced in the national literary pantheon by Jefferson, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, Poe, Henry Adams, Henry James, and William Dean Howells. Therefore today's admirers of the American city would do well to realize that the American anti-urbanist has not lived only in the Kentucky mountains, in the Rockies, on the farm, in the Ozarks or in the Cracker country. He has also lived in the mind and heart of America as conceived by the intellectual historian. The intellect, whose home is the city according to some sociologists, has produced the sharpest criticism of the American city" (White 14).

(Suite page 72)

(L'abbé Lionel Groulx suite de page 71)

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Le Conseil de la vie française en Amérique

Québec, 11 novembre 2004. Le Conseil de la vie française en Amérique est heureux d'annoncer que l'activité « Un livre ouvert sur l'Amérique » a permis d'amasser 12 000 livres destinés à des communautés francophones de la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Du 15 au 19 mars dernier, les gens du Québec et plus particulièrement ceux de la région de l'Estrie ont été invités à participer à la collecte de livres annuelle du CVFA. Après les opérations de tri, de catalogage et d'emballage, les dons seront livrés dans les prochains jours au Centre franco-américain de l'Université du Maine à Orono, responsable de la réception et de la distribution des volumes. De nombreux organismes bénéficieront de la générosité des Québécois.

UMaine Franco-American Centre Distributing Thousands of French Language Books to New England Franco Centers and their Communities from it's "Collecte 2004"

ORONO – Novels, textbooks, encyclopedias, dictionaries, biographies, histories and children's books in French were among nearly 12,000 books that arrived on Dec. 9 at the Franco-American Centre at UMaine, a stopover before being distributed free to communities throughout New England over the next several weeks.

The books, donated in Quebec Province to le Conseil de la Vie Française en Amérique (the Council on French Life in North America <www.cvfa.ca>) are a part of an educational outreach effort by the Franco-American Centre and the Conseil to help people of French heritage in North America to support the French heritage in New England.

The books were donated by schools, businesses and individuals in Québec to strengthen ties between people of French heritage in the United States and Canada, and to help Franco-Americans maintain their culture and language.

"This is a very important contribution to the language and culture of Franco-Americans," say Yvon Labbé and Lisa Desjardins Michaud, who staff the University of Maine Franco-American Centre. Combined with the 8,000-9,000 books the Conseil donated last March to the Franco-American Centre, the value of the books that will have been distributed after this shipment is estimated to between $75,000-$100,000, Labbé says.

"I think they're worth more than that in the Franco communities, because most of them don't

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STATE

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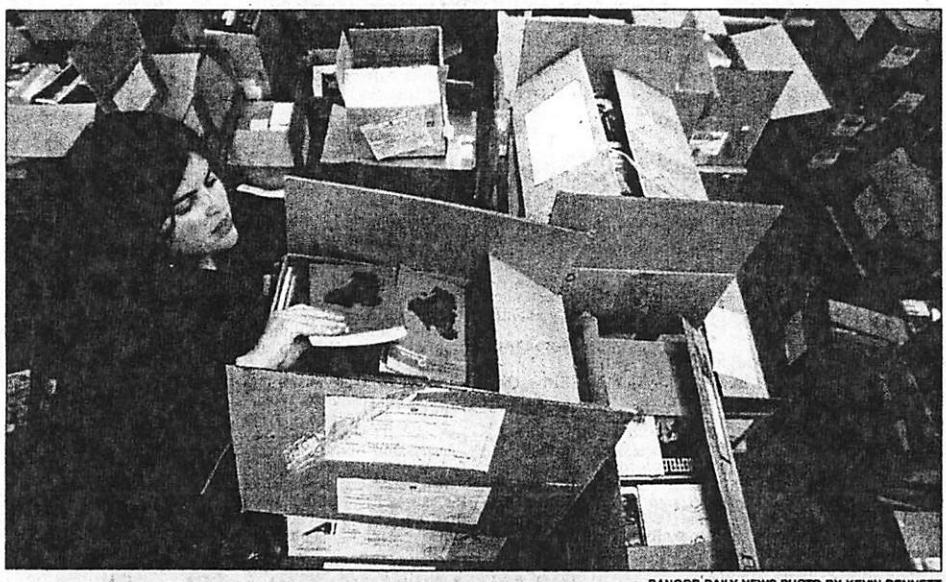

BANGOR DAILY NEWS PHOTO BY KEVIN BENNETT

At the University of Maine Franco-American Centre, Nicole Ouellette pores through boxes of books donated by schools, businesses and individuals from Quebec. "It looks like there's some nice stuff," she said. Accompanied by Kate Albert (not pictured), Ouellette was in Orono on Friday filling her truck with books for the newly formed Bibliotheque Mikesell of Madawaska.

French heritage, by the book

Another donation from Quebec group spreads culture in Northeast

BY ABIGAIL CURTIS
OF THE NEWS STAFF

ORONO — Kate Albert and Nicole Ouellette started the long journey south from the St. John Valley at 6 a.m. Friday.

By midmorning, the two Fort Kent women were hard at work at the University of Maine Franco-American Centre, pawing through tall stacks of French-language books and lugging heavy boxes to their rapidly filling car.

The early start, the looming winter storm and the promise of sore muscles the next day did not deter Albert or Ouellette.

Both had made the trip on behalf of La Bibliotheque Mikesell, a recently opened Franco-American lending library affiliated with the Club Francais in Madawaska.

"I haven't even looked at half the boxes yet, but it looks like there's some nice stuff," Ouellette, a Club Francais intern, said.

La Bibliotheque Mikesell was one of several New England Franco-American lending libraries chosen to be recipients of the nearly 12,000 books donated by schools, businesses and individuals in Quebec.

> *"The purpose of the idea essentially is to provide support for Franco-American language and culture in communities."*
>
> *Yvon Labbe, director, University of Maine Franco-American Centre*

"It's literally a ton: 2,000 pounds of books," an excited Yvon Labbe, director of the Franco-American Centre, said Thursday. "A ton of books are here for Christmas."

The book drive, dubbed "Collecte 2004," marks the second time in two years that thousands of books have been shipped from Quebec to Maine by the Conseil de la Vie Française en Amerique (the Council on French Life in North America).

About 8,000 books were donated in March 2003. Most of that shipment stayed in the state, Labbe said.

"The purpose of the idea essentially is to provide support for Franco-American language and culture in communities," Labbé said.

According to the director, 30 to 40 percent of Maine's population have Franco heritage, and about 100,000 Mainers still speak French.

Labbe estimated the total value of donated books from both drives at about $75,000 to $100,000.

"This is a huge service by these Quebec people," he said.

Open boxes, arranged by subject, showed teen romance novels, Walt Disney children's encyclopedias, histories, biographies, Reader's Digest magazines, and one vintage copy of "Les Agents U.N.C.L.E." (The Man from U.N.C.L.E.).

The diversity of subject matter appealed to Labbe and those collecting on behalf of Franco-American communities.

"Reader's Digests in French, that has the biggest demand [from adults]," Paul

See Books, Page C6

Books

Continued from Page C1

LaFlamme of Monson, Mass., said Friday. He had come north to claim his region's 2,000-book share and had a list of requests for types of books from schools and community centers in the Massachusetts towns of Gardner, Lowell and Fall River.

"Dictionaries have the second-biggest demand. After that, we're all over the map — sports, hobbies, encyclopedias," he said.

LaFlamme said UM was the only place where New England's Franco-American communities could obtain the books donated through the CVFA.

"Yvon and his crew are the funnel," he said.

The Massachusetts man said he'd come to Orono at his own expense and on his own time. "I do it out of passion for the cause," LaFlamme said.

(UMaine Franco-American Centre Distributing Thousands of French Language Books continued from page 73)

have any French-language books," Michaud adds.

Representatives from the St. John Valley, Waterville, Lewiston, Biddeford, Manchester, N.H. and Monson, Mass. will travel to the Centre to gather new and used books for their communities over the next several weeks.

Labbé says schools and libraries are looking for children's books in particular. 100's of children's books were unloaded Thursday from a tractor trailer donated by *Transport Couture* from Beauce, Québec.

The cases and cartons unloaded Thursday also included novels from Québec, Acadie and France as well as American novels in translation.

The public will have access to the volumes through various Maine Franco-American communities in New England. The locations can be obtained from the Franco-Amercian Centre.

"It is nice to be able to give something free to the community," Labbé says, and the growing Franco community libraries will augment UMaine's efforts to promote Franco-American cultural and language awareness. Participating in the delivery of the books, unloading and sorting, were several UMaine Departments: Womens Athletics Depts., Facilities Management and students. HYPERLINK "http://www.francoamerican.org"

"We have received many grateful responses from Franco-Amercian community members who have benefited from the "Collecte 2003", Michaud says. Le Conseil de la vie Française was founded in 1937 but was in decline in the 1980s-90s. It was rejuvenated in the late 1990s with a mandate to do more work for Franco-Americans who live in the United States. Labbé was invited to join its board of directors and the board began work on book collections for Franco-American communities in the US Northeast.

Leona Dalphond and Natalie Cormier preparing books for distribution

Books have previously been collected for distribution in Louisiana. More than 30,000 books were given away there.

Labbé says he hopes that more books can be collected and given to other communities in Maine and other New England states. Books headed for Massachusetts will be further distributed to centers in Connecticut and Rhode Island, Labbé says, and a representative from Vermont also will come to Orono to collect books.

The Franco-American Centre marked this gift from Québec communities as it held its annual holiday celebration from noon until the food ran out on Dec. 10, said Lisa Desjardins Michaud. The public was welcome to attend the event and sample authentic Franco-American cuisine, including Tourtiere (meat pie), ployes (a thick buckwheat pancake eaten rolled with sweet or savory fillings), mince-meat pies and baked beans.

Lewiston and Portland Franco-American musician/storyteller Michael Parent performed during the event, which was co-sponsored by Chez-Nous, the local chapter of the Association Canado-Américaine.

Visit the Franco-American Centre websites at: www.francoamerican.org and www.francomaine.org.

(L'abbé Lionel Groulx suite de page 72)

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Bibliothèque Mikesell Library receives 1,500 more books

by Mary Jo Shafer

MADAWASKA - The newly opened Mikesell Library got some welcomed assistance on Nov. 12 when boxes filled with about 1,500 books arrived. The books came from the University of Maine at Orono's Franco-American Centre and Le Conseil de le Vie Française en Amerique, a Quebec-based organization that seeks to promote French language and culture.

The French-language library, housed in Le Club Français' new central office at 101 12th Avenue in Madawaska, offers St. John Valley residents an invaluable resource. Here they can find books and other materials, in a myriad of levels, topics and formats; there are nonfiction and fiction books, plays, CDs, games, periodicals and more. The common thread tying all these resources together is that they are in French or about the Franco-American or French Canadian experience.

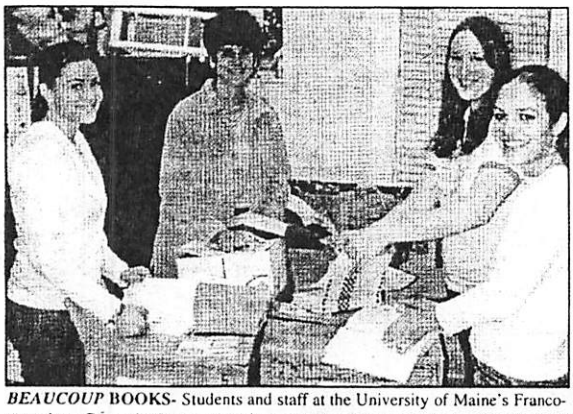
The library has already amassed a large collection of donated books. Individuals, organizations and libraries on both sides of the border stepped in to help the first of its kind library in the Valley stock its shelves.

The Conseil does a book collection drive every year and then distributes the books to a wide array of groups. The Franco-American Centre will distribute the books throughout Maine and New England, said Lisa Desjardins Michaud of the Centre.

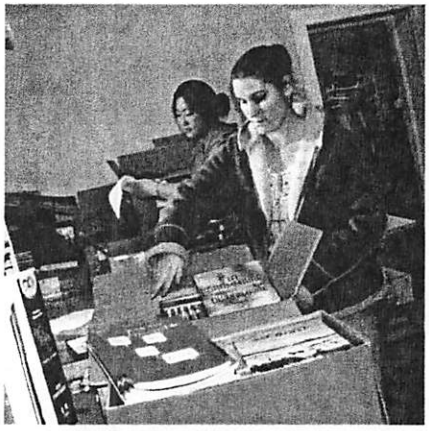
This most recent donation included "all different kinds of books," said Mikesell Library Director Nicole Ouellette, including nonfiction, literature from France and Canada, and poetry. "It's a nice little mixture," said Ouellette. The donation from Le Conseil is also unique in another important way. The library can expect to receive other donations like this one, since the book drive is a yearly event. "It's nice to know that there will be a constant supply of new books," said Ouellette. "They're excited about giving and it's pretty amazing to have such a constant source of books."

For Desjardins Michaud, a Van Buren native, the book donation is part of the struggle to keep the French language alive in the Valley. The Mikesell Library was an obvious choice to receive books for several reasons. Franco-American Centre Director Yvon Labbe already has long-standing connections with Le Club Français and other cultural organizations in the Valley and Desjardins Michaud offered to deliver the books while she was on a trip home. The Franco-American Centre and Le Conseil de le Vie Française en Amerique support the Mikesell Library because "it's keeping the French language alive in the Valley," said Desjardins Michaud. The library can be a vital tool in preserving the language, especially since it includes children's books, she said. "It's a great way to start with our children," she said.

Ouellette remains excited about the support the library has received. Labbe has told her that there will be more books on the way in the future.

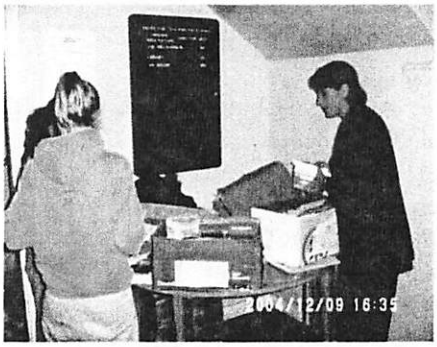


BEAUCOUP BOOKS- Students and staff at the University of Maine's Franco-American Centre in Orono preparing the books for distribution to the Mikesell French Library in Madawaska, Jenelle Pothier, Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Leona Dalphond and Natalie Cormier The boxes of 1,500 books were delivered to Madawaska on Nov. 12. -contributed photo



UMaine Volunteers:

A special thank you to coaches Terry Kix and Sharon Versyp and to the following volunteers for helping in the delivery and preparation of the French language books for distribution: Jacki Gebhart, Jerry Whalen, Katie Flaherty, Jeffrey Poirier, Rebecca Ouellet, Meghan Doyle, Andrea Thebarge, Kirsten Costa, Jill Rosick, Beth LaFountain, Meagan Connolly, Amy Zdrojesky, Erica Dorso, Christine Mosley, Jessie Corson, Becca Giroux, Nicole Sergent, Kristen Healy, Kasey Spencer and to all who helped. Many hands made for light work! Many thanks!



Intrepid French Explorer...

ABIGAIL CURTIS, OF THE NEWS STAFF

Bangor Daily News

BANGOR - Intrepid French explorer Samuel de Champlain forged the Penobscot River as far up as the Kenduskeag Stream 400 years ago this past fall. City officials are commemorating the anniversary of his feat with the reading today of a proclamation for Samuel de Champlain Week and a small ceremony to recognize Champlain and all explorers at 11 a.m. in Norumbega Park.

De Champlain deserves credit for his visit here," Gerry Palmer, local history buff and former city councilor, said Tuesday. "I think it's a pretty big deal ... de Champlain was a very interesting guy."

Among Champlain's accomplishments were naming Mount Desert Island in 1604, founding Québec City in 1608 and founding the first French colony in North America at St. Croix Island in 1604.

That's not bad for a man who operated in the New World under constant threat of attack by Indians, starvation, extremely cold weather and disease, Palmer said.

When Champlain founded the St. Croix Island settlement, he chose an easily defensible spot that was located safely in the middle of the St. Croix River.

What the Europeans didn't realize was that the river was too dangerous to walk on when it froze over.

"It was so cold their hard cider froze," Palmer said. "They drank Spanish wine mixed with snow, but they lost 35 out of 79 people. The cause of death was malnutrition and scurvy."

While Champlain's quick trip up the river to the future location of Bangor did not lead to any settlement, his visit here should not be downplayed, Yvon Labbé of the University of Maine Franco-American Centre said Tuesday.

"It's significant historically, and it could be significant now," Labbé said. "It's an opportunity to create a link with Quebec."

As Labbé sees it, while Bangor and Quebec share many historical ties, more could be done today to encourage tourism, education and trade between the two cities.

"There are no formal bridges that have been created," Labbé noted.

Tourists from even farther afield might be curious about Champlain's travels in Maine, he said.

"The French in Europe are very interested in what happened to their people who came to this continent in the 17th and 18th centuries," he said.

Labbé spoke in French on Monday night at the City Council meeting, during which he officially accepted the proclamation on behalf of Franco-Americans, Francophiles and those of French heritage in the state. About 30 percent to 40 percent of all Mainers are of French descent, the center director pointed out.

"I thanked them for having this little event and for remembering there were French in the state," Labbé said, "and that we are all descendants of this explorer. Not literally, but he was the first to come here."

Gerry Palmer, former City Councilor, John Harvey, Grand Knight of the Pine Cone Council of the Knights of Columbus, Mayor Frank Farrington, and Yvon Labbé, director of the Franco-American Centre.

The Plaque reads:

NEAR THIS SPOT
IN THE YEAR 1604
SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN
GALLANT PIONEER
AND INTREPID EXPLORER
MADE A LANDING ON HIS VOYAGE
UP THE PENOBSCOT RIVER
THIS TABLET ERECTED BY
PINE CONE COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
1922

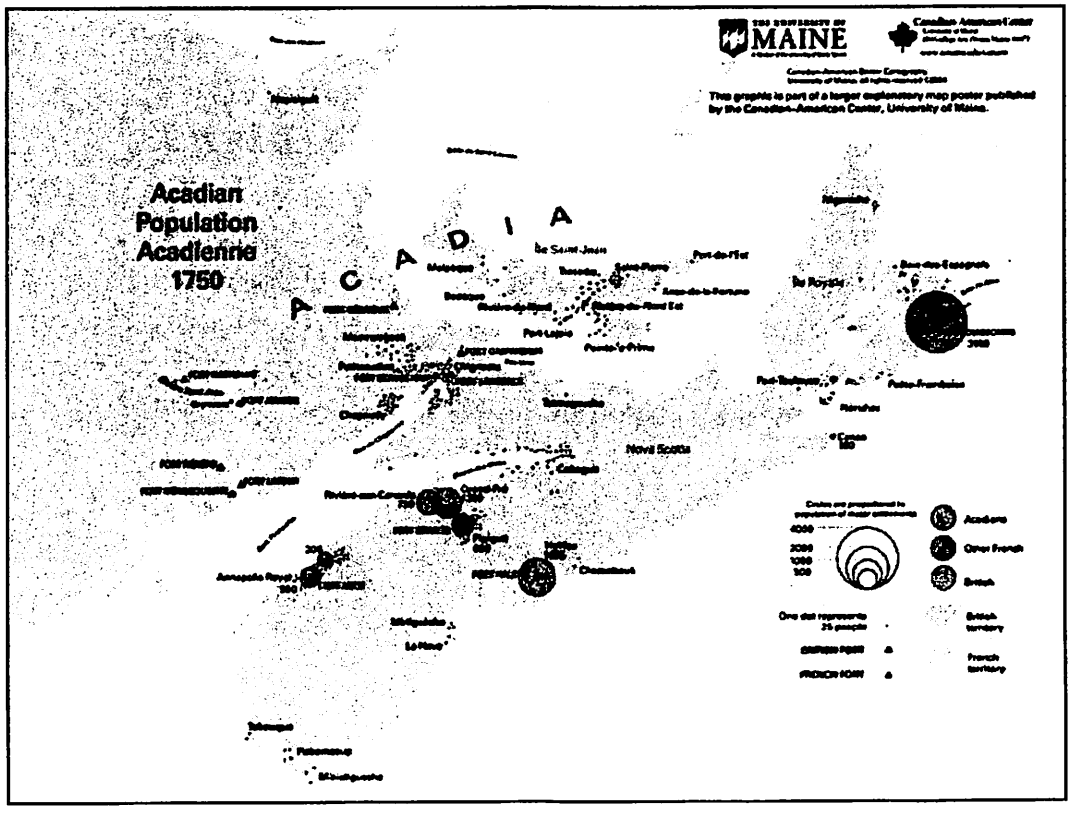
Explanatory Maps of Saint Croix & Acadia Now On-Line: http://www.umaine.edu/canam/hamatlas.htm

The Canadian-American Center announces an on-line version of the *Explanatory Maps of Saint Croix & Acadia*. The electronic version of this bi-lingual, two sided educational explanatory map has two web sites: one with the text in French, and one with the text in English. The maps and other graphics are in pdf format and may be printed. Captions and text for the graphics is also in French or English.

One side of this map, *Champlain and the Settlement of Acadia 1604-1607 / Champlain et la Colonisation de l'Acadie* commemorates the 400th anniversaries of the French settlements on Saint Croix Island in 1604 and at Port-Royal in 1605. The graphics illustrate the exploratory routes of Sieur de Monts and Champlain 1604-1607, and illustrate the island itself both with an actual photograph and Champlain's maps.

The reverse side, *Acadian Deportation, Migration, & Resettlement / La déportation, la migration et le rétablissement des Acadiens,* uses detailed population distribution maps to trace Acadians' deportation in the mid-1700s, their return and dispersal in the Maritimes and northern Maine, and their location today. The graphics include four thematic maps showing population flow, two maps showing population concentration in 1750 and in 2001, and several photographs.

The explanatory maps were created in 2004 to commemorate the 400th anniversary of French settlement in North America. Before the Pilgrims founded the first New England Colony in the Plymouth area of Massachusetts, and before the Virginia Company established an English colony in Jamestown, French explorers charted the Northeast coast from the Bay of Fundy to Cape Cod. The explorers also established the first French settlement in North America on what is now a 6.5-acre island in the St. Croix River. This French settlement in 1604 marked the beginning of permanent European presence in North America north of Florida, predating both Plymouth (1620) and Jamestown (1607). It also marked the beginning of an enduring French presence in North America continuing to the present.



For more information, contact:
Betsy Arntzen, Education Outreach Coordinator, Canadian-American Center
barntzen@umit.maine.edu / (207) 581-4225

FRENCH IMMERSION
2005
JUNE 18 THROUGH June 25
Have Fun
Improve French speaking and listening skills

Challenge yourself

Make new friends

Make new contacts

- **Classes will be offered for <u>beginning</u>, <u>intermediate</u> and <u>advanced</u> level students. (This is based on the number of persons enrolled at each level.)**
- **Stay with local families. Visit Québec City**
- **Visit art centers, museums, and many other points of interest**
- **Attend a theater performance**
- **Participate in many other activities with local residents**
- **C.E.U.'s available**

22 Hours of instruction

This immersion experience will provide participants with 22 hours of dynamic and participatory conversational French classes.

Mini internships.

Advanced students can opt to participate in a three-hour mini internship each morning. These mini internships will be designed in career fields selected by participants. Through participation, students will become familiar with the vocabulary particular to that career field. Contacts made through these internships can help initiate future cooperative ventures.

And much more

In addition to the classes and mini internships there will be a variety of activities and tours planned to help us learn more about the history, heritage, art economy and educational systems of Québec.

Approximate Cost

Registration:		$30 U.S.
Tuition :		200$ Can.
Lodging:		
	(Private homes, "host families"	
	Includes approx. 2 meals per day)	210. $ Can.
Total	**Approximately $336 U.S.**	(410$ Can. + $30.U.S.)

If you are interested in registering please send only the $30.00 registration fee with the enclosed registration form. The remainder should be paid in Canadian money after we arrive in Saint Georges. Again if you have any questions or suggestions please call me at 668-4186 or contact me by e-mail at apied@gwi.net Please make out checks payable to: The Kennebec Chaudi re Heritage Corridor Corporation.

Registration Information Registration deadline June 4th

In order to locate host families, employ teachers and organize activities we must receive application forms, questionnaires, and fees by June 4th. Any registration received after June 4th. will be considered if there is room and if host families can be arranged. There will be a $20. Late fee charged for any late registration. In order to provide you with the best possible experience we need your help. Please take a few moments to fill out the form below and return it to us at:

André E Pied
Kennebec Chaudière Heritage Corridor
P.O. Box 266 Jackman ME 04945

Name _____ Ho. Telephone_____ Wk. Phone_____

Address _____ Town _____ Zip _____

Date of Birth _____ Type of work you do_____

Hobbies and /or interests _____

Do you mind sharing a room?_____

Do you smoke?_____ Are you bothered by second hand smoke?_____

Do you have any allergies or special medical needs? _____

Are you vegetarian?_____

Emergency contact person & phone number _____

How would you rate your ability to converse in French? Beginner intermediate advanced

If you have any questions about the French Immersion Program, or if you need help rating your ability to speak and understand French please call me at 207-668-4186

POETRY/POÉSIE

La feuille d'Érable

Certain jour le bon Créateur fait dire au peuple de la terre

Que chaqu'un choisit une fleur et qu'on m'envoie un émissaire

Cette fleur restera l'emblême du grand amour que j'ai pour vous

Quand arriva ce grand jour là les envoyer se rencontraire

Loeillet fut prit par l'Angleterre
La France vient choisir un lys

L'Italie choisit une Rose
Et l'Allemand prit le chardron

Quand arriva le Canadien en mit étoffée dans ces fourrures

Hélas il ne restait plus rien que des feuillages et des ramures

—par Albina Robichaud Martin
Gardner, MA

MY CHILDREN ARE COMING TODAY

My children are coming today.
They mean well, but they worry.
They think I should have a railing in the hall.
A telephone in the kitchen.
They want someone to come in when I take a bath.
They really don't like my living alone.

Help me be grateful for their concern.
And help them to understand that I have to do what I can.
They're right when they say there are risks. I might fall. I might leave the stove on.
But there is no challenge, no possibility of triumph, no real aliveness without risk.

When they were young and climbed trees and rode bicycles, and went away to camp,
I was terrified. But I let them go.
Because to hold them would have hurt them.
Now our roles are reversed. Help them see.
Keep me from being grim or stubborn about it, but don't let them smother me.

—Anonymous
submitted by Ann Bérubé Desjardins
Van Buren, ME

Jean-Baptiste et Corinne ENSEMBLE

Corinne

Père et mère Labbé
un après l'autre, ils vous ont laissez
Donat et Corinne, petits orphelins a consoler
chez Archelas Pépin, vous serez élevé
à Saint-Benoît vous vivrez
- - -
à vingt - - ans, Corinne a rencontrez
dans les bras d'un tel, un peu d'amour et amitié
on se dépêche après, les séparer
en avril 36, elle doit s'en aller
à L'Hôpital Miséricorde, se faire accoucher
elle demande après, voir son bébé
on lui dit réveil « l'enfant est mort né »
dans le chagrin, elle essaie raisonner
la perte d'un enfant, qui peut l'oublier?
elle remasse après que de la culpabilité
si lourd maintenant, son cœur d'acier
de jour en jour, elle se force à le traîner
on vous a menti peut-être, pour-que vous ne cherchiez?

(Suite page 82)

POETRY/POÉSIE

L'OISEAU

Petit oiseau dans mon jardin
Tu peux chanter tout le jour
Tu peux cueillir dans les fleurs
Tous le nectar que tu veux.

Petit oiseau dans mon jardin
Tu peux voler comme le vent
Tu peux dormir sous les buissons
Tu es roi de ce domaine.

Petit oiseau dans mon jardin
Tu peux chanter à tous loisir
Tu peux voler de fleur en fleur
Pour mon plus grand plaisir.

Petit oiseau dans mon jardin
Le ciel serait sans joie
Sans ta présence velue,
Et mes efforts, sans but.

Petit oiseau dans mon jardin
Quand le vent froid d'Automne
Te dira qu'il est temps de partir
Ne m'oublit pas, quand le
Printemps reviendra!

LITTLE BIRDS

Little birds in my garden
You may sing all day long
You may gather from the flowers
All the nectar that you desire

Little birds in my garden
You may fly like the wind
You may sleep in the bushes
You are king in my domain.

Little birds in my garden
You may sing your heart's content
You may fly from bloom to bloom
To my greatest pleasure

Little birds in my garden
When the cold wind of Autumn
Tells you it's time to go
Don't forget me when you return.

—Adrienne Pelletier Lepage
Saco, ME

Photo by Vahan

My black cat, Freda, is my literary assistant! She provides fodder and inspiration for the creation of some of my writings.

She helps me become a better balanced person, by opening up that window to the wonders and marvels of the animal kingdom.

She helps me with the illustrations to the kitty poems and stories that I write, by letting me take pictures of her. Since I am not gifted with being able to draw, I rely on photography to help set the stage. I particularly adore when she scratched herself up my Maple tree, and imbued herself into the setting of this Autumn poem I wrote called "November's Skeleton Tree." She added a mysterious finishing touch to the scene; just as the final strokes of an artist's brush would do...

Linda

November's Skeleton Tree

Down to the bones....
The Maple tree's branches bear
No pretty colored clothes.

November's windy chill whistles
Through naked, black fingers-
Warning of the cold winter ahead.

L'arbre Squelettique de Novembre

Dépouillé jusqu'aux os,
L'érable aux branches sont
Dénuées de toutes couleurs.

Le vent frais de novembre
qui sifflant entre les doigts nus,
Rappel de l'hiver froid tout proche.

Linda Gérard Der Simonian, Waterville, Maine
Translated/traduit by/par Henri-Poirier

Deaf People

God made deaf people so that the first sound they will hear will be his voice
God loves the deaf so much that he gave them
Gave them a special language so only he can hear their prayers
God gave the deaf a silent world of wonderful
Wonderful pictures, and signs, shining with his quiet love for them.

— Bob Koerner

given to Ann Bérubé Desjardins by Karen Bouchard

POETRY/POÉSIE

(Jean-Baptiste et Corinne suite de page 80)

à la place donc, l'enfant placer?
- - -
ceux au courant, le serment, vous exigez
jamais surtout en reparler
ce mur de silence est installer
dans cette brume vos enfants seront envelopper
coller en dehors du secret cacher
jusqu'au jour le jupon, s'est défiler
le génie qui sort de la bouteille, on ne peut rattraper
plusieurs questions aujourd'hui, qu'est-ce qui est vré?
- - -
rechercherons pour vous, maman, la vérité
la clef du mystère, fier seront-nous vous la trouver
ce demi-frère ou sœur, adopté
chose préférable en avoir eu parler
une peine partager est une peine diviser
Ensemble

Corinne rencontra son Jean-Baptiste à une soirée
des la première fois ils se sont envisager
de Saint-Ludger à Saint-Benoît, la destinée
après le train le samedi matin, il cour à travers les vergers
Jean-Baptiste se dépêche, brosser son cheval et l'atteler
il se presse à prendre la route, sans tarder
chaque samedi matin, il partit à cheval galoper
envers Corinne sa bien aimer!
de Saint-Ludger à Saint-Benoît, vers sept heures le soir pour veiller
en entrant, il s'assit avec elle sur le divan pour placoter
toujours, elle lui offre une liqueur ou tasse de thé
peu de temps ensemble, ils auront à partager
les heures s'écoulent rapidement comme une glace sur pied
vers onze heures et-demie le soir, le temps de se laisser
minuit juste il reprend la route sans plus tarder
le clair de lune et les étoiles seules pour l'éclairer
la nuit est douce, la fraîcheur arriver
le silence se tranche, avec ses pensées
il jette un coup d'
œil sur l'étoile qui semble lui parler
tout le long de la nuit, le discours avec elle, continuer
dans les petites heures du matin, en arriver
samedi prochain, il songe déjà retourner
auprès de celle, la jolie robe carotter
quelques rendez-vous encore avant se marié
le secret, a cœur ouvert, ils se sont parler
les bras lacer, ils ont tous deux pleuré
la première fois, son chagrin avec lui, partager
l'époque de ce temps sévère, on préfère le laisser
calé au fond d'une rivière, les pierres du passé
à l'abri de l'amour plutôt, se réconforter
sauf, toute une vie, vous n'y pûmes que songer
ce que les yeux tristes essayaient cacher
Ensemble

(Suite page 83)

GENEALOGY/GÉNÉALOGIE

Urgent Message
From: Yvon Cyr
cajun@acadian.org

Hi Cuz:

If you've been in this wonderful genealogy hobby for some time, you've probably heard of and perhaps read some/all of my good friend, Dick Eastman's Newsletter. Dick informed me that he has just established a new project and, I'm so excited about it that I felt it appropriate to provide you the details. Dick has setup an Encyclopedia of Genealogy which, I'm certain will become a premier resource web site for all genealogists, for years to come. Please take the time from your busy Holiday schedule to review the complete information at my [http://www.acadian.org/eastman.html] http://www.acadian.org/eastman.html ... but more importantly, participate in the project so that it truly becomes THE genealogy project of the century!

On another note, I've just been informed by the [http://www.capacadie.com/liens/index.cfm]CapAcadie .[http://www.capacadie.com/liens/index.cfm]com Team, that my [http://www.acadian.org/]Acadian Genealogy Homepage has been chosen as THE FIRST ENGLISH "Web Site of the Month" (since the inception of their program in 1998)! Here's what they had to say in announcing same...

Pour la première fois, l'équipe du Cap est heureuse de vous présenter un

(Continued on page 83)

(Jean-Baptiste et Corinne suite de page 82)

Carillon Complet, les cloches de l'église, sonnent à toutes volées!
le 10 septembre 1936, Jean-Baptiste et Corinne se sont marier
quelques semaines avant, banc de mariage, publier
tous deux devant le curé en habit et robes de marier
tout le monde du village est rassembler
l'occasion de vos noces, on va célébrer
deux par deux, quatre par quatre et sis, la lignée
on se donne la main et souhaite le bonheur en quantité
poussons les fauteuils, faisons de la place, on va danser!
cuiller sur cuisse, musique à bouche et violon pour accorder
comme on s'amuse bien ensemble, un verre à bouche, le vin de blé
cantiques de beaucerons, nous les avons chantés
les heures s'écoulent, les jambes mortes et presque écrasez,
à la porte, on se laisse le bonsoir après la veillée
- - -
de votre père Joseph Bégin, vous héritez
le vieux « beu » sans terre, ni vaches, et ni blés
avec si peut, faut quand même s'arranger
toujours avec le courage et la ténacité
du mieux possible " Saint-Ludger
du matin au soir, vous avez travaillé
sous le matelas, un peu d'argent, à la force d'essayer
votre premier emplacement, petite terre acheter
au haut du neuf, vous l'avez trouvé
tant de chose a faire, votre petit chez-vous a ranger
comme on dort bien dans sa propre maison, au lieu de celle partagée!
l'étroit escalier du bord, vous l'avez monté
comme des cuillers dans le tiroir, s'endormir en bébés
des talles de framboises et bleuet pour se rassasiez
les murs vous avez soigneusement nettoyez
les pièces étouffées, d'un bord à l'autre, jusqu'au grenier
chaque planche, il fallait la laver
aux Castilles ont les a tous passer
portes et châssis, on se hâte les réparer
empêcher le vent et le froid de n'y passer
Ensemble

L'intrigue un jour de commercer!
l'abattoir, la boucherie donc décider
au village vous vous y êtes placer
une maison blanche vous avez acheté
de chaque coté de la fenêtre, vous les avez placer
regardez...le beau rouge vive de la cheminée
comme vote parti politique....un vif chauffer!
la galerie fait le tour, un collier denteler
mettre la nappe, la vaisselle, chaque repas en tablier,
éplucher les patates, le pain, entamer
tricoter, faufiler, épingler et raccommoder
un après l'autre, bébé garçon fois sept, s'est multiplier
trois filles plus tard, pour mieux balancer
quelques chaises berceuses pour se reposer
endimancher après la messe, ont vient se chercher
plusieurs emplettes au village, il faut emballer
commande de sousisse et viande hachée

(Suite page 84)

(Urgent Message From: Yvon Cyr
continued from page 82)

site anglais à titre de site du mois le [http://www.acadian.org/tidbits.html#m-index] Acadian Genealogy [http://www.acadian.org/tidbits.html#m-index] HomePage. Ce site est véritablement une mine d'or pour les personnes passionnées par la généalogie, on y trouve de tout. Présent sur Internet depuis 1991, ce site est un véritable œuvre d'amour de la part de son auteur. Une ressource à ne pas manquer.

[Producer of numerous Acadian-Cajun Genealogy CD-ROMs]

3-304 Stone Road West, Unit 311, Guelph, Ontario, Canada N1G 4X7

[Originally from Grand Falls, New Brunswick... right smack in the middle of the Madawaska Territory where so much Acadian history has been written]

a) Please visit my award winning Acadian Genealogy Homepage web site at... [http://www.acadian.org/family.html] http://www.acadian.org/family.html

b) Just in time for Christmas! Visit the Acadian-Cajun Online Boutique at... [http://www.cafepress.com/acadstore] http://www.cafepress.com/acadstore

c) Visa Online CD-ROM Orders: [https://st17.startlogic.com/~acadiano/CDOrders.html] https://st17.startlogic.com/~acadiano/CDOrders.html or [https://st17.startlogic.com/~acadiano/FamilyCDOrders.html] https://st17.startlogic.com/~acadiano/FamilyCDOrders.html

d) CD-ROM Orders by regular Postal Mail: [http://www.acadian.org/postal.html] http://www.acadian.org/postal.html

POETRY/POESIE

(Jean-Baptiste et Corinne suite de page 83)

livraison la semaine, avec le Ford noir, vous le ferez
à Megantic, Saint-Martin dans les cantons porter
bon commerce en hiver comme en été
à l'abattoir, le bétail à l'anneau, vous étripé
si bien on arrangeait sa besogne, à l'année
quelques minutes on se volait parfois, après dîner
face à face autour de la table pour chuchotez
assis ensemble avec galette et thé
on s'empresse après ça au travail le reste de la journée
- - -
plusieurs années encore, plusieurs page à tourné..Ensemble
que le temps est doux quand on apprend s'aimer..Ensemble
se voir les cheveux grisonner...Ensemble
de la neige sur tête, à se coupé...Ensemble
bercé dans nos bras, nos petits bébés...Ensembles
vieillir, les mains ratatiner, les rides souder...Ensembles

Personne n'entendait la tempête rager
grand air de campagne, le docteur a suggéré
afin que Corinne puisse mieux respirer
la terre à Borough, contre son gré, avez acheté
là, les tas de roches, en quantités
cinq-heure et demi, l'heure du lever
le cultivateur et ses gars, le train le matin, pelte le fumier
les jeunes à l'ouvrage, moitié endormie, se dépêchent avant le déjeuner
pitoune, crêpes, gruau et cassonade et lait écrémer
- - -
un bûcheron l'automne et l'hiver, dans les bois à Timé
sept-a dix cordes par jours, vous avez débité
une ou deux fois par mois, un petit congé
les poches pleines de chocolat et peppermint, à la maison rameniez
les enfants couraient vers vous, à l'heure de l'arrivée
dans vos poches ils cherchaient tous se rentrer
à force de tirer, en perdre votre culotte par l'a moitié
les enfants éclatent de rire tout en marchand à vos coté
- - -
à la fin de la saison, papa revient a Borough pour cultiver
courir les érables, après un hiver de neige et gelée
le champion, les chaudières, il faut s'occuper
poteau, « parche » et piquet, un bout de clôture à réparé
vous êtes soulager quand les champs sont fraîchement labourés
semer la graine et renverser de la terre de chaque coté
une bonne mesure de pluie et soleil, pour faire pousser
le temps des foins à l'été, on s'empresse pour faucher
moyenne valloches, votre fourche a relevé
le soir, maman vous apporte à souper
liqueur aux fraises et de quoi manger
avec les gars, tard à la maison, vous y entrez
à l'église le dimanche, à la droite, dans notre banc privé
un père et sept garçons en chemise blanche, empesé
maman avec son petit commerce de rouge a lèves, parfumes et poudre à farder
durant la semaine, elle commande ses produit de beauté

(Suite page 85)

From:Yvon Cyr <cajun@acadian.org>
Subject: View your Acadian/French-Canadian family crests/coat of arms...
To: <cajun@acadian.org>

Hi Cuz:

I've just completed updating my web site which now includes graphic of over 100 different Acadian-Cajun and French-Canadian Family Crest/ Coat of arms.

(Wanna see what yours looks like? Just connect to my [http://www.acadian.org/crests.html] http://www.acadian.org/crests.html , follow the links from there and enjoy.

MAINE FRANCO-AMERICAN GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

Fr. Léo E. Bégin O.P. 1902-1980

History: The Maine Franco-American Genealogical Society (MFGS) originally began as the Father Léo E. Bégin Chapter of the American Canadian Genealogical Society. Father Léo E. Bégin, O.P. accumulated a small genealogical library during his lifetime and it was his dying wish that this library remain in the central Maine area to serve the Franco-Americans of that region. (See page 85 for more...)

(Jean-Baptiste et Corinne suite de page 84)

en arrière de la maison, son petit coin ensoleiller
petit banc a coin pour elle, le cinquième a scié
à l'abri du vent, elle regardait le beau grand pommier
la sainte paix et la chaleur, pour quelque temps, goutter
- - -
le voleur entra un jour, sans même frapper
il va et vient sans redonner la santé
l'Asthme s'installa comme la rude invitée
Corinne arrache le souffle des quatre vents, toujours pâmer
plusieurs nuits blanches elle passe, assise, la tête levée
Ensemble

Les enfants, à leur tour, il faut s'orienter
envers la cuisine, apprendre faire à manger
gâteau au chocolat avec crème foité
prendre le tour de faire le ménage, le plancher laver et cirer
Jean-Baptiste et les petites dans le bois, ameniez
dans le banneau, deux paires de yeux bruns à guetter
un coup d'œil sur les petites mains, pour vérifiez
en arrière, sont-elles encore bien accrochez?
faire attention, ne pas verser
- - -
à l'Hôtel Dieu de St-Georges, Corinne se fait soigner
de l'oxygène on lui en donne, pour ses poumons abîmer
clouer au lit, le tube au nez, les yeux cernés
le troisième avec elle dans la chambre, son dernier soupire, l'assister
le vingt-sept décembre 1957, 10 :30 du matin, la lutte s'est terminer
- - -
deux tintons pour elle - - sur le coup du midi, à Saint-Ludger
au presbytère on s'informe, qui est la décédée?
Ensemble

Pourquoi êtes vous venu en voleur la chercher?
dix enfants et un mari au pied d'une tombe, n'est-ce donc le vrai pécher?
avant et après le service, le triste son des carillons sonne à toute volé...
à chaque coup, un frisson, l'estomac dans les talons, une pluie de balles exploser
le curé parle de sa mort prématurée
« Dieu la voulait », « soyons contents pour elle », « Sa volonté »
quel bourrage de crâne, ces paroles vide, on les laisse tous rouler
décédée décédée décédée
le morceau qui nous manque, Dieux nous l'a mangé
la seule vérité, devant nous, la période creuse à traverser
on voudrait courir à pleine jambe jusqu'au bois, enfin de s'évadé...
« Dieu a un cœur de pierre! » on veut beugler
le cortège suit derrière elle, au cimetière, sur le chemin glacer
le matin du 30 décembre 1957 à Saint-Ludger
papa marche en béquille, dix enfants, onze cœurs gelés
noir à noir dans le deuil on se suit, à la gauche, tourner
peu à peu, l'eau couvre la tombe, trop pénible se le rappeler
d'une voix basse, papa dit, les larmes ravaler
« ce n'ait pas assez de se faire enterrer, il faut aussi se faire noyer »
- - -
trois tintons pour lui - - - le 17 juin 2001 à Saint-Ludger
Jean-Baptiste rejoint Corinne après plusieurs années

(Suite page 86)

http://www.avcnet.org/begin/index.html

Maine Franco-American Genealogical Society Update

The Fr. Leo E. Begin Library has recently acquired the 40 Volume Blue Drouin Collection (Men) and Women, along with the Hard to Find Marriages on microfilm. The collection was owned by the Society's long-time member Rev. Youville Labonte, and was acquired by the library when Fr. Labonte retired to Florida this past summer. Above is MFGS Vice President Maureen Chicoine and President and Library Director, Gary Girouard. The MFGS Library is the only library along with Biddeford's Franco-American Genealogical Society to have this collection. Our Library is open for research on Wednesdays from 1:00 PM to 8:30 PM and on Saturdays from 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM. For further information Tel. (207) 786-3327 on the days the library is open. The library is located at the corner of High and Academy Sts. in the Great Falls School, across from The Village Inn in Auburn, ME

Maine Franco-American
Genealogical Society
Great Falls School
Corner of Academy & High
Sts. (High St. Entrance)
Auburn, Maine 04210

Genealogy Websites:

French Canadian Genealogy Research
Societies, Libraries, Genealogy Projects, Books, ...
http://www.happyones.com/genealogy/research.html

GENEALOGY: ACADIAN & FRENCH-CANADIAN STYLE
Linda W. Jones (née Babbin)
http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/lwjones/homepage.htm

French Canadian Genealogy Research Service
http://www3.sympatico.ca/fcgss/

Phalene's French-Canadian Genealogy Page
http://www.geocities.com/Heartland/9221/

New York Research Outline
http://www.familysearch.org/Eng/Search/rg/guide/New_York15.asp

Amercian-Canadian Genealogy Society
http://www.acgs.org/

American-Canadian Genealogical Society
http://mywebpages.comcast.net/roberjam/id20.htm

American-French Genealogical Society
http://www.afgs.org/

Canadian Genealogy and History Links
http://www.islandnet.com/~jveinot/cghl/cghl.html

Acadian Cultural Society
http://www.acadiancultural.org/genlinks3.htm

French-Canadian Genealogical Society Of Connecticut
http://www.fcgsc.org/links.htm

Scott Michaud's Northern Maine Genealogy
http://members.tripod.com/~Scott_Michaud/index-3.html

National Archives of Canada
http://www.collectionscanada.ca/

POETRY/POESIE

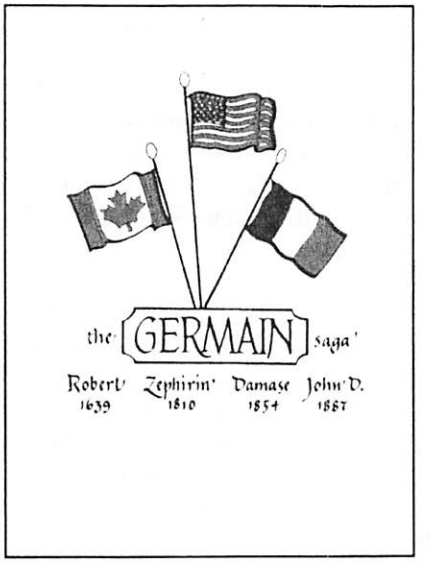
(Jean-Baptiste et Corinne suite de page 85)

pour dix enfants, un rideau de fer a fermé
ensemble

Surtout...merci de nous avoir si bien aimer
les plus simples et les plus belles des choses,
nos parents d'amours, nous les ont donné
« la parole ne vaut rien si elle n'est pas suivie par l'action » vous avez raisonné
ceux qu'on aime sont toujours trop vite partis, mais ils ne seront jamais oublier
dans le silence du soir, regardez
l'éclat de nos deux belles étoiles!! * * écoutez...approchez...

—Andrée F. Bégin, FL

The Germain Saga



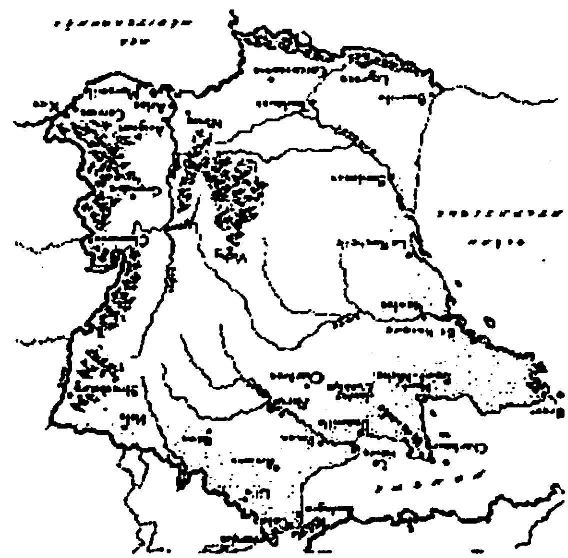
by Ella Marie Germain, C.S.J.

Down through the centuries the Germain families ventured forth to seek new horizons. Robert Germain, 1639, was known for his determination when he left France for the unsettled lands of Canada. Zephirin, 1810, and Josephine Germain had courage when they departed from Deschambault, Canada, with their family of eight for the one thousand mile trip to Somerset, Wisconsin. Damase, 1854, and Cordelina Germain worked tirelessly to overcome the hardships which the pioneers of their time encountered. John D. Germain, 1887, and Berengere's faith and optimistic outlook on life were inspiration to their children and community. *(See page 87 for more)*

Germain

The Germain Saga
First Installment

Sailing West



It was an early June morning of 1665, the day of the departure for Canada. The winds blew, casting waves of the Atlantic unto the shores of Normandy and the west coast of France. Most ships sailing to the New World from western France left for Canada from the port of La Rochelle. With the excitement onshore, there was also a prayerful send off for the brave pioneers.

In the 1650's and 1660's, people living in France were living in fear of persecutions because of their religious beliefs. Colonial expansion was encouraged by the king. Many men decided to immigrate to New France, Canada. Preparations for the long sea voyage began by raising money, recruiting men, getting supplies, writing contracts and securing a ship and crew. Finally, in late June of 1665, the ship sailed from the port of La Rochelle. The crossing was a rough one. Weeks and months went by. Some on board became very sick and died. Others were languishing almost to the point of despair. Still others were looking forward to the day when land would be seen. At last, in mid September, land was sighted. The ship docked on the shores of the St. Lawrence River in Montreal.

Life was difficult, but with the help of the King of France and the determination of these early settlers, they made their way in this rugged cold, and wilderness land. Some became fur traders while others cleared the land. The construction of log cabins for shelter during the long and bitterly cold winters, was a combined effort of neighbors. When in danger of the ferocious Iroquois Indians, the pioneers were brave in defending themselves sometimes to the death of some of the men.

Among those who left for Canada that summer morning was Robert Germain, born 1639, in Lonlay-L'Abbaye. He was the son of Julien Germain and Julienne Bevais from the diocese of Mans, Normandy, France. From his youth, Robert often talked to his friends about sailing for Canada. His parents tried to convince him to change his mind by telling Robert of the dangers of the crossing, about the unsettled land, and that they would never see him again. Robert loved his parents and France, but he had an adventurous spirit ready to respond to the challenge.

The men worked hard in Canada, but there was something missing -- women. M. Jean Talon, administrator for thė King, took steps to have large numbers of women come to Canada to be wives and mothers for the men. The women were recruited from the Provinces of Normandy, Brittany, and Picardy. On their arrival in Quebec these "filles du roi," king's daughters, were brought to large halls where the men looked them over and wondered. The women asked questions concerning property, money saved, living quarters, and addictions. Once the choice and agreed upon, the priest was present to perform the ceremony. Robert Germain was attracted to a beautiful woman named Marie Coignart. She was born in 1643 in the city of Rouen, France. Her dowry was 50 pounds plus 50 promised by Kin Louse XIV. Robert and Marie were married on October 29, 1669 in Quebec where they made their home. They had seven children. Their son, Henri, married Genevieve Marcot in 1698, and settled in Deschambault, Quebec in 1710.

(N.D.L.R. This is the second installement of the Paquette family genealogy.The first one appeared in Vol. 31, #3, May-June Issue)

The French Connection

Franco-American Families of Maine
par Bob Chenard, Waterville, Maine

Les Familles Paquette

Welcome to the sixteenth year of my column. Numerous families have since been published. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as the one below are never complete. However, it does provide you with my most recent and complete file of marriages tied to the original French ancestor. How to use the family listings: The left-hand column lists the first name (and middle name or initial, if any) of the direct descendants of the ancestor identified as number 1 (or A, in some cases). The next column gives the date of marriage, then the spouce (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same number in the right-most column above. For example, if it's #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with the rare exception of small letters, e.g., "13a." If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere appologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

PAQUETTE

FAMILY # 1

Méry Pasquet or **Pasquier**, born circa 1615 in France and died in PQ, from the village of Vendeuvre-du-Poitou, department of Vienne, ancient province of Poitou, France, was first married in Poitiers, France circa 1640 to Vincente **Beaumont**, born circa 1620 in France and died before 1668 in France. Méry married a second time on 29 July 1659 (reference contract Berthonneau) in the church of St.Jean-Baptiste in Poitiers, France to Renée **Guillocheau**, born circa 1625 in France and died in PQ. Renée was the widow of Jacques Forget. Also on 29 July 1659 at Poitiers, Méry's son, Maurice Pasquet, was married to Françoise Forget, the daughter of Jacques Forget and Renée Guillocheau. Maurice lived in the parish of St.Hilaire in Poitiers and later in the village of Vendeuvre located 11 miles north of the city of Poitiers.

Email:
frenchcx@mint.net
Web Site:
http://users.adelphia.net/~frenchcx/index.html

(See page 89)

GENDREAU-GENDRON:

The first historical mention of the surname Gendreau was in the ancient province of Maine, France in the year 870 AD, where they held many estates and were seated at De Tendron a seigneurie in the department of Cher, the arrondissement of Sainte-Amand-Mont-Rond (is now the Olde Towne of Clermont-Ferrand, France). Early French records state the Gendreaus fought in the Holy Crusades, marching into Jerusalem in 1129 AD. Later, this prestigious family of noblemen moved to Brittany, while a second branch moved to du Cendre, in the Puy-de-dome (not far from present day Clermont-Ferrand). By the 14th century the Gendreaus became titled to the seigneurie of Gendronniere and La Croix. Aside from holding vast estates in many provinces of France, they also acquired business interests in Holland.

WEB SITES:

www.gendreaufamily.comGendreau_home.html

http:/www.tribalpages.com/tribesfran1933

http://community-2.webtv.net/FrancesinBangorMyFamilyGenealogy/

50A	Florida	20 Jun 1929	Alexandre Beaudet	Rumford(St.John)		
	Émile	09 May1932	M.-Anne Duguay	Mexico(St.The.)		
	Lena	23 Oct 1933	Gérard Blais	Rumford(St.John)		
	Mérilda-M.	02 Nov1934	Joseph Dion	Mexico(St.The.)		

PAQUET

52A	Victorien	30 Nov1942	Thérèse Maurice	Biddeford(St.And.)	52B	
	Jean-Louis	04 Jul 1949	Jacqueline Farrell	Biddeford(St.And.)		
52B	Lucien	11 Jul 1964	Elaine Fréchette	Biddeford(St.And.)		

* *

PAQUETTE

FAMILY # 2

Isaac **Pasquier** [dit Lavallée] born circa 1645 in France and died in 1702 in PQ, son of Mathurin Pasquier and Marie Frémillon/Fumillon of the parish of St.Jean, city of Montaigu, department of Vendée, ancient province of Poitou, France, married at Château-Richer, PQ, on 30 June 1670 to Elisabeth **Meunier**, born in 1656 in PQ and died in PQ, the daughter of Mathurin Meunier and Françoise Fafard. Montaigu is located 20 miles south-southeast of the city of Nantes.

1	Isaac		30 Jun 1670	Elisabeth Meunier	Château-Richer	2
2	Charles		02 Jan 1694	Jeanne Coulombe	St.Laurent, I.O.	3
3	Jean-Bte.	1m.	03 Nov 1731	Anne Bilodeau	St.François, I.O.	
	"	2m.	27 Jul 1734	Geneviève Plante	St.François, I.O.	
	"	3m.	08 Aug 1743	M.-Louise Therrien	St.Jean, I.O.	
	"	4m.	04 Aug 1760	M.-Thècle Charland	St.Jean, I.O.	5
	Louis	1m.	05 Feb 1742	M.-Françoise Filteau	St.Michel	
	"	2m.	08 Oct 1749	Geneviève Simard	Ste.Anne-Beaupré	8
5	Pierre		25 May 1782	M.-Madeleine Charland	cont. Crépin	10
8	Jean-Baptiste		01 Feb 1785	Françoise Mercier	St.Charles	14
10	Jean		11 Jan 1814	M.-Louise Couture	St.Nicolas	18
14	Michel	1m.	03 Feb 1812	Julie Fradet	St.Vallier	
	"	2m.	11 Sep 1826	Angélique Poulin	St.Joseph, Beauce	22
18	Léandre		31 Jan 1842	Emélie Robenheimer	St.Sylvestre	28
22	Pierre		03 Mar 1862	Nathalie Cloutier	St.Frédéric	35
	Louis	1m.	09 Oct 1866	Marie Labbé	St.Frédéric	36
	"	2m.	16 Jul 1878	Odile Poulin	St.Éphrem	
28	Edouard		21 Feb 1871	Ombéline Drouin	St.Gilles, Lotb.	28A
	Joseph		31 Jan 1890	Célina Brousseau	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	28B
35	Pierre-Alexis		19 Feb 1884	Rose-Delima Cloutier	St.Frédéric	35A
36	Emilie		18 Jul 1893	François Boulet	St.Frédéric (to Sanford)	

The following are descendants of the above who married in Maine & NH:

28A	Eugénie	13 Jun 1904	Joseph Beaudet	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
	Odilon	04 Oct 1904	Alice Jacques	St.Agathe, Lotb.	28C
	Éva	17 Jun 1906	Ovila Vallières	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
	Marguerite	30 Dec 1907	Joseph Doyer	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
28B	Albert-J.	27 Nov 1922	Corilla Bernier	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
28C	Arthur	27 Dec 1926	M.-Claire Rochefort	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
	Emery	06 Sep 1937	Alice Fortier	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	

(Continued on page 90)

	Desneiges	24 Sep 1938	Philias Adam	Berlin, NH(St.An.)
	Rose-Aimée	03 Oct 1938	Daniel-J. Godin	Berlin, NH(St.An.)

PAQUET

35A	Aglaée/Adélaïde	18 May 1908	Albani Paré	Augusta(St.Aug.)
	M.-Virginie	03 Nov 1910	Polycarpe Leclair	Augusta(St.Aug.)
	Marie	16 Apr 1917	Françoix-X. Desrosiers	Augusta(St.Aug.)
	Aurore	27 Nov 1922	Albert-Irenée Lemieux	Augusta(St.Aug.)
	Jos.-Rosaire	03 Sep 1928	Marthe-Cécile Levasseur	Augusta(St.Aug.)
	Délina-Claudia	17 Aug 1936	Carroll-Frs. Gagnon	Augusta(St.Aug.)

* *

PAQUETTE

FAMILY #3

Philippe **Paquet**, mason, born in 1631 in France, died in PQ, son of Antoine Paquet and Renée Fouyard/Foignon of the town of St.Martin-la-Rivière, department of Vienne, ancient province of Poitou, France, married in the Québec city area in 1669 (12 June 1669 reference contract Auber), to Françoise
Gobeil, born in 1656 in France and died in 1716 in PQ, the daughter of Jean Gobeil and Jeanne Guiet of the parish of St.André in the city of Niort, department of Deux-Sèvres, ancient province of Poitou, France. St.Martin-la-Rivière, also called "Valdivienne" on some modern maps, is located 14 miles east-southeast of the city of Poitiers.

1	Philippe		12 Jun 1669	Françoise Gobeil	contract Auber	2
2	Philippe		11 Aug 1700	Marie Fontaine	St.Jean, I.O.	3
	Francois		21 Jan 1715	Angélique Paradis	St.Pierre, I.O.	4
3	Philippe	1m.	19 Jan 1722	M.-Dorothée Plante	St.Jean, I.O.	5
	"	2m.	circa 1745	M.-Louise Gaudreau	PQ	6
4	Joseph		06 Feb 1747	Louise Filiau	Ste.Famille, I.O.	8
5	Étienne		15 Feb 1762	M.-Madeleine Demers	St.Nicolas, Lévis	9
6	Jean-Baptiste		21 Apr 1777	M.-Louise Dupéré	St.Nicolas	10
8	Michel	1m.	05 Jul 1790	Geneviève Émond	St.Jean, I.O.	12
	"	2m.	30 Jun 1806	Madeleine Roy	St.Gervais	
9	Ét.-Théodore		07 Feb 1791	Marguerite Filteau	St.Nicolas	13
	Michel		07 Aug 1798	Louise Croteau	St.Nicolas	14
10	Joseph		22 Jan 1805	Angélique Croteau	St.Nicolas	15
12	Joseph	1m.	21 Aug 1826	Josette Blouin	St.Jean, I.O.	19
	"	2m.	30 Apr 1861	Rosalie Pouliot	St.Anselme	
13	Olivier		04 Oct 1836	Marie Demers	St.Nicolas	21
14	Isaïe		08 Feb 1825	Flavie Dupéré	St.Nicolas	22
	François-X.		03 Jul 1833	Louise Bolduc	St.Nicolas	23
	Étienne		08 Oct 1833	Rosalie Bolduc	St.Nicolas	24
	Stanislas		09 Oct 1838	Marie Sévigny	St.Antoine-Tilly	25
15	Joachim		30 Sep 1828	M.-Madeleine Turcotte	St.Nicolas	(to Mégantic)
	Marcel		30 Sep 1839	Marguerite Croteau	St.Nicolas	27
19	Joseph	1m.	17 Feb 1852	Marie Couture	St.Anselme	29/19A
	"	2m.	10 Jan 1888	Rosalie Poulin	St.Victor	
21	Théodore		17 Jul 1862	Emilie Olivier	St.Nicolas	21A
	Honoré		19 Jan 1869	Rose-Délima Gingras	St.Nicolas	21B
22	Benjamin		12 Sep 1865	Philomène Turcotte	Laurierville, Még.	22A
23	Honoré		24 Feb 1862	Josette Roberge	St.Étienne, Lévis	35

(Continued on page 91)

PAQUET

24	Isaïe	13 Oct 1857	Emélie Couture	St.Nicolas	24A
	Joseph	12 Jul 1859	Emilie Dubois	St.Nicolas	
25	Benjamin	09 Jan 1872	Marcelline Turgeon	Tingwick, Artha.	38
	Pierre	24 Sep 1872	Delvina Blais	Ham Nord, Wolfe	25A
27	Napoléon	20 Sep 1881	Emélie Roy	St.Fortunat, Wolfe	27A
	Marcel	29 Apr 1889	Georgiana Provencher	St.Fortunat, Wolfe	27B
29	François-Alph.	07 Jan 1879	M.-Célina Marceau	St.Honoré	39
35	Xavier	24 Nov 1885	Arthémise Duquet	St.Étienne	41
38	Louis	03 May 1898	Amarilda Lavertu	St.Paul-Chester	38A
	Stanislas "Paul"	19 Feb 1906	Jeanne Comtois	St.Paul-Chester	38B
39	Arthur	12 Jul 1920	Georgiana Lachance [dit Marcoux]	St.Côme	39A
41	Joseph	24 Nov 1914	Rose-Aimée Gagné	St.Zacharie	45
45	Joseph	04 Jan 1937	Eléonore Poulin	St.Zacharie	45A
	Honoré	15 Sep 1943	M.-Anna Parent	St.Zacharie	45B

The following are descendants of the above who married in Maine:

19A	Philias "Philip"	1881	Éliza/Vitaline Gilbert	Fairfield !	19B
19B	William-Henry	19 Oct 1908	Éva Foster (Fortin)	Fairfield(IHM)	19C
	Frank	04 Oct 1915	Alfreda Giroux	Waterville(SH)	19D
19C	Wallace-W.	29 Dec 1930	Hope-H. Holt	Fairfield(IHM)	19E
	Roland	30 May 1940	M.-Estelle Lapointe	Skowhegan(OLL)	19F
19D	Shirley	19 Apr 1941	Ralph-M. Barton	Waterville(SH)	
19E	Wallace	01 Oct 1960	Lorena Clavette	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
19E	Constance	26 May 1962	Daniel Laflamme	Fairfield(IHM)	
	Deborah-Ann	07 Sep 1974	Roger-Lucien Veilleux	Waterville(SH)	
19F	Roland-Peter	01 Aug 1964	Barbara-Carol Shuman	Skowhegan(OLL)	
	Diane-M.	08 Aug 1970	Peter-A. Downing	Skowhegan(OLL)	
21A	Arthur	06 Nov 1899	Marie-Anne Mazerolle	Skowhegan(OLL)	
21B	George	07 Nov 1898	Rosanna Boucher	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
22A	Joseph	31 Jul 1893	Délia Guay	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Napoléon	18 Nov 1895	Marie Binette	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
24A	Louis 1m.	09 Feb 1880	Délima Dubois	St.Étienne, Lévis	24B
	" 2m.	17 Sep 1900	Victoria Galarneau	St.Étienne	
24B	Théodore 1m.	07 Jul 1902	Rose-Anna Grégoire	Biddeford(St.And.)	24C
	" 2m.	26 Jan 1924	Amanda Grégoire	Biddeford(St.And.)	
24C	Albert	05 May 1920	Rosa Dumont	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Alice	18 May 1930	Frank Thibault	Sanford(HF)	
	Irène	28 Jun 1930	Hormidas Jalbert	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Rose	25 Nov 1933	Anthony Paulus	Biddeford(St.And.)	
25A	Noé	09 Sep 1901	Délia Hébert	Biddeford(St.And.)	25B
	Stanislas	26 May 1902	Rose-Anna Côté	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	25C
	Omer	23 Aug 1909	Delvina Binette	Biddeford(St.And.)	25D
25B	Aurôre	01 Jul 1929	Ovila Morel	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	André	04 Sep 1933	Laure-M. Tremblay	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Laurier-Robert	12 Jun 1937	Annette-M. Baillargeon	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	25E
	René	11 May 1946	Edna Bertrand	Saco(NDL)	
	Paul	28 Nov 1946	Gisèle Boucher	Biddeford(St.And.)	25F
25C	Raoul-Conrad	09 Dec 1933	Virginia Douglas	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Raymond	30 Sep 1944	Bernadette Lessard	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	

(Continued on page 108)

IMMIGRATION OF ACADIANS AND QUEBECOIS FROM CANADA INTO MAINE

Jeni Cunningham is a first year College student and grandaughter to Amy Bouchard Morin of Old Town. The following was written for her Eng 101 class.

There were two waves of French immigration into Maine. The Acadianimmigration occurred in 1785, and these Acadians mostly settled in northern Maine along the St. John River. The Quebecois immigration mostly occurred in the mid-1800s and these Quebecois settled in mill towns all over New England. This paper will describe the reasons for these mass migrations to the United States and why each group chose the area that they chose in which to settle. If, over the generations, they lost their literacy in the French language, the paper will present some of the reasons. In the case of the Quebecois migration, the paper will explain and describe the settling of one particular "Petit Canada" in Old Town, Maine, which became known as French Island. The description of this settling of the Quebecois in Old Town is the same for all the French Quebecois settlements in all the New England States. These Quebecois immigrants all came to the States for the same reasons and they all faced the same hardships and prejudices, in whichever Little Canada they chose to settle.

The Acadian movement started long before 1785 with the first settlement on St. Croix Island by approximately 70 French explorers led by Sieur De Monts and Samuel de Champlain in 1604. The colony was named Acadia by the King of France. This settlement failed after a very hard winter during which many of the settlers died. The colony moved in 1605 to a location on the shore which they named Port Royal (now Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia). De Monts decided he had enough of the hardships and returned to France. The colony languished without leadership until a new governor was appointed in 1610. The English destroyed the colony in 1613, but it was rebuilt and prospered with fertile fisheries offshore, furs from the forest animals, and the dyke-protected fields which the Acadians built and maintained. These dykes, which the Acadians learned to build in France, created productive farmland from salt water marshes. The British originally thought these dykes were useless, until the farmland which was created started producing excellent crops. Acadia, because it was located between the competing colonies of Quebec and New England, was at the center of the international disagreements in the New World. The rule of Acadia passed between the British and the French several times. The French Acadians struggled to remain neutral regardless of whom the "official" ruler was of their territory. Humbly Showith.

That your petitioners are descended from the early settlers of Acadia at the time it was under the dominion of France and have been educated in the Roman
Catholic persuasion....

That your petitioners are encumbered with large families for whose settlement in life they look forward with much anxiety and it is their earnest wish to see them settled around them on lands of their own which they cannot expect in the part of the country where they now dwell....

That your petitioners are informed the government offers encouragement in lands to such person as shall settle high up the River St-John which your petitioners are desirous of doing...

That having always demeanered themselves since the cession of Acadia to Great Britain as faithful, peaceable, and industrious subjects and settlers, your petitioners humbly pray that lands proprotioned to the number of their families may be granted to them and their children at a place called the Madawaska, between the Seven Islands and the River de Vert (Green River) on the River St-John.

Your petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray...

—ACADIAN PETITION TO GOVERNOR CARLETON

The French settlements in Acadia essentially governed themselves. Even though they were in relative isolation, they flourished for more than 100 years. Their situation took a turn for the worse in 1755 when Le Grand Derangement, or the Big Expulsion/Deportation occurred. Under orders of the British Governor of Acadia, the Acadian farmers of Nova Scotia were forcibly arrested. They were crowded onto English ships, and scattered all over the British Colonies. Some of these Acadians were dropped in Massachusetts, others in Virginia, and others ended up in Louisiana. These Louisiana Acadians are known today as the Cajuns. Families were separated, possessions burned, and conditions onboard the ships were crowded and not healthy. As many as half of the

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(IMMIGRATION OF ACADIANS
...continued from page 93)

Acadians, who were rounded up and put on these ships, died before reaching port. Some of the Acadians were off fishing and hunting when the British came to the Port Royal colony. They saw what was happening in their villages, so they escaped into the woods. Also, at the time of the Deportation, not all Acadians were living in Nova Scotia. In 1732, a group of Acadians, fed up with the British forces in Nova Scotia moved across the Bay of Fundy and settled along the St. John River in what is now New Brunswick. Many settled where Fredericton stands today. By the time of Le Grand Derangement, approximately two thousand Acadians were already scattered over several small villages along the St. John River. The Acadians captured only one British deportation ship, the transport Pembroke. This ship and its settlers remained in the St.John River communities. Even with constant British harassment the lower St. John Valley south of Fredericton remained the only significant Acadian settlement in New Brunswick. With the assistance of the French military leader Charles des Champs de Boishébert and their local Malecite allies, the Acadians managed to survive. The 1763 Treaty of Paris allowed many of the deportees to return to their homes. However, when they arrived, they found their old lands were inhabited by English colonists. They returned to the town of Fredericton, formerly known as Ste. Anne. They just wanted to live in peace so they moved a bit farther up the St. John Valley where they were successful for a while. They cleared land and settled down hoping to receive land grants approved by the British government now that the war with France was over. The coureurs de bois, who served as mail carriers, kept the lines of communication between Quebec and Halifax open, and because of their travels they were very familiar with the waters of the upper St. John River and the fertile valley on each side. This knowledge was critical in 1785, when the English Loyalists, who were fleeing American territory after the American Revolution, forcibly evicted the Acadians from their new homes.

The government officials in Quebec and New Brunswick broke their promises of protection. Two of the mail carriers organized the twenty-four leading families and petitioned the government for permission to sell their land for the promise that two hundred acres on the upper St. John River would be granted to the head of each family. This land was above the Grand Falls, and the British ships could not follow them to this area called The Madawaska, the Native American word for Land of the Porcupine. They felt that, if they could move to this place, they could finally live in peace. Within a year, more than half of the Acadian colony of the lower St. John would leave for the Madawaska settlement

In June of 1785, when they stepped on the banks of the St. John River at the place now known as St. David, Maine (near the modern town of Madawaska), two-and-a-half miles south of the Malecite village, one of the Acadian leaders directed the erecting of a large wooden cross at their landing site.

This was the first Acadian Cross. The Acadians needed to have a diplomatic meeting with the Malecite Indians who had a large Indian village on the north shore of the St. John River. The chief told the visitors that they could have a part of this land and that The Natives could help them protect it from invaders. The only stipulation was, "As long as your guns will not refuse to shoot the reindeers, or your nets to catch the fish in our rivers, you shall be welcome, and you shall be my friends". The Acadian refugees had finally found a permanent home after 30 years of persecution and flight. When these settlers picked their land, they simply chose land on either the north or the south side of the river. Often brothers would select land across the river from each other. There was a survey of the Madawaska Settlement in 1831 at a time when the whole region was disputed territory.

By 1790 the British finally affirmed the land claims for the Acadian families on the banks of the St. John River. On August 9, 1842, when the Webster-Ashburton Treaty was signed in Washington, the international border was finally fixed. With the naming of the St. John River as the border, the descendants of families who had simply chosen opposite sides of the river to claim their land found themselves to be citizens of different countries.

Because the original Acadian settlers had little formal education, they were often perceived to be only simple farmers without other skills. They were also sailors and carpenters, and they were great improvisors and skilled craftsmen. They had no blacksmith in their original group and little metal, so they made their tools, boats and homes from wood and became expert carvers and joiners. They built their houses using traditional "Ship's knees" for support and wooden walls of squared logs caulked like boats with a waterproof mixture of flax, unburnt lime, and buckwheat seed. Their highway was the St. John River and their mode of transportation was a sturdy boat.

At the turn of the 19th century, Madawaska Settlement extended roughly from the Indian Reservation (Edmundston today) to Grand Falls on both sides of the St. John River. The language spoken by the Acadians was French, which was the language of their homeland. So, the languages spoken in The St. John Valley settlement were French by the Acadians and the native's Malecite language. The Malecite's learned to speak French, and until the "English Only Law" was passed by the Maine Legislature in the early1920s French was basically the language of The Valley. This law forbid the use of any language except English in public schools, with the exception of specific language classes. It was interpreted by administrators to mean that no language other than English could be used anywhere on public school grounds except in specific language classes, and that if State inspectors heard any language except English being used the schools would lose their funding. French was

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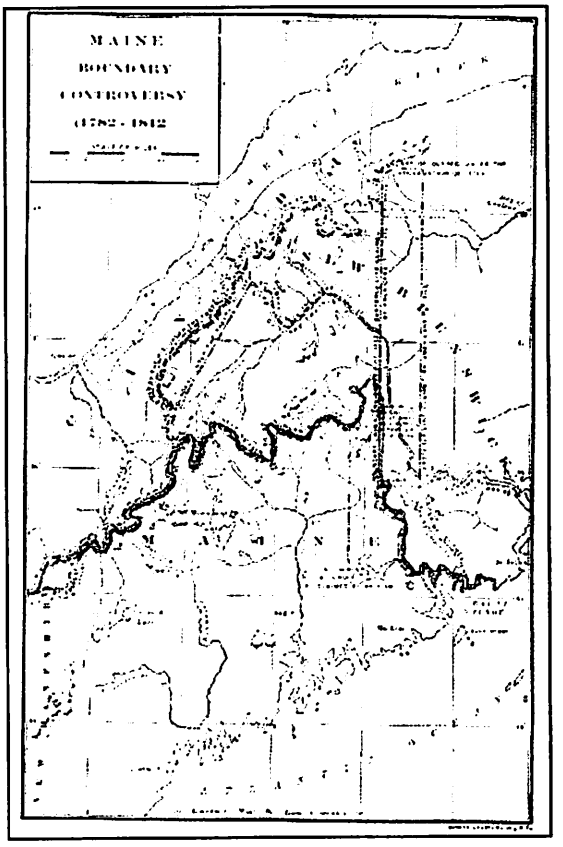
(IMMIGRATION OF ACADIANS ...continued from page 93)

the just about the only language heard spoken in the St. John Valley. Children came to the schools not knowing one single word of English and had to be taught in English only. So they learned English out of necessity but for a time, French remained the language of The Valley. Over the years these children and their children dropped their French skills. Now in the St. John Valley, French is being taught as a second language. However, many of the older generations kept speaking the language and even today they are fluent in French, and find English difficult to speak. Many of today's children are now learning to converse with their memeres and peperes (grandmothers and grandfathers) in French for the first time. Ben Levine's new movie "REVIEL: Waking Up French" shows the current situation quite clearly. In this movie, he interviews Franco-Americans of all ages in Maine and Rhode Island. Their descriptions of the hardships and struggles faced in keeping/ finding the language and culture are eye-opening.

The migration of Quebecois into the New England States started in the mid-1800s and occurred for completely different reasons than that of the Acadians. In the mid-1800s the economy of the Province of Quebec was terrible and the men couldn't find jobs. The farm lands that had been granted to families by the government had been divided up so many times within the large families, which often had 15 or more children, that even the land was not able to provide enough income for the farmers to support their families. At this same time, the machine age had arrived in the New England States, and mills were being built to make cloth and shoes. These mills needed workers and the population of the New England States was not large enough to supply all the workers that were needed. The owners of the mills, who had heard of the economic problems in Quebec and that the Quebecois were really good workers who took great pride in doing a job well, sent French-speaking people into Quebec to recruit workers. These recruiters posted notices on bulletin boards in railway stations which announced a date, time, and place of a meeting which would tell the Quebecois how and where they could find a guaranteed job. Men, desperate to find work to support their families would attend these meetings and many would decide to come to the States. When they arrived in the States and found that the offers were real, they would send for family and friends who would join them. They would settle in areas near the mills which soon became known as



Petit Canadas (Little Canadas)..

The island community now known as French Island in Old Town was formed in just this way. In May of 1804, Joseph Treat and Daniel Webster purchased a 47-acre, uninhabited island in the Penobscot River from the State of Massachusetts as an investment. They started selling land immediately after the purchase to a few people who built homes there. By 1832 twenty-two lots had been sold mostly to English people. E. M. Woodford's map of 1855 shows a French Village on Treat and Webster Island. This land was owned by an Englishman who built homes and rented or sold them to the Quebecois. When the first Quebecois came to Old Town to work in the woolen mills and shoe shops that were being built they settled on this island. As soon as possible, they sent for family and friends to join them. Often the new arrivals would live with the people who invited them and pay room and board until they could find a house to rent on the island. Then they would send for their families to join them. The population of the island grew. In 1860 there were 20 houses on the Island and by the year 1875 there were 67 houses. By 1890, 28 percent of the total population of Old Town was French. By the turn of the century the island was known as French Island. At this time there were only four English families living on the island and all of these families were fluent in French. It was said that when you crossed the bridge onto the island you felt as if you were in Quebec, because the only language you heard there was French. It even smelled like Quebec, because the women were cooking all the French foods, using the recipes that had been handed down over the generations. So, the name French Island was born.

Several of the people who moved here from Quebec started their own businesses. One in particular, Jean-Baptiste Morin and his wife Domitilde Morin, moved from St. Epiphane, Quebec onto the island in 1882 with 11 children. Eventually, Domitilde and Jean-Baptiste had twenty-four children, thirteen of them born on French Island. Two of the oldest sons started a business selling fruit to people in Old Town. The business grew and the Morin sons eventually had a store on Main Street in Old Town called Morin Brothers Fruit Store. The new Bangor Savings

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(IMMIGRATION OF ACADIANS ...continued from page 94)

Bank now stands where that store originally stood. Jean-Baptiste was a stone mason and in the interviews his daughter Rachel told that he helped build the foundation of the Old Town Shoe Shop, which is now The River House, Senior Housing. Some of the Island residents started businesses on the Island. LaBree's Bakery, of the famous LaBree's Donuts, started in the cellar of the LaBree home.

Today's area school and coach bus line, John T. Cyr and Sons, started as a freight delivery/horse and buggy rental company located on the Island. It remained there until 1980, ending a 68-year residency on the Island, when it moved to Old Town's industrial park. There were several neighborhood grocery stores, barber/beauty shops, and pubs started on the Island and operated by Island residents.

Many of the Quebecois had very large families. A husband and wife usually had at least ten children and fifteen children was the average number of children a woman would bring into the world. Education, in this era, was not given the high priority that it has today. A boy usually went to school as far as the sixth grade. He was considered to have a really good education if he graduated from eighth grade. He would be expected to find a job and contribute to the family's needs. It was thought that a girl had all the education she needed if she went through fourth grade, as she was expected to help her mother with the housework and the children. Often the young girls in those days would marry and start families of their own at the age of 15, or they would also go to work in the mills. Many of the Island children went to the parochial schools and were taught by French-speaking nuns and brothers. The "English Only" law affected them in the beginning since they usually attended the Island elementary school for their first few years of school because they were too small to walk the mile to the parochial school each day. They had to walk that mile four times a day, because all children returned home to eat lunch each noon. So, like the Acadian children in the valley, these French-speaking children started school being taught by teachers who didn't understand French. This was their first contact with the English language, at the age of five. When the Island children who had attended the Catholic schools started attending public school in Old Town, they were often looked down on, and sometimes considered to be very slow learners, because they spoke English with a strong French accent. This was one reason that the Island people started to lose their literacy in French. There were a couple more reasons which made the French Island people try hard to assimilate with the English. One of these reasons was the fact that even though the French were guaranteed jobs when they moved here, those with French names and strong French accents would never be given promotions. They could never work into supervisory positions or become mill managers. Many of them learned English and changed their names or the spelling of their names to English names, with the thought that this might help them wipe out the "dumb Frenchman" curse and allow them to get a promotion. So, the name Coté became Cota, LeBlanc became White, etc.

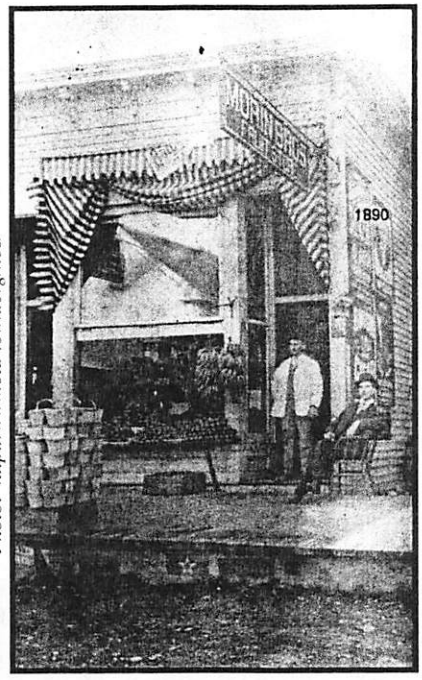

Photo: http://www.old-town.org/nos/

The Morin Brothers Fruit Store, 1890.

Another thing happened at about the same time as the "English Only Law." The Klu Klux Klan (KKK) became very active in the mill town areas. In Maine there were very active KKK groups in Milo, Dexter, Lewiston, Waterville, Saco, and also in the Old Town area. One of their means of intimidation was to parade in their regalia through the towns and to burn crosses.

The KKK burned crosses on the river bank in Milford and one time the Island men heard that the KKK was coming on the Island to burn all the houses. The Island men met the KKK on the bridge between the Island and Milford with whatever weapons they had and turned the KKK back. This was never tried again. However, since the only things that distinguished the French from the English were their language and their names. Many of the French changed their names, made sure that their children became fluent in English, and tried to wipe out their French accents. For their safety they needed to blend into the majority culture.

The reasons for the Acadian and the Quebecois movements into the United States were different. Both groups today are referred to as Franco-Americans. For the Acadian Francos it was because of British persecution, and for the Quebecois it was because of the terrible economic situation in their homeland. The Acadians found peace in their new homeland and other than the English Only Law, which caused the loss of their language, they were not persecuted by the English. They were the majority in the more isolated area of the St. John Valley and so their culture has been more protected. The Quebecois, in their "Petit Canadas," found jobs and community in their new homeland. However, they didn't find peace. Not all the "Petit Canadas" were actually islands like French Island. But they were cultural islands which gave support, friendship, courage, and strength to their residents. The Quebecois also had to deal with horrendous prejudice against them by the English majority

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(IMMIGRATION OF ACADIANS ...continued from page 95)

and the KKK, which pushed them to hide their culture and lose their language skills. If you go into the St. John Valley today, you can still hear people speaking French in their daily lives. In the "Petit Canadas," you find groups of people who are struggling to learn the language of their ancestors and trying to find and understand the things in their life that connect to their French backgrounds. Because the oldest Franco-Americans who still speak French and who have the cultural knowledge are dying, the young people are mostly learning about their culture and to speak the language from books, which teach Parisian or standard French. This is not the same, but it is better than not learning at all.

FIGURES

Figure 1. Acadian Petition to British Governor Carleton.

Figure 2. First parade in the United States of Ku Klux Klan and first daylight parade in the United States in Milo, Maine. 3 Sept. 1923. Photo by Clement Studio. Milo, Maine.

Figure 3. KKK hood. Hood was donated to Franco-American Center by a person who wished to remain anonymous. It was found hidden in the rafters of an old house in Saco. Photo by Lisa Michaud. 6 April 2004.

Franco-American Center, Orono, Maine.

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"One More Thing"

"One More Thing" premiered in March, 2004 at the Pontine Theater in Portsmouth, N.H., and has since been performed at the Franco-American Heritage Center in Lewiston and at U-Maine, Orono.

In "One More Thing," Michael Parent portrays Jean-Paul Boisvert, a retired Franco-American mill worker who is trying to get "back into the ballgame" of his life after the death of his beloved wife. Now, on his 67th birthday, Monsieur Boisvert watches sports on TV, colorfully berating his beloved Red Sox and Bruins. He sings old French songs, fields phone calls from his children and other family members, and ponders his fragile health and mortality. He also tells stories, some funny, others poignant, as he struggles to resolve a major piece of unfinished emotional business.

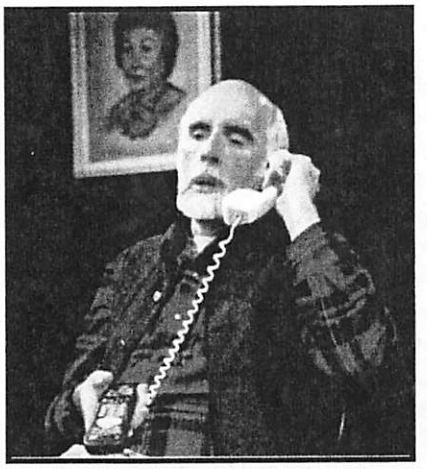
"One More Thing" addresses various issues, including aging, grief and loss, class consciousness, generational conflict, the connection between work and self-worth, and Franco-American culture and identity.

Michael Parent is an internationally known storyteller-singer, as well as an actor and playwright.

Since 1977, he has told stories in theatrical and non-theatrical settings. He grew up in Lewiston, and later lived in Virginia for many years. While in Virginia, he was a co-founder of, and frequent performer at Live Arts, a thriving alternative theater in Charlottesville. Michael returned to his home state of Maine in 1998, and now lives in Portland. He received the National Storytelling Network's "Circle of Excellence" Award in 1999, and was a keynote speaker at the 2001 National Storytelling Conference in Providence, R.I.

He has been featured at many events, including the National Storytelling Festival in Jonesborough, Tennessee, the International Storytelling Colloquium in Paris, the Glistening Waters Festival in New Zealand, the Sperrins Autumn Storytelling Festival in Northern Ireland, the Scealta Shamhna Festival in Dublin, and the Multicultural Storytelling Festival in Eugene, Oregon.

In addition to his performances for a wide range of audiences, including schools, libraries, theaters, and festivals, Michael also leads storytelling, story-writing, and performance workshops.



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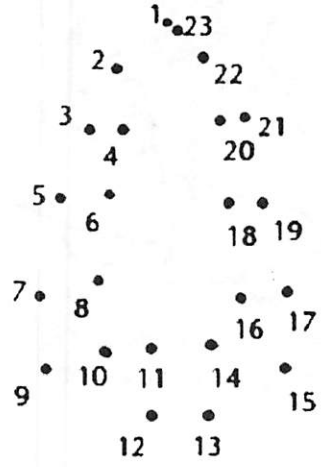
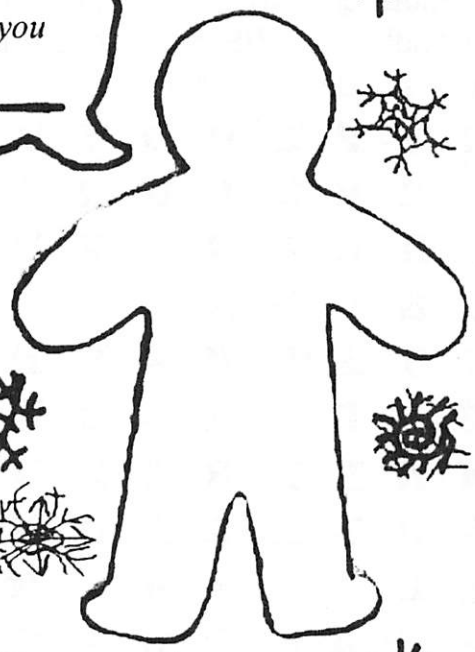
COIN DES JEUNES

par Leona Dalphond

Peux-tu connecter les points? Can you connect the dots?

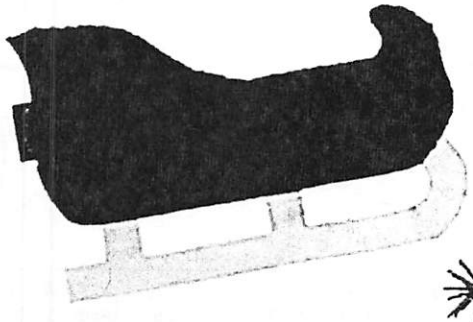


Quelle partie manges-tu d'abord? *Which part do you eat first?* _____



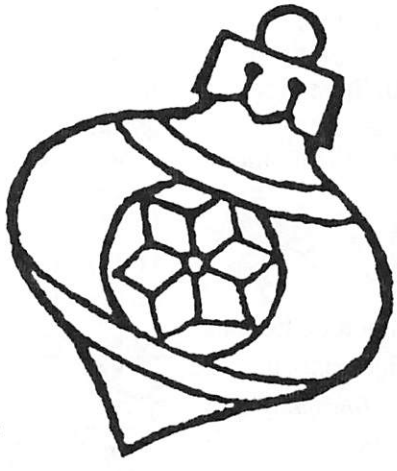
Donne ce bonhomme en pain d'épice quelques vêtements (il fait froid dehors!) et un visage. *Give this gingerbread man some clothes (it's cold outside!) and a face.*

Ce traîneau attend quelqu'un... toi. Fais un dessin de toi dans le traîneau et puis conduis à quelque part où tu veux aller. *This sleigh is waiting for someone... you. Draw yourself in the sleigh and then drive to somewhere you want to go.*



Il commence à neiger! Combien de flocons de neige vois-tu sur cette page? *It's beginning to snow! How many snowflakes do you see on this page?*

_____



Colore cet ornement. *Color this ornament.*

COIN DES JEUNES

par Leona

Il y a des mots français et des mots anglais cachés dans le casse-tête. Peux-tu trouver les deux listes? (Quelques mots sont cachés à l envers et diagonalement). There are French and English words hidden in the puzzle. Can you find both lists? (Some words are hidden backwards and diagonally).

A	N	G	E	L	D	D	Y	P	M
N	E	X	E	C	U	O	N	O	G
A	I	K	H	A	E	T	V	U	N
B	G	E	H	N	F	G	I	E	I
U	E	C	A	D	E	A	U	N	S
R	N	A	P	Y	R	Q	D	L	B
Y	N	N	P	L	B	U	I	E	W
U	E	D	Y	A	R	I	O	H	C
L	R	L	I	O	A	J	R	M	N
E	P	E	A	C	E	Z	F	O	A

Mots Français

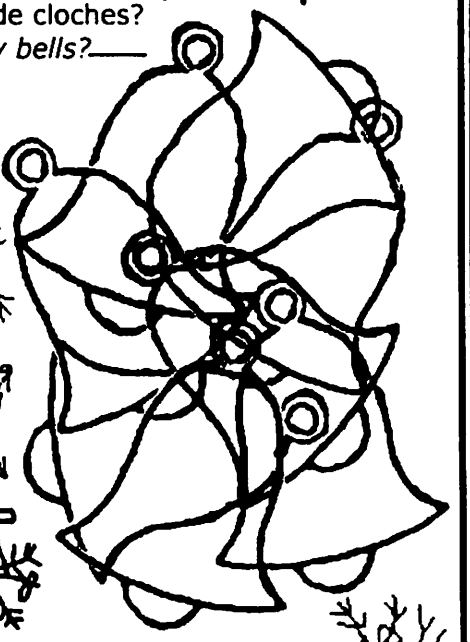
1. Arbre (tree)
2. Neige (snow)
3. Lutin (elf)
4. Cadeau (gift)
5. Amour (love)
6. Chanson (song)
7. Chaud (hot)
8. Froid (cold)
9. Ruban (ribbon)
10. Gui (mistletoe)
11. Luge (sled)
12. Renne (reindeer)

English Words

1. Angel (*ange*)
2. Yule (*ancien mot pour Noël*)
3. Peace (*paix*)
4. Candy (*bonbon*)
5. Choir (*chœur*)
6. Sing (*chanter*)
7. Doves (*colombes*)
8. Cheer (*souriant*)
9. Nog ("*eggnog*" *est une boisson fait avec des oeufs, du lait, du sucre, et de la muscade*)
10. Happy (*heureux, gai*)
11. Coal (*charbon*)
12. Candle (*bougie*)

Combien de flocons de neige sont sur cette page? *How many snowflakes are on this page?*

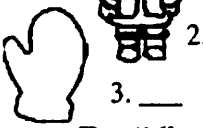
Combien de cloches? *How many bells?*____



Arrange les objets à gauche avec les objets à droit. *Match the objects on the left with the objects on the right.*

1. ___

2. ___



3. ___

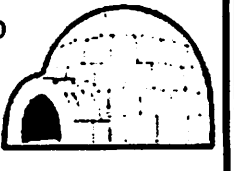
4. ___

5. ___

A 

B 

C 

D 

E 

Réponses/answers: combien de cloches? (how many bells): huit (eight); combien de flocons de neige? (how many snowflakes): page 1: 19, page 2: 20; Accords/matches: 1-B, 2-D, 3-E, 4-C, 5-A

Le FAROG Forum, décembre 1985

Tire de Ste. Catherine

2 tasses sucre
2 tasses de melasses
1/2 tasse d'eau

Faire bouillir jusqu'à ce que ça fasse des fils quand on en retire une cuillèrée du chaudron. (Il faudra prendre un grand chaudron car ça gonfle beaucoup en cuisant).

Retirez du feu, ajouter 2 cuillerées à soupe de vinaigre, 1/2 cuillère à thé de soda

Étendre dans un plat bien graissé pour refroidir assez pour être manoeuvrable. Étirer, elle deviendra de plus en plus dure. Tordre en couette d'à peu près 1/2 pouce d'épaisseur. Couper en 1/2 pouce et envelopper dans le papier ciré. C'était la coutûme le 25 novembre de fêter toutes les filles non mariée qui avaient 25 ans ou plus de les fêter d'une manière spéciale.

Les gens de P.E.I. disent que Ste Catherine est la cause de nos maringouins.

On dit que Ste Catherine s'était réfugiée sur une montagne et demandait au Bon Dieu de lui donner une manière de se sacrifier. Le Bon Dieu a envoyé les maringouins.

Nous voilà déjà rendu au mois de novembre, qu'anciennement était appelé le mois des morts. Le mois commençait par une messe de funéraille le 2 novembre. Chaque famille priait pour ses défunts, soit en faisant dire des messes ou en allant à la messe quotidiennement. Je me souvient lorsqu'on était jeunes qu'on trouvait le mois de novembre très triste. C'était peut-être parce qu'on parlait beaucoup des morts ou peut-être parce que les jours étaient beaucoup plus courts. Pour rendre les choses au pire, beaucoup en profitaient pour raconter des peurs sur les revenants, les feux follets, les loup garous, la Corriveau, etc.

Novembre est aussi le mois le plus dangereux pour conduire les machines à cause de la glace sur les chemins. Ca me fait penser à une petite histoire. La voilà:

Après la dépression, mon oncle Charles avait décidé de s'acheter une grosse vanne de transport. Ses deux garçons, Pierre et Jacques étaient pour être les "Drivers". Alors ça leurs prenait un permis spéciale. Tout les deux se présentaient au bureau de véhicules. Après que les formules furent remplis. La police demanda à Jacques "Disons que vous conduisez la vanne et que Pierre dort en arrière et qu'un moment donné qu'un "Driver" a perdu controle de son camion plein de bois s'en vient de travers dans le chemin en direction vers toi. Qu'est-ce que tu ferais??? Sans trop d'hésitation Jacques répondit: Je réveillerais Pierre en arrière parce qu'il n'a jamais vu ça une grosse accident....!

Novembre était aussi la saison de la chasse. Comme il n'y avait pas de frigidaire nos grandmères essayaient tout sortes de manières d'utiliser les viandes.

Voici quelques recettes que j'ai collectionnées. Je vous les donne parce que je ne crois pas que vous pouvez les trouver dans les livres de recettes d'aujourd'hui.

(Suite page 100)

FOR ALL YOU YOUNG ONES WHO NEVER KNEW!!!

The principle use of Grandma's apron was to protect the dress underneath, but along with that, it served as a holder for removing hot pans from the oven; it was wonderful for drying children's tears, and on occasion was even used for cleaning out dirty ears.


Edith Bérubé

From the chicken coop the apron was used for carrying eggs, fussy chicks, and sometimes half-hatched eggs to be finished in the warming oven.

When company came those old aprons were ideal hiding places for shy kids; and when the weather was cold, grandma wrapped it around her arms.

Those big old aprons wiped many a perspiring brow, bent over the hot wood stove. Chips and kindling-wood were brought into the kitchen in that apron.

From the garden it carried all sorts of vegetables. After the peas had been shelled it carried out the hulls.

In the fall it was used to bring in apples that had fallen from the trees. When unexpected company drove up the road, it was surprising how much furniture that old apron could dust in a matter of seconds.

When dinner was ready, Grandma walked out on the porch and waved her apron, and the men knew it was time to come in from the fields for dinner.

It will be a long time before anyone invents something that will replace that old-time apron that served so many purposes.

Author unknown

(Tire de Ste. Catherine suite de page 99)

Faisan Flambé au Cognac

Par le bon vieux Dentiste Talbot de St. Germaine, Dorchester

1 faisan
3 cuil. à table d'huile, sel & poivre
3 cuil. à table, cognac (Brandy)
2 tasse de consommé de boeuf
3 cuil. à table de beurre
Le foie du faisan
1/2 cuil. à thé moutarde sec
1/2 tasse de crème

Préparation

Sauter le faisan dans l'huile, cuire pour 15 minutes. Ajouter le sel et poivre. Verser le cognac sur le faisan, chauver et flamber.

Ajouter 1 tasse de consommé, mijoter 1 heure jusqu'à ce que la viande soit tendre.

Pendant la cuisson faire cuire le foie dans le beurre et écraser comme il faut. Quand les deux sont cuits ajouter l'autre tasse de consommé, mélanger bien. Mijoter jusqu'à ça fasse une sauce épaisse. Ajouter la crème. Assaisonner au goût.

J'ai essayée cette recette et elle est très bonne.

Perdrix au choux

Faire cuire les perdrix au moins 1 heure.

La Farce
8 tranches de pain,
1 oignon.

Tremper le pain avec le bouillon dans lequel les perdrix ont bouillis. Ajouter le persil, sel et poivre et sarriette. Faire bouillir le chou quelques minutes. Cuire 1 livre de saucisse de porc. Retirer les perdrix du bouillon. Rouler-les dans la farce et la farine, remplisser aussi la poitrine des perdrix avec la farce. Placer dans un chaudron avec le chou et les saucisse. Arroser de bouillon. Cuire 1 heure 1/2 à 2 heures jusqu'à ce que la viande soit tendre.

Civet de lièvre par Frère Lucien

1 lièvre
1 tasse d'eau froide
1 gousse d'ail
3 à 4 cuil. à table huile végétale
1 tasse de vinaigre blanc
1 oignon haché
1 branche de céleri hachée
...persil
1 pinte d'eau bouillante
12 à 15 petits oignons

Préparer le lièvre saler et poivrer. Mariner quelque heures dans le mélange de vinaigre, l'eau oignon haché, l'ail, des clous girofle (5), le persil et le celeri. En retirant la viande de la marinade, l'éponger, la saupoudrer de farine, la faire saisir dans l'huile. Verser l'eau bouillante, le mélange vinaigre. Cuire à four modéré pendant 2 heures. Mettre les oignons 1 heure avant la fin de la cuisson.

Venison mincemeat

5 lbs. venison (I prefer the meat of the neck)
3 cups of water
2 bls. beef suet ground
2 bls. seedless raisins
1 lb currants
1/4 cup lemon juice
8 lbs. apples peeled and cut in pieces
1 cup molasses
3 cups cider
1 cup meat stock
1 to 2 cups of wine or brandy
2 tsp. cinnamon
3 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. cloves
1 tsp. allspice
1 tsp. mace
2 1/2 tsp. salt
3 lbs. brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
3/4 cups lemons diced or sliced
3 oz.
3/4 cups candid orange rind
3 oz. Optional
3/4 cups candied lemon rind
3 oz.
1 lb walnut or pecan

Cut meat and cook until tender. Remove meat. Grind everything and simmer 1 1/2 hours. Add lemon juice and brandy or wine. Makes 5 to 6 jars.

Nos Histoires de l'Ile

livre de cuisine

A Collection of Recipes from French Island in Old Town, Maine

Ben's White Perch Chowder

"Many is the time I would go out fishing early in the morning at Pushaw Lake, and in no time I could fill a basket with white perch. White perch was often thought of as a trash fish, probably because of all the bones. However, people on the Island learned to fillet the fish, thus eliminating the bones, and they found that its delicate flavor made the vest fish chowder of all! If we didn't fillet the fish until the fish was done. Then we would remove the fish from the water and set the fish aside to cool so we could pick the fish off the bones. We would then add the onions and potatoes to the water saved from cooking the fish, and while that cooked we would pick the skin and bones off the fish and break the fish into bite-size pieces. We would then add the milk and fish to the cooked onions and potatoes and season to taste." —Ben Bouchard

In a kettle: melt butter (or oleo) and saute one large onion chopped. Add: 3 (or so many as you want) large cubed potatoes and enough water just to cover.

Simmer until potatoes are half cooked.

Add: white perch fillets cut in bite size pieces. Simmer until potatoes and perch are cooked.

Add milk and heat (do not bring to a boil). Season with salt and pepper to taste.

Nos Histoires de l'Île livre de cuisine

A collection of authentic "Franco" recipes from French Island in Old Town, Maine

Purchase your copy by contacting:

Amy Bouchard Morin
560 Main St.
Old Town, ME 04468
or by emailing:
AmyMorin@maine.edu

MUSIC/MUSIQUE

St. Pierre

St. Pierre était plein de regrets il caressa sa barbe blanche

Je n'est plus dit il que des branches tu peut regagner ta forest

Mais Jésus qu'on ne voyait pas intervait d'un cœur secourable

S'en alla choisir dans le tas il prit une feuille d'erable

Et c'est depuis ce beau jour là un peut partout au Canada

Dans la pleine et sur la montagne érable croit au Canada

J'ai apris cette chançon en 1932 quand j'était au septième grade a l'école St. Jean Baptiste a Rumford, Me.

Peut être que quelque-un dans votre audience de Lecteurs l'ont déjà apprit.

Albina Robichaud Martin
Gardner, MA

LE MONDE EST PETIT - LE MONDE EST VASTE

©2003 Lucie Therrien

O Petit Prince, tu as su le premier
Que notre planète peut dégénérer
Qu'elle est petite, vulnérable, à comparer
A la lune et le soleil enflammé.

Qu'en arrachant une fleur, elle est déséquilibrée
Les pétales pleurent, deviennent fanées
Se plient de chagrin, d'être séparées
D'leurs tiges, dans mes mains, emprisonnées.

Ah! mais le monde est vaste d'un autre côté
Rempli d'humains, impossible à tous compter
Aux visages romains, grecques, basques, irlandais
Chinois, africains, indiens, russe, japonais.

Un projet immense, des oiseaux pour chanter
La terre comme tapis de verdure ou désertée
Brodée de fleurs exotiques, dentelées
Un toit trop élévé pour pouvoir y toucher.

Mais le plus important dans ce monde petit, mais grand
C'est de l'aimer, respecter ce qui est déjà créé
De se donner l'espace qu'il faut pour épanouir
En tenant compte de notre diversité.

"A poem composed by Lucie Therrien in 2003. For a list of her recordings, videos, and agenda, visit her website ***www.LucieT.com*** *or write for a free brochure to* ***French American Music Ent., Box 4721, Portsmouth, N.H. 03802."***

MUSIC/MUSIQUE

Josée Vachon

Franco-American Rhythm & Songs

CéVon Musique, POB 157, Kutztown, PA 19530 TEL: 610-683-9210

e-mail: josee@map.com www.joseevachon.com

Born in Québec and raised in Maine, Josée Vachon has been singing her Franco-American upbringing for nearly 25 years through traditional and contemporary folksongs from Quebec and Acadia as well as her own compositions while accompanying herself on guitar and foot percussion. Her warm, engaging voice and personality plus her devotion to preserving this rich heritage has gained her a faithful following.

Josée debuted her career in 1980 while a student at UMO, where she became aware of her

Franco-American identity and discovered her cultural presence on stage. She worked as Managing Editor of *Le FAROG Forum* at the Franco-American Office, sang on Maine Public Television's "*Reflets et Lumières*" and quickly gained audiences across New England, Canada and France. She has 11 solo recordings, plus two more with the female trio, *Chanterelle*, which she co-founded with fiddler, Donna Hébert and guitarist, Liza Constable. For 11 years she also hosted over 500 episodes of *"Bonjour!"*, the most widely seen French-language television program produced in the U.S., which aired on Maine Public Television and various cable stations across the U.S. and Canada.

Awards include the **1999 National Culture Through the Arts Award** from NYSAFLT for her work in schools and her knowledge and appreciation of foreign languages and cultures;

Key to ***the City*** *of Woonsocket, RI and* proclamation by mayor for her contributions to Franco-American culture; and ***American Traditions Training and Touring Project***, NEA Funded

to showcase at Southern Arts Conference.

She has performed at Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C., the **Women's Singing Traditions of New England Tour** of 1994, Musée de la Civilisation, Quebec and Festival Eté Indien, Ste-Etienne, France to represent Franco-Americans. International television appearances include *Champs Elysées,* **Tour du monde de la francophonie**; *Le grand échiquier* on Antenne 2, PARIS; *Les démons du midi* on Société Radio-Canada, MONTREAL; and *Coup d'oeil* on CBC MONCTON, N.B. International performances include Martinique, Germany, Canada and France. She was also recorded for a special on *La Bolduc* on Canada's History Channel, a music clip representing music from Maine on MicroSoft's AutoMap Trip Planner software, and an original song on the *Smithsonian Folkways "Mademoiselle voulez-vous danser: Franco-American Music from the New England Borderlands".*

In 2003 her husband was appointed President of Kutztown University of Pennsylvania, where she now resides along with their 2 children. With the move, she has expanded her audiences to the mid-Atlantic states and continues to write and record the music that best represents the love of her heritage.

Concert Dates:

April 22, 2005 — Franco-American Centre, Orono, ME. For more information contact Lisa Michaud at the Franco-American Centre, (207) 581-3789.

April 24, 2005 — Lewiston, ME, F.A. Heritage Center, Benefit for Le FORUM & F.A. Ctr, Orono, ME, 2PM

Call 1-888-424-1007 for more information. Part of the proceeds will go to benefit the Franco-American Center in Orono.

Ne manquez pas la 3e édition

du Festival du 20 au 23 mai 2005
Auditorium et aréna de Verdun
4110, boulevard LaSalle à Verdun

FESTIVAL INTERNATIONAL Acadien Celtique Louisianais

Bon temps mauvais temps, l'équipe du Festival vous présentera une foule d'activités qui sauront plaire à tous.:

- **Spectacles de musique et de danse acadiens, celtiques et louisianais:** Eileen Ivers (la violoneuse de Riverdance et ses six musiciens), Suroît (I.D.M.), J.P. Cormier (N.E.), La Virée (N.B.), Dominique Dupuis (N.B.), Marcella Richard (I.P.E.), Art Richard (N.B.), Rosheen, Pierre Schryer, Les Langues Fourchues, Pierre Chartrand, Les Petits Pas Jacadiens, Jerry Holland, Zydeco Loco, , Moira et bien d'autres

- **Dégustation de mets louisianais et acadiens**

- **Ateliers de danse:** gigue, cajun et danses traditionnelles

- **Contes authentiques:** de l'Acadie racontés par Florian Lévesque (N.B.) ainsi qu'une pièce de théâtre *La Fondation de l'Acadie* (N.E.)

- **Démonstrations par des artisans:** de l'Acadie mettant en vedette les masques de la mi-carême de Chéticamp (N.E.)

- **Kiosques d'artisanat et de destinations touristiques**

- **Conférences sur l'histoire et la généalogie, films de l'O.N.F :** Historiens et généalogistes renommés, rencontres de famille

- **Ateliers de musique avec les artistes invités** (violon, accordéon et plusieurs autres instruments)

- **Animation, activités pour toute la famille**

Nous aimerions vous inviter à consulter les photos et extraits de vidéos des deux dernières éditions du Festival sur notre site web en cliquant sur :

http://www.acadieenfete.ca/Historique.html

Nous apprécierons toute aide dans la diffusion de ce message. Contactez-nous avec vos idées et suggestions afin de faire de cet événement unique un rendez-vous annuel. Merci.

Vous pouvez faire connaître votre entreprise ou annoncer vos produits et vos services de plusieurs façons :

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- Vous pouvez aussi saisir cette occasion idéale pour remercier vos meilleurs clients et vos employés. Invitez-les à se joindre à vous pour fêter dans une atmosphère festive et cordiale ou offrez-leur des billets ou des passeports leur permettant d'assister aux spectacles d'un, de deux ou de trois jours
- Vous pouvez nous aider à faire rayonner le Festival en ré-expédiant ce communiqué à vos amis, à vos collègues et à votre parenté

Veuillez cocher les cases ci-dessus qui correspondent à votre choix, remplissez le tableau ci-dessous et faites-le nous parvenir par télécopieur au (514) 748-2420.

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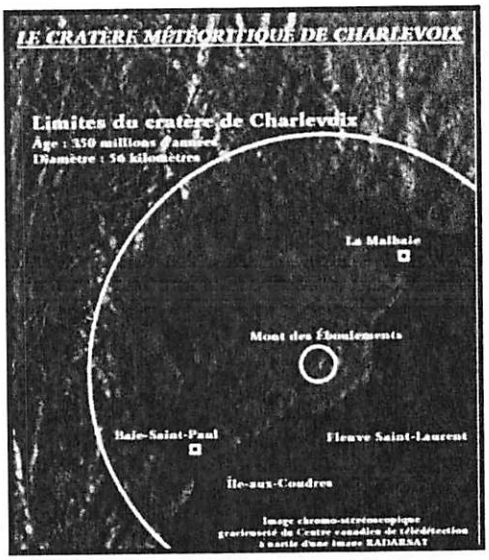
Venu du ciel

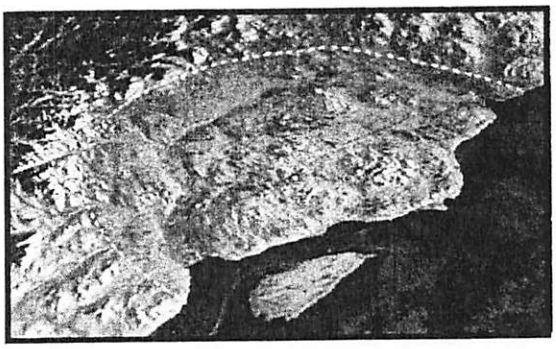
Venu de l'espace visiter la région de Charlevoix pour y façonner le paysage, il y à environ 350 millions d'années un énorme bloc d'environ un mille de diamètre à l'impact avec le sol fractura l'écorce terrestre.

Par Siméon Bouchard

Le compté de Charlevoix est situé sur la rive Nord du Saint-Laurent a une cinquantaine de milles au Nord est de la ville de Québec. Aux pieds des montagnes, les bases terre sont baignées par le fleuve Saint-Laurent sur toute la longueur du compté. Les plateaux intérieurs étant composés en partie de terre agricole bordée tout autour de montagne faisant partie de la chaîne Les Laurentides.

Des personnes courageuses des les débuts de la colonisation ont peiné pour défricher la terre de ce coin de pays pour y habiter sans savoir qu'il demeurait pour la plupart dans le cratère d'un objet venu du ciel, car aujourd'hui environ 80% de la population du compté habite dans le cratère même, endroit tranquille aujourd'hui visiter par de nombreux touriste, région faisant partie du patrimoine mondial crée par L'UNESCO.





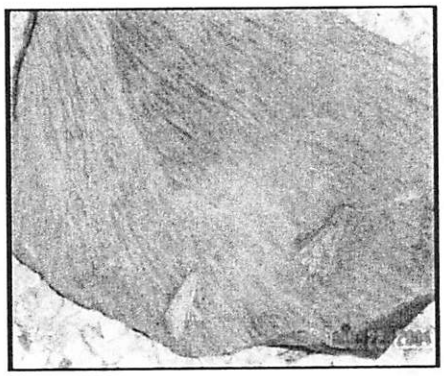
Maquette de l'astrobleme.

Pour en connaître un peu plus, il faut retourner dans le temps géologique de notre terre, il y a environ plus ou moins 350 millions d'années.

Un astéroïde venant de l'espace d'environ un mille de diamètre et pesant approximativement 15 milliards de tonnes et fonçant à une grande vitesse (30,000 miles à l'heure)dans l'infini du ciel vint finir sa course dans Charlevoix au Québec.

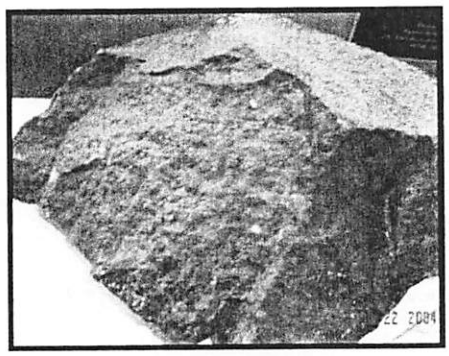
La croûte terrestre se fractura sous la force de l'impact creusant un cratère estimé à 3 milles de profondeur, avec une trentaine de milles de circonférence, ayant comme limite vers le sud une partie du fleuve Saint-Laurent, a l'ouest la ville de Baie-Saint Paul et à l'est celle de La Malbaie avec en son centre le mont des Éboulements crée par le retour du sol, tout simplement comme un caillou tombé sur l'eau. L'énergie dégagée lors de l'impact, des milliers de fois tous les arsenaux nucléaires réunis. Un tel impact créant une onde de choc capable de faire le tour de la terre.

Vers 1965 suite à la cartographie de la région des roches échantillons furent identifié en 1966 par le géologue J.P. Bassaget . Comme d'abord des shattercones.



Shattercones formé par l'onde de choc lors de l'impact.

Par la suite d'autres roches furent identifiées comme étant de L'impactites



Impactite roche fondue provenant de la fusion causée par l'impact.

Suite à cette découverte par le géologue chargé de la cartographie de la région, (Suite page 107)

Très pratique pour les touristes de langue anglaise qui visitent le Québec.

Le Ministère du Tourisme Québécois, en collaboration avec l'Office de la Langue Française, a publié un petit dictionnaire Anglais / Québécois traduisant les expressions les plus courantes.

Well there you go. - Bein coudon.
I don't believe it. - Bein wéyon don!
What's new. - Pi?...
Check that out. - Gâr.
Look at her. - Gar la.
Look at him. - Gar lé.
What? - Kossé?
What? - Hein?
Do you believe me? - Tume crétu?
Do you think I care. - Quesse tuveux ksam fasse.
Only - Yinque.
With that. - Aickssa.
Really wet. - Trempenlavette
Me and You. - Moé pi Toé.
I'm gonna yell at him. - J'ma y parler dans'l'casse.
I'm gonna beat him up. - J'ma yarranger l'cadran.
You're kidding me. - Vatendon.
It stinks. - Sassen chorogne.
I was scared. - Jéu la chienne.
Get out of there. - Aute toé delâ.
What are you doing. - Kesse tufai.
I'm spaced out. - Chudanlune.
Right there. - Drette la.
Don't go out of your way. - Bawd toézempa.
Let's say. -Metton.
Can you believe it? -Tatu d'javusa?
Move your ass. - Anweille.
It looks that way. - Sadlairasâh.
I tell you. - Chtedi.
I am so confused. - Chtoutt fourré.
I am so tired. - J'cogne dé clous.
Look at that guy. - Chek moilédon.
Get lost. - Dégosse.
A fat whore. - Grosse torche.
A lot of trouble. - Un siau'd'marde.
It's because. - Stacauze que
Anyways. - Antéka.
That's enough. - Sta çé.
See you later. - jva twoère talleur.
Relax. - Cammtoué.
Damn. - Viarge.
She's crying. - A braille.
Make me believe. - Fairacraire

(Venu du ciel suite de page 106)

Le cratère fut autentifié comme un cratère météoritique.Un docteur en géologie Jehan Rondot à étudié les structures de cet astrobleme pour par la suite écrire un volume qui à pour titre : Les impacts Météoritiques. Beaucoup de site internet font mention de cette structure de Charlevoix

Randonnées nature Charlevoix un organisme sans but lucratif ayant son siège social à la Baie-Saint Paul, s'est donné comme objectif par des visites guidées de faire découvrir ce patrimoine naturel désigné «réserve mondiale de la biosphère » par L'UNESCO en 1988.

Source : Randonnées nature Charlevoix www.charlevoix.net/randon

: Les Impacts météoritiques par Jehan Rondot

:Ministère des ressources naturelles Québec Canada

: Internet : Dans les moteurs de recherche : Météorite Caharlevoix.

: Internet : The Charlevoix Astrobleme.

:Ressources Naturelles faunes et parcs Québec

:Photocartothèque Québécoise.

PAQUET

25D	Émilien	28 Oct 1939	Rita Pratte	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	25G
	Robert 1m.	29 Jun 1946	Yvonne Dutremble	Saco(NDL)	25H
	" 2m.	24 Nov 1966	Yoko-L. Guilbault	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	" 3m.	07 Jul 1979	Jeanette Vallière	Saco(HT)	
25E	Roger-Émile	09 Oct 1965	Priscille Boucher	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	25J
	Guy-Normand	19 Aug 1972	Monique-L. Pelletier	Biddeford(St.And.)	
25F	Donald	26 Nov 1970	Géraldine Larose	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Norman	15 Apr 1972	Priscille Doyon	Saco(NDL)	
25G	Donald	10 Oct 1950	Dénise Daigle	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
25H	Robert-Carl	07 Jun 1969	Carol-Ann Gervais	Old Orch. B.(St.Mgt.)	
25J	Céleste-Michelle	29 May 1987	Edward Minuitti	Biddeford(St.Mary)	
27A	Victoria	25 Sep 1905	Arthur Dion	Biddeford(St.And.)	
27B	Jean-Baptiste	22 Sep 1919	M.-Rose Armstrong	Sanford(St.Ig.)	27C
27C	Rita	09 May 1942	Gérard Tardif	Sanford(HF)	
	Peter-Raymond	22 Oct 1949	Gertrude-M. Chapais	Sanford(HF)	
38A	Théodora	19 May 1934	Irenée Lambert	Saco(NDL)	
	M.-Rose	02 Oct 1937	Alphée Lambert	Biddeford(St.And.)	
38B	Léo	25 Nov 1929	Éva Arsenault	Rumford(St.John)	
	Anna-Rose	01 Jul 1930	Richard Levasseur	Mexico(St.The.)	
39A	George	30 May 1970	Olivine Caron	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Armand-Napo.	06 Sep 1981	Rose-Irène Dufresne	Saco(HT)	
45A	Jean-Guy-H.	03 Jul 1971	Yvette-Priscille Pépin	Biddeford(St.And.)	
45B	Yvon-Honoré	02 Jun 1972	Jeanne-Gloria Cantara	Biddeford(St.And.)	

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Other **Paquette** families not fully traced:

A1	Jean-Baptiste	18__	Josette Doiron	PQ	A2
A2	Laurent	13 Aug 1833	M.-Louise Parent	St.Nicolas	A3
A3	Étienne	27 Jul 1869	Adélaïde Crépeau	Broughton, Még.	A4
	Jean-Baptiste	23 Feb 1886	Anna Olivier	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	A5
A4	François-J.	26 Apr 1909	Onézime Brodeur	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
A5	Laura-M.	24 Jan 1915	Joseph-G.-L. Marois	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
	Louis-Phil.	13 May 1916	Abiggil Deschênes	Ft.Kent (St.Louis)	A6
A6	Jeannine-Élida	06 Aug 1960	Earl-David Weymouth	Madison(St.Seb.)	
			————————		
B0	Azarie	18__	Marguerite Alarie	PQ	B1
B1	Napoléon	11 Oct 1881	Adéline Bissonnette	Paquetville, Comp.	B2
B2	Adolphe	30 Aug 1920	M.-Louise Cloutier	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
	Amédée	09 Jun 1930	Rose Cloutier	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
	Omer-J.	19 Sep 1932	M.-Annette Rochefort	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	B3
B3	Edouard-Omer	01 Feb 1969	Dénise Cloutier	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
			————————		
C1	Thomas	18__	Domitille Couture	PQ	C2
C2	Jules	12 May 1878	Odile Roberge	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	C3
	Napoléon	05 Nov 1888	Sara Robert	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	C4
C3	Adélia	28 May 1917	Alfred Lebeau	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
C4	Arthur-J. 1m.	12 Jul 1910	Rose-Anna Gobeil	St.Honoré, PQ	C5
	" 2m.	11 Feb 1939	Adèle Tardif	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Edmond	17 Feb 1919	M.-Anna "Annie" Bégin	St.Honoré, PQ	C6

PAQUET

	Alfred		04 May 1920	Anna Bégin	St.Honoré	C7
	Albert	1m.	20 Jun 1921	Obéline Bégin	St.Honoré	C8
	"	2m.	11 Dec 1971	Rose-Élisa Dumont	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Wilfrid		26 Dec 1933	M.-Irène/Reine Bégin	Biddeford(St.And.)	C9
C5	Émile		03 Jul 1937	Irène Vachon	Saco(NDL)	C10
	Irène-Rose		04 Sep 1937	Ernest Poisson	Saco(NDL)	
	Éva		04 Sep 1937	Wilfred Dutremble	Saco(NDL)	
	Adelbert		24 May 1941	M.-Paule Gagné	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	C11
	Maria		02 Dec 1944	Léopold Larivière	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Rosaire		05 May 1945	Marguerite Roy	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	C12
	Robert		30 Aug 1947	Marguerite Laverrière	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	C13
	Léo		07 Aug 1954	Simonne Villeneuve	Biddeford(St.And.)	
C6	Gérard		31 May 1948	Doris Gagnon	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Armand		02 Jul 1949	Rachel Vir	Saco(NDL)	C14
	Robert		24 Jun 1950	Alice Roy	Biddeford(St.And.)	C15
	Desneiges		19 Apr 1951	Paul Fréchette	Saco(NDL)	
	Lucien		26 May 1951	Yvonne Roy	Saco(NDL)	
	Jean "John"		01 Sep 1956	Diane Ouellette	Saco(NDL)	C16
	Antonio		29 Jun 1957	Jeannine Laverrière	Biddeford(St.And.)	C17
	Réal		04 Jul 1957	Marcelle Cadorette	Biddeford(St.And.)	C18
	René		04 Apr 1959	Gertrude Roy	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Annette		26 May 1962	Donald-F. Desruisseaux	Saco(NDL)	
C7	Roland		21 Apr 1945	Thérèse Dupras	Biddeford(St.And.)	C19
	Raymond-J.		22 May 1948	Pauline Côté	Old Orch. B.(S.Mg.)	C20
	Mary-Paul		19 Jun 1948	Roland Petit	Saco(NDL)	
	Noëlla		30 Apr 1949	Lionel Martel	Saco(NDL)	
	Victor		08 Oct 1949	Jeannine Anger	Saco(NDL)	C21
	Lauréat		10 Jun 1950	Thérèse Binette	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	C22
	Jean-Paul		16 Sep 1950	Dorothée Petit	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	C23
	Jeanne-d'Arc		10 Jan 1953	Philip-L. Gadbois	Saco(NDL)	
	Rita		11 Jun 1955	Gérard Tremblay	Saco(NDL)	
	Henri		22 Apr 1956	Fernande Dubuc	Saco(NDL)	
C8	Raoul-G.		14 Jul 1945	Thérèse Borduas	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	C24
	Laurette-E.		22 Jun 1946	Edouard-Yvon Cloutier	Saco(NDL)	
	Jeannette		31 Aug 1946	Marcel Courtois	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Simonne		28 Jun 1947	Raoul Perron	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Rosaire-René		06 Sep 1948	Annette Martin	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Marguerite		19 Apr 1955	Norman Poirier	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Thérèse		02 Apr 1956	Normand Gagnon	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Jean		12 Oct 1957	Rita Gonneville	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Hélène		19 Nov 1960	Richard Bérubé	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Urbain		09 Sep 1961	Huguette Couture	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Gérard		21 Aug 1965	Rose Curro	Biddeford(St.Mary)	
	Roger		13 Aug 1966	Rachel Hébert	Biddeford(St.And.)	
C9	Gertrude		23 Jul 1955	Laurent Lessard	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Priscilla		12 Nov 1960	Roger Jalbert	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Lorraine-Pat.		08 Apr 1970	Leo-Roland Farley	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Dorothy-Ann		28 Jun 1974	Richard-Armand Petit	Biddeford(St.And.)	
C10	Roger		23 May 1959	Dorothy Bergeron	Biddeford(St.And.)	C25
C11	Aurèle-A.		02 May 1964	Lucille-R. Morin	Saco(NDL)	
	Jeannine		25 Nov 1967	Richard Bolduc	Saco(NDL)	

PAQUET

	Patrick-A.	1m.	02 May 1970	Linda Perreault	Saco(NDL)	
	"	2m.	02 Oct 1976	Cheryn-Ann Jurgel	Old Orch. B.(St.Mgt.)	
C12	Roger		29 Jun 1968	Dénise Dubé	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	

THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

The University of Maine Office of Franco American Affairs was founded in 1972 by Franco American students and community volunteers. It subsequently became the Franco American Centre.

From the onset, its purpose has been to introduce and integrate the Maine and Regional Franco American Fact in post-secondary academe and in particular the University of Maine.

Given the quasi total absence of a base of knowledge within the University about this nearly one-half of the population of the State of Maine, this effort has sought to develop ways and means of making this population, its identity, its contributions and its history visible on and off campus through seminars, workshops, conferences and media efforts — print and electronic.

The results sought have been the redressing of historical neglect and ignorance by returning to Franco Americans their history, their language and access to full and healthy self realizations. Further, changes within the University's working, in its structure and curriculum are sought in order that those who follow may experience cultural equity, have access to a culturally authentic base of knowledge dealing with French American identity and the contribution of this ethnic group to this society.

MISSION

- To be an advocate of the Franco-American Fact at the University of Maine, in the State of Maine and in the region, and
- To provide vehicles for the effective and cognitive expression of a collective, authentic, diversified and effective voice for Franco-Americans, and
- To stimulate the development of academic and non-academic program offerings at the University of Maine and in the state relevant to the history and life experience of this ethnic group and
- To assist and support Franco-Americans in the actualization of their language and culture in the advancement of careers, personal growth and their creative contribution to society, and
- To assist and provide support in the creation and implementation of a concept of pluralism which values, validates and reflects affectively and cognitively the Multicultural Fact in Maine and elsewhere in North America, and
- To assist in the generation and dissemination of knowledge about a major Maine resource — the rich cultural and language diversity of its people.

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

Le Bureau des Affaires franco-américains de l'Université du Maine fut fondé en 1972 par des étudiants et des bénévoles de la communauté franco-américaine. Cela devint par conséquent le Centre Franco-Américain.

Dès le départ, son but fut d'introduire et d'intégrer le Fait Franco-Américain du Maine et de la Région dans la formation académique post-secondaire et en particulier à l'Université du Maine.

Étant donné l'absence presque totale d'une base de connaissance à l'intérieur même de l'Université, le Centre Franco-Américain s'efforce d'essayer de développer des moyens pour rendre cette population, son identité, ses contributions et son histoire visible sur et en-dehors du campus à travers des séminaires, des ateliers, des conférences et des efforts médiatiques — imprimé et électronique.

Le résultat espéré est le redressement de la négligence et de l'ignorance historique en retournant aux Franco-Américains leur histoire, leur langue et l'accès à un accomplissement personnel sain et complet. De plus, des changements à l'intérieur de l'académie, dans sa structure et son curriculum sont nécessaires afin que ceux qui nous suivent puisse vivre l'expérience d'une justice culturelle, avoir accès à une base de connaissances culturellement authentique qui miroite l'identité et la contribution de ce groupe ethnique à la société.

OBJECTIFS:

1 – D'être l'avocat du Fait Franco-Américain à l'Université du Maine, dans l'État du Maine et dans la région.

2 – D'offrir des véhicules d'expression affective et cognitive d'une voix franco-américaine effective, collective, authentique et diversifiée.

3 – De stimuler le développement des offres de programmes académiques et non-académiques à l'Université du Maine et dans l'État du Maine, relatant l'histoire et l'expérience de la vie de ce groupe ethnique.

4 – D'assister et de supporter les Franco-Américains dans l'actualisation de leur langue et de leur culture dans l'avancement de leurs carrières, de l'accomplissement de leur personne et de leur contribution créative à la société.

5 – D'assister et d'offrir du support dans la création et l'implémentation d'un concept de pluralisme qui value, valide et reflète effectivement et cognitivement le fait dans le Maine et ailleurs en Amérique du Nord.

6 – D'assister dans la création et la publication de la connaissance à propos d'une ressource importante du Maine — la riche diversité

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Le FORUM
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