

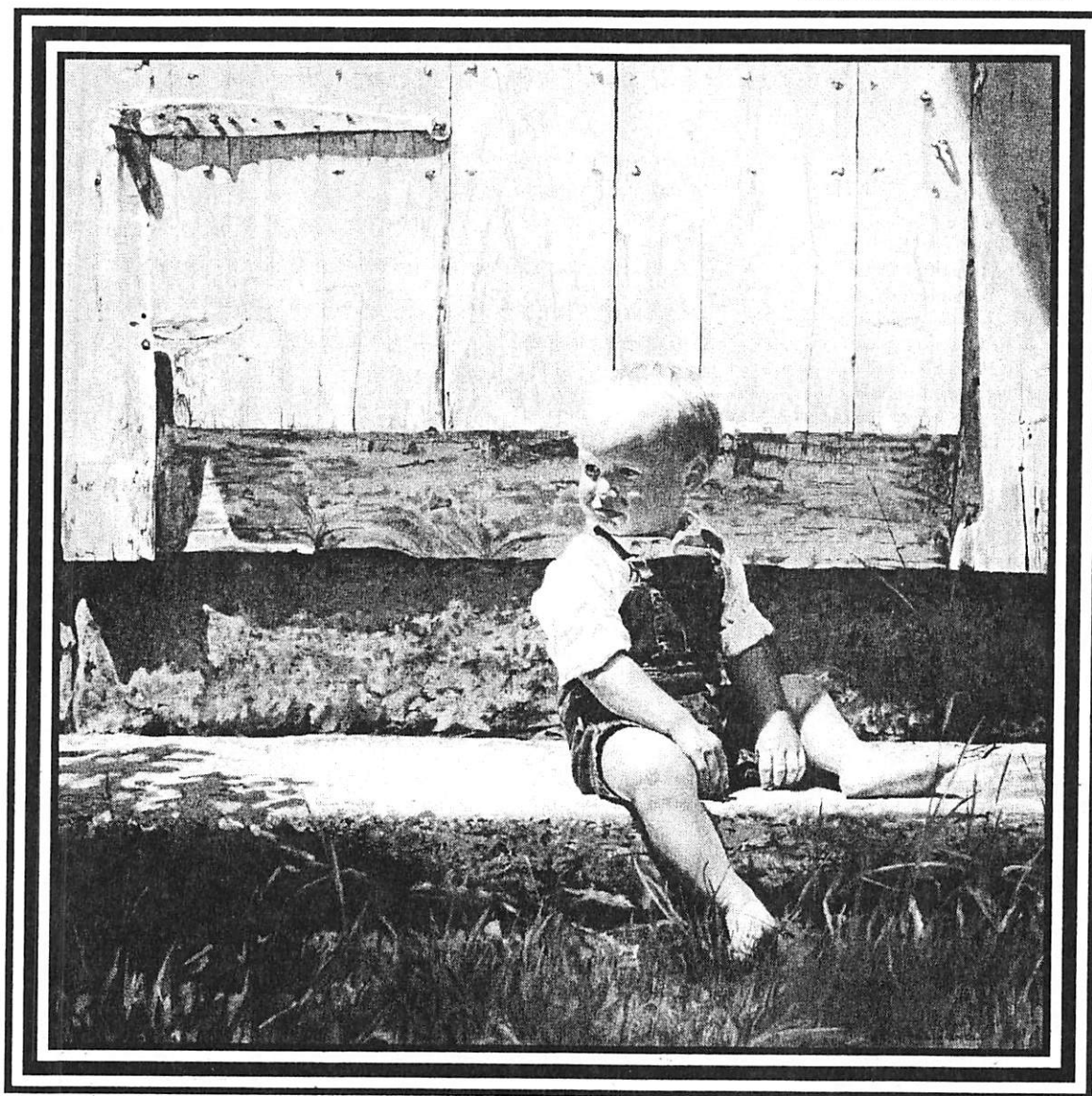
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Le FORUM

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

VOLUME 32, #1 & #2

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Oil painting by Brian C. Rossignol (See pages 40-42)

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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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, Angel, Stephanie

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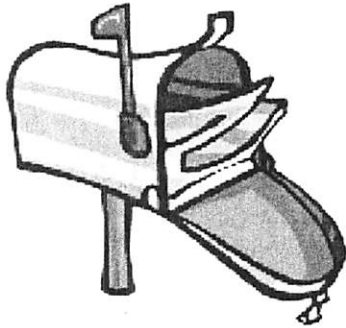
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Dear Friend;

Life without Le Forum is beyond description. Glad it's back on the road. Please send me the next four issues.

Annette Paradis King
Gouldsboro, ME

Dear Editor:

Would you have any info. available on A. Dupré family and James Thibodeau family. I would certainly appreciate anything. I've been having a hard time with this. A lot of the information is in towns of Ashland and Wallagrass but unable to look into old town books, or find office in Wallagrass. I have come to a dead end in this area of ancestors.

Thanking you for any help in all these matters.

Sincerely,
Pauline Nelson
13 Cedar St.
E. Millinocket, ME 04430

Dear Editor;

I am looking for any information about the Carrignan Regiment (The Kings Regiment). I would appreciate any information you may have about the Regiment. My ancestor Antoine Roy-Desjardins was a part of the Regiment.

I enclose my history of my line of Langlais. It is a very colorful story.

In my research of the name Langlais, I found that there are four lines bearing that name and they are not related. The earliest in Quebec was Noel Langlois. He was one of the early settlers and settled in Beauport Quebec. Noel was from Normandy. The Normans and the Anglos for centuries invaded and occupied each others territories. So the name Langlois stands for anglos. William the Conquers father was the Duke of Normandy, his mother was a Pelletier. The Dukes mistress.

Later when the Anglos became English the name became L'anglais.

Another line of the Langlais was from a scotman by the name of Otis, he arrived in the Gaspé area and became Otis L'anglais.

Another was a Webber, he arrived through Miriamichi. The french in New Brunswick called him Ouabord L'anglais.

My line came from a different route and ended up in Quebec.

Send Info. to:
Joseph F. Langlais
661 Center Road
Garland, ME 04939

Cher Camarade Franco:

Au début de l'année scolaire 2005-2006, un petit groupe d'étudiants Franco-Américains s'est réuni pour recréer le groupe autrefois connu sous le nom de FAROG (groupe franco-américain d'opportunités et ressources). De cette manière nous nous rendons compte de l'importance de notre culture, de notre langue et de notre héritage, qui par la suite nous a aidés à former un système de soutien mutuel.

Comme vous pourriez déjà le savoir, FAROG était un groupe très actif d'étudiants franco-américains fondé vers le commencement des années 70. Le but du groupe est d'être le défenseur des franco-américains et de les soutenir dans la réalisation de leur héritage important. Seuls nous ne pouvons pas accomplir ces tâches, donc nous demandons à nos camarades franco-américains de nous aider à rendre nos buts possibles : buts tels que des organisés pour collecter des fonds, événements culturels pour la communauté et le campus, aussi bien qu'établir des fonds de bourse pour les francos à travers l'état. On serait reconnaissant pour votre collaboration aux bourses individuelles ou de groupe.

Votre présence à l'Université du Maine peut être représenté par notre groupe et toutes ces activités. En aidant les étudiants franco-américains indiqués ici, vous exercerez une différence durable sur la communauté franco-américaine et chaque étudiant à réaliser des connaissances sur leur culture et leur héritage. Ont vous remercie de votre considération et de votre générosité!

Bien à vous,

Assis: Angel Sirois, Benjamin Michaud, Natalie Cormier, Stéphanie Cyr.

Debout: Virginia Sand, Dustin Carrier, Ashley Guay, Michelle Morneau, Holly Michaud, Sarah Lajoie.

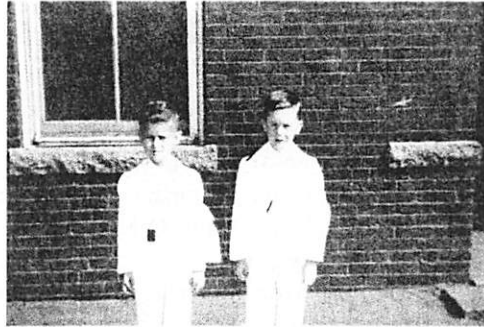
Absente du photo: Danielle Laliberté.

(Voir la page 18 pour plus)



F
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This is a picture of me (left) and Martin Chabot (right) making our First (Holy) Communion in May of 1955. The Le Kneiseux story unfolded four years later a few yards to the viewers left.

Le Kneiseux by Dick Gosselin S. Portland, ME

I was in the St. Martins School yard in the Fall of 1958 near the darkened alcove where the entrance to the Convent kitchen was. I had no idea how vulnerable I was. Out came a hefty nun dressed in white. Everybody knows Sisters of the Holy Cross dressed in black.... unless....you were the cook. About half the Nuns spoke little or no English. She was one of them. Being closest to the kitchen's back door I was selected to run an errand I would never forget.

"Va sur le Magasin Turgeon pour mer cherche une boite de biscuit aux the." (Go to Turgeons Market and get me a box of tea biscuits. Biscuits we have with tea she clarified in French) How would you have reacted??? Oh yeah tea biscuits, I know exactly what you're talking about!!!! So I asked: "Biscuits aux the?????????" "Oui," she said Monsieur Turgeon va savoir quesque tu veux dire." (Mr. Turgeon will know what you mean).

About Dick: Dick Gosselin has been a television broadcast journalist longer than anyone in Maine. He has appeared continuously on Southern Maine television since 1972.

He got his start at age 14 in his hometown of Somersworth, N.H. While in high school, Dick delivered the news from Somersworth and Berwick, Maine, from the offices of the Somersworth/Berwick Free Press over WTSN-AM in Dover, N.H. After working at radio stations in Sanford, Portsmouth, Fitchburg and Lawrence, Dick came to WCSH-TV where he was a reporter anchor for 13 years.

During an 11-year stint of self-employment, Dick worked as contributing

Well there were at least three Mr. Turgeon's at Turgeon's Market and not one of them knew what I was talking about. After conferring with each other it was determined that I should go back across the Street to the convent to glean more information. Size, flavor, special markings....a brand name would be nice. As I walked back across the Street I had a feeling this errand would not be doable. When I told her that ALL the Mr. Turgeon's had no idea what I was talking about she said forcefully: "BISCUIT AUX THEE YOU IDIOT!!!!!!!!!" Now, I already told you she didn't speak English, so how could she have said "you idiot." She didn't but the tone in her voice did.

Just then I heard a familiar voice from inside the kitchen. It was my fifth grade teacher (french subjects) Sister Saint Apoline. She might have chosen a different name had she known kids would come to call her Applesauce behind her back. "Ah bien quis vous avez envoyez pour faire cette commission la?" (Who did you send to do this errand?) The cook pointed at me and said: "Lui." (Him). "Ah Mon Dieu!!!!!" said Apoline.

reporter at WMTW's sister station in Boston, WCVB-TV. It was during this time that he reported for Maine Public Television in segments of "Healthwise," and hosted "Dick's Video Workshop." Dick hosted the pilot program for the long-running "Maine in Maine" series. That led to a three-year hosting of the legendary quiz show, "So You Think You Know Maine."

Dick has been at WTMW-TV since 1996. Two years ago, he joined a team of co-workers and helped to pioneer NewsRadio WMTW. He is assigned a news car and gear so he can make the switch when needed to "videographer."

Dick is an amateur radio operator and vows to restore a 1974 VW Beetle in

"Vous avez choisie le plus kneiseux de l'ecole St. Martin depuis dix neux cent deux." (Oh my God, you have chosen the biggest....(there is no literal translation for the word kneiseux but knucklehead comes close) at St. Martin's School since 1902 (the year the school was founded)).

Finally one got on the phone to the market. Undoubtedly across the Street was a long distance call in those days. The switchboard operator on the second floor of the present day police station apparently spoke no French because it took them a while to convey that three digit number and letter. (no dials in Somersworth until 1962) Being bi-lingual I could have helped but at this point they felt I (being a kneiseux and all) would only confuse the isse. What followed was a lengthy conversation with one of the Mr. Turgeons. Finally they struck paydirt. They told me to go back across the Street and the market would have those dog gone tea biscuits. They did.

As I said, these nuns spoke little or no English. Among the words they did not know were: Get me a box of Arrowroot Cookies.

his garage. He's an electronics hobbyist and motorcycle enthusiast. He loves to cook, work in his woodshop, do stained glass, photography, astronomy, play tennis, ride his bicycle, skate and cross country ski. He also writes non-fiction about his hometown on an Internet publication known as "Somersworld.com."



Chapter 18

SURPRISE! surprise! A
NEW BABY SISTER

*We had spiritual security as a family.
Papa loved us and watched out for us.
Nothing else could give us that.*

-Unknown Author

It didn't take Eugene, Marguerite or me long to react whenever Papa awakened us earlier than usual. We knew the reason must be exciting—a new calf perhaps? Or one or more incubator trays filled with long awaited chicks hatched overnight? Or possibly a barn-cat had given birth to kittens... greatest of all, a new sister or brother had arrived. Papa was noted for his impulsive loud shouts whenever some form of new life finally settled down with everything back to normal. Whenever one of those events took place before daylight, he ignored the early morning hours set aside for sleep. The pleasure that comes from making news was so much greater.

The atmosphere in our house reached the height of a holiday following these home births. Though naïve for children seven or nine years old, memories are filled with joy, love, and family warmth. How we received the news the news the morning Lydia was born and four years later when Laura arrived on the Hill left no room for doubts, questions or jealousy. Happenings connecting these births are nixed with mystical facts deliberately and very successfully cited to protect our innocence. A nurse who appeared the next morning—possibly already instructed by Papa, who surely would have carried out Mama's wishes to discourage questions leading to births—reinforced his mystical stories. I was totally satisfied hearing a baby had been found under a rock or first discovered tucked comfortably near Bossy in the barn. Papa's stories were convincing and lovely.

"Hurry. Come and see!"

Papa shouted and the fairytales began. In seconds three sets of bare feet came out from warm blankets to hit cold wood floors. Only then his last words were heard.

"You have a new little sister."

Pushing and shouting, we descended the stairs hardly breathing until entering our parents' bedroom. Once there, our entire attention was focused on one particular dresser drawer placed oddly on the cedar chest under on window.

We often sat her looking out across the field deciding what the day's weather would be, but on these mornings there was not the least interest in outside sights. We three stood on the tips of bare toes peering into the drawer. There lay a small shape, wound tightly in a pink blanket with a shaft of blond hair, a round face, closed eyes and clutched fists suspended in the air. Our new sister!

Papa stood by complacently, everything in the room was orderly. Where the baby had come from or how it got from there into a drawer weren't questions high on my list. and if it seemed unusual to find Mama in bed, she appeared well and, as the day went on, her instructions given from the bed brought further assurance that nothing had changed. The bedroom was never off limits the duration of her confinement. In fact, we were allowed to visit our baby and report on events going on in the kitchen or outside to Mama without knocking. Mama looked happy, so we were too. I think we all felt nothing could be any greater than having another baby join our family as we joined Papa in his celebratory conduct.

The year was 1939, the month June, the day the 28th, when Mama and Papa returned from the Home private Hospital with our youngest brother, Mitchell Paul. Marguerite and I had completed our freshman high school years and were looking forward to summer vacation. The atmosphere became jubilant. I walked down as far as the car parked in the yard and Mama passed our new baby brother over to me, thus delegating me the first one to hold the newest member

of the family, the pride and love that came over me as I carried baby-Mitchell over the walk up the stairs and into the living room is unforgettable. It would be difficult to say who was happiest—for we were all excited—filled with joy.

It wasn't until the afternoon ended that I began to contemplate exactly what a new baby meant. I was growing up and this time Papa wasn't telling fairy tales. Many questions entered my thoughts. Understanding how I had grown up in a make-believe environment was becoming clear.

Good or bad, my little brother would have a different kind of childhood, more open and more openly loving. The mounting responsibilities that boomed ahead along with the unanswered questions that surrounded me would continue until I left home. Home where questions were never encouraged and those asked seldom answered.

THE END



Biography: Annette Paradis King lives on Frenchman Bay, fifteen miles from Ellsworth, Maine with her spouse Gerry King. She enjoys creating poetry and writing short stories. Writing came late in her life, consequently, she spends most of her time now documenting what she remembers before it all disappears. Her greatest pleasure is encouraging their thirteen grandchildren to read everything they can, and to write as often as time is available, something she didn't understand the importance of until these later years. (See page 23)

Founding fathers of New France

by
**Denise Rajotte
Larson**

As we drag out the backyard grill to celebrate Father's Day, let's give a nod to Louis Hebert, the first father and farmer in Quebec, and Samuel de Champlain, who is called the Father of New France.

The Heberts, Louis, his wife, Marie, and their children, Guillaume, Guillemette, and Anne, left Paris in 1617. Louis had given up his position as an apothecary in the king's court, tending to the medicinal needs of royalty and courtiers, to become the ad hoc doctor and de facto official at a fur trading post in the wilds of the New World. He was the very first Frenchman to bring his family to the North America, and he did so three years before the Mayflower arrived in Massachusetts.

The Hebert family landed at Tadoussac and transferred to a smaller vessel to take them to Quebec, where Louis had cleared some land in the hopes of developing a medicinal herb garden, something that would not have been possible in Paris. Plants were the basis for most treatments of ailments in the seventeenth century, and the study of herbs was

extremely important. An apothecary of good repute and skill with herbs was considered more valuable than a physician, whose most common treatment for practically any illness was purging with laxatives or bloodletting with cuts or leeches.

In addition to herbs, Louis experimented with growing plants that he found growing in the countryside and those that native people brought to him. These included corn, melons, squashes, and pumpkins. As an employee of the mercantile company who had sponsored the establishment of the trading post at Quebec, and like many other fathers who have to do the gardening after coming home from work, Louis had to tend his fields on his own time. He and his family were able to supplement the diet of the colonists, who numbered only about fifty during the first twenty years or so of the settlement. If there had been a Father's Day in the seventeenth century, on the spit at the Hebert's house would have been the meat from deer, moose, possum, or turkey, which were common and plentiful in the area.

Louis gave ten energetic years to the community at Quebec before he fell from scaffolding while repairing a roof and died in 1627. His only grandson, Joseph, was still a youth when he died while a prisoner of the Iroquois, but his wife and daughter Guillemette continued to live in the settlement.

Sam Champlain looked out for those under his care at the remote trading post at Quebec. Crossing the stormy North Atlantic twenty-three times during his career as cartographer, navigator,

and explorer, Champlain was like a mother hen to the small settlement. He often sought an audience with the king of France to ask for more funding from the mercantile companies, more troops for security, more settlers for the land.

Though most of his pleas fell on deaf ears, and the king's advisors felt as Voltaire later quipped -- that Canada was no more than "a few acres of snow" -- Champlain continued his work of mapping North America and making alliances with the native people. He was respected by the colonists, fellow mariners, and even his rivals in exploration, who used his charts and sailing directions when approaching the American coast.

Champlain died on Christmas day in 1635. His gift to the world was Quebec, the birthplace of Canada and a World Heritage City as designated by UNESCO in 1985. In 2008 Quebec will celebrate the 400th anniversary of its founding. Many descendants of the first families will attend, and the memory, and perhaps even the spirit of Champlain surely will be there.

Source: "La belle France: a Short History" by Alistair Horne, Alfred a. Knopf, 2005.

Denise Rajotte Larson, a former research librarian and journalist, is writing a work in celebration of the 400th anniversary of the founding of Quebec in 1608. She can be reached at: francadian@yahoo.com.

Pioneering women in New France

by
**Denise Rajotte
Larson**

As we celebrate Mother's Day, let us remember the pioneering women of French Canada who nurtured a new culture in a strange new world called North America.

Arriving in 1617 to a rough, remote trading post on the banks of the St. Lawrence River, the women of the Hebert family, Marie Rollet and her daughters Guillemette and Anne, had to rely on their strength and ingenuity to make a home for themselves and her husband, Louis, and son, Guillaume.

Luckily, the men at Quebec helped Louis and Guillaume construct a large stone house on the promontory overlooking the river. The Hebert's home became a gathering place for the clerks and craftsmen who ran the fur trading post. Samuel de Champlain, who founded the settlement in 1608 and

continued his support throughout his life, frequented the Hebert's house. In his reports to the king about Quebec and his voyages, Champlain commended Mme Hebert for establishing a school in her home for orphans of the native people they had encountered and befriended. The fifty-some Europeans who lived in Quebec went to the Hebert's house for aid, comfort, and socializing. In the spring of 1627, while waiting for supply ships to arrive from France, everyone at the post met at Marie's to pool what foodstuffs they had for a true potluck dinner. She used her great brewing
(Continued on page 7)

*(Pioneering women in New France
continued from page 6)*

cauldron to cook the feast for the day.

Two years later the mood was not so festive. Marie, now a widow, had to make a very hard decision. The Kirke brothers, David, Louis, and Thomas, had illegally seized Quebec for the English crown, and all the French inhabitants were given the choice of returning to France or staying under the rule of the Kirkes. Marie knew that she had nothing in France to return to and nothing to take there should she go. All her energy had gone into the care of her family, home, and the tiny post community.

After consulting with Champlain, Marie decided to remain in Quebec, as did her daughter Guillemette and son-in-law, Guillaume Couillard. This was a brave thing to do. Though the Kirkes were working for the English, their mother had been from the French city of Dieppe and their father was a

Scot. Champlain, who had negotiated the truce, felt that the conduct and manners of Louis Kirke, the leader, were so like a French gentleman's that Louis could be trusted not to harm the settlers.

The Kirkes were true to their word and allowed the few remaining families to farm their land in safety, but the French were happy to see Champlain return a few years later with the news that Quebec was to be released back to him by order of the English king. The Kirkes said their adieu, and life at the post returned to normal.

"Normal" was life on a few acres of land carved from the forest, a few dozen people to rely on, a couple of stout buildings. They knew an incessant wariness, a watchfulness for any signs of the approach of hostile Iroquois toward the post to attack it or take captive one of its inhabitants for ransom or worse. They would also keep an eye out for the supply ships from France that would supplement their garden produce.

Eventually the colony grew. Marie's granddaughter became a "sage-femme," a midwife, and was well respected in the settlement for her community spirit and wisdom. Marie's daughter-in-law Helen Desportes, also served as a midwife.

Life went on. Babies were born and the colony grew, with both native Canadians and new arrivals from France, who joined the intrepid women who had faced an uncertain future and founded a country.

Source: "Introduction to New France" by Marcel Trudel, Quintin Publications, 1997.

Denise Rajotte Larson, a former research librarian and journalist, is writing a work in celebration of the 400th anniversary of the founding of Quebec in 1608. She can be reached at: francadian@yahoo.com.

LA BIOGRAPHIE DE SOEUR MARIE DE SAINT- MAXIME, R.S.R

(SŒUR LILIANNE
VAILLANCOURT) 1912-2005

**PAR MONSIEUR
HARRY A.M.
RUSH, JR.**

Sœur Marie de Sainte-Maxime de la Congrégation des Sœurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski, Québec passa beaucoup d'ans au Maine comme religieuse. En femme humble, sa vie profondément humaine en fut une modelée su l'Évangile.

Marie-Lilianne Vaillancourt, la cadette d'une famille de douze enfants de Maxime et Malvina (Blanchette) Vaillancourt, naquit le 8 octobre 1912 à Frenchville, Maine. Monsieur Vaillancourt était cultivateur de son métier: la culture de la pomme de terre. Il travaillait dur pour sa famille. Quant à sa mère, c'était une éducatrice née, une

fervente chrétienne et une vraie maîtresse de maison. Lilianne a commencé son éducation au couvent de sa paroisse de Sainte-Luce de Frenchville, ME. Mais elle n'eut pas le bonheur de fréquenter longtemps le couvent car une école fut construite tout près de sa maison.

Lilianne se prépare à sa première communion en mai 1918 et à sa confirmation, par Mgr. Louis S. Walsh de Portland, en octobre 1922. C'étaient les Sœurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire qui assument le catéchisme préparatoire. Ce qui ne manque pas d'intéresser la jeune élève qui admire ces femmes dévouées au Seigneur. Elle disait : « Je vécus de bien précieux moments en marchant au catéchisme et je promis alors au Bon Dieu de me garder bonne pour me donner un jour à LUI. »

Après avoir terminé ses études, elle demeurait avec ses parents pour les soutenir et surtout, soulager sa mère qui était très malade. Au moment où elle se proposait de demander son entrée chez les religieuses de Saint-Joseph de South Berwick, Maine, elle a fait un voyage à Rimouski, Québec avec la famille Lévesque pour visiter ses trois filles au Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski. Après la rencontre avec la maîtresse des novices,

Lilianne ne connut plus d'hésitation, elle entrerait au Saint-Rosaire à l'hiver.

Le 6 février 1933, elle arrivait au noviciat, bien décidée à se donner au service de Dieu. Elle a dit : « Rien ne me parut difficile car je jouissais d'une excellente santé. Aussi, j'aimais prier et j'appréciais hautement les conférences spirituelles de chaque jour. » La date de ses premiers vœux était le 15 août 1935. Immédiatement après, elle reçoit sa nomination pour Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré. Sa longue et fructueuse carrière commencée au Québec va se poursuivre pendant près de 25 ans aux États-Unis (Frenchville, Millinocket, ME) où elle sera enseignante, lingère ou cuisinière.

Sœur Marie de Saint-Maxime m'a enseigné en 2e année à l'école Saint-Martin-de-Tours à Millinocket en 1946-47. Je me compte chanceux de l'avoir eue comme institutrice car elle était toujours calme, douce et patiente. Son enseignement était pratique, elle gardait une attitude admirable et aimait beaucoup ses élèves. Elle estimait ses vœux. C'était une femme de grande bonté, toujours prête à rendre service et d'un respect édifant pour toute forme d'autorité. Elle a bien servi l'église. *(suite page 11)*

Quelle est notre identité nationale?

**Par Ginny Sand
(printemps 2006)
Bangor au
Maine, aux
États-Unis**

Qui suis-je ? C'est peut-être une question très compliquée pour quelqu'un comme moi, qui suis née aux États-Unis, mon pays d'origine. A mon avis, l'identité nationale américaine se compose de beaucoup de caractéristiques.

Qu'est-ce qu'un Américain ?

Est-ce quelqu'un qui a des racines amérindiennes ou quelqu'un qui a la peau blanche, noire, jaune ou rouge ? Est-ce quelqu'un qui a immigré aux États-Unis ou dont les ancêtres habitaient dans d'autres pays ou quelqu'un qui parle anglais et souvent d'autres langues comme le français, l'espagnol, l'allemand, le chinois, le japonais ? Est-ce quelqu'un qui accepte et célèbre d'autres cultures ou quelqu'un qui est juif, catholique, protestant, hindou, baptiste ?

Qu'est-ce qu'un Américain ?

Est-ce quelqu'un qui croit en la

vie, la liberté, et le bonheur ou quelqu'un qui participe dans une démocratie ? Est-ce quelqu'un qui soutient un système de libre entreprise et l'égalité pour tout le monde ou quelqu'un qui déteste la guerre et le chômage ?

Qu'est-ce qu'un Américain ?

Est-ce quelqu'un qui fête le 4 juillet avec des grillades en plein air, des hamburgers, et des hotdogs ou quelqu'un qui porte les jeans et aime manger la tarte aux pommes ? Est-ce quelqu'un qui dîne au restaurant chinois le lundi soir, au restaurant italien le mercredi soir, et au restaurant mexicain le vendredi soir ou quelqu'un qui déjeune chez McDonald's cinq jours par semaine ? Est-ce quelqu'un qui visite le Monde de Disney au moins une fois ou quelqu'un qui suit les matches de football, de base-ball, et de golf ?

Qu'est-ce qu'un Américain ?

Est-ce quelqu'un qui possède le rêve américain, être propriétaire de sa propre maison, ou une famille qui conduit deux voitures et qui a au moins deux téléviseurs ? Est-ce quelqu'un qui tient beaucoup de cartes de crédit ou quelqu'un qui fait les courses chez Wal-Mart plusieurs fois par mois ?

Qu'est-ce qu'un Américain ?

Est-ce quelqu'un qui craint le cancer du sein, le cancer de la prostate, et la maladie du cœur ? Est-ce quelqu'un qui est concerné de la pollution et de l'environnement ou

quelqu'un qui désire explorer des sources alternatives de l'énergie ?

Je crois que toutes les caractéristiques précédentes contribuent à l'identité nationale des États-Unis, entre autres choses. C'est vrai, les États-Unis sont comme un creuset de cultures, une terre d'immigration, un pays hétérogène, une société multiculturelle.

Moi, je possède beaucoup des caractéristiques américaines que j'ai mentionnées. Par exemple, j'ai des racines amérindiennes du côté de ma mère et mes ancêtres ont immigré du Canada et de l'Allemagne aux États-Unis. Je continue à parler et à écrire le français parce que c'est ma langue maternelle, la première langue de ma mère. Ses parents ont émigré du Québec au Maine ici aux États-Unis. Je suis multiculturelle moi-même.

Alors, je soutiens la liberté et l'égalité pour toutes les cultures et pour tout le monde. Je pratique mon droit de voter dans une démocratie. Je fête le 4 juillet, j'ai des jeans, et j'aime bien la tarte aux pommes. Je déteste la guerre, le chômage, et la pollution. Au lieu de consommer du pétrole, je pense à produire moi-même de l'énergie du soleil, du vent, et du bois chez moi.

En plus, j'ai réalisé le rêve américain, ayant ma propre maison que je partage avec mon mari. Nous possédons deux téléviseurs. J'ai visité le Monde (suite page 9)

What is our National Identity?

**By Ginny Sand
(Spring 2006)
Bangor, Maine
U.S.A.**

Who am I? It is perhaps a very complicated question for someone like me, who was born in the United States, my country of origin. In my opinion, the American national identity is composed of many characteristics.

What is an American?

Is it someone who has Native American roots or someone who has white, black, yellow or red skin? Is it someone

who immigrated to the United States or whose ancestors lived in other countries, or someone who speaks English and often some other languages like French, Spanish, German, Chinese, Japanese? Is it someone who accepts and celebrates other cultures or someone who is Jewish, Catholic, Protestant, Hindu, or Baptist?

What is an American?

Is it someone who believes in life, liberty, and happiness or someone who participates in a democracy? Is it someone who supports a free enterprise system and equality for everyone or someone who hates war and unemployment?

What is an American?

Is it someone who celebrates the 4th of July with barbecues, hamburgers, and hotdogs or someone who wears jeans and loves to eat apple pie? Is it someone who dines at a Chinese restaurant on Monday

nights, at an Italian restaurant on Wednesday nights and at a Mexican restaurant on Friday nights or someone who lunches at McDonald's restaurant five days a week? Is it someone who visits Disney World at least one time or someone who follows football, baseball, and golf?

What is an American?

Is it someone who possesses the American Dream, to be a homeowner, or a family who drives two cars and who has at least two televisions? Is it someone who holds a lot of credit cards or someone who shops at Wal-Mart several times per month?

What is an American?

Is it someone who fears breast cancer, prostate cancer, and heart disease? Is it someone who is concerned about pollution and the envi- (Continued on page 9)

*(Quelle est notre identité nationale?
suite de page 8)*

de Disney trois fois. Je fais les courses chez Wal-Mart plusieurs fois par mois.

Je pense que cette question de l'identité nationale est toujours importante aux Etats-Unis à cause du racisme. A mon avis, il est essentiel que nous examinions et connaissions notre identité nationale ici aux Etats-Unis parce qu'elle est si diverse et parce qu'elle nous tient ensemble en communauté. C'est la terre commune sur laquelle nous marchons tous. C'est aussi ce qui détermine que je suis, américaine.

*(What is our National Identity?
continued from page 8)*

ronment or someone who desires to explore alternative energy sources?

I believe that all the preceding characteristics contribute to the national identity of the United States, among other things. It is true; the United States is like a melting pot of cultures, a land of immigration, a heterogeneous country, and a multicultural society.

Me, I possess a lot of the preceding American characteristics. For example, I have Native American roots on my mother's side and my ancestors immigrated from Canada and Germany to the United States. I continue to speak and write French because it is my maternal language, my mother's first language. Her parents emigrated from Quebec to Maine here in the United States. I am multicultural myself.

In that case, I support freedom and equality for all cultures and for everyone. I practice my right to vote in a democracy. I celebrate the 4th of July. I have some jeans, and I like apple pie. I hate war, unemployment, and pollution. Instead of consuming petroleum, I think about producing energy from the sun, wind, and wood in my own home.

In addition, I have realized the American Dream, having my own house which I share with my husband. We possess two televisions. I vis-

D'autre part, il est également important que je reconnaisse mes racines allemandes, québécoises, et amérindiennes pour répondre à la question, <<Qui suis-je>> ? Selon moi, il est important que j'entretienne mes racines, en étudiant la langue française et en pratiquant la roue amérindienne de médecine, parce que la diversité crée une vie riche pour moi et pour mon pays. Alors, les Etats-Unis sont très riches à cause de sa diversité culturelle. De plus, notre diversité nous aide à embrasser toutes les cultures du monde.

Enfin, il semble que la liberté et l'immigration sont la fondation des

ited Disney World three times. I shop at Wal-Mart several times a month.

I think that this question of national identity is always important in the United States because of racism. In my opinion, it is essential that we examine and know our national identity here in the United States because it is so diverse and because it holds us together in community. It is the common ground on which we all walk. It is also what I am, an American.

On the other hand, it is equally important that I recognize my Native American, Canadian, and German roots for answering the question, "Who am I?" According to me, it is important that I keep my roots alive by way of the French language and the Native American Medicine Wheel, because diversity creates a rich life for me and for my country. Then, the United States is very rich because of her cultural di-

versity. Moreover, our diversity helps us to embrace all the cultures in the world.

Finally, it seems that liberty and immigration are the foundation of the United States. One theory even proposes that Native Americans immigrated to North America a long time ago from another continent, Asia. Is it possible that the national identity of the United States is immigration? It is certainly something that we all have in common.

What is an American? Who am I?
I am an American!

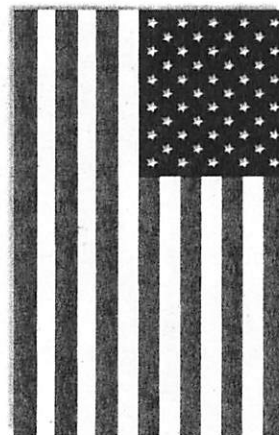
Etats-Unis. Il y a même une théorie qui propose que les Amérindiens ont immigré en Amérique du Nord il y a longtemps d'un autre continent, l'Asie. Est-ce possible que l'identité nationale des Etats-Unis soit l'immigration ? C'est certainement quelque chose que nous avons tous en commun.

Qu'est-ce qu'un Américain ? Qui suis-je ?



*Americans are a
diverse lot.*

*It's something to
protect and be proud of.*

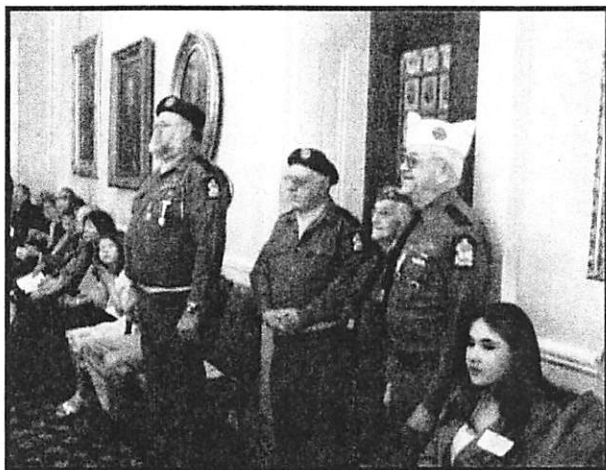


'HISTORY OF THE FRANCO AMERICAN WAR VETERANS'

In March of 1932 seven French Veterans of World War I met for the purpose of formulation plans to start a veterans organization for Veterans of French decent. These men were joined by other French Veterans and they met in September of 1932 when they declared themselves associated together at the "La Legion Franco-Américaine, des États-Unis d'Amérique". From then this group continued to gather names of individuals who would ultimately sign the charter and become incorporated as an organization. In early 1933, one hundred forty four (144) incorporators, who we call our charter members, requested from the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to grant them corporate status. On the 16th Day of May, 1933, the corporation's legal name was "La Legion-Américaine, des États-Unis d'Amérique".

From the mill city of Lawrence, Massachusetts, this is where Post #2 was formed, Post #3 was formed in Amesbury, Mass., forming Posts outside the Merrimac Valley, Posts were also formed in Fall River, New Bedford, Worcester, and other cities in Massachusetts.

In September of 1934 Wilfred J. Laplante of Lawrence was elected the first National Commander



*Franco American
War Veterans Inc.*

*Post #31
PO Box 882
Lewiston, ME
04243-0882*

with National Headquarters located in Lawrence, Massachusetts.

In 1948, French Veterans outside Massachusetts were organized in the state of Rhode Island on the 10th day of May, 1948. After the organization rooted itself in Connecticut, National Headquarters granted a State Charter to Connecticut on the 19th day of July, 1957.

Although New Hampshire has never had a State Charter, there were Posts started in Manchester and Dover, which have since disbanded.

In 1949 the Organization changed its Name to our present name of the "FRANCO AMERICAN WAR VET-

ERANS INC." With the English Language being the official language of all government agencies within the United States of America, the official language of this organization was changed from French to English within this time period. However, any member has the privilege, at all times, to express themselves in the French Language.

In October of 1986, Post #31, the latest Post to become part of this Organization was founded in Lewiston, Maine. Since Maine does not have a State Department yet, Post #31 runs under the Department of Connecticut.

Congratulations! Félicitations!



Wayne W. Desjardins, Commander

The Disabled American Veterans Department Of Maine has elected Wayne W. Desjardins as Commander for the State.

Made up exclusively of men and women disabled in our nation's defense, the Disabled American Veterans (DAV) is dedicated to one, single purpose: building better lives for all of our nation's disabled veterans and their families.

Extending the DAV's mission of hope into the communities where these veterans and their families live through a network of state-level Departments and Chapters; and providing a structure through which disabled veterans can express their compassion for their fellow veterans through a variety of volunteer programs.

Formed in 1920 and chartered by Congress in 1932, the million-member DAV is the official voice of America's service connected disabled veterans; a strong insistent voice that represents all of America's 2.1 million disabled veterans, their families and survivors. Its nationwide network of services -- free of charge to all veterans and members of their families -- is totally supported by membership dues and contributions from the American public. Not a government agency, DAV's national organization receives no government grants.



Web Site: <http://www.davmaine.com>

(N.D.L.R. The following is the fourth installment, of Sr. Pauline Gastonguay's book, "Faire de la Luge sans Luge et les contes de ma vie", "Down the Luge Run without a Sled and other Sroties of my Life").

(LA BIOGRAPHIE DE SOEUR MARIE DE SAINT-MAXIME, R.S.R suite de page 7)

Part Two (1949-1953)

--Formation, Revelations, and Decisions—Chapter 21

--First year of training—

I was leaving the house for the first time. Doris would take my room and I would sleep on the livingroom couch on my holidays and vacations. I had the impression that I was jumping into a big void. I was not afraid of the studies, in fact the 8 hours of classes per day were of no difficulty for me. It's when I started to work in the wards that I'd react like some one with stagefright. The supervisors were nice, but in my head I could hear Daddy say that I wasn't fast enough—and it's true that I'm not as fast as the others.

Everyday I'd go home for supper, returning for a 7 p.m. class with "poor" Sister St. Cyr. I say "poor" because the 25 girls in the class hated that 7 p.m. class on history of nursing. One evening we each had to give a brief report on a person. One student had put an alarm clock set to ring during the class. We all knew it was hidden in a desk, but we didn't know where or when. When it rang, all laughed a bit, then took on the expressions of angels or saints. Poor Sr. St. Cyr, she was very old—about my age today—in her late 60's!

Day after day, I learned much in several branches of Science: Anatomy, Microbiology, Chemistry and methods of nursing the sick. But there's another thing we're taught that changes my whole life. In anatomy class, Miss Michaud says in passing, "What a marvel our body is—created by God!" For the last seven years I never heard the name of God in school. It was all as if he didn't exist. Behind the desk of Mrs. X, who was teaching us the art and methods of nursing care of patients there was a picture which I looked at so often that it has been engraved in my heart for 50 years. It was a sick man in bed with a nurse standing at his side and Jesus at the head of the bed. I was no longer in a public

school. Here the Sisters of Charity (Grey Nuns) of St. Hyacinthe were in charge.

One day I had an experience in the Male Ward which helped me understand the picture. There was a man whom the police brought from jail because he had pneumonia. He had been given a good bath and I was told to cut and clean his nails which were long and very dirty. While I was cutting his toe nails, I looked up just a moment and saw the head of Jesus where his should have been. In 1989 in the infirmary of Sillery I had the same experience while caring for a Sister with Alzheimer. For an instant, I saw the head of Jesus crowned with thorns...

It's true I was slow, but sometimes that's what is needed. Mrs. Lachance was 39 years old and her bone cancer was getting worse and worse. The bones of her back, legs and ribs were breaking one after the other. She was paralyzed from the waist down. She had been put at the end of a corridor with screens around her because she wanted to smoke. I nursed her one day and she asked that I nurse her everyday because I took the time needed and didn't hurt her. During one month I nursed her six days a week, then I was named in the Male Ward. There I found a bigger variety of patients. They were supposed to call us by our last name. Since we were two Gastonguays, my name pin said P. Gastonguay. They never succeeded. After one month with the men, I returned to the Female Ward.

Mrs. Lachance was still alive with new fractures bringing her added suffering. As soon as she learned that I had returned, it was not long before I was again nursing her everyday. That lasted until summer, that is three months plus January. One week after I started my three weeks vacation, Mrs.

(Continued on page 12)



Soeur Marie de Saint-Maxime
(Soeur Lilianne Vaillancourt)

Revenue à la maison mère en 1976, on sollicite son aide du côté de la procure où son sens des responsabilités et sa discrétion la rendent précieuse pour remplir diverses tâches. Puis, en 1985, la communauté lui offre une année spirituelle de ressourcement à Cap-Rouge, Québec pour laquelle elle était reconnaissante. Au retour, elle peut encore assumer différents services de 1986 à 1999 : la maintenance des voitures, l'accueil des visiteurs au parloir de la maison mère, la lingerie, etc.

Avec janvier de l'an 2000, on juge prudent de lui donner une chambre à l'infirmerie. Aussi, elle pouvait aller à chapelle où elle passait de longs moments avec le Seigneur. La dernière période de l'existence de sœur Lilianne est assombrie par de sérieux malaises ; on doit donc l'hospitaliser pour quelque temps. Elle frappe à la porte de l'éternité le 30 janvier 2005.

Ces mots de Jésus-Christ étaient précieux à sœur Lilianne Vaillancourt : « Nul n'aura quitté maison, femme, frères, parents ou enfants, à cause du Royaume de Dieu, qui ne reçoive bien davantage en ce temps-ci, et dans le temps à venir la vie éternelle » (Luc 18 :29). Elle les a crus avec tout son cœur. Le Seigneur a été bien généreux pour nous, à Millinocket, en nous donnant cette bonne religieuse.

(Cet article par Monsieur Harry A.M. Rush, Jr., Millinocket Est, ME est un résumé de la biographie de sœur Marie de Saint-Maxime par les Sœurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski, Québec.)

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DISC # 7 - Religious - (2006) 01-Let There Be Peace On Earth -- 02-Holy, Holy, Holy -- 03-The Gift Of Love -- 04-Just As I Am -- 05-Faith Of Our Fathers/ Abide With Me -- 06-God Love You -- 07-In The Garden -- 08-Beyond The Sunset -- 09-Nearer My God To Thee -- 10- Amazing Grace -- 11-We Remember You -- 12-He Touched Me -- 13-This is The Day Of New Beginnings -- 14-He Washed My Eyes With Tears -- 15- Rain Down -- 16-How Great Thou Art -- 17-Because He Lives -- 18-Sinfonia -- 19-You'll Never Walk Alone -- 20-Auprès De Toi -- 21-Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee -- 22-How Can I Say Thanks -- 23-Majesty -- 24-Panis Angelicus -- 25-Agnus Dei -- 26-Ave Maria -- 27-All Hail King Jesus -- 28-May The Good Lord Bless And Keep You -- 29-Just A Closer Walk With Thee. = One Hour.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx also below..... xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Joël A. Morneault --- at the Piano [One Hour] ONLY PIANO for Disc # 6.

DISC # 6 - For Lise - (2005) 01-I'm In The Mood For Love -- 02-For All We Know -- 03-Smile -- 04-Autumn Leaves -- 05-You're My Everything -- 06-Embraceable You -- 07-The Nearness Of You -- 08-Misty -- 09-The Very Thought Of You -- 10-Days Of Wine And Roses -- 11-Moonglow -- 12-Crazy -- 13-Star Dust -- 14-I'm Getting Sentimental Over You -- 15-Dream A Little Dream Of Me -- 16-Try A Little Tenderness -- 17-Unforgettable -- 18-Till There Was You -- 19-I'll Be Seeing You. = One Hour.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx also below..... xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

DISC # 5 - Dolly - (2004) 01-Dolly (Hello) -- 02-Rose-Marie -- 03-Diane -- 04-Dinah -- 05-Rosalie -- 06-Maria Elena -- 07-Margie -- 08-Lilli Marlene -- 09-Peg (O' My Heart) -- 10-Mexicali Rose -- 11-Mona Lisa -- 12-Cecilia -- 13- Louise -- 14-Coquette -- 15-Laura -- 16- Peggy O'Neil -- 17-Tangerine -- 18-Ida -- 19-Charmaine -- 20-Mame -- 21-Monica -- 22-Marie. = One Hour.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx also below..... xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

DISC # 4 - Silver and Gold - (2003) 01-When You're Smiling -- 02-Singing In The Rain -- 03-The Girl From Ipanema -- 04-We'll Meet Again -- 05-Tennessee Waltz -- 06-Blue Skies -- 07-Moonlight Serenade -- 08-Lazy River -- 09-N'Oublie Jamais (French) -- 10-Close To You -- 11-Jingle, Jangle, Jingle -- 12-When Irish Eyes Are Smiling -- 13-At Last -- 14-September In The Rain -- 15-Le Bonhomme Et La Bonnefemme (French Reel) / The Old Man And The Old Woman -- 16- Sweet Georgia Brown -- 17-Twilight Time -- 18-It Happened In Monterey -- 19-Over The Waves / The Loveliest Night Of The Year -- 20-Chacun Garde Dans Son Coeur (French) / Have You Looked Into Your Heart? -- 21-What A Diff'rence A Day Made -- 22-Silver And Gold Two-Step. = One Hour.

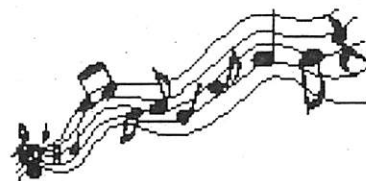
(Continued on page 16)

(Part Two (1949-1953)--Formation, Revelations, and Decisions-- Chapter 21--First year of training-- continued from page 11)

Lachance died. I went to the funeral parlor to wish her good-bye and God-speed. It is she who taught me how to nurse persons in the terminal phase. I could see I had a special gift in that line.

After my vacation, I worked either 45 hours on days, or 40 hours on evenings. The second evening I worked 3-11 p.m., the night nurse asked me what I had done to the patients the evening before. I asked, "Did something wrong happen to the patients?" "Not at all. They slept the whole night. I thought maybe you had given them sleeping pills without writing it on the charts." "Of course not! I'd never do anything like that!" "Well then, what did you do to help them sleep so well?" "Nothing special, except to give everyone a good back rub." "Everyone? Even the ambulatory patients?" "Why not? Isn't it allowed?" "If you have time to do it to all 13 patients, all the better. I hope you did it again tonight." "Yes, they even asked for it. They seemed so calmed down after I had finished." That's how I found another reason for doing this course. I love to relieve pain and anxiety.

That spring I had had a meeting with Sister Bouffard, the director of the nursing school. She told me that her team had hesitated over whether or not I should continue for the second year because I had so much difficulty in doing the work in the wards. However, they had seen that I'd finished first in my class in the courses and I prepared some for their exams. Therefore they decided to keep me and offer me a full scholarship at Catholic University at Washington, D.C. to obtain my Bachelor of Science in Nursing Education on condition that I return to teach 2 or 3 years at this nursing school. When I told my parents, they were overjoyed.



"Welcome to all my family that I love with all my heart."

by
Alice Gélinas
Waterbury, CT

Today I am so happy that if I try to tell you myself, I would start to cry, so here I need some help because I want you to know how much you all mean to me. I have taught my two great-grand-daughters, Danielle and Laura how to write in French — "Je t'aime de tous mon coeur"— and today I am writing it for all of you. —"Je vous aime de tous mon coeur."—

I am ninety years old. I was born in Canada, March the 31, 1916. I beat cancer at 34. I made it good with heart surgery at 77, and no one in my family has made it to 90, so I beat the record.

We all know that life is made of highs and lows and there are more tears than laughter, but today I want to remember just the good times, memories that I have stored in my heart for 90 years. I remember you small and I saw you grow up and you are here with me today. Of course there is Rosa. Since I can remember, we shared so much in our lives. We shared the same bed, we held hands to go to Ste. Ann's school, we shared one doll for both, we shared roller skates, one for me and one for her, and now we are sharing so many memories of those we loved and we wonder where did the time go???

Then I have my own little family— My Nicole, you can't see her wings but she is my Angel, and "Je t'aime" is not a big enough word for what she means to me. I am so grateful for her and Paul and my three grand-daughters and their husbands and children, and my nephews and nieces.

Thanks to all of you for making it a day that I will always remember.

"Je vous aime de tous mon coeur"

"I love you with all my heart."

Alice



"Bienvenue a toute ma famille que j'aime de tous mon coeur."

par
Alice Gélinas
Waterbury, CT

Aujourd'hui je suis si heureuse que si j'essaie de vous le dire moi même je commencerais a pleurer, donc ici j'ai besoin d'aide parce que je fous dire tous l'importance que vous avez pour moi. J'ai enseigner a mes deux arriere petite filles Danielle et Laura, comment écrire en français — "Je vous aime de tous mon coeur"— et aujourd'hui je l'écri pour vous tous. — "Je vous aime de tous mon coeur"—

J'ai quatre-vingt-dix ans. Je suis née en Canada, mars le 31-1916. J'ai combâtué le cançer a 34 ans. J'ai asser bien passer a l'opérations pour le coeur a 77, et personnes de ma famille a rejoint 90, donc je batt le record.

Nous savons tous que la vie est faite de haut et de bas et qu'il y a plus de larmes que de rire, mais aujourd'hui je veux une rappeler seulement du bon temps, des souvenirs que j'ai conserver dans mon coeur pour 90 ans. Je me rappelle de vous autres petits, je vous ai vûe grandir et vous êtes ici avec moe aujourd'hui. Bien sur il y a Rosa. Depuis que je peu me rappler, nous avons partager tant de choses dans nos vies. Nous partigions le même lit, on se tenaient la main pour aller a l'école Ste. Anne,

Alice Gélinas and Rosa (her sister) on her 90th birthday,
March 31, 2006

Sadly Rosa passed away
May 31, 2006

nous partagions une poupée pour nous deux, et une pare de patin a roulettes, un pour moi et un pour elle, et maintenant nous partagions tant de souvenirs de tous ceux qu'on a aimer et nous nous demandons — Ou est aller le temps?—

Puis j'ai ma propre petite famille, ma Nicole, vous ne pouvez pas voir ses ailes mais elle est mon Ange, et "Je l'aime", ce mot n'est pas asser grand pour exprimer tous la valeur qu'elle a pour moi.

Je suis très reconnaissante a Paul et Nicole, a mes trois petites filles et leurs mari et leurs enfants aussi a mes neveux et nieces.

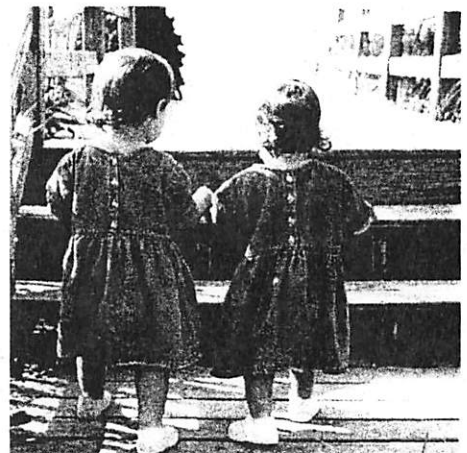
Merci a tous pour avoir fait d'aujourd'hui un jour que je me rappèlerer toujours.

"Je vous aime de tous mon coeur."

"I love you with all my heart."

Alice

Mars 31, 2006



Alice and Rosa 1922

Sitcha Case In The Court of Appeals

**By Albert J. Marceau
Newington, CT**

A brief has been filed on behalf of refugee Richard Sitcha by Attorney Kevin Hoffkins of Westport, Conn., in the Second Circuit Court of Appeals in New York City. The origin of the brief can be traced to the Writ of Habeas Corpus that was submitted Pro Se by Richard Sitcha, and was received by the Federal Court in Hartford on May 11, 2005. After Attorney Hoffkins agreed to take the case in March 2006, one of his first actions was to file an extension for the Writ, and then on May 15, 2006, filed a brief with the Court of Appeals.

Attorney Hoffkins said in an interview on June 13, 2006, that Sitcha's case was complicated, and that the amount of paperwork from the previous hearings was two feet high. (For the sake of comparison, a ream of new paper for a photocopier contains 500 sheets, and is two inches thick, so there are approximately 6,000 sheets of paper in the Sitcha case currently.) Attorney Hoffkins somewhat consolingly remarked that the Second District of the Court of Appeals, which covers the states of Vermont, New York and Connecticut, has had made more

favorable rulings towards refugee and immigrants than those heard in the First District of the Court of Appeals in Boston, which covers the remainder of New England. Attorney Hoffkins stated that he and Sitcha are waiting for a response from the Federal Government on the brief, a response that could take several months.

Richard Sitcha has been under detention by the Dept. of Homeland Security since Sept. 18, 2003, when the Immigration Judge in Hartford who granted him refugee status in January 2003, revoked the status due to testimony by an official at the American Embassy in the Cameroon that contradicted three letters of support from witnesses in the Cameroon. One of the three letters was written by Madame Kouatou, whose two sons were two of the Bepanda Nine victims, nine youths who were arrested for the theft of a gas can by the Douala Operational Command on January 24, 2001, who were never seen again. Sitcha, who was a bailiff in the Cameroonian court, was able to get information about Bepanda Nine victims to their families and to the Archdiocese of Douala, where Cardinal Tumi spoke out against the killing. The investigation by the American Embassy consisted of a hired Cameroonian who simply called the three supporters on the telephone and asked them if they knew Richard Sitcha, each of whom denied knowing him. The method of investigation was flawed, for it ignored the repression and the abuses against



photo by Felix Stew

Richard Sitcha

human rights that were published by the U.S. State Department on March 2, 2002 in the report Cameroon: Country Reports on Human Rights Practices 2001. In the report, which is available on the internet, one can read that the U.S. State Department recognized that "The [Cameroonian] Government's human rights record remained generally poor, and it continued to commit numerous serious abuses. [...] Security forces continued to arrest and detain arbitrarily various opposition politicians, local human rights monitors, and other citizens, often holding them for prolonged periods, often without charges or a chance for trial. [...] The [Cameroonian] Government infringed on citizens' privacy, and monitored and harassed some opposition activists." The same report also gave information on the Bepanda Nine, where one can read
(Continued on page 15)

The 25th Anniversary Party of the FCGSC

On Saturday, October 7, 2006, the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut will celebrate its 25th anniversary at the Lodge at Crandall Park on Cider Mill Road in Tolland, Conn. The party will be held from 3 to 7PM, with three sets of music by Camille Richard and His Friends, and at 6PM, there will be a raffle. There will be food and non-alcoholic drinks, and there is no charge to go to the event. For more information, call the library of the FCGSC (860)-872-2597, or visit the website, <http://www.fcgsc.org/>



*(Sitcha Case In The
Court of Appeals
continued from page 14)*

the names of the victims such as Charles and Elysee Kouatou, and that the killing of the nine was part of a much larger state-sanctioned murder by the Douala Operational Command, for it stated that Cardinal Tumi believed the number of killings to be as high as one thousand. Despite the detail of the killings given in the report by the State Department, the DHS assumed that people who opposed the government would be confident to answer questions on the telephone, as if their phones would not be tapped by the police. Furthermore, there is evidence that the American Embassy did not contact Madame Kouatou on the telephone, but her lawyer, a fact stated by Attorney John McKenna on Oct. 6, 2004 during the hearing on Sitcha's Writ of Habeas Corpus in the U.S. District Court in Springfield, Mass. Attorney Hoffkins called such evidence "hearsay upon hearsay," and he said in an interview on the radio show, New Focus, (broadcast on June 16, 2006 on WWUH, 91.3FM in West Hartford, Conn.), that such evidence is useless, and should not have been relied upon for the hearing on Sept. 18, 2003.

During the two years and nine months that Richard Sitcha has spent under detention by the DHS, he has been in

three different prisons or jails. He spent the first seven months in the Osborne Correctional Institute in Somers, Conn., where he spent 22 hours a day in a cell with convicted drug-dealers and murders, and where he was assaulted by a cell mate, whereupon he spent three days in the psychiatric hospital within the prison. Then he spent one year at the Franklin County Jail in Greenfield, Mass., (March 28, 2004 to March 31, 2005), a lower security prison than Osborne, and where he was treated humanely by the inmates and the guards. Lastly, he spent fourteen months at the Plymouth County Correctional Facility in Plymouth, Mass., (April 1, 2005 to the present) where he was man-handled by a guard on the first day because the guard thought Sitcha was being smart when he said that he did not know his American clothing size. Later, on Sept. 24, 2005, Sitcha was assaulted by an inmate, after Sitcha asked him to return something that the inmate borrowed two days earlier. Sitcha credits his cell mate, a Haitian, with saving his life, for he called a guard who stopped the assault. Nevertheless, both Sitcha and his cell mate spent three days "in the hole," for their security. Afterwards, Sitcha and his cell mate were sent to different units within the prison. Sometime later, the cell mates met, and they spoke in French about the incident, whereupon, Sitcha was threatened by another inmate to stop

speaking French because this is America.

Despite these hardships, Richard Sitcha attended the Catholic Mass whenever he could, as well as Confession, and he initiated mid-day prayer groups, in English, French and Spanish.

Richard Sitcha's two most ardent supporters are Lorena Dutelle, who has visited him at nearly every visiting day possible since Sept. 18, 2003, and Suzanne Carlson, who also visited him often. Since April 1, 2005, Lorena Dutelle has made a three-hour drive one-way to visit with Sitcha for 30 minutes at least once a week. Suzanne Carlson has started a grass-roots organization, the Sitcha Defense Committee, and the mailing address is: Sitcha Defense Committee, c/o Suzanne Carlson, P.O. Box 1263, Greenfield, MA, 01302. Checks can be sent to the organization, but they are not tax deductible.

More information about Richard Sitcha can be found on the website, Free Richard, <http://www.mainstreamist.com/freerichard/index.htm>, that has links to reports, such as the U.S. State Dept. report, as well as time lines of the case; the archives of New Focus, [<http://www.newfocusradio.org/>] <http://www.newfocusradio.org/>; and the Greenfield Optimist Online, [<http://www.greenfieldoptimist.com/>] <http://www.greenfieldoptimist.com/>.

Charette Family Reunion in Fort Kent, Maine, Aug. 12-13, 2006

**By Albert J. Marceau
Newington, CT**

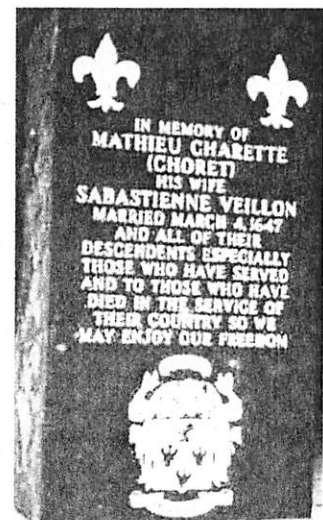
There will be a Charette Family Reunion in Fort Kent, Maine on the weekend of Aug. 12-13, 2006, as told in an interview with two early members of the FCGSC, Leon Guimond of Frenchville, Maine and Ray Thomas of Southington, Conn. Ray Thomas, a former Vice-President of the FCGSC and founder of the Southington Genealogical Society, is the co-founder and treasurer of the Charette/Charest Family Association. Leon Guimond, a founding member of the FCGSC and a volunteer for the

family association, said that he expects 75 people at the reunion. Back issues of the family association can be found at <http://charette.tripod.com/newsletters.htm>, and Leon Guimond can be contacted at leopat@hypernet.com.

(About the monument: The Mathieu Charette monument is black slate which is located at the west end of the "Old St. Louis" Church cemetery, across from the church in Fort Kent, Maine. It is in memory of all past Charette families who were pioneers.

The monument reads: In Memory of Mathieu Charette (Choret) his wife Sabastienne Veillon married March 4, 1647 and all of their descendents es-

pecially those who have served and to those who have died in the service of their country so we may enjoy our freedom.)



MUSIC

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXa|so de|ow.....

Joel A. Mornault --- at the Piano [One Hour] ONLY PIANO! for Disc # 3.
DISC # 3 - Piano Medley - (2003) (No other instruments, such as Violins, Gut-
 tars, Drums) 01-Facination -- 02-Melancholy Baby -- 03-As Time Goes By -- 04-The
 Dawn -- 05-I'll Get By -- 06-Whispering -- 07-O Danny Boy -- 08-The Norwegian
 -- 09-Tenderly -- 10-Don't Take Your Love From Me -- 11-I Only Have
 Eyes For You -- 12-I Don't Want To Walk Without You -- 13-Everybody
 Loves Somebody Sometime -- 14-Scenes From The Finland Woods -- 15-So
 What's New? -- 16-I'll Never Smile Again -- 17-Blue Moon -- 18-Red Roses
 For A Blue Lady -- 19-San Francisco -- 20-To Love Again -- 21-If I Could
 Be With You -- 22-Laura -- 23 -- -- You Were Meant For Me. = One Hour.

DISC # 2 - Christmas - (2002) 01-Here Comes Santa Claus -- 02-It's Beginning

To Look Like Christmas -- 03-Jingle-Bell Rock -- 04-Silver Bells -- 05-Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer -- 06-Christmas Medley = The First Noel- Angels We Have Heard On High-O Come All Ye Faithful -- 07-Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas -- 08-White Christmas -- 09-Joy To The World -- 10-I'll Be Home For Christmas -- 11-Winter Wonderland -- 12-I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus -- 13-Frosty The Snow Man -- 14-Auld Lang Syne -- 15-Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town -- 16-Rockin' Around The Christmas Tree 17-Let It Snow, Let It Snow -- 18-Blue Christmas -- 19-Jingle Bells -- 20-I'll Be Home For Christmas -- 21-The Christmas Song -- 22-O Holy Night. = One Hour.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXmoIeq oSIa XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

DISC # 1 - English & French - (2002) 01-You're Nobody -- 02-C'est Magnifique

--03-White River Stomp -- 04-La Mer / Beyond The Sea -- 05-It Had To Be You -- 06-
J'attendrai -- 07-Deep Purple -- 08-Que Reste-t-il de nos amours? / I Wish You Love --
09-Avalon -- 10-La Vie En Rose / You're Too Dangerous, Chérie -- 11-
Old Jig -- 12-C'est Si Bon -- 13-Release Me -- 14-Joël's Boston Fancy --
15-Sur La Plage Tous Les Deux -- 16-Five Foot Two -- 17-Et Maintenant / What
Now My Love -- 18-Down Yonder -- 19-Les Yeux Fermés / I'll Close My Eyes -- 20-Two
Step (Medley) -- 21-Chanson D'Amour / Song Of Love -- 22-Bye Bye Blues. = One Hour.

About joël: Joël Morneau originates from Madawaska, ME. His early studies

About Joel: Joel Morneau originates from Madawaska, ME. His early studies were in the St. John Valley. He attended the Sacred Heart University in Bathurst, New Brunswick. This was followed by the Boston Conservatory of Music where he graduated with a Bachelors Degree in Music Education. His teaching career, for 31 years, was in the public schools as a Band and Choral Director. He taught in Bucksport, ME, Edmundston, N.-B., Falmouth, and Fort Kent, ME. He now resides in Bangor with his wife Lise.

To place an order contact:

Joël A. Morneau

812 State Street, Apt. # 2

Bangor, ME 04401-5636

Phone: (207) 947-JOEL (5635)

E-Mail: mornearl31@wmconnect.com

(Continued on page 17)



Treasured Family
Recipe Cookbook
Past & Present

The Treasured Family Recipe Cookbook has been a labor of love for me. As a young girl, I discovered the pleasures of cooking for others. I was raised in a family of nine children in which, for the last 7 or 8 years of my stay home, both parents were working. I began observing my mother as she prepared the family meals. Every once in a while, I would surprise my parents and siblings and I would make an attempt at a meal and much to my surprise, I succeeded. I was happy to have helped out my parents and every time I had compliments on what I had prepared, it gave me incentive to try another recipe. As the years went by my recipe box grew and grew. Every time my sons or daughter would say, "Mom this is so good," the recipe would automatically be saved along with my other recipes. My grandmothers on

BOOKS/LIVRES...

L'envol de Maya

par **Félix Nunez & Mélanie Lachance**

L'envol de Maya est un conte original qui a, entre autres particularités, celle de raconter une histoire défendant uniquement des valeurs de respect vis-à-vis soi-même, les autres et l'environnement. L'histoire est racontée dans sa version originale en quatre langues, soit le français, l'anglais, l'espagnol et le portugais. Ce conte, merveilleusement illustré de dessins en partie inspirés par les enfants eux-mêmes, joint l'imaginaire créatif de ceux-ci à la fantaisie et au talent de Mélanie Lachance et Félix Nunez.

Félix Nunez est originaire du Chili. Il a depuis son enfance une passion pour la coopération. Il est conscient de l'importance que représente l'harmonie entre les peuples. Fort de cette conviction, c'est tout naturellement que ce cheminement l'a conduit à la création de *L'envol de Maya*. Il oeuvre dans le domaine de l'éducation ce qui lui permet de partager sa passion aux enfants.

Mélanie Lachance est originaire

Félix Nunez & Mélanie Lachance



Le Conseil de la vie française en Amérique
Carrefour des francophones d'Amérique

Depuis plus de trente ans, le Répertoire de la vie française en Amérique est considéré comme un référence importante en francophonie nord américaine; il contient les coordonnées de plus de 2000 organismes locaux, régionaux, nationaux et internationaux reliés à la Francophonie.

Le Conseil de la vie française en Amérique (CVFA) espère qu'il répondra à vos attentes. N'hésitez pas à le consulter et à informer vos relations de son existence !

Pour nous aider à garder ce répertoire à jour, faites nous part de vos observations et commentaires en nous transmettant toutes informations (corrections, ajouts, ...), susceptibles d'améliorer le contenu, soit par courriel à cvfa@cvfa.ca, soit par télécopieur au (418) 626-5663. Nous ferons le nécessaire pour y donner suite rapidement.

du Lac-Sain-Jean. Elle a étudié en Arts et Technologies informatisées au Collège d'Alma. *L'envol de Maya* lui permet de concilier deux passions que sont le bien-être des enfants et les arts.

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(*Treasured Family Recipes Cookbook*
continued from page 12)

both my father and mother's side were wonderful cooks who between the two of them had a diversity of gourmet and country recipes with backgrounds of both French Canadian and St. John Valley Acadians of Northern Maine. So you see, the love of cooking was handed down.

Now, many years down the road, my brothers, sisters and my children, occasionally call for a recipe. Sharing these has been my biggest compliment and my greatest pleasure. Over the years I have always wanted to put together a cook-

book of all my grandmothers', mother's, and my recipes along with those acquired from good friends and acquaintances, to be handed down to my children and grandchildren to share with friends and family. It is important to preserve these recipes. They are part of our heritage. They are treasures that must be kept alive. And so this is why I decided to put them in a book and preserve them for future generations.

The recipes preserved in this book are all tried and true and I want to thank everyone, especially my family, who contributed and helped make this cookbook whole. I hope one day some

of these recipes will be a treasured family favorite of yours.

*Portions of the sales of this cookbook are being donated to the Edgar J. Paradis Cancer Fund. If you wish to make personal donations to the Cancer Fund, you may contact them at: Edgar J. Paradis Cancer Fund, Northern Maine Medical Center, 194 E. Main St., Fort Kent, ME 04743.

To purchase a Cookbook:

Theresa Charette

410 Winter Street A/101

Madawaska, ME

04756-1624

Franco-American Soirée a Success...

by *Natalie Cormier, FAROG student*

On June 17th, 2006 the FAROG (Franco-American Resource Opportunity Group) held a Soirée at the Old Town, Knights of Columbus. This community event was held in order to help promote the french culture in the area, as well as raise money for Franco-Americans persuing higher education. The night consisted of musical entertainment by a talented group of musicians from Lewiston known as the Silvertones as well as a fiddler from Fort Kent, Lisa Ornstein. The crowd was also entertained by Joël Morneault, an emcee full of character who shared many French jokes.

Not only did the crowd enjoy Franco-American entertainment, but they also enjoyed Franco-American Cuisine. Food such as tortiere, chicken stew, crepes, ployes, beans, molasses cookies were very popular. The food

left as fast as the cooks could whip it up.

The night was a true success and a very important celebration in our culture. It allowed us to take pride in our culture through music, dance, language, food, and stories. It rekindled many fond memories of an important history. Because of this successful Soirée, we plan on hosting another one in November. We would love to reach the community once again so that we can rejoice in our Franco-American heritage.

A special thank you to the Knights of Columbus for all of their help, to Joël Morneault our Emcee and pianist, Paul Farrell and the Silvertones our entertainment, Lisa Ornstien, fiddler, Jean and

Rick Côté, Pauline Bouchard Tinkham, Richard Petrie, Labree's Bakery, Brooke Plourde Dupuy, Roger Cormier, Jim Moore (Grand Knight), Bob Foley, Al Côté our Cooks and Cook helpers, Kevin Tremblay and Rhea Côté Robbins our authors, Morgan Dumont Jewett, Graphics Design, and to all who attended the soirée.





Le Coin des Franco Un regard s'étient *par Louise Peloquin*

Il fut longtemps membre de notre association. Il aime les francophones d'Amérique. Nous souhaitons lui consacrer ce petit texte.

Sa plus grande fierté fut son appartenance à la 2ème DB du général Leclerc et sa participation active à la libération de la France au côté des Américains.

Il eut une grande passion dans la vie: la vidéo. Elle fut largement mise au service de la promotion des Franco-Américains de Nouvelle-Angleterre. Il réalisa, pendant une quinzaine d'années, des reportages pour l'émission télé "Bonjour" de l'Association Canado-Américaine de Manchester, New Hampshire, des interviews avec des ministres et des sénateurs de la République Française



comme Jacques Toubon et Pierre-Christian Taittinger, avec des personnalités internationales comme Céline Dion, avec des artistes et des amoureux de la francophonie de tous horizons. Il souhaite créer un lien visuel entre le pays des ancêtres et les cousins des États. Sa caméra nous offrit une vision privilégiée

de grandes manifestations : des Sommets francophones de Chaillot et de Moncton, des cérémonies du 50e anniversaire du débarquement, des débuts de la construction de l'Hermione, la frégate du général La Fayette, à Rochefort, des spectacles de Laurent Terzieff son ami personnel et tant d'autres. Son plus grand bonheur fut de parcourir les routes américaines à la rencontre de ses "cousins", caméra à l'épaule, sourire aux lèvres, regard toujours affûté.

L'œil bleu perçant de Louis Henry se ferma le 27 septembre 2005. Il laisse son épouse et assistante artistique Paulette et des centaines de films, ses « enfants ». Cette progéniture nous touchera toujours par sa fraîcheur et son originalité.

Les Francos ont perdu un allié. Grâce à lui, leur regard est à jamais enrichi.

Remembering Normand Brissette

by David Rubin
August 20, 2005

Normand Brissette died 60 years ago on Aug. 19, 1945. But who was Normand Brissette, and why should anyone pause to remember his death?

On the morning of Aug. 6, 1945, Brissette, a 19-year-old Navy airman from Lowell, was one of 11 American POWs being held at Chugoku Military Police Headquarters in the center of Hiroshima. All were members of Air Force B-24 or Navy dive-bomber crews who had been captured after parachuting when their planes were shot down by Japanese anti-aircraft fire on July 28.

The prison was about 1,300 feet from ground zero. Like everyone killed at Hiroshima, these men could never have imagined the force that was about to annihilate them when the first atomic bomb ever used against a human population exploded in an airburst above them exactly 45 seconds after it had been released from the Enola Gay at 8:15 a.m.

Most of the American POWs must have perished almost instantly, but Brissette and another man, Air Force Sergeant Ralph Neal, didn't die at once. They suffered

severe radiation burns and were somehow moved to a different location, where other American POWs futilely tried to look after them. Brissette and Neal survived in torment for 13 days and died on Aug. 19.

Even today, most Americans are unaware that American POWs were also victims of the atomic bombs.

At Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery in Missouri, there is a symbolic common grave at Section 82, Gravesite 156, that lists eight of their names. Brissette's is not among them, though Neal's is.

There is no memorial plaque stating who these men were or how they died. Only the death date listed on their common grave, Aug. 6, 1945, might make a passerby pause to wonder about them.

Even the national cemetery official at Jefferson Barracks with whom I spoke had no idea of the significance of this gravesite until I explained it to him. None of this is an accident. We cannot remember Brissette if we never knew he existed. Like the bomb, secrecy is a potent weapon.

For at least 35 years after the war ended, these Hiroshima POW deaths were

kept secret by the US government. Not even immediate family members were informed how their loved ones died. It wasn't until the 1980's that researchers using the Freedom of Information Act began to uncover the stories of these atomic "friendly fire" victims.

There were almost certainly additional American POWs killed in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, along with hundreds of Allied POWs from Australia, the Netherlands, and Great Britain. Between 1,000 and 2,000 Japanese-Americans trapped in Japan by the war were killed. Thousands of slave laborers from China, Manchuria, the Philippines, and conquered European colonies in South Asia were killed. About 30,000 Korean slave laborers were killed.

In all, some 200,000 to 250,000 people in Hiroshima and Nagasaki were killed instantly or within three months. Of these, 35,000-50,000 were non-Japanese.

These numbers don't draw attention from the enormous suffering of the Japanese. Instead, they reveal how all humanity became fused as victims of these first two nuclear blasts.

While the 11 American POWs killed in Hiroshima are a tiny fraction of all victims, they bear ghostly witness to the still unlearned lesson that nuclear weapons are not only weapons of mass destruction, but weapons of self-destruction as well.

There are only two memory points for these POWs on American soil. One is Common Gravesite 156. The other is a memorial plaque at the National POW Museum in Andersonville, Georgia, which names 9 of the 11, including Normand Brissette.

But a Japanese historian named Shigeaki Mori, himself a survivor of the Hiroshima A-blast, has worked almost single-handedly since the 1970s to memorialize the 11 American POWs killed in Hiroshima. In 1998, he dedicated a memorial plaque honoring these men on the site where they died. He has also led efforts to get their names added to official listings of A-bomb victims, contacting American family members when possible.

In 2002, Mori succeeded in getting Brissette's name added to the official list of Hiroshima Atomic Bomb victims.

When reporters for Stars and Stripes Pacific Edition contacted Normand's sister, Connie Provencher in Dracut regarding Mori's efforts, she said, "It's gratifying to me that they are recognizing my brother. He was only 19 when he died fighting for his country. He died from the bomb's radiation and it was an excruciating death. My brother will be forever young because he gave us all his tomorrows."

David Rubin is a retired faculty member from the College of Public and Community Service at UMass-Boston.

The Germain Saga

by

**S. Ella Marie
Germain, CSJ**

Second Installment



On Wisconsin

Preparations for the long journey of 1000 miles began in earnest. Time was a factor because Zephirin wanted to reach the shores of the Apple River in Somerset, Wisconsin, by early October. Deciding what must be left behind was difficult for Josephine. She knew it was important to travel lightly, bringing only the bare necessities, such as clothes and food.

Finally, the time had come to go west, to a wilderness area, and to leave their beloved land and home in Deschambault. It was the summer of 1855. Traveling with eight children, ages 15 to a year old, was not easy. The journey was a long one, made partly by boat, on rivers, lakes, and along rugged trails. After several weeks they paddled up to St. Croix Falls, head of navigation. Here was the junction of the St. Croix River and the Apple River (Pomme de Terre) where newcomers settled in the area known as Somerset in St. Croix County, Wisconsin.

After weeks of travel, Zephirin and family stayed with his brothers. With the help of neighbors, Zephirin cleared the land and claimed it as a homestead. A log house was built. It had to be a warm shelter because the winters in Somerset were very cold. Lumber was plentiful, and before long Zephirin built a frame house.

To earn money, Zephirin, after

providing for the needs of the family, left to work in the lumber camps during the cold winter months. To the children, the winter months dragged on. Josephine found ways to interest them. Evening prayer was a special time to remember their father. It brought them together in spite of the distance. Everyone waited for their father's return in early spring.

Josephine and the children prepared for the homecoming. They wanted to surprise their father, but they did not know the day of his return. The boys gave the yard a new look while the girls and their mother cleaned the house. Josephine planned a special menu which could be prepared in no time.

Early one spring evening, the family sat outside enjoying the quiet at the end of the day. Suddenly they heard far away music. "Maman, do you recognize the tune?" Everyone looked south and listened. Then the family joined in, "Chevalier de la table ronde, goûtons voir si le vin est bon."

"It's Papa. That's his song," shouted Isidore. The children ran to meet him. They hugged and asked so many questions. Josephine, with arms extended, flung herself into Zephirin's embrace. Zephirin had a knapsack on his back, and carried a gunny sack.

"Papa, what do you have in this sack?" The contents were spread out on the grass and Adele asked, "Where did you get these, Papa?" After the day's work, by the light of the campfires flickering candles, Zephirin carved small animals, and made small boxes. For Josephine, he walked several miles to buy her a colorful scarf.

Summer was a busy time on the farm. Every member of the family who was old enough to work joined in. Preparations for the winter began in spring and summer. There was the plowing and tilling for the soil, planting, harvesting, butchering, making salt pork, cutting wood for fuel, gardening, and canning.

The life of these early settlers around Somerset was centered on the church. A small log church was built in 1856, for the people who came from miles. The people put a bell in the belfry to call the faithful when the missionary arrived. It was also to warn the people of a

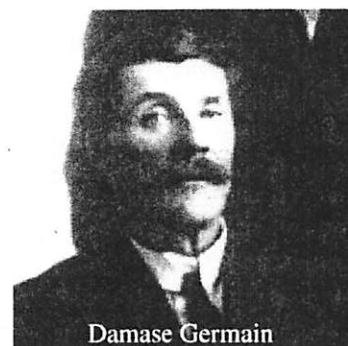
forest fire, and in case of an enemy attack.

The missionaries came only once a month in the early days. Everyone prepared for this special event when they were enriched spiritually. It was also a time to visit and to catch up on the news.

Damase Germain

Zephirin Germain and his wife Josephine welcomed their children as gifts from God. Each one of their eleven children was special. Damase, born on November 29, 1854, was less than a year when the family decided to go west. The long trek from Deschambault to the wilderness areas along the way, and on to the Apple River in Somerset was for hardy people. Damase was raised in this atmosphere which prepared him for the hardships and challenges of life.

As he grew up, Damase became a handsome and dignified young man. He met a lovely French-Canadian woman named Cordelina Roi. Her parents, Basil Roi and Felicité Laventure, left Lanoraie, Quebec, for Somerset with their three children Felicité, Eugene, and Cordelina. Damase was fond of Cordelina. Their love and respect for each other grew, and they were married at St. Anne's Church in Somerset in 1882.



Damase Germain

Nov. 27, 1854 – May 16, 1922



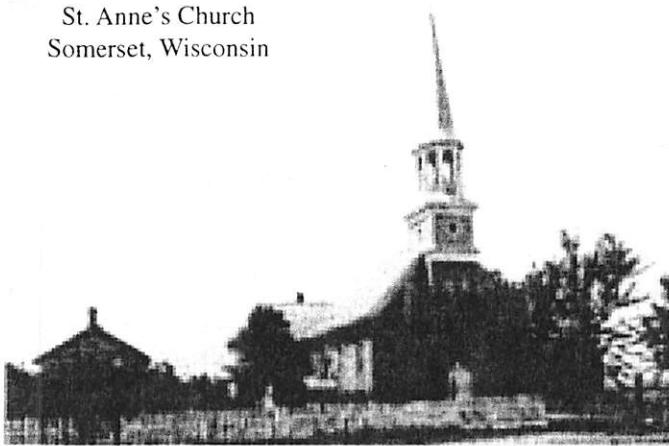
Cordelina Roi

Nov. 9, 1860 – May 23, 1953

(Continued on page 21)

(*Germain Saga continued from page 20*)

St. Anne's Church
Somerset, Wisconsin



Damase bought a farm of 120 acres located off highway 35, about three miles north of Somerset. There they built a beautiful brick house. The happy and industrious couple was blessed with a family of eight: Albert, Louise, Josephine, John, Fred, Joseph, Rose and Adelard.



Front Row: Joe, Damase, Cordelina, and Fred
Back Row: Josephine, John, Rose, Albert, and Louise

Cordelina and Damase found the ideal place to raise their family. The home was beautifully located in a cluster of trees. Everyone was kept busy helping with the farm work. The four boys were a great help to their father. The land had to be cleared, plowed, planted, and the crops harvested. There were animals to be cared for, cows to milk, wood to be chopped and piled for the winter. The girls learned how to cook, sew, and add a touch of beauty in the home. Not far from the house was a lake where the children spent many happy hours playing tag on the ice, skating,

wading, or just admiring nature's beauty.

The winter months were long and sometimes lonely for Cordelina. Damase, the good father, provider and husband, left the farm, his wife, and family to work in the lumber camps for the winter. The boys were to do the chores, and the girls were to help their mother.

After the long winter, mother and children looked for the day when their father would return from the camps. It was a time to celebrate with a special meal and to share the events of the past winter.

In 1889, an awful tornado destroyed the city of New Richmond. As the town

was only eight miles east of Somerset, the village and countryside were under an eerie atmosphere which was followed by a violent wind as the funnel approached.

Damase saw the dark clouds lower and sensed danger. "Cordelina, go quickly to the basement with the children. It looks really bad outside. I'll bring the holy water and a candle." Everyone in the basement was silent, except for a whispered prayer. The silence seemed to amplify the sound of the thunder, loose objects banging against each other, and the cracking and uprooting of trees. Darkness covered the area for miles.

After a few endless minutes the forces of nature became very quiet, and the air was heavy. The family slowly climbed the cellar steps and looked outside. No buildings were destroyed. The family was grateful for that. Damase decided to go by sulky with his son, John, who was twelve years old, to see the damage in the neighboring town of New Richmond, and to give help. What they saw was unbelievable. For the width of half a mile, extending the greatest length of the city, not a building was left standing. 115 people were killed by the ferocious tornado. The bodies were brought to the Immaculate Conception church where they would be identified awaiting burial. 104 homes were destroyed, and 98 business places were completely demolished. The living helped the suffering, and thanked God for having been spared. The city of New Richmond was no more. It took the cooperation of those remaining to gradually rebuild New Richmond. Today it is known as the City Beautiful.

There was sadness in the Damase Germain family when the youngest child, Adelard, became very sick with a high fever and a pain. The father told his wife that he would go, in haste, to get the doctor. On the way he wondered if help would come on time for his son. There were no telephones or cars. The horse and buggy was not a fast way to get help, but it was the only way. If the doctor could have cared for the sick boy sooner, he might

(*Continued on page 22*)

(*Germain Saga continued from page 20*)
have recovered. Adelard died of a ruptured appendix. He was seven years old.

As many people from Quebec left Deschambault and many other towns along the St. Lawrence River for Somerset, Wisconsin, the village grew into an important French settlement. The first village church was built in 1875. Father Couture was the pastor. Sermons were in French as were the confessions. Gradually as other nationalities moved in, the sermons were in French and repeated in English. This continued until the mid-1920's.

Young John D. Germain

The Damase Germain children attended Sand Hill Grade School. John, the fourth in the family completed only the fifth grade because he was needed, as were his siblings, to work on the farm. When John was eighteen he had other plans. "Papa, the village is planning to build a dam on the Apple River at Riverdale, and I would like to work on this project."

"Do you think you can do that kind of hard work, and besides, there will be foreigners, Italians, I heard, who will also be employed. Will you be able to work peacefully?"

"I'll manage, and I'm not afraid."

Construction began in 1905 and was completed in 1906. The work was demanding. Mixing cement with a shovel was slow, tedious work. Tons of cement were needed for the dam, but with young energetic men, and a crew of Italian immigrants the work progressed.

There were unpleasant incidents with the Italians. One of them accused John of stealing his mittens, and threw a brick at him. John dodged and threw one back. Realizing that he had been accused of stealing, John decided to take the horse and buggy, drive to New Richmond, and have a lawyer prove him innocent. The man who had sold the mittens to John was a witness. The judge ruled that the mittens were John's. Back at the dam, John waved the mittens at the accuser to show he had won his case.

With the completion of the dam, John looked for other work. Wisconsin and Minnesota were covered with trees. He decided to go to the lumber camps in Bemidji, Minnesota. As a lumberjack, he earned one dollar a day. Everyone at the camp worked long, hard hours. The evening meal was a hardy one—kettles of beans, potatoes, and pork. The dessert was Johnny cake served with honey or syrup. After the meal, the lumberjacks sang to the accompaniment of the violin.

During the lumber boom in Stillwater, John received the logs as they rolled in.

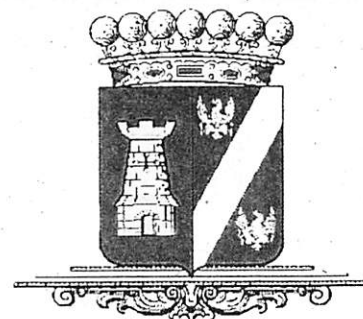
Hoping to make more money, John went to St. Paul, Minnesota in search of a job. He was interviewed by the street car company, and was hired as a conductor on the Como Park line. John, in his conductor's uniform, looked distinguished and able. Several weeks later, he met his adversary. Late one night, at the end of the line, the doors of the streetcar were opened as usual. A man jumped in pointing a pistol at John saying, "Hands up. Give me the money bag now." Trying to be calm, John handed over the money bag while the robber pointed the gun in John's face. Late that night, John contacted his boss to tell him of the incident, and to hand in his resignation. John considered himself very fortunate to be alive. This type of work was not to his liking. He went back to his hometown, where he worked for sometime at the Garvis Bar.



Building the Riverdale Dam — 1905
John D. Germain
(Front row, seated third from the right.)



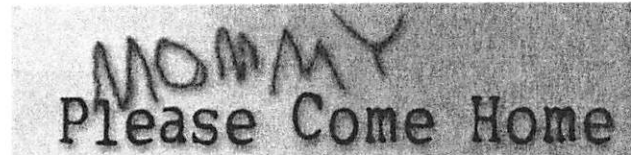
John D. Germain
in his conductor's uniform



Germain

(*N.D.L.R. See next issue for the third installment of the Germain Saga by S. Ella Marie Germain, CSJ.*)

BOOKS/LIVRES...



Mom was gone from her six children, with everything blamed on a label, mental illness. She was not right everyone was told. Manufactured madness is an attribute of the manipulator. The blame for her condition may be on MK-ULTRA and early MONARCH Programming.

As for Kevin, he explains it all away, the torture and the pain, as though it were a movie.

About the Author:

Kevin P. Tremblay was born in Boston, Massachusetts. He resides currently in Ripley, Maine with his books. He enjoys gardening and sells real estate.

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GROWING UP ON ACADEMY HILL

*Remembering My French-
Canadian-American Papa*
by
**Annette Paradis
King**

The author's French-Canadian-American parents raised six children during the Great Depression, and well beyond World War II. The story-- non-fiction-- mirrors the pride and independence the children learn from their father. It has everything to do with his Catholic faith and loyalty for his Canadian heritage and being an American. All this is felt in the stories that are told. The pictures--- only a few that were found-- show further the simple life of this family. Soon after employment Emile is deigned better jobs that would take him out of the post office cellar for lack of a high school diploma. Consequently, he sets his goals high for those times, encouraging his children...girls included...to stay in school. Emile dies before his work is completed, but his legacy remains appreciated by author, brothers and sisters who go on to influence their children and now the children of their sons and daughters.

Biography: Annette Paradis King lives on Frenchman Bay, fifteen miles from Ellsworth, Maine with her spouse Gerry King. She enjoys creating poetry and writing short stories. Writing came late in her life, consequently, she spends most of her time now documenting what she remembers before it all disappears. Her greatest pleasure is encouraging their thirteen grandchildren to read everything they can, and to write as often as time is available, something she didn't understand the importance of until these later years.

"We read, all the time, of people being successful in life's endeavors and admire them, as we should. But reading about someone like my father, a French/Canadian born American, who had no training or special skills, raised in a family of five brothers and four sisters all of whom could barely read or wrote, who showed outstanding pride for his country, the town in which he lived, and his family, I think, is rare." A.P. King



GROWING UP ON ACADEMY HILL
*Remembering
My French-Canadian-American
Papa*



Annette Paradis King

GROWING UP ON ACADEMY HILL

--Remembering My French-Canadian-Papa, by Annette Paradis King Pgs.105. Can be ordered from author @: 454 South Gouldsboro Road, Gouldsboro, Maine 04607. Single copy \$15.00. Shipping and handling \$3.

POÉSIE/
POETRY

GRAND'MÈRE

Ma Grand'Mère paternelle
Était sûrement une merveille
Elle était toujours là
Pour arrêter le fraças

Avec le bébé sur les genoux
Les chants de Faust par Gounod
Qu'elle en chantait de l'Opéra
Elle nous ne le disait même pas

Tellement de secrets d'enfance
Nous avons dû chuchoter
Dans l'oreille de Grand'Mère
Sans même l'exaspérer

Elle était une sage-femme
Qui délivrait tous les enfants
De tous ces jeunes mamans
Qui demeuraient dans nos rangs

Elle est demeurée Américaine
Même après quarante ans
De vie dans ce rang
Dans le Comté d'Madawaska!

Ça c'était Grand'Maman
Avec ses cheveux blanc
Ses gentils yeux bleu-gris
Voilà la mémoire que je chérie.

par
Adrienne Pelletier
LePage
Saco, ME



CADILLAC MOUNTAIN

No different than other mornings
on my way to town, if the sun shines
it keeps pace with the car
bouncing high and low across
the winding road.
Often I will slow down—then stop.
The lights beyond the coastline
encourage thoughts to flow.
This mountain always my solace,
winter snowflakes like thousand paper wings
proof that I am home,
I gaze long and hard at my surroundings—
knowing old friends facing much steeper hills.

Yet, in the very end it's all the same—
these hours, their hardest mountain climbs,
exhaustingly difficult. I look again
toward gray peaks high above the sea,
reminded of every season
vivid colors changing, melting, or
at times more gentle winds
across the landscape mark
the days I live, too,
measuring my ever-shrinking future
by heat of the sun sometimes by light of cold moons.
How bittersweet!
What is further than this, I cannot say.

Annette Paradis King
Ellsworth, ME

Goutte de pluie
du nez
Le petit nuage m'a dit : pourvu que je puisse t'arroser !
marches-tu tête baissée en donnant des coups de pieds ? Lève le bout

POÉSIE/ POETRY

MA VIE

Tu t'en vas sans moi, ma vie.
Tu roules.
Et moi j'attends encore de faire un pas.
Tu portes ailleurs la bataille.
Tu me désertes ainsi.
Je ne t'ai jamais suivie.
Je ne vois pas clair dans tes offres.
Le petit peu que je veux, jamais tu ne l'apportes.
A cause de ce manque, j'aspire à tant.
A tant de choses, à presque l'infini...
A cause de ce peu qui manque, que jamais tu
n'apportes.

*par Henri Michaux
(1899-1984)*

QUÉBEC

Ville de souvenirs
Tellement de rêves d'avenir
Ville d'Histoire
Tellement d'espoir

Si un jour je pouvais
Revoir ta splendeur d'autrefois
Revoir tes habitants
Avec leur courage ardent.

Gloire de nos ancêtres
Fierté de nos pères
Amour de leur Patrie
Et de leur Dieu bénit.

Ne perdons pas leur foi
Soyons fidèle à leur loi
Cultivons notre Héritage
Faisons le Pèlerinage.

*par
Adrienne Pelletier
LePage
Saco, ME*



*Everett and Vera Gerard
Old Photograph: Mom and Dad mid 1950's
In their yard in springtime on
47 Franklin Street, Van Buren, Maine*

Dad wraps his arm gently around Mom's shoulder,
and comfortably rests his hand.
They pose for the camera. He, so handsome faced;
clad in wholesome attire and smelling of
"Old Spice" cologne, is so proud of his pretty young wife.

Mom, in her cotton shirtwaist dress, smiles coyly, a bit uncertain,
yet her stance is so regal and strong. Their first born, 6 year old Danny,
makes them a trio. He stands clutched in their warmth,
guileless and care free, enjoying his days of light hearted play.

A young family beginning their journey of life's joys and pains...
perhaps not realizing the sacredness; the health and vibrancy
of that seemingly ordinary day.

Behind them, the freshly washed clothes from Mom's wringer
washing machine hang from wooden clothespins in symmetry
on the clothes line. They flap quietly in the warm spring breeze,
smelling clean from the detergent, "Tide". They know they'll soon
be spending days drying in luxurious sun; as summer is coming –
it is no longer an irrational dream. Dad's union suit and shirt,
Danny's little boy shirts and pants, and a blanket dangle intimately
side by side... Artifacts of family life and old fangled ways.

The grass on the lawn – patchy and sparse.
The muddy dirt driveway – smelling of sweet earth.
The flies buzz and drone spiritedly; resurrecting after the
long, cold northern Maine winter.

Dad's shiny, chrome plated "Plymouth", the working man's Cadillac,
is parked behind them – sturdy and proud; beckoning the fun of a simple
car ride in those slow, long be gone days.

The old shed envelopes the sentiment of this scene;
embracing the family with warmth and a touch of mystery...

*by Linda Gerard Der Simonian
March 2, 1996*

Coin des jeunes...



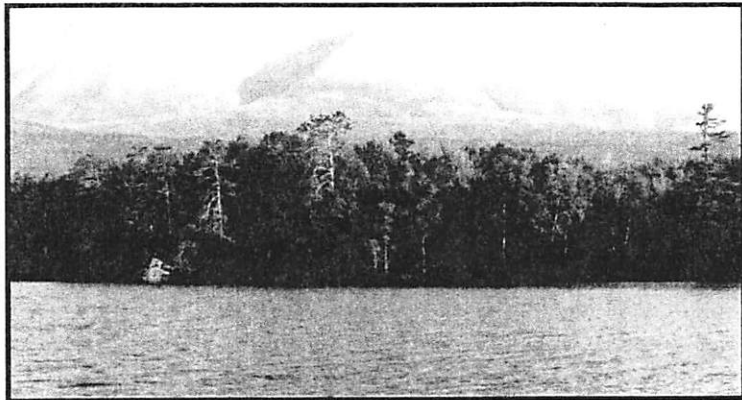
The Magnificence of Maine

by
Lucas Desjardins
Bangor, ME

*Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of an eight-hour hike made with toe
and tear,
On the nineteenth of November, twenty
oh five;
Hardly a bug bite is now still alive
Who remembers my greatest feat of that
year.*

Donated to the state of Maine by one man, Percival Baxter, whose greatest wish was for a place in our state to be set aside so that people could enjoy nature, Mt. Katahdin is truly the centerpiece, the heart of Maine. His goal was achieved in 1962 when he bestowed onto the state the 28th and final deed contributing to the 200,000-acre Baxter State Park containing our beloved Katahdin. This beauty, whose name means "Greatest Mountain" in the Penobscot Tribal language, is a sight of luminous beauty and a natural treasure worth sharing with the world.

Climbing this Maine Mountain is truly a remarkable experience. And perhaps, the most amazing thing about Katahdin is not its size or height but rather the view you find by ascending to the top. It was last November when I discovered the extent of Maine's natural beauty. For hours I hiked, up and up the ever-steepening trail. I drank from the pure water of Chimney Pond and, after eight hours of



arduous hiking, found myself atop Katahdin overlooking Maine's endless forests. To the west, there was the Great Moose Head Lake and in every other direction there were miles and miles of green, pine forests. Such magnificence can only be seen here- in the state of Maine.

Though, the beauty that is revealed to those who have conquered Katahdin might not be something that could be enjoyed if it were not for one man. Percival Baxter devoted his life toward making the Katahdin region a place that would forever stay pure in its unspoiled and natural form for us, Maine's citizens.

It was in 1903, on a fishing trip with his father when Baxter first saw Maine's most glorious giant, Katahdin. It was then when he discovered what natural beauty Maine has to offer and wanted to preserve and protect it for future generations. Though he was not the first to propose the idea of making Katahdin a national park, he was the first to succeed in making it happen.

In the summer of 1920 Baxter, for the first time in his life, climbed Mt. Katahdin. He made the journey with fellow politicians who agreed with the idea of creating a park, in an attempt to gain support for this cause. Though, despite

their actions, little momentum was gained toward making Baxter's dream a reality. In 1925, after many years of political service to the state of Maine, Baxter realized that perhaps more could be done as a private citizen than as a politician. In the late 20's Great Northern Paper Company, a milling corporation which owned much of the land around Katahdin, had a change of leadership and Baxter seized the moment. He realized that if he wanted Katahdin and the surrounding forest to be protected he would have to buy the land himself and donate it to the state. He was able to buy from Great Northern Paper nearly 6,000 acres of land for a mere \$25,000. This purchase started the 33-year endeavor that would eventually lead to a 200,000-acre, plus, national park.

On the top of Katahdin amongst the many rocks there is a plaque; on it states how Percival Baxter envisioned Katahdin to stay "It shall forever be kept as a sanctuary for wild beasts and birds, and that no road or ways for motor vehicles shall hereafter ever be constructed thereon or therein." For, monuments do decay and wealth does vanish but Katahdin in all its glory forever shall remain the mountain of the people of Maine. THANK YOU



Percival Baxter



Coin des jeunes...



		2 9		5 7
		7		8
8 3	1 6			2
8	1	3	5 9 2	
3 5 2	1	6	8	
9	7 6	1	3	
	6	1		
1 7	8 9			

"Fill in the grid so that every row, every column, and every 3x3 box contains the digits 1 through 9."

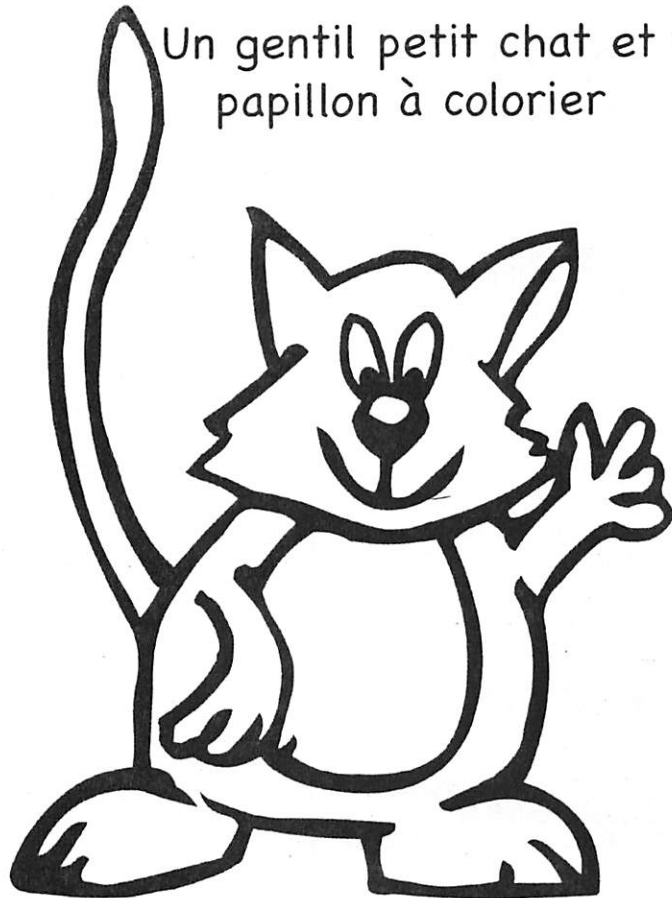
There's no math involved. The grid has numbers, but nothing has to add up to anything else.

You solve the puzzle with reasoning and logic.

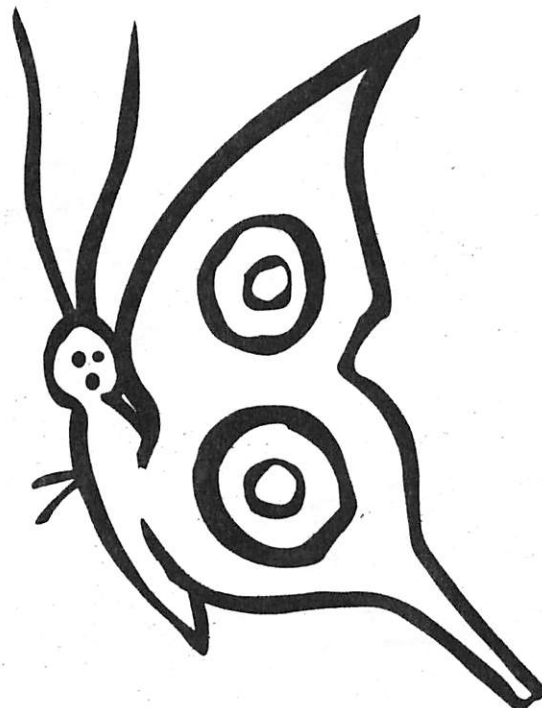
It's fun. It's challenging. It's addictive!

(See page 28 for answer)

Un gentil petit chat et un papillon à colorier



Un minou



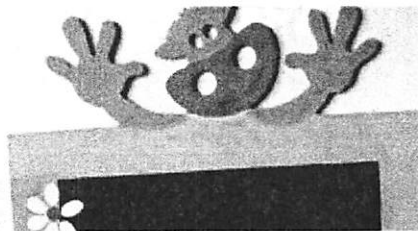
Un papillon

Coin des jeunes...



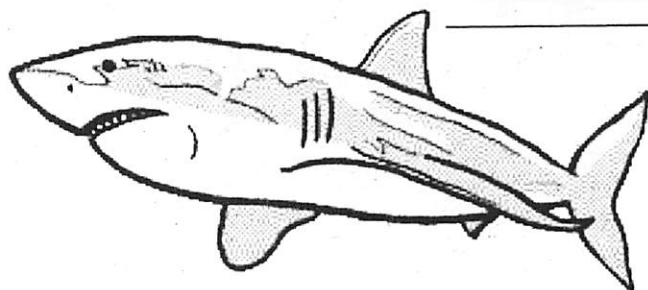
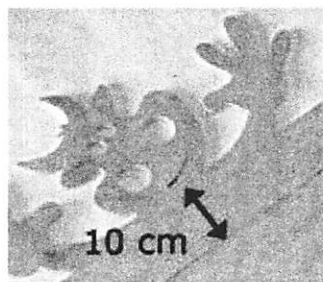
Ardoise vachement
sympa!

Un tableau ardoise facile à réaliser avec vos enfants pour un résultat sympathique. vous pouvez personnaliser en ajoutant "Bonne fête Maman", "Joyeux Anniversaire", etc...



Dessinez un cadre d'environ 10 cm tout autour du tableau.

Passer une sous-couche sur tout le tableau. Laissez sécher.



"PLOYES" WORD SEARCH

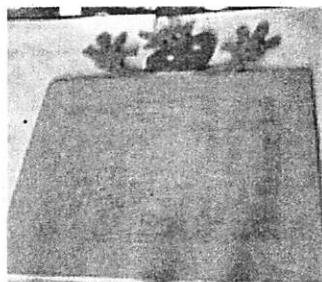
D	U	K	I	W	A	T	E	R	M	B	Q	Z	X	P	W	Y	S
S	D	N	V	C	X	T	Y	L	R	G	F	U	J	P	S	Q	A
H	D	T	Y	I	P	Q	E	X	J	G	Y	I	O	K	U	C	L
W	C	R	E	T	O	N	S	D	M	C	J	K	O	P	L	P	T
X	M	L	J	L	I	T	F	N	A	X	S	D	F	N	L	J	C
M	A	M	A	N	S	H	J	B	P	S	W	F	V	O	X	Z	V
S	V	S	B	Y	W	F	N	V	L	D	K	B	Y	L	H	T	N
V	C	E	M	T	R	D	M	Y	E	S	M	E	L	X	J	S	M
A	N	P	J	E	T	S	L	T	S	A	S	T	H	Z	K	E	U
L	H	S	H	V	M	A	L	F	Y	P	H	Y	E	M	U	F	P
L	Y	X	A	T	G	E	O	H	R	O	Y	F	A	M	I	L	Y
E	I	J	W	E	H	F	R	E	U	S	Y	M	D	D	N	O	G
Y	R	K	S	D	E	G	I	E	P	I	K	B	F	E	C	U	T
P	S	T	X	P	I	L	H	R	F	U	I	I	C	T	W	R	E
L	G	G	J	R	M	K	S	Y	G	Y	V	C	L	Y	Q	R	W
S	J	C	J	Y	E	A	A	I	H	T	D	X	H	L	A	Y	Q
A	E	U	K	J	Z	C	F	L	J	R	H	Z	T	K	E	G	A
R	D	P	F	F	T	A	E	H	W	K	C	U	B	F	U	T	Z
U	J	H	V	T	X	D	K	K	K	E	X	D	O	F	I	M	R
M	D	C	C	I	C	I	R	N	L	W	Z	C	P	D	P	Y	E
F	G	N	Y	O	B	A	W	M	Z	Q	M	B	T	C	O	H	T
O	I	E	T	P	N	N	T	N	X	N	O	O	P	S	M	I	T
R	S	R	I	K	H	S	I	B	C	L	G	A	Q	E	H	U	U
D	L	F	O	J	T	Z	S	V	E	R	U	T	L	U	C	J	B

1. PLOYES
2. BUCKWHEAT
3. ACADIANS
4. CRETONS
5. MAPLE SYRUP
6. SKILLET
7. MAMANS

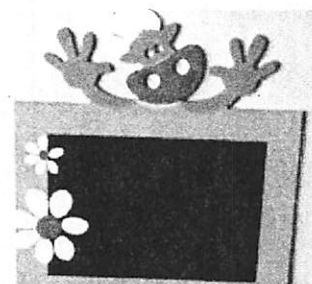
8. SPOON
9. FAMILY
10. ROLL
11. BUTTER
12. EYES
13. MEMERE
14. VALLEY

15. WATER
16. FRENCH
17. CULTURE
18. RECIPE
19. FLOUR
20. RUMFORD
21. SALT

Choisir une couleur pour l'extérieur, nous avons choisit le vert anis. Peindre la tête de la vache avec différentes couleurs, puis utiliser la peinture pour tableau noir et peindre le rectangle intérieur. Passer autant de couches que nécessaire. Vous pourrez en profiter également pour corriger les petits débordements.



Il vous reste à dessiner et peindre quelques fleurs ou autres motifs si vous le souhaitez.



(Sudoku answers from page 27)

6	1	4	2	9	8	3	5	7
5	2	9	7	4	3	8	6	1
7	8	3	1	6	5	9	2	4
8	4	1	6	3	7	5	9	2
9	6	7	8	5	2	4	1	3
3	5	2	9	1	4	6	7	8
2	9	8	4	7	6	1	3	5
4	3	6	5	2	1	7	8	9
1	7	5	3	8	9	2	4	6

RECIPES/ RECETTES



GALETTES AND CREPES

Many of you have asked for Crepes' recipes, so... here we are !

Many are the possibilities of this very old traditional French dish which comes from Bretagne region (west coast). They can be the base for a whole meal, from an entrée-crepe to a dessert-crepe ! In France we have many restaurants called "Creperies" which only serve Crepes !

As I am sure you all love them, please enjoy them !!

BASIC CREPE BATTER RECIPE

Even if the final options are various, you always have one basic Crepe Batter Recipe. Use this for any crepe making.

Ingredients :

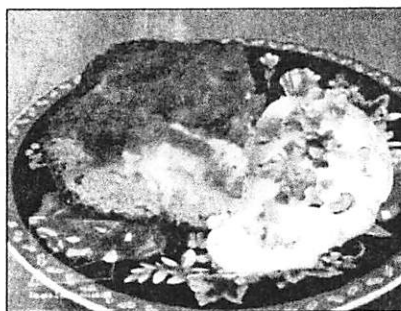
- 200 gr [7 oz] flour / 1 egg / 1/2 liter [17 fl oz] milk / 25 gr [1 oz] melted butter / 2 pinches salt
- for sweet crepes, I like to add 3 Tbspoons sugar and 1 Tbspoon of rum.

Method :

- Put the flour, salt (and sugar) in a salad bowl, dip a shaft and put the (whole) egg in. Turn with a wooden spoon and add the melted butter. Turn gently until you have incorporated all the flour (add some milk if you need but just enough). Now that the batter is soft but not liquid you have to turn very sharply so as to eliminate the lumps and obtain an homogeneous mixture.

Finish pouring the milk slowly while turning. Leave the batter for at least one hour before cooking.

Recette de Gâteau aux pommes



INGRÉDIENTS

- 1 1/3 tasse (335 ml) farine tout-usage
- 3/4 tasse (190 ml) sucre
- 3 c.à thé (5 ml) poudre à pâte
- 1/4 c.à thé (1 ml) sel
- 1/4 tasse (65 ml) beurre, mou
- 1 oeuf, battu
- 3/4 tasse (190 ml) lait
- 1 c.à thé (5 ml) essence de vanille
- 2 pommes

Garniture :

- 1/3 tasse (85 ml) cassonade, pressée
- 1/2 c.à thé (2 ml) cannelle, moulue
- Préchauffer le four à 350°F (180°C).
- Dans un bol, mélanger ensemble la farine, le sucre, la poudre à pâte et le sel.
- Ajouter le beurre ramolli et mélanger jusqu'à l'obtention d'une pâte qui s'émiette.
- Creuser un puits au centre de la pâte.
- Dans un autre bol, battre l'oeuf. Incorporer le lait et l'essence de vanille. Mélanger.
- Verser le mélange d'oeuf dans le puits.
- Mélanger juste assez pour humecter.
- Verser dans un moule carré de 8 po (2 cm) graissé.
- Peler les pommes. Trancher. Presser les tranches de pomme dans la pâte.
- Mélanger ensemble les ingrédients de la garniture et saupoudrer sur le dessus des pommes et de la pâte.
- Cuire au four préchauffé à 350°F (180°C) pour 35 min.
- Servir avec de la crème glacée.

NOTE: On peut utiliser de la margarine ou du beurre.
On peut utiliser 2 petites pommes ou 1 grosse.

To prepare :

Turn the batter. Heat a non-stick pan, put a light knob of butter in (swirl the pan to distribute the melting butter ; the pan must be hot enough to hear the butter fry but not too hot for the butter must not get brown !), pour a small laddle of batter on the pan while swirling it to distribute the batter evenly (this is the important trick !).

Don't forget crepes must be very thin ! Cook until golden brown, turn the crepe upside down and cook the other side the same way.

Put it in a large plate, stuff it and fold it into 4, or roll it. Do that again for each crepe.

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**FRENCH & NATIVE NORTH AMERICAN MARRIAGES &
OTHER SOURCES
VOL. 2**



By
Paul J. Bunnell, FACG, UE

THIS NEW VOLUME WAS CREATED BECAUSE OF POPULAR DEMAND FROM MY VOLUME 1 PUBLICATION. VOLUME 2 HAS OVER 500 LISTINGS OF FRENCH & NATIVE NORTH AMERICAN CONNECTIONS. THIS EDITION IS NOW AVAILABLE.

Because volume one was so popular, I decided to produce this edition containing over 500 listings with proven and suspected Metis connections from over 43 sources. As in previous works I always recommend checking and verifying your findings with other sources when possible. This helps us all validate the material we are working with. I did not stay within the time frame of 1600-1800. There are some records going into the late 1800's plus several mid-continent locations (Detroit, Mich., Manitoba, etc.), but with Quebec or Eastern Canada connections. And as always, I hope this edition will help you locate your Metis heritage, one that we are all proud of. This book was produced by the author and can be purchased through him: Paul J. Bunnell, 45 Crosby St., Milford, NH 03055. ISBN 0-9779682-4-3. Printed by King Printing, Lowell, Ma., May 2006, 125 pages. Cost \$19 (US) plus S/H \$3.75. (Canadian \$22 plus S/H \$4) My website: <http://bunnellgenealogybooks.citymaker.com> My email: Bunnellloyalist@aol.com

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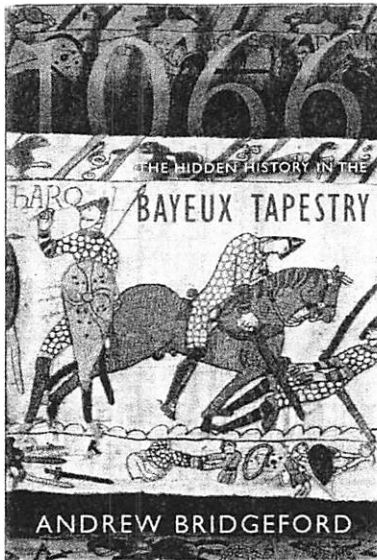
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BOOKS/LIVRES...



Book review

1066: The Hidden History in the Bayeux Tapestry by Andrew Bridgeford, Walker & Company, 2005, \$26.

Weaving a tale of conquest and assimilation

By
Denise R. Larson

Embroidery is a fine art. The recital of events of a turning point in history is also an art, if done with thoroughness and without bias. Andrew Bridgeford, author of "1066: The Hidden History in the Bayeux Tapestry," is not only a historian but an artist with words. He captivates readers and draws them into the world of the eleventh century, introducing the people portrayed in the tapestry and conversing, in a way that's almost conspiratory, about motivation and revenge. The entire tapestry is reproduced in full color so that the reader can refer to it as the scenes are discussed in the text.

Bridgeford's arguments to prove his theory as to the identity of the designer of the tapestry are persuasive. His writing is rich in description as well as conjecture. He seeks to find the origins

of the work and the history behind the fifteen characters depicted in it, from Earl Harold and Duke William to Turold the dwarf and the lady Aelfgyva.

In his tale, Bridgeford relates how the tapestry, which technically is an eighty-meter-long piece of embroidery, narrowly escaped destruction several times during its seven hundred years of existence. He comes to a very convincing conclusion about the patron, the designer, and the embroiderers of the work, which he believes tells the true sequence of "the single most important event in English history." He carefully develops his underlying theory that the tapestry is a work of "Anglo-French" production, not just a war trophy produced by the Normans to commemorate William the Conqueror's invasion of England. Therein lies the tale of the tapestry, an "artistic masterpiece of intellectual brilliance, shot through with multiple layers of meaning," as told by Bridgeford.

As Bridgeford brings forward his points, like a good lawyer, as to the origins of the tapestry, he puts the conquest in the context of how society and culture in England changed because of the influx of French and Norman nobility and their associates. Though French was the language of the king, the upper class, and the court, there was no drive to suppress the English language. The parliament of England was conducted in French until the mid 1300s, but English became the common tongue during the century following. By then, the language had been enriched with thousands of words, and the names of English nobility echoed with French ancestry -- deQuincy, Mortimer, deVere.

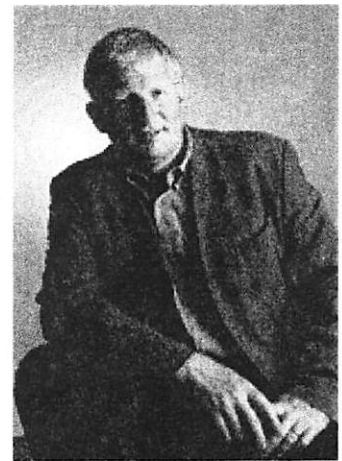
Coincidentally, the Normans were of Viking stock, whose ancestors invaded northern Gaul then settled down and adopted the culture and language of the local people. And the majority of the French who left France to settle in Canada in the early seventeenth century were from Normandy. Perhaps this was the way the Normans carried on their Viking ancestors' tradition of exploration and settlement in new lands, first in France, then England, and then in Canada. This movement through lands, culture, and time reminds us that humanity is fluid and not easily contained or labeled. A cock-

ney in London might have royal French blood in his veins, and a Canadian might sport the red hair of a Scandinavian.

This relation of history brings to the reader's mind another invasion, one that took place in 1759 in Canada. That time it was the English who won the day; but, once again, the language of the populace was not eradicated, and the cultures coexist. Perhaps in the centuries to come they, and the new ones joining them with an influx of immigrants, will meld into a new Canada, enriched by the contributions of them all.

A good book makes the readers think. This one certainly does. More lawyers should take up following historical clues to solve the mysteries of history.

Denise Rajotte Larson, a former research librarian and journalist, is writing a work in celebration of the 400th anniversary of the founding of Quebec in 1608. She can be reached at: francadian@yahoo.com.



Andrew Bridgeford

Praise for 1066: "Mr. Bridgeford takes readers on a fascinating image-by-image tour of the tapestry and makes a forceful case that it represents 'the lost chronicle of the English.' He succeeds marvelously in showing that the Bayeux Tapestry is a richer and more mysterious work than is commonly believed."—*Wall Street Journal*

"Cleverly and persuasively done...If you cannot find satisfaction in the book's intellectual detective work, perhaps you can find it in the description of the turbulent 11th century society that Mr. Bridgeford brings to life."—*Philadelphia Inquirer* (More Books on page 34)



Patricia Jean Griffin was born March 16th, 1964 in Old Town, Maine, "in between the lake regions and the ocean, just before you hit the tree-line going into Canada".

With an Irish-American father and French-Canadian mother, Patty grew up in a house filled with music. Her mother would sing as she did housework and her grandmother's family used to sing on their porch at night, watching the sun go down and harmonizing.

At sixteen, Patty bought herself a \$55.00 used Honer guitar and began writing music. "I don't just like to sing, I love to sing. I used to run home from school, because I had a song in my mouth I had to get out" In high school, along with some friends, she formed the band Patty & The Executives and they would play cover songs at local venues.

In 1985, after residing briefly in Florida, Patty moved to the Boston area. While working day jobs as a pizzeria waitress and a Harvard telephone operator, Patty continued to write poetry and play her guitar. She took guitar lessons from John Curtis, who had local notoriety as a member of the Pousette-Dart Band. In a 2004 interview for the Boston Globe, John recalled, "She was shy as can be, a total wallflower. But she sang a little song, in this 8-by-8 room, and I had to peel myself off the wall. When she sang, there was no doubt. No doubt at all." Around 1991, John started booking gigs and he and Patty began singing in small clubs in the Boston area.

Scraping together enough money, she recorded a set of demos; in a room near Boston City Hospital (a couple of ambulance sirens provide the only

other instrumental accompaniment on the album). The demo was produced and mixed by Steve Barry. It almost immediately attracted the attention of A&M Records, who signed her to a recording contract. "I didn't know when I did it that I was making a record!"

Patty went to Daniel Lanois' Kingsway Studios in New Orleans to record fresh versions of the same songs that had appeared on her demo tape. The full-band project was produced by Lanois protégé, Malcolm Burn. The record label hated it, but loved the demos.

Living With Ghosts is a raw work of bare and powerful songs, just a

was opening for the likes of Lucinda Williams and Emmylou Harris and artists like Bette Midler, Martina McBride, Emmylou Harris and Linda Ronstadt were recording her songs. Most significantly, perhaps, the Dixie Chicks recorded Let Him Fly for their popular album Fly, establishing themselves as huge Patty supporters and drawing a lot of attention to the songwriter.

In early 2000, now living in Austin, Patty went back into the studio to record Silver Bell. The album was to be released in September of that year. The recording sessions again took place in the New Orleans Kingsway Studios and were

produced by Malcolm Burn, along with Jay Joyce and Craig Ross. This would be one of the very last records to come out of Lanois' infamous New Orleans studio. The band consisted of Doug Lancio on guitar,

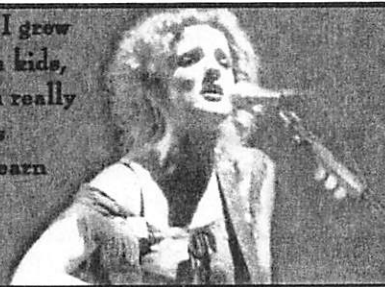
Frank Swart on bass, Billy Beard on drums and John Deaderick on keyboards.

Patty and her band opened for the Dixie Chicks on their "Fly" tour that year. September passed, the release was moved to January..... then March.

Around this time, A&M was bought by Polygram, who was sold to Universal, who are owned by Seagrams, who then merged with Vivendi. Patty, being caught in the middle, was pushed to the side and Silver Bell remained on the shelf and never saw the light of day, becoming her second full album to never be released.

In 2000, Patty appeared on an Austin City Limits show with Emmylou Harris, Buddy and Julie Miller and Dave Matthews. Matthews, who was not familiar with Patty's
(Continued on page 33)

"I've been singing since I was little. I grew up the youngest in a family of seven kids, and having to struggle for attention really did a number on my need to express myself. Because I am shy, I had to learn to convey what was inside of me forcefully - and music provided that."



lone voice and an acoustic guitar. Patty would say of the songs, "They're pretty honest, pretty close to what I really am." After the release of the album, Patty went on tour, joined the Lilith Fair tour for several shows, moved to Nashville and began work on her next album.

Flaming Red was produced by Jay Joyce (who also provides the album's guitar work and is formerly of the rock band, Iodine). The album was released in the spring of 1998. The songs are well-crafted and still emotional and pure, yet intensified with bold electric guitars, percussion and keyboards.

As Patty toured behind Flaming Red, good things started to happen. She appeared on several late night television shows as well as recording an episode of Sessions on West 54th Street. She



{Pa Janvier, Let Me Go}
PATTY GRIFFIN
 (Traditional, with new words by Ann Savoy); Bluebird Press Music
 (ASCAP)

A young girl begs her guardian to let her leave with the man she loves but is told repeatedly that she cannot go, she is too young.

Patty picked this song because of it's beautiful melody, so well suited to her delicate interpretation. Ann rewrote the words to be from a woman's viewpoint. Recorded at Dockside, Maurice, LA Engineer-Tony Daigle

PATTY GRIFFIN-vocals Kevin Wimmer-fiddle Dirk Powell-fiddle, bass, accordion Christine Balfa-guitar and triangle Michael Burch-drums Sam Broussard-electric guitar

English Translation:

Pa Janvier, laisse-moi m'en aller
 O, non, Pauline, Pauline, t'es trop jeune.
 Mais Pa Janvier, c'est le seul que moi j'aimais
 O, non, Pauline, tu connais que t'es trop jeune.
 Si tu veux pas m'laisser aller, je vas jamais m'marier
 Tu connais, Pa Janvier, tu vas casser mon cœur.
 Pa Janvier, laisse-moi m'en aller
 O, non, Pauline, Pauline, t'es trop jeune

Pa Janvier, let me go
 Oh, no, Pauline, Pauline you're too young
 But Pa Janvier, he's the only one I love.
 Oh, no, Pauline, you know you're too young.



1000 Kisses CD
 \$15.00

Patty Griffin's long awaited release for ATO Records is organic, romantic, and melodic, showcasing Patty's vocal prowess and musical diversity.



Impossible Dream - CD
 \$15.00

'Impossible Dream', the eagerly awaited new studio album from Patty Griffin, is her most poignant collection of songs to date. With it's intuitive songwriting, this follow up to her Grammy - nominated '1000 Kisses' promises to further cement Griffin's reputation as one of the most formidable songwriters and lyricists of her time.

A Kiss in Time - CD with Special Bonus DVD \$17.98

Special Bonus DVD - A Kiss in Time includes a special Bonus DVD that chronicles Patty and her band on tour, in the studio and behind the scenes throughout 2002. Also included on the DVD are never seen before photos, interviews, and an animated video for "Rain" plus the director's cut of the full length video for "Chief."



Patty Griffin Guitar Collection
 \$19.95

Note-for-note guitar transcriptions with tab for 16 songs from the rich repertoire of this popular and respected singer-songwriter. Includes: Be Careful · Blue Sky · Change · Chief · Goodbye · Let Him Fly · Long Ride Home · Mad Mission · Makin' Pies · Mary · Moses · One Big Love · Poor Man's House · Rain · Sweet Lorraine · and Tony, plus a biography and photos of Griffin.

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BOOKS/LIVRES...

TO HONOR OUR VETERANS

Book Order Form

To Honor Our Veterans pays solemn tribute to the WWII veterans of Acadiana in South Louisiana, who sixty years ago banded together to join the nation and the free world in an epic struggle to preserve democracy and freedom for generations to come. Jason P. Theriot's three-volume series opens doors to a segment of Cajun history, which has gone uncelebrated and undocumented for decades. From the perilous islands of the Pacific to the deserts of North Africa and to the beaches of Normandy, these humbled Bayou Cajun veterans reveal their stories of a war long since passed and leave us all mesmerized.



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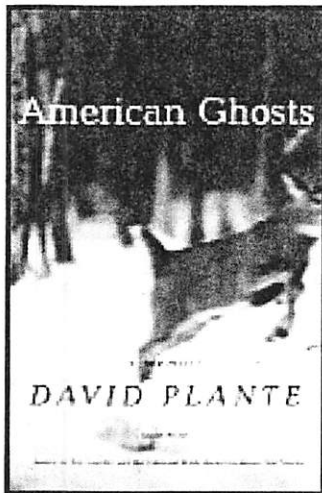
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<i>Volume II: The Mediterranean Campaign</i>	_____	\$15.00 ea.	\$ _____
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(Checks Payable to)
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931 W. 41st.St.
Houston, TX 77018

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BOOKS/LIVRES... <http://www.beacon.org/contributorinfo.cfm?ContribID=716>

"This wonderful book takes on what may be the hardest questions by allowing this most observant individual to see and hear in miraculous detail. How, it asks, does any person become American, let alone find a place in the breathing cathedral that is this majestic universe?"

-Jane Vandenburg, Boston Globe

Celebrated novelist David Plante grew up in an isolated, French-speaking community in Providence, Rhode Island, where nuns preserved the beliefs of le grand Canada amidst the profound presence of their deep, dark God. Caught between his silent, part-Black-foot father and his vivacious but trapped

mother, Plante flees this small world, losing his belief in any god and finding the center of his life in love and in writing. Still, the ghosts of his past haunt Plante and drive him to embark on a stunning spiritual and physical journey.

"A memoir full of doubts and hesitations, a self-scouring undertaken with resolute frankness and considerable stylistic grace . . . Plante shows that origins can work on the spirit with a force as strong as gravity."

-Sven Birkets, New York Times Book Review

"A book, and a life . . . consumed with exploration and examination. It is about asking hard questions, and making hard judgments, and rummaging, mercilessly, through the hidden recesses of a mind that never rests . . . Remarkable. And memorable."

-David M. Shribman, Toronto Globe and Mail

"Brave and touching . . . In [Plante's] new understanding of his dark heritage and his dark longings, he offers a strange, mysterious, and deeply hopeful sense of spiritual possibility."

-Valerie Sayers, Commonwealth

"As a heedful exploration of a psyche, a record of a vulnerable, likeable man's encounters with his memories, and a candid, unprotected disclosure of the wrestling between flesh and spirit, American Ghosts may be unsurpassed."

-Ron Hansen, America

"An emotionally disturbing and spiritually exhilarating tale."

-Sam Coale, Providence Journal

David Plante is the author of more than a dozen novels, including the Francoeur trilogy—The Family, The Woods, and The Country—as well as a work of nonfiction, *Difficult Women: A Memoir of Three*. His work has appeared in many periodicals, *The New Yorker* and *The Paris Review* among them, and has been nominated for a National Book Award. He teaches writing at Columbia University and lives in New York and London.

American Ghosts:

A Memoir

Author: David Plante

ISBN: 0807072656

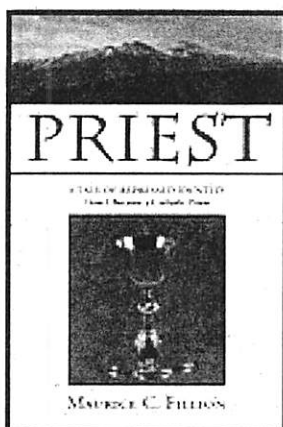
Pages: 296

Size: 5 1/2" X 8 1/2"

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Trade Code: 00P

Price: \$15.00 In stock.



Author Biography

Maurice Fillion was born in Berlin, NH, in 1921, the oldest of five children who lost their father early, when he was 32. Their mother remained single and saw them through the Great

Depression of the 1930s. Berlin, segregated by the White Mountains, was an isolated community that developed its own culture, particularly in the part of town where the Fillions lived, where a concentrated population of French Canadian immigrants; poor and uneducated but honest and hard working, clustered around the Catholic church and its parochial school.

At age 13, after graduation from the eighth grade, Maurice entered the Oblate Fathers' Juniorate in Colebrook, NH, then went on to the Oblate Novitiate in Hudson, NH, and the Oblate Scholasticate in Natick, MA. Ordained an Oblate priest in 1947, he left the ministry 20 years later, having served 11 years at Saint Paul Center, a retreat house maintained by the Oblates in Augusta, Maine. He subsequently

married, earned a doctoral degree at Boston University, worked briefly for an airline and six years at Honeywell Information Systems, spent a year with a career counseling firm, and later became an independent management consultant. After retiring in 1986 he moved with his wife Madeleine to Lewiston, Maine. Now 84 and widowed, Fillion continues to live in Lewiston, doing Online Personal Coaching on his website, www.mauriceconsult.com.

by Maurice C. Fillion

ISBN: 1-4257-0996-6 (Trade Paperback)

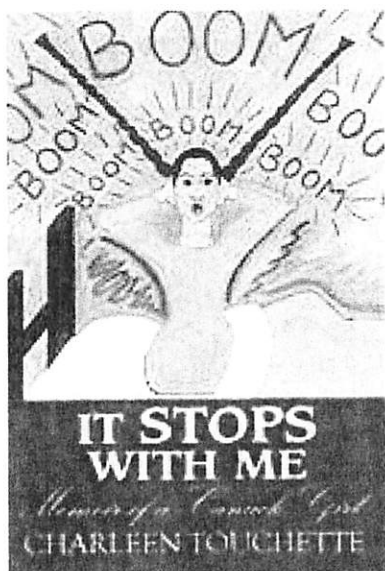
ISBN: 1-4257-0997-4 (Hardback)

Pages: 232

Subject: BIOGRAPHY &

AUTOBIOGRAPHY / General

BOOKS/LIVRES...



It Stops With Me: Memoir Of A Canuck Girl is the autobiography of artist, writer, curator, educator and activist Charleen Touchette. Narrating a life steeped in traditions of both French Canadian and Indian cultures, but also darkened by the legacies of anger, alcoholic rages, and violence, *It Stops With Me* tells of

one woman's journey from girlhood to motherhood, to being debilitated by an illness that compels her to face the dark memories of her past. A captivating and sober memoir of a difficult and varied life.

Biography

Charleen Touchette is an artist, writer, curator, art critic, educator, and activist. In 1998 she was awarded the Women's Caucus for Art (WCA) President's Award for her contributions to the Feminist Art Movement, and her work and expertise on women's, multicultural, and Native American art since the late 1970s. Touchette founded the Spiderwomen World Arts Network in 1990 and was featured in the University of Colorado at Boulder's "What follows" video series in 2001.

Touchette has organized and curated exhibits at museums nationwide, including the Queens Museum, Chicago Cultural Center, National Museum of Women in the Arts, New Mexico's Museum of Indian Arts and Culture,

Institute of American Indian Arts, and Santa Fe Art Institute. Her art has been exhibited around the world, from New York's Museum of Modern Art (MOMA) and Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art to the United Nations' Palais de Nations in Geneva and Museo de Arte Contemporanea in Brazil. Her writing and art have appeared in many books and periodicals and she is the author of *ndn art*. Touchette lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico with her husband and four children. She also teaches yoga.

Visit the author's website: <http://members.authorsguild.net/touchart>



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BOOKS/LIVRES...

NOUVEAU LIVRE DE
NORMAND BEAUPRÉ :

LA SOUILLONNE

Pour sa sixième oeuvre, l'auteur Normand Beaupré, a choisi un des personnages de son premier roman en français, *Le Petit Mangeur de Fleurs*. C'est la Souillonne. L'auteur trouvait si attachante cette femme marginalisée, portant sur ses épaules courbées le fardeau du mépris et d'un destin parfois accablant, qu'il en a fait la protagoniste d'un monologue sur scène à la façon de la Sagouine d'Antonine Maillet. En fait, la Souillonne se veut la Sagouine franco-américaine. Elle nous révèle à travers ses histoires, une vie cousue de revers, de mésestime et d'amitiés conservées dans le creux de son âme. Ancrée dans le gros bon sens don't disposent----habituées qu'elles sont au dur labeur quotidien----les ouvrières de filatures, la manière de la Souillonne est rude, directe. Elle se « débourre le coeur », comme on dit dans sa langue populaire qui est celle des Franco-Américains, et elle exprime, de cette façon, vertement sa vision du monde.

Comme l'affirme l'auteur dans sa



préface, la Souillonne est l'amalgame de toutes les femmes franco-américaines abusées, humiliées, morfondues, abaissées et marginalisées qu'il a connues sur le parcours de sa vie. Il nous souligne que la langue de la Souillonne n'est pas la langue internationale. C'est la lante populaire de chez nous, celle que nous, Franco-Américains, avons apprise de nos parents et de nos ancêtres. Elle fait partie de

notre fier héritage. La Souillonne est donc la gardienne d'une langue et d'une race.

La Souillonne, monologue sur scène est publié par Llumina Press, Coral Springs, Florida. Pour rejoindre l'auteur: nrbeaupre@gwi.net

Normand Beaupré est né dans l'État du Maine, de parents américains mais de grands-parents canadiens-français. Après avoir obtenu un baccalauréat ès arts, il entre à l'université Brown où il obtient une maîtrise et un doctorat en littérature française. Normand Beaupré est présentement professeur émérite à l'Université de la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Francophone, il écrit en français et en anglais. La Souillonne, monologue sur scène est sa sixième œuvre. Il prépare un roman inspiré de la vie artistique de Van Gogh à Arles que nous raconte un garçon de onze ans, Camille Roulin. À ce propos, l'auteur rentre tout juste d'un séjour en Provence où il a voulu marcher sur les pas du grand peintre.

La Souillonne, monologue sur scène (2006) Just released by Llumina Press

It is a dramatic monologue by an elderly woman who lives alone and who pours out her heart as to her life experiences. A former mill worker, she knows what hard work is like and also what transpired in those mills. She tells of the traumatic loss of the only man she ever loved and of the sad love affair of one of her friends. All in all, this woman has had a very hard life. Scorned by her pas-

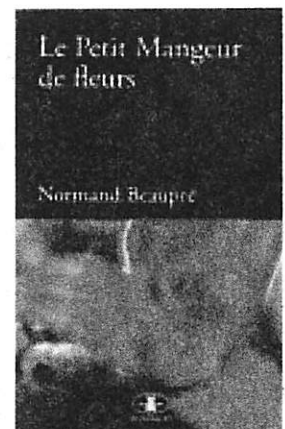
tor and the entire neighborhood she has managed to put together a whole litany of her views on the things she knows best.

Beaupré claims that this woman is the amalgamation of all the marginalized, abused, and scorned women that he has met over the course of the years. She is the Franco-American version of La Sagouine by the Acadian author, Antonine Maillet. And like Maillet's play, La Souillonne is written in the dialect of her region. The play is one long monologue on

fourteen themes such as, les amouracheries du moulin, la boisson, les histouères du Christ, and la canne de boutons.

The book is written in French and is available from Llumina Press at <http://www.llumina.com/store/la-souillonne.htm> or from Amazon.com at <http://tinyurl.com/j6tg2>

For other books by Norman Beaupre, visit his website at <http://www.nrbeaupre.com/>



ARTIST ARTISTE

Dear Readers,

I was very flattered when Lisa approached me, wanting to feature me in Le Forum as a local Franco artist, and I am glad to provide you with some of my work. I have sent you some of my favorites, some of which are fanart of some of my favorite artist.

As for a little information about me, I was born and raised in Caribou, ME, until I was twelve years old. My grandmother's maiden name was Dumont, and although I did not know it at the time, I was Franco. Most of my great aunts spoke French as well as many of my mother's cousins. I didn't realize how many things in my childhood were related to the Franco-American lifestyle until I entered college at the University of Maine and sought out my heritage here at the Franco-American Centre Franco-Américain.

When I was twelve my mother,

Nancy, my father, Curtis, and my little sister, Kendra and I, moved to Connecticut to be with my mother's family. We lived in Wallingford for a couple years before deciding to move back to the Bangor area, where my father's family was. I was home schooled during what would have been the last two years of my high school career, at my request, and I started attending college in Bangor when I was sixteen. When I was seventeen I started attending college at UMO fulltime.

I started drawing when I was little and doodled on everything. I remember being sassed in the third grade by a teacher for scribbling on a test, at least once. As I got older I didn't draw as much as I had. Although I have many friends who where, and still are, continually asking for new pieces. When we moved back to Maine I started to draw more and learned about anime and other kinds of drawing. At that point I was hooked and read every drawing book that I could get my hands on. I taught myself how to form flowing lines and how to shade from these books. I drew and redrew any piece of work that I could find. I later learned to use watercolor and markers to add a little bit more to my drawings.

Currently I am experimenting in Photoshop, which has limitless possibilities.

I now live in Orono, and will be attending UMO with a new major in the fall, in Media Design. I hope that I can learn more about artwork and continue to further my skills.

I also enjoy crocheting, reading, writing and camping. I am trying to start a small business making crochet items such as afghans, baby items, ponchos, hats and the like. I think I just like to create things for people to enjoy.

If there are any questions or comments, please feel free to contact me!

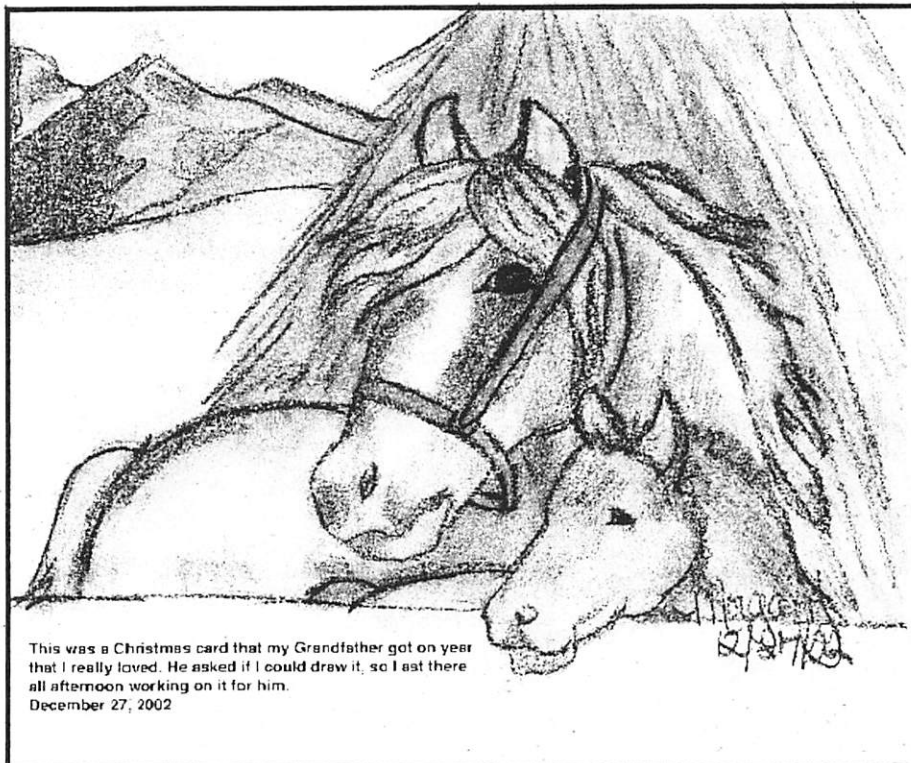
I can be reached at Morgan.jewett@umit.maine.edu.

I sincerely hope that you enjoy my work, and if you would like to see more I will be putting the rest up on the Centre's website shortly!

Merci Beacoup,



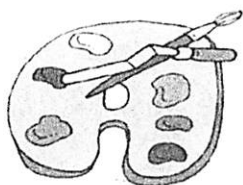
Morgan Lea (Dumont) Jewett



Contact Information:

Morgan Lea Jewett
Tel: (207)-866-4166
or email:
Morgan.jewett@umit.maine.edu





Extraordinary Artist *Artiste Extraordinaire* **BRIAN CHRISTOPHER ROSSIGNOL**



Brian, with his son, Maxfield and his wife, Molly

Brian was born in August of 1963 in Van Buren, Maine. He is primarily a self-taught artist although as a young boy he took lessons from a woman in Madawaska, Maine. Brian's mother would drive him the 25 miles from their home in Van Buren to Madawaska once per week over a 2-year period so that he could attend these lessons. The lessons equipped Brian with some basic drawing and painting principles, which he continued with self-teachings through high school and beyond. In fact he says, "the learning never stops".

Brian received his first commissioned work from the Van Buren Class of 1983. The painting Brian created was a "Saint John Valley Farm Scene" depicting a potato field in full bloom; a scene familiar to Brian from his days as a youth in Northern Maine spent working long days each fall in the potato fields to bring in the harvest. The painting was presented as a gift to the then US Senator from Maine, William S. Cohen; and later US Secretary of Defense.

Brian graduated from the University of Maine at Orono in 1985 with a Mechanical Engineering degree. As

part of that course of study, Brian learned the art of mechanical drawing and also took one basic drawing class within the art department. After graduation, Brian moved to southern Maine to work as a Mechanical Design Engineer. His work in this field has led to several patents in his name.

In the early part of Brian's engineering career, he worked exclusively with graphite and velum in the creation of his mechanical designs. Computer aided drafting tools were not widely in use at that time so

Brian added his artistic talents to his engineering drawings and created numerous works that were used for marketing and presentation purposes by companies such as SHAPE Mfg., Lund Manufacturing, Graphic Associates and GTE Sylvania.

While an engineer by profession for approximately 15 years, Brian created his art in his leisure time, requiring frequent starts and stops along the way to completing a particular piece. In addition, graphite on paper is not a fast process for producing art. The images and textures are created with caution because as Brian says, "Although you can erase the graphite to make corrections, the paper will not receive new marks in the same manner. Good planning and deliberate execution is the way I produce the varied textures and tonal qualities I use in my work, and that is a process you cannot rush through." To facilitate his process, Brian explains that he works almost entirely from photographs he takes of people and places. He says the snapshot provides information from the camera but leaves final composition, expression and mood to be worked out by him in the studio.

To this day, Brian's work has been predominantly graphite and color pencil on paper. He has worked with other medi-

ums and plans to do so more in the future but finds graphite to offer a unique quality. Brian says "There is something about graphite that is more than shades of black, gray or silver. It has a luminous quality that other mediums do not convey".

When asked about the future content of his work, Brian said, "Now that I have left my engineering career to focus on my art full time, I have numerous works already planned. It is important for me to create art from subjects that are familiar to me. Naturally, Maine and its hard working people and simple stark beauty make superb subjects as they typically go unnoticed by most Maine residents and tourists alike."

Brian goes on to state, "Most people who visit Maine know only about the coast, which undoubtedly is beautiful and rich in culture; however the coastal regions alone do not represent the entire state. Venturing into Northern Maine, Aroostook County and the St. John Valley in particular, you can find a tranquil beauty in the farmlands that belie the tough, hard fought communities where I grew up. I find capturing my interpretation of the existence around me and conveying that through a portrait to be both challenging and gratifying."

Brian recently moved with his family to New Hampshire, where he draws and paints out of his home based studio. Prior to this move, Brian had lived in Maine his entire life and he still considers himself to be a "Mainer".

Contact Information:

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Hopkinton, NH 03229**

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brian@rossignolart.com

Website:

http://www.rossignolart.com/

(See prints by Brian on page 41)

Following are some of the prints that may be purchased by contacting Brian via email or visiting his website. Each photo description is organized in the following manner:

Title
Original size
Print Image Size
Print paper size
Edition size
Price
Availability



Butterflies *
31h x 38w
(68%) 21.1H x 25.8W
22.5 x 33
200
\$325*
Available Now!



Dimanche Après Midi
35h x 29w
(75%) 26.3H x 21.8W
33 x 22.5
200
\$350
Available Now!



Olympian *
34.75h x 17w
(75%) 26.06H x 12.75W
33 x 14.8
200
\$275*
Available Now!



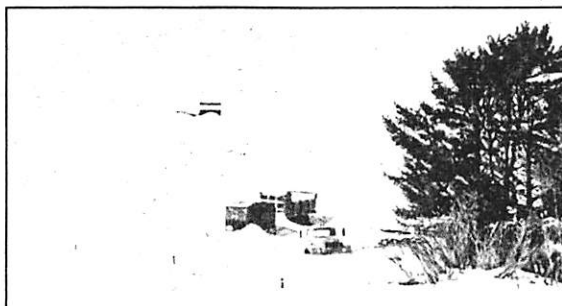
After Church Service
17.5h x 27.75w
(75%) 13.13H x 20.81W
16.25 x 22.5
150
\$275
Available Now!



La Cuisine D'Angélique
30h x 41w
(70%) 21H x 28.7W
22.5 x 33
150
\$450
Available Now!



Emil
20h x 30w
(80%) 16H x 24W
canvas
200
\$300
Available Now!



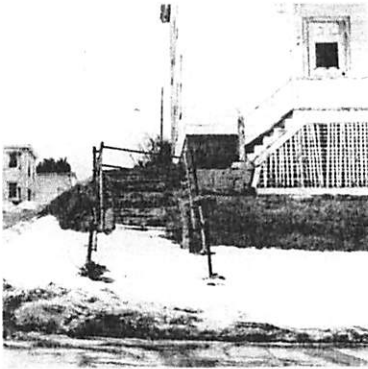
L'Habitant
24h x 48w
(60%) 14.2H x 28.5W
14.8 x 33
200
\$300
Available Now!

(See prints by Brian on page 42)

Le Forum

More prints by Brian.
Each photo description is organized in the following manner:

Title
Original size
Print Image Size
Print paper size
Edition size
Price
Availability



**Persistence -
Biddeford, Maine**

18.75 x 18.75
(75%) 14.06H x 14.06W
16.5 x 15
200
\$250
Available Now!

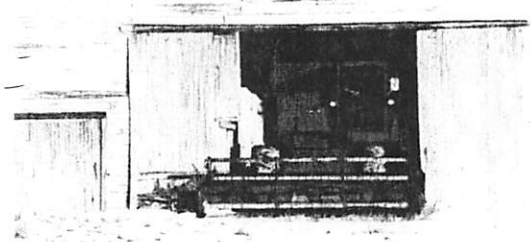


Bakery **

22.5h x 36.75w
(60%) 13.5H x 22.0W
16.25 x 22.5
200
\$225**
Available Now!

South Side

15h x 29.25w
(75%) 11.25H x 21.94W
16.25 x 22.5
200
\$200
Coming Soon!



Tracie

22.75h x 21w
(70%) 15.93H x 14.7W
22.5 x 16.25
200



**October -
New Sweden, Maine**

29.25h x 20w
(74%) 21.6 x 14.8
22.5 x 16.25
200
\$200
Coming Soon!

Allison

28.25h x 20.5w
(75%) 21.19H x 15.38W
22.5 x 16.25
200
\$200
Coming Soon!



* \$100 of the purchase price of this image will be donated to Special Olympics. (\$50 to Special Olympics Maine and \$50 to Special Olympics Inc, - North America)

** \$75 of the purchase price of this image will be donated to The University of Southern Maine. (Donation earmarked for the expansion of the Albert Brenner Glickman Family Library)

“Franco-American Storyteller Gives New Meaning to Performance”

By: Jessye Hand

Fall 2004- I always wonder how much my college education will actually help me to attain the career of my choice. Sure, as students we tell ourselves that we are on the right path, but does a degree guarantee us a spot in the real world? I, myself, know college graduates with honor grades and credible recommendations who struggle to find job placement. So, perhaps the true question to ask is: “how is the training I receive at college going to prepare me for the career world?”

As a junior attending the University in Maine at Orono I decided to investigate the curriculum of my major, Communication, to answer this question. I chose to do an independent study on the Communication department to see how our courses relate to life after college. Part of my study involved interviewing professional performers to gain some insight from people who have made a living using their communication skills. I chose to speak with performers because my study specifically focused on the performance aspect of communication. I put a strong emphasis on performance

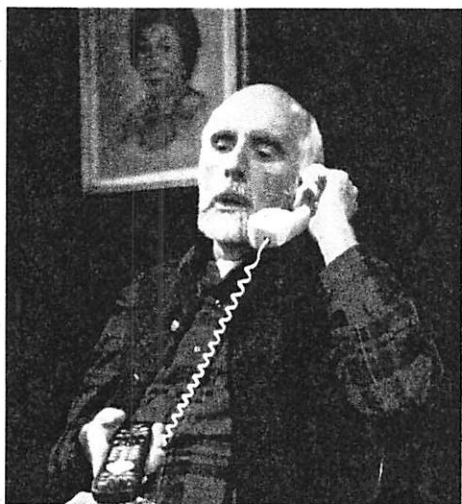
because I felt that each course within the major, from rhetorical communication to public speaking, related to performance.

One of my interview sessions with a performer hosted Michael Parent, a Franco-American storyteller from Lewiston Maine. I was fortunate enough to have met Michael when he performed on campus this fall. Michael had a great enthusiasm for his storytelling profession, and invited any questions I had for him. During the interview he addressed my inquiries regarding performance. I specifically asked questions pertaining to Communication majors to see if the skills students gained could be used in the career setting.

Michael explained how his performance experience has helped him in many situations off stage including business settings. The main skill Michael learned from performing was improvisation, which is more than just a theater term to describe acting without a script. Michael believes improvisation is a strong attribute to have and stated: “Any kind of performance requires you to think on your feet and be present”. Regardless of whether you are the manager of a bank or a teacher at a school, he feels improvisation will help you to handle unexpected situations. He discussed the situation of a board meeting where a member of the committee might have a proposal to give and the reaction of the board might not have been the expected response...

what do you do? Michael’s answer to this is “Someone with a performance background would use improvisation to prevent getting thrown off by the situation”. Michael used the example of what he calls “being in the moment”, which refers to a performer being so involved with their performance they don’t allow mistakes or mess ups to interfere with their presentation. He stresses that the very skill of improvisation helps one to remain in the moment when distractions, like a negative reaction from the board, arise.

Yay, the performance skills incorporated into each of the courses for the Communication major are, in fact, useful for learning improvisation which is useful in the work place. Michael uses the example of improvisation, but I don’t believe his intention was to identify improvisation as the only skill to be gained from performance. On the contrary, I think his message was to have students consider performance from a different perspective. Traditionally performance might only be thought of as an actor/actress on stage, but in reality it shows up in other settings including the Communication Department. After the interview I was happy to find the courses within my major teach me skills, like improvisation, Michael- someone who has used their performance skills, finds relevant to every day life and the career world.



Michael Parent

Email: michaelparent@maine.rr.com

Michael Parent grew up in a French-Canadian family in Lewiston, Maine. In 1977, after a seven-year career as a high school English teacher, Michael embarked on a new career as a storyteller, singer, juggler honing skills that he had either acquired or developed during his teaching career. As the years passed, Michael began inserting more and more French-Canadian songs and stories into his performances. He experimented with various mixtures of French and English and gained flexibility in gearing the French material to the level of fluency of his audiences.

It was clear that the French and French-Canadian stories and songs would be part of Michael’s life and work in some form. Since 1981, Michael has offered bilingual or exclusively French programs as an adjunct to his regular programs.

Michael’s French program serves not only to re-awaken French-Canadians to their varied and enriching cultural roots, but also serves as a cultural bridge between the French-Canadians and other cultures, especially those whose people share similar immigrant and assimilation experiences. So one might say that within our American “melting pot” consciousness, one individual’s cultural connection serves as a bridge for us all.

Contact Michael Parent:

*www.michaelparent.com ~ 95 Congress St.,
Portland, ME 04101 ~ Phone (207) 879-0401*

MUSIC MUSIQUE

Franco-American Singer-Songwriter

Michèle Choinière was born into a musical Franco-American family in northern Vermont, and from an early age performed traditional Franco-American music with her father Fabio, an accomplished harmonica player. In 1995, she began writing and composing her own songs and has performed to audiences throughout New England, Québec and France. Her lyrics and music focus on nature, romance and social issues connected to being Franco-American. She has been featured on TV5 International's "Visions d'Amérique," which was broadcast to francophone nations worldwide, as well as on Vermont Public Television's "Rural Delivery" and has recorded an archival family collection of Franco-American music with her father. She is featured on the Smithsonian Folkways CD "Mademoiselle Voulez-Vous Danser: Franco-American music from the New England Borderlands" released in 1999. In 2003, Michèle self-released her debut solo album, *Coeur Fragile*, which was recognized as one of the top ten Vermont albums of the year for 2003 by Seven Days newspaper. Michele regularly plays with Montreal-based musicians Sabin Jacques (accordion) and Rachel Aucoin (piano)(formerly of Domino) and Ver-



michèle choinière



mont musicians Will Patton (mandolin), Dono Schabner (guitar) and David Guskov (fiddle). Michèle's performances blend traditional Franco-American and Québec folk songs, original compositions, jazz standards, and covers of well-known artists (e.g. Edith Piaf).

clippings_ les critiques

"Choinière's finely detailed, emotionally rich music is a testament to Franco-American creativity. It's also a channel through which tradition meets modernity: Her work combines the rugged vitality of Québécois folk music with the wistful poetry of cabaret and cafe culture. ...[Her] 2003 solo debut, *Coeur Fragile*, was well received by both traditional music enthusiasts and world-pop fans. Its elegant simplicity belies a sophisticated compositional style, one that evokes both the passion of French-Canadian folk and Old World romanticism."

-Casey Rea
Music Editor, *Seven Days News*
paper, Feb. 8-15, 2006.
Seven Days Newspaper



Email: info@michelechoiniere.com
Website: <http://www.michelechoiniere.com/index.htm>

REVIEW, COEUR FRAGILE

"St. Albans native Michele Choinière has been working on this recording of traditional French-Canadian and original songs for years. Now that it's finally here -- just in time for performances at the Enosburg Opera House on November 29 and at First Night Burlington [at the Flynn Theatre Main Stage] -- longtime fans and first-time listeners alike will be impressed and delighted. Choinière has always been inspired by the late, great Martha Pellerin, who was also an important voice for French music in Vermont. On *Coeur Fragile* (fragile heart) she rises to the challenge of presenting new material along with traditional music that she's sung all her life. The mix works. Choinière sings beautifully in both French and English, and is accompanied here by past and present members of Matapat and Le Vent du Nord, two of the hottest Canadian bands going. The result is sometimes jazzy, sometimes tres romantique, and always full of heart. Choinière's... show[s] will include a performance by Le Vent du Nord, which absolutely guarantees a spectacular night of music."

-Robert Resnick
Host, *All the Traditions* radio
program, *Vermont Public Radio*
Reviewed in *Seven Days News*
paper, V. 9, No. 14, Nov. 26-Dec.



MUSIC MUSIQUE

The Bangor Daily News says: "Erica Brown is a little bit country, and a little bit classical." Bandleader Allan "Mac" Mchale of The Old Time Radio Gang states: "For her age, she's an incredible performer." At a mere 21 years of age, Erica Brown has accomplished more than many dream about. Her talent for combining the precision of classical music with the spontaneity of country and bluegrass fiddle makes for a fun-filled performance every time she plays.

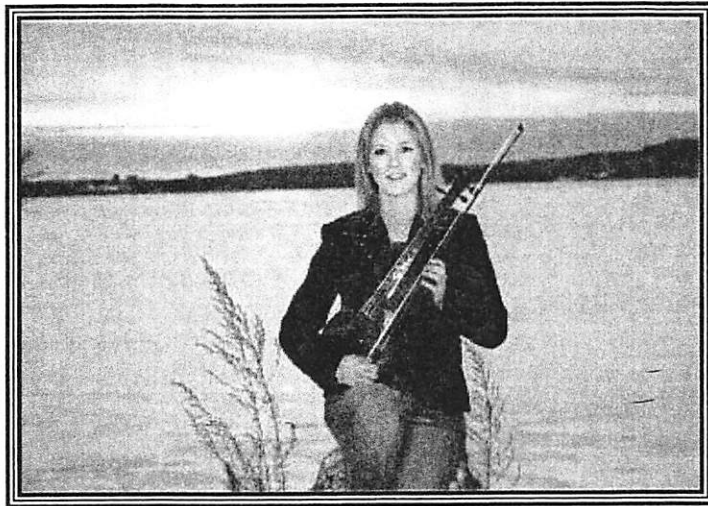
Erica began her professional career at the age of seven when she began performing at churches, nursing homes and fiddle contests.

"Ever since I can remember I have had deep roots to the traditional french music of my family," she says, "Some of my earliest memories are of my grandfather playing the accordion at the family soire's."

At traditional get-togethers around Lewiston, family and friends soon recognized Erica's special bond to music. Lessons obtained at a very young age paid off. Ten-year-old Erica began performing with the Maine French Fiddlers and Brunswick Youth Orchestra. Other performances included appearances on Public Television and concerts at Bates College. At age 15 her first CD of traditional instrumental music called "Bowing the Strings" allowed Erica to show off her love and talent for "the greatest music we have all come to know, the kind that can only be played by a fiddle and a bow". This impressive work caught the ear of bluegrass festival promoters and Erica was placed on the program at many festivals including Ossipee Valley Bluegrass Festival in Cornish Maine, Blistered Fingers Bluegrass Festival in Sydney, Maine, Pemi Valley in Campton, NH and Basin Bluegrass Festival in Brandon, VT.



Erica Brown



Bowing the Strings

- 1: St Anne's Reel/Goglu Reel
- 2: Spey n' Spate
- 3: Jimmy's Favorite Jig / Sting of the Wasp
- 4: Flowers of Hope
- 5: Poppy Leaf Hornpipe
- 6: Bonnie Isabelle Robertson / Brenda Stubberts
- 7: Farewell to Inez
- 8: Saratoga Hornpipe
- 9: Mason's Apron
- 10: Bootleggers
- 11: Jerusalem's Ridge
- 12: Faded Love
- 13: Whiskey Before Breakfast
- 14: Old Joe Clark
- 15: Bowing the Strings
- 16: Ashoken Farewell
- 17: Big John McNeil / Ragtime Annie
- 18: Amazing Grace

- 1: Sally Ann
- 2: Whistling Rufus
- 3: Festival Waltz
- 4: Dixie Hoedown
- 5: Hermans Hornpipe
- 6: Jig in D / Pet of the Piper / Buttermilk Mary
- 7: Kentucky Waltz
- 8: Blackberry Blossom
- 9: Cape Bretons Welcome to the Shetlands/ Mason's Apron
- 10: Sweet Dreams waltz
- 11: Blindmans Reel / Fishers Hornpipe
- 12: Wheel Hoss



- 1: One Raindrop
- 2: Temperance Reel
- 3: Peacock Rag
- 4: Wichita
- 5: Village Carousel Waltz
- 6: Beaumont Rag
- 7: Heaven's Just A Sin Away
- 8: East Fork
- 9: Mary Clair / Dailey's Reel
- 10: Imagine That
- 11: St. Annes Reel
- 12: I Dreamed Of An Old Love Affair
- 13: Gold Rush

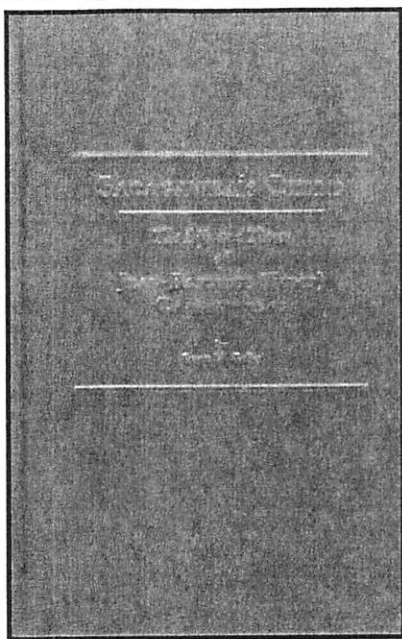
**Contact Erica for bookings
and CD's by e-mail:**

Erica@ericabrownonline.com

**Or Write: P.O. Box 2444, Lewiston,
Maine 04241-2444**

http://www.ericabrownonline.com/

BOOKS/LIVRES...



Jean Baptiste Charbonneau

Jean Baptiste Charbonneau (February 11, 1805 – May 16, 1866) the son of the French Canadian interpreter Tous-saint Charbonneau and Sacagawea, the Shoshone guide of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. He was born during the expedition's journey westward at Fort Mandan.

U.S. dollar coin, showing Charbonneau on his mother's back

His image can be found on the United States dollar coin along with his mother, Sacagawea. He is the only person ever depicted on United States currency as a minor.

Expedition co-leader William Clark nicknamed him "Pomp" or "Pompy." Pompey's Pillar on the Yellowstone River in Montana is named after him.

Years after the expedition, the Charbonneau family moved to St. Louis at Clark's invitation. Clark paid for young Jean-Baptiste Charbonneau to attend school there at St. Louis Academy, now known as St. Louis University High, and continued to oversee his care and schooling when Sacagawea returned up the Missouri River with the elder Charbonneau.

At the age of 18, Charbonneau met Prince Paul Wilhelm of Württemberg (nephew of King Fredrick I). The

Sacagawea's Child *The Life and Times of Jean-Baptiste* *(Pomp) Charbonneau* *by Susan M. Colby*

With Lewis and Clark from the moment of his birth, "Little Pomp" journeyed from North Dakota to the Pacific and back in the arms of his mother, Sacagawea. In his sixty-one years, he successfully integrated the voyageur lifestyle of his father's people, the proud Native American heritage of his mother's people, and the great Jeffersonian traditions of his guardian, William Clark. Although well educated, Jean-Baptiste Charbonneau did not write his memoirs; thus, nearly all we know of him comes through the eyes of his contemporaries. Like his mother, however, he made a strong impression on those he met, and many of them left provocative glimpses of him over his lifetime. Here is a study of a unique American and the culture and times that molded him.

Hardcover, 203 pages with 20 illustrations and maps (printed on acid-free paper) hardback (red linen cloth, gold stamped) limited edition of 750 copies.

The book can be ordered from the publisher:

*The Arthur H. Clark Company
P.O. Box 14707 Spokane, WA 99214-0707*

1-800-842-9286

e-mail: info@ahclark.com;

www.ahclark.com

The book is \$28.50 per copy plus \$4.50 shipping for U.S. customers. Washington customers include sales tax of 8.5%. Books can also be obtained online through Amazon and other booksellers.

prince, traveling in America on a natural history expedition, invited Charbonneau to return to Europe with him, where he lived for six years and learned to speak four European languages. He travelled all over Europe and even visited Africa.

In 1829 Charbonneau returned to North America, where he lived as a mountain man and army scout. He guided the Mormon Battalion from New Mexico to the city of San Diego in California in 1846, and then accepted an appointment there as alcalde of Mission San Luis Rey. He was eventually forced to resign from that post after his repeated attempts to improve the condition of the local Native American tribes caused political trouble for him.

Charbonneau then got caught up in the California gold rush sweeping the state, and joined thousands of other "49ers" in Placer County. Still chasing the elusive dream of riches, he died (apparently of bronchitis) in Danner, Oregon at the age of 61, while en route from California to the new gold fields discov-

ered around Virginia City in Montana.

There is a burial site for Charbonneau near Jordan Valley, Oregon, generally believed to be the correct one. There is another grave site and memorial in Fort Washakie, Wyoming, but it is disputed whether the body interred there could be his.



U.S. dollar coin, showing Charbonneau on his mother's back

Sacagawea

In 1800, when she was about 12 years old, Sacagawea was kidnapped by a war party of Hidatsa Indians -- enemies of her people, the Shoshones. She was taken from her Rocky Mountain homeland, located in today's Idaho, to the Hidatsa-Mandan villages near modern Bismarck, North Dakota. There, she was later sold as a slave to Toussaint Charbonneau, a French-Canadian fur trader who claimed Sacagawea and another Shoshone woman as his "wives." In November 1804, the Corps of Discovery arrived at the Hidatsa-Mandan villages and soon built a fort nearby. In the American Fort Mandan on February 11, 1805, Sacagawea gave birth to her son Jean-Baptiste Charbonneau, who would soon become America's youngest explorer.

Captain Clark wrote that the "great object was to make every letter sound" in recording Indian words in their journals. The pronunciation of Sacagawea's name in years since the expedition as "Sacajawea" does not match "Sah-cah' gah-we-ah," the way that the captains recorded the young Shoshone woman's name. In fact, her name -- made by joining the Hidatsa words for bird ("sacaga") and woman ("wea") -- was written 17 times by the explorers in their journals and on their maps, and each time it was spelled with a "g" in the third syllable.

The Shoshones possessed horses that the expedition needed to cross the Bitterroot Mountains. The captains felt that because of her Shoshone heritage, Sacagawea could be important in trading for horses when the Corps reached the western mountains and the Shoshones. While Sacagawea did not speak English, she spoke Shoshone and Hidatsa. Her husband Charbonneau spoke Hidatsa and French. In effect, Sacagawea and Charbonneau would become an interpreter team. As Clark explained in his journals, Charbonneau was hired "as an interpreter through his wife." If and when the expedition met the Shoshones, Sacagawea would talk with them, then

translate to Hidatsa for Charbonneau, who would translate to French. The Corps' Francois Labiche spoke French and English, and would make the final translation so that the two English-speaking captains would understand.

Sacagawea, with the infant Jean Baptiste, was the only woman to accompany the 33 members of the permanent party to the Pacific Ocean and back.



*Sacagawea Statue
(Bismarck, ND)*

Baptiste, who Captain Clark affectionately named "Pomp" or "Pompy" for his "little dancing boy" frolicking, rode with Sacagawea in the boats and on her back when they traveled on horseback. Her activities as a member of the Corps included digging for roots, collecting edible plants and picking berries; all of these were used as food and sometimes, as medicine. On May 14, 1805, the boat Sacagawea was riding in was hit by a high wind and nearly capsized. She recovered many important papers

and supplies that would otherwise have been lost, and her calmness under duress earned the compliments of the captains.

On August 12, 1805, Captain Lewis and three men scouted 75 miles ahead of the expedition's main party, crossing the Continental Divide at today's Lemhi Pass. The next day, they found a group of Shoshones. Not only did they prove to be Sacagawea's band, but their leader, Chief Cameahwait, turned out to be none other than her brother. On August 17, after five years of separation, Sacagawea and Cameahwait had an emotional reunion. Then, through their interpreting chain of the captains, Labiche, Charbonneau, and Sacagawea, the expedition was able to purchase the horses it needed.

Sacagawea turned out to be incredibly valuable to the Corps as it traveled westward, through the territories of many new tribes. Some of these Indians, prepared to defend their lands, had never seen white men before. As Clark noted on October 19, 1805, the Indians were inclined to believe that the whites were friendly when they saw Sacagawea. A war party never traveled with a woman -- especially a woman with a baby. During council meetings between Indian chiefs and the Corps where Shoshone was spoke, Sacagawea was used and valued as an interpreter.

On November 24, 1805, when the expedition reached the place where the Columbia River emptied into the Pacific Ocean, the captains held a vote among all the members to decide where to settle for the winter. Sacagawea's vote, as well as the vote of the Clark's manservant York, were counted equally with those of the captains and the men. As a result of the election, the Corps stayed at a site near present-day Astoria, Oregon, in Fort Clatsop, which they constructed and inhabited during the winter of 1805-1806.

While at Fort Clatsop, local Indians told the expedition of a whale that had been stranded on a beach some miles to the south. Clark assembled a group of men to find the whale and possibly obtain some whale oil and blubber,

(Continued on page 48)

Baseball



Au tournant du 20e siècle, la ville de Woonsocket, située dans l'état du Rhode Island, avait accueilli tellement de francophones qu'elle était considérée la capitale franco-américaine des États-Unis.

Comme d'autres villes de la Nouvelle-Angleterre, Woonsocket, une ville immortalisée par le cinéaste québécois Claude Fournier dans son film *Les Tisserands du Pouvoir*, a eu plusieurs journaux qui ont témoigné des diverses facettes de la vitalité en français.

Un sujet dont on parlait régulièrement était évidemment le base-ball, sport national des Américains. L'intérêt était

Le p'tit receveur prometteur de Woonsocket

par Yves Chartrand
(Ottawa, Ontario)

particulièrement significatif depuis 1896.

C'était la première année où on avait l'occasion d'applaudir les exploits dans les ligues majeures de l'un des fils de la ville. Napoléon Lajoie venait de se mettre en route vers des sommets qui l'ont mené au Temple de la renommée en 1937.

Mais les Canadiens français venus s'établir à Woonsocket se sont aussi pris d'affection pour deux autres fils adoptifs aux succès beaucoup plus modestes.

C'est en tout cas ce que Richard Sorrell, un professeur d'un collège communautaire du New Jersey, raconte dans un article paru en 1972 sur l'histoire du Rhode Island.



Napoléon Lajoie
(Suite page 49)

(*Sacagawea continued from page 47*)

which could be used to feed the Corps. Sacagawea had yet to see the ocean, and after willfully asking Clark, she was allowed to accompany the group to the sea. As Captain Lewis wrote on January 6, 1806, "[T]he Indian woman was very impo[r]tunate to be permitted to go, and was therefore indulged; she observed that she had traveled a long way with us to see the great waters, and that now that monstrous fish was also to be seen, she thought it very hard she could not be permitted to see either."

During the expedition's return journey, as they passed through her homeland, Sacagawea proved a valuable guide. She remembered Shoshone trails from her childhood, and Clark praised her as his "pilot." The most important trail she recalled, which Clark described as "a large road passing through a gap in the mountain," led to the Yellowstone River. (Today, it is known as Bozeman Pass, Montana.) The Corps returned to the Hidatsa-Mandan villages on August 14, 1806, marking the end of the trip for Sacagawea, Charbonneau and their boy, Jean Baptiste. When the trip was over, Sacagawea received nothing, but Charbonneau was given \$500.33 and 320 acres of land.

Six years after the expedition, Sa-

cagawea gave birth to a daughter, Lisette. On December 22, 1812, the Shoshone woman died at age 25 due to what later medical researchers believed was a serious illness she had suffered most of her adult life. Her condition may have been aggravated by Lisette's birth. At the time of her death, Sacagawea was with her



husband at Fort Manuel, a Missouri Fur Company trading post in present-day South Dakota. Eight months after her death, Clark legally adopted Sacagawea's two children, Jean Baptiste and Lisette. Baptiste was educated by Clark in St. Louis, and then, at age 18, was sent to Europe with a German prince. It is not known whether Lisette survived past infancy.

During most of the 20th century,

several generations of Americans have believed a theory that originated in 1907 by Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, Librarian, University of Wyoming. According to Dr. Hebard's theory, a person who lived to age 100 on the Wind River Indian Reservation (Wyoming) was the Sacagawea of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Alleged to have been "Sacajawea," which was interpreted to mean "boat launcher," that woman died and was buried on the reservation on April 9, 1884. Dr. Hebard formalized her theory in her 1932 book, *Sacagawea: A Guide and Interpreter of the Lewis and Clark Expedition*.

The only written documents that have been found positively identifying that elderly woman are the listing of her name on a November 1, 1877 census roll of the Wind River Shoshone and Bannock Indians, and the woman's April 9, 1884 death certificate. Both of these official documents clearly record her name as "Bazil's Mother." At age 100 in 1884, Bazil's Mother would have been born in 1784, making her 21 years old in 1805 -- the year Sacagawea set out with Lewis and Clark. Most 20th century books, encyclopedias, and movies have perpetuated this theory, creating the mistaken identity of the Wind River woman.

(Le p'tit receveur prometteur de Woonsocket Suite page 49)

L'un était Louis «Pete» Lépine. Les parents de Lépine, né à Montréal en 1876, ont décidé d'établir leur famille à Woonsocket. En 1901 et 1902, rapporte M. Sorrell, La Tribune a parlé abondamment de la carrière du voltigeur et surtout de son séjour de 30 parties avec Detroit de la Ligue américaine.

L'autre a joué un peu plus longtemps dans les majeures, sans connaître beaucoup plus de succès que M. Lépine. Né en 1887 à Danielson (Connecticut), Henri Rondeau, à l'instar de Lépine, avait également vu sa famille déménager à Woonsocket.

Rondeau avait toutefois un avantage sur Lépine. C'était un receveur. Après avoir fait ses débuts dans les mineures en 1907 à Hartford, une autre ville du Connecticut, il s'approche à une marche des ligues majeures dès 1911.

Il revint alors au Rhode Island pour évoluer à Providence dans la Ligue Eastern. En 56 parties comme receveur, il a maintenu une moyenne au bâton de ,268.

L'année suivante, il est devenu l'un des trois receveurs des Skeeters de Jersey City. Cette fois, en 90 parties, surtout comme receveur mais aussi comme joueur de premier but et voltigeur occasionnels, il a haussé sa moyenne à ,311.

L'hiver suivant, les majeures lui donnent sa chance. Le 7 février, alors que le receveur régulier Oscar Stanage et trois autres joueurs de Detroit désirent plus d'argent, les Tigers mettent Rondeau sous contrat.

Son caractère français est loin de passer inaperçu. Il faut dire que l'un des partants des Tigers est Jean Dubuc, le lanceur originaire du Vermont qui a joué à Montréal en 1910 et 1911. Il vit d'ailleurs à cet endroit durant la saison morte.

«Detroit's French Battery», qui présente le jeune receveur Rondeau dans un montage d'un journal de l'époque conservé dans un scrapbook de Dubuc à Cooperstown, a fait officiellement ses débuts dans le match du vendredi 16 mai 1913.

Partant et gagnant de cette victoire de 5-2 contre Washington, Dubuc a permis à Washington de prendre une avance de 2-0, mais les Tigers sont revenus de l'arrière.

Pendant que Rondeau n'obtenait

aucun coup sûr en trois présences au bâton, Dubuc, un bon frappeur pour un lanceur durant toute sa carrière, a obtenu deux coups sûrs en trois présences, y compris un simple en 6e manche pour démarrer le ralliement de deux points qui a donné les devants à Detroit. Il a en fait compté le point égalisateur.

Il s'agit toutefois du seul moment véritable de réjouissances pour Rondeau durant la saison. Avec le retour de Stanage et l'arrivée d'un autre jeune receveur du nom de Red McKee, le p'tit gars de Woonsocket ne participe qu'à 35 parties, dont 16 comme receveur. Sa moyenne au bâton chute à ,186.

Le jeune receveur prometteur de la «French Battery» n'est plus dans les bonnes grâces du Detroit, qui ne renouvelle pas son contrat après la saison 1913.

Quand Henri Rondeau est revenu dans les majeures en 1915 et 1916, c'est avec Washington, mais ce n'est même plus comme receveur. Les Senators l'utilisent au champ extérieur.

Le bilan n'est pas tellement plus reluisant. En 1915, sa moyenne a été de ,175 en 14 parties. En 1916, il a participé à 50 parties, dont 48 comme voltigeur. Sa moyenne a été de ,222 et il réussit à frapper un circuit et à produire 28 points en 162 présences officielles au bâton. Mais sa moyenne défensive est de ,958.

Après 99 matchs répartis sur trois saisons, les jours de Rondeau dans les ligues majeures sont déjà terminés. Il est mort à Woonsocket en 1943.



Jean Dubuc

Profile: Pete LePine
Louis Joseph LePine

Born: September 5, 1876, Montreal, PQ

Died: December 3, 1949, Woonsocket, RI

Batted: Left, Threw: Left

Debut: July 21, 1902

Profile: Henri Rondeau
Henri Joseph Rondeau

Born: May 7, 1887, Danielson, CT

Died: May 28, 1943, Woonsocket, RI

Batted: Left, Threw: Right

Debut: April 11, 1913

Baseball



A capable young catcher from Woonsocket

(by Yves Chartrand Ottawa, Ontario)

At the turn of the 20th century, the city of Woonsocket, located in the state of Rhode Island, had welcomed so many francophones that it was considered the franco-american capital of the United States.

Like other cities in New England, Woonsocket, a city immortalized by Québec filmmaker Claude Fournier in his movie *Les Tisserands du Pouvoir*, had a newspaper, *La Tribune*, in order to reflect the various aspects of french vitality.

One subject that was talked about regularly was obviously baseball, the american pasttime. The interest has been particularly significant since 1896.

It was the first year that fans were able to cheer on the achievements in the major leagues l'occasion of one of the city's native sons. Napoléon Lajoie had just gotten started to heights that would eventually put him in Cooperstown's Baseball Hall of Fame in 1937.

But French Canadians settled in Woonsocket also liked two other native sons and their more modest successes.

It is the story that Richard Sorrell, a teacher at a community college in New Jersey, told in an article published in 1972 on the history of Rhode Island.

One was Louis 'Pete' Lépine. The parents of Lépine, who was born in Montréal in 1876, had decided to raise their family in Woonsocket. In 1901 and 1902, according to Mr. Sorrell, *La Tribune* talked abundantly about the outfielder's career and his 30-game stay with Detroit in the American League.

The other one played a little longer in the majors, without having much more success than Mr. Lépine. Born in 1887 in Danielson (Connecticut), Henri Rondeau, liked Lépine, also saw his family move to Woonsocket.

Rondeau did have an advantage on Lépine. He was a catcher. After making his debut in the minors in 1907 with Hartford, another city in Connecticut, he came within one step of the majors by 1911.

He actually came back to Rhode Island to play for Providence in the Eastern League. In 56 games as a catcher, he was able to maintain a batting average of .268.

The following year, he became one of the three catchers with the New Jersey Skeeters. This time, in 90 games, mainly as a catcher but also as an occasional firstbaseman and outfielder, he raised his average to .311.

The following winter, the major leagues gave him a chance. On February 7, while regular catcher Oscar Stanage and three other Detroit players are looking for more money, the Tigers put Rondeau under contract.

His french root is far from going unnoticed. The Tigers have a starting pitcher named Jean Dubuc. He was born in Vermont and has played in Montréal in 1910 and 1911. This is actually the city where he lives in the off season.

"Detroit's French Battery", where Rondeau is presented as a capable young catcher in a newspaper clipping of the time kept in a Dubuc scrapbook archived in Cooperstown, made an official beginning in a game on Friday, May 16, 1913.

The starter and winner of the 5-2 decision over Washington, Dubuc allowed Washington to take a 2-0 lead, but the Tigers came back.

While Rondeau was hitless in three at-bats, Dubuc, a good hitter for a pitcher

throughout his career, got two hits in three at-bats, including a single in the sixth inning to start a two-point rally giving Detroit the lead. He scored the tying run.

This game was a truly rare moment of joy for Rondeau during the season. With the return of Stanage and the arrival of another young catcher named Red McKee, Woonsocket's native son takes part in only 35 games, 16 of those as a catcher. He participated in 35 parties. His batting average drops to .186.

The young catcher from the "French Battery" is no longer promising for Detroit. His contract was not renewed after the 1913 season.

When he came back to the majors in 1915 and 1916, it was with Washington, but it was no longer as a catcher. The Senators used him in the outfield.

The result was not much better. In 1915, his average was .175 in 14 games. In 1916, he played in 50 games, 48 of those as an outfielder. His average was .222 and he was able to hit a homerun and to drive 28 runs in 162 official at-bats. But his defensive average was .958.

After 99 games scattered over three seasons, Rondeau's days in the major leagues were already over. He died in Woonsocket in 1943.

Fast Facts

Did you know that Nap Lajoie was the first Major League ballplayer to ever be intentionally walked with the bases loaded ([click link to see all of them](#))?

Nap Lajoie finished his Major League career with three-thousand two-hundred forty-two hits. He had joined the 3,000 Hits Club on September 27, 1914 by hitting a double off Marty McHale in his 2,224th game.

Tip O'Neill was the first from the American Association, Hugh Duffy was the first from the National League and Nap Lajoie was the first from the American League to hit for the Triple Crown.

(N.D.L.R. This is the fourth installment of the Paquette family genealogy.)



The French Connection

Franco-American Families
of Maine
par Bob Chenard,
Waterville, Maine

Les Familles Paquette

Welcome to the seventeenth 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 spouse (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 apologies. 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 Vendevre-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 Vendevre located 11 miles north of the city of Poitiers.

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.)
C13	Richard-Guy	24 Jan 1975	Cécile-Suzanne Drapeau	Biddeford(St.And.)
C14	Bonnie-Lee	29 May 1976	John-Edward Ryan	Biddeford(St.And.)
C15	Gary	23 Nov 1972	Mary Doyon	Saco(NDL)
C16	Kathleen-Ann	29 Jun 1979	James-Kenneth Day	Saco(HT)
C17	Judy-Anne	11 May 1977	Ricky-John Dussault	Biddeford(St.And.)
C18	Janice-Ann	27 Jul 1985	David-Jonathan Korda	Saco(HT)
C19	Nancy	30 Jul 1966	Norman Labbé	Saco(NDL)
	Richard	12 Jun 1971	Jacqueline Labbé	Biddeford(St.Jos.)
	Robert-André	23 Jun 1973	Thérèse-E. Lavigne	Biddeford(St.And.)
C20	Patricia-Rita	27 Jul 1973	Richard-Ernest Roy	Biddeford(St.And.)
C21	Michael	04 Aug 1973	Patricia Cloutier	Biddeford(St.Jos.)
	Donald	14 Jun 1975	Diane Dubé	Biddeford(St.Jos.)
C22	Ronald-J.	18 Nov 1972	Claire-L. Boissonnault	Biddeford(St.And.)
C23	Danny	08 Nov 1975	JoAnn Laroche	Biddeford(St.Jos.)

(Continued on page 52)

PAQUETTE

C24	Normand	18 Oct 1929	Carmen Nadeau	Saco(NDL)	
	Bernard	05 Oct 1973	Madeleine Roy	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
C25	Deborah-Lynn	12 Sep 1981	Robert-Louis Cassette	Saco(NDL)	
D1	Michel	18__	M.-Anne Ouvrard	PQ	D2
D2	Michel	17 Apr 1854	Philomène Levesque	Charlesbourg	D3
D3	Joseph	28 Dec 1890	Lucie Côté	Springvale(ND)	D4
D4	Rosanna	08 Aug 1909	Amédée Morin	Springvale(ND)	
	Gédéon	20 Jul 1914	Rosalie "Rose" Perreault	Sanford(St.lg.)	D5
	Louis	21 Oct 1918	Médora Cyr	Sanford(St.lg.)	
	Délina	1m. 12 May 1924	Napoléon Dubois	Sanford(HF)	
	"	2m. 16 Feb 1935	Abraham-J. Desrosiers	Sanford(HF)	
	Eugénie	31 Dec 1924	Cecil Thériault	Sanford(HF)	
	Olivine	15 Apr 1925	Alfred Légère	Sanford(HF)	
			(François & Louise Dupré)		
	Alfred-Thomas	23 Jul 1928	M.-Irène Couture	Springvale(ND)	D6
	M.-Louise	02 Sep 1929	Cléophas-P. Desmarais	Sanford(HF)	
	Aurôre	01 May 1937	Alfred Légère	Sanford(HF)	
			(Philippe & Mgte. Thibodeau)		
	Wilfrid	19 Aug 1949	Daisy Beal-Goodwin	Sanford(HF)	
D5	Géralda	24 Sep 1934	Robert Gendreau	Sanford(HF)	
	Lorette	23 May 1936	Paul Ray	Sanford(HF)	
	Béatrice	05 Nov 1938	Robert Gosselin	Sanford(HF)	
	Lorraine	30 Sep 1944	Fernand Gagné	Sanford(HF)	
D6	Aline-Léona	16 Jul 1951	Louis-Philippe Langlais	Sanford(HF)	
E1	Francis	before 1885	Catherine Griffin	E. Brighton, VT	E2
E2	Arthur-J.	1910	Marguerite-C. Hobson	Island Pond VT	E3
	(b. 10 May 1885 E. Brighton, VT - d. 19 Feb 1952 Lewiston)				
	Joseph	_____	_____	of Portland	ARCH
E3	Harry-B.	_____	_____	of Lewiston	ARCH
F1	Jean	1m. 18__	Margaret Welch	PQ	
	"	2m. 16 Apr 1855	Catherine Carmody	St.Gilles, Lotb.	F2
F2	Marie	07 Jul 1889	Jean Lauzier	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	

PAQUET

G1	Pierre	05 Aug 1845	Geneviève Dion	Ste.Famille, I.O.	G2
	(names of parents not given)				
G2	Jean	13 Jan 1874	M.-Louise Guillemette	St.Isidore	G3
G3	Wilhelmine	23 Apr 1900	Wilfrid Lacourse	Somersworth, NH	
	Laure-M.	06 Nov 1904	Stanislas Labonté	Somersworth, NH	
	Arthur	28 May 1905	Marguerite Faucher	Somersworth, NH	
	Onésime-J.	04 Jul 1910	Éva-M. Magnan	Somersworth, NH	
	M.-Anna	02 Aug 1915	Alfred Soulard	Somersworth, NH	
H1	Antoine	18__	_____	Arthabaska !	H2
H2	Philip	09 Jan 1911	Marie DeRoy	Rumford(St.John)	ARCH
J1	François-X.	18__	Emélie Girard	PQ	J2
J2	Léon	11 Jun 1866	Arthémise Caron	Tingwick, Artha.	J3
	Eusèbe	1m. 29 Aug 1882	Delphine Beaudoin	Warwick, Artha.	J4
	"	2m. 21 Jan 1889	Virginie Moreau	Thetford Mines	J5

(Continued on page 53)

PAQUETTE

J3	Napoléon 1m.	20 Jul 1890	Joséphine Chouinard	Kingsey Falls, Drum.	J6
	"Paul" 2m.	23 Aug 1902	Philomène Filteau	Biddeford(St.And.)	
J4	M.-Anne	20 Sep 1909	Léonard-J. Tousignant	Biddeford(St.And.)	
J5	Ernest	31 Aug 1914	Antoinette Gendron	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Philippe-Eusèbe	29 May 1917	Rosilda Gagnon	Biddeford(St.And.)	J7
J6	Eméline	05 Sep 1910	Joseph Levesque	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Georgiana-M.	02 Sep 1912	Oscar Landry	Biddeford(St.And.)	
J7	Simone	11 Feb 1982	Philippe Reny	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Philippe	15 Oct 1962	Lorraine Pothier	Biddeford(St.And.)	

K1	Joseph	18__	Marguerite Florent	_____	K2
K2	Louis	07 Jul 1879	Joséphine Trottier	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	

L1	Napoléon (#27 !)	18__	Domithilde Roy	_____	L2
L2	Olivine	24 Feb 1907	Alphonse-Aupry	Biddeford(St.And.)	

M1	Joseph	18__	Ursule Bélanger	_____	M2
M2	Denis	30 Dec 1900	Virginie Grégoire	Somersworth, NH	

N1	Jean	18__	Delvina Ouellette	_____	N2
N2	Amilda-Rose	07 Jan 1918	Eugène Beaudry	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	

P1	Jean-Baptiste	18__	Elmina Pouliot	_____	P2
P2	Lumina	20 Nov 1905	Joseph Gaudreault	Somersworth, NH	

Q1	Eugène	19__	Éva Villeneuve	_____	Q2
Q2	Eugène	02 Feb 1925	Julienne Magnan	Somersworth, NH	

R1	Louis	18__	Rosalie Dionne	PQ	xR2
R2	Joseph	01 Jun 1914	Mary Létourneau	Tingwick, Artha.	R3
R3	Hélène	02 May 1936	Harold Gilbert	Rochester, NH	
	Paul	27 Apr 1938	Thérèse Therrien	Rochester, NH	R4
	Lillian	24 Aug 1940	Arthur-J. Gauthier	Rochester, NH	
	Marguerite	22 Jun 1946	Wendell Pinkham	Rochester, NH	
R4	Gloria	26 Dec 1955	Alphonse-J. Cardin	Somersworth, NH	

PAQUET

S1	François	18__	Marie Chapdelaine	_____	S2
S2	Willy	21 May 1906	Léonie Vachon	Somersworth, NH	

T1	Elzéar	19__	Lydia Bouley	_____	T2
T2	Victoria	01 Oct 1928	Wilbur-E. Sullivan	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	

U1	Napoléon	before 1910	Belzémire Dubois	St.Honoré !	U2
U2	Joseph	25 May 1979	Alice Breton	Saco(NDL)	

V0	Benjamin 1m.	18__	Exarine Dubois	_____	V1
	" 2m.	30 Oct 1929	Marie Raby	Disaréli, Wolfe	
V1	Joseph	10 May 1898	Joséphine Rioux	Piopolis	

V1	Joseph	before 1909	(Joséphine Rioux !)	La Patrie	ARCH V2
V2	Gérard	27 Oct 1934	Bertha Lambert	Biddeford(St.And.)	V3
V3	Yolande-T.	27 Oct 1956	Joseph-A. Lambert	Old Orch. B.(St.Mgt.)	

(Continued on page 54)

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PAQUETTE

V4	Marcel Maurice-Zénon Cynthia Judy	18 Apr 1959 03 May 1969 22 Aug 1980 10 Jun 1983	Cécile Métayer Pamela-Hollie McKee Guy Babineau Peter Sarvas	Biddeford(St.And.) V4 Old Orch. B.(St.Mgt.) Old Orch. B.(St.Mgt.) Old Orch. B.(St.Mgt.)
W1	Jules	18__	Eugénie Toussaint	W2
W2	M.-Louise	26 Feb 1906	Fidèle Doiron	Springvale(ND)
ZM1	Alexandre int.	08 Jun 1863	Flora Boucher	Augusta
ZM2	Ambroise	before 1880	Malvina Jean	Brunswick
ZM3	Rosanne	28 Nov 1893	Zéphirin Voyer	Rumford(St.John) ARCH
ZM4	Corinne	27 Jan 1897	Sylvio Gonya	Rumford(St.John) ARCH
ZM5	Edouard	28 Oct 1901	Marie Cyr	Rumford(St.John) ARCH
ZM6	Prudent	05 Sep 1903	Catherine-H. Hill	Rumford(St.John) ARCH
ZM7	Céline	08 Feb 1869	Joseph Stebbins	Biddeford(St.Mary)
ZM8	Alice	10 May 1869	Joseph Martel	Biddeford(St.Mary)
ZM9	Marie	1m. 18__	Joseph Dupille	
	"	2m. 16 Feb 1890	Arthur Parent	Berlin, NH(St.An.)

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Le FORUM

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THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

The University of Maine Office of Franco American Affairs was founded in 1972 by Franco American students and community volunteers. It subsequently became the Franco American Centre.

From the onset, its purpose has been to introduce and integrate the Maine and Regional Franco American Fact in post-secondary academe and in particular the University of Maine.

Given the quasi total absence of a base of knowledge within the University about this nearly one-half of the population of the State of Maine, this effort has sought to develop ways and means of making this population, its identity, its contributions and its history visible on and off campus through seminars, workshops, conferences and media efforts — print and electronic.

The results sought have been the redressing of historical neglect and ignorance by returning to Franco Americans their history, their language and access to full and healthy self realizations. Further, changes within the University's working, in its structure and curriculum are sought in order that those who follow may experience cultural equity, have access to a culturally authentic base of knowledge dealing with French American identity and the contribution of this ethnic group to this society.

MISSION

- To be an advocate of the Franco-American Fact at the University of Maine, in the State of Maine and in the region, and

- To provide vehicles for the effective and cognitive expression of a collective, authentic, diversified and effective voice for Franco-Americans, and

- To stimulate the development of academic and non-academic program offerings at the University of Maine and in the state relevant to the history and life experience of this ethnic group and

- To assist and support Franco-Americans in the actualization of their language and culture in the advancement of careers, personal growth and their creative contribution to society, and

- To assist and provide support in the creation and implementation of a concept of pluralism which values, validates and reflects affectively and cognitively the Multicultural Fact in Maine and elsewhere in North America, and

- To assist in the generation and dissemination of knowledge about a major Maine resource — the rich cultural and language diversity of its people.

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

Le Bureau des Affaires franco-américaines 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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