

# Le FORUM

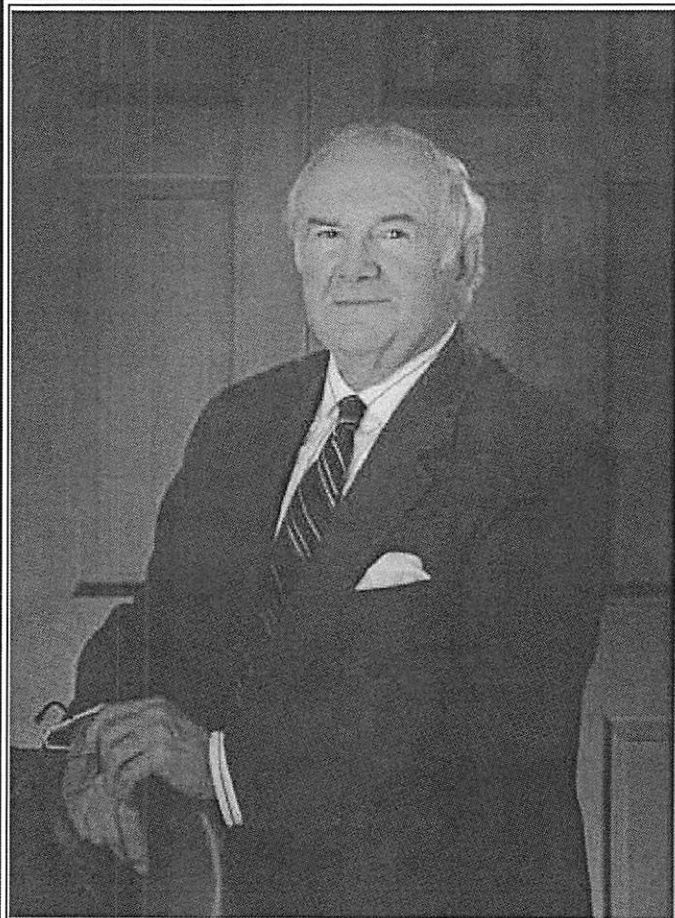


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"AFIN D'ÊTRE EN PLEINE POSSESSION DE SES MOYENS"

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## Donation swells genealogical, historical records at UMaine Franco center...



Nick McCrea / BDN

*Celeste Ringuette, widow of Adrien Lanthier Ringuette of Indiana, talks about her late husband during a dedication ceremony of a library at the University of Maine named in Adrien's honor.*

(see page 3)

### Websites:

Le Forum: <http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/le-forum/>

Oral History: [Francoamericanarchives.org](http://Francoamericanarchives.org)

Library: [francolib.francoamerican.org](http://francolib.francoamerican.org)

Occasional Papers: <http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/occasional-papers/>

Maine's French Communities:

[http://www.francomaine.org/English/Pres/Pres\\_intro.html](http://www.francomaine.org/English/Pres/Pres_intro.html) [Francoamericanarchives.org](http://Francoamericanarchives.org)

other pertinent websites to check out -

Les Français d'Amérique / French In America

Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002

[http://www.johnfishersr.net/french\\_in\\_america\\_calendar.html](http://www.johnfishersr.net/french_in_america_calendar.html)

Franco-American Women's Institute:

<http://www.fawi.net>





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*Le Forum* et son staff— Universitaires, gens de la communauté, les étudiants -- FAROG,

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Ce numéro de Le Forum est dédié à la mémoire de  
This issue of Le Forum is dedicated in memory of  
Doris P. Faucher et Geraldine Pelletier Chassé.



**Doris P. Faucher, 81  
1934-2015  
BIDDEFORD**

- Doris P. Faucher, 81, of Biddeford died Thursday evening at Southern Maine Health Care in Biddeford after a brief illness...- See more at:

<http://obituaries.pressherald.com/obituaries/mainetoday-pressherald/obituary>.



**Geraldine Pelletier Chasse  
1923-2015**

ST. DAVID – Geraldine Pelletier Chasse, 92, left us peacefully on September 24, 2015 with loving family by her side.

See more at: <http://bangordailynews.com/2015/09/25/obituaries/geraldine-pelletier-chasse/>

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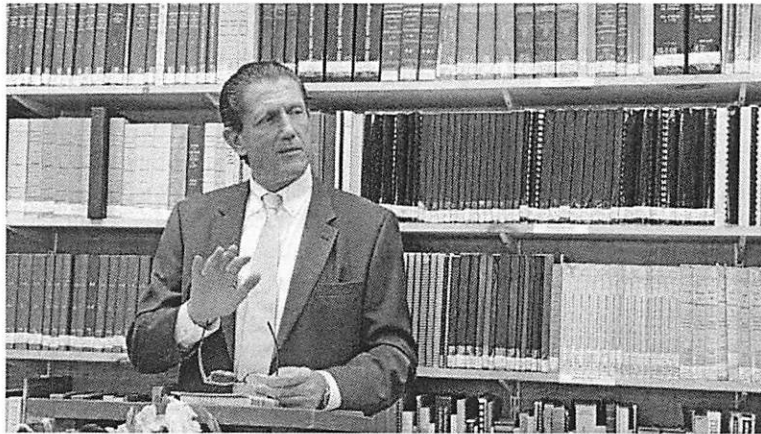
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(N.D.L.R. This article first appeared in the Bangor Daily News on Sept. 15, 2015 and is being used with written permission.)

# Donation swells genealogical, historical records at UMaine Franco center

By Nick McCrea, BDN Staff



Nick McCrea / BDN

Scott Ringuette, son of Adrien Lanthier Ringuette of Indiana, talks about his late father during a dedication ceremony of a library at the University of Maine named in his father's honor.

ORONO, Maine — During the decades Adrien Lanthier Ringuette spent digging into his family's history, he accumulated thousands of books, genealogical records, family trees, handwritten and typewritten notes.

When he died in Mishawaka, Indiana, in 2010 at age 84, the trove of information he gathered could have collected dust in his attic. Instead, it found its way to the University of Maine, giving thousands of people of French descent new tools to learn about their past.

"Franco-American communities are often omitted from the standard narratives of the U.S. migration history, American literature and the French language in North

America," said Susan Pinette, director of Franco-American Programs at the university.

To compensate for that lack of information, many people of French ancestry have become researchers, digging through stacks of records or sleuthing online to learn more about their background.

On Tuesday, the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine held a dedication ceremony for the Adrien Lanthier Ringuette Library.

The collection includes 2,100 books, 100 topographical and historical maps, and thousands of pages of handwritten notes compiled by Adrien or his mother, Anita

Ringuette, and dozens of original genealogical schematics documenting the Ringuette and Lanthier lineages, according to Joe Arsenault, a research associate at the center.

Much of the collection is written in French.

Several members of the Ringuette family, including his widow, Celeste, and son, Scott, attended Tuesday's event, as did Daniel Devoe, Maine-Canadian trade ombudsman with Gov. Paul LePage's office.

Last October, the Ringuettes drove a moving truck more than 1,000 miles from Indiana to Maine, bringing hundreds of boxes containing the collection to the center. They learned of the Franco-American Centre through Roland Ouellette, one of Adrien's cousins, who also happened to be a long-time subscriber to "Le Forum," the center's newsletter. The family felt Maine, with its large Franco-American population and close access to French Canadians, would be an ideal place for others to use the collection.

Center staff and volunteers spent untold hours cataloguing the volumes, sleeving handwritten notes in binders and setting up the library.

The donation came with an endowment of an undisclosed amount that, when paired with other funding, could allow the center to expand its hours into the evenings or weekends to allow more people access to contents of the new library, according to Lisa Desjardins Michaud, coordinator of community engagement at the center.

People will not be allowed to check books out of the library, and will need to do their research at the center.

"We are very proud, pleased and honored to share with all of you," Desjardins Michaud said. "Yes, there is a value in these materials, but there is an even greater value in having this collection in one place."

Adrien Ringuette was born in Attleboro, Massachusetts, in 1925. He served in the U.S. Army Air Corps during World War II, returning to get two degrees, including one from Yale Law School. He moved to the midwest and worked as an attorney in fields from pharmaceuticals to petroleum, accord-

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Nick McCrea / BDN

Celeste Ringuette, widow of Adrien Lanthier Ringuette of Indiana, talks about her late husband during a dedication ceremony of a library at the University of Maine named in Adrien's honor. The family donated to the Franco-American Centre thousands of genealogical records collected by Adrien over the years.



# From Maine to Thailand

## *The making of a Peace Corps Volunteer* by Roger Parent

*ED. NOTE: This is the eighth in a series of excerpts from a memoir written by Lille, Maine, native Roger Parent in 2004, tracing the first 24 years of his life, from his childhood in Acadian French-speaking northern Maine to the end of his service as a member of the first group of Peace Corps volunteers in Thailand. This article first appeared in "Echoes", No. 94 pages 30-32.*

### The FBI agent couldn't speak French

The Peace Corps had a problem. They didn't know much about me, nor did they know much about the other volunteers invited to the training program for Thailand. What they knew about me was what I had told them on a long paper questionnaire, and what a few references had written. They had to quickly find out if they had by chance recruited a kiik, or an unsavory character, or an unstable personality.

To expedite the investigation of volunteers, the Peace Corps had engaged the Federal Bureau of Investigation to do the background checks while we were in training. The FBI was used only for a few months - less than a year I think - until a private agency was hired. The Peace Corps was reluctant to be connected with the FBI in any way.

While I was training at the University of Michigan, an FBI agent (Roscoe might have been his name) arrived in Lille, poked around, and stopped at the home of a neighbor of mine. Roscoe knocked on Mina's door, asked if she knew me and if so, would she mind answering a few questions. Mina didn't speak or understand English (her only language was French)

and all she could make out was my name.

Roscoe didn't know it but he was in a "foreign land." Not only would he need someone to translate, he would need to interpret the answers carefully, for he was a stranger - an out-sider - in Lille. He would not get anyone to make unfavorable comments about me or anyone else in the community. Until the 1970's, French was unofficially the official language in Lille

and in other communities of the St. John valley, which is bisected by the St. John river with New Brunswick on one side and Maine on the other. In Lille, business and social activities were conducted in French.

After attempting without success to communicate with Roscoe, Mina did what she always did when she needed help to read or write letters in English. She walked the agent across U.S. Route 1 to my mother. Mina woke my mother from her afternoon nap and told her the man was asking about me, but she couldn't understand a word he was saying.

but if he did, he did not follow through. He interviewed Mina with my mother as translator. The Peace Corps and the FBI were under intense pressure to complete the background checks quickly; the training program was in progress, and any decision to accept or reject me could not be delayed.

Roscoe need not have worried that the interview would be tainted or biased; my scrupulously honest mother would have given him the full truth about me - warts and all - no matter the stakes for me. But Roscoe was not interviewing my mother, he was interviewing her friend Mina, and there's no way Mina would have said anything negative about me, especially to an FBI agent who couldn't speak French.

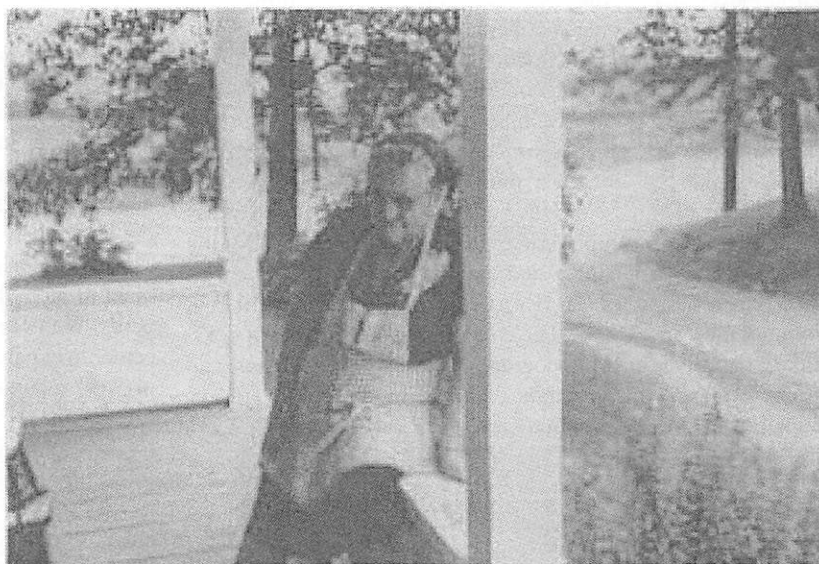
### My carpentry skills aren't needed

My first day teaching in a Thai classroom was my first day teaching in any classroom. I was fresh out of college, not prepared to teach and had only received three months of Peace Corps training. I didn't know what to expect. I was surprised by the extreme deference given to teachers by Thai students, and when a student knelt by my desk to ask me a ques-

tion, I didn't quite know how to react. I was uncomfortable with this kneeling practice, and told my students it was not necessary to kneel. I was intent on learning and abiding by Thai customs, but not this one.

I was supposed to teach carpentry, but my first assignment was to teach English as a second language. There was no need for a teacher of carpentry at the Udorn

(Continued on page 5)



*Mina on the Parent family's front porch in Lille. The FBI agent couldn't speak French, so she sought a translator — my mother.*

Roscoe introduced himself and told my mother he was in Lille to ask questions about my fitness to be a Peace Corps Volunteer. When my mother told Roscoe I was her son, he was surprised, and likely wondered whether he should ask her to translate the interview with Mina, knowing the resulting information could be seen as tainted. Maybe he entertained the idea of finding someone else to interview or to translate,



*(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 4)*

Trade School. My principal, Pricha, had been told by the government ministry that he was getting a Peace Corps Volunteer, and as far as I could tell, he hadn't had much say in the matter. Nevertheless, he was thankful for a volunteer because there was some prestige attached to having an American teacher in his school.

It should have been evident, even to the faraway planners in the Peace Corps' Washington office, and to the Thai government ministry in Bangkok, that Thai carpentry skills and practices more than met Thailand's needs. Some of their skills, particularly those needed to work with very hard woods, such as teak, and those needed to use their "ancient" tools, were superior to those of most American trained carpenters, and certainly to mine. Thai carpenters did not need to know how to install built-in ovens, or stove tops, or any other newfangled devices, in the early 1960's.

The principal, my Thai colleagues and I never talked about this dilemma. We handled this thorny issue through a

combination of the Thai way and my way: non-directional and non-confrontational by them and low-key persistence by me. Some volunteers were frustrated by these ill-defined job situations, which were fairly common in the early days of the Peace Corps, and are still too common today. Volunteers got even more frustrated when they tried to resolve these situations in a



*Students and teachers work together.*

typically aggressive American way. Some volunteers, unable to resolve such issues satisfactorily, asked for reassignment, and in later groups, some returned home. All volunteers in the first Thailand group com-

pleted their tour. When I was a peace Corps volunteer, nothing would have led me to ask for a change of assignment or to return home early, except a catastrophic illness.

When I sensed that my principal did not quite know what to do with me, I suggested visiting each classroom and workshop, and introducing myself to the students and the teachers, to get to know everyone. This solved for a while the misalignment and the scheduling dilemma

created by my arrival at the Trade School in the middle of the school year.

During this self-styled orientation, it quickly came to me that I had other skills which could benefit the school. The teacher/librarian asked me if I would help organize the books. While working in the library, I wrote to publishers in the United States for materials on carpentry, construction, plumbing, electrical wiring, auto-mechanics and so on. Many of the companies sent books and the library grew considerably.

I taught English as a second language (TESL) not only at the Trade School, but also at the Girls' Handicraft School. I hadn't been trained to teach TESL, but my two Peace Corps colleagues, Art and Jack, who had been trained in this



*Students at the Udorn Trade School.*

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(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 5)

field, assisted me. Also, I felt confident of my ability to teach English since I had learned English as a second language. My good friend, Art, joked that my students spoke English with a French Acadian accent...it was probably true. I've not completely lost my French accent, because I learned to speak English from French nuns who spoke English with a French accent.

The carpentry teachers asked if I would assist him to teach certain aspects of carpentry, i.e., how to figure out the pitch and dimensions of a roof. I became a resource person for this teacher, fulfilling somewhat my original assignment to teach carpentry. I amassed a very full schedule of teacher and activities, and soon the daily trips on my Peace Corps-issued bicycle took too much time. I was pedaling some 20 to 30 miles each day going from one school to the other and to other activities. I bought a small motor scooter with funds saved from my living allowance which allowed me to get much more done. I continued to use my bicycle to go here and there.

Today, it almost takes an act of God



*My principal, Pricha, at the Udorn Trade School.*

for the Peace Corps to allow a volunteer to use a motor scooter or motorbike —

to many volunteers have been killed or maimed in motorbike accidents. When I was a volunteer, there were so few rules, we were making them up as we went along. Today, too many rules have drained the imagination and fun out of the Peace Corps. Decades later, when I directed Peace Corps programs in Haiti, Grenada and Bulgaria, I saw that the Peace Corps had become a hidebound bureaucracy — maybe necessary — but the Peace Corps could not have been established by the bureaucracy it is today

*Roger Parent lives in South Bend, Indiana, where he served as city councilor and mayor in the 1970's and '80's. He is trustee of the South Bend Community School Corporation and found of World Dignity, a non-profit organization focused on educational programs in Thailand, India and South Bend. In 2005 he assisted victims of the Dec. 26, 2004 tsunami as deputy director of the Tsunami Volunteer Center in Khao Lak, Thailand. He and his wife, Rolande (Ouellette), have four children and six grandchildren.*

## Acadians Becoming Americans

*by Guy Dubay*

*Madawaska, ME*

In the 1850 united states census we find the family of solomon cyr, residing in madawaska plantation where we find vital cyr as being four years old. His mother's maiden name is not given in the census record, but when was the siter of joseph nadeau who went to augusta in 1853 as a state representative from hancock plantation, the name given to the fish river area before 1859. Solon=mon cyr was born in 1799 or 1800. The son of pioneer settlers of madawaska, his grandfather, jean-baptiste cyr had married judith gueret-dit dumont in kamouraska, qc. In 1767. Solomon cyr died at fort kent, maine in 1874 at the given age of 74. Acadian archives has a photo of the man, the father of vital cyr who became the first principal of madawaska training school (now umfk).

From land records we can tell that solomon cyr sold his farm in madawaska in 1852. So we may surmise that his move up to fort kent brought him in residence there at the time his brother-in-law joseph nadeau became politically active.. But what

we seek to tell here is of the boy, vital cyr.

In the 1860 u.S. Census we find him in township 18 range 7, which is fort kent, but in the 1870 u.S. Census we do not find him in fort kent listed with solomon & olive cyr's family. We find him listed in houlton, maine under the listing of james c. Madigan.

Madigan had once resided in fort kent in the 1840s. He later moved to houlton, maine where he served as an attorney and where the madigan hospital is name in honor of the family. But while in fort kent, he served as civic missionary of the state of maine to help the residents of what then was called madawaska territory to become good american citizens. His task, officially was to help the french speaking residents had to adjust from their former role as british subjects into being proper citizens of the state of maine.

The state of maine had been trying to make them citizens to this state since 1831 when the state of maine passed a law, p. & S.L chapter 151, "an act to incorporate the town of madawaska". A map of that area covers all the territory from what is

now the town of hamlin, maine on the easterly boundary of the state of maine to the town of St. Francis, maine including in some of that territory dans from present day St. Leonard, new brunswick to connors, N.B. That whole area of over 4000 square miles, during the period of the boundary dispute came to be called "the madawaska territory" and at the time it was also called "the french settlements".

Although no longer a resident of fort kent, but a resident of houlton where the superior judicial court accorded him more legal work as an attorney, madigan had not lost interest in helping the residents of madawaska territory fit in their new citizenship role.. So when he discovered among them an alert and intelligent youth, who was the nephew of fort kent's former state representative, he talked the cyr family into sending the young man to houlton academy. The youth could pay for his room and board in houlton by tutoring madigan's daughters in french and

(Continued on page 7)

# HOW A HIGH FAT KETOGENIC DIET SAVED MY LIFE

by Jeff Cyr  
Brunswick, ME

I realize some of you here have already seen these pictures of me and have read my story before. My only intent in re-writing this short story on what a ketogenic diet has done for me is to maybe give hope to some of you out there that may think there is no way out of your current situation. To maybe show you that no matter how bleak your situation may seem right now that there is a way out. I realize that following a ketogenic diet may seem a bit extreme to some of you. Some of you may be here to try and find out more information on what exactly is a ketogenic diet and what can it really do for you. Hopefully once you have read this short story some of you may be willing to give this a try. And who knows some of you may even save your own lives the way I have saved mine.

I firmly believe I was born with a pre-disposition to insulin resistance. I was always overweight as a child and at the age of 17 I weighed 345 pounds. We were always taught to eat a high carb based diet and to never eat fat or cholesterol. I went on many diets during a 30 year span I must have lost 100-130 pounds on at least six different occasions always regaining all what I had lost and a little bit more. Those of you that have seen pictures of Butter-Bob Briggs on his website where he has a picture of himself



with no shirt on at his biggest size this is also a picture of me. Only difference is I was like that at the age of 17. I wore size 48 waist pants and 3xxl shirts. I am going to start this story back in October of 1997. I was rushed to a hospital in southern Maine where I found out that they had to preform an emergency surgery on my lower back. I was diagnosed with severe lumbar spinal stenosis. The neurosurgeon had to preform what is called a laminectomy and fusion of the lumbar area (low-back) L-3 L-4 L-5 L-6 with titanium rods and screws. I had been in pain from my lower back for a very long time, for the last year before the surgery, I could barely walk but I had to keep on working as I had no health insurance. I found out after that by waiting so long for the surgery that I had done a lot of perma-

nent nerve damage from the waist down.

Fast forward to May of 2001. From an injury that happened at work I had to have what is called a cervical neck fusion. I had ruptured 3 disks in my neck area C-4 C-5 C-6 so the same neurosurgeon performed a cervical neck fusion with bone marrow in place of the disks and fused with a titanium plate and screws. And then in January of 2004 came the final blow.

From another injury at work I needed another back surgery. This time it was the mid-back (thoracic) The same neurosurgeon performed a laminectomy and fusion of T-11 T-12 with titanium rods and screws. After this final surgery I was declared permanently and totally disabled by the Doctors and the workers compensation board. I was 44 years old.

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*(Acadians Becoming Americans continued from page 6)*

on Saturday's helping with the farm chores, grooming the horses, cleaning the stables and so on. And so in the 1870 U.S. Census we find Vital Cyr, 24 in the Madigan home in Houlton. At Houlton Academy the young man would get an American education..

How Madigan came to Fort Kent to impact on Acadian life is also intriguing - since originally he came from New Castle on the Maine coast where the oldest Catholic church in New England still stands. In that parish were several Irish Catholic families including the Kavanaghs. The Madigans and the Cottesells. The later being Madigan's in-laws.

In 1843 at the time when the Treaty of Washington was being discussed in Augusta, Edward Kavanaugh, no stranger to Madawaska since he had been here in 1831, when the state organized the town as seen on the map: Kavanaugh was the

person who brought here the warrant for the first town meeting of Madawaska in August 1831 at Pierre Lizotte's house, or we should say outside of Pierre Lizotte's house since Lizotte would not let voters in.

Kavanaugh had suggested to Lizotte that he would make a good state representative. In September 1831 Lizotte was indeed elected to that office, but he turned it down, writing in a letter to Maine Governor Samuel Smith; "was born a British subject and intend to die so.. Lizotte died as an American resident of Madawaska plantation as affirmed in the 1850 U.S. Census record.

The town warrant for the meeting of August 1831 was signed by William D. Williamson of Bangor since Madawaska was presumed to be in Penobscot County as we do not as yet have Arrostook County until 1839.. So it's a Penobscot County official who signed the warrant for the meeting of the town of Madawaska under Chapter 151 of

the private & special laws of Maine of 1831.

But in 1843 Madigan from New Castle was the clerk of the Maine Senate when Edward Kavanaugh served as President of the Maine Senate.. Sitting in the legislature of the time as representative of Strong, Maine was another native of the Damariscotta-New Castle area, William Dickey. In 1849 William Dickey would follow Madigan to Fort Kent where Madigan still resided in 184 when the Bishop of Boston had visited him at Fort Kent. Now except for the good Bishop, those whom I've mentioned above, Nadeau, Kavanaugh, Madigan and Dickey were all Jacksonian Democrats.

Madigan, a parishioner of St. Patrick's of New Castle had always been on friendly terms with the Bishop since Bishop Fitzpatrick was actually the godfather of two of Madigan's daughters whom Vital Cyr would later turn up in Houlton as their tutor of French..



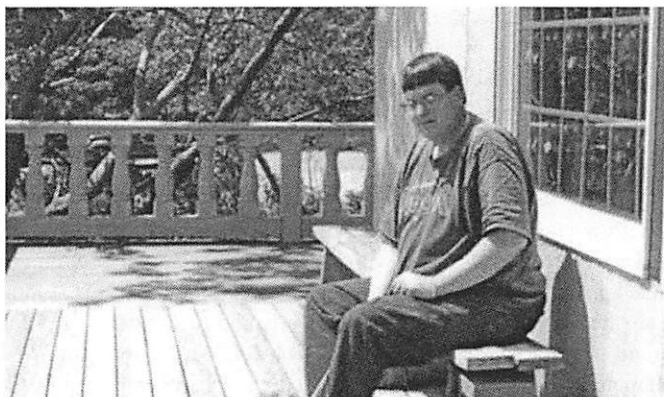
*(HOW A HIGH FAT KETOGENIC DIET  
SAVED MY LIFE continued from page 7)*

Then in April of 2005 I had to go in for hernia surgery. They had to do routine blood work before the surgery This is when I got the diagnosis of type 2 diabetes. I had a fasting blood sugar of 300 and an A1C of 12.0. The doctor put me on metformin and avandia and blood pressure medication and proceeded to tell me "Welcome to the club you'll probably have to be put on insulin in a few years. And yes he also send me to a diabetes nutritionist who fed me the typical high-carb diet whole grains fruits etc.

After my first back surgery back in 1997 I was put on pain medication. After time I was prescribed more hard core drugs eventually ending up on oral morphine in high doses. Also from all these different surgeries and fusions I was left with not very much mobility. I weighed 330 pounds and pretty much was confined to a lazy boy recliner 24-7. I was not able to lay in a bed to sleep. I had to sleep in my chair. I had to walk with a cane or a walker only very short distances. If I went to any store I had to use the motorized handicap chairs. This was especially humiliating the stares you get from people as you drive buy them in your motorized cart. This pitiful life went on like this for a while but change was coming.

In November of 2008 is when when my life started slowly to turn around. I had felt sorry for myself long enough it was time for something different. The first thing I did was to quit smoking cold turkey. I started smoking at the age of 16 and the last 10 years I had been smoking 3 packs a day. After 2 months had gone by I stopped oral Morphine cold turkey without consulting my pain management doctor. The withdrawals you hear people speak of from heroin are the same with oral morphine. These withdrawals lasted 3-4 weeks. Then in April of 2009 I started riding a recumbent stationary bike at the gym. I went on another diet and started slowly losing weight. In the span of 14 months I went from 330# to 167#. That's a total weight loss of 163#. You would think I was Healthy now right. I thought I was my doctor even told me I no longer had diabetes! My A1C was 5.9% and this led my doctor to telling me that I no longer had diabetes. At this point I was still clueless! Still clueless that an A1C of 5.9= an average blood sugar

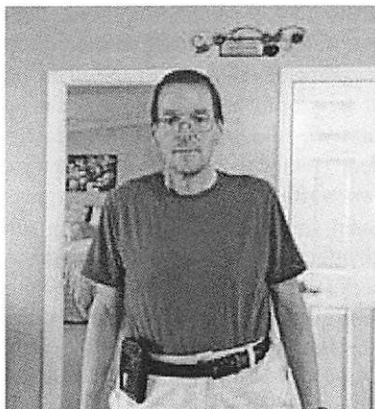
of 133. Clueless as to the level of insulin resistance inside of me. Clueless that by following the standard ADA recommendations I would have constant high blood sugar and high insulin levels floating in my blood stream. And also clueless that a weight of 167 was NOT healthy for me. I had lost body fat but during this weight loss journey I also lost a lot of muscle and bone density. Some of you may be wondering muscle and bone density? The short answer to this is when one is not fat-adapted you are still primarily a sugar burner. Problem is being a type 2 insulin resistant diabetic you can't use glucose very well so your liver ends up taking amino-acids from your muscle and bone to



*I weighed 330 pounds and pretty much was confined to a lazy boy recliner 24-7.*

maintain what is called glucose homeostasis.

Then in November of 2011 everything changed in my life you could say everything came crashing down. After a series of blood work -ultrasound scan and finally a liver biopsy I was diagnosed with an auto-immune fatal liver disease called primary sclerosing cholangitis. This liver disease attacks



*I am 55 years old but I can honestly say I feel like I was 30 years old*

the bile ducts of the liver slowly plugging up the bile ducts where bilirubin and bile

can no longer get through. This eventually causes cirrhosis of the liver leading to total liver failure. The only cure would be to get a liver transplant. I was told all this by my liver doctor and told that once diagnosed people live on average 8-10 years. Told there was no medicine nothing could be done. I suppose He was expecting me to go home sit down in my lazy boy and wait to die.

This is when I started doing research on line and one thing led to another. I started with auto-immune diseases this somehow led me to Dr. Ron Rosedale. This for me is what got everything started for me as far as educating myself on what you put in your mouth. How changing the macronutrient composition can change everything. I read everything I possibly could find watched every video that I could find online. Then I started researching Dr. Steve Phinney and Dr. Jeff Volek. I was so intrigued by this ketogenic diet I had to learn everything I possibly could. This led me to a lot of experts on this subject and I soaked everything up like a sponge. I still continue to learn about the ketogenic diet and its many benefits. In my former life of employment I was a machinist-metal fabricator-welder. So the way my mind works I had to learn all the inner workings of the ketogenic diet. How exactly everything broke down step by step in the body. Most of you will not have the interest to know any of this nor would you need to. But because of my health situation it caused me to really dig deep into this subject. I studied the ketogenic diet for one full year before implementing it into my life.

I have to go for blood work every 6 months for my liver. After 6 months my liver function panel started slowly getting better. After one year even better. The doctor said I don't know what you're doing but whatever it is keep on doing it. After 2 years all of my blood work for my liver was totally normal.

Today after almost 3 years on the ketogenic diet all of my liver function is totally normal. All of my blood work is totally normal. My doctor says he knows I still have the disease because of the results of my liver biopsy. But he also says that if he just goes by the blood work that I no longer have the disease!

Also there are a few more things that a ketogenic diet has done for me  
*(Continued on page 9)*



*(HOW A HIGH FAT KETOGENIC DIET  
SAVED MY LIFE continued from page 8)*

1- After my initial weight loss of 163# I had lost a lot of muscle and bone and was not healthy. Once I was fat-adapted and using fat as my energy source I regained that lost muscle and bone density. Today I weigh 195# and have maintained this weight for over 2 years now.

2- After having been diagnosed type 2 diabetic in April of 2005 and told I would probably need insulin in the near future. Today my fasting blood sugar is 72-83 My A1C is 4.4 which is an average blood sugar of 79. My fasting insulin is 2.2. This is all with no diabetes meds only diet.

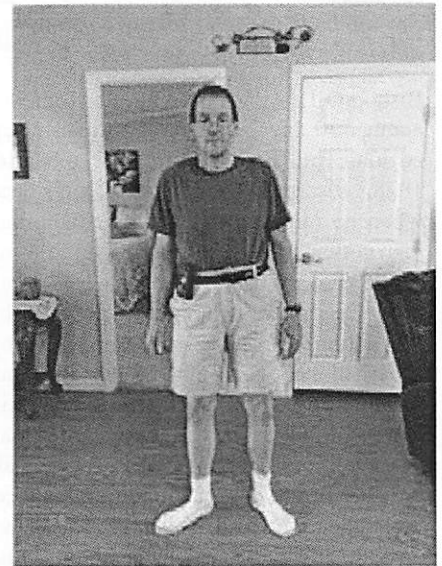
3-My cholesterol and triglycerides before ketogenic Trigs-200 HDL-29 LDL-100. My cholesterol and trigs today Trigs-38 HDL-105 LDL-64

4- My pain that I have from all my surgeries is much more manageable with a ketogenic diet. I am still drug free.

5-I still need a cane or walker to walk but I no longer need a handicap motorized cart in stores.

I am still confined pretty much to my lazy boy chair and still cannot lay in a bed to sleep. But I still ride my stationary bike every morning. I am 55 years old but I can honestly say I feel like I was 30 years old. I am full of energy and have very clear thinking. I now feel good about my life for the first time in a long time. I feel that I have many many more years ahead of me! And I truly believe that this is only possible because of the ketogenic diet!

Thank you to everyone that took the time to read!



*Today after almost 3 years on the  
ketogenic diet...*

## Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History

*by Don Cyr  
Lille, ME*

When Don Cyr first came to the Saint John Valley, it was to teach art in Van Buren. He had been born in Edmundston, N.B. and had grown up in Presque Isle, attending school in Presque Isle and Orono. He had been an antique collector since 13 years of age which he financed by delivering the Bangor Daily News during his junior high and high school years. When the rectory in Lille came up for rent in 1977, he jumped at the opportunity and his collection was large enough to outfit the 14 room house. He then started his collection of Acadian furniture and artifacts that is the base of the collection of the Musée.

The winter vacation at Christmas, 1977 afforded him the opportunity to go to Italy to visit art museums and photograph artwork that he would use to teach art history. While packing to leave for the trip, he left a light on upstairs in the rectory. Two weeks into his trip someone turned off the main electrical switch that was located on the front porch. The furnace did not come on and the rectory froze on a -45° night, ruining the heating and plumbing. The parish then had to decide what to do with the building while Don continued to live in it, without heat from the end of February to June, when his teaching contract finished. It was a very discouraging time. Don moved

his antique collection into the Violette house on Main Street in Van Buren, spent the winter of 1978 living in the Sirois house at the Acadian Village and the summers of 1977-78 working as the chef in a "summer cottage" on 700 Acre Island, in Penobscot Bay. While there he started the process of buying the Rectory from the Bishop of

he was unemployed, but he had decided he wanted to live in Lille and made up a list of 75 things he could do there to make a living. The bank was very understanding, those times being much more informal in lending practices. The loan was approved on the promise that Don would "pick bottles to pay the mortgage if necessary".

The problem with the loan was that Don wanted to use his Maine State Retirement funds for the down-payment of the loan. When he applied for the reimbursement, he was informed that he had a 60 day waiting period before the money could be freed. The bank was ready to close the loan. Don started praying for a 60 day delay to the closing and his prayers were answered in an astounding way. He was buying the rectory from the Bishop of Portland, who is the "corporate sole" of all of the church property in his Diocese. Pope Paul VI died on August 6, 1978 in Rome, and the Cardinals, going into conclave, necessitated replacements for their offices. Bishop O'Leary was one of those who had to immediately go to Rome and the deed to the rectory went unsigned for the 30 days he was gone. John Paul I's tenure was 33 days (Aug 26 to Sept. 28, 1978) when he died suddenly, due to not taking his medication. (Continued on page 10)



*Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, P.E.I.*

Portland, as the parish council had decided to sell it. Father Bolduc had informed Don that the church, Notre-Dame-du-Mont-Carmel, in Lille, would be closing in the near future, which it did in the autumn of 1978. Father Bolduc died after a brief illness, brain cancer. He had been living in the rectory of Grand Isle. This crisis resulted in the sale of the rectory. Don was third on a list of buyers, but the first two backed out. Don was able to secure a mortgage even though

(Continued from page 9 *Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History*)

Bishop O'Leary had to return to Rome for another 30 days while the Cardinals elected John Paul II as Pontiff, on October 16, 1978. Bishop O'Leary signed Don's deed when he returned to Portland. Don had just gotten his money from Maine State Retirement and had \$9 more than he needed.

Don moved into the rectory in the late autumn of 1978. He was greeted by a parishioner who came to the door and informed him that he was not wanted in Lille and that he should leave. That man had a very red face, probably from the air pressure of the door slamming in his face. Welcome to town! He managed to survive on \$200 a month teaching a painting class in the Van Buren Adult Ed. Program on Tuesdays at the Community center where he got a weekly shower in the locker room. There was no water or toilet in his house. He spent most of his time tearing out all modern additions to the interior to return in to its' 1896 state. The project continues to this writing in 2014, but is nearly finished.

The other event that happened when he moved in was the start of a lawsuit brought against the Bishop of Portland, who sold the rectory, Don Cyr, who bought the rectory, and Normand Daigle, who bought the barn. The originator of the lawsuit was "La Fabrique", a group of Lille residents who did not agree with the decision of the parish council to sell the rectory and barn. The parish council represented the combined parishes of Notre-Dame-du-Mont-Carmel in Lille and St-Gérard-Majella in Grand Isle. La Fabrique wanted the Lille church reopened and felt that it was beneath the dignity of a Bishop to go to court, and hoped he would avoid that by reopening the church. The problem was that they were challenging the authority of the office on Bishop in the U.S. and it was obligatory for the Bishop to protect that authority. Don, Normand and the Bishop engaged four law firms, the Bishop having two, and the Vatican collected the documents of 11 similar cases in the United States; the most notable was against the Archdiocese of Chicago. All 11 cases had been thrown out of court because they were seen as ecclesiastical, not civil, in nature. It took from 1979 to 1983 for this to also be thrown out of court. Meanwhile, the church was still standing, thanks to the legal action, but it was unheated in an unusually cold period where one winter the frost went down 12 feet. There was also

a 5.7 earthquake that centered at Mount Carleton, N.B., on January 9, 1982. There were aftershocks until March 31. The result of the frost and earthquakes was that the southeast facing foundation buckled and needed to be reinforced. This foundation was sixty feet long and twelve feet deep. The Bishop had hemlock beams installed in the basement to hold the foundation.

On May 8, 1983, the Association culturelle et historique du Mont-Carmel was incorporated. Richard Rhoda, attorney from Houlton, whose wife is Cecilia Beaulieu of Madawaska, had volunteered his services, and Bishop O'Leary of Portland had offered

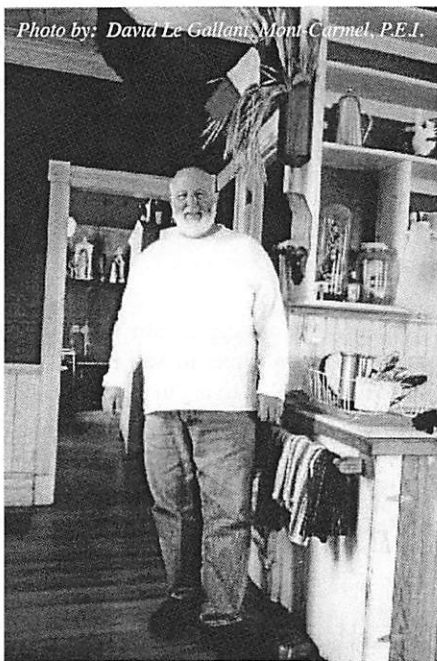


Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, P.E.I.

Don Cyr

to donate the church building to the association. Twenty two board members from all over the northern and central Aroostook, as well as northwestern New Brunswick, voted to accept the church building. They set up committees and made the decision to restore the building to the state it was in in 1910. They gave the OK to hire a historic architect to make a restoration plan, prioritizing projects, and adhering to the guidelines set by the Secretary of the Interior for historic preservation. Because the building is on the National Register of Historic Places (thanks to the Madawaska Historical Society in 1973) it is necessary to follow the guidelines in order to qualify for funding from federal agencies as well as private foundations. This would not have happened if Boyd Pryor would not have offered to help. Boyd was an artist from Portage Lake who was in business with Don Cyr

doing portraits and landscapes at malls, craft fairs, and studio work. Boyd appreciated the architectural value of the building and was willing to help get things going, do design work, and help find funding for projects.

Previously, Don and Normand Daigle had met with the Bishop after the lawsuit had been thrown out of court. All three agreed not to countersue "La Fabrique". The Bishop recognized that their intentions were honorable. They just went about achieving their objective the wrong way. What did happen, however was that the building was saved from destruction as a contractor, Marius Levesque, had already been hired to tear the building down. In the meantime, the building was locked up and protected, giving Don the necessary time (5 years) to gain the confidence of the Bishop. Don met with him every time he was in the region as well as a couple of times in Portland, where he also gathered information on the building from the diocesan archives. When the lawsuit ended, the Bishop expressed a dilemma he had to Don. He realized that tearing down the building would only rum salt in the wound, but he didn't know what he could do with the building. This was at the beginning of parish consolidations and they didn't have a lot of experience repurposing church property. Don volunteered that it was an important piece of architecture, and one of the very few beautiful buildings in the Valley. Very few historic buildings had been saved in their original locations and the village of Lille was unspoiled, having changed less than any other in the Valley. He followed that it would make a great museum and cultural performances could be presented there, as long as they were in keeping with the atmosphere of the former church. There were three performance spaces: The sanctuary seating 450, the sacristy seating 120, and the basement seating 250. A twenty-five mile radius of Lille encompasses an area supporting a population of at least 50,000 people. The Bishop said he would take it under advisement and that an organization should be incorporated. When the incorporation happened, the building was donated, with all of its contents. The Bishop also became the first member, and gave a sizeable personal donation.

#### **Background:**

The church building is the third in the parish of Notre-Dame-du-Mont-Carmel. The parish was founded in 1847 at the foot of Mount Carmel on the town line between

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(Continued from page 10 *Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History*)

Grand Isle and Madawaska. The priest from St. Basile had been crossing the river to say mass since 1840. With the Webster-Ashburton Treaty fixing the international boundary in 1842, residents in Grand Isle sought permission to build a chapel, and got permission from the Bishop of Boston, Benedict Fenwick, who had sponsored an Irish-Catholic community in Benedicta, on the Aroostook / Penobscot border. The chapel was built in 1847. Archbishop Fitzpatrick, Fenwick's successor, visited the region in 1847 and noted the building of the chapel in his journal. It is interesting that he noted the building of the second church in Frenchville, replacing one that was too small for the growing community. The chapel at Mount-Carmel was built of hand-hewn square logs in Baroque style. This was meant to be a very fancy building. Some of the wealthiest citizens in the Valley lived close by. There were problems, however. The first was that a "miracle spring" close by was causing hysteria. The church tends to be wary of uncertified miracles and is cautious of miraculous claims. Dunking colicky babies in an icy spring was discouraged and added one cause for the relocation of the chapel. The other cause was the erection of a new church in St. David, just five miles northwest. St. Bruno's church in Violette Brook, now Van Buren, was nearly 25 miles from St. David, and St. Bruno's was being relocated a couple of miles southeast. It was clear that the Mount Carmel chapel would be better located further to the southeast, across from Sainte-Anne-de-Madawaska, New Brunswick. Another factor in the move was the controversy that the chapel caused in reference

to the Carmelist movement that sought to detach from the Diocese of New Brunswick and attach to the Archdiocese of Boston. This meant that the Parish of St. Basile was to be partitioned, losing nearly half of its members, those who resided in Maine. The parishioners left would have to support the parish alone, always a difficult prospect that causes enmity. The Carmelists thought that

they could get a priest. St. Bruno in Van Buren, St. Lucé in Frenchville, and St. Mary's in Houlton had resident priests. The movement to separate was justified by the political division that had taken place in 1842. Other problems included the difficulty of crossing



Photo by: Joseph Don Cyr, Lille, Maine

*Main altar being restored*

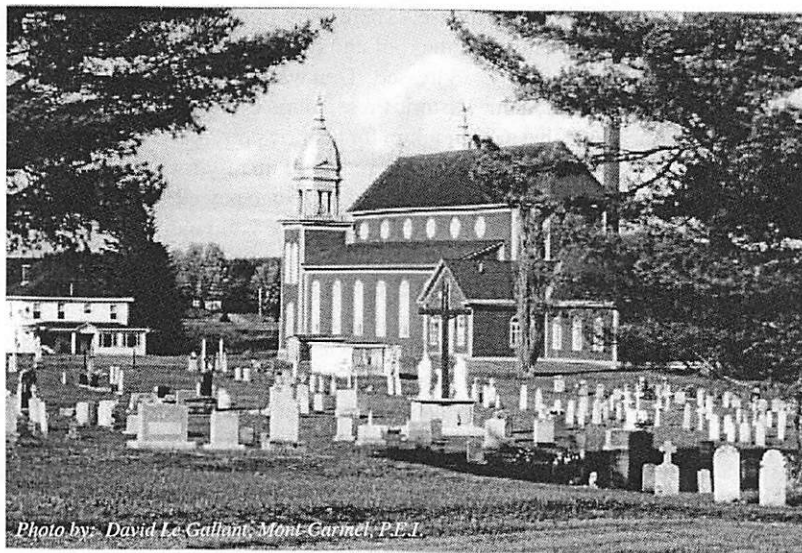
the river at freeze-up and ice-out times, the discount on American money, and the uncooperativeness of Fr. Langevin, pastor of St. Basile, in providing baptismal, mar-

a score of years. The Mount Carmel chapel was served by Fr. Henri Dionne of Frenchville and later his replacement, Fr. Sweron, a priest from Belgium. The chapel never had a resident priest and found itself too close to St. David when it became a parish in 1870.

This meant that there was a twenty mile void between churches. It was decided that the Mount Carmel chapel would better serve its parish by moving down river. Parishioners in what is now Lille, seeing the frame going up five miles downriver from them made an offer; if it was moved there, they would donate all of the finish work. The newer location was also half way between St. David and St. Bruno. What had been constructed was raised and moved to the present location of the parish. Legend says that the Mount Carmel chapel was torn down and the logs were used for framing the new church. Also bodies in the cemetery were exhumed and relocated next to the new church. There were dissenters. A legend says that one dissenter stole the clapper out of the bell, so when the priest, Fr. Gingras, pulled the bell rope for the first mass in the new church, there was no sound. Enraged, he announced at mass that the person who stole the clapper would die if it was not returned by the next Saturday. Fr. Gingras found the clapper on

the rectory step so the bell sounded for mass and Fr. Gingras announced that he had postponed the first funeral in the new church.

In 1896, Fr. Gingras moved into a new rectory, the one that still stands. Its placement demonstrated that a new church was being planned because the buildings would form a cross. Fr. Gingras died before his plans were fulfilled, so Fr. Richer had the new church built. The architect was Théophile Daoust of Montréal. They wanted a unique building,



*Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, P.E.I.*

riage, and burial information to the State of Maine. The real and most legitimate reason was the erection of the international border and a parish that crossed it. The Carmelists petitioned Pope Pius IX. The result was that in 1864, the Pope answered by attaching the American side of the valley to the newly created Diocese of Portland, Maine. The chapel at Mount Carmel was not to last but

meaning the plans would not be reused, as most others were. Louis Jobin, sculptor from Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré, Québec, was commissioned to carve three statues. One was of our Lady of Mont-Carmel, and two others were trumpeting archangels. These were carved in pine and covered with hammered tin to protect them from the weather.

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Jobin was the most accomplished sculptor at the time, so the new church was going to be something special. The original plans still exist. They were donated by Marie Gagné of Edmundston. She was the daughter of the contractor who built the church, Léonide, Gagné. He had just finished building the new St. Lucé church in Frenchville. Léonide altered the original plans, changing the style from Romanesque to Ancient Roman. He also shortened the overall length by about twenty feet, eliminated two windows, and a balcony behind the altar. He made the choir loft thirteen feet shallower. He changed the ceiling vault by eliminating the coffers, and added intersecting vaulting that would allow for statues of the twelve apostles on the cornice, high above the nave. These changes resulted in a simpler, seemingly wider, and better lit design. This happened in 1908-9. The building was dedicated on New Year's Day, 1910. It was not consecrated because it is

a wooden structure. Only brick or stone structures are consecrated because they are seen as permanent. The old rectory, directly behind the church became a temporary sacristy and the old church was saved for use as a convent school. That was accomplished when the Daughters of Wisdom were invited in 1919. The old church was altered, adding a third floor for the nuns, while the first two floors were for classrooms. Life for the nuns was not easy. It was cold and there was no running water in the beginning. They also grew their own food.

#### Beginnings of the Musée:

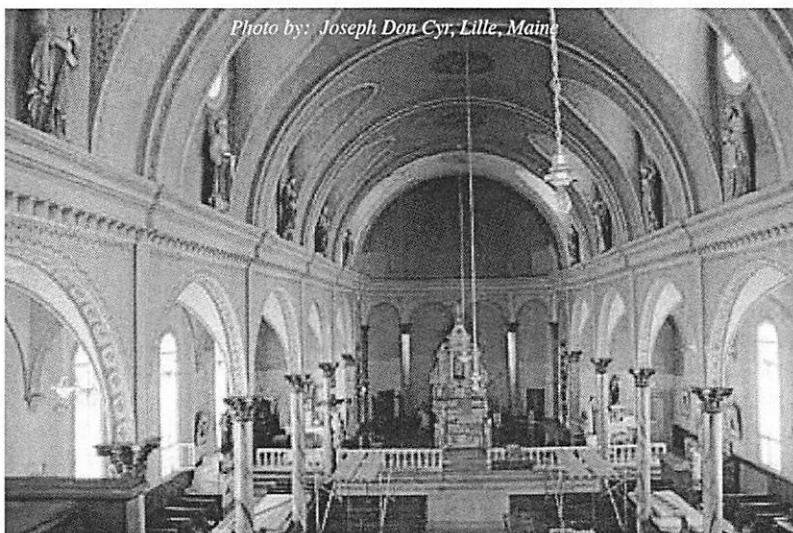
The first project for the new museum was to remove anything that was a modern addition. A half wall, entry to the cellar, and a modern confessional were removed, replacing them with pews found in the barn. A carpeted platform was removed from the altar area and the old altar was placed back against the wall. The first concert, sponsored by the Maine Humanities Council's "Music in Baroque Culture" project, was in 1984, when Shirley Mathews, a harpsichordist, played a candle-lit concert that demonstrated the great acoustics and enchanted atmosphere of the former church. Sister

Rose Duperry did La Sagouine, a dramatic monologue of an Acadian charwoman. Sister Rose was 83 and had the large audience in stitches. Over the years there have been many concerts, many making regular returns such as "Barachois" and Acadian band doing traditional music and humor. Their first time in the Valley was a joint concert with the Acadian Village. "Eight Strings and a Whistle", a classical trio from New York City, has performed in Lille more than 10 times.

Then restoration of the former church has been the primary focus for the last thirty years. The first five years was mostly labor

to as "Don's church" we are damaged in the eyes of out funders who cannot fund religious institutions. The church is not Don's and it isn't a church. As of 2014, \$2,650,000 has been raised. There have been two major Maine Community Development Block Grants, \$350,000 and \$150,000, that did major projects. Most of the grants were between \$5,000 and \$20,000, the majority around \$10,000. That means that there have been hundreds of grants funded. Considering that only about half of the grants written were funded; grant-writing has been the major challenge over the years, not the resto-

ration. Don learned about grant-writing when he was appointed to serve on various councils and commissions that approve grants. Reading, critiquing, and defending hundreds of grants was a great education. It prepared the way for writing effective grants and spreading the news about the musée. Don has had help in grant-writing as well. David Wylie, Terry Helms, and Sheila Jans have all been a tremendous help in writing, as well as implementing the projects.



with little expense. There were immediate problems with the roof and foundation that needed to be addressed. Don was informed by the Maine Historic Preservation Commission that a referendum for historic preservation was coming up. We would qualify for some of the money if the referendum passed, so we helped pass it by getting the word out in the area. A local resident has promised \$80,000 if we could match it, so this was inducement to raise that money. The Musée got a \$31,000 grant in 1989. Losses in the stock market, causing a recession, wiped out the savings of the resident, so a bank-loan was secured. This "primed the pump", and the next year, another \$30,000 grant was secured, as well as another loan, with a donor guaranteeing the first. This was the beginning of a process of finding trusts and foundations, as well as government agencies that were willing to fund the restoration of the former church. It was necessary to establish it as a museum and not sponsor any religious activities. That was not difficult because it was the agreement we had made with the Bishop's office. The difficulty is to change the perception on the part of the public. Every time the building is referred

The projects that have been undertaken were laid out in a comprehensive plan written by a historic architect, Sylvanus Doughty of Gardner, Maine. He prioritized the projects so that the building would be stabilized before any cosmetic work could be done. Budget was always a factor, as matching money had to be raised for any project, no foundation being willing to fund 100%. Donors and other foundations were solicited. We found that doing the infrastructure first was the wisest choice as the cosmetic projects were the easiest to raise money for.

The first project was to repair the foundation that had buckled in the earthquake mentioned earlier. The building was jacked ½ inch off of the sills. The sills should have been replaced then, but the budget didn't allow for it and no donor could be found for it. Pilings were stacked under to support the building. This was completed at 4:30 pm on July 3, 1985. At 6 pm the same day an earthquake shook the foundations and the stone foundation under the altar let go. That foundation was originally four feet deep and three feet thick. The cellar there was fun-

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nel-shaped with a stub wall shoring up the earth, making room for the furnace. Over the years, the stub wall had fallen over and the earth was sliding, exposing the bottom of the foundation, above. This old foundation wall collapsed in the earthquake. The cribbing held well and there was no damage to the structure. When cleaning up, we found the cornerstone of the building with seven carved crosses etched into it, which had been in the foundation under the altar. New foundations were installed under the altar and the southeast foundation was replaced. The other project done at this time was re-shingling the main roof. The old asphalt tiles were removed down to the original layer of wood shingles. New asphalt shingles were installed over the wood shingles. This was done due to lack of money to do it correctly and the new roof immediately failed as shingles behind the chimney blew off one week later, but the wooden shingles held. The lesson learned from this was not to take shortcuts, and the roof would have to be completely redone later.

The largest project undertaken was a Maine Community Development Block Grant project for \$350,000. David Wylie wrote the grant in 1997, which was sponsored by the Town of Grand Isle. This project was for the building infrastructure. It was important to stabilize then structure before any historic preservation projects could happen. Sylvanus Doughty, historic architect, headed the project and Diane LaChance was administrator. The main focus was to build an addition with handicap access at the northwest rear of the building. The location was chosen because the landscape sloped up in that direction and there was an unsafe old entrance there that had connected the building to the former convent that had been converted from an older church building, built in 1869. That building has been raised and what was left was not on a foundation and was a leaking eyesore. It was decided that the new addition should resemble the front of the old church façade, minus the belfry. This addition necessitated much work to the northwest foundation wall that tapered in depth from twelve feet at the street end, to eight feet in depth at the rear. A stairway leading to the cellar was a part of this project. An underground spring became a problem so

a full cellar with sealed concrete floor was installed and concrete braces and stub walls stabilized the north foundation. This entrance has a handicap accessible rest room as well as entrances to the main sanctuary and sacristy. Other parts of this project included adding a new furnace to the heating system, and rewiring the whole building in conduit. A new chimney was the first part of the proj-

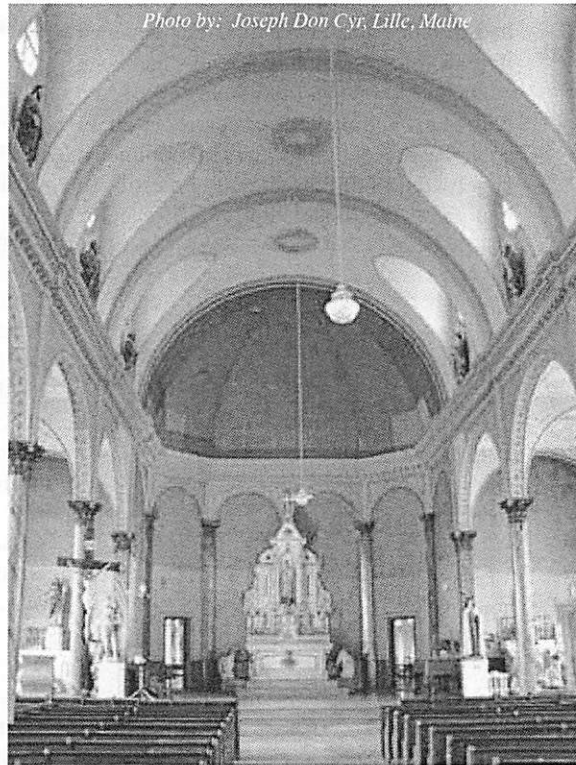


Photo by: Joseph Don Cyr, Lille, Maine

ect and was done in the autumn before the rest of the project because the old chimney was in danger of immediate collapse. The chimney is 4'square and 80 feet tall. If it would have collapsed, it would have fallen in on the altar, taking out everything down to the basement. Desjardins Masonry of Van Buren did the tile-lined double brick project in three weeks. A new roof was put on the sacristy chapel as well. A grant from the Libra Foundation in Portland purchased asphalt roofing for all of the roofs of the building. It was urgent because the red color was being discontinued. The original cedar shingle roof had been painted iron oxide red, a fire retardant. In the construction of the addition, a discovery of the original paint colors of the former church was made. This happened when the original addition was razed; exposing a part of the main building that had intact original paint. Three Corbin sisters, who remembered the construction of the church in 1909, had reported that the building was green and gold. A postcard postmarked from 1910 had a note written on

it that the angels were gold. Original photographs of the building from 1909 showed that the body color of the building was very dark and the trim was light. Samples of the colors were taken and Benjamin Moore paint, the very best for our climate, matched the colors exactly. The new addition was primed with tints lighter than what the building would become. This was done to prepare the public for the shock of the original colors, because these colors had not been seen on the building since the 1930s, when the colors were changed to grey and white with silver cupolas and angels. The building was painted all white, keeping the silver, in the 1960s. The public had become accustomed to the white color. Because the Board of Directors had decreed that the building would be restored to its original state, it was just a matter of finding the original colors.

Painting and insulating the building was made possible by a new \$150,000 Maine Community Development Block Grant project in 2007, again written and administered by David Wylie and sponsored by the Town of Grand Isle. The project started three years before the grant was written with the restoration of the 52 exterior windows. This was a major project where all of the glass was removed and all the paint was scraped off down to the wood. This included the window trim. The wood was repaired and filled with epoxy putty, and liquid epoxy was applied. A final coat of white paint, the original color of the sashes, was applied and the original glass was reinstalled. Old windows with wavy glass were collected from donors and glass repairs were made from them. This project took two summers. The third summer before the grant was scraping and painting the façade of the building. This labor acted as a match for the CDBG project. Terry Helms, Marc Garcia, Bill Parent, Aurelle Collin, Derek LaPointe, and Don Cyr helped with the window and façade projects. The façade was very difficult to scrape, but it was all done by hand, and progress was slow. The original paint had a lot of linseed oil in it and it was gummy, with two layers of hard paint over it. The original paint was applied in two coats, with a brownish yellow prime coat and a transparent grey-green coat applied over it, resulting in a dark green. Insulation was blown into the walls and ceilings before the paint was applied to the rest of the building.

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The building is balloon-framed so the insulation easily filled the wall cavities from the top down. The framing timbers are 3'x5' rough cut, making a large cavity to insulate. The painting of the main building was done in 200?. All of the old paint was removed with a "paint shaver" that is approved for historic preservation work. The tinted prime coat was done in Alkyd paint, and the two finish coats were latex. The lower metal roofs were painted tile red with elastomeric paint. This paint expands and contracts with the metal roof according to temperature.

The main roof was redone in 200?. The roof mentioned before was getting worse with each wind storm so we needed to do something about it quickly. The question was how to get the funding as all grants require a match. We put on a concert with Acadian singer Angele Arseneault. After the concert, Don was on his way to the bank to deposit the funds, but stopped at the store in Grand Isle. While there he left the money bag on the counter by mistake. Someone picked it up in the few minutes that it took to notice it was gone. This made the news statewide. A reporter asked what we were going to do to make up for the lost money. Don said that it would have to come out of the funds raised for the roof. The result was that a couple of weeks later, Larry and Audrey Thibodeau of Presque Isle offered to pay for the roof, so the lost money was replaced ten-fold.

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then the interior wooden sculpture would decompose, leaving the zinc and lead shell. This happened sometimes, and here in Lille, it happened to some extent with one of the angels and the Lady of Mont-Carmel statue over the front door, which is also a Jobin statue. That statue had been adorning the old church that the present building replaced.

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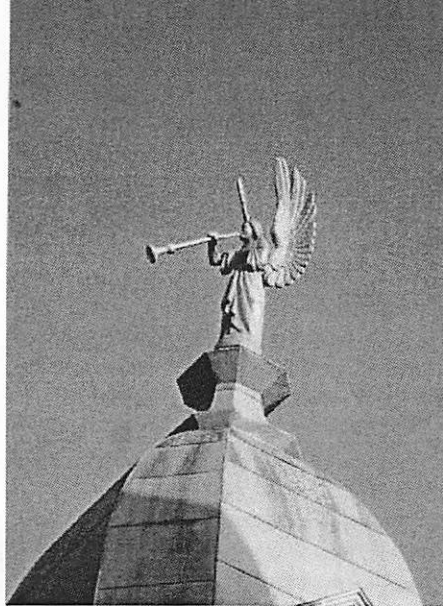
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The next step was to raise money to put the angels up. We decided that even a helicopter would have a hard time with this. I realized that St Pascal's church was made of stone, so concrete statues would make sense to them. Our building is a wood frame construction so we opted to recast the sculptures in fiberglass with a steel understructure. Glenn Hines had expressed misgivings about fiberglass a few years earlier because the fumes are toxic, so we had to find someone else for the recasting. Eric Joseph was available. We got a grant from the Maine Acadian Heritage Council for this. The casting was not easy and the separator liquid in the mold did not work. The fiberglass was sealed to the rubber mold. Unfortunately, the rubber had to be cut and ground away and the cost doubled. Terry Helms assisted Eric in this and finished the project after Eric left. The result was spectacular, however.

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Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, P.E.I.



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Once the towers we completed and the museum was painted, the Balustrades on the two towers, just under the colonnaded domes had to be made. The ones that were there were simple railings made of 4x4s, not the originals. They were plain replacements that didn't go with the rest of the building. We had photos of the building with the originals, but not one of the 104 turned posts had survived. We enlarged the photo to get the profile of the posts and measured it, comparing it to a part of a window that was the same. The length came to be 13 inches. We got 4x4 cedar from Louis Pelletier at Allagash Woodworking and turned the posts in the chapel, a temporary workshop over the winter. Each post took one hour to turn, but the lathe could only work well for a couple of hours. In spring, the posts were attached to double rails, taken up onto the towers and attached to the refitted corner posts. The only thing that remains to be done is the eight finials that top each corner post. These will each be 12 x 12 x 18, in the shape of an urn.

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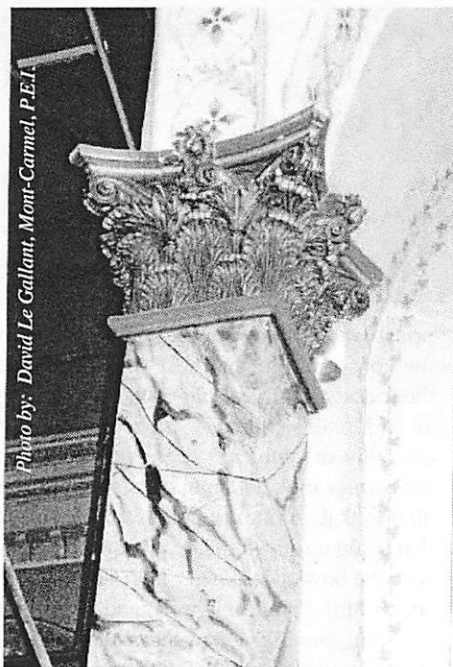
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**Interior work:**

The restoration of the interior of the Musée has been ongoing since the beginning in 1983. Once the modern additions were removed, investigation work began to see if what was left matched the 1910 photos we acquired from Martine Pelletier of Van Buren. She had a collection of two glass plate negatives of the interior. The negatives were very large and had extraordinary detail. I went up into the choir loft and removed a piece of the zinc panels that covered all of the ceilings and walls of the interior. Aurelle Collin, a lifetime resident of the house across the street from the former church remembered the zinc (most think of it as tin) panels being installed in the late 1920s. It took the full summer as we installed as a fire preventative as well as a cover for cracks in the plaster. It had been painted white with gold trim. There were three patterns: a fleur-de-lys (French lily) pattern for the walls, a leaf and star pattern for under the arches, and a star-flower pattern for the ceiling. I found that the stencils depicted in the photos were still intact under the zinc. Luckily, they had been covered, but never repainted. I scraped some of the paint on the cornice. The cornice had been painted in the 1964 redecoration where the walls were painted a pinkish brown and the ceiling was painted light blue with darker blue details. It was latex paint, a new type of paint at the time. Thankfully, they did not use primer. The result was that is scraped off by lightly flaking off the top paint layer. This was a tedious, but not too difficult task. The problem was that the cornice was 25 feet above the floor with pews in the way. We quickly found that scaffolding would fit in between the pews most of the time and that scraping paint for an hour at a time was the safest way to get a good result. I found that after an hour, I was getting careless, so I decided to work an hour each day on it and do other things, such as zinc panel removal which was tedious, but a different sort of tedium and provided balance to the muscle cramping that doing one repetitive task would cause. Good music helped a lot because the acoustics inside the building are so great. A compact disc lasts 45 minutes to an hour so it served as a timer as well. When the museum was open, I would keep the music off so that I could direct visitors from atop the scaffolding.

Some interesting exchanges resulted. A few times, visitors thought that they were alone while I was 25 feet up. I would sometimes answer their questions without

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warning. One lady thought the building was haunted at first. Another time a local man came in and reported that he had painted the cornice that I was diligently working on, removing his work. He said that the farmers in the parish each worked at painting the interior when they had a few hours to spare. I told him that it that it would probably take about 500 hours to remove the paint that had been put on in at least 1/5 the time. I said that if he ever felt a pain in his back, that it was probably me using a voodoo doll on him.

He said that the painting was done as the result of the Second Vatican Council. The altar was removed and modified so that it could face the people, the communion rail was removed and the two side altars were destroyed, as was the reredos (ornate upper part of the altar). It was a time of renewal and little thought was paid to preservation. Luckily, the parish was not rich, so they modified and covered rather than destroy too much.

Another time a man and his wife came in and he was showing

here where he used to sit at mass when he was young. I have been visited by a Sister who was a Daughter of Wisdom, who taught at the parish school before it was closed. (The difference between a Sister and a Nun is that a Sister teaches or nurses and can go out in public; whereas Nuns are cloistered and never see the public.) She said that she was in charge of the children at mass. I was a bit surprised that the children didn't sit with their parents. She said that each autumn the parish auctioned the pews in lieu of collecting seat money each Sunday. So each family bid on a pew, their name was put on the pew that was assigned to them and to them alone. Some pews were saved in front for the Sisters and visitors. There was no way that a family of 12 to 20 children could all sit in a pew of six, so all of the school children would sit in the northwest aisle with a Sister in the middle. All of the students that she needed to keep an eye on would sit in front of her and the ones she say a more mature would sit behind her. I guess moving to the rear was a kind of rite of passage. The wiggly kids were watched and always mindful of the presence of the Sister. If she had to get up to settle them down, the whole congregation noticed with fascination (any unusual occurrence becomes extra fascinating

ing and/or funny at Mass) and the parents of the offender took special notice and that guaranteed another ordeal when they got out after Mass. All that said; the man was showing his place up front. I spoke out from the scaffolding; as if I was a messenger from above that he must have been a "bad boy" not to be sitting behind the Sister. He, red faced, had to admit that was probably true. His wife had no doubt and seemed very satisfied in then interpretation. He said that a "bad boy" had different meaning then because any infraction, no matter how small, was dealt with. One time when the

Dustin Deschaine did most of this removal work on the ceiling 40 feet up in the winter of 2015. There are small nails every three inches all around each panel where in overlaps the next panel. Each panel is 2 feet by 3 feet. Each small nail had to be pried out with an upholsterer's tack puller. The result was 10 gallons of nails. For some reason we saved them. Each had to be picked up from the pews and the floor. We used a magnet on a long handle that worked very well. No matter how many times you look, however, you can always find a stray nail. The plaster under the tin was dirty but in

much better shape than we hoped. It is interesting that the dirt bears the impression of the design on the panels and each lath under the plaster stands out. It must be the static electricity that causes this, but every lath is clearly defined, only to be lost as the plaster has been cleaned. Near the altar, the cleaning is more difficult because candle smoke was waxy. The building had been heated with coal for a time in its history so that resulted in soot. The dust and soot penetrated everywhere.

With all of the plaster exposed now, it is evident how the plaster was applied. The plaster was mixed with very fine sawdust and has the feel of pottery. The original paint adhered very well had has not peeled. There are definite places where it appears that the plaster has cracked. On closer inspection it is really where the plaster separated at the seams created at the finish of a day's work and the beginning to the work of the next day. At the end of each day then plaster was tapered so that it could be overlapped the next day. This is where it failed. Perhaps the overlapping parts should have been wet before new work? The result is that these cracks are regular and occur horizontally every six feet. It is possible to figure how many days it took to plaster the interior. They worked from top to bottom and it had to have taken months. They must have done all of the painting as they went and there had to be a forest of scaffolding over the entire interior at the same time. The paint on the woodwork is very stable as a thin layer of gesso, a mix of plaster and glue was used as a primer. It doesn't peel, but it is necessary to have a light touch in scraping it because small ridges in the gesso cause the original paint to be scraped

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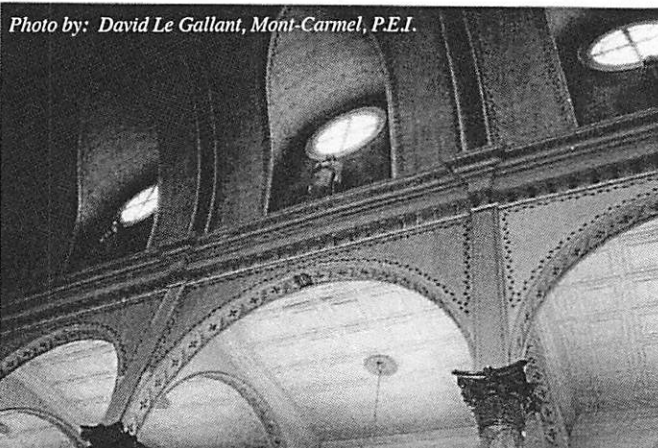


Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, P.E.I.

priest was holding up the wine chalice at the consecration (the most solemn part of the Mass, a four year old exclaimed, "King sized Coke!" Sorry, I am rambling, but aren't those rambles fun? It turned out that the cornice took 500 hours to scrape and the altar took the same amount of time. I found that using a soup spoon was best if I used it with the bowl side down. The curves of the spoon fit the moldings well, and the spoon was dull enough not to harm the original stenciled paint beneath. The paint that we were trying to save was a hand mixed enamel paint with stencils and hand painted details of Acanthus, Maple, Oak, and Olive leaves as well as gold leafed Daisies. There were also gold leafed stripes on molding edges. I all the cornice was three feet high with brackets every three inches beneath. There were five places on the cornice to scrape. Depending on where the sun had affected the paint, some parts were each while others were difficult to save all of the original paint. I found that using my artist's oil paints, I can match the colors and touch up the scratches and the original paint comes clear like new from the viewpoint on the floor. A future restorer will know up close, what is original.

Then plaster under the zinc panels are another sort of challenge. Terry Helms and



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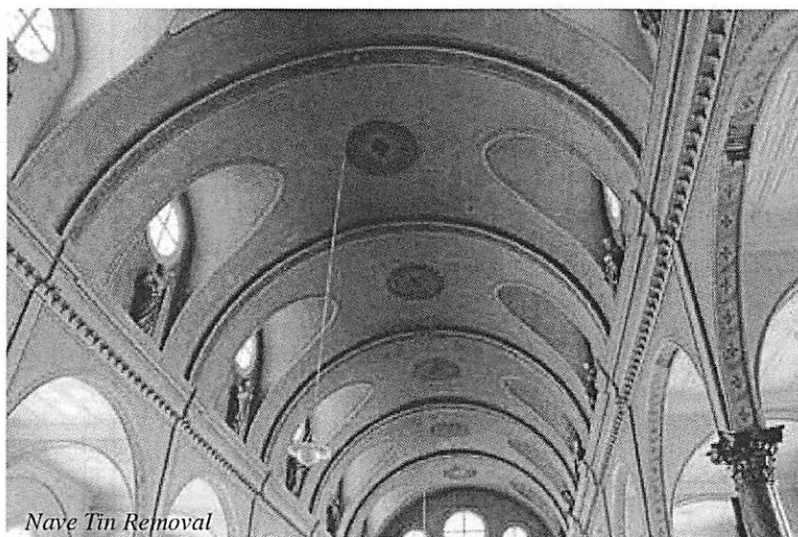
off. If this sounds tedious; it was. Luckily, all of the original finishes were intact.

The restoration of the Chapel, known as the Sacristy, has also been ongoing. The Chapel was meant to the celebration of daily Mass and contained the confessionals and the cabinets that contained the priest's vestments. The vestments were very elaborately made of rich fabrics with embroidery and a lot of lacework. They are also in various colors for the different seasons of the liturgical calendar as well as black for funerals. They are sets in red, yellow, white, green, and violet. There are large drawers for these so that they don't need to be folded. There are also closets for capes and banners and altar hangings. We have a set of large banners of black and gold for funerals. These hung from columns and walls. Some are 12 feet long. Windows were also draped in black. It must have been spectacular as funerals are the most beautiful ceremonies in the Catholic liturgy.

The chapel is a special place because it is easily heated and has exceptional acoustics. It is an elegant and intimate space with

room for 100 people. We have most of our concerts there. The restoration of this room has been ongoing almost from the beginning. It was painted green and had a blue cove ceiling. All of that paint was scraped off to reveal the original paint beneath over a period of 30 years, one bit at a time. Stencils abound on the ceiling. Because the room had not been photographed, we had to carefully scrape all of the paint. We knew that there were stencils, but didn't know how extensive they were. After the scraping, the ceiling needed to be scrubbed to get off all of the paint residue. That took 60 hours, working one hour at a time, scrubbing overhead. This was done in Lent as a penance, so Easter was really a celebration. After the cleaning, paint was applied only where it was missing. The result is that approximately 90% of the original paint was saved.

The woodwork was originally grain painted to resemble Oak. This included the wainscoting that was scraped to reveal the original paint. This was a difficult task and not all of the original paint was salvageable. That was repainted and spot painted where necessary. At this writing, that is still under way. The next project in the chapel will be the refinishing of the floor.



Nave Tin Removal

We are open from June 15 to Labor Day, generally from 1 to 4 pm on Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday (these times may change). We are also open by appointment year-round or by chance. Admission is by donation. The museum is mostly handicapped accessible and has a large parking lot to accommodate group tours.

Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel

PO Box 150

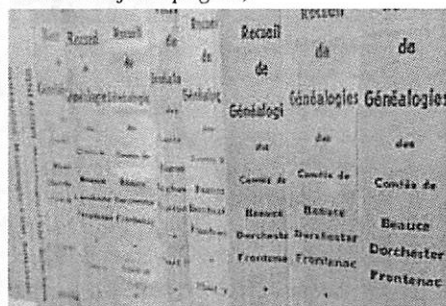
Lille, Maine, USA 04746-0150

207-895-3339

info@museeculturel.org

www.museeculturel.org

(Donation swells genealogical, historical records at UMaine Franco center continued from page 3)



Nick McCrea | BDN

Genealogical records in the collection of the late Adrien Lanthier Ringuette of Indiana, whose family donated a library of records and books on Franco-Americans to the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine.

ing to his bio. He retired from Bayer Corp. as secretary and general counsel in 1990.

His son, Scott Ringuette, said Adrien "always had a young person's curiosity about the world," as well as his family history.

"He's still with me, and now he's with you," Scott Ringuette told the group that gathered to dedicate the library in his father's honor.

<http://bangordailynews.com/2015/09/15/news/bangor/donation-swells-genealogical-historical-records-at-umaine-franco-center/>

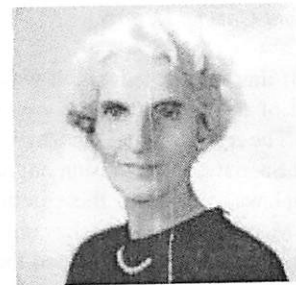


Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, P.E.I.

From MARTHA'S MEMOIRS

## FEAST DAYS

by Martha Cyr Genest  
Van Buren, ME



As soon as it was freezing temperature, the men would butcher a pig. This was the first sign of preparations for winter and the Holidays. The women were busy in the kitchen making "boudin" (blood sausage), cretons, etc. Of course all this meat had to be frozen as we did not have freezers then.

The first day of Advent and every day until Christmas, we said a special prayer. One of the older girls would start it and we would continue. This always took place in Grandmère Cyr's room where we would all say the evening prayer together. Then my Dad would have us check the bundles of straw in the hayloft. At harvest time we had gathered some lovely straw. When we were very young it was flax straw, then wheat. It was for the Christmas manger at the church. It was made with wood and straw from our farm. We always helped with all that. Those who were old enough would go to Midnight Mass. Other relatives would join us for the Réveillon at our home, since it was also the grandparents home. The food was chicken stew, "cretons", "boudin", "croquignoles" (dough nuts), home made wine and la "Bûche de Noël" (Yule Log cake). I think what we children enjoyed most was the day before when we would bring home made food, especially "cretons" to the priests at the rectory and the college. We did not decorate a tree when we were young.

On New Years day, the first thing in the morning the children would get the Blessing from Grandpère Francis Croc. He would make a cross on our forehead and then we went to Mom and Dad and kissed them on the cheeks. We would all go to Mass, after which we would all gather at our home for a big family dinner and lots of singing. All the Cyrs from Ste-Anne and Siegas came plus many others. Le Jour de l'An was one of the big events of the year, being the first day all the relatives who could meet at the "old home" would be there. There was always "gin" for the men and wine usually home made for others. After Mass, one would see a real procession stopping in front of their "Old Home" the "robes de cariolles" (sleigh robes) were thrown off the sleigh and men and women with heavy

"Capot de Poil" (old fashion fur coats) and heavy home spun suits jumped off the sleigh. Men at the time had whiskers, the weather being very cold, some had icicles on the end of their mustache. The gals would run away from those cold kisses and say "go thaw out your mustache". It was really the big day as every one from the cradle to 100 would get the kiss and hug and the Christian wish, "Bonne Heureuse Année et le Paradis a la Fin de vos Jours". What a wonderful way to start the year. Believe me when they kissed, the girls would holler: "Go thaw out your mustache". Those were the good old days.

La Fête des Rois or Epiphany (January 6) was also started by attending mass. Then, at the family gathering, dessert was the "Gâteau des Rois" or the King's Cake, with a pea (un pois) and a bean (une fève). This led to choosing "un roi" (a king) and "une reine" (a queen), who would lead many of the other festivities during the year.

La Chandeleur or Candlemas Day, (February 2), we went to Mass for the blessing of the candles which we held lit during the blessing. As it was winter and some people had fur collars, somebody would set the person in front of them on fire or burn the bird on Nellie's hat, ha! ha! Those candles were taken home and used when Communion was brought to our sick Grandmère. One was also lit during a storm. The customary foods for that day was "des crêpes", sucre d'érable (maple sugar), if there was any left, and de la tire a la melasse (molasses candy).

Mardi Gras, Carnival, more rejoicing and more crêpes and family gatherings. Same at Mi-Careme, (Mid Lent). The feast of St-Patrick we wore green ribbons probably because of our Irish grandmother.

During Lent, we really fasted, even if we were children, Our Mother would not make too many cakes or other sweets. We ate heartily of meat and all kinds of vegetables, which at the time were usually salted as were many kinds of meat especially deer, fowl, were coated with ice and then put in wooden boxes in the ice part of the pantry or shed. Many cut their own ice and had a compartment in the large shed. This was filled

with saw dust which kept frozen in the summer and a nice freezing place in the winter.

Palm Sunday we all carried a branch of "épinette" (spruce) which was blessed during Mass, which we took home to hang on the crucifix, as a good luck palm.

Every Sunday at High Mass at 10 AM we had "le pain bénit", made by a different family every week. A cake called "la couronne" (crown) for the pastor. The holy bread or "pain bénit" was distributed at the offertory. The Fathers or Mothers would take it home. All the younger children who stayed at home would run to meet their parents to get a piece, make the sign of the cross and eat it piously. This was their communion. We had Vespers every Sunday afternoon at 3 PM.

Easter morning at 4 AM, three of us, Marie, Cecile and I, Martha, would walk in silence to the brook near the bridge with each a pail to fill. The water had to be taken against the current and taken home in silence. That water kept fresh all year and was used for sore eyes and skin diseases. At Easter Mass there was always lovely singing.

The first Sunday in May was the blessing of the children. All the babies and up to school age were blessed and given a medal, then would walk in procession around the statue of Mary in front of the rectory.

Four or five weeks after Easter was Rogation Day, time to bless the fields. The farmers brought the seeds they were going to plant, those were blessed before Mass.

June was "la Fête Dieu" or Corpus Christi procession for about a mile down Main Street with lovely alters along the way. All the Sodalities or parish organizations carried their banners. It took place after High Mass.

"Les Rogations" was a special day, which meant that farmers, and others would gather money "pour le bien de la terre". This was to have Masses said for good crops. Also bowls of grain were brought to the church. A special mass was said and the grain was blessed and mixed with the different kinds

(Continued on page 21)



(MARTHA'S MEMOIRS continued from page 20)

### La Grande Chambre

La Grande Chambre...a special room on the first floor of our home was called so. In there were "La Croix de Temperance" which hung on the wall. The family album of precious photos of Ancestors, a crucifix which was usually from the casket of a dear one who passed away many years ago.

In checking the records at St-Bruno's I came across the names of the first who signed the pledge for "Prendre la Temperance". The first name on the list was my great grandfather Christophe Cyr followed by the names of two great uncles, Dennis Farrell and Michael Farrell. Many familiar names are on the list. It was dated February 27, 1842.

La Grande Chambre was also the place to receive "Monsieur le Curé when he made his yearly visit; la quête de l'Enfant Jesus, (the yearly special collection. Also when on was very ill, or the parents had to talk to their pastor. This room saw many sad events; the dead were also put in this room, or a small baby who died. Sometimes a distant relative who came home to die and this was the quietest room of the house.

### La Visite Du Curé

This was one of the great events of the year. Many families too shy to go see the Pastor when they were in need of help, material as well as spiritual, waited for this occasion to unload their burdens and many times ask for guidance for their family; sometimes a stray son or daughter, a husband who drank too much. Often the mother was the one who needed this help, when the Pastor came in, everyone would kneel and ask for "La Benediction".

In winter, there were always two carriages, often times a long sleigh to bring back la "dime" (tithe) at the time, often paid with products of the farm. "Le Bedeau" (Sexton) drove the first horse team, ringing a bell sometimes when there was a storm or fog. The Pastor had announced in church the week before that he and his two aides would have dinner at the end of Cyr Plantation. It meant usually at the home of André Cyr or some of his children. This road was "le Chemin de Caribou", other roads were le Chemin des Madores or to the Ruisseau des Ecureuils. By evening the sleigh driven by le "Bedeau" (sexton) was packed with

meat, poultry, sometimes a nice home made rug or hand woven linen. Those were the days when a neighbor knew his next door neighbor, and was there when needed so all these reunions were made up of one large family including neighbors.

### On Porte Le Bon Dieu

When a person was in danger of dying, some would get the priest and he would come at once to bring communion to the one who needed him, also the Bedeau or someone else who came asking for a priest, headed the cortège and rang the bell. The church bell also and one counted the tolls.... so many for a woman and so many for a man. When the carriages went by, every one went out and knelt while the priest was going by. In winter one opened the door and knelt. In the summer even people on the sidewalk would kneel down. The Faith of our ancestors is something we should remember, and also speak to our children about it.

Children had been taught to help in any way possible. Many saved their pennies for the visit of the priest so they could give "pour le petit Jesus" (for the infant Jesus).

## La Société internationale Veritas Acadie fait des siennes aux États-Unis

La Société internationale Veritas Acadie, communément appelée la SIVA, vient d'avoir ce 15 juin dernier son tout premier lancement aux États-Unis, de sa revue d'histoire Veritas Acadie. Il s'agissait de sa troisième édition dont soixante-dix pages furent consacrées à l'histoire du Grand Madawaska historique qui comprenait les deux rives du Haut-Saint-Jean, côté américain et côté canadien.

Du côté canadien, il y a d'abord eu un tout premier lancement à Edmundston le 28 mai dernier sous les auspices du Musée historique du Madawaska et de la Société historique du Madawaska. Et du côté américain, ce fut celui du 15 juin à Van Buren, au Maine, précisément à son Village Acadien.

L'événement américain eut lieu sous les auspices et à l'occasion de la rencontre estivale de l'Association française de la Vallée-du-Haut-Saint-Jean, présidée par Me James Lavertu et son Centre français du Haut-Saint-Jean communément appelé le Centre Mike-sell, en l'honneur de Marvin et Marie-Reine Mikesell, bienfaiteurs de cette région

acadienne-française américaine voisine du Nouveau-Brunswick. D'ailleurs ce sont les Mikesell qui financent la toute première maternelle française au Madawaska américain.

La Société internationale Veritas Acadie annonce que sa 4e édition de Veritas Acadie, lancée récemment à Cara-

quet, a toujours 152 pages, cette fois-ci avec une cinquantaine de pages sur la Déportation à l'occasion du 260e anniversaire de celle-ci en 2015 (1755-2015). Pour toute information consultez la Société à chouetteacadienne.siva@gmail.com.— À partir d'un compte rendu de la Société internationale Veritas Acadie.

- À l'occasion de la réunion estivale de l'Association française de la Vallée-du-Haut-Saint-Jean - TOUT PREMIER LANCEMENT OFFICIEL DE « VERITAS ACADIE » AUX ÉTATS-UNIS. Village Acadien, Van Buren, Maine, le lundi soir, 15 juin 2015



Moment suprême du dévoilement de la revue « Veritas Acadie 3 » Me James Lavertu, président de ladite Association française, Mme Judy Ayotte Paradis, collaboratrice, M. David Le Gallant, président de la SIVA, M. Rosaire Paradis, collaborateur, Mme Lois Muller, présidente de la Madawaska Historical Society et M. Guy Dubay, conservateur du Centre français du Haut-Saint-Jean, à Madawaska.

(Suite page 24)



# Early Franco-American Credit Unions

*Compiled by Mark Paul Richard*

With the help of Alphonse Desjardins of Lévis, Québec, French-Canadian immigrants started the credit union movement in the United States. The chart below illustrates the chronological development of the early Franco-American parish credit unions; it also provides either the date the credit union closed or the contemporary name of those that survive. Alphonse Desjardins played a direct role in helping found the credit unions marked by an asterisk (\*). For further information on the early credit union movement, see Mark Paul Richard, "The Humble Parish Bank: The Cultural Origins of the U.S. Credit Union Movement," *The New England Quarterly* vol. 88, no. 3 (September 2015), pp. 1-34.

Name and Location	Date of Incorporation	Year Closed or Contemporary Name
* St. Mary's Co-operative Credit Association, Manchester, NH	April 6, 1909	St. Mary's Bank
St. Jean Baptiste Parish Credit Union or La Caisse Populaire St. Jean Baptiste, Lynn, MA	September 29, 1910	St. Jean's Credit Union
*St. Anne Credit Union (La Caisse Populaire de Ste. Anne), New Bedford, MA	August 3, 1911	St. Anne Credit Union
*La Caisse Populaire de Notre Dame des Canadiens or Credit Union, Worcester, Worcester, MA	August 10, 1911	1942
*Notre Dame du Perpétuel Secours Credit Union of Holyoke, Holyoke, MA	September 7, 1911	Holyoke Credit Union
*Notre Dame de Lourdes Credit Union, Lowell, MA	September 12, 1911	1945
*Immaculate Conception Credit Union of Fitchburg, Fitchburg, MA	October 19, 1911	c. 1915
	October 24, 1928	I C Federal Credit Union
*St. Joseph Credit Union, West Fitchburg, MA	January 26, 1912	c. 1915
*Jeanne d'Arc Credit Union, Lowell, MA	February 5, 1912	Jeanne d'Arc Credit Union
St. Joseph's Credit Union of Waltham, Waltham, MA	January 14, 1913	1929
St. Mary's Parish Credit Union, Marlborough, MA	July 9, 1913	St. Mary's Credit Union
St. Francis Credit Union, Fitchburg, MA	March 16, 1914	c. 1915
The Sacred Heart Credit Union or La Caisse Populaire du Sacré Coeur, New Bedford, MA	September 5, 1914	1947
La Credit Union de Notre Dame de Central Falls, Central Falls, RI	March 9, 1915	Navigant Credit Union
La Caisse Populaire de Lawrence Credit Union, Lawrence, MA	September 25, 1918	?



Vous vous souvenez de René Delasalle sur lequel j'ai écrit un article au printemps 2015. Il est décédé le 24 septembre dernier et inhumé le 30 septembre au cimetière de Blonville. Sur la photo, devant une maison en colombages, se trouvent deux des amis de René ayant connu Léo Héroux le parachutiste du débarquement de 1944.

Salutations

Juliette Bruneau, Québec

## UN DERNIER HOMMAGE À RENÉ DE LASALLE UN HOMME D'EXCEPTION

**R**ené Delasalle avait un lien bien spécial avec les Héroux. Nous avons pour lui de la gratitude et de l'amitié. Son départ laisse un vide profond. Sans lui, sans sa collaboration indéfectible, nous n'aurions pas pu réaliser cette œuvre.



Cet homme, jadis maire de Blonville à l'époque, nous a facilité nos démarches visant à mettre sur pied un regroupement des Héroux avec la terre de nos ancêtres.

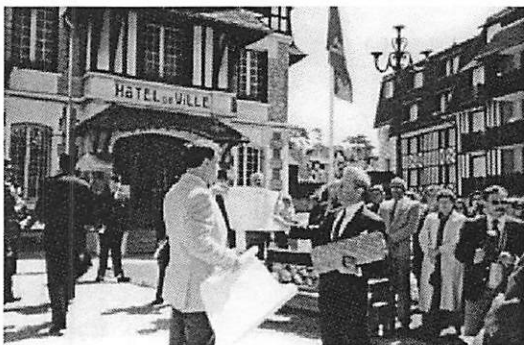
Nous avons été si bien accueillis lors de notre voyage de 1988, pendant les démarches préparatoires à cette événement et par la suite. Tous, qui connaissent l'Association des Héroux, connaissent René. Si certains parmi les plus jeunes ne l'ont pas vu, ils en ont entendu parler.

Blonville et la Normandie, terre de nos aïeux, aujourd'hui synonyme de fête pour nous. C'était le hameau d'origine de notre aïeul Jean Héroux. J'y suis retourné presque chaque année depuis notre grande rencontre de 1988.

Pour certaines familles, il y a de beaux souvenirs de voyage à Blonville. Que ce soit le grand voyage de 1988 où nous étions un plein bus. Plus d'une vingtaine de personnes. Nous avons été accueillis par les Héroux de France et les Blonvillois, une bonne cinquantaine de cousins français...! Pour d'autres, en groupes plus restreints, l'accueil était au rendez-vous, tout aussi cordial. René réunissait amis et parents et nous faisons ripaille...

Nous réitérons notre amitié à ce vaillant normand et à sa Marie-Louise. Frère de racines, à défaut d'être frère de sang, il reste présent dans nos cœurs.

*NB : Soulignons aussi son apport significatif dans la création de la Place Jean Héroux à Blonville et l'Association des amis de Jean Héroux (A.J.H.B.Qc)*



*Photo ci-haut: rencontre avec des amis du Québec: M. et Mme Léo Lepage en 2005*

*Photo ci-contre: Échange de cadeaux lors du grand voyage des Héroux en 1988 entre l'AFH et M. Delasalle alors maire de Blonville.*

Par Sylvio Héroux,  
président fondateur de l'Association des familles Héroux  
Québec, Octobre 2015

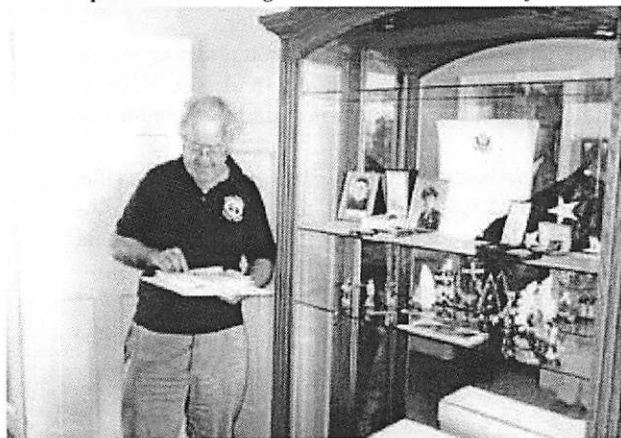
(La Société internationale Veritas Acadie  
fait des siennes aux États-Unis suite de page 21)



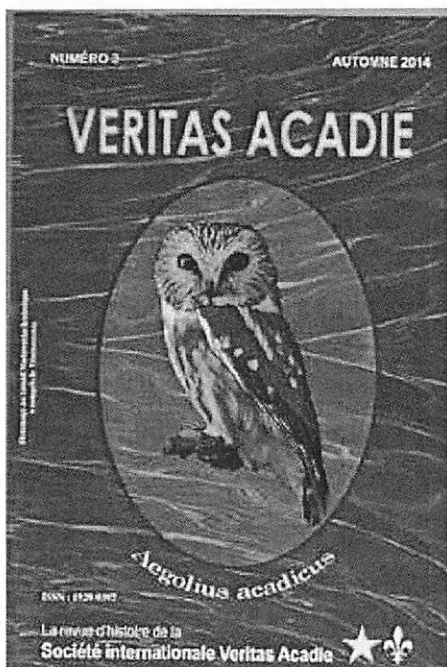
Intérieur du Centre français du Haut-Saint-Jean : les mêmes avec au centre Roger Paradis, Pierre Benoît et Rita Richard pour un hommage à Mme Mikesell, bienfaitrice.



Présentation d'une couverture commémorative aux membres de la SIVA par des dames de l'Associationn française à leur réunion estivale.



M. Guy Dubay, lors de sa présentation tout près de la « Vitrine du Souvenir » au Centre français du Haut-Saint-Jean.



Verso de Veritas Acadie 3 :  
Infographiste : Alexandre Roy (Î.-P.-É.)

Carte du Grand Madawaska historique provenant du Calendrier « Les Français d'Amérique » (août 2000), grâce à Mme Marie-Reine Mikesell et détails de la fresque historique de Claude Picard à l'hôtel de ville d'Edmundston.





**Regard en arrière**  
**Par Camille Lessard**  
Présentation

Il me fait plaisir de vous présenter ce texte de Camille Lessard (1883-1970) dont une première version a paru dans *Le Messager* de Lewiston en 1933, sous le titre de « Pas en arrière ». Cette première version a été rééditée par le Père R. Santerre dans son Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine, NMDC, 1980. Toutefois, Camille Lessard a fait paraître une deuxième version de ses réminiscences dans *La Survivance* d'Edmonton, entre 1946 et 1948. Il est important de rééditer cette deuxième version afin de mieux comprendre l'évolution de la carrière littéraire de Camille Lessard. C'est pourquoi à la suite de la publication de « Regard en arrière », paraîtra une étude sur l'oeuvre et l'auteur.

J'espère que vous apprécierez la lecture de ces souvenirs d'une enfance au Québec à l'époque de l'exode.

**Joshua Barrière**  
**Québec, Québec**  
**Septembre 2015**

### Introduction

Durant quelques mois, sous le titre ci-dessus, il sera publié dans *La Survivance*, des chroniques relatant des incidents ressuscités par un voyage que je fis, il n'y a pas très longtemps, dans le village où je grandis sinon en sagesse du moins en pieds, surtout en pieds. . .

Je dédie ces cendres de mon enfance et de ma petite jeunesse à tous ceux qui, en des heures de lassitude, en des moments d'ennui, en des jours de fièvre, ont fait voile en arrière pour aller jeter l'ancre sur

“l'océan des âges”, tel que je l'ai fait.

Mes souvenirs, à moi, sont analogues à ceux de tout le monde, mes impressions ne sont pas différentes de celles du commun des mortels, mes émotions sont les mêmes que celles de l'univers pensant.

Pour chaque groupement, de quelque peu d'importance, il y a au moins une église, une école. Que ce soit pour ceux qui naissent avec une pièce d'argent sur la langue ou pour ceux qui viennent au monde avec une épine de rosier dans les doigts, il y aura toujours un abri quelconque, -- qu'il soit à toit doré ou en planches grossières, -- pour protéger leurs petites têtes contre les intempéries de saisons. S'il n'y a pas de bercelonnettes doublées en soie pour endormir les tout petits, il y a, au moins, une boîte remplie de paille dans lesquelles rêveront aux cieux, d'où elles viennent, les nouvelles âmes sur la terre.

Dans chaque coin de terre habité il y a des espiègles et des sages, des prétentieux et des humbles, des tyrans et des écrasés, de belles maisons et des cambuses, de moelleux sommiers et bruisantes paillasses, des gâteaux et des croûtes, du velours et des guenilles, des tragédies et des farces, des larmes et des éclats de rire. . .

Quand on tourne en arrière, comme je l'ai fait, l'immense roue du temps, on peut déchiffrer, comme dans un grand livre ouvert, toutes les empreintes laissées par ses pas dans la poussière des routes. Il semble que chaque planche de trottoir, chaque poutre d'édifice, chaque bout de clôture, chaque roche de chemin, chaque son de cloche, chaque croassement de grenouilles, s'unissent en un mystérieux choeur, pour fredonner à nos oreilles l'éternel et si mélancolique refrain d'un passé qui ne reviendra plus jamais.

Aussi mes souvenirs sont vos réminiscences, amis lecteurs, à quelque degré que vous soyez placés sur la grande roue de la vie qui, pour vous comme pour l'humanité entière, tourne sans jamais arrêter. Sans doute plus vite pour les uns que les autres, mais elle vire quand même cette impitoyable roue qui ne permet jamais à personne de rester stationnaire : tantôt sur le sommet, tantôt écrasé sous son poids implacable. . . Ses roulements lents mais continuels ébranlent ou raffermissent soit les santés, soit les fortunes, soit les ambitions, soit les espoirs, mais ses vibrations, quelque imperceptibles qu'elles soient, se font toujours sentir dans les corps ou dans les coeurs, ou dans les cerveaux. . .

Donc, durant quelques mois, je vous promènerai, par voie de *La Survivance*, sur les routes de ma paroisse natale et peut-être qu'en me lisant plusieurs d'entre vous se surprendront à murmurer : “Oui, c'est bien comme ça que ça se passait !”

J'aimerais à entendre une telle exclamation s'échapper de la poitrine de certains citoyens en vue de Beaumont qui pourront se reconnaître aisément dans une de mes chroniques intitulée “Première étincelle!”

### Mon village

(Mon village : Ste-Julie, dans le comté de Mégantic, portant, depuis que j'en suis partie, le nom de Laurierville).

\* \* \*

Après une absence d'un quart de siècle, je retourne vers le village canadien qui m'a vue grandir. J'y retrouve la même station de chemin de fer mais avec le toit plus noirci par la fumée et des murs plus ébranlés par le temps. Mon chef de gare a été remplacé par un jeune, peut-être son fils, je ne sais et je ne songe pas à m'en informer, car moi je suis le PASSÉ qui se penche pour remuer dans des tas de cendres, tandis que lui c'est le PRÉSENT qui court vers l'AVENIR avec l'ardeur de la jeunesse.

Comme mon village s'est modernisé depuis vingt-cinq ans ! Je n'y vois presque plus de chevaux mais beaucoup d'autos, tout comme dans les grans centres. Il y a très peu de poussière dans la rue maintenant, car le chemin du roi a été transformé en une grande route nationale macadamisée.

En arrivant à la première habitation du village, soit un mille et demi de la gare, je renvoyai mon chauffeur. Mon premier arrêt fut au Café Mégantic, vrai bijou en son genre, tenu assez longtemps par Mlle Amanda Normand, une amie de banc d'école.

De ce restaurant, je me dirigeai vers une maison dont les occupants furent nos voisins durant un grand nombre d'années. Je passai par la porte d'en arrière, frappai et entrai sans attendre la permission d'avancer m'imaginant que je vais être reçu à bras ouverts après une si longue absence. Je m'assis tout contre la vieille mère et insistai pour que chacun des membres de la famille approchât son siège afin de mieux se sentir les coudes et entendre plus clairement les battements des coeurs.

Et ce sont des questions si vite  
(Suite page 26)

(Regard en arrière Par Camille Lessard  
Présentation suite de page 25)

formulées que les réponses n'ont pas le temps de se compléter ; et c'est une larme qu'on ne sent pas glisser sur sa joue ; et ce sont des mots hachés, haletants, décousus ; des rires sans cause ; des gestes ébauchés et non finis. On ne peut presque rien dire, trop pris qu'on est par l'improvisiste et l'émotion. Et toute une scène de cinéma vécu se déroule, durant une heure, autour d'une table de cuisine, dans une humble demeure. La baisse du rideau arrive : il me faut aller serrer les doigts à d'autres vieux amis. "Tu reviendras ? On va t'attendre. Et viens pour coucher". "Je tâcherai !"

À une autre porte, c'est un acte semblable qui se joue "La fille à Pierre ! Tu ne me dis pas !" et l'on rit pour ne pas pleurer. . .

Mon pèlerinage se continue ainsi, durant quelques jours, et s'il y a souvent un serrement dans ma gorge, il y a également quelque chose de très doux qui se glisse au fond de mon âme : c'est que les souvenirs de mon village sont les cendres de mon passé incinéré et l'urne qui les contient est installé au milieu de mon cœur. . .

#### Le cimetière

Je passe sur le trottoir longeant le cimetière. Un de mes frères, l'aîné de notre famille, — (un grand garçon qui se noya une après-midi ensoleillée de juillet en se baignant dans notre petite rivière qui pourtant a l'air si inoffensive) — repose dans ce lieu. En quel endroit de l'enclos fut déposé son corps ? Je ne sais. Aucune croix, aucune épitaphe, aucun monument ne fut érigé à sa mémoire : nous étions, dans le temps, trop pauvres pour payer ce dernier tribut à nos chers disparus. . .

Elle repose également sous la terre du même endroit l'enveloppe corporelle de ma grand'mère paternelle. On l'appelait "Mine" diminutif de "mémère", sans doute. Au baptême, elle avait reçu le nom de Desanges (Desanges Vallée de St-Frédéric de Beauce). Prénom bien choisi car elle était d'une bonté et d'une douceur angéliques, dons que malheureusement elle oublia de léguer à ses petits-enfants. . .

Un jour d'hiver, elle avait glissé sur la glace se fracturant une hanche. Les sous étaient rares, les médecins loin, — nous ne demeurions pas à Ste-Julie dans le temps, — on avait confiance dans le Temps guérisseur de tout, on ne fit rien pour elle. . . Durant bien des années, elle se traîna à l'aide de béquilles, puis, affaiblie, elle dut s'aliter. Quelques années plus tard, on alla conduire au cimetière de Ste-Julie, où l'on demeurait alors, la chère vieille que je

connus marchant avec des béquilles et dont le martyr cessa alors que j'avais 7 ou 8 ans.

Dans ce lieu de repos, deux de mes soeurs, mortes en bas âge, dorment également et, pour les uns comme pour les autres, rien ne peut m'indiquer l'endroit où l'on descendit leur cercueil. Aujourd'hui, que la poussière de leur chair est mélangée avec celle de leurs voisins qu'est-ce que ça peut bien me faire que je sache ou non où leurs cadavres furent déposés? . . .

Les mains appuyées sur la clôture du cimetière, je regarde plus loin que la vie et il n'y a aucune larme dans mes yeux. Je demande seulement à mes morts de me protéger sur la route qu'il me reste à parcourir, je les prie de m'aider à m'en aller **bravement** quand, pour moi, sonnera l'heure qui sera ma dernière. . .

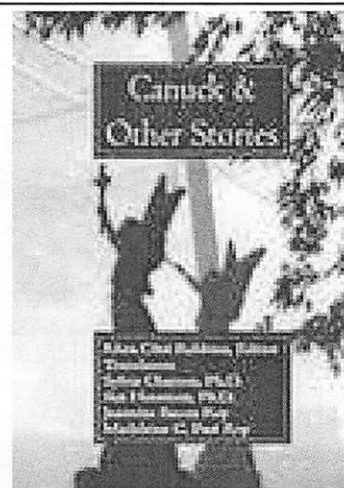
#### Ma vieille maîtresse

Lorsque j'écris "mon vieux" ou "ma vieille", cela ne veut pas nécessairement dire: accablé sous le poids des ans. C'est plutôt, pour moi un terme de possession qui passe de mon cœur au bout de ma plume.

Je ne trouve rien de plus beau que d'entendre de jeunes couples s'interpeller par "mon vieux" et "ma vieille" et continuer à s'appeler amoureusement ainsi à travers les années jusqu'à ce qu'un soir arrive où, près d'un foyer aux trois-quarts éteints, l'on se met à fredonner avec Botrel: "Te rappelles-tu ma vieille. . ."

Ma vieille église et ma vieille école ayant été remplacées par de splendides constructions modernes, qui ne me disent rien parce que mon nom n'est pas inscrit sur leurs murs, je passe devant elle comme devant des étrangères dont la vie ne fut jamais mêlée à la mienne.

Ma vieille maîtresse d'école — Mlle Delvina Garneau — celle qui contribua le plus à m'inculquer les quelques petites connaissances littéraires que je puisse posséder, — a dû, forcée par la maladie, s'expatrier pour aller se faire un foyer avec une de ses soeurs à Lawrence, Mass. Je suis allée saluer ma vieille institutrice ç cet endroit et elle se tint tout contre moi, pressant mes doigts entre les siens et ne cessant de répéter: "Non, je ne puis vraiment croire que c'est bien toi, Camille, mon ancienne élève qui ses souvient encore de moi!" Ses cheveux, jadis si noirs, ont la blancheur de la neige maintenant, ses épaules se sont arrondies bien plus par la maladie que par le vieil âge et elle n'est plus que l'ombre physique d'elle-même. Elle me confia qu'elle s'ennuyait et s'était toujours ennuyée à Lawrence, et que ce serait pour elle un grand



bonheur si elle pouvait retourner vivre à Sainte-Julie, là où elle se livra à l'enseignement durant un si grand nombre d'années.

Le vent du ciel emporta ma vieille maîtresse de classe dans les plis du drapeau étoilé; des compagnes de bancs d'école furent dispersés aux quatre coins du continent; d'autres dorment sous la terre; les une prient au fond d'un cloître; d'autres sont des mamans heureuses ou malheureuses. . .

Amies et amis de mes années d'étude, je marche aujourd'hui dans les traces laissées par vos pas sur les trottoirs ou dans les rues du village et j'évoque votre souvenir et votre ombre.

Où êtes-vous tous?

Qu'êtes-vous devenus?

Pourquoi ne me répondez-vous pas?

Vous surtout les morts dont les cendres reposent si près de moi, ce soir, mais dont l'âme plane si haut dans l'immensité des cieux infinis, répondez-moi, mais répondez-moi donc:

Où êtes-vous?

Qu'êtes-vous devenus? . . .

#### Ma demeure

L'humble maison du "derrière du village" où j'ai grandi, j'aimerais que ses présents occupants me permettent d'y entrer, aujourd'hui. Je ferais un instant mes yeux en franchissant le seuil, puis j'irais lentement une chambre à l'autre et de la cave au grenier. Je frôlerais les murs et les cloisons afin d'y sentir la vibration d'un passé bien lointain. Le tour en serait vite fait car elle n'était pas spacieuse, ma demeure.

La chambre d'en avant contenait deux grands lits dans chacun desquels dormait, en hiver, trois jeunes corps. La chambre à l'arrière était, durant toute l'année, occupée par mon père et ma mère. Le mobilier de cette dernière comprenait un grand lit, un berceau, un coffre, une garde-robe, des catalogues sur le parquet et c'était tout. . .

(Suite page 27)



(Regard en arrière Par Camille Lessard  
Présentation suite de page 26)

Pas de matelas moelleux, pas de sommeil reposant dans nos couchettes de bois, mais tout simplement de paillasses remplies de paille d'aussi bonne qualité possible. Dans les paillasses, quatre ouvertures étaient pratiquées, — deux à la tête et deux au pied, — par où, le matin, nous passions les bras pour brasser la paille afin de la distribuer uniformément. Pour couverture nous avions des draps en flanellette et en échiffe ainsi que des couvre-pieds à pointes aux dessins les plus fantaisistes. Dans notre vaste cuisine il y avait un gros poêle à deux ponts, une boîte pour le bois, une huche pour boulanger, une longue table en arrière de laquelle se trouvait un banc pour les enfants, une armoire, des chaises empaillées et un banc de siaux. ("Siau" est un mot de terroir que nous apportèrent nos ancêtres de la Bourgogne, province de France). Notre cuisine nous servait de salle à manger, de salon, de salle de réceptions.

Notre grenier n'étant pas lambrissé, toute la marmaille y couchait dans la belle saison, quitte à descendre dans la chambre en avant au premiers froids. On en descendait quelquefois, certaines nuits d'été, alors qu'un violent orage faisait français. mir et gémir notre maison. Les nuits de gros temps, on était sûr d'être tiré de notre profond sommeil par la voix de mon père qui nous criait : "Descendez vite, les enfants, le sorcier va emporter la maison!" Alors les yeux à demi fermés, en maugréant contre le vent, on dégringolait l'escalier. Pour une couple d'heures ou plus, on se tenait à l'entour e la table sur laquelle nos coudes et nos têtes reposaient. Pendant ce temps, mon père allait d'une fenêtre à l'autre en s'exclamant: "Mais ça rempire! Je vous dis que la maison ne pourra pas tenir longtemps si ça continue d'augmenter. Je n'ai jamais vu d'aussi forte tempête." Pensez donc! quelle catastrophe si notre maison avait culbuté! mais tout ce qu'elle s'est jamais bornée de faire fut de craquer et de branler. Elle est encore solidement sur ses bases, aujourd'hui. . .

#### Échiffades

Comme la plupart des lecteurs ne savent pas au juste ce que signifie le mot "échiffade", je vais essayer de l'expliquer. Dans les foyers qui ne sont pas riches, la maman a soin d'entasser tout article usagé qui contient tant soit peu de laine. Ces articles, plus tard, sont découpés en petits carrés. Durant les veillées, lorsque les jours sont courts ou lorsqu'il fait mauvais, les enfants sont chargés de tirer tous

les brins de laine de ces carrés. Les brins de coton sont jetés au feu. Quand l'amorcelement de ces brins de laine est assez considérable, on en distribue une poignée sur une carde à main. Avec l'autre carde on peigne et repeigne si bien les brins de laine qu'ils viennent à former une espèce de duvet qu'on roule ensuite avec les doigts qt qu'on entasse en rangées. Lorsqu'on a de la toison du mouton à mélanger avec ces échiffades, cela est encore bien mieux.

Quand on remplit une bonne boîte de cardées d'échiffades, c'est alors le temps de sortir le rouet et de commencer le filage.

Tous les procédés d'une filature de coton passent, en miniature, dans les humbles greniers où de braves mères de familles font le tissage pour leur nombreuse nichée.

Près d'une fenêtre du pignon de notre grenier, ma mère avait installé un métier à tisser sur lequel elle fabriquait draps en échiffe, catalognes et flanelle pour sa famille.

En plus du travail écrasant de prendre soins de nous tous, de cultiver un jardin, d'avoir une vache, cochon, poules, ma mère trouver le moyen de tisser pour nous tenir chaudement. En hiver, elle tricotait de longs bas, mitaines, chandails et tuques. Elle pouvait faire le tricot tout aussi bien dans l'obscurité qu'au grand jour. Bien des fois, trop malade pour pouvoir se lever, elle se faisait appuyer dans son lit à l'aide de chaise et d'oreillers et. . . elle tricotait. En plus, elle trouvait aussi moyen de crocheter de superbes tapis.

Ma mère fut une humble femme ignorant les manières et les roueries des salons, mais quelle vaillance elle avait dans l'adversité! Si elle m'avait légué seulement la quatre-vingt-dixième partie de son courage, je me compterais privilégiée. . .

#### Soif de lectures

Ma petite amie, Anna-Marie Turcotte, fille de Georges Turcotte, député au fédéral, comprenant la soif de mon cerveau avide de savoir, me prêtait tous les livres de la bibliothèque de son père. Chez le notaire Béland et chez l'arpenteur Tourigny, on me passait journaux, feuilletons et livres. Les portes de la bibliothèque paroissiales m'étaient ouvertes et j'y puisais sans discernement et sans guide. Chaque lettre avait pour moi un sens musical et l'assemblage des lettres d'un mot m'était une symphonie littéraire. La musique des mots avait pour mon jeune cerveau un enivrement aussi fascinant que l'harmonie des sons pour l'âme du musicien.

Au Presbytère, on me passait la Vérité, de Québec, éditée par Tardivel, je crois. À cette époque j'avais au plus une douzaine

d'années et n'empêche que je lisais "Vérité", un journal sérieux s'il en fut, mais je ne vous affirme pas que je comprenais tout ce que je lisais. . . Tout ce que je me rappelle, c'est que les pages de ce journal contenaient une histoire qui me fascinait comme un beau conte. C'était en rapport avec un nommé Léo Taxil et Diana Vaughn que j'appris, plus tard, avoir été les tristes pantins de la plus grande fumisterie maçonnique de l'histoire.

Je prenais soin de cacher mes livres d'histoire quand j'arrivais à la maison. Ma mère étant écrasée par le travail, je comprenais que je devais l'aider. Mais, hélas! mon amour pour les mots noyait en moi tout sens d'honneur et de coeur. Pour lui mettre un bandeau sur les yeux, j'enlevais la couverture de papier d'un de mes livres de classe en recouvrir mon livre de contes. Si ma mère me demandait de l'aider à laver la vaisselle, je répondais distraitemment: "Oui, attends une minute, je vais finir d'apprendre ma leçon et je vais t'aider." Quand ma "leçon" (livre d'histoire) était finie, souvent ma mère était au lit afin de refaire ses forces pour sa lourde tâche du lendemain.

Ma pauvre mère aurait dû se servir du fouet pour me forcer à l'aider. Mais elle était trop bonne! J'ai, ce soir, le rouge au front et les larmes aux yeux en songeant à l'égoïsme de mon jeune âge.

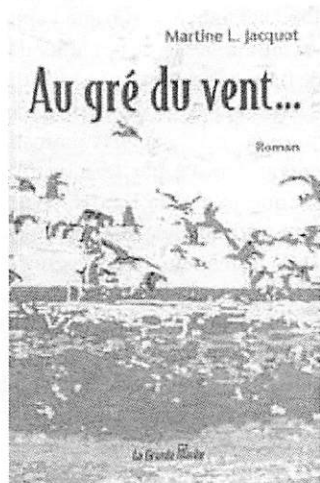
Le soir, dans la saison où nous dormions au grenier, je grimpais en haut avec les autres, mais ce n'était pas avec l'intention de clore mes yeux! je cachais, le mieux que je pouvais, la faible clarté de ma petite lampe et je lisais. . . Dans le silence de la nuit, une heure, et je lisais toujours. Quelquefois, j'entendais craquer les planches de l'escalier. Ma mère arrivait près de mon lit et, à voix basse, pour ne pas réveiller les enfants, me disait: "Tu vas te coucher tout de suite! Tu n'es pas raisonnable! Tu t'abîmes les yeux et tu dépenses tellement d'huile que ton père ne serait pas de belle humeur s'il le savait!" Forcée dans mes derniers retranchements, je me résignais à éteindre ma lampe et, deux minutes plus tard, je dormais.

Le matin je ne venais plus à bout de me lever. Je m'endormais trop. Commandements, coups de balai au plafond, rien n'y faisait: je dormais. Alors ma mère finissait par perdre patience, montait pour enlever les couvertures de mon lit. Ma modestie contribuait plus à m'ouvrir les yeux que toutes les remontrances du monde! Les temps ont bien changé depuis ce jour!

[À SUIVRE]

# BOOKS/ LIVRES...

NEW-NOUVEAU!



Fin du XIXe siècle. Le Dominion devient le Canada; les Maritimes cherchent leur place au sein de l'empire britannique; l'Acadie moderne prend conscience d'elle-même. Adèle, jeune Acadienne de Nouvelle-Écosse, s'intègre à cet univers en plein

*Extrait de Au gré du vent... (roman, éditions La Grande Marée, 2015), Martine L. Jacquot*

30 décembre 1884

Louis est arrivé le jour de Noël, dans un tourbillon de neige et de givre. Un vrai roi mage guidé par l'étoile de notre amour. Ses yeux scintillaient comme des chandelles. En quelques secondes, j'ai oublié à quel point j'avais eu mal à l'attendre pendant ces trois derniers mois, comme j'avais parfois douté de lui. À force de le peindre dans mes rêves, j'avais fini par effacer les traits de son visage, et je ne pouvais l'imaginer dans un autre décor que parmi le vert des feuilles, le bleu de la mer et du ciel. Il est arrivé dans le blanc et le gris bleuté de mon plus beau Noël, des glaçons accrochés à ses cheveux et à ses sourcils. Tout de suite, j'ai retrouvé la douceur de sa présence.

Ça fait presque une semaine qu'il est au village; il dort chez Hermance et Mathurine. Nous ne nous quittons pas du matin au soir. Nous n'avons jamais autant parlé, autant fait de projets d'avenir...

\* \* \*

Les patins à glace accrochés à l'épaule, main dans la main, Adèle et Louis marchent

éveil et, telle une feuille dans le vent, tantôt fuyant tantôt découvrant, elle devient témoin de moments historiques tels que la fin de la marine à voile, les débuts du Collège Sainte-Anne, ou la vie de garnison à Halifax. Mais avant tout, elle incarne deux minorités pour lesquelles elle prend parti : les francophones et les femmes, qui demandent des droits.

Auteure prolifique qui s'adonne au roman, à la poésie, à la nouvelle et à l'essai, Martine L. Jacquot est une voyageuse infatigable. Elle marie lectures à travers le globe et explorations qui viendront nourrir son écriture. Ainsi raconte-t-elle dans *L'année aux trois étés* comment elle est passée par un bureau de renseignements russe et le trône d'un roi d'Afrique.

Diplômée de la Sorbonne et de plusieurs universités canadiennes, elle a touché à bien des métiers liés aux mots, allant du journalisme à la traduction. Elle enseigne la littérature acadienne.

Longtemps impliquée dans des or-

lentement vers le traîneau qui va les conduire à Frost's Pond. Ils se sourient régulièrement, les yeux lumineux, regards qui se passent de paroles. Arrivés à l'attelage, Louis donne au conducteur quelques sous pour Adèle et lui, puis ils se pelotonnent l'un contre l'autre. Le spectacle est féerique. La tempête de verglas de la veille a transformé le paysage en un jardin de cristal. Les branches recourbées sous le poids de la glace deviennent des arches, le soleil joue à travers la transparence de chandeliers imaginaires. Des bribes gelées tombent ici et là dans un cliquetis de verre brisé. Adèle et Louis savent qu'une telle tempête peut causer bien des dommages aux arbres, mais ils ne peuvent s'empêcher de jouir de la magie éblouissante qui s'offre à eux. Bientôt, fascinés, le regard rempli d'images irréelles, ils se laissent bercer par le traîneau qui s'enfonce au cœur d'un paysage familier qu'ils ont pourtant du mal à reconnaître dans ce nouveau costume d'apparat. Ils glissent à vive allure, mais tout semble pourtant avoir ralenti dans leur vie, leur souffle, leurs pensées, leurs mouvements, comme si ces journées passées ensemble étaient enchâssées entre des parenthèses. Joie cruelle que de savoir l'imminence du départ. Malgré son éblouissement et le bien-être que lui procure la présence de Louis, Adèle ne

Au gré du vent... Roman, les éditions La Grande Marée, octobre 2015



ganismes de la Nouvelle-Écosse, elle écrit dans le silence des vergers de la vallée de l'Annapolis – en attendant un autre départ.

Son roman *Les oiseaux de nuit finissent aussi par s'endormir* (éd. David) est finaliste 2015 au prix littéraire Antonine-Maillet-Acadie Vie.

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peut s'empêcher de penser à demain et aux jours qui suivront, et les questions se bousculent dans sa tête, la ramenant à la réalité.

—J'ai l'impression que ma mère est inquiète à l'idée de me voir partir pour les États. C'est si loin... Au fond, pourquoi vouloir aller là-bas, alors qu'il y a tant de place ici?

—J'ai longuement réfléchi, tu sais, car pour moi aussi, ça m'inquiète un peu de laisser mes souvenirs d'enfance et ma mère ici. Mais il faut aller de l'avant, nous ne pouvons pas vivre avec des regrets, la vie est devant nous. J'ai parlé avec beaucoup de monde, surtout avec mon oncle Frédéric, qui a traversé les mêmes hésitations et a fait les mêmes choix avant moi. Il m'a expliqué que, pour les gens comme moi qui n'aiment pas la pêche, il y avait bien une raffinerie de sucre et une filature à Moncton, au Nouveau-Brunswick, mais que ça marchait mal, que plusieurs entreprises dans les Maritimes avaient fait faillite. Ça semble impossible d'avoir des manufactures ici, parce que les entreprises du Québec et de l'Ontario ont pris le contrôle.

Pour Louis, tout s'explique d'abord par un isolement géographique qui entraîne un isolement économique. Les régions centrales n'en souffrent pas et ont un plus  
(Suite page 29)





(Extrait de *Au gré du vent* suite de page 28)

grand marché, tout simplement. De plus, les institutions financières sont là-bas.

—Ici, nous ne pouvons qu'exploiter nos ressources naturelles, et même ce secteur perd de son importance. On ne peut même pas se lancer en affaires: qui a assez d'argent, qui peut emprunter? Personne parmi des gens comme nous. Puisque ça ne vaut pas la peine de s'embarquer dans un emploi sans avenir, autant continuer ce que je faisais ici, mais puisque ça ne me rendait pas heureux, il ne reste pas grand choix. Comme je t'ai dit, c'est aux États que l'avenir est. Mon oncle m'a engagé dans sa manufacture, et il va m'aider à monter les échelons dès que j'aurai maîtrisé les connaissances de base. Comme il n'a pas d'enfants, il m'a un peu adopté, si tu veux. Je sais que je peux compter sur lui.

—Mais enfin, ça n'est pas encore très clair pour moi. Pourquoi est-ce que ça ne marche pas ici? On a du bois, du poisson, du charbon, d'autres choses, je ne sais pas, moi. Je ne comprends pas pourquoi les gens n'ont plus confiance, pourquoi ils préfèrent partir...

—Tu sais, les choses ne datent pas d'hier... Et je ne suis pas le premier à penser comme ça...

Louis pousse un profond soupir, puis raconte à Adèle que lors de la Confédération, dix-sept ans plus tôt, les habitants de la Nouvelle-Écosse avaient voté contre l'entrée de la province dans le Dominion, qu'ils auraient préféré rester indépendants, mais Joseph Howe, alors Premier Ministre de la province, n'avait pas réussi à convaincre le gouvernement britannique.

—Il paraît même qu'il y en a qui auraient préféré que la Nouvelle-Écosse soit rattachée aux États plutôt qu'au Canada! Pourquoi dépendre de l'Angleterre, franchement? En plus, les gens savaient bien à quoi s'attendre: regarde ce qui se passe...

Rajustant son col, le visage rougi par le froid, Louis livre sa version de l'histoire, telle qu'il l'a entendue de son oncle. Malgré les belles promesses de protection tarifaire du secteur manufacturier instituées par la politique nationale, déjà vieille d'environ cinq ans, les habitants de la province sont toujours délaissés.

—Qu'est ce qu'on peut faire contre l'éloignement des marchés, contre les coûts de transport des marchandises? On est

trop isolés par rapport au reste du Canada. L'Ouest, c'est le bout du monde, même avec la voie ferrée qui devrait bientôt relier les deux océans. Il faut être réaliste... On est plus près des États que du Pacifique, même de Montréal. À propos, rien que pour te montrer que les Américains sont en avance sur nous, sais-tu qu'il y a une bonne quinzaine d'années que leur train traverse le pays?

—Nos enfants seront américains. Ils parleront anglais...

—Mais non, pas nécessairement. Regarde-toi, tu parles toujours français, même si l'école et la messe sont en anglais. Remercie ta mère, comme tes enfants te remercieront. Et puis, tu sais, il y a beaucoup d'Acadiens et de gens du Québec en Nouvelle-Angleterre, il y a même des communautés où on parle majoritairement français. Ne crains rien, tu ne seras pas dépaylée: c'est le même genre de paysage qu'ici, c'est la continuation géographique des Maritimes, sauf qu'il y a des villes, du monde, donc une économie plus florissante. Il y a juste plus d'opportunités, c'est tout. Et nous, nous ressemblons plus aux Américains qu'aux cow boys de l'Ouest! Mon oncle a compris tout ça il y a longtemps, et il n'a pas été le seul. La crise économique est officiellement terminée, mais je reste pessimiste pour la province. Je pense à toi dans tout ça, crois-moi. Je veux t'offrir ce qu'il y a de mieux.

—Tu es un visionnaire, mon Louis!

—Je ne sais pas. Tout ce que je sais, c'est que je suis en amour par-dessus la tête...

Louis se penche vers sa compagne et l'embrasse tendrement. Mais Adèle le repousse doucement. Elle est encore intriguée. Ses propres pensées se mélangent aux réflexions qu'elle entend ça et là au village, entre les groupes de femmes qui préparent des couvertures piquées et les veillées au magasin de Pius. Là, entre quelques contes et chansons, les hommes se lancent dans des débats souvent échafaudés sur de l'imaginaire plus que du réel. Il s'y ajoute le nationalisme acadien depuis que certains ont entendu parler de la récente convention nationale des Acadiens à Miscouche et se sont mis à chanter l'Ave Maris Stella dans les occasions spéciales.

—Mais tu sais, notre pays est jeune, il ne sait pas encore marcher droit, il faudrait peut-être lui donner une chance...

—Tu es bien bonne, Adèle. Mais tu sais, je lis les journaux, et j'avais même pensé me présenter en politique, oui, ne ris pas, j'étais sérieux. Mais je me suis découragé. Qu'est ce que je peux faire avec mon jeune âge et mes grandes idées ici, loin de tout? Seul comme une goutte d'eau dans l'océan... Il n'y a même pas d'Acadiens parmi les gens haut placés dans la société, ni dans les églises ou les écoles d'ailleurs. Il y a bien eu un député acadien par ici du temps de mon grand-père, et il paraît qu'il a dû se fâcher parce qu'on voulait le faire jurer comme un protestant lors de la cérémonie d'assermentation à l'Assemblée législative de Halifax! Il n'est d'ailleurs pas resté longtemps en poste... Et depuis, rien. Même le Premier Ministre de la province s'est laissé convaincre, ou séduire plutôt, avec des promesses du fédéral, alors tu m'imagines, pauvre moi? Non, crois-moi, il y a des moments où il faut prendre des décisions radicales. Mais pour le moment, viens patiner, ma princesse, on arrive.

\* \* \*

## St. Bruno Parish Van Buren, Maine 1838-1900

### Marriage, Baptismal and Death Records

Includes Priest's Notes  
by **Gary R.  
Levesque**

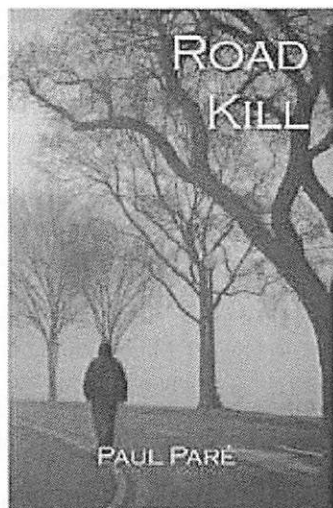
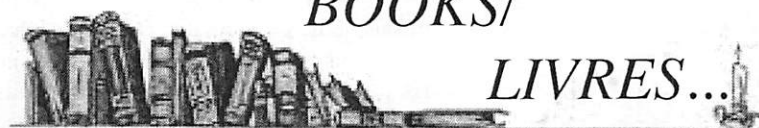
New genealogy book now available. St. Bruno Parish (Van Buren, Maine) registers' marriages, baptisms, death records and priests' notes from October 1838 to October 1900. The book is 300 pages and to keep the cost down, it will be printed locally and only when I have a request for a copy. Cost: \$30.00 plus shipping & handling. Send me a private message for more information or are interested in ordering one. Thank you.

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# BOOKS/ LIVRES...



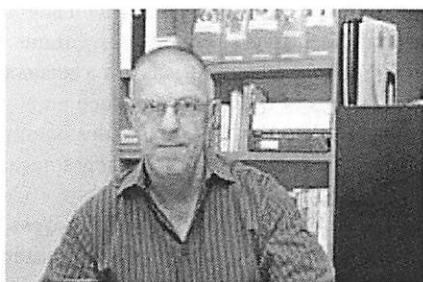
## Road Kill

The first thing Claude and Ray tell each other is that they are running away, grown men running away from home. The two New Englanders meet on the Savannah waterfront in 2007. They quick-

ly form a bond of reliance, although neither knows much about the other.

Claude Simard, the hitchhiker, has lived for months in an abandoned textile mill. Winter's coming and he hits the road. Ray Champagne is a school principal caught in a sex scandal. He packs his bags and heads south, leaving career and family behind.

They meet a few days before Christmas and embark on a coalition of purpose, not unlike a set of railroad tracks: parallel, never connecting.



In South Florida, their lives become intertwined with panhandlers, drag queens, dumpster divers, church

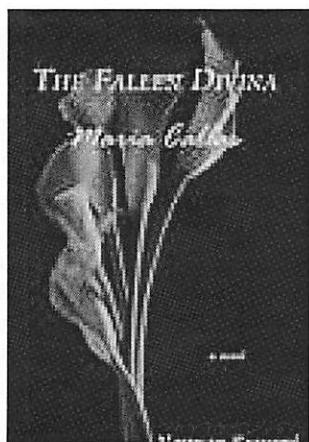
ladies on a mission, and squatters in a hurricane-devastated trailer park.

Road Kill is the ultimate trek into the unknown, with several seriously dark twists and scarce amounts of hope and redemption; a noir-ish look at American society in the early 21st century.

Paul Paré has had a lengthy career as a newspaper reporter and writer, starting with the Lewiston Evening Journal in the late 60s. He was also a radio and television host and producer, winning an Emmy in 1980. He's also worked in public relations for a variety of non-profits. His articles have been published in Canadian journals, the FORUM of the University of Maine, and in Wolf Moon Journal. He took part in the 2011 Stonecoast Writers' Conference, and the 2014 Writers Series at Colgate University. His autobiographical novel *Singing the Vernacular* was published in 2008 by iUniverse. He lives in Ogunquit, Maine, and Pompano Beach, Florida, and is available in both areas (and anywhere in between) for readings to promote his work. *Road Kill*, published by Piscataqua Press, was released Sept. 24.

<http://www.amazon.com/Road-Kill-Paul-Paré/dp/1939739799>

## The Fallen Divina: Maria Callas

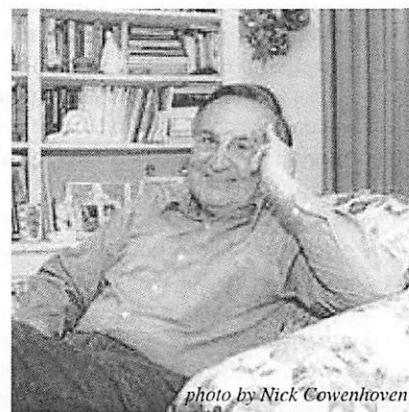


Norman Beaupré spent over two years preparing for this novel listening to several of Callas' operas, reading her biographies as well as other texts dealing with her singing, following the chronology of her life so as to make the entire work coherent with the facts about her life and her career as the world's most celebrated opera diva. At the height of her singing career, she

was internationally known for her high notes and her dramatic flair that she lent to her many performances across the world.

The author worked hard at bringing to his work a credible sense of historical reality. The voice of the novel is that of a young man from the northern part of Maine whose Acadian mother married a man of Greek descent. He then goes to Boston on to New York City then to Paris where he gets to meet la Callas and obtain private conversations with her when they discuss operas, performances, voice, composers and conductors. How does he manage to have those conversations since the opera diva was then a recluse and shut off from the world? Through the palate and the stomach with Greek, French and Italian recipes that the young man has learned over the years, much as we see in "Babette's Feast."

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Language: English  
Published by Llumina Press  
Available on Amazon



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(French and English)

(More BOOKS/LIVRES...on page 32)



# An old French Christmas Carol

*Par Kent Beaulne dit Bone  
Vieille Mine au Missouri*

*Music/Musique*

D'Où Viens-Tu Bergère?

1. D'où viens-tu bergère, D'où viens-tu?  
from where do you come?

"Je viens de l'étable, de m'y promener.  
J'ai vu un miracle, ce soir arrive."

2. Qu'as-tu vu, bergère, qu'as-tu vu?

"J'ai vu dans la crèche, un petit enfant.  
Sur la paille fraîche, mis bien tendrement."

3. Est-il beau bergère, est-il beau?

"Plus beau que la lune, et que le soleil.  
Jamais dans le monde, on ne vit son pareil."

4. Rien de plus bergère, rien de plus?

"Saint Marie, sa mère, lui fait boir du lait.  
Saint Joseph son père, lui tremble de froid."

5. Rien de plus bergère, rien de plus?

"Il y a le boeuf et l'âne, que sont par devant.  
Avec leur haleine, réchauffant l'enfant."

6. Rien de plus bergère, rien de plus?

"Il y a trois petits anges, descendus de ciel.  
Chantant les louanges, du Père Éternel."

From where are you coming, shepherd?  
From where do you come shepherd,

"I come from the stable, where I was walking by.  
I've seen a miracle, arrive this night."

What have you seen shepherd, what have you seen?  
"I've seen in the manger, a little child.  
On the fresh straw, lay so tenderly."

Is he handsome, shepherd, is he handsome?  
"More handsome than the moon, and than the sun.  
Never in the world, have we seen his equal."

Nothing else shepherd, nothing else?  
"Saint Mary, his mother was nursing him.  
Saint Joseph his father trembled from the cold."

Nothing else shepherd, nothing else?  
"There is an ox and an ass, in front.  
With their breath, warming the infant."

Nothing else shepherd, nothing else?  
"There are three little angels, descended from heaven.  
Singing the praises of the Eternal Father."



The first line of each verse is a question from the narrator. The two verses following in quotes are the response of the shepherds. My English translation is not a literal one, but a more exact word for word, meant to show the meaning of the words, and to help in understanding the language as there are many cognates in the song. The translation is not meant to rhyme or be sung.

This song was collected in Washington County MO in the 1980s. I heard it sung by Ida & Genevieve Politte-Portell. It was also sung in Vincennes Indiana, and can be found with the musical score at the Washington Library, in the book *Folksongs of Old Vincennes*, Anna C. O'Flynn & Joseph Carrière. H. T. Fitzsimons Company. Chicago IL ©1946 Mister Carrière did much research and recording of songs and stories in Washington County in the mid- 1930s.

The authors write, "Christmas and New Year's Day have remained the two greatest days of the year in French Canada. The spirit of Christmas there is still one of religious fervor and wonderment at this mystery of God made man to redeem humanity. Something of the touching faith of the stalwart men and the humble women folk who travel miles on a cold starry

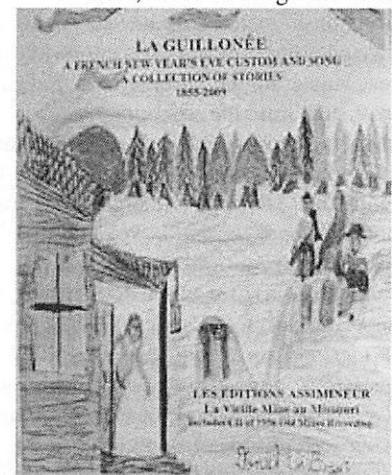
night to attend Midnight Mass permeates this simple song. This song was once very popular among the French people of Canada, Southern Illinois, and Southeastern Missouri." This one and others would have been sung in churches of St Louis, St Charles, Florissant, Cahokia, Carandolet, Ste. Genevieve, Prairie du Rocher, Potosi, Old Mines, Richwoods, and Vincennes. The Frenchmen of Washington County did not live in a vacuum, but were connected to these other settlements over three centuries.

Another very popular Christmas carol "Il est né le divin enfant", He is born, the divine infant is still sung today in French speaking regions.

In the early days of the colony of Louisiana, (which includes Missouri and Illinois) the Christmas tree was not often observed by the Créoles, if at all. They did bring evergreens into their homes to hang on the walls. One custom observed was the hanging of a large decorated wreath from the ceiling rafters. This can be seen today at some of the old homes in Ste. Genevieve, which has an annual Christmas tour of its French and German homes. Later in the 20th century with their assimilation in full swing, the tiff miners began bringing cedar trees into

their homes to decorate for Christmas. They sometimes added candles to their trees in imitation of the stars. Several stories have been handed down of flaming trees being dragged out of the miners' cabin to save the home.

Noël is the standard French word for Christmas, with "Joyeux Noël" being the common Christmas greeting, but "Bonne Christmisse" could be heard among the Creoles of Upper and Lower Louisiana. I'm not sure how or why this happened since the old Créole dialect has the word Noël, heard in songs and stories.



## BOOKS/ LIVRES...

### **LAFAYETTE: HIS EXTRAORDINARY LIFE AND LEGACY**

Lafayette was a charming French soldier who became like a son to George Washington and rose to lead troops in Virginia during the American Revolution. But what happened to him upon his return to France?

Donald Miller presents the most complete biography in English of an aristocrat who was "the hero of two worlds"-fighting to free England's colonies and then returning home to reject tyranny in France.

Lafayette inherited massive wealth and rode with princes, but he renounced his title to champion citizens' rights and offered reforms to end Louis XVI's absolute rule. His Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen proclaimed rights given to men by nature-not God.

As creator of the Paris National Guard, Lafayette designed its uniform and a French flag with the colors of Paris and the United States. He led a great fete

marking the French Revolution's first year in the Champ de Mars, later scene of many deaths for which he was unfairly blamed.

When Lafayette returned to the United States forty-one years after its independence, he was celebrated as a hero. The ideals that made him one of history's most celebrated and intriguing figures remain just as relevant today as when he was alive.

#### **About the author**

Donald Miller, a Pittsburgh native, earned his bachelors and masters degrees in art history at the University of Pittsburgh. He wrote for the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette for 43 years, retiring as a senior editor. He currently writes for the Naples Daily News and freelances for other publications. This is his seventh published book. He lives in Naples, Florida, with his wife, artist Bette W. Miller.

### **Phantoms of the French Fur Trade Twenty Men Who Worked in the Trade Between 1618 and 1758**

Volumes I, II, and III

**By Timothy J. Kent**

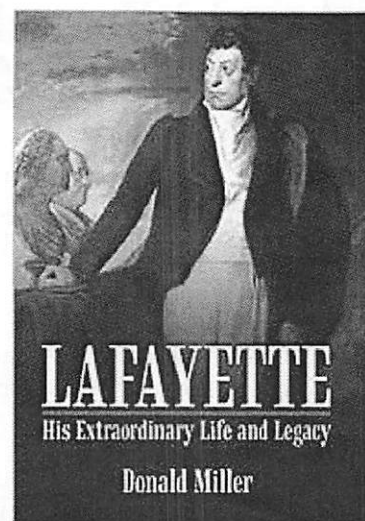
ISBN: 978-0-9657230-7-7

With few exceptions, the thousands of individuals who labored in the peltries trade during the French regime have been thought of as unknown, unnamed, phantom-like figures. This ground-breaking work radically alters such thinking, by bringing to life an entire series of living, breathing Frenchmen who worked at various occupations in the commerce. These jobs included fur trade company manager, clerk, voyageur-trader, interpreter-trade ambassador, voyageur, merchant-outfitter, investor, birchbark canoe builder and paddle carver, laborer, mariner and ship's pilot, and transatlantic merchant. These men often worked legally, with official sanction. But sometimes certain of them dealt in the illicit trade of *coureurs de bois*, and they were occasionally

caught in the act and convicted of the crime.

In addition to presenting a detailed study of the fur trade activities of these twenty subjects, the author has given equal consideration to the lives these men led when they were not working in the peltries business, especially their times at home with their loved ones. Thus, these biographies include detailed examinations of the men's wives and other family members, as well as each couple's children, home, possessions, and farming operation (nearly all of these individuals worked as subsistence farmers in tandem with their peltries occupations), along with myriad activities and events of their personal lives.

These thought-provoking accounts,  
(Continued on page 36)



*Lafayette: His Extraordinary Life  
and Legacy*

By: Donald Miller

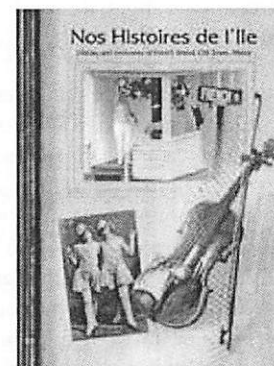
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### **Nos Histoires de l'Île**

*History and memories of  
French Island, Old Town, Maine*

A chronicling of French Island ("Treat and Webster Island"), Old Town, Maine, from 1800 to the late 20th century. Includes photos, selections from interviews and oral histories, historical synopses, and stories from the French Island community. A uniquely powerful piece from a section of Old Town in cultural transition. Compiled and written by a committee of persons representative of the Island at the end of the 20th century.

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# 17<sup>th</sup> Annual April in Paris French Film Festival Set for 2016

*By Albert J. Marceau Newington, Conn.*

The seventeenth annual April in Paris French Film Festival will be shown at Cinestudio on the campus of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., one week after Easter Sunday, from Sunday, April 3 to Saturday, April 9, 2016. The theme of the festival will be: "A Portrait of the Artist in French and Francophone Cinema." As in previous years, there will be two films on Sunday and Saturday each, with one film each night from Monday through Friday, for a total of nine films. Also in the practice of previous years, the first film of the festival will be from the

Silent Era, with piano accompaniment by Patrick Miller of the Hartt School of Music, University of Hartford, and the festival will end with a Francophone film with an appearance by the director of the film itself.

The tentative program of films, as given by Karen Humphreys of the Department of Language and Culture Studies at Trinity College, is as follows: *Un chapeau de paille d'Italie* (The Italian Straw Hat) by Rene Clair (1928); *La Collectionneuse* (The Collector) by Eric Rohmer (1967); *L'Enlèvement de Michel Houellebecq*

(The Kidnapping of Michel Houellebecq) by Guillaume Nicloux (2014); *Parce que j'étais peintre* (Because I was a painter) by Christophe Cognet (2014); *Abus de faiblesse* (The Abuse of Weakness) by Catherine Breillat (2013); *La Grotte des rêves perdus* (The Cave of Forgotten Dreams) by Werner Herzog (2011); *Un jour Pina m'a demandé* (One Day Pina Asked Me) by Chantal Ackerman (1983); and *Sembene!* by Samba Gadjio and Jason Silverman (2015).

The website for the festival is [www.aprilinparis.org](http://www.aprilinparis.org). The website for Cinestudio is [www.cinestudio.org](http://www.cinestudio.org), and the movie theatre has two telephone numbers, one for show times at (860)-297-2463, and the other is for the box office at (860)-297-2544. Although Cinestudio shows nine French and Francophone films during the April in Paris Film Festival every year, the movie theatre shows about another six French language films during the rest of the year, so watching the Cinestudio schedule on-line is easy and recommended to the readers of *Le Forum*.

## Daniel Boucher Wins Cultural Heritage Award

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

On Tuesday, November 17, 2015, Daniel Boucher was one of four recipients of an award from the Connecticut Cultural Heritage Arts Program for their work as ethnic folk artists who reside in Connecticut. The awards were given by the current director of the Connecticut Cultural Heritage Arts Program, Lynne Williamson, in the living room of the Curtis H. Veeder House, the home of the Connecticut Historical Society since 1950. In her opening speech, Lynne Williamson said that the CCHAP normally gives only one award per year, but she and her staff could not decide which folk artists to exclude, so there were three awards given, plus a special citation from the Connecticut General Assembly to a fourth artist.

Daniel Boucher of Bristol won the award from the CCHAP as a fiddler of French-Canadian folk music, which he promotes through his organization, Jam Français. Fr. Paul Luniw of Forestville also won the award from the CCHAP for his work in pysanky, the Ukrainian art of decorating

eggs. Jampa Tsondue of Old Saybrook was the third recipient for the award from the CCHAP, for his work in Tibetan Thangka painting. Somaly Hay of New London was awarded a special citation from Governor Dannel P. Malloy and the Connecticut General Assembly for her work in teaching Cambodian court, folk and social dance.

Daniel Boucher, the first person



of the four to receive the award, set the tone of gratitude among each of the recipients to Lynne Williamson, when he acknowledged her as the key person to know when applying for government grants in order to hold cultural events.

It should be noted that of the four folk-artists, three now practice an art that was or is currently suppressed by Communist governments in the former home country. The Communists suppressed the art of pysanky in Ukraine because it was a celebration of Easter in Christianity, while all Buddhist art is suppressed in Tibet, which has been occupied by Communist China since 1950, and royal dance was suppressed by the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia. Lynne Williamson noted that Somaly Hay was forced to flee Cambodia for her life, and over half of her family was killed by the Khmer Rouge. Williamson noted that Jampa Tsondue was born in India of Tibetan parents who fled their homeland in 1959. Fr. Paul Luniw told me personally that he was born in England after his parents fled Communist Ukraine.

After the awards and the very brief speeches from the recipients, everyone present could talk with the artists, and admire their work. Also, everyone present could further enjoy the Laotian food that Lynne Williamson said was prepared by the East-West Grille on New Park Avenue in West Hartford. (Daniel liked the restaurant's Tofu French Fries that are seasoned with turmeric, curry, salt and other spices, and he said that he might prepare it as a variant of poutine as his next event with Jam Français.) Daniel Boucher performed three reels on the fiddle, one traditional piece entitled "Old French Reel," and two of his own compositions, (Continued on page 34)



# LeGrow Re-elected as President of FCGSC

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

Maryanne LeGrow of Willington, Conn. was re-elected as President of the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut (FCGSC) at the society's General Membership Meeting (GMM) held on Sat. Oct. 17, 2015 in the basement of the United Congregational Church, 45 Tolland Green, Tolland, Conn., two doors south of the Old Tolland County Courthouse, home of the FCGSC.

LeGrow was elected with a slate of candidates for the Executive Board as follows: Vice-President Ernest Laliberté of Willimantic, Conn.; Treasurer Leo Roy of Springfield, Mass.; Recording Secretary Andrea Scannell of East Windsor, Conn.; Corresponding Secretary Jean Fredette of Springfield, Mass.; and Library Director Germaine Hoffman of Broad Brook, Conn.

There was a slate of three candidates for the lower board for the odd-year term of office for 2015 to 2017, each of whom were re-elected to their offices: Richard Fredette and Paul Drainville, both of Springfield, Mass., and Albert J. Marceau of Newington, Conn. It should be noted that in the June 2014 issue of *The Maple Leaflet*, the quarterly newsletter for the FCGSC, Richard Fredette is cited as being in the even-year election cycle of 2014 to 2016, so there may have been an error during his re-election on Sat. Oct. 17, 2015.

There were only two officers of the board who were not open for re-election since their directorships are for the even-year term of 2014 to 2016, and they are Dianne Keegan of East Hartford and Odette Manning of South Windsor, Conn.

There are still three open offices in the lower board, but at the time of this report, it is not clear if it is one for the term of office for 2015 to 2017, or two for the term of office for 2014 to 2016, or vice versa.

The re-election of Maryanne LeGrow corrects the problem of the erred election cycle for the office of President that began in October 2010, when the then-President, Sue Paquette, announced in the September 2010 issue of the *Maple Leaflet* that she would resign mid-term of office, and that the offices of President and Vice-President would be open for election at the GMM on Sat. Oct. 16, 2010. (Paquette was re-elect-

ed one year earlier, on Sat. Oct. 17, 2009, and no-one was elected to the office of Vice-President in 2009.) So as to fill the vacancy of the offices of President and Vice-President, Ernest Laliberté and Ivan Robinson, respectively, were elected to the offices from the floor of the GMM on Sat. Oct. 16, 2010. Somehow they, and the rest of the board, forgot that their election was a special election, and that they were open for re-election in October 2011, and not 2012, when they were erroneously re-elected. It was not until Director Marceau, as the editor of the newsletter for June 2014, discovered the error, and reported the mistake in the newsletter, so as to keep true to the bylaws of the society. Hence, Maryanne LeGrow was elected from the floor for a one-year term on Sat. Oct. 18, 2014, and in order to fully recalibrate the cycle of elections of President of the FCGSC, she offered to be re-elected for the standard two-year term on Sat. Oct. 17, 2015. The terms of office for the Executive Board of the FCGSC are clearly stated in the society's bylaws, dated Oct. 16, 2010, in Article X, Section 4: "Executive officers shall hold office for a term of two years beginning in each odd-numbered year, and shall take office upon installation." The copy of the bylaws are published in the society's journal, the *Connecticut Maple Leaf*, Vol. XIV, No. 4, pages 234-40.

The election of Ernest Laliberté as Vice-President fills a void that was left by Ivan Robinson when he officially retired from the office on Thurs. May 1, 2014. (Robinson died of natural causes on Mon. Aug. 4, 2014 at the Rockville General Hospital in Rockville, Conn.) Laliberté automatically became a director in the lower board after his term in office as President of the FCGSC, from 2010 to 2014, in accordance to the bylaws of the society, in Article V, Section 1: "The immediate past president will automatically become one of the directors for a two-year term...." Hence, the move by Laliberté from a director in the lower board to Vice-President in the Executive Board, has created a void in the lower board for the even-year election cycle of 2014 to 2016.

There was a total of 24 people in attendance at the Fall GMM on Sat. Oct. 17, 2015, and of the 24, only thirteen were

members of the society, so the slate of nine candidates was elected by thirteen members of the society. President LeGrow chaired the meeting, with Director Marceau as the temporary Recording Secretary. There was no reading of the minutes from the Spring GMM held on Sat. April 18, 2015, because Recording Secretary Andrea Scannell, who did not attend the meeting, sent the wrong meeting minutes from the GMM held in April 2014 to Pres. LeGrow by e-mail. In another discovery of error, Director Marceau, at time of writing this report, realized that he forgot that he was the temporary Recording Secretary for the Spring GMM in April 2015, and that he had a draft of the meeting minutes that he saved in his e-mail account. Thus, the meeting minutes that were taken during the two GMMs for 2015 will need to be approved by the members in attendance at the Spring 2016 GMM. Treasurer Leo Roy gave his treasurer's report for the year, which was approved by the thirteen members in attendance. The officers of the board who were in attendance for the meeting were Maryanne LeGrow, Ernest Laliberté, Leo Roy, Germaine Hoff-

(Continued on page 35)

(Daniel Boucher Wins Cultural Heritage Award continued from page 33)

one entitled "Surprise Reel," and the other entitled "Circular Reel." Jampa Tsondue, whose first name means "loving kindness," and whose last name means "diligent," displayed three of his paintings, one mostly in white of a compassionate deity in Buddhism, one mostly in blue of the Medicine Buddha, and one mostly in red of the Tanka Buddha. Fr. Paul Luniw, the pastor of St. Michael's Ukrainian Catholic Church in Forestville, displayed a total of ten eggs painted in the Ukrainian folk art of pysanky, which is in various colors, with etchings in highly stylized geometric shapes that have specific meanings to Easter. (In contrast, the similar Polish folk art of pisanki is primarily of easily recognizable floral designs.) The ten eggs that Fr. Paul displayed were from five different birds, one from an ostrich, one from a rhea, one from a turkey, two from chickens, and three from ducks. Fr. Paul said that he has a video of his artwork in youtube.com, which can be found by typing his name on the internet. He also told me personally that he is friends with Daniel's pastor, Fr. Alvin Leblanc of St. Ann's Church in Bristol. For reasons not known, Somaly Hay did not perform any of her dances.

N.D.L.R. Ceci est la dernière installment de *Waterbury L'exilé* par Alice Gélinas. Merci Alice!)

## Waterbury

### L'exilé

par  
Alice Gélinas  
Waterbury, CT

Les forces me revenaient peu à peu. Je marchais dehors. J'allais à la boîte aux lettres.

J'entretenais mon appartement, sauf pour l'aspirateur. C'est Lorie qui venait le passer. Une fois, elle a lavé mes vitres et mes rideaux. Je la dédommageais pour qu'elle ait au moins son argent de poche. Elle avait travaillé avant même d'avoir seize ans, mais pour le moment, elle était sans emploi. Comme elle n'avait pas d'auto, c'était plus difficile.

Petit à petit, je remontais la pente. J'ai commencé à aller faire mes courses avec Nicole, et chaque fois que quelqu'un me l'offrait, j'allais faire un tour avec joie.

Ensuite, je me suis sentie assez bien pour aller au restaurant. Nicole, Lynn, Michelle et Lorie m'y amenaient. Lorie avait passé ses licences, alors ça me faisait un autre chauffeur.

Je faisais encore de l'angine, et j'avais d'autres malaises, mais en général, ça allait mieux.

Émile venait me visiter chaque semaine, mais à la fin de juin 1988, il a eu une attaque de cœur.

Nicole m'a amenée le voir. Un mois plus tard, il recommençait à conduire son auto.

Après avoir passé des tests, on lui trouva un cancer qui s'est généralisé. Il le savait, mais il n'en parlait pas. Il faisait le brave, il était prêt à se battre pour guérir, mais il maigrissait à vue d'œil, ses traits s'altéraient.

Quand il revenait d'une chose, il en sortait une autre. Ce fut le foie, le pancréas, etc.

Nous avons su qu'il regardait souvent le film vidéo qu'il avait pris avec sa famille lorsque papa était avec eux, et il assuyait les larmes de ses yeux.

Le 5 septembre 1988, il est entré à Ste-Mary's Hospital. Il a passé toutes sortes de tests.

La première semaine qu'il a été à l'hôpital, il nous parlait, faisait des farces avec Nicole qui lui montrait sa chaîne en or. Tout à coup, il dit: "Il y a quelque chose qui ne va pas, je vois la T.V. sur le mur et j'en vois une autre sur le plancher.

Dans la nuit, son état a empiré. Il

nous a dit qu'il avait été pris d'un frisson incontrôlable et que même avec sept couvertures, il avait eu froid. Celui ou celle qui se tenait près de lui, le tenait par les épaules et les bras car il tremblait comme une feuille.

Il s'est essayé une dernière fois de sortir de son lit, mais il est tombé sur les deux genoux, et il n'a pas pu se relever tout seul.

Toute la famille allait le voir pour l'encourager et le soutenir. Il n'a jamais été laissé seul. Neveux et nièces, amis, l'ont accompagné. Il avait de la morphine.

Vendredi le 16, nous avons communiqué avec l'hôpital. Il avait contracté une pneumonie et le cœur ne tiendrait pas. C'était la fin. Je suis allée près de lui, et je lui ai dit: "me reconnais-tu?" Il a répondu: "Oui, c'est la mère". Souvent il m'appelait MOM.

Ralph et Rosélia ont passé la nuit à son chevet. Le jour suivant, Irène et Fernand sont retournés le soir. Nicole m'a conduit à l'hôpital tous les jours.

Samedi matin, Nicole est allée. Sa fille: Lise était avec lui. Lise Langevin avait remplacé Rosa pour un instant.

En revenant, Nicole me dit: "Tu devrais y aller, il est vraiment très malade".

De toute façon, j'étais pour y aller.

Lucille, la fille d'Yvonne, lui a fait manger un peu de pouding. Il ouvrait la bouche et il avalait.

Il est resté lucide jusqu'au bout.

Puis, on a vu les battements de son cœur se ralentir, s'interrompre. Ses yeux restaient ouverts, le regard fixe.

Le Père Gregg et le Père Laterreur sont venus le voir.

Je suis retournée avec Nicole le dimanche. Il avait toujours les yeux ouverts, sa bouche aussi. Il avait de la morphine à tous les trois ou quatre heures. C'était d'une tristesse!

Lorsque nous sommes parties, Irène, Fernand et Denise leur fille nous remplaçaient. Le dimanche soir, Irène et Fernand sont restés jusqu'à onze heures. À deux heures de la nuit, Rosa a appelé. Elle et un ami étaient restés jusqu'à son dernier soupir. Jamais, je n'ai vu une personne souffrir autant.

Le seul frère qui nous restait, était parti. Nicole l'aimait comme son deuxième père. Il nous avait dépanné tant de fois... Elle en a encore de la gratitude.

Il est mort un lundi le 19 septembre 1988 à l'âge de soixante-cinq ans.

Le mercredi, son service eut lieu à l'église Ste-Anne. Une foule de gens s'était déplacée. On a pu voir à quel point, il était apprécié de tous les paroissiens. Il avait travaillé comme sacristain pendant trente ans.



Il est enterré pas loin de papa au Mount Olivet Cemetery à Watertown.

Nous le regrettons encore et j'ai de merveilleux souvenirs d'Émile. Il occupe une place spéciale dans mon cœur.

De la branche de Lisée Gélinas et de Dézolina Lavergne, nous n'étions plus que quatre.

*Adieu Émile, je t'aime.*

Irène 78 ans, une fille et trois petits-enfants.

Alice 74 ans, une fille et trois petites-filles.

Rosa 72 ans, trois enfants, quatre petits-enfants et un arrière.

Rosélia 65 ans, trois fils, deux petits-fils.

À la maison, la vie continuait.

J'avais du plaisir à toutes les réunions de famille: Noël, les anniversaires, l'été et la cuisine dehors.

J'ai toujours eu ma fête fêtée.

L'an dernier, à mes 73 ans, toute ma petite famille s'est réunie autour de moi avec toutes sortes de présents.

Un cadeau qui m'a touché profondément fut un poème de Lorie qu'elle avait composé uniquement à mon intention. C'est Michelle qui l'a lu à haute voix:

*Regardant par la fenêtre, regardant les murs, espérant que quelqu'un vienne dans mes heures solitaires, ravalant mes*

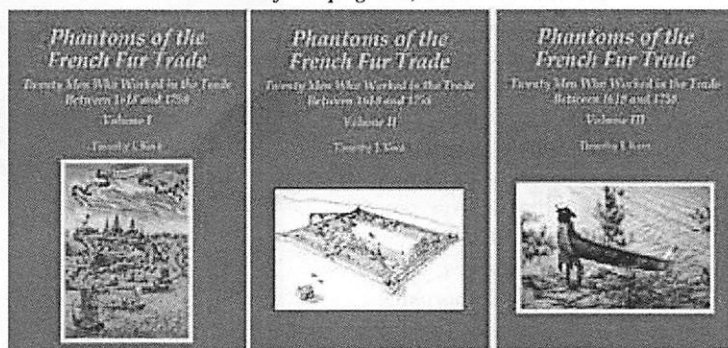
*(Suite page 38)*

*(LeGrow Re-elected as President of FCGSC Continued from page 34)*

man, Odette Manning, and Albert Marceau.

The guest speaker at the Fall GMM was Daniel Boucher of Bristol, Conn., who spoke about French-Canadian fiddle music, and the use of the melodic instruments of violin, guitar, and hurdy-gurdy, as well as the percussive instruments of spoons, bones and feet. He played several reels on his fiddle to the enjoyment of all in attendance.

*(Phantoms of the French Fur Trade - Twenty Men Who Worked in the Trade Between 1618 and 1758 continued from page 32)*



which examine in minute detail the happenings of these people's daily existence, cover the entire arc from birth to death. These reconstructions have been woven from hundreds of original French documents, most of which have never before been transcribed and translated. This mass of previously untapped information has been combined with church records as well as many other documentary sources, including censuses, government and missionary reports, personal letters, private journals, and period maps.

Through these twenty highly detailed,

dual biographies, the history of New France and its fur trade emerges. However, this history is not offered in smoothed-out summary fashion, but instead from the engrossing and highly personal perspective of individuals who actually lived, worked, and died during this tumultuous period. This work does not embrace the "great man" version of history, with its focus upon prominent figures and major events of the time. Rather, these volumes offer an intimate look into both the major and the minor events of the period, through the activities of everyday people

who did not possess the luxury of historical hindsight. This deep insider's approach examines these people's times of triumph and satisfaction, as well as their times of failure, personal loss, and deep grief. By examining the past through this microvision approach, readers will establish empathy and visceral linkages with those who lived in New France long ago, and will understand that their aspirations, excitements, pleasures, fears, disappointments, and sorrows were very similar to those that we ourselves experience today.

This set of three hardcover volumes, containing 2450 pages, is illustrated with 100 color photographs, 27 drawings and maps, and 5 reproductions of ancient handwritten documents. Two of its valuable features include an 80-page index by proper nouns and a 40-page triple index by subjects (Life in France, Life in New France, and the Fur Trade). This work will be of considerable interest to professional and avocational historians, genealogists, and enthusiasts of fur trade, military, missionary, colonial, and canoeing history.

<http://www.timothyjkent.com/pubs.htm>

**Do you or someone you know ...**

- **Face barriers because of deaf/blindness?**
- **Have a loss of both hearing and vision?**

*The IRIS Network Initiates a Program (Independence Without Fear) to Serve People who are Deaf and Blind or Who are Dual Sensory Impaired (Hearing and Vision Loss)*  
*Since 1905 The IRIS Network has provided comprehensive services to people with vision loss in their efforts to be independent and fully participate in their community.*

**Independence Without Fear Deaf/Blind Project**



**What is Independence Without Fear?**

Independence Without Fear (IWOFF) is a program for Maine citizens who are Deaf/Blind or have a hearing loss and a vision loss (dual sensory impaired). The program connects consumers to resources and services throughout Maine. These services assist people with their pursuit of employment or independent living as well as offering advocacy support and computer equipment.

IWOFF has begun a project to identify the more than an estimated 20,000 people around the state who are Deaf/blind or have a dual sensory impairment. The main focus of this outreach effort is to make sure that people are aware of government funded services that exist on a statewide basis.

**Step 1**

Call or email us.

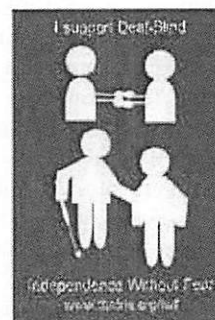
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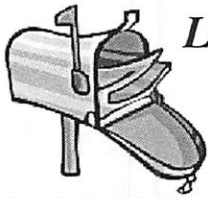
**IWF@theiris.org**

**Step 2**

Get connected to resources and no cost services to be more independent.







## Lettres/ Letters

### Saint John Valley Commerce 1846

On Jan 31, 1846 Madawaska farmer, Regis Daigle brought a load of 64 1/2 bushels of oats to Merchant Traders A. & S. Dufour. the Dufours gave him a credit to £8 15/ 4 1/2 . (Eight pounds 15 shillings 4 1/2 pence) He was given an additional £1 12/ 3. to transport this load to St. François.

On Feb. 4, 1846 Regis Daigle brought 77 bushels of oats the the merchant traders who accorded him an additional credit of £10 11/ 0. and was told to bring the load "Chez Drake" for a credit of £1 18/ 6.

On Feb. 14, 1846 Daigle shows up at the Merchant traders with 1010 bushels of oats and was given a credit of £12 12/ 6. and told to deliver the load "Chez Ths. E. Perley for a credit of £3 3/ 1 1/2 f

St. Francois is up the St. Francis River beyond Fort Kent where Hammond & Atherton were lumbering.

Drake is the foreman of the Shepard Cary lumber operation at Portage Lake in the head waters of the Fish River that comes down to the St. Joh River at Fort Kent.

Thomas E. Perley from Fredericton,

N.B is engaged in Lumbering on what is now called Perley Brook in fort Kent.

Now get this Daigle has fodder of the oxen in the lumber operations at three places. It is winter travel is on the frozen ice of the rivers.

Daigle is no dingbat. In 1850 the U.S. census lists his homestead in Madawaska as of \$1000 real estate valuation - an above average value in those census entries.

In those records we also see that day laborers were paid two shillings six pence a day. Multiply that figure by 8 and you get £1 (One pound). daigle's total credits of £38 5/ 6. amount to what you would pay a man for 306 days wages.

It's 1846 four years after the Webster-Ashburton treaty drew a boundary line at the river. the accounting in the records is all in French but is calculated in British money. why, because the logs driven here go to St.John, N.B, not to Bangor Maine.

There are no banks here but lumber operators like Shepard Cary of Houlton and The Perley Brothers of Fredericton have access to venture capital funds from Banks in Bangor and Fredericton. For the Merchant trader it's an immediate sale to the lumber operators, so they are willing to give the farmer credit for the purchase of his crop items.

Daigle is an American resident, the U.S. Census data shows that. But he delivers his produces to lumber operators on both sides of the border. Now the Acadians did

not really trust bank notes. they like to see their sales get gold coins. On February 23, 1846 an entry in his account read "argent à lui payée £22 12/ 6 (Money paid to him). In the course of the rest of the year his account is debited for horse-shoe nails, 2 1/2 yards of brocade, 1 1/2 yards of ribbon, two sets of knitting needles, a black cotton shall etc.

In the Albert house, at tane Blanche Museum in Madawaska I have on the wall Luc Albert's Account, and he not only delivers oats but also hay, some of it "Au Lac" -that is up the Madawaska River to Lac Temiscouata where the lumber operations are located.

In 1847, Daigle is a member of the Board of assessors of Madawaska Plantation who filed a petition to the Bishop of Boston for permission to build a chapel at what is now Mount Carmel in the present day Madawaska, Grand Isle Town line. In the name of the residents of the Plantation, they make that request for a chapel to be located on the American side of the river, using several arguments among which we read "And that in the event of a war with Great Britain, they would almost be deprived of spiritual assistance in time of need...." (Are they playing the heavy hand of politics here with pounds, shilling and pence well secure in their pockets?)

*Guy Dubay  
Madawaska, ME*

In my previous letter I told you about the credits in Acadian Farmer Regis Daigle, By the way they called Regis Bonhomme: Goodman Regis..

The same account on Feb. 4, 1846 when he received a credit of 10 pounds 11 shilling and 9 pence, there is a debit of One pound for "1 paire de bottes à son engagé" - a pair of boots for his employee. He also bought three gallons of molasses that day. The previous month on Jan. 12th we have "par son fils 1 gallon de molasse at cost of 4 shillings. I leave it to the imagination to wonder whether these folk had learned to turn molasses into rum.

But to get back to the boots. Elsewhere in the account we have "Autant livré à Antoine Beaulieu 5 shillings (As much delivered to Antoine Beaulieu 5 shillings) and again "Autant promis pour payer Antoine Beaulieu, fils 1 shilling 5 pence". ( So much promised to pay Antoine Beaulieu, Jr. 1 shilling 5 pence).

The riddle is explained in the 1850 U.S. census where we find in the Regis Daigle

household, Antoine Beaulieu 18, domestic.

Now a literary reading of this account may entail the following conversation:

Regis D. "Antoine, go hitch up the horse, we are going up river today (Feb. 4, 1846).

Antoine: Today?

Regis D.: "What do you mean, Today?"

Antoine: Well, look at my boots, if we go on the river today, my feet are going to freeze.

Regis D. Hey look young man, when you get to the store, pick yourself up a pair of boots and charge it to my account, but you are going to hitch up those horses, come wind or snow.

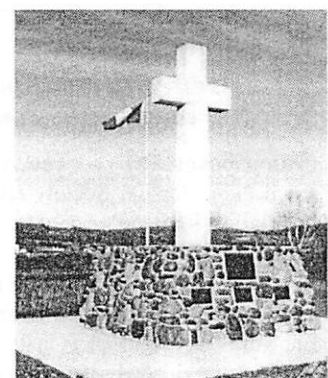
The boots cost £1. Day labors were paid 2 shillings six pence a day. Multiply six pence by 8 and you get 48 pence which amounts to 4 shillings. Multiply the 2 shilling by 8 and you get sixteen shillings. Add to that the 4 shilling you got out of the pence amount and you get 20 shillings which equals one pound. Thus the cost of the boots, 1 pound, has a value of eight days' wages.

Regis Daigle may not have said as much, but he may have thought: Young

man, yes charge my account but those boots are going to be your week's salary!

The day after this imagined conversation, Regis Daigle bought a half pound of chocolate at 10 pence. It stretches the imagination even further to assume that Bonhomme Regis had a quarter pound of it for his farmhand's sweet tooth.

*Guy Dubay  
Madawaska, ME*



(More letters on page 41)

(Waterbury L'exilé suite de page 35)

*peurs par fierté. J'ai besoin de ma famille et je désire leur présence près de moi, mais tout ce que je peux faire, c'est de m'asseoir et pleurer. Je prie Dieu chaque soir, pour que mes frayeurs prennent fin. Un jour, ce sera le temps de voir la lumière d'or. Dans mes rêves, je suis jeune et lorsque je me réveille, la réalité est cauchemar. Mais, Grand-Ma, même si on ne le démontre pas assez, je veux que tu saches que je suis toujours là et que JE T'AIME.*

**À Grand-Ma pour tes 73 ans.**

Pendant que Michelle lisait le poème, j'avais la gorge serrée par l'émotion, et je me retenais pour ne pas pleurer.

J'ai remercié Lorie. Ce poème, elle l'avait écrit avec son cœur, et je l'ai aimé pour cela.

J'ai toutes sortes de mémoires: tristes ou gaies, et celui-là fait partie de mes tendres mémoires.

Les jours passaient.

Je me suis mise à faire de légers travaux. Dans une grande maison, ce n'est pas difficile de se trouver quelque chose à faire. Je lavais la vaisselle du matin, je faisais le lit de Nicole, je pliais les draps dans ses tiroirs, je m'occupais des poubelles et j'étais contente de moi. Ça ne me fatiguait pas.

À la fin août 1989, Nicole est descendue à mon appartement pour me parler. Elle m'a expliqué qu'elle ne voulait plus que j'aie dans sa chambre, jamais.

Sur le moment, je n'ais pas saisie. J'en ai parlé à Lynn et elle s'est écrié: "Grand-Ma, tu écorniffles!"

C'était comme si on m'avait mis de la dynamite au derrière.

Qu'est-ce que ces jeunes là s'étaient imaginés! Une manière moderne de penser sans aucun doute. Je ne voulais rien savoir de leurs affaires personnelles, je leur aidais. Et Lorie! Sa chambre, c'était comme son sanctuaire à elle toute seule!

Je les ai boudé pour quelques jours, et j'ai placé, bien en vue sur le frigidaire, les mots qu'elle m'avait dit pour être sûr qu'elle ne les oublie pas. Puis j'ai réfléchi. J'ai essayé de me mettre à leur place. Mais comment expliquer à ces jeunes qui n'avaient pas vécu ma vie, mon point de vue: J'avais été servante, et notre travail consistait à entrer dans une chambre, la ranger, fermer les tiroirs. Pour ma part, c'était un travail. Elles n'auraient pas pu comprendre cela. Les temps ont trop changé. Un cœur de mère, ça se fait écraser parfois, mais l'amour qu'il contient, le fait passer par-dessus, les blessures que bien inconsciemment ils nous infligent. Maintenant, je vide encore les poubelles, je lave la vaisselle, mais je ne m'approche plus de leur chambre à coucher.

Je ne vais jamais en haut sans frapper avant d'entrer. Si je vais voir Nicole et que le téléphone sonne, je redescends dans mon appartement. Si elle est avec Paul, j'évite de monter en haut, sauf si Lynn et Michelle sont en visite. Je n'avais pas réalisé qu'elle avait besoin d'avoir son temps à elle.

J'essaie réellement de ne pas tomber sur les nerfs de Nicole. La seule chose dont je n'ai pu me corriger, c'est de demander: "Où tu t'en vas?". Cela l'agaçait de se faire demander cela. Mais moi, il y avait l'habitude et aussi le fait qu'il restait en pleine campagne, et je ne me sentais pas trop brave lorsque j'étais seule. Mais là encore! Comment expliquer mes craintes à des jeunes qui n'ont peur de rien.

Je demeure avec eux je l'apprécie. Sans tout eux autres, je m'étais sentie seule et malade. Le jour où ils m'ont offert une place sous leur toit, ils m'ont sauvée. Ce fut un refuge dans la maladie et j'ai pu me faire soigner. Je me considère chanceuse de les avoir. Nicole fait tout son possible et elle pense à moi. Si elle cuisine un plat que j'aime, elle vient m'en offrir. Elle achète du pain frais, elle m'en apporte la moitié.

Elle vient me parler chaque jour, avant

de partir pour le travail et le soir en revenant. Avant de se coucher, si elle est inquiète de ma santé, elle vient vérifier en me disant: "Si tu as besoin, appelle-moi, Ma". Je l'aime.

Nicole et Paul font encore un beau couple, ils vont bien ensemble. Ils approchent leur retour d'âge. Paul a quarante-huit ans et Nicole quarante-quatre. Ils sont assez grands pour organiser leur vie et pour prendre soin d'eux-mêmes. Ils fêteront leur vingt-huitième anniversaire de mariage cette année. Paul a pris sa retraite du Cheshire Correctional Institute en septembre 1989. Ses compagnons de travail ont donné un party en son honneur et ils lui ont offert une montre en or avec son nom gravé, et une belle plaque avec le nombre d'année qu'il a été officier: 22 ans de service. Il est retourné à son premier métier: la menuiserie.

Il est cinq heures du matin, j'entends les pas de Nicole. Elle est en train de préparer le déjeuner et le lunch. A six heures, Paul est en chemin pour son travail. Nicole quitte la maison à sept heures trente, et Lorie part pour l'école et après ses cours, elle a un travail.

Je les regarde vivre.

Le 10 février 1990, Nicole nous a amené, Rosa et moi, voir un film. Nous avons vu Stanley & Iris avec Jane Fonda: un film qui a été tourné ici à Waterbury. Nous avons revu toutes les rues où nous avons vécu, l'église Ste-Anne et les édifices. C'était un bon film.

Nous avons été dîné au American Steak House. Nous étions si contentes que nous aurions aimé y retourner.

Merci Nicole pour ce bon temps.

Je t'aime.

Qu'est-ce que la vie a en réserve pour mes petites-filles et Nicole? Je leur souhaite tout le bien possible.

La vie change, les gens changent, les sentiments changent. Cela fait partie de la vie. Nous devenons vieux, cela fait aussi partie de la vie.



**American-French  
Genealogical Society**  
Woonsocket, Rhode Island USA

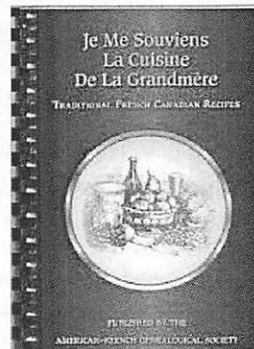
(Woonsocket, R.I.) -- The American-French Genealogical Society (AFGS) is again offering its popular cookbook "Je Me Souviens La Cuisine de la Grandmère" - I Remember Grandmother's Kitchen. The title is in French, however its 400+ Recipes are in English. The cookbook is in its fourth printing. It features a newly-designed cover, but contains all the same traditional recipes

## French Canadian Cookbook Available for Holidays

for tourtières (meat pies) sugar pie, pea soup, and ragout, as well as some modern recipes.

The cookbook is spiral-bound to lay flat for easy use, and it has a wipe clean cover.

The cookbooks are \$15 each plus \$4 shipping and handling. For additional cookbooks add \$2 for shipping and handling. RI residents please add \$1.05 tax per cookbook. Send a check or money order to the AFGS,



P.O. Box 830, Woonsocket, RI 02895-0870. The cookbook may also be ordered on line by visiting our website at [www.afgs.org](http://www.afgs.org).

# Recipés/Recettes

## Les Repas de Mon Enfance: Growing Up Franco-American

### Classic French Canadian Tourtière

The tourtière is a French-Canadian meat pie that originated in the province of Quebec in Canada as early as 1600. Most recipes for tourtière include ground pork and other ground meats. The tourtière is a traditional part of Christmas and New Year's celebrations in Quebec, but the pie is also enjoyed at other times and throughout Canada and the upper midwest and eastern United States. There is some debate about the origin of the name of the dish. Some believe that the dish is named after the now extinct passenger pigeons, called "tourtes," that were cooked into the original pies. Others argue that the pie is named after the deep ceramic baking dish that families used to create the pies. It is, however, agreed that by 1611, the word tourtière had come to refer to the pastry containing meat or fish that was cooked in this medium-deep, round or rectangular dish.

There are arguments as well about

what variations of the dish are the "original" or "authentic" pies. Regional variations depend on what foods were available in the area and family recipes have been passed down and altered through the years.

#### Ingredients

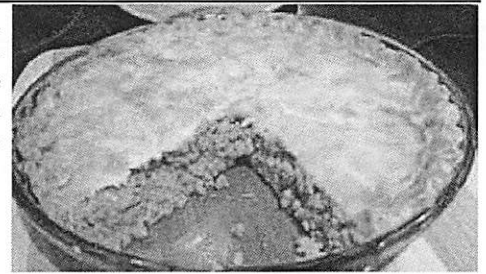
2 lbs ground pork  
1 small onion  
1 medium potato  
3 cloves garlic  
2 tbsp chopped savory  
1/4 tsp each of ground cloves, nutmeg, and cinnamon  
Salt to taste (Usually around 1.25- 1.5 tsp)  
1/2 tsp pepper  
1 package of frozen pie dough- enough for a top and bottom crust

#### Directions

Start by cooking the pork in a large skillet over medium heat. Be sure to break it up thoroughly as you don't want large chunks remaining.

Peel and dice 1 medium russet potato, 1 medium onion, and 3 cloves of garlic. Place in food processor and pulse until finely chopped but not pureed.

When the pork is mostly cooked (about



10 minutes), add the onion mixture to the pan and stir.

Add 2 pinches each of ground cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves, plus 3/4 tsp salt and pepper to taste.

Sautee the pork mixture for another 10 minutes, and add chopped thyme and mint. Stir well to combine and take off the heat to cool.

Roll out pie dough into 2 circles big enough to line a 12" pie plate top and bottom.

Fill the crust with the cooled pork mixture and cover with top layer of dough. Crimp the edges and brush the beaten egg on top.

Bake at 375 degrees for approx 1 hour until the top crust is golden brown.

Let Tourtière rest at least 10 minutes before cutting into it to serve.

Makes 4 obscene portions, or 6-8 more reasonable sized ones.

### Pumpkin Gingerbread Trifle

#### INGREDIENTS

For gingerbread:

2 cups all-purpose flour  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
2 teaspoons ground ginger  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 stick unsalted butter, softened  
1 cup packed dark brown sugar  
1 large egg  
1/2 cup mild molasses (not robust or blackstrap)  
3/4 cup well-shaken buttermilk (not powdered)  
1/2 cup hot water

For pumpkin mousse:

1 (1/4-ounces) envelope unflavored gelatin  
1/4 cup cold water  
1 (15-ounces) can pure pumpkin  
1/2 cup packed light brown sugar  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg  
1/2 teaspoon ground ginger  
1/8 teaspoon salt  
1 cup chilled heavy cream  
1/2 teaspoon pure vanilla extract

For whipped cream:

1 1/2 cups chilled heavy cream  
3 tablespoons granulated sugar  
1 teaspoon pure vanilla extract  
Equipment: a 2-quart trifle bowl or other deep serving bowl  
Garnish: chopped crystallized ginger

#### Directions

Make gingerbread:

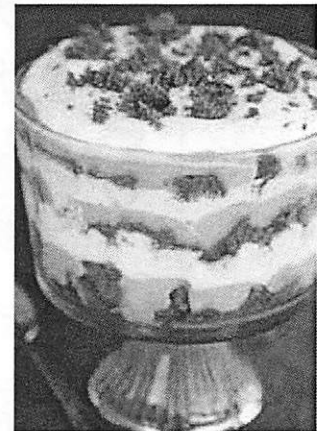
1. Preheat oven to 350°F with rack in middle. Butter a 13- by 9-inch baking pan. Line pan with foil, leaving an overhang at both ends, then butter foil.  
2. Whisk together flour, baking soda, spices, and salt.

3. Beat butter and brown sugar with an electric mixer at medium speed until pale and fluffy, 3 to 5 minutes. Beat in egg until blended, then beat in molasses and buttermilk. At low speed, mix in flour mixture until smooth, then add hot water and beat 1 minute (batter may look curdled).

4. Spread batter evenly in pan and bake until a wooden pick inserted into center comes out clean, 35 to 40 minutes. Cool in pan. Using foil as an aid, transfer gingerbread to a cutting board and cut into 1-inch cubes with a serrated knife.

Make pumpkin mousse:

1. Sprinkle gelatin over cold water in a small saucepan and let soften 1 minute. Bring to a simmer, stirring until gelatin has dissolved. Whisk



together gelatin mixture, pumpkin, brown sugar, spices, and salt in a large bowl until combined well.

2. Beat cream with vanilla using cleaned beaters until it holds soft peaks, then fold into pumpkin mixture gently but thoroughly.

Make whipped cream:

1. Beat cream with sugar and vanilla using mixer until it holds soft peaks.

Assemble trifle:

1. Put half of gingerbread cubes in trifle bowl. Top with half of pumpkin mousse, then half of whipped cream. Repeat layering once more with all of remaining gingerbread, mousse, and cream. Chill at least 2 hours before serving.

<https://www.facebook.com/Les-Repas-de-Mon-Enfance-Growing-Up-Franco-American>



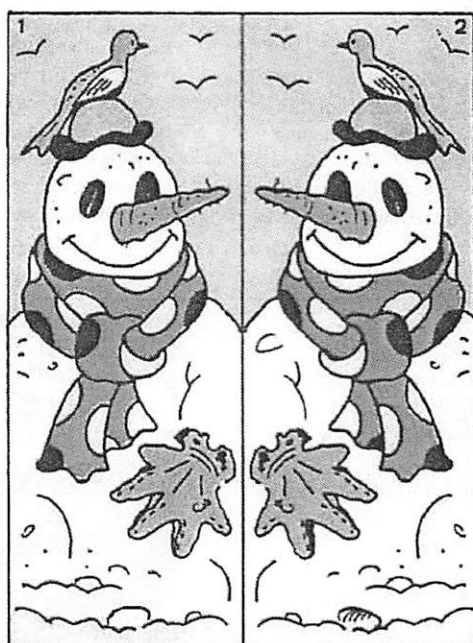
## Coin desjeunes...



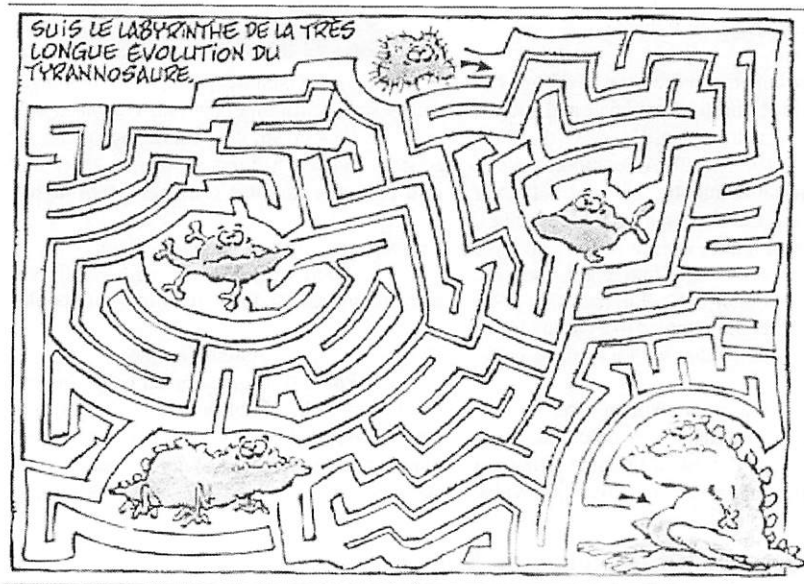
## DIFFÉRENCES

Il y a 5 différences entre ce dessin et son double inversé.

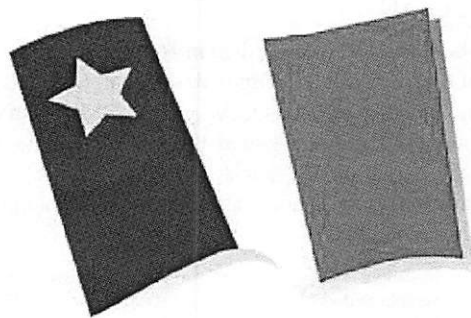
A toi de les repérer!



**SODUKO:** Complète la grille en remplissant les cases vides avec les chiffres de 1 à 9, de manière à ce qu'un chiffre ne se répète jamais dans une même ligne, colonne ou carré. (Solution voir page 41).



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



December was a very sad month for our Acadian ancestors who were deported from Ile St-Jean (Prince Edward Island). We should think of them on the following dates:

#### December 12, 1758

Sinking of the Violet, transporting inhabitants from Ile-Saint-Jean to France, with the loss of almost 300 lives.

#### December 13, 1758

Sinking of the Duke William, taking inhabitants from Ile-Saint-Jean to France, with the loss of more than 350 lives. Among the Acadian passengers, only four men survive and reach Falmouth, England.

#### December 16, 1758

Sinking near the Portuguese coast of the Ruby transporting 310 Acadians from Ile-Saint-Jean to France, with a loss of 190 lives.

#### December 20, 1758

Arrival in Bideford, England, of the Supply, with 160 deportees from Ile-Saint-Jean. A few of these deportees go on to

Bristol but the majority, numbering 140, reach Saint-Malo on March 9, 1759.

#### Circa December 23, 1758

Arrival in great distress at Portsmouth, England, of the Neptune, with deportees from Ile-Saint-Jean.

#### December 26, 1758

Disembarkation at Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, of 179 Acadians from Ile-Saint-Jean who had been deported on the Neptune.

Source: *The Chronology of the Deportations and Migrations of the Acadians 1755-1816* by Paul Delaney. On my web site at: <http://www.acadian-home.org/Paul-Delaney-Chronology.html>



## Lettres/Letters

Dear Le Forum;

At its November 9 monthly meeting, l'Association Française de la Vallée Saint-Jean (Club Français), I offered a motion to establish a scholarship fund for a French major "in good standing" at UMFK. The motion was seconded by Marie-Paul Lapoint of Van Buren, and adopted unanimously. The scholarship would be offered annually in the amount of \$1,000.

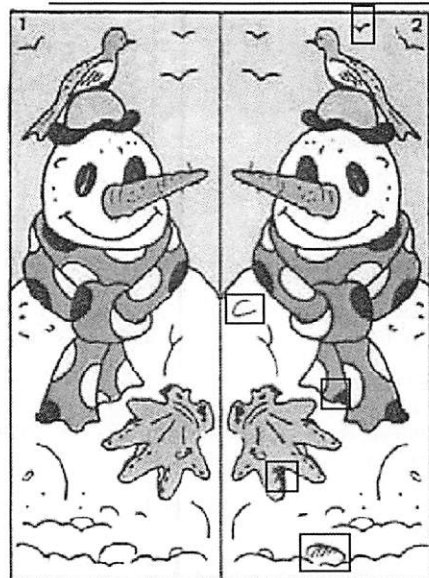
Salient points were made in the discussion that ensued. One was that the state of Maine could experience a severe shortage of French teachers, at all levels of instruction, as the generation of baby-boomers retire from the profession. I noted that back in the late sixties and seventies, the University of Maine System graduated dozens of French majors every year. Those numbers have been down across all campuses, beginning some two score or more of years past, but that is about to change on account of creeping retirement.

The French in Maine represent some 40% of the population, by far the largest minority in the state. In the Valley, it would be more like 90%. For this reason alone, French programs across the state should include related courses in Acadian/Québec history and culture.

The French language is one of the most widely spoken in the world. It is one of the official languages of the United Nations, and the European Union. It is the official language of our good neighbor, Canada. The Acadian population worldwide is estimated conservatively at half a million people. Québec is the twelfth largest polity in the world, and 3/4 of the mineral rich Canadian Shield is located in that province. Some 3/4 of the fresh water in Canada flows through Québec.

France contributed an army, two fleets, and millions of dollars to the cause of American independence. France has been a consistent ally of the United States, is an active member of NATO, and the roots of western civilization are embedded in the ideas of the French Enlightenment. A French architect designed the national capital and, lest we forget, France made us a gift of the Statue of Liberty. Americans everywhere have good reason to say, more so now than at any other time since Yorktown, Vive la France, et Vive la Francophonie américaine.

Roger Paradis  
Fort Kent, ME



#### SODUKO: (Solution de page 41)

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

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

***Les Familles Fecteau***

Welcome to my column. Over the years Le Forum has published numerous families. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as this one 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.

**FECTEAU**

Pierre Filteau (Feuillaut & Fecteau), born 1641 in France, died in 1699 in PQ, son of Robert Feuillaut and Marguerite Brochet of the town of St. Georges-de-Montaigu, department of Vendée, ancient province of Poitou, France, married at Québec city on 22 February 1666 to "Fille-du-Roi" Gilette Savard, born in 1651 in France, died 1703 in PQ, daughter of François Savard and Jeanne Maron of the parish of St. Aspais, in the city of Melun, department of Seine-et-Marne, ancient province of Brie, France. St. Georges-de-Montaigu is located 17 miles south-southeast of the city of Nantes.

38	Albert	24 Oct	1882	M.-Salomé Deschênes	Ange-Gardien	68
39	Louis	06 Nov	1865	Séraphine Boisjoli	Arthabaska	39A
40	Louis	05 Jul	1864	Philomène Simoneau	St.Nicolas	40A
41	Benjamin	16 Apr	1861	Rosalie Paquet	St.Nicolas	41A
	Elzéar	13 Apr	1869	Zoé Bergeron	St.Nicolas	41B
42	Octave-J.	05 Aug	1862	Christine Fréchette	St.Nicolas	69
46	Joseph	09 Oct	1843	Angèle Loubier	St.François	75
	(bapt. 16-7-1824 St.Frs., Beauce)					
	Marcelline	06 Oct	1846	Vital Veilleux	St.Frs.(to Waterville)	
	(bapt. 14-4-1826 St.Frs., Beauce)					
	Magloire	14 Jan	1862	Philomène Poulin	St. François	46A
	Louis	29 Jul	1862	Apolline Jolicoeur	St. François	46B
	(bapt. 24-11-1832 St.Frs., Beauce)					
47	Jos.-Jean-Bte.	22 Feb	1870	Célanire Bisson	Broughton, Még.	
	Honoré	17 Feb	1879	Elisabeth Lortie	St.Ferdinand, Még.	47A
	Napoléon	29 Jan	1883	Marie Guérin	St.Adrien, Még.	47B
48	Louis-P. 1m.	13 Jan	1885	Virginie Roseberry	Broughton	48A
	"2m.	23 Feb	1921	Victoria Bourget	Lewiston(SPP)	
52	Charles	22 Jun	1875	Délina Pouliot	St.Romuald	52A
56	Jean-Baptiste	06 Oct	1873	Philomène Cauchon	St.Romuald	56A
59	François-André	29 Oct	1877	M.-Justine Lachance	St.François	59A
	Honoré	20 Aug	1878	Véronique-Rose Bolduc	St.Georges	59B
60	Cyrille 1m.	17 Nov	1874	Anastasie Jacques	St.Elzéar	
	"2m.	11 Feb	1884	Delvina Hallée	Somersworth, NH	
61	Charles		1880	Adèle Provençal	S.C.-Jésus	61A
	Adèle	12 Oct	1880	Joseph Ouellet	St.Pierre-Broughton	
	Hubert	06 Sep	1881	M.-Léa Boulet	St.Frédéric	61B
62	Charles	10 May	1855	Adèle Hudon	Québec(ND)	91
63	Onias	18 Aug	1891	M.-Héloïse Côté	Isle-Verte, R.-Lp.	63A
64	Albert	25 May	1914	Ida Cormier	Coaticook	64A
65	Lazare 1m.	02 Jul	1872	Euphémie Bilodeau	St.Isidore	65A
	"2m.	30 Apr	1889	Elmire Vallière	Ste.Marie	
	Joseph	24 Dec	1892	Marie Picard	Jefferson, Mass.	65B
67	Joseph	19 Oct	1885	Sarah Provencher	St.Paul-Chester	67A
68	Hilarion-J.	08 Feb	1915	Rose Lachance	St.Ferréol	
69	Honoré	27 Jan	1885	Rose Lambert	St.Nicolas	69A
75	J.-Adrien	15 Oct	1867	Marie Lachance	St.François	105
	(bapt. 15-10-1844 St.Frs., Beauce)					
	Vital	02 Aug	1880	Célanire Poirier	St.François	75A
	(bapt. 19-7-1856 St.Frs., Beauce)					
	Marie-Adèle	28 Aug	1882	Augustin Grenier	St.Frs.(to Augusta)	
	(bapt. 21-3-1855 St.Frs., Beauce)					
	Chls.-Bénoni	20 Apr	1885	Philomène Veilleux	St.François	75B
	"2m.	02 Sep	1906	Marie Lessard	Waterville(SFS)	
NOTE: Vital & Charles-B. were identical twins & as young men, walked from Beauceville to Waterville to work there.						
	(bapt. 19-7-1856 St.Frs., Beauce)					
	Elvine "Alvina"	01 Jun	1885	Joseph Quirion	St.Frs.(to Waterville)	
	(bapt. 9-9-1861 St.Frs., Beauce)					
	J.-Philémon	10 Sep	1888	Amanda Grenier	St.François	75C
	(bapt. 8-5-1863 St.Frs., Beauce)					
91	Alexandre	21 Oct	1901	Théodoline Grenier	St.François	91A
105	Marcellin	01 Aug	1898	M. A.-Georgiana Quirion	St.François	105A

The following are descendants of the above who married in Maine & NH:

24A	Arthur	20 Apr	1891	Edwidge St-Jean	Dover, NH(St.Chls.)	
27A	Honoré	16 Sep	1871	Arthémise Fortin	Biddeford(St.Jos)	27B
Pierre		01 Oct	1871	Élise Fortin	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	27C
	(d. bef. 1900)		(b.Jan 1840 Can.)	émigré 1854		
	Israël	02 Jul	1876	Vitaline Michel	Biddeford(St.Jos)	
Ovide	04 Jul	1880	Annie Martel	Biddeford(St.Jos.)		27D
Hélène	22 Feb	1886	Phidime Chailler	Westbrook(St.Hy.)		

(Continued from page 43)



(Franco-American Families continued from page 42)

27B	Honoré	02 Jul	1901	Azélie Baillargeon	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27E
	Ovide	04 May	1903	Marie Perry	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27F
	Arsène	21 Sep	1903	Agnès Peters (Pître)	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27G
	Arthur-J. 1m.	04 Apr	1908	Elizabeth Poirier	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27H
	"2m.	04 Apr	1929	M.-Amanda Lafrenière	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Edna	23 Aug	1909	Edward-J. Doyle	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Albert	04 Sep	1911	Marie Landry	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27J
	Rose-Anna	04 Oct	1915	Arthur-J. St-Ours	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Cordélia-M.	22 Nov	1915	Arthur-J. Ledoux	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Régina-M.	31 Jan	1916	André Jeoffrey	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
27C	Pierre	03 Feb	1902	Diana Turcotte	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	(b.Oct 1875 ME)					
27D	Arsène	06 Feb	1905	Rose-Anna Martineau	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	27K
	Eugène	20 Jun	1916	Claire Martineau	Biddeford(St.And.)	27L
	John	19 Dec	1959	Eugénie Garneau	Biddeford(St.And.)	
27E	Rose-L.	24 Feb	1930	Albert-D. Roberge	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
	Simonne	02 Sep	1930	Émile Couture	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Gaston-Valmore	29 Nov	1934	M.-Hélène Tondreau	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27M
27F	Edmond	07 Oct	1933	Marjorie Johnson	Westbrook(St.Mary)	27N
27G	Rita-M.	14 Sep	1937	Harry-J. Mockler	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Léon-J.	07 May	1938	Mabel-M. Bastien	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Victor-Maurice	30 May	1939	Lucienne-M. Landry	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	M.-Rose	08 Jan	1944	Cléon-J. Letarte	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Éva-M.	02 Jan	1946	Paul-F. Poirier	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Émile-J.	01 May	1946	Lucille-Emma Fournier	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27P
	M.-Rose-Aline	28 Jun	1948	Albert-A. Bernier	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
27H	Blanche-R.	17 Jul	1943	Georgino Luttenberger	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
27J	Joséphine-Léa	22 Aug	1936	Wilfrid-H. Charest	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Aurôre	22 Nov	1943	Roland-D. Francoeur	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
27K	Imelda	21 Jun	1926	Joseph-A. Bisson	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Clara	31 Oct	1932	Jacques Garand	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Armand 1m.	02 Sep	1935	Juliette Larouche	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	27Q
	"2m.	25 Sep	1937	Lucia Bisson	Biddeford(St.And.)	27R
	Émile	04 Jul	1936	Lina Beaudoin	Biddeford(St.And.)	27S
	Roland	30 Dec	1939	Juliette Paquin	Saco(NDL)	27T
	Gérard	23 Jun	1947	Cécile Emond	Biddeford(St.And.)	
27L	Fernand	01 Jun	1940	Rita Rhéault	Biddeford(St.And.)	27U
	Robert	27 Apr	1945	Thérèse-Violet Boucher	Biddeford(St.And.)	
27M	Thérèse	07 Oct	1961	Richard Guévin	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
27N	Robert	08 Jun	1957	Cécile Gagné	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Gloria	23 Apr	1960	Ralph Cartonio	Westbrook(St.Mary)	
	Norman	29 Oct	1961	Joanne Brochu	Westbrook(St.Mary)	
	Donald-Edouard	04 Aug	1962	Pauline-M. Proulx	Westbrook(St.Mary)	
27P	Claudette	26 Nov	1966	Raymond King	Westbrook(St.Mary)	
	Paul-Dennis	15 May	1976	Carol-Ann Welch	Westbrook(St.Mary)	
27Q	Raoul-A.	19 Aug	1961	Mona-Y. Vertefeuille	Saco(NDL)	
27R	Gilles	24 Jun	1961	Rita Dumas	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Laurence	04 Jul	1966	Donald Cantara	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Annette-Claire	30 Dec	1973	Norman-Pratt Cressey	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Arthur-René	12 Dec	1974	Allison Small	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Pauline-Jeanne	12 Jun	1976	Conrad-Fernand Houde	Biddeford(St.And.)	
27S	Roger	22 Nov	1956	Hélène-Rose Cartier	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Priscille	28 Dec	1957	Roland Gagnon	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Rénald	01 May	1965	Yolande Rochefort	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
27T	Thérèse-R.	04 Jul	1962	Darrell-E. Farnham	Saco(NDL)	
	Jean-Paul	10 May	1965	Jeanne Bolduc	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Lionel-Bernard	05 Aug	1972	Louise-Diane Houde	Biddeford(St.And.)	
27U	Joan	15 Jul	1961	Raymond Soulard	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Roland	31 Aug	1968	Rachel Nadeau	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Robert-Ronald	25 Jan	1969	Susan-M. Callahan	Biddeford(St.And.)	
35A	Lumina	28 Sep	1935	Arthur Lacourse	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
36A	Alphonse	19 Feb	1900	Ludvine Croteau	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
	Alfred	26 Dec	1904	Aurélien Filion	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	36B
36B	Alfred-Léo-J.	26 Dec	1933	Amanda-Alice Bouchard	Berlin, NH(AG)	
39A	Alfred/Frédéric	25 Jul	1887	Marie Brulé	Lewiston(SPP)	39B
	Nazaire	26 Jan	1891	Alphonsine Beaucage	Lewiston(SPP)	39C
39B	Olivine	23 Apr	1906	Urbain Roy	Lewiston(SPP)	
39C	Fabiola-M.	28 Jun	1920	Azaria "John" Beaudet	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	
	Adolphe	25 Oct	1920	Lumina-Lse. Ouellette	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	39D
	Rose-Alma	22 Sep	1937	Évariste-A. Chenard	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	
	Rose-Aimée	30 Apr	1941	Évariste-A. Chenard	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	

(See the next issue for more on the Fecteau Family)



Université du Maine

**Le FORUM**

Centre Franco-Américain

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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

# *Le* FORUM



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

VOLUME 38, #2

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## Websites:

Le Forum: <http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/le-forum/>

Oral History: [Francoamericanarchives.org](http://Francoamericanarchives.org)

Library: [francolib.francoamerican.org](http://francolib.francoamerican.org)

Occasional Papers: <http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/occasional-papers/>

Maine's French Communities:

[http://www.francomaine.org/English/Pres/Pres\\_intro.html](http://www.francomaine.org/English/Pres/Pres_intro.html) [Francoamericanarchives.org](http://Francoamericanarchives.org)

other pertinent websites to check out -

Les Français d'Amérique / French In America

Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002

[http://www.johnfishersr.net/french\\_in\\_america\\_calendar.html](http://www.johnfishersr.net/french_in_america_calendar.html)

Franco-American Women's Institute:

<http://www.fawi.net>







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*Le Forum* et son staff—Universitaires, gens de la communauté, les étudiants -- FAROG,

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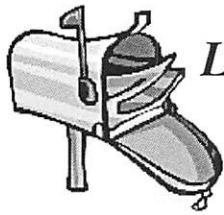
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Le FORUM

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## Lettres/ Letters

### Correction

Dear Le Forum,

I write to correct an error in an article I wrote entitled **Mon Oncle Luc**. *Le Forum* published the article in 2007, Vol. 33, 2 & 3. In this article I made reference to the inadvertent unmasking of several Oblate of Mary Immaculate (OMI) priests and brothers at the Oblate seminary at La Brosse Montceaux, France, who were involved in the procurement of arms into France to arm Resistance agents. In this article I indicated that the names of 5 Ob-

late seminary staff had been written into a small notebook, which notebook was discovered on the person of a Resistance agent at the time of his arrest by the Gestapo. I indicated that this Resistance agent's name was Yves Masiée. This was an error.

While Yves Masiée, whose resistance agent code name was Corret, a decorated Lieutenant Colonel in the French Army and decorated hero of WWI & WWII, was involved in the procurement of arms for la Résistance, he was not the resistance worker on whose person the Oblate Priests' names were discovered. The notebook containing the names was likely found on the person of another Resistance agent, whose code name was Renard, and whose actual name I do not know. It is further evident that Yves Masiée was not actually arrested by the Gestapo until after the murderous events at the Seminary of La Brosse Montceaux on 24 July 1944, perhaps later that evening or in

the ensuing days. He was jailed at the prison of Fontainebleau, which served as temporary housing for Gestapo prisoners awaiting execution or deportation to a Nazi death camp. On 17 August 1944, Yves Masiée and 13 other Resistance agents being held at Fontainebleau were trucked into the Arbonne forest and shot. Their bodies were discovered after liberation, in December 1944.

I am deeply indebted to the Masiée family for kindly bringing this error to my attention. I regret any pain this error has caused the Masiée family these many decades later, and am very pleased, with their thoughtful help, as well as with the kind guidance of *Le Forum's* editor, Lisa Michaud, to bring my error to light.

Laurent "Larry" Autotte

LAutotte@ComCast.net

17 March 2016

(See revised article below)

## Uncle Luc

by Laurent Autotte  
Manchester, NH

The following story is about my uncle, Father Luc Miville, OMI, (Oblate of Mary Immaculate) my mother's brother. I based the story in small part on personal recollections of my conversations with mon oncle Luc and my mom, Bernadette. These recollections have been supplemented by the abundant detail available via the Internet in the form of published mémoires of French Oblate priests who lived through the same painful events as did mon oncle Luc. These mémoires not only provided me with heretofore unknown details, but perhaps more importantly, the served to corroborate my recollections of conversations with mon oncle Luc.

In particular, I point to the details of the events which transpired at the French Oblate house of studies at La Brosse-Montceaux, France, where the Oblates had a surprise and murderous encounter with the Gestapo near the end of WWII, 24 July 1944. These details, gleaned from French Oblate priests' independent recollections, occurring over several decades, but which are wonderfully identical in detail, have served me as a singularly rich source of detail enabling me to bring this story to light.

It is, I believe, a story of a very little known and important moment in the French Résistance, with France in the final throes of the German occupation during WWII, in which a Franco-American from Manchester,

New Hampshire played an important role. It is a story of treachery, heroism and martyrdom which, having visited the grounds of the former seminary of La Brosse-Montceaux, having touched the crosses which mark where each of the five Oblate martyrs fell, and of course having known mon oncle Luc, continues to move me deeply.

Luc Miville (aka: Luke) was born in August 1908, the son of Joseph François Miville and Marie Louise Bernier. He



Père Luc Miville

was the 12th of 16 siblings born in the family home at 250 Thornton Street, in the Whittemore Flats section of the west side of Manchester, New Hampshire. His

sister, Bernadette, my mother, was the 16th.

In 1927, when my grandmother asked which of her sons would be the first priest in her family, Luc announced that it would be him, and that he wished to become a missionary priest with the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, in the footsteps of his cousin, Father Léon Ouellette, OMI, who was ordained an Oblate missionary in 1927 and who was serving missions in Saskatchewan, Alberta and the Yukon Territory of western Canada, his likely role model. Sadly, my grandmother would not live to see her son ordained a priest.

While Luc's seminary studies would normally have occurred within the New England province of the Oblate fathers, at age 18, Luc had not completed any high school course work. The Oblate community offered him an opportunity to complete his high school education at seminary. However, as the New England province of Oblates did not offer high school level training at that time, he would need to complete his high school course work with the Oblates in their U.S. southwestern province based in San Antonio, Texas after which he would be free to return to the New England province to complete his studies for the priesthood. In September 1927, family, friends and cello lessons left behind, Luc Miville was off to San Antonio.

After completing his high school studies in San Antonio in 1930, Luc was advised by his superiors that he was free to leave the Southwestern province to return to the New England province to finish his (Continued on page 38)



# From Maine to Thailand

## *The making of a Peace Corps Volunteer* by Roger Parent

*ED. NOTE: This is the ninth in a series of excerpts from a memoir written by Lille, Maine, native Roger Parent in 2004, tracing the first 24 years of his life, from his childhood in Acadian French-speaking northern Maine to the end of his service as a member of the first group of Peace Corps volunteers in Thailand. This article first appeared in "Echoes", No. 95 pages 30-32.*

### Becoming the Peace Corps Volunteer I wanted to be

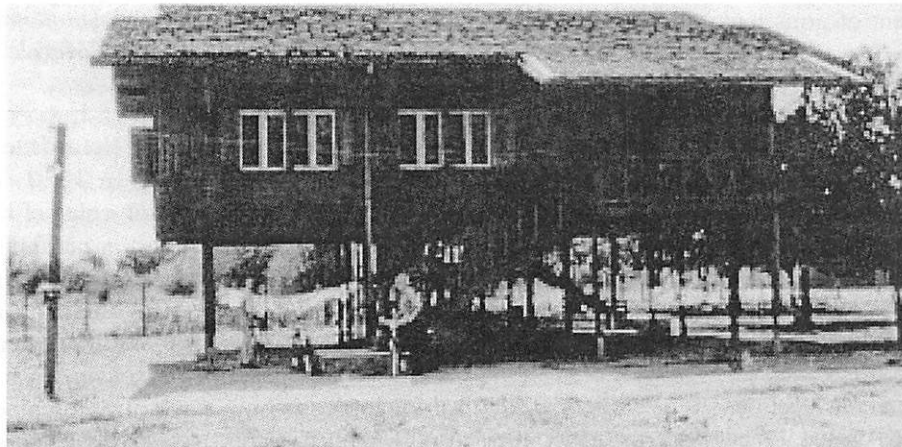
When Art, Jack and I arrived in Udorn (they were assigned to the Teacher Training College, and I was assigned to the Udorn Trade School), we were provided a comfortable traditional Thai house on the Teacher Training College campus. It was made of teakwood, built on stilts about 10 feet off the ground, had three bedrooms, a western style toilet and shower; a small kitchen, and a living room with one wall of doors which opened on a large veranda that overlooked the campus. It was a great place to relax and speak English after a full day of teaching in a language still foreign to us.

I loved our house, our neighbors, our camaraderie and I was comfortable. Yet I was uneasy and dissatisfied about my situation. I was not learning to speak Thai and the local dialect quickly enough, and I was not getting to know my Thai colleagues at the Trade School, where I taught carpentry and English, except on a superficial level. The Trade School occupied a lower social status than the Teacher Training College, and so did its teachers. My residence at the college widened the social gap between my colleagues and me, and made it more difficult to bridge. I was happy and enjoyed living in Thailand, but I was not living up to my idea of a Peace Corps volunteer.

I asked Pricha, my principal, if I could have a room in a house owned by the Trade School. He didn't like the idea, saying the house was too old, and would not be good enough for me. He thought I would miss living with my Peace Corps friends, have a hard time using the squat toilets, and would dislike "showering" by splashing water on myself from a large jar

while wrapped in a pawkama (a sarong type cloth for men, tied at the waist) for privacy.

Principal Pricha had studied for some months at the University of Hawaii. He knew the comfortable American life style, and he understood our greater need and desire for personal privacy.



*The house on the Teacher Training College campus where I lived with two other Peace Corps volunteers.*

I persisted. I explained to Pricha that living with a Thai family would help me learn the language, the culture, and family life more than was possible living with my two American buddies at the Teacher Training College. This final argument won him over and he relented. He arranged for me to live in a house next door to the school with Charoon and Luk, teachers at the Trade School, and their two young families. I think deep down he was very pleased to have his Peace Corps Volunteer living near the school, and becoming a more intimate part of his school family.

My new home was a simple and large rambling structure, built with teakwood that had darkened with age inside and outside, giving the house a somber, almost haunting look, particularly at night. It was built on stilts about five or six feet off of the ground - necessity since the house lay nearly three feet below the grade of the road, a couple hundred feet away. When a big rain fell,

water would run off the road, down the lot, under and around our house, forming a pond behind it, where the family would fish. I'm still not sure how fish happened in a pond formed by rain where no pond existed most of the year. According to the people in my house, it just happened.

Windows were simple openings with no glass or screens, but there were wooden shutters, hung from the inside, for privacy. Screens were installed in my room to keep the mosquitoes and bugs out. To them screens were a western thing and they didn't want any for themselves. They also provided me with a regular western style bed and mosquito netting. The mosquitoes made their way to my room despite the screen in the window.

The sitting areas, kitchen, and toilet facilities, were common to all. Each family had a large room for sleeping and other private uses, and I had a small bedroom for the same purposes. In addition to my western style bed, my room had an armoire, a desk with a lamp, and more private space than in my Lille home where I grew up. This large house was covered by a very old and very rusty tin roof which amplified the noise of rain to a thunderous roar.

Adjusting to the squat type toilets was easy, and bathing in the open by splashing water from a huge jar, while struggling to keep the pawkama from falling off, soon became second nature. There was no western style shower in the house because there was no running water. The water needed to drink, cook, clean house, and wash our bodies came from captured rain, or was carried in buckets from sources some distance away. Adjusting to the two families and having a

*(Continued on page 5)*



(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 4)

little privacy was not a problem for someone raised in a small house with nine siblings.

Living with Charoon's and Luk's families and their children was the best decision I made as a volunteer. I quickly became more proficient in Thai and the local dialect - spoken in our home almost

always. I got a first-hand education in Thai family life: how they cared for children, how they related to each other and their extended family members. And I developed closer and deeper relationships with my colleagues at the Trade School.

### Thanom's Tantrum

Two-year-old Thanom was having a terrible tantrum and no one was doing anything about it. His father and mother

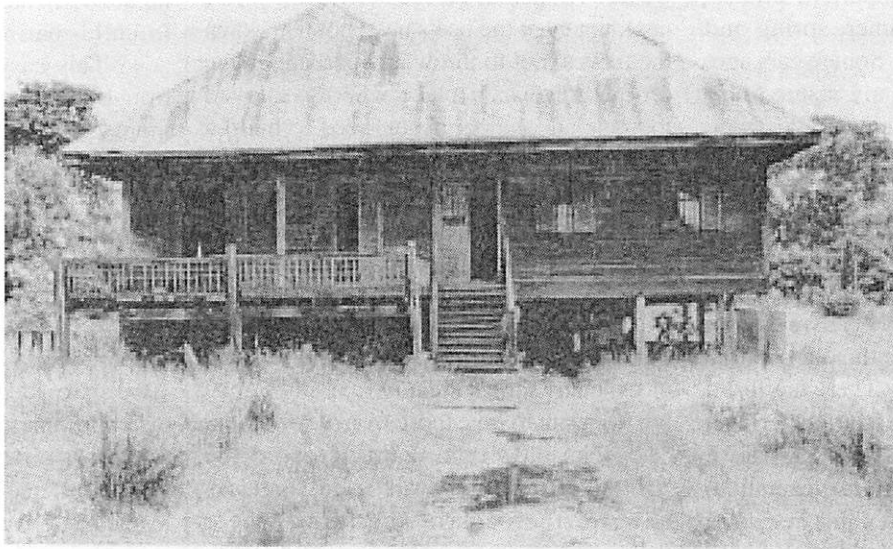
might hurt himself by falling or hitting his head against a wall, or he might grow up unable to control his temper. Had he been mine, I would have forced him to settle down - to sit in a corner or something similar. I was 23, and didn't know much.

I was raised a different way.

thought it best to allow a two-year-olds tantrum to come out when a child was two years old. Thanom's parents seemed to say if Thanom has a fit, let him have his fit and get over it. They seemed to understand that the natural behavior of a two-year-old child shouldn't be treated as if the child were an adult and that a two-year-olds behavior doesn't necessarily extrapolate to adult life.

It's chancy to speculated whether the child-rearing practices of one culture would work in another. I suppose I was raised to fit in my society, although I've not always felt that I fit in it very well. I was not spanked much as a child, nor was I unduly restricted in my activities. I was lucky to live in a rural area and to be part of a family of 10 children. My parents didn't have time to be excessively concerned with me or any one child.

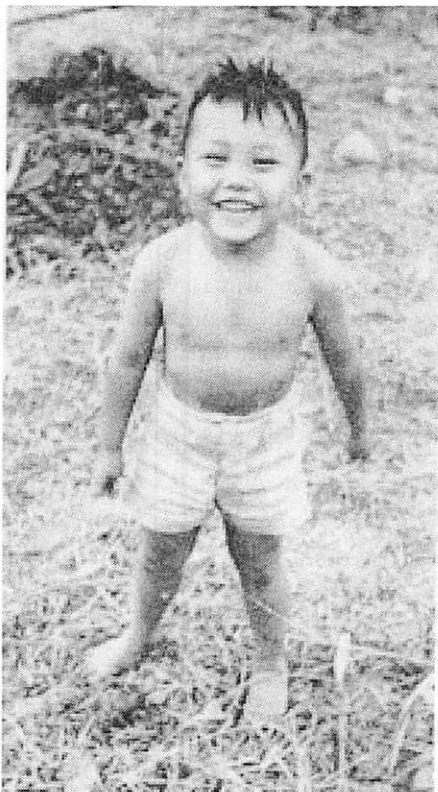
I'd been living in my new home near the Trade School with the two Thai families only a few weeks then I witnessed Thanom's tantrum. I had (Continued on page 6)



*The house next to Udorn Trade School where I lived with two families for most of my two-year stay in Thailand.*

were acting as if nothing was happening, as if Thanom was behaving normally. I thought, they've got to do something about this. He was out of control, screaming and crying and jumping, I imagined he

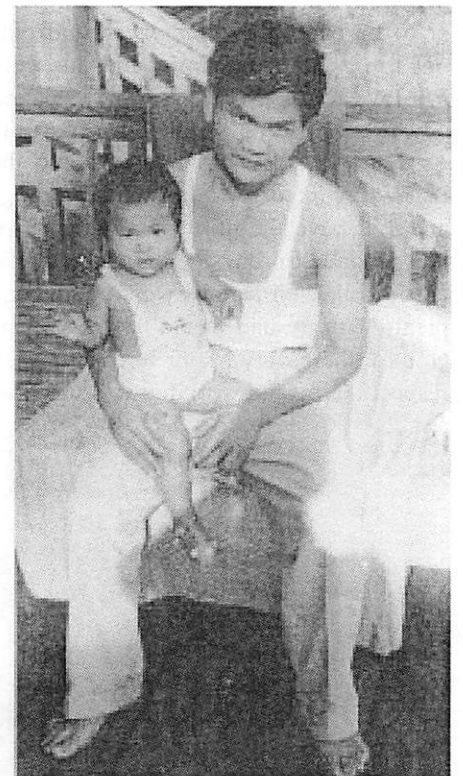
My two-year-old tantrums were not allowed to work themselves out, they were forced to stay under the surface of my personality...maybe to come out later, in less socially acceptable ways. The Thai's



*Two-year-old Thanom (not his real name).*



*Thanom's mother preparing a meal in "outside porch kitchen."*



*Father and daughter of one of two families with whom I lived.*

## From MARTHA'S MEMOIRS

## Le Pont À Pit

by Martha Cyr Genest  
Van Buren, ME

When I was growing up we used to go to "Le Pont à Theophile à Francis Croc". Winter and summer, spring and fall, it had its attractions. Some years ago, when Peter Powers and my sister Mary and their family took over the Cyr farm. The bridge was renamed "le Pont à Pit".

When I came back to Maine with my family, they too went on a picnic or waded under the bridge, in the Violette Brook. I do hope that the friends who went there had as much fun, rest, and enjoyment as we did and still do. Le Pont à Pit like the old oak tree on Cyr Hill, are no more. There are just a few bushes and a few logs from the bridge, but the memory still lives. This is what we old timers should leave to this generation.

I quote from a letter just received from a VIP of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad: "Far more historical material is available in the willingness of people to write what they remember, than would be contained in any statistics for carloads and commodities; such stories as you have are the muscle and blood of history".

This is the reason why I want to print this, to tell the young and younger to be careful in their work and play, not to destroy our camps and our trees. We love to keep these as a living memory of our parents and grandparents.

So boys and girls, please remember that we worked for our Living Heritage, and still have the most important part of these wonderful days when our grandparents or our won parents would come on a picnic with us, and would tell us to thank God for the beauty of our surroundings, to respect the people working with us on the

farm to look even after the fences on which we liked to perch. Not to destroy the bird's nest, not even the bee's nest; not tear down the fences; not to throw any garbage in the brook as it was a place where we loved to wade and canoe; if you need to build a fire, make sure it is out before you leave.

I hope that someone will remember that years ago, there were also boys and girls. They did not destroy, they helped to build the log camps, and small bridges, what we elderly now call Valuable Historical Material. I did not mean to preach, but to some of us, many things are a relic of days gone by. We want to save those from destruction.

The old "Pont à Pit" crossed the Violette Brook and was used for traveling to the back of the farm, where the little iron bridge crossed "la Petite Fourche". The latter enabled the B&A to bring freight in and out of Van Buren.

Le Pont also furnished much of the fun we had. In the shade of the bridge, we could build a fire to boil water for tea, or just a fire when it was cold.

We also jumped from the bridge into the water and this special hole was called "La Cremeuse". May be because years ago we would bring a jug of milk and put it in the water to keep it cold if we planned to stay all day. At home they put milk in a certain jug and put it in the well to keep it cold, this container was called la cremeuse, because the milk contained more cream when in that jug than in any other container. At least that's what we kids thought.

"Le Pont à Pit" like the "Old Oak Tree" are gone now only the memories are with us.

(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 5)

been told about the Tjhaïs "maj pen raj" attitude to life, but I hadn't seen it in raising children. "Maj pen raj," or in the Lao of the Northeast, "bo pen yeang," means: it's ok, it doesn't make any difference, it's all the same, it doesn't matter. This laissez-faire attitude showed itself not only in child-rearing, it permeated Thai life.

This easygoingness derived in part from Buddhism which advocates a softer and more tolerant approach to life. Its religious and family precepts and rules are mild. At Buddhist ceremonies, I was invited to participate fully. Conversely, my Catholic religion frowned on my participation in Buddhist ceremonies and prohibited full participation in Catholic ceremonies by Buddhists. Also, the rural character of Thailand in the 1960's provided ample geographical space, which I think translated into psychological space for differences and eccentricities.

The "maj pen raj" attitude made it easier for me to live with Thais, and for them to accept me. If I did something different, like riding my bike at night near cemeteries, or if I was too harsh with my students, or if I killed cockroaches in my room (they believed in reincarnation and didn't believe in killing), they probably said "maj pen raj - that's his way, it doesn't make any difference."

I enjoyed the "maj pen raj" of Thais, and the resulting respect of differences among themselves and those of other cultures. I absorbed much of the easygoing Thai way of life, and when I returned to the United States, I was even more low key than when I had left two years earlier. Later, I lost some of the easygoing Thai attitude and reabsorbed the more straight-laced and less tolerant American way. Still, I believe that the "maj pen raj" way I absorbed in Thailand made me more sensitive to the different peoples I represented years later when I was city councilman and mayor of South Bend.

**Roger Parent** lives in South Bend, Indiana, where he served as city councilor and mayor in the 1970's and '80's. He is trustee of the South Bend Community School Corporation and founder of World Dignity, a non-profit organization focused on educational programs in Thailand, India and South Bend. In 2005 he assisted victims of the Dec. 26, 2004 tsunami as deputy director of the Tsunami Volunteer Center in Khao Lak, Thailand. He and his wife, Rolande (Ouellette), have four children and six grandchildren.

"Le Pont à Theophile", 1920's  
Marthe,  
Marguerite &  
others.





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# Madawaska's J. Normand Martin

*Local artist designed a Bangor icon*

by Brian Swartz

**A** graphics artist from Madawaska designed the legendary logger long associated with Bangor.

J. Normand Martin, who grew up in "a family of 15," has been interested in drawing "ever since I was a kid." People often stopped by the Martin home; "if they were interesting people, I'd do portraits of them," he recalled.

Deciding that he should professionally "learn how to draw," Martin studied for three years at the School of Practical Art in Boston. "Art school was important to me," he said. "I really learned a lot there."

Returning to Maine, Martin soon took an artist's position with Tom Kane Advertising in Hampden. Among his



~ J. Normand Martin & the Paul Bunyan statue ~

other responsibilities, he created highly detailed portraits of Tom Kane clients and well-known businesspeople and politicians in Maine; these portraits appeared in various New England publications, including Maine newspapers.

A committee was formed in Bangor in 1958 to "develop ideas on how to celebrate the city's 125th birthday" as a city in 1959, Martin recalled. "Different ideas were proposed. Connie Bronson came up with the idea of having a statue of Paul Bunyan done."

Bangor had long claimed the mythical Bunyan as a native son. In the mid-19th century, the Queen City had been the so-called "lumber capital of the world," annually shipping hundreds

(Continued on page 8)

ANNUAL NEWSLETTER 2015

## STE-AGATHE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This Town of St. Agatha photo dates back to c. 1905. The Parish of Ste-Agathe was established in 1889 and the town of St. Agatha was incorporated on March 17, 1899. Some of the people living here in 1877 were served an eviction notice. Just imagine the uncertainty that represented in light of the fact that 122 years before the Acadians were deported from their homes in Nova Scotia. In 1877, all families settled in Township 18 Range 4, were served this foreclosure notice.



We Thomas N. Egery, Mary Ann Hinckley, Daniel B. Hinckley & Frank Hinckley, all of Bangor Penobscot County Maine, owners of Township Numbered Eighteen in the Fourth Range, in Aroostook County in the State of Maine, hereby give you André Pelletier, notice of our intention to contest and prevent your acquiring any right or easement in Said Township by virtue of your having occupied or improved any part of the Same; and we hereby notify you to at once leave Said Township and no longer occupy any part of the Same-as from and after the date of the Service of this notice upon you, we shall regard you as trespassers and proceed against you accordingly unless you comply with the demand herein made--

Thomas N. Egery, Mary Ann Hinckley, Daniel B. Hinckley, Frank Hinckley.

18 Range 4 Maine  
January 30, 1877

(Continued on page 8)



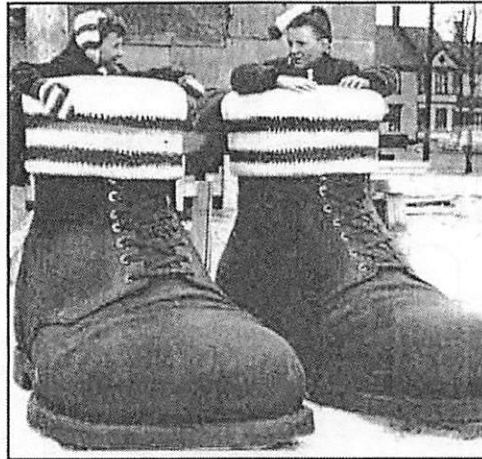
(continued from page 40)

of thousands of feet of lumber to ports in the Americas and elsewhere. By far the tallest and most muscular of hardy Maine lumberjacks, Bunyan supposedly helped harvest the virgin forests of northern Maine before shouldering his broad ax and heading for the upper Midwest woods with Babe the Blue Ox.

Supposedly Bunyan was born in Bangor on the same day — Feb. 12, 1834 — Maine legislators incorporated Bangor as a city.

Bangor boosters funded the Bunyan statue, which initially took shape as a 22-inch scale model sculpted in clay by Martin. The contract for building the ultimately 31-foot statue went to Messmore and Damon Co. of New York City.

In September 1958 Martin boarded a Northeast Airlines plane in Bangor and “carried the model of the statue in my lap” all the way to New York. Artisans carefully crafted the statue in sections,



~ Children play inside Paul Bunyan boots ~

and Martin monitored its progress.

Mostly satisfied with the statue's transition from scale model to full size, he has always believed that “they made the head a little bit large for that body.

“That’s bothered me all these years,” Martin said. “I felt the head was one foot taller than it should be.”

The Messmore and Damon artisans had never manufactured such a statue,

and difficulties did crop up. “They had trouble keeping the chin with all the whiskers pinned to the head,” Martin recalled.

Meanwhile, serious discussion took place in Bangor as to where to place the statue; according to Martin, committee members finally selected a site in Bass Park, alongside Main Street with the new Bangor Auditorium as a backdrop. The site, laying about halfway between Buck and Dutton streets, would place Paul Bunyan to “greet” motorists exiting onto Main Street from the new Interstate-395 spur.

Messmore and Damon shipped the Bunyan sections to Bangor in early February 1959; the on-site assembly started on Thursday, February 12. “It was snowing that day,” Martin said. “The snow really cut down on the number of people [who] gathered to watch what we were doing.”

Despite the curve ball thrown by  
(Continued on page 9)

(STE-AGATHE Historical Society continued from page 7)

## No Names on the Map? But We Were Here!

On a cold January afternoon Phil Morin and I went to meet with Guy Dubay to get some answers about the 1877 eviction notices our ancestors had received from Egery, Hinckley, Hinckley & Hinckley. We asked Guy if he'd put that in perspective for us. The following is what he provided for the annual newsletter. If you read his 1976 play, “With Justice for All,” you will understand what those people went through. The parents never shared with their kids (our grandparents) this fact of receiving an eviction notice. They protected the kids from knowing the trouble they experienced. “On parle pas à nos enfants de comment on a presque perdu la terre.” The Ste-Agathe Historical Society has copies of “With Justice For All”.

Our parents loved us. They did not tell us of all their troubles. They sheltered us from their anxieties and angst as much as they could. The avoid-

ed telling us of their deepest worries.

This is why we were never told of the eviction notices our great grandfathers received of the kin reading:

We, “give you André Pelletier, notice of our intention to contest and prevent your acquiring and right or easement in said township by virtue of you having occupied or improved any part of the same and hereby notify you to at once leave said township and no longer occupy any part of the same...”

In other word, “André Pelletier, squatter, get off my land!”

Today my visitors from St. Agatha came to me with a baffled look, asking me to explain a history which they were never told. I'm asked to explain the history of St. Agatha between the fined of “Lac-à-Mennon” and the incorporation of the town in 1899. My visitors want to understand why, on the Madawaska/Frenchville map from the Roe & Colby Aroostook Atlas of 1878

there are blank spaces around Long Lake where they and their neighbors are heirs.

When played “En Cachette” and “Marigoule” our parents did not show us the old deeds they had tucked in the bureau in their bedroom. They didn't tell us about “Pepère” being called a “squatter” and told to get off the land he had improved. We grew to maturity and we find in their paper trail words and phrases they never told us. In not too many words, my visitors showed me their document and asked, “Guy, what is this?”

It's our history. It's our history which up to now has been hidden in our literature. It's our history, so controversial that we have it masked in fiction in the chapter, “What the Bishop Knew” in Holman Day's novel, “The Red Lane.” Your paper--the eviction notice is that which I tried to explain in theatre-on stage-with my play, “With Justice For All” in 1976.

“Egery and Hinckley — who are they?” my visitors asked. They are bond holders of bonds from a bankrupt railroad company. A railroad company, The European and North American Railway, that had

(Continued on page 9)

(Madawaska's J. Normand Martin continued from page 8)

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MAINE

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Mother Nature, the statue "went up all right," he recalled.

The statue arose on a 6-foot, stone-faced concrete base. Designed to withstand 120 mile-per-hour winds, each section was internally reinforced.

According to Martin, a 10-inch steel pipe "with thick walls comes up from each boot to meet at the belt. Wood framing extends from the belt buckle to the shoulders." The two pipes extend 6 feet into the concrete pedestal.

"The area around the neck was not sealed when the head was set in place," Martin said. Wanting to moisture-proof the statue's interior and knowing that wind-driven Maine rain or snow can get into any crack in a building (or statue), he had the neck and the boots sealed.

The completed statue features the smiling Bunyan (clad in the typical clothing that a Maine logger might have worn on the job in the late 19th century or early 20th century) slinging

his broad ax over his right shoulder and clutching the handle of a larger-than-life-sized (and Maine-invented) peavey with his left hand. He faces the south-east, which, while not the direction to which loggers headed in the 1840s and 1850s, does direct his gaze toward distant Mount Desert Island, the destination of many tourists who stop specifically in Bangor to be photographed with Paul Bunyan.

The official dedication of the 3,700-pound statue took place several weeks later. Not long before that ceremony, the 33-year-old Martin dressed up as Bunyan and posed for a photo in front of the statue. In an era when men usually went clean-shaven, Martin even grew a beard for the occasion.

"Some people who saw the photo thought I had designed the statue to look like me," Martin said with a chuckle many years later. "I didn't."

When Bangor boosters dedicated

the statue, its predicted lifespan was "indefinitely," he said. "Yeah, I did expect it to survive, and it's done very well since then."

Thieves made off with the almost 4-foot-long swing hook of Bunyan's statue circa 2006. Bangor police discovered the hook behind a nearby West Side house in September 2008.

The statue has required some maintenance, including a project undertaken in spring 2009 to touch up the fiberglass, repaint Bunyan from head to toe, and repair the concrete base.

The recovered swing hook of Bunyan's peavey was reattached at the same time.

Martin served on the volunteer committee charged with overseeing the 2009 project. He has been inside the statue since 1959; the last time was a few years ago, when "I went inside to check the framework," he said. "Everything was still solid in there."

(STE-AGATHE Historical Society continued from page 8)

been given a million acres of unoccupied wild land so that capital resources might be gained from the sale of lumber to finance the railway's construction "to the frontier." The land in question was not all "unoccupied."

In 1859 the State of Maine passed the "Settlement Act" to encourage land settlement in Northern Maine (Resolves of Maine Chapter 288, 1859). The act allowed young families with little prospect of inheriting their parent's land (because of large families not being able to make everyone a successor) to take up new land on very liberal terms described as "road labor and settling duties." By working on new roads to be developed and building a home on the lot "licensed to occupy," a young person could secure land of his/her own by meeting the provisions of the law.

A land commission set up by the terms of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty, "to quiet the settlers' claims" had in 1845 identified the land settlers on the first three tiers of lots in Madawaska and up to the head of the lake in Frenchville (now St. Agatha). The report of that land commission resulted in

the land grants from Maine & Massachusetts to each land holder of record as may yet be found at the Registry of Deeds. These lots all show up on the Roe & Colby map with occupants names updated to 1873. Yet not all of the occupants listed in the 1873 Maine Land Agent Report are set on the map.

In Madawaska there is a curious blank space between the third tier lots and the land fronting on Long Lake. In present day St. Agatha the blank area can be seen even fronting on the lake shore. Yet we know from the land abstract of the Ste-Agathe Historical Society property that the land there was occupied as early as 1857 by André Pelletier.

During the American Civil War there was a plan to develop a rail line "in defense of the frontier." (Public Laws of Maine Chapter 401, 1864) Envisioned was a railway from Bangor to the St. John River as International Border, but the plans ran into a financial hitch. The rail line was not immediately built. But in 1869 in order to encourage rail construction the State of Maine granted 2 million acres in Penobscot and Aroostook Counties to the European

and North American Railway Company. (State of Maine to European and Northern American Railway Vol. 386 pp. 329-331 Penobscot County Registry of Deeds). The hope was that the sale of the lumber from these wild lands would bring in revenue to capitalize the building of the railroad. European and Northern American Railway did build the line from Bangor to the International Border, but not to the St. John River but to Vanceboro in Washington County.

In 1873 there was a financial crisis in the United States. The European and North American Railroad likewise ran into difficult times. It defaulted on payments expected by those who had invested in the bonds. In order to recoup their investments bond holders began to place attachment on the railway's real estate, which included land described in the two million acre grant of wild lands presumed to be unoccupied. Yet it appears that some of the land described as "wild lands" had been licensed out to applicants purchasing lots under the Maine Settlement Act of 1859.

In 1912, Maine writer Holman Day

(Continued on page 10)

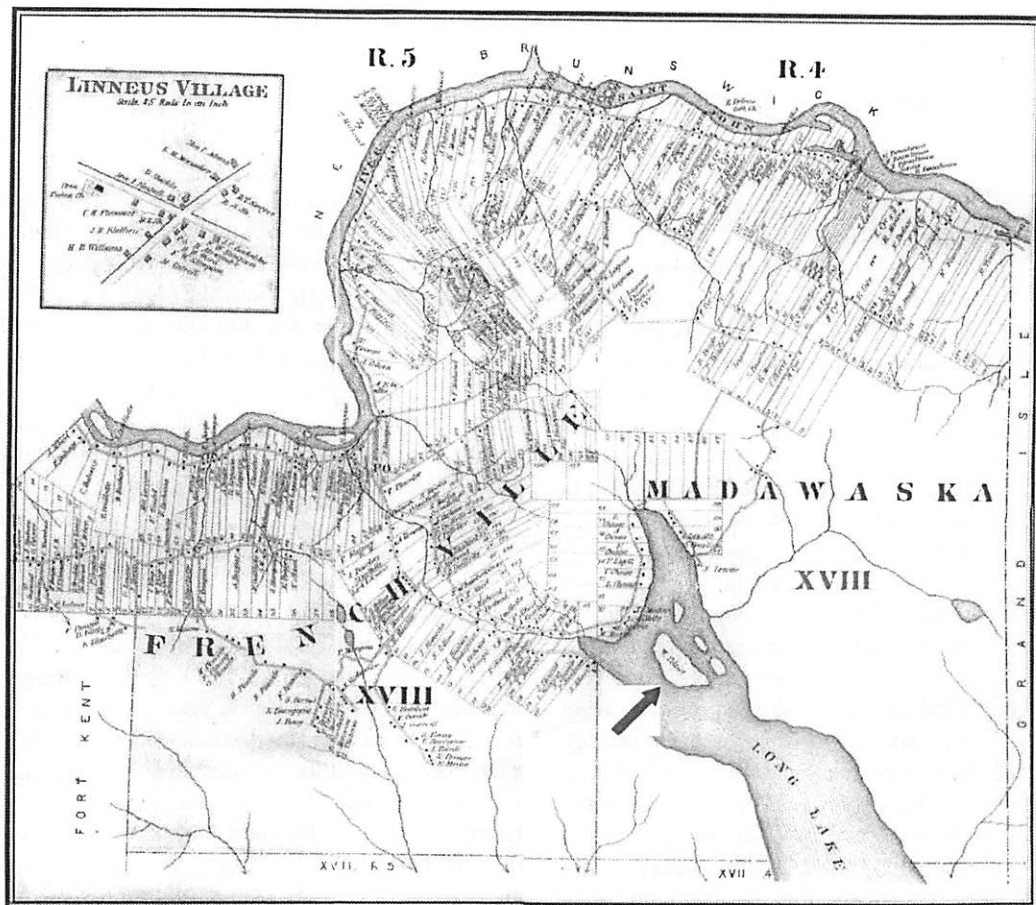
(STE-AGATHE Historical Society continued from page 9)

(1865-1935) in his book "The Red Lane: A Romance on the Border" gives a description of the conflict between homesteaders and lumberpersons here. Using his description in chapter XXVI entitled – "The Picture the Bishop Saw," I delved further into the land records to identify Egery and Hinckley in the land eviction notice of the kind my visitors had in hand. This lead me to the railroad story which like Holman Day I dramatized in a literary format.

Until our literary creations are pushed into the field of history, readers may have to rely on Holman Day and my play for insight into the conflict that left a good quarter of our town lands blank on the maps of towns along the St. John Valley.

**Guy Dubay**  
**Madawaska, Maine**

*\*See Copy of map with no names opposite Pelletier Island on the map. We know homes had been established in the region.*



## HOW KEEGAN, MAINE GOT ITS NAME

In 1878, the New Brunswick Railway company lay a rail line from Fredericton through Woodstock to Edmundston. Isaac Burpee of Sheffield, N.B. had a hand in engineering its construction.

In 1881 Burpee's brother, Egerton Reyerson Burpee of Bangor founded the Van Buren Lumbering and Manufacturing Company which brought the age of steam to the St. John Valley Lumber industry.

Prior to this time saw mills in the St. John Valley were water powered mills set on brooks such as the mill on Violette brook in Van Buren at the



end of "Watermill Road", such mill sites entailed a capital expenditure between \$5000.00 and \$10,000 as record of mills' sales show.

With access to the production of Egery & Hinckley Iron Foundry in Bangor, E.R,

Burpee saw the possibility of introducing steam power to the mill site located at the present U.S. Customs site in Van Buren. This would entail an investment of \$100,000 creating lumber products which could be shipped by rail from St. Leonard, N.B. to McAdam, N.B. where the rail line linked with the European & North American railway, sold shortly there after to Maine Central Railway. V.B. L & M Co products then could reach the Boston market.

The V.B. & L. & M. Co was incorporated by the state legislature on the very day before that in which the legislature Incorporated the Town of Van Buren. The circumstances practically allows one to imagine a conversation between Van Buren's state representative, Peter Charles  
(Continued on page 11)

(Madawaska's J. Normand Martin continued from page 9)

## 44 DISCOVER MAINE

(continued from page 43)

"It gets very hot inside there in the summer time," said Martin, who was paid \$137 for his statue-related work in the late 1950s.

Although Paul Bunyan was the "largest" such project with which he was involved, Martin worked on many other projects. When the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad agreed to participate in the 1967 Montreal Expo, Martin designed and skillfully built a scale-model B & A train. He made each car, including the locomotives; Martin even installed and wired the electric motors that drove them.

The operational train and its attendant display were popular with Maine residents visiting the expo.





(HOW KEEGAN, MAINE GOT ITS NAME  
continued from page 10)

Keegan and E.R. Burpee:

"Look, Mr. Keegan if we are going to invest \$100,000 in Van Buren Plantation through the company you've just helped us get incorporated, don't you think we should be able to work in a municipality that is at least a town rather than just a plantation? Reply, "Yes sir!, I'll tend to it right away!"

In 1902 A Portland headquartered firm, the St. John Lumber Company set up in Van Buren the largest saw mill works east of the Mississippi River following the arrival of the Bangor and Aroostook railway line in 1898.

In 1903 the Van Buren Lumber Company set up its saw mill at Chapel Eddy, near the present International railway bridge on the St. John River.

In 1905, one Levi Pond, inventor of the sheer boom, and manager of the St. John River Log Driving Company came up to Van Buren and set dynamite under the holding boom of the Van Buren Lumber Company. To Pond's thinking the holding and sorting boom at the Van Buren mills caused such a delay as to deny the high waters of the Spring freshet to the down river lumber operators in New Brunswick. The lower waters meant a greater amount of hung-up logs at the St. John Lumber Company's sorting gap above its mills facing what is now the Acadian Village historic site in Van Buren. That larger firm rapidly called the Chicago Pinkertons and that detective and Security service firm quickly got armed guards on the site preventing Pond from delivering on his threat.

Allen E. Hammond, manager of

(N.D.L.R. A letter from Partick Voisine responding to an online query, dated 22, January, 2005)

## Born And Raised in Keegan

by Patrick Voisine  
Sycamore, IL

I was born and raised in Keegan, Maine. It is located about three miles north of downtown Van Buren on US Route 1. I don't think it was called Keegan back in the 1830s. Keegan was named after Peter Charles Keegan of Van Buren, a prominent lawyer who served in the Maine legislature between about 1870 to 1896. He was later instrumental in bringing railroad service to the Maine side of the St. John Valley. This was

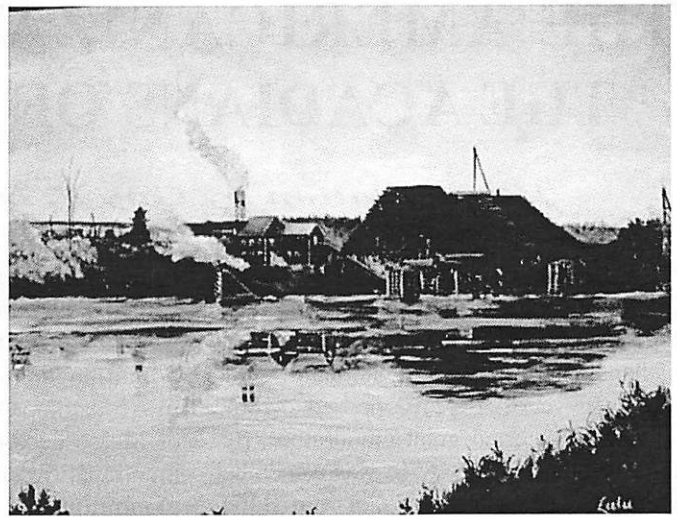
the Van Buren Lumber Company, awoke to see his company logs headed down towards Grand Falls and destined for the drift drive. He quickly brought his case to the State Legislature, claiming that his firm was an American firm harvesting its logs from American lands (i.e. the Allagash waters) driven to an American saw mill, manufacturing and shipping its products by an American rail line to an American market, hence what was happening here was none of New Brunswicker's affair.

In Fredericton legislative assembly William Pugsley, solicitor general of the province, called the impedance of the New Brunswickers lumber drive a violation of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty. The Treaty of Washington of 1842 had a clause guaranteeing the free flow of the St. John River to both nations party to the treaty.

The State and Provincial legislatures proving to be incompetent at resolving the issues, The matter moved upwards to the Federal level. As a result the Saint John River Commission was set up to investigate and settle matters between the two nations. A three man commission conducted hearings over the ensuing ten years. For the American side, President Theodore Roosevelt named Peter Charles Keegan as the U.S. member of the commission. Oscar Fellows

also the era when the lumber industry came to the area. So it probably wasn't until the mills came that a village developed and acquired the name Keegan. By the early 1900s, Keegan was home to a series of large lumber and pulp mills. The largest was the St. John Lumber Co. started in 1903, and considered to be the largest sawmill east of the Mississippi River (at least, that's what we were told). The mills reached their peak during the 1920s. The large mills closed during the depression, their demise compounded by the over harvesting of local forests. Several very small pulp and shingle mills operated into the 1960s and 1970s. Keegan, by the way, was always a part of the town of Van Buren. It was never incorporated as a separate town.

In the 1830s the Keegan/Van Buren area was probably known as Grande Riviere.



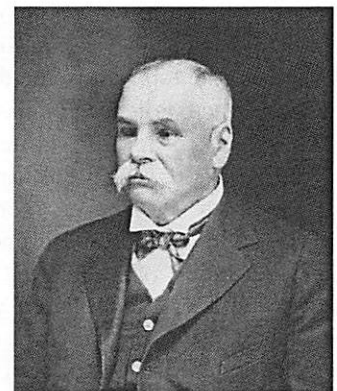
Painting by Lulu Pelletier

of Bangor served as attorney bring up witnesses to testify before the commission.

The mills cited above resulted in the growth of a village in the westerly portion of Van Buren where little other but farming homesteads had marked the county side. The Diocese of Portland, in honor of the French population of the area set up Saint Remi's Parish, named after an early French Bishop.

The Villagers and parishioners soon began to press for U.S. post office of their own. When came time to give the post office a name, who else but Peter Charles Keegan did officials in Washington know? Therefore we get the name Keegan for the west end Village to the town of Van Buren.

## Guy Dubay Madawaska, Maine



Peter Charles Keegan

The name Violette Brook was also used, and may have referred more specifically to what is now downtown Van Buren where the actual Violette Brook is located. The town of Van Buren was incorporated in 1881, but had been known as Van Buren Plantation prior to that. The first church was built in the 1820s and was actually located (Continued on page 12)

# THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE ACADIANS OF MAINE

*Presentation by Guy F. Dubay at the Madawaska Public Library Aug. 11, 2014*

The Acadians of Maine became Americans a generation -that is 25 years- before the Acadians of New Brunswick became Canadians. That is to say our nationalities differed by 25 years - 1842 as opposed to 1867.

My maternal great-grandfather, Belonie Violette (1817-1879) was a member of the Board of Assessors of Van Buren Plantation, Maine in 1844 as shown in the municipal census record of that year.. In 1859 he was a Commissioner of Aroostook County. In 1867 he served as State Representative in the Maine legislature - not a bad record for an Acadian of Maine.

His son, Frederick Violette (1845-1911) after serving as a selectman of the town of Van Buren, served as State Representative in 1893. My mother recalled her uncle Frederic as the owner and operator of the Grist and Carding Mill on Violette Brook

A grandson of Rep. Belonie Violette, Neil L. Violette (1882-1935), one of my mother's cousins and nephew of Rep. Frederick Violette became a State Representative in 1911 and he apparently made good connections down in Augusta, since he became Deputy Forest Commissioner of Maine in the 1920s at the time when Fire observation towers were being placed on highlands overlooking the Maine Woodlands. At the time of his decease in Augusta in 1935 he held the top post in the department as Maine State Forest Commissioner.

That's one lineage of Maine Acadians who rapidly Americanized as evidenced by their civic service.

Their situation may be found repeated in the family of Paul Cyr (1795-1865) of Grand Isle, Maine. Paul Cyr son of a Madawaska pioneer was the second member of the Board of Assessors of Van Buren Plantation in the 1844 record cited above. In 1853 he served as State Representative from Van Buren Plantation - his district covering the norther 1/3 of Aroostook County. In 1859 he went to Augusta again as representative from Van Buren Plantation and came back from there as Representative from Grant Isle Plantation.

Up to that time the St. John Valley was carved into four electoral districts: Van

Buren Plantation, Madawaska Plantation, Hancock Plantation, and the Townships west of Range Seven. But as a result of a challenged State Senatorial election in Aroostook County in 1858, the State of Maine decided in 1859 to narrow the municipalities here into single township plantations. So Rep. Paul Cyr's house changed from Van Buren Plantation to Grant Isle Plantation without budging an inch.

In 1838 Paul Cyr had sent one of his sons to study at the Collège de Sainte-Anne-de-LaPocatière in the province of Quebec, but the young scholar was back home in November 1838. Paul Cyr then chose to send his sons to the Houlton Academy in the 1840s. One of them, Alexis Cyr (1836-1887) went on to Worcester College in Massachusetts. When he came back home he got himself elected to the State Legislature. Well respected he died suddenly in 1887 while still holding that office.

Rep. Alexis Cyr's son, Pierre Cyr likewise gained a sound education. At the Madawaska Historical Society we have his Practical Math Book -with the signature "Pierre A Cyr, St. Joseph College, Memrancook, N.B. 1882". His training there served him well through his years as a potato broker and shipper, shipping from Maine to Texas, at first using Canadian rail lines to get his produce down to southern Maine until 1911 when the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad finally reached Grand Isle, Maine.

At one point, Pierre A. Cyr sent four of his sons simultaneously to Assumption College in Worcester, paying their tuition during the depression years by sending a carload of potatoes supplying the college dining hall with all the potatoes it needed.

But I remember one of his sons, Edward P. Cyr being elected State Senator from Aroostok County. At the Tante Blanche Museum in Madawaska we have the State Senate desk used by State Senator Patrick Therriault, first Acadian in Maine to be elected to the State Senate in 1907. When the State Senate was being renovated during the term of service of Senator Edward P. Cyr, he said, "I want that desk" and he brought "home" whereupon he donated

it to the Madawaska Historical society.

What we have doubly illustrated here are cases of Acadian families evolving to American public servants as early as 1844 within two years of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty which had set the International Boundary at the St. John River.

Let me illustrate an appendage of the last lineage given above.. Rep. Alexis Cyr had another son, Louis A. Cyr, (1875-1945) who migrated to Limestone Maine where he became a businessman. In his family we find, Leo G. Cyr (1909-2003), U.S. Ambassador to Rwanda during the presidency of Lyndon Baines Johnson.. I'd say you can hardly be more American-Acadian than that. In retirement while living in Bethesda, Maryland, ambassador Cyr composed and published his family history under the title "Madawaskan Heritage". A memoir pertaining to Ambassador Cyr appeared in Echoes Magazine, No. 72, at pp. 32-38 composed by Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso entitled: "From Acadie to Kigali ... via Limestone".

The third member of the Board of Assessors of Van Buren Plantation in 1844, Joseph D. Cyr served as the first Acadian elected to the Maine Legislature in 1846. For reasons yet undetermined, he sold to his brother his homestead farm in what later became Keegan, Maine. The 1851 St. Leonard, N.B. census record show us his removing there.. In 1847 he had married Euphemie Larochelle at Rivière-du-Loup, (Continued on page 13)

in what is now Keegan. It was a mission of St. Basile until 1838 when the parish of St. Bruno-de-Grande-Riviere was created. St. Bruno's moved to its present location in Van Buren when a new church was built in the 1870s. In 1923 the parish of St. Remi-de-Keegan was created. The church's corner stone has a date of 1919 and was probably preceded by a chapel of some sort. Baptisms, marriages and funerals performed in Keegan are recorded at St. Bruno prior to 1923.

I'm afraid there isn't much left in Keegan today -- just a cluster of five or six streets and miles of potato farms. The parish church of St. Remi is now closed. The post office (Zip Code 04748) closed in the mid-1970s. During the early 1960s I attended the local elementary school, appropriately named Keegan School. It had a large framed portrait of Peter Charles Keegan hanging in it's main hallway.

Anyone one else remember Keegan?

(THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE  
ACADIANS OF MAINE continued from  
page 12)

Quebec. reading the signatures in the marriage record there at St. Patrice-du-Rivière-du-Loup is like reading a list of "Who's Who" of the St. John Valley at that time.

Meanwhile over in Madawaska Plantation in 1846 we have a letter signed by Firmin Cyr, Regis Daigle and Sylvain Daigle, Members of the Board of Assessors addressed to the Bishop of Boston asking permission to erect a chapel in the middle of the Plantation and being accepted as being in the Diocese of Boston.. The petition proved to be successful resulting in the construction of the Mount Carmel mission chapel at a site on what we now find the Town line between Grand Isle and Madawaska, Maine

What we have here then by 1846 no less than six persons of Acadian descent serving as municipal officers in Maine. If you add Octave Hebert, Town Clerk of Madawaska Plantation, and Francis Thibodeau, Justice of the Peace (State Rep in 1849) and Louis Cormier, Registrar of Deeds of Northern Aroostook County we have identified a minimum of ten public servants of American-Acadian heritage within four years of their becoming citizens of Maine.

The Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842 stipulated that two land commissioners -one for each side of the international border "To Quiet the Settlers Claims". The American Land Commission completed its work and we have on record what are called "Treaty Grants" issued on July 12, 1845 for river frontage lots totally 356 claims from the St. Francis River, down the St. John River to the east line of the State of Maine at what became the United States boundary line between the present towns of Hamlin, Maine and Grand Falls, New Brunswick.. Some of these Claimants held British titles (Province of New Brunswick) to their lands now in Maine.

Now when I come back to my Violette Genealogy to single out Maine State Representative, Belonie Violette, we find that his own father, Francois Violette (1770-1856) had served as a captain in the York County, N.B. Militia in 1825. Yes, get that! -an Acadian who served in the British militia as an officer of the company in the Madawaska Territory under Lieutenant Colonel Leonard R. Coombes of St. Leonard, N.B.

Simonette Hebert of Madawaska Parish, N.B. also served as a captain of the militia at that time. But in 1842 Captain

Francois Violette became an American Citizen.. We find recorded at the Registry of deeds in Houlton, Maine the life support mortgage when in 1844 the former Captain Francois Violette became a pensioner to his son Belonie Violette who held the municipal, county and state offices previously stated. In 1826, Captain Francois Violette had received a land grant on the Picquanositac stream, now identified as Violette Brook in Van Buren, Maine. By virtue of the life support mortgage cited above, the States of Maine and Massachusetts issue title to river lot 301 at that location to Belonie Violette. This is to say that the clause in the Webster-Ashburton Treaty "To quiet the settler's claims" was intended on the Maine side of the international border to issue American land titles to the south shore residents of the St. John River Valley who held their land sites on the basis of British titles issued by the Province of New Brunswick.

Indeed the Violette family holdings may be abstracted to 1794 in a Crown Land Grant to Francois Violette senior (1744-1824). But of particular notice here is that the holders of the British land grant-titles -or their heirs never said to the American Land Commissioners: "We don't need your title, we already have firm and longstanding title and possession to our homesteads here.. In sum the Acadian rapidly became Americans with the community leaders readily accepting official civic services post in the governmental structure of Maine.

### Earning a living

The life style of the newly Americanized Acadians may be seen in the merchant trader accounts run by Regis "Bonhomme" Daigle and his civic associate, Sylvain Daigle in the same year as their successful effort in securing the right to build a mission chapel on the American side of the border.

On January 31, 1846 Regis Daigle brought 64 1/2 bushels of oats to Merchant Traders operating under the firm name of A & S. Dufour (Abraham & Simon Dufour) for which his account is credited 8£ 6s 4 1/2d. with an additional credit of 1£ 12s 3d for the transport of said oats up the St. John river to a lumber operation on the St. Francis River

A second transaction of the kind took place on Feb 4, 1846 for the sale of 77 bushels of oats giving a credit of 10£ 11s 9d and a credit of 1£ 18s 6d for the transport of said produce "Chez Drake" From 1850 U.S. Census record we discover that Melzar Drake

of Portage Lake, Maine served as foreman of the Shepard Cary lumber interests on the Fish River in Hancock Plantation). Shepard Cary of Houlton subsequently became a U.S. Congressman from Maine.

What we see then is that the Madawaska farmer served as supplier of fodder for the oxen teams used in the forest and lumbering operations of Aroostook County, Maine. The farm produced was moved on the frozen river to get to the lumber camps in the practically then roadless territory. Regis Daigle repeated this type of action on Feb. 16 bringing 101 bushels of oats "Chez Thomas E. Perley at a credit of 12£ 12s 6d for the produce and 3£ 3s 1 1/2 d for the transport charges. James and Thomas E. Perley of Fredericton, N.B. Left their name in Fort Kent geography with the name of Perley Brook which empties in the Fish River near what became the saw mill site of the Fort Kent Mill Company.

Sylvain (Sylvain) Daigle, like Regis Daigle, then a member of the Board of Assessors of Madawaska plantation is on record on Feb.19, 1846 as having transported 2105 pounds of hay, "Chez James Perley à St. François" for a credit of 2£ 2s 3d implying that the Perley Brothers also operated on the St. Francis river as well as on Perley Brook cited previously.

The following year Sylvain Daigle is credited 14 shillings for two voyages to "Dégelé", now Ste. Rose du Dégelis, QC. at Lake Temiscouata at the head of the Madawaska River on Feb. 2, 1847. Then on Feb. 19, 1847 he is given a credit of 1£ 2s. 10 1/2d for the transport of 1465 pounds of hay "au Lac" presumably Lake Temiscouata again. The trip accorded him credit for his ensuing purchase of "1 paire de bottes américaines" (a pair of American boots) at a cost of 1£. Ah! the irony here in the use of British currency used to purchase a pair of American boots. Can we then read here of how the binational economy of the border region inclined the Americanized Acadian toward the American market? -Oh well that may be stretching the reading of the record a bit.

The 1850 U.S. Census entry for the Regis Daigle family lists the presence of an 18 year old farm hand named Antoine Beaulieu in the household. The same entry of Feb. 4, 1846 cited above also shows on the debit side a 1# purchase for "1 paire bottes à son engagé" (a pair of boots for his employee" Elsewhere in the account we find debit entries in favor of Antoine Beaulieu. From this allow us

(Continued on page 14)



# The 16th Annual April in Paris at Cinestudio, Hartford

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT

The sixteenth annual French film festival, *April in Paris*, was shown at Cinestudio on the campus of Trinity College, in Hartford, Conn., from Sunday, April 12 to Saturday, April 18, 2015. The theme of the festival was "Provocation in French Cinema," and the nine films were: *Le Brasier ardent* (The Burning Crucible) directed by Ivan Mosjoukine and Alexandre Volkoff, France, 1923, 122 minutes; *Hiroshima Mon Amour* by Alain Resnais, France, 1959, 90 min.; *Mauvais Sang* (The Bad Blood) by Leos Carax, France, 1986, 116 min.; *L'Image manquante* (The Missing Image) by Rithy Panh, Cambodia, 2007, 92 min.; *La Vie d'Adele* (Blue is the Warmest Color) by Abdellatif Hechiche, France, 2013, 179 min.; *La Venus à la fourrure* (Venus in Fur) by Roman Polanski, France and Poland, 2013, 96 min.; *Camille Claudel 1915* by Bruno Dumont, France, 2013, 95 min.; *L'Avocat de la terreur* (Terror's Advocate) by Barbet Schroeder, France, 2007, 135 min.; and *Le bonheur d'Elza* by Mariette Monpierre, Guadeloupe, 2011, 110 min.

*Le Brasier ardent* (The Burning Crucible) directed by Ivan Mosjoukine and Alexandre Volkoff, (1923), is a charming and light-hearted film of a love triangle that has a happy ending. The central character is simply named Elle, and she is played by Nathalie Lissenko, who is married to another character simply named Le Mari, played by Nicolas Koline. The third significant character is a detective named Zed, played by Ivan Mozzhukhin, one of the directors of the film itself. Hence, the three characters of the love triangle. But the love triangle would not have existed if Le Mari were not jealous without cause, rooted in his false assumption that his wife, Elle, were secretly in love with another man. So, in order to find the non-existent man, Le Mari hires the best detective in Paris, Zed, and to have him follow his wife. Zed follows the wife, and he reports back to Le Mari that there is no other man in Elle's life. Le Mari does not believe Zed, and has him to continue to follow his wife. Meanwhile, Elle cannot understand why Zed is following her, a man she dreamt about after she read his book as a detective. A photograph of Zed is on the back of the dust-jacket of the book, a detail

she remembers while telling a friend about being followed by a man she first met in her dreams. A source of tension between Elle and Le Mari is that Elle loves Paris, and does not want to leave the city for his homeland of Argentina where he became a very successful businessman. Another love in the life of Elle are her lap-dogs, which share her very comfortable lifestyle, in part provided by the wealth of Le Mari. As Zed follows the daily life of Elle, and reports to Le Mari, Elle falls more and more for Zed, and he for her. As Le Mari learns the truth, about his wife, her love of Paris, and Zed, and that he truly misses Argentina, Le Mari and Elle amicably part, and while on the ship back to Argentina, he meets a woman, whom we the audience may infer, will become the love of his life. Patrick Miller of the Hart School of Music, University of Hartford, gave another excellent performance on the piano for the silent film, and I hope that he recorded it, since it perfectly fit the tempo and the emotional feel of the film.

*Hiroshima Mon Amour* by Alain Resnais (1959) is a film that I knew about since I was about fifteen years old, for in 1980, I purchased a copy of the book, *Man and his Symbols, Conceived and edited by Carl G. Jung*, and on page 224 is the sole quote about the film: "The psychological balance and unity that man needs today have been symbolized in many modern dreams by the union of the French girl and the Japanese man in the widely popular French film *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (1959).... And in the same dreams, the opposite extreme from wholeness (i.e. complete psychological dissociation, or madness) has been symbolized by a related 20<sup>th</sup> century image – a nuclear explosion...." Hence, I anticipated seeing the film on the night of Sunday, April 12, 2015, and I even brought my copy of the book with me, hoping to quote it during the discussion of the film after it was shown at Cinestudio. Unfortunately, I could not figure a means to work the quote into the group discussion after the film, so, I only listened to what everyone else said about the film.

*Hiroshima Mon Amour* is among the early Nouvelle Vague, or New Wave, films of French Cinema, and it was released to the Cannes Film Festival on May 8, 1959,

four days after *Les quatre cents coups* (The 400 Blows) by François Truffaut, and a year before the official release of *À bout de souffle* (Breathless) by Jean-Luc Godard. The two central characters do not have names other than the pronouns of He and She. He, the Japanese man, is played by Eiji Okada, and She, the French woman, is played by Emmanuelle Riva. The storyline is told in an unconventional manner, an aspect of Nouvelle Vague Cinema, as our two central characters enjoy a few days of casual sex and romance, while they try to understand each other emotionally, an understanding that is filtered by their personal tragedies that occurred during World War Two, tragedies that we the audience see as flashbacks through the eyes of the French woman, whether the flashbacks are of her own personal tragedy in Occupied France, or the after-effects of the bombing of Hiroshima that she sees around her. Significantly for we the audience, there are no flashback scenes through the eyes of the character of the Japanese man.

After the opening credits, we the audi-  
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(THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE  
ACADIANS OF MAINE continued from  
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then the following imagined scenario:

Feb. 4, 1846 Regis Daigle: "Antoine go hitch the horses, we're going up river".

Antoine Beaulieu: "Today?"

Regis Daigle: "What do you mean, 'Today?'"

Antoine Beaulieu: "Well look at my boots, I'm going to freeze my feet if I attempt to go up river in these"

Regis Daigle (exhibiting a bit of impatience) Listen, young man, When you get to the store, pick yourself up a pair of boots and charge it to my account, but you had better go hitch those horses right now, cause we're going up river before you get to digest all those sausages and ployes (pancakes) you just got through eating from my table ten minutes ago".

Being that the same merchant trader record show a day laborers wage being set at 2s 6d and that 2s 6d times 8 equals 1£ there is a likelihood that the new pair of boots cost him more than his week's wages. But if our reading of the record is right, they appear to have been "American boots" and hence regarded as a good investment by these newly Americanized Acadians.

Guy F. Dubay  
Madawaska, Maine

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ence initially see the arms of the two lovers, arm in arm, but with an ash falling upon them, which recalls the immense amount of radioactive ash that fell from the sky after the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. Then the ash on the lovers disappears, and as they continues to embrace, the Japanese man asks in a voice-over to the French woman: "What did you see in Hiroshima?" She responds that she saw the hospital, and the museum, which is the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum, which she then describes in detail. Among the displays at the museum are photographs of people who initially survived the atomic blast, with badly burnt skin, as well as artifacts, in particular, clumps of hair from women who suffered from radiation poisoning. While he continues to state, in a voice-over: « Tu n'as rien vu à Hiroshima, » meaning: "You saw nothing in Hiroshima," she continues to describe what she saw there, some of which was in her imagination, such as the survivors of the blast, who attempted to cool themselves from the immense heat of the blast by going into a small pond. She further describes what she sees in her imagination, what we the audience see as a movie-set reconstruction, of numerous victims of the blast with radiation burns in an over-crowded hospital. She also described what she saw during a formal bus tour of the city, with the words in English "Atomic Tour" in the destination sign, led by a smiling Japanese hostess. She then described what she saw in newsreel footage that was shot in a hospital, which we the audience see, of small children being treated for radiation burns on their backs and their hands, as well as an old woman whose eyes were vaporized by the blast.

After her description of the displays in the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum, and what she saw in the rest of the City of Hiroshima, we the audience see the lovers in bed, and they continue to talk. A hint to her fear of her own past occurs when she is drinking a coffee, and sees the Japanese man lying face down on the bed, and his right hand is palm-up, which reminds her of the right hand of her German boyfriend that was palm-up, while he was dying, a flash-forward that is shown later in the film.

As they get ready for their day, the Japanese man is dressed casually, while the French woman is dressed as a nurse, which is her role as an actress in an unnamed

anti-war film. (Note the parallel structure here, Emmanuelle Riva, an actress in a classic anti-war film, portrays an actress in an anti-war film.) We never learn where the Japanese man works, but he told her during the bedroom conversation that he studied architecture and politics while in college, so he is likely an architect or an engineer. After they part from the New Hiroshima Hotel, they meet again later the same day, but he is dressed in a business suit, while she is still dressed as a nurse, relaxing during a break between shoots for the film. While they speak to one another, there is an anti-nuke demonstration, which is filmed for the unnamed anti-war film. He presses her for another night of romance, and she runs away from him, and the two disappear into the crowd of demonstrators. We next see the couple enter a house, presumably his house, and she asks him two questions, if he is alone, and where is his wife. He responds that his wife is in Unzen for a few days, so, he is therefore alone. The reference to Unzen is an oblique reference to the other Japanese city that was destroyed by an atomic bomb, for Unzen is Mt. Unzen, an active volcano in the Nagasaki Prefecture.

During their second night of romance, while in bed, he questions her about her earlier love-life, and she tells him about her love affair with a German soldier that occurred in her hometown of Nevers, France. She makes it clear is that he was 23 years old, while she was 18 years old, and we the audience see his death, which occurred as the German army was evacuating France, and he was killed by a bullet from a French partisan. The topic spills into their conversation at a restaurant that has a marquee with text in both Japanese and English that simply says, in English: "Tea Room." As they converse at a table, about 38 minutes into the film, we the audience can see in the distance a tall neon-sign with an advertisement in Japanese, and the advertisement is an elongated triangle, suggestive of the Eiffel Tower. The French woman then tells her story of herself mourning the death of her beloved German soldier, while everyone in Nevers was celebrating the end of the war in Europe, with "La Marseillaise" playing in the streets. (The fourth verse must have truly bothered her: « Tremblez, tyrans et vous perfides l'opprobre de tous les partis, tremblez! Vos projets parricides vont enfin recevoir leurs prix!» Meaning: "Tremble, tyrants and you treacherous people, the disgrace of all parties, tremble! Your parricidal

plans shall one day receive their reward!") She also told him of her public humiliation with other women who consorted with the enemy, notably with dirt thrown upon her, and her long hair cut short. Furthermore, her affair with the soldier effected her father's pharmacy after the war, since no-one would patronize him, he was forced to close his business. The only place she felt safe was in the cellar of the pharmacy, where she hid until she heard of the bombing of Hiroshima, and she knew the war was truly over. She spent three months in the cellar, because Germany officially surrendered to the Allies on May 8, 1945, and Hiroshima was bombed on August 6, and Nagasaki on August 9, 1945. As she recalls to the Japanese man how she clawed at the walls of the cellar until her fingers bled, he slaps her across the face, as if to awaken her out of a trance. She then tells him that after her hair grew to an acceptable length for a woman at the time, her mother gave her money to leave Nevers, and to reside in Paris. In order not to draw attention to herself, she left Nevers at night. The Japanese man then asked her if her husband knows about her painful past in Nevers, and she told him no. He then heartily embraces her, rejoicing in the secret that she told him, and telling her that it is good to be with someone. He then speaks possibly the most famous line of the film: « ...je me souviendrai de toi comme de l'oubli de l'amour même..., » which translates as: "... I shall remember you as the forgetfulness of love itself." He continues his thought, with equally puzzling words: « Je penserai à cette histoire comme à l'horreur de l'oubli; je le sais déjà.» which means: "I shall think of this history/story as the horror of forgetting; I know it already."

Since their relationship has reached its emotional apex, it can only dissolve. She leaves him at the Tea Room, and she arrives at her hotel room, where she remembers her first love, the German soldier, and how they planned to reside in Bavaria after the war. She torments herself with both wanting to remember her first love, and wanting to forget it, and to stay in Hiroshima with the Japanese man. She then takes a walk in the night, and the Japanese man finds her, whereupon he asks her to stay with him in Hiroshima. They then engage in an emotionally tormented game of catch and flight through the City of Hiroshima, which culminates in a staring match at separate tables in a restaurant with the name "Casablanca" on (Continued on page 16)

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the marquee. (The name of the restaurant is in reference to the classic American film from 1942, *Casablanca*, also about love and war, that starred Humphrey Bogart as the American ex-patriot Rick Blaine, and Ingrid Bergman as Ilsa Lund, the woman whom he loved, and who walked out on him, but only after she learned her husband, Victor Laszlo, played by Paul Henreid, was not dead. In contrast to the angst of memory in *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, the words of reconciliation that Rick says to Ilsa is his fond memory of their romance, which they both realize is a thing of the past: "We'll always have Paris.") While another Japanese man tries to engage in a conversation with the French woman, speaking to her in English, the Japanese man (Eiji Okada) simply stares at her, and she at him, while dawn breaks outside. We the audience do not see her leave the restaurant, rather there is a jump cut to her standing in her hotel room, leaning against the door to her room. She finally lets the Japanese man into her room, and sits on the bed, where in sorrow she declares that she is already forgetting him. As he holds her hands, she says: « Hi-ro-shi-ma, » and he gently puts his finger on her lips. She then continues: « Hi-ro-shi-ma... c'est ton nom. » He then looks upon her sternly, with almost contempt: « C'est mon nom, oui. Ton nom à toi est Nevers. Nevers-en-France. » In English, he says to her: "Yes, it is my name. Your name is Nevers. Nevers in France." So, the Japanese man has the last word, and the film ends.

I remember little of the discussion of the film, other than Prof. Jean-Marc Kehres attempted to get some of his college student to discuss whether the love-affair that the French woman had with the German soldier was the result of an innocent and naive first love, or was it something condemnatory. Prof. Kehres seemed to be on the side of the innocent folly of youth. I also remember that I was unable to work the quote of Jungian analysis of the film as a dichotomy of opposites into the discussion after the film, largely because it is very complicated film that is not simply a pairing of opposites. Yes, the film is of a man and a woman, an Eastern Asian and a Western European, a former soldier and a civilian, but the film is predicated on a brief extra-marital romance, and the romance is an incongruous attempt by the director, Alain Resnais, and the screen-writ-

er, Marguerite Duras, to reconcile the use of a weapon of mass destruction during war, with a personal romance of consorting with one enemy soldier. Also, the characters do not have names, and as the film is revealed, we the audience get to know the characters more and more as individuals, but then in the final scene, they become caricatures, for she calls him, "Hiroshima," and he calls her, "Nevers en France." Since their romance is extra-marital, it has an air of illegitimacy, which calls into question as to why are they indulging into such painful memories, memories that both want to forget. As for the simplistic Jungian analysis that the French woman and the Japanese man are a symbol of unity and wholeness, the film is clear that the couple does not have unity or wholeness, for the film ends in disagreement between the two, and if they were to unite, what would happen to their spouses, who are never seen in the film, and only mentioned once by one another? Again, the two characters that we first see at the beginning of the film, turn into caricatures in the end, vehicles that the director Alain Resnais used to question war, love, memory and forgetfulness, but his success is in the raising of the questions, and not answering them.

*Mauvais Sang* (The Bad Blood) by Léos Carax (1986) is also released in the English-speaking world with the title of "The Night is Young," a facet of the film that was not mentioned in any of the flyers for the festival, nor in the discussion after it was shown on Monday, April 13, 2015. It is a caper film with a sci-fi premise which is a bit dated today. The central plot, the caper, is about a group of three criminal men, and a girlfriend, who plan to steal a vial of serum from the Darley-Wilkinson Corporation, and then sell the serum to a competing corporation for a huge profit. Their justification for the caper is not for the money alone, but to release a life-saving serum because of a mysterious blood-disease that effects and kills people "who do not love," as said several times in the dialogue of the film. The motivating sci-fi element of the film is the mysterious blood disease, which is likely AIDS, given the film was released in 1986, and the origin and transmittance of AIDS was poorly understood in the early to mid-1980s. The acronym AIDS, or SIDA in French, is never mentioned in the film. There is a minor sci-fi element in the film of a mysterious comet that is passing by Earth, and causing a heat-wave in Paris, followed by a freak snow-squall. The inspiration for the comet

is Halley's Comet, which passed by Earth in 1986, the year that the film was released.

There are two groups of criminals in *Mauvais Sang*. The first set consists of Marc, who is the leader, played by Michel Piccoli, his colleague Hans, played by Hans Meyer, and Alex, who is the central character in the film, played by Denis Lavant. The girlfriend of Marc is Anna, played by Juliette Binoche, and she is significantly younger than Marc, and only a few years older than Alex, hence there is a near romance between Alex and Anna through much of the film. We the audience are introduced to Alex by the slight of his hands, for he is a card-shark who earns his money by running Three-card Monte games in alley-ways and subway stations. When he entertains Anna, he performs innocent sleight of hand tricks that one would see performed by a magician. When he is on the street, he often wears a leather jacket that has a pattern of black diamonds on a yellow background, suggestive of the Jack of Diamonds. The base of operations for the first set of criminals is a small store-front butchery that sells horse meat. The second group of criminals is led by l'Américaine (The American Woman) played by Carroll Brooks, and her two henchmen, Boris, played by Hugo Pratt, and her driver Dana played by an uncredited actor. The base of operations for the second set of criminals is the limousine of l'Américaine, where she is always in the back seat, finely dressed. The tension between the two criminal groups is that l'Américaine is putting pressure on Marc to make a payment of an undisclosed sum of money within two weeks, which is his motivation to steal the vial of serum from the Darley-Wilkinson Corporation. (Maybe Marc and Hans are not so altruistic in their theft of the life-saving serum after all.) Another factor in the tension between the two groups is that Marc suspects that l'Américaine ordered one of her henchmen to kill his colleague Jean. Although we the audience see the assassination of Jean in the Pasteur Station of the Metro in Paris, which occurs in the first full scene of the film, we do not see who committed the murder, because the camera is the eyes of the murderer who pushes Jean off the station platform, and in front of a train. (In my viewing of the opening of the film several times that I found on Youtube, but dubbed in Italian, the back of the head of Boris can be seen near Jean, who also is seen only be the back of the head, moments before he is pushed by the

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camera.) In contradiction to the suspicion of Marc, and to underscore the intertwined and complicated relations between the two groups of criminals, l'Américaine consistently insists to Marc and Hans that she never ordered the hit on Jean, and she almost has a maternal fondness for Alex, and she tells him directly in one scene that she knew his father, Jean, the colleague of Marc. Also, l'Américaine is protective of Alex, and she warns her two henchmen in two separate scenes not to hurt Alex, an order that Boris grudgingly obeys only during her watchful eyes. So, is Alex the son of Jean and l'Américaine? Or is l'Américaine playing on the emotions of Alex? We the audience never discover the truth, and to further complicate the matter, the true identity of the mother of Alex is never mentioned by any of the characters at any time in the film.

Almost outside of the two criminal factions is the girlfriend of Alex, Lise played by Julie Delpy. We, the audience, are first introduced to Alex and Lise when they are together in the woods, and when they leave the woods, Alex is driving an off-road motorcycle with Lise as his passenger. Three-quarters into the film, Lise saves Alex when she rescues him as he is running from the head of the security-detail of the Darley-Wilkinson Corporation, after he stole the vial of serum, and he set-off an alarm. Although Hans is waiting in the get-away car at some distance from Alex, Lise drives the same off-road motorcycle to Alex, and he jumps onto it as it is moving. Although Alex is safe in the get-away, he shoots the head of security nevertheless, with his Smith and Wesson Stub-nose .38 hand gun. The head of security then falls over, presumably dead, an act which makes Lise an accessory to manslaughter, if not murder. (The heartless act by Alex is in contrast to the concern for him by the head of security, who told his men not to fire on Alex, possibly because of his youth.) Since Hans does not know how Lise is significant to Alex, he returns to the base of operations, the store-front, and he tells Marc and Anna, that Alex may have double-crossed the gang. A couple scenes later, when Hans is driving the get-away car with Marc, Anna and Alex as his passengers to meet Charlie at the airport, in order to fulfill their plan to flee the country with the stolen serum, Lise follows them at a distance, on the same off-road motorcycle. Hans notices

that Lise is following them, and he asks Alex who is on the motorcycle, and Alex tells him, and Marc and Anna as well, that Lise is his girlfriend. When the group arrives at the airport, and Alex is lying on top of the car hood, and dying from an injury incurred by Boris, Alex introduces Lise and Anna to one another, trying to act as if nothing had happened, with almost parlor-room formality. Yet, he is dying, and in order to conserve his energy, he practices his ventriloquism, as if his voice were coming from the middle of his chest. After the death of Alex, Lise, who has just lost her only attachment to Marc's gang, is able to leave, for she mounts the same motorcycle, and drives away from the scene, and away from the life of criminals.

Karen Humphreys led the discussion after the film, and an early comment was made by a man who remarked on the sudden feeling of serenity in the first quarter of the film when the camera is looking down upon Alex and Anna, in the center of a symmetrical pattern of webbing as they parachute to the earth. The scene occurs when Marc, Anna and Alex attempt a practice jump from the plane, because Marc plans for his gang to exit France in such a manner, after the vials of serum are stolen from the Darley-Wilkinson Corporation. Unfortunately, Anna has a fear of heights, and although she jumped from the plane, she passed-out while she is still attached to the tether-line, and Alex saves her by hanging onto her tether-line, and attaches himself to her, and Marc cuts the tether-line, and then Alex opens the parachute. Since the movie was made in 1986 with real film that made cameras heavy, and not a digital image from a small electronic camera of today, it is puzzling as to how Léos Carax was able to achieve such an image, since the camera must have been attached to cords within the parachute, above the heads of Denis Lavant and Juliette Binoche. The significance of Alex's act of heroism is that Marc is grateful that Alex saved the life of Anna, and so, he is able to tolerate the puppy love between Anna and Alex that occurs several times in the film. I remarked during the discussion that after the death of Alex, and after Lise departs on the motorcycle, Anna tries to escape the lifestyle of criminals, and as she is running from the dead Alex, and Marc running after her, the film is accelerated to the point that Anna's arms begin to resemble a bird in flight, an image reinforced by the location, a runway at an airport. Karen Humphreys then responded that the bird imagery at the end of the film is

a parallel to the beginning of the film, where the opening credits are intercut with grainy black and white moving images of swans. Prof. Humphreys mentioned that the title of the film has the same title as the second section of the prose-poem by Arthur Rimbaud (1854-1891) *Une Saison en Enfer*, or in English, *A Season in Hell*, although the film has no other connection to the prose-poem.

Beyond the discussion, *Mauvais Sang* by Léos Carax is a well-constructed film that draws the audience into the life-style of criminals, with some admiration for the sense of comradery among Marc's gang, but the message of the film is that such a way of life is pointless, with no-one the better because of the thief of the serum from the Darley-Wilkinson Corporation. After Alex escapes from the said corporation with the help of Lise, and he is in his apartment, he uses a hypodermic needle to extract the serum from a vial, and he injects the serum into a raw egg, which he puts into his refrigerator. Later, he transfers the egg to a Russian nesting-doll, and puts it in a locker at a train-station, and he hides the key to the locker by sticking it to a piece of chewing-gum, underneath the bottom of a vending-machine. The film then has a jump-cut to Alex walking to the store-front, when he is hit by the limousine of l'Américaine, and Boris gets out of the front passenger's seat of the limousine, and he takes the pouch that once had the vial of serum from the pocket of Alex's jacket. Boris returns to the limousine, which then drives away. Alex staggers through the door of the store-front, and he acts like nothing had happened to him, although Anna can tell that something is wrong. Later when Alex begins to bleed in the backseat of the get-away car, and Anna notices the blood, Marc then has a climatic shoot-out with Boris, who dies with a grotesquely comical expression on his face, with his neck stuck between the glass of the car-door, and the door-frame itself, while Dana, the driver, fruitlessly tries to close the window, in order to protect himself from Marc's bullets. Nevertheless, the limousine of l'Américaine careens into a body of water, while Hans is able to drive to the airport, where Alex dies of his injuries. With the death of Alex, neither Marc nor Hans can benefit from the sale of the stolen serum, since only Alex knew where he hid it. In short, the message of the film is that crime does not pay.

One element of mystery that Léos  
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Carax has in the film is of a young woman dressed in white, who is first seen by Alex while on a bus, about the same time he sees Anna for the first time. He then sees the woman in white again just before he enters the store-front of Marc and Hans, where Anna resides. Near the end of the film, Alex sees her again walking on the road, while he is in the back seat of the get-away car driven by Hans, sometime before his death. Is she a figure of danger or death to Alex? Carax does not make the symbolism clear to the viewer, but he placed the woman in white at two points of the film that are significant to life of Alex in the film.

There was not much discussion on the role of music in the film, possibly because an American audience is unfamiliar with the soundtrack, other than the song by David Bowie, "Modern Love," from his 1983 album, *Let's Dance*, which was a hit when it was released, and can still be heard on rock stations today. Also, the song had a revival in 2012 because it is in the soundtrack of the film *Frances Ha*, directed by Noah Baumbach, and starring Greta Gerwig. (*Frances Ha* is filmed in black and white, and in the style of French New Wave Cinema, and although the central character, Frances Halladay, spends most of the film in New York City, she does have a weekend in Paris. "Modern Love" is a popular song, and it is heard in the trailers for both *Mauvais Sang* and *Frances Ha*.) Nevertheless, the song is often heard, but not understood, since the words express a contradictory sense of hope and despair, buoyed by a driving beat. The contradiction of hope and despair is concisely found in the third verse: "Modern Love walks beside me, Modern Love walks on by... God and Man don't believe in Modern Love." While the song is playing on the soundtrack, Alex leaves the store-front, and he starts to walk down the street at night, first in an almost stagger, then to a brisk walk, then into leaps, and then into a free-style dance, effectively moving from despair to hope. (Noah Baumbach parallels the free-style dance with Greta Gerwig as Frances Halladay, running, sometimes leaping, and somewhat dancing on Catherine Street in the Chinatown section of New York City during the day, while "Modern Love" is heard on the soundtrack. Another difference between the parallel scenes in the two films is that in *Mauvais Sang*, the camera and Alex move from left to right, while in *Frances Ha*,

the camera and Frances move from right to left.) Alex's answering machine has a famous piece of music on it, the opening to the march entitled "Dance of the Knights," from the ballet *Romeo and Juliet* by Sergei Prokofiev. At the end of the film, when Anna tries to run away in grief because of the death of Alex, which is followed by the closing credits, we the audience hear the rather dramatic "Sentimental Sarabande," which is the third movement of *Simple Symphony* by Benjamin Britten. (The first movement of *Simple Symphony*, "Boisterous Bourrée," is heard in the trailer, and somewhere in the film itself.) A song that is intoned by the characters, which means the song is engrained into French culture, and so, not well-known in American culture, is "Parce Que" by Charles Aznavour, first released in 1966. While Hans is driving the get-away car near the end of the film, and when he and Marc and Anna think that they are safe, while we the audience know that Alex is badly hurt, Hans begins to sing "Parce Que." The use of the song is an excellent example of dramatic irony by Carax, because as Hans intones one line, Anna intones another line, followed by Marc, each savoring the moment of heading toward the safety of the airport, where they plan to leave France, and not to be prosecuted for a crime, but the levity is soon gone, with the climactic shoot-out with Boris, and the death of Alex, which changes all of their plans. The final example of parallel structures in the film is the character Charlie, whose appearance effectively opens and closes the caper, for he is in charge of the airport, first seen before the test-jump, and at the end of the film. Charlie is an old friend of Marc, for we the audience first see the two of them fain a fight with one another, like old high-school friends. A French audience would immediately know that Charlie is played by Serge Reggiani, a popular French singer and actor whose big hit "J'ai pas d'regrets" from 1964, is heard in the middle of the film, when Alex simply spins the dial on the radio, and listens to whatever is broadcast on the radio. Reggiani's song is followed by "Modern Love" by David Bowie. The Internet Movie Database lists two other pieces in the film, the song "Limelight" composed by Charles Chaplin, and *Peter and the Wolf*, a musical story by Sergei Prokofiev, neither of which I found in the film, although the soundtrack of the film may have some incidental music from *Peter and the Wolf*.

*L'Image manquante* (The Missing Image) by Rithy Panh (2007), shown on

Tues. April 14, 2015, is another instance of an odd selection for the festival, chosen only because it is a French production, for it is essentially a documentary about one man's experience of the social engineering and mass-murder committed by the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia from 1975 to 1979. It is a good documentary about state oppression and terrorism of its population, driven by a Communist ideology, as told from Rithy Panh's experience, an experience retold in his documentary with the use of clay figurines, since private ownership of cameras were outlawed by the Khmer Rouge, hence the title of the documentary – *L'Image manquante*, or in English, *The Missing Image*.

Rithy Panh began his documentary with his life in the capitol of Cambodia, Phnom Penh, where he had a comfortable family life of parents and siblings, living together in an apartment. In 1975, when he was eleven years old, the Khmer Rouge took over the government by the force of arms, and his life completely changed. Pol Pot, the leader of the Khmer Rouge, envisioned a completely communal and classless society, without private property. The means by which the society would be engineered was through the relocation of the civilians in Phnom Penh to the countryside, where they would become communal farmers. The Khmer Rouge striped away their individuality by confiscating the clothes that the former city-dwellers carried with them in their baggage, and burnt them, whereupon, the Khmer Rouge issued everyone a uniform of black pants and shirts. Since the city-dwellers were not farmers, famine was inevitable, and an estimated two million Cambodians died because of the forced relocation.

A similar experience of one man's witness to such horrors of social engineering based in Communist ideology is found in the book *Execution by Hunger: The Hidden Holocaust* (1987) by Miron Dolot. He wrote about how the Communist Party effected his life in a village in the Ukraine, from changing the icons of saints in the local Ukrainian Orthodox church with photographs of Communist Party officials, to the confiscation of pistols and rifles since crime would not exist under the new Communist government, to the forced collectivization of farms, as ordered by Stalin, and how the forced collectivization, which included exorbitant taxes on individual farmers paid by the confiscation of all of their grain that ultimately caused the deaths of six million Ukrainian farmers by means of starvation

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in 1933. Although Dolat's book is about a genocide in Europe that occurred more than forty years before the genocide that occurred in Cambodia as artistically portrayed by Rithy Panh, both genocides are similar in that they were committed by military dictatorships, driven by Communist ideology, a political philosophy that is supposed to bolster the rights of workers, but in practice destroys the rights of individuals.

I skipped the film *La Vie d'Adele* shown on Wed. April 15, 2015 because it is about a lesbian love affair between two young women. It is released in the English-speaking world as *Blue is the Warmest Color*. A volunteer at Cinestudio, Dennis Thornton of Willimantic, who saw the film told me that the affair was certainly not one of a celibate nature.

I also skipped the film, *La Venus à la fourrure*, shown on Thurs. April 16, 2015 because it is based upon the German novella of the same name, *Venus in Fur* by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, whose surname is the basis of the word "masochist" in English, as well as "masochiste" in French.

*Camille Claudel 1915* by Bruno Dumont (2013) is about the famous sculptor, Camille Claudel, played by Juliette Binoche, while she was in a mental hospital, awaiting to talk to her brother, Paul Claudel, played by Jean-Luc Vincent, who has the authority to get her out of the ward. She desperately hopes that he would sign the paperwork for her to leave the ward, and so she could return to work on her sculptures. The head doctor of the ward, played by Robert Leroy, tells members of his staff in various scenes, as well as Paul Claudel himself directly, and more than once, that Camille could leave the ward, and live in safety to herself and others. As the film is revealed, we the audience see the suffering of Camille, the boredom of life in the ward, the pompous insensitivity of her brother Paul, and how the head doctor is trapped by the laws of France that dictated that Camille could only be released from the ward to members of her immediate family, who were at the time, her mother and her brother.

Prof. Jean-Marc Kehres and Dr. Sonia Lee led the discussion after the showing of the film on Fri., April 17, 2015. Prof. Kehres asked a rhetorical question about the use of actual women from a mental ward as extras in the film, and he asked whether or not if their presence in the cast were a form of

exploitation or authenticity to the Camille's life in the ward. He prefaced his question that there were no right or wrong answers. There was not much discussion on his question, as it could be argued either way. (I felt guilty at the authenticity of the casting once Prof. Kehres used the word "exploitation" in his rhetorical question.) Dr. Lee was more helpful in her comments about the film, details that a French audience would more likely know about the lives of Camille and Paul Claudel. The sister and brother are known in the arts in France, for Camille was a sculptor, and Paul was a poet, and Dr. Lee noted that at least one of his poems can be found in nearly every anthology of French poetry that has been published after World War Two. She also said that Camille was effectively protected by the father of family, Louis Claudel, who died in 1913, while her mother and her brother, Paul, were never supportive of her choice of sculpting as a career. Their disdain for Camille became revulsion after they learned that Camille had an abortion, after becoming pregnant by Auguste Rodin, who had an extra-marital affair with her. Dr. Lee said that only Paul visited Camille at the ward, and only seven times over a period of thirty years, from her committal in 1913 to the year of her death in 1943. (The average frequency of the visits is about once every four years and three months.) She also said that there are letters that are in an archive in France that were written by cousins of Paul and Camille, who appealed to Paul, stating that they were willing to shelter Camille, only if Paul would sign the paperwork for Camille's release from the ward, but he refused to do so.

One of the better comments during the discussion came from John Murphy of West Hartford, who commented about a section of the film when we the audience see Paul and Camille Claudel praying, in different areas of the ward, Paul alone in his room, and audibly praying one of his poems, while Camille prays in the chapel, in near silence, as she reads either a missal or a breviary. John Murphy asked the group if the director of the film was trying to inform the audience that God hears the prayers of Paul, but not those of Camille. His question caused some mild laughs from others in the audience, and even from Lee and Kehres, but Dr. Lee responded with a vague answer of probably not.

No one commented on the poetry of Paul Claudel as it is dramatically composed during various scenes in the film. The most notable is in the beginning of the film when the audience first sees Paul Claudel as he

is driving his car to the ward, and the car stalls on a dirt road on a fairly steep hill. Apparently, the carburetor was flooded with gasoline, and while he was waiting for the gasoline to drain from the carburetor, he composes some poetry while he watches the moon rise above the horizon. The subject of poem is not about nature, or the moonrise, but the mystery of the Holy Trinity. Another instance is the already referenced section of film in the contrasting methods of prayer between Paul and Camille Claudel. Apparently, Paul Claudel followed the teaching of Jesus Christ on prayer, as found in Matthew 6:6 – "when you pray, go to your room, close the door, and pray to your Father, who is unseen." All of the poetry composed by Paul Claudel in the film has a religious nature, and personally, I was not impressed by any of it. The poems, or drafts of poems, that the director, Bruno Dumont, selected for the film read like a jumble of phrases from established Catholic prayers, such as the Our Father or the Hail Mary, or the Ordinary of the Mass, (which is the equivalent of the Ordinary of the Missa Extraordinariae Formae of today), or catch-phrases from Catholic teaching, and all Paul Claudel did was mix the phrases together. Anyone can write text in such a manner, and the poetry of Paul Claudel reminded me of the magnetic poetry kits that one can buy at a bookstore, that have about 200 words printed on magnetic strips, so the words can be arranged in any order and stuck on one's refrigerator. Thus, the reader and the viewer of the film can decide which sibling followed the next teaching of Jesus Christ on prayer, as found in Matthew 6:7 – "When you pray, do not use a lot of meaningless words..."

The information that Dr. Lee gave to the discussion group definitely helped everyone to understand the scope of the tragic life of Camille Claudel, but the film festival could have been improved if the film *Camille Claudel* that was directed by Bruno Nuytten, and released in 1988, had been shown on Thurs. April 16, 2015, instead of *La Venus à la fourrure*. (After the discussion, I spoke with a volunteer of Cinestudio, Steve Regis of Willimantic, who told me that Nuytten's film should have been shown during the festival.) Nuytten's *Camille Claudel* is about her life before she was committed to the ward in 1913, so it covers the period of her relationship with Auguste Rodin, first as an apprentice, to a lover, and then a rejected lover, because his wife discovered the illicit relationship. Of  
(Continued on page 20)



**(The 16th Annual April in Paris at Cinestudio, Hartford continued from page 19)**

course, Nuytten's *Camille Claudel* has a different cast of actors, Isabelle Adjani as Camille Claudel, and Gerard Depardieu as Auguste Rodin, but it would have been a good pairing for the festival, especially since it would have still been in the theme of the festival, Provocation in French Cinema, for in the middle of the film is an exhibition of Rodin's sculptures, several of which are of women in erotic poses, and Nuytten suggests that one of the models of the sculptures was Camille Claudel.

I missed *L'Avocat de la terreur* on the afternoon of Sat. April 18, 2015 because I had library duty at the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut on Sat. April 18, 2015, and it would have been a problem to find a replacement librarian for the day. Also, I was not really interested in seeing a documentary about the French defense lawyer, Jacques Vergès, who defended internationally known war criminals, such as Klaus Barbie, the former Gestapo officer in Occupied France who is known as "The Butcher of Lyon," and Slobodan Milosevic, the former Communist politician and later President of Serbia, who was indicted by the International Criminal Tribunal of the United Nations in May 1999 for crimes against humanity during the Kosovo War, and who is known as "The Butcher of the Balkans."

*Le bonheur d'Elza* by Mariette Monpierre (2011), is the first film in many years that was not from the Province of Quebec which concluded the festival, as it was

filmed in Guadeloupe. The central character is Elza, played by Stana Roumillac, and she is the oldest of three daughters of Bernadette, played by the director of the film Mariette Monpierre. Bernadette is proud that Elza has earned a master's degree in journalism, but she is not happy that Elza is about to leave Paris for Guadeloupe to investigate one Mr. Désiré, played by Vincent Byrd Le Sage, who owns a company that underpays its workers, and who happens to be the true father of Elza. Elza is fully aware of her dual motives, as a journalist wanting to investigate a capitalist who likes to cheat his workers, and as a daughter wanting to meet her true father, a father she barely knew as a young child when he left her mother. Elza truly gets her foot in the door of the home of Mr. Désiré when she uses a false name, and takes a job in the home as a maid, and she is able to pry into his private life as journalist and forgotten daughter. As time passes, however, Elza is no longer able to maintain the ruse, and Mr. Désiré is able to accept her as his daughter, but is not comfortable with her when he learns that she is a journalist investigating him, especially since some of his striking workers have thrown rocks into his house. As the story unfolds, we the audience see that not only is he a greedy capitalist, he is a womanizer, for he has a wife, played by Sophie Berger, and a girlfriend, played by Nancy Fleurival. Of course the relationship between father and daughter does not end happily reconciled, but ambiguously at best. The duplicity of the characters is told against the Caribbean paradise of Guadeloupe.

Mariette Monpierre spoke about her

film after it was shown on the night of Saturday, April 18, 2015, and the one point that I remember among the many that she made, is that she learned in film-school that it is necessary to create drama among the characters. She gave the example of an argument between the father and the daughter, and as soon as we the audience think that they were reconciled, the father re-iterates his misgivings, and re-starts the bickering. She was popular with the students from Trinity College, and I learned from one of the volunteers at Cinestudio, Alicia, who is an undergraduate at Trinity, who told me that Monpierre stayed for about three hours, or until about one in the morning, having a dialogue with the students.

The seventeenth annual April in Paris French Film Festival will be shown at Cinestudio on the campus of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., one week after Easter Sunday, from Sunday, April 3 to Saturday, April 9, 2016. The theme of the festival will be: "A Portrait of the Artist in French and Francophone Cinema." The website for the festival is [www.aprilinparis.org](http://www.aprilinparis.org). The website for Cinestudio is [www.cinestudio.org](http://www.cinestudio.org), and the movie theatre has two telephone numbers, one for show times at (860)-297-2463, and the other is the box office at (860)-297-2544. Although Cinestudio shows ten French and Francophone films during the April in Paris Film Festival every year, the movie theatre shows about another six French language films during the rest of the year, so watching the Cinestudio schedule on-line is easy and recommended to the readers of *Le Forum*.

## Sugar House Party in Bristol, Conn., Sat. April 2, 2016

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

Daniel and Michelle Boucher will host their eighth annual Sugar House Party on Sat. April 2, 2016 from 12 Noon to 5PM at the Swedish Club, 38 Barlow St., Bristol, Conn. It will feature traditional French-Canadian food and folk music. The food on the menu is: eggs, creton (pork-meat spread), patates roti (oven-roasted potatoes), saucisse à l'érable (maple sausage), tourtière (meat pie), jambon dans le sirop (maple-glazed ham), soupe au pois (pea soup), fèves au lard (baked beans), crêpes, and tarte au sucre avec glace à la vanille (sugar pie with vanilla ice-cream). The music will be performed by Franco-American folk musicians Patrick Ross of New Hampshire, Josée Vachon of Massachusetts, and Daniel Boucher of Connecticut, who is also the host. There will be other local folk musicians, plus some story-telling, and maybe a surprise or two, for a full "après-midi français."

For tickets, contact Jam Français LLC, either by phone (860)-614-9970, or the internet, [jamfrancais@yahoo.com](mailto:jamfrancais@yahoo.com), or on Facebook. The prices for the tickets are \$27.50 for adults, \$9.00 for children 6-12

years, and \$5.00 for children five years and younger. The prices of the tickets include the Ten-Percent Connecticut Event Admissions Tax. Tickets are non-refundable, and no tickets will be sold at the door. The Swedish Club has a cash bar, and it is handicapped accessible.



# Reunion of All Former Students of STS to be held on Friday, May 6th

*By Albert J. Marceau,  
Class of 1983, STSHS*

The third annual reunion of graduates, and non-graduates, of all classes of both the high-school and the college programs of St. Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield, Conn., will be held on Friday, May 6, 2016 in the alma mater.

The cost to attend the reunion is \$50.00 per guest, which includes a dinner, endless hors d'oeuvres, and drinks, both alcoholic and non-alcoholic. The schedule of the reunion itself is: Registration and Tours from 2 to 4PM; Mass in the Chapel from 4 to 5PM; Reception from 5-6:30PM, followed by the Dinner and Program. Like last year, there will be a Memory Lane Display from 2-8PM in the Alumni Lounge. Tickets for the reunion can be purchased through the website, <http://www.stseminary.org>, or by check, written to: "St. Thomas Seminary," with the note: "Alumni Reunion 2016" written in the memo line. The check should be mailed to: St. Thomas Seminary Archdiocesan Center, 467 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, CT 06002, and the envelope should be noted to the attention of Sandra Moore.

For the convenience of guests who may travel long distances to attend the

reunion, overnight accommodations will be available in the dorms of the seminary, but on a limited basis. In order to reserve a room, please call (860)-242-5573, ext. 2602.

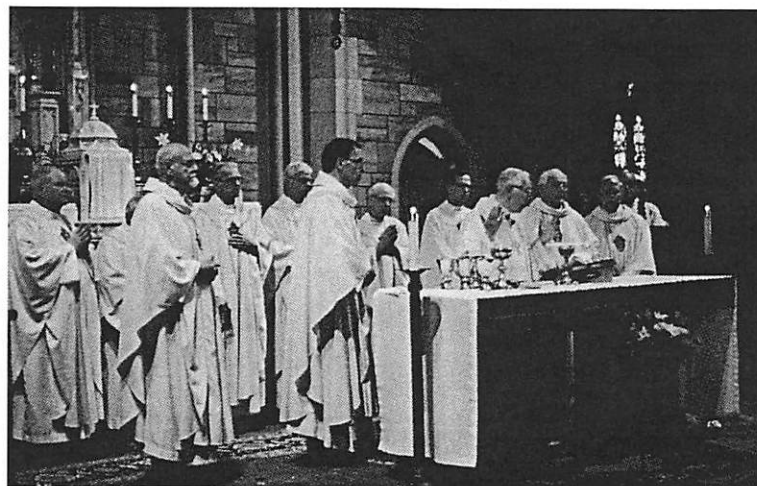
Information about the 2016 Reunion is also available on Facebook, and the website, <http://www.stseminary.org>. Mary Ellen Kunz of the Alumni Reunion Committee can be contacted for questions either by e-mail: [stsreunion@aohct.org](mailto:stsreunion@aohct.org), or by phone: (860)-547-0513.

The principal celebrant of the Mass will be the Most Rev. Leonard P. Blair, S.T.D., the Fifth Archbishop of Hartford. The liturgy for Friday, May 6, 2016, which is day after Ascension Thursday, is for the Friday of the Sixth Week of Easter, Year C, and the readings will be: Acts 18:9-18, Psalm 47:2-7, and John 16:20-23. The Gospel passage is taken from the extensive teaching of Jesus Christ that occurred during the Passover Seder, which is commonly known as the Last Supper, but should be known as the First Mass. The discourse is found only in the Gospel according to St. John, chapters 14 through 17, and the Gospel reading for the day is about Christ teaching the Disci-

ples to pray in His Name to God the Father.

There will be a few surprises for the up-coming reunion, because the Reunion Committee has not determined who will be the concelebrants, nor the homilist for the Mass, nor has it decided who will be the guest-speaker during the program after the dinner. Also, it has not decided if there will be a silent auction, as was held last year. Thirdly, it has not decided whether to make the tours of the building self-guided, or guided. (For the first two reunions, there were no formal tours of the building, but for the second reunion, committee members Albert Marceau and Mary Ellen Kunz prepared a text for a self-guided tour of the building, with an emphasis on the stained-glass windows in the Chapel.) Lastly, the Reunion Committee must decide on a gift for those who attend the event. Last year, the premium was a dark-blue baseball cap with the first emblem of St. Thomas Seminary. The idea was proposed by committee member Fr. Kevin Donovan, (STSHS 1979), who also proposed to have a premium for the following year to be a similar baseball cap with the second emblem of St. Thomas Seminary that has been in use since 1928.

All alumni of St. Thomas Seminary are invited to the reunion, and it is not necessary to have graduated from either the high-school or the college programs in order to attend the reunion.



*Archbishop Leonard P. Blair, S.T.D., was the main celebrant at the Mass for the First STS Alumni Reunion that was held on Friday, May 2, 2014. The other concelebrants, from left to right, are: Msgr. Daniel J. Plocharczyk, Pastor of Sacred Heart of Jesus in New Britain; Auxiliary Bishop Emeritus Peter A. Rosazza, D.D.; Fr. Francis V. Karvelis (who died in St. Mary's Home in West Hartford on May 4, 2015); Fr. James M. Moran, Pastor of the Church of the Incarnation in Wethersfield; Archbishop Emeritus Henry J. Mansell, D.D.; Fr. Robert O. Grady, Pastor of two parishes in Windsor Locks, St. Mary and St. Robert Bellarmine; Fr. Joseph Donnelly, Pastor of Sacred Heart in Southbury; Archbishop Blair, Archbishop Emeritus Daniel A. Cronin, S.T.D.; Altar Server Patrick Kane, (who was in his second year of theology as a seminarian at the time of the photo); Auxiliary Bishop and Vicar General Christie Macaluso, D.D.; and Msgr. Gerard G. Schmitz, Pastor of St. Michael Parish in New Haven. Photo by Albert J. Marceau taken with his Pentax P3 35-mm SLR camera.*

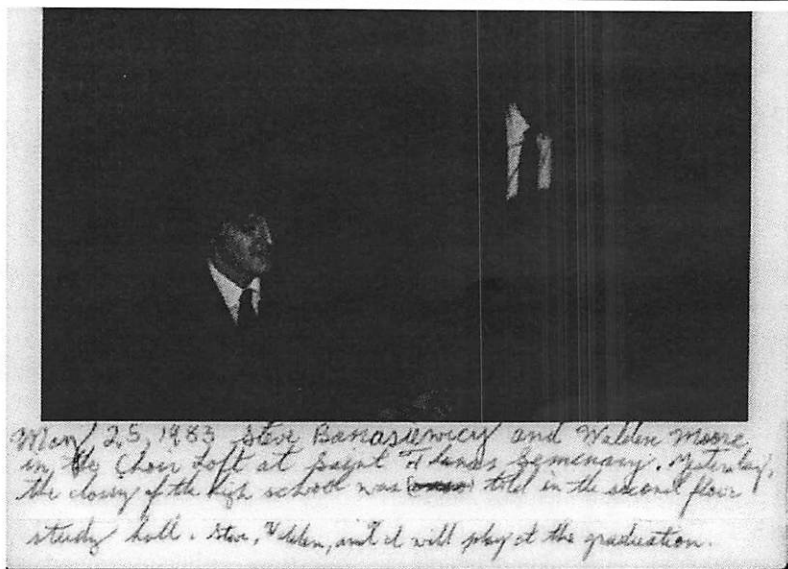
(Continued on page 22)



(Reunion of All Former Students of STS to be held on Friday, May 6th continued from page 21)

Steve Banasiewicz, STSHS Class of 1985, on the left, and Walden Moore, on the right, the last choir director at STSHS, and whose photo does not appear with the other teachers in the yearbook for the Class of 1983, the last graduating class of STSHS. (The yearbook committee was composed of jocks who did not care about the choir, and there was no faculty adviser to the yearbook committee.) Walden Moore, who was signing my yearbook when I took the photo, had two students for his music class in the Spring of 1983, Steve and me, and the class was held in the college library, where there was a baby-grand piano. (The former college library is the current Archbishop O'Brien Library, and the baby-grand piano is now near the side-altar on the Epistle-side of the sanctuary of the Chapel.) It was a very basic class on intervals and basic forms of music. Steve studied piano and organ, and he sometimes played the organ for some of the Masses during the school year. I studied classical-guitar under Steve Benson at the Community Division of the Hartt School of Music, University of Hartford. A couple times while we waited for Walden, Steve would play a piece on the baby-grand, "Variations on 'America' (1891) for Organ" by Charles Ives. I remember the piece because he showed the score to me, and he said that parts of it were difficult to play, because in some sections of the piece, the tremble-clef was in one key, while the two bass-clefs were in a different key. Also, he told me that he could not play the entire piece, because the piano could not accommodate the second bass-clef.

In my original caption, I noted that the closing of the high-school was announced in the second-floor study-hall on Tues. May 24, 1983, but I did not note that the announcement was made around noon, between the first and second sessions on the first day of final exams. (In my copy of school calendar for 1982-1983, the finals were originally scheduled to begin on Wed. May 25, 1983, but I remember that the finals were advanced by one day by the faculty, in order to accommodate for the oversight of the mandatory retreat for the senior class that was held on Thurs. May 26 and Fri. May 27 on Enders Island in Mystic, Conn., which was led by the Spiritual Director of STSHS, Fr. Joseph Donnelly.) Since I had good grades, and I was a senior, it was not necessary for me to take any final exams, but



I happened to be on campus anyway, in order to turn in some extra-credit assignments for my typing-class with Mrs. Diane Boilard. I remember George Finley, the Principal, stood on the study-hall monitor's platform, and Fr. Charles Johnson, the President of the Seminary, stood on the floor next to the platform, slightly behind Finley, while Finley made the announcement that Archbishop Whealon decided to close the high-school. Finley assured the students before him that the teachers would consider the effect that the bad news had on them while grading the final exams. Later the same day, there was a television crew from WFSB Channel 3, and another from WVIT Channel 30, and the TV crews interviewed some of the high-school students and Fr. Johnson since he was the President of the Seminary. Also on the same day, there was a retreat on the campus of the Seminary for the juniors and seniors from St. Thomas Aquinas High School in New Britain. I knew some of the seniors of STSHS from our days at St. Mary's Middle School in Newington, and I spoke extensively to one in particular, Donald Roberts, as we walked around inside the Seminary. Moments after the two of us reached the top of the flight of stairs from the first to the second floor, and as we stood and spoke outside of the study-hall, Fr. Johnson saw me, and he waved for me to enter the study-hall, in order to hear the important announcement from Mr. Finley.

Walden pulled together a choir for the final high-school graduation ceremony, which was also a Mass, which began at 7:30PM on Tues. May 31, 1983. Among the choristers were Steve and his mother Paula, and a few other voices, and two or three trumpeters, one of whom was Ted Bisley. Since I was in the graduation ceremony itself, I could not be in the choir-loft, so I

played two simple classical-guitar pieces in the sanctuary during Communion. One piece that I played was "Saltarello" by Vincenzo Galilei, the father of the astronomer, Galileo Galilei. After my performance, there was supposed to have been a playing of the recorded-song "Changes" by David Bowie, as arranged by the valedictorian, Mike Peralta, who left a turn-table and an LP near the side-altar on the Gospel-side of the main altar, but the song was never played. Peralta told me after the ceremonies that he could not find an extension-cord in order to play the turn-table. One of the hymns that was performed by the choir was "The Church's One Foundation" with words by Samuel John Stone and music by Samuel Sebastian Wesley. The last piece that Walden played was the recessional, the popular "Toccata" from the Fifth Organ Symphony in F, Opus 42, No. 1 by Charles-Marie Widor.

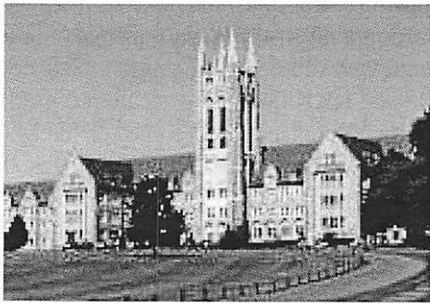
Walden later became the Choirmaster and Music Director for Trinity Episcopal Church on the Green in New Haven, Conn. Steve transferred to Northwest Catholic High School in West Hartford, where he graduated in 1985, and then went to Ripon College in Wisconsin. Fr. Joseph Donnelly, the religion teacher that the Class of 1983 had for three years, and who was the Spiritual Director of STSHS in its final years, is currently the Pastor of Sacred Heart Church in Southbury, Conn. Fr. Charles Johnson was later elevated as a Prelate of Honor by the Third Archbishop of Hartford, Daniel A. Cronin, and he died on Sept. 22, 2011 at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford, Conn. The Second Archbishop of Hartford, John F. Whealon, who closed STSHS, died on Aug. 2, 1991 also at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford. The organ and its pipes are still

(Continued on page 23)



(Reunion of All Former Students of STS to be held on Friday, May 6th continued from page 22)

in the choir-loft of the Chapel, but the pipes were moved to accommodate an elevator that was installed next to the entrance of the Chapel, a renovation that hardly effected the choir-loft, but the placement of the elevator removed the confessional on the Gospel-side of the Chapel, and these renovations were made several years after the closing of the high-school. Also since the closing of the high-school, the former second-floor study-hall has been entirely renovated and it is now a series of small offices for the Office of the Superintendent of Catholic Schools. **Photo by Albert Marceau, taken with his Kodak Instamatic camera.**



*May 25, 1983 Mrs. Diane Boilard typing out the last newspaper concerning the closing of the school. This is the newspaper room, room 12. Mrs. Boilard is the advisor to the newspaper.*

Mrs. Diane Boilard, the French teacher, the typing teacher, and the advisor for the high-school newspaper, *The STS Triumph*. Room 12 is on the third floor of the building, and it was among the least used classrooms at STS, so, it was conveniently used by the newspaper committee. After the closing of STSHS, Mrs. Boilard taught French at Bristol Eastern High School in Bristol, Conn. (A graduate of BEHS is the fiddler Daniel Boucher.) Today most of the former classrooms are now offices for the Archdiocese of Hartford, and Room 12 is the Office for Charismatic Renewal. **Photo by Albert Marceau, taken with his Kodak Instamatic camera.**

## More from Maine.... Reflections on the Acadian Deportation

On August 14, 2014, on the occasion of the Congrès Mondial Acadien, I was invited to speak briefly to a group of Louisiana Acadians at the Centre Culturel Mikesell in Madawaska. In fact the meeting lasted 135 minutes.

The group wanted to know my reasons for calling the deportation a genocide. I gave an earful and exceeded my time by 120 minutes.

I noted first that Acadian boats were all confiscated prior to their condemnation on July 28, 1755, so that there could be no escape. The deportation plan was to erase all trace of an Acadian presence in l'Acadie. The drag net had to be secure.

It was also for this reason that church registers were confiscated and burned, as were the records of the notaries.

Families were broken up on embarkation to hasten their assimilation into the American colonial melting pot. Likewise the reason that the people were dispersed in small groups in the thirteen colonies that were different in language, culture, and religion.

The victims blindsided on their destination, which added to their stress. As it was, they were deported among

former enemies who detested and hated them because of who they were.

The difference in climate contributed to the elevated mortality rate. Ships were overloaded twice their tonnage, and were entirely without ventilation. Once the hatch was battled down, the stench became overwhelming, and the longer the voyage, the likelier that the transports became plaque ridden. No one was allowed to disembark until a doctor declared that the transport was free of contagions, and that could take weeks. In the interim, those who died were simply tossed overboard.

No names were recorded on embarking, only the total number of deportees on each transport for reimbursement. No names were taken when they came ashore. The deportees were not even assigned an identification number. The expectation was that all trace of the nameless people would be lost, forever expunged from the annals of history.

There were two major Acadian deportations. The first was in 1755 from Nova Scotia, 7000 deportees; the other in 1758-1759 from the Saint-Jean (Prince Edward Island), 3400 deportees, and Ile Royal (Cape Breton Island), and from the fleuve Saint-Jean. Both occurred during the hurricane season, in transports that usually exceeded their tonnage, and some of which were unseaworthy. The upshot

was that four transports never made it to port, and the deportees went down to a watery grave. The loss of life far exceeded a thousand souls if we include infants to the age of two who were not included in the count, and children to the age of ten who counted only as half an adult. The loss of Acadian lives did not matter. They were expendable. The plan was to resettle the region with anglo-Protestant settlers from New England. Winslow at Grand Pré and Murray at Fort Edward, heaved a sigh of relief when done, and bid them good riddance.

In 1920 abbé-Thomas Albert, in his superb *Histoire du Madawaska* called the Acadian deportation a "crime de lèse humanité." In 1922, Monseigneur Stanislas Doucette wrote that the plan was to cause "the extinction of the Acadian race." Article 6 of the statu de Rome wrote that to cause the disappearance of a people, in part or whole, was a genocide. By every definition, the deportation of the Acadians was a genocide.

My Louisiana listeners wanted to know why I called the deportation a holocaust. I will speak to that in a later issue of the *Le FORUM*.

**Roger Paradis  
Fort Kent, Maine**

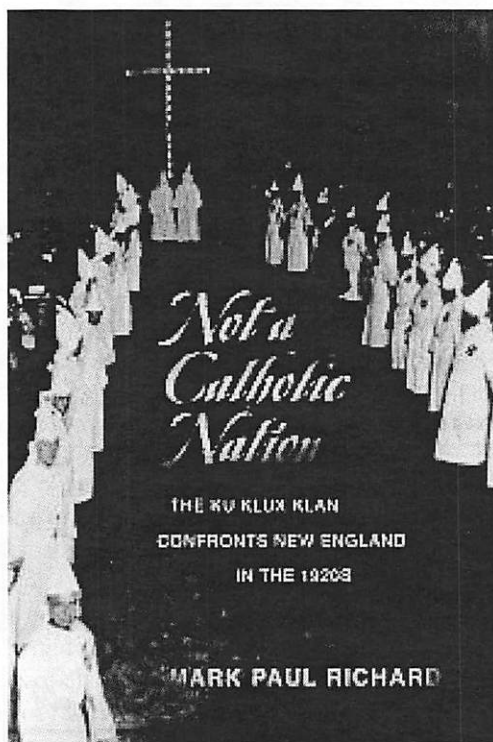


## Not a Catholic Nation

*The Ku Klux Klan Confronts New England in the 1920s*  
*The forgotten story of Catholic resistance to the rise of the KKK in New England*

**MARK PAUL RICHARD**

- See more at: <http://www.umass.edu/umpress/title/not-catholic-nation#sthash.JGbvfvSe.dpuf>



During the 1920s the Ku Klux Klan experienced a remarkable resurgence, drawing millions of American men and women into its ranks. In *Not a Catholic Nation*, Mark Paul Richard examines the KKK's largely ignored growth in the six states of New England—Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont—and details the reactions of the region's Catholic population, the Klan's primary targets.

Drawing on a wide range of previously untapped sources—French-language newspapers in the New England–Canadian borderlands; KKK documents scattered in local, university, and Catholic repositories; and previously undiscovered copies of the *Maine Klansmen*—Richard demonstrates that the Klan was far more active in the Northeast than previously thought. He also challenges the increasingly prevalent view that the Ku Klux Klan became a mass movement during this period largely because it functioned as a social, fraternal, or civic organization for many Protestants. While Richard concedes that some Protestants in New England may have joined the KKK for those reasons, he shows that the politics of ethnicity and labor played a more significant role in the Klan's growth in the region.

The most comprehensive analysis of the Ku Klux Klan's antagonism toward Catholics in the 1920s, this book is also distinctive in its consideration of the history of the Canada–U.S. borderlands, particularly the role of Canadian immigrants as both proponents and victims of the Klan movement in the United States. - See more at: <http://www.umass.edu/umpress/title/not-catholic-nation#sthash.JGbvfvSe.dpuf>

"*Not a Catholic Nation* is both original and illuminated by some of the most creative approaches found in recent scholarship in U.S. Catholic history. By opening with an account of the Klan's activities in the state featuring the most extensive boundary with Canada, Richard engages early the trans-national dimension of his story, a major feature of religious and ethnic conflict in the United States but one which has rarely been examined so intimately."

—James T. Fisher, author of *Communion of Immigrants: A History of Catholics in America*

Mark Paul Richard is professor of history and Canadian studies, State University of New York at Plattsburgh. He is author of *Loyal but French: The Negotiation of Identity by French-Canadian Descendants in the United States*. - See more at: <http://www.umass.edu/umpress/title/not-catholic-nation#sthash.JGbvfvSe.dpuf>

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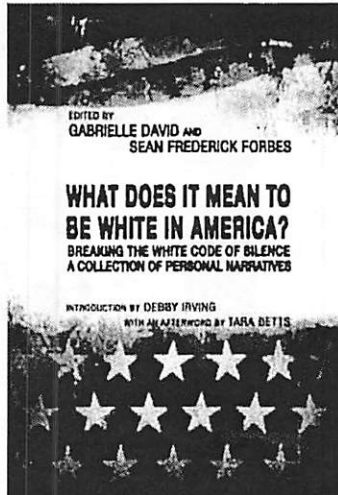
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## WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE WHITE IN AMERICA?

Breaking the White Code of Silence  
A Collection of Personal Narratives



Edited by  
Gabrielle David and  
Sean Frederick Forbes

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Introduction by Debby Irving  
with an Afterword by Tara Betts

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WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE WHITE IN AMERICA is a collection that asks just that. While the literature on "whiteness" has long been dominated by an academic point of view, editors Gabrielle David and Sean Frederick Forbes came to the realization that there was an unmet need for an anthology of personal narratives about white race and culture from the perspective of white Americans. In this conception process, WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE WHITE IN AMERICA, was born.

The first of its kind, this collection of 82 personal narratives reflects a vibrant range of stories from white Americans who speak frankly and openly about race, not only as it applies to people of color, but as it applies to themselves. The stories cover a wide gamut of American history from contributors around the United States; from reminiscing about segregation and Jim Crow, to today's headlines of police brutality, politics and #BlackLivesMatters. The variety in style and subject is enormous that is from people of different class and employment backgrounds, but all of these stories have one point in common—they create an absorbing and thought-provoking collection that explores race from a very personal perspective. In the telling, not only do contributors discuss their discomfort in talking about race, they also share big and small moments in their lives that have shaped what it means to be white in America, and how it affects the way they see themselves and others. In answering the question, some may offer viewpoints one may not necessarily agree with, but nevertheless, it is clear that each contributor is committed to answering it as honestly as possible.

With an Introduction by racial justice educator, Debby Irving, and an afterword by African American scholar and poet, Tara Betts, the purpose of WHITE IN AMERICA is to, as Irving points out in her introduction, "break the code of silence" so that we can engage in frank conversations about race. This book is highly recommended for students and teachers, and anyone else interested in seeking an understanding of race from a white perspective. WHITE IN AMERICA is a valuable starting point with numerous references and further readings for a deeper, richer, understanding of race in America.

### About the Editors

GABRIELLE DAVID is a multidisciplinary artist who is a musician, photographer, digital designer, poet and writer. She is the executive director of the Intercultural Alliance of Artists & Scholars, Inc. (IAAS), a NY-based nonprofit which she co-founded in 2000, and has served as its Executive Director since its inception, and serves as publisher of 2Leaf Press.

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DEBBY IRVING is a racial justice educator and the author of the acclaimed book, *Waking Up White* (2014). She has participated at conferences such as The White Privilege Conference, NCORE, National Summit for Courageous Conversation, and the People of Color Conference, and has appeared on numerous television and radio programs throughout the country, notably MSNBC and TEDx Talk.

TARA BETTS, an award-winning poet, author and scholar, is currently a professor at University of Illinois. Her work has appeared in numerous publications, journals and anthologies, and is the author of *Arc and Hue* (2009) and the libretto *THE GREATEST: AN HOMAGE TO MUHAMMAD ALI* (2010).

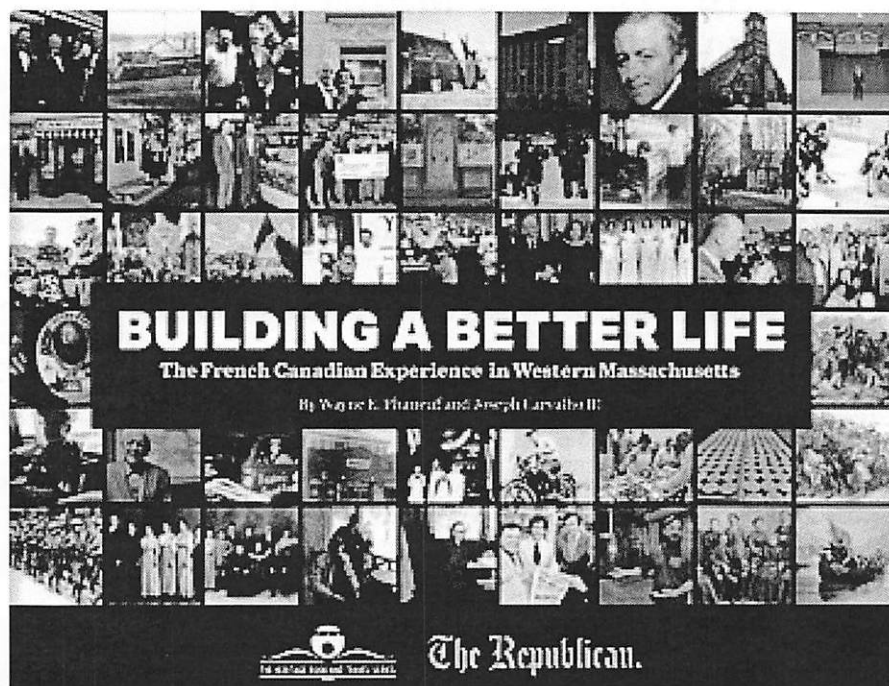
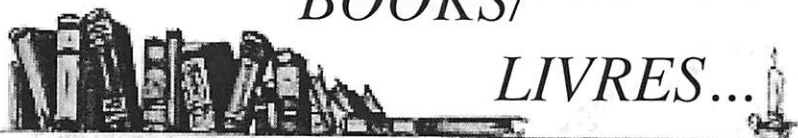
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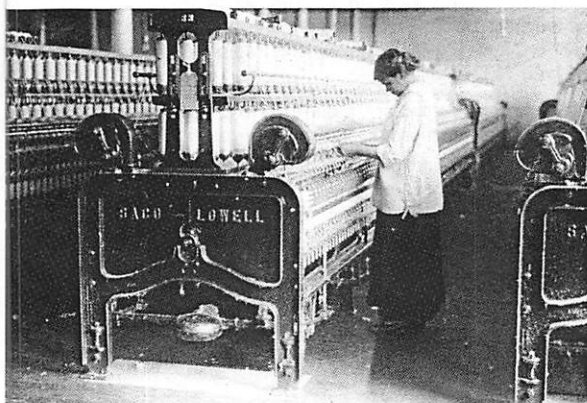
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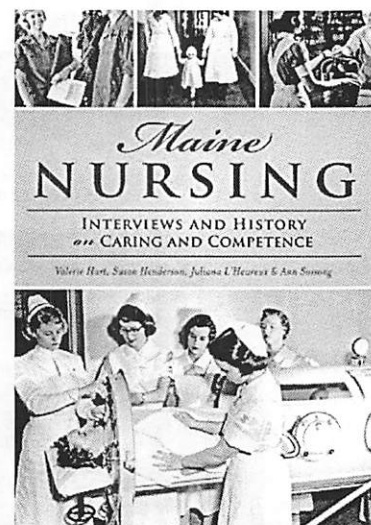


*A French Canadian mill worker in the Indian Orchard Textile Mill tending a massive "Saco-Lowell Spooler." Photo by Lewis W. Hine*

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Susan Henderson,  
Juliana L'Heureux &  
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More from Maine....

# Before Flint, Brunswick was at the Center of a Public Health Crisis

By James Myall

"The privies were all in horrible condition, some being so full that their contents overflowed on the surface of the ground... In some places the narrow space between two closely-set dwellings was used as the receptacle for the most offensive waste materials. Pig sties were next to tenements and cow stables reeking with filth were not far away...Some of the wells and cisterns were too near the privies and pools of decomposing liquid to escape serious contamination. In short we found a condition of affairs utterly inimical to the hygienic welfare of the people inhabiting the neighborhood."

This description, of a slum filled with the noise and smell of animals, their waste mixing with people's drinking water, is not of Nairobi, or Sao Paulo in 2016. It's a description of the conditions in Brunswick, Maine – specifically the "French quarter" of the village, in 1886. One hundred and thirty years ago, Brunswick provided the most egregious example of the health risks that French Canadian immigrants suffered when they found themselves living in overcrowded, poorly-

constructed, and neglected neighborhoods. Many, like the Brunswick tenements, were owned and operated by the textile manufacturers for whom the immigrants came to work.

Increasingly, we've been hearing stories of tragedy, frustration and anger from Flint, Michigan, where a modern-day health crisis has erupted over the polluted city water supply, which contains dangerously-high levels of lead. Among the accusations leveled at Governor Rick Snyder (whose administration knew of the hazards months before they intervened to help), is that Flint's inhabitants were simply too poor, and too Black, to merit attention from the state. More than a century ago, the conditions of Franco-Americans in Maine raise similar questions.

The Annual Report of the State of Maine Board of Health for 1886 is littered with references to outbreaks of infectious diseases among the Franco-American immigrant communities, which by this point were found state-wide and growing rapidly – Whooping Cough in Biddeford, scarlet fever in Saccarappa (Westbrook), diarrhea in Waterville, typhoid in Winthrop. A year earlier, in 1885, the board of health had been concerned about the possibility of an outbreak of small pox among Franco-Americans. An epidemic in Montréal that year had resulted in the death of thousands of unvaccinated French Canadians. But it's

www.maine-memory.net/item/22736  
Collections of Maine Historical Society



*Workers' housing owned by the Cabot Company on the Brunswick shore of the Androscoggin, c.1895. Maine Historical Society/Maine Memory Network*

the prevalence of diphtheria in Brunswick in the summer of 1886 that stands out. I spoke with David Vermette, a writer and researcher, about the incident, which he describes vividly in his blog, French North America. (*Read excerpts from the interview below, or listen to it in full online.*)

"When I started researching genealogy, I consulted the newspaper index at the Curtis Memorial Library in Brunswick, expecting to find some sentimental family pieces, and I did...and then I came across an article that described absolutely appalling conditions in the tenements, and this diphtheria outbreak, and repeated outbreaks of typhoid.

"Frankly, I was shocked and angered. I could not believe what I was reading. I knew my father's family, in particular, came

from a poor background, but I didn't really know what that meant. But when I came across that article, by the [Brunswick Telegraph's] editor, A. G. Tenney, which really hammered the Cabot Manufacturing Company for treating its employees so badly, this really became a special cause for me."

I asked David why he thought he hadn't gleaned any of that social history from his family –

"Where I grew up in Massachusetts, to the South of Boston, there were many people with Franco-American names; now I recognize that...but there wasn't any sense of ethnic consciousness there. Like my family many had moved from mill towns like Brunswick and Biddeford to larger cities – Portland, then Boston, so the sense of ethnic consciousness was lost. Everyone spoke English, whether their ancestors were Irish, Italian or French Canadian. Everyone was middle class.

"I did get this sense that there was some "wrong side of the tracks" aspect to our family, but I couldn't have put my finger on what that was, until I started doing this research. There was a tendency of people in my family and community to deflect the trauma and horror of what went on then. They'd say things like "well, you know, it was bad for other people as well," "conditions of life weren't as good then, standards of living were lower." Statements to deflect it. But I would point out that people at the time thought they were appalling. Mr. A G Tenney is hammering at the Cabot Company, saying

that the conditions in the tenements shouldn't be tolerated in a civilized society. People at the time thought this was appallingly bad.

"Generally, French Canadian immigrants were housed, as well as employed, by the Cabot Mill. There was also a company store. The company repeatedly denied the existence of the store, but newspaper reports show that workers were sometimes paid not in cash, but in credit for the store, which reveals their denial to be a lie. The immigrants were really tied to the mill – and until around 1900, the Francos were all living together in the tenements. I believe my father was born in one of those, literally in the shadow of the mill, in an apartment my grandfather had taken over from his aunt.

(Continued on page 28)



*(Before Flint, Brunswick was at the Center of a Public Health Crisis continued from page 27)*

"Today, the number one correlation with outbreaks of diphtheria is poverty, and it's strongly associated with overcrowding. What you see in Brunswick, at the height of immigration, in the 1880s, is that there were, on average, eighteen people living in a small tenement. That's the average – I've seen more than thirty people living in an apartment that nowadays we'd call a small two-bedroom apartment. How you can even do that is beyond imagining to me. This was an era in which people had large families, but being on a farm [in Canada], is very different from living in a small city, with an average of eighteen people living in apartments close together.

"They're bringing farm animals from Quebec to Brunswick, and these are also housed, somehow, in pens between the apartments, and this is just creating more odor, more filth, more problems. Also, there was no garbage collection as we know it. So people are just throwing garbage into the river, into the yards. There's a photo – probably from the early 20th century – where you can see a big dump just down from the tenements, close to the river. It's very, very bad sanitary conditions. This didn't happen because our ancestors were slobbs but because the company did not provide a sanitary infrastructure for housing their large workforce."

As Vermette noted, and the Maine Board of Health recorded, the diphtheria outbreak not only began among the Franco-American community, but claimed all its victims there. Dr. Onésime Paré, a Franco-American doctor supplied the Board with a list of mortalities that makes for difficult reading – dozens of children. David believes his own great-grandmother probably saw her neighbors' children "dying all around her."

So what about the response to this tragedy? Apart from Tenney, the editor of the Telegraph, and the reports to the Maine Board of Health, it was fairly muted.

"It's hard to judge the Franco response, because Brunswick didn't have a French-language newspaper. The one voice we have is that of Father Gorman, of St. John's parish, who is reported to have said that he was burying more babies than he was baptizing. On the side of the dominant English-speaking part of the town, we have Tenney's response, but I don't see much on the part of the town [authorities]. In fact, I've read one source that said that efforts to



*Mill Street, Brunswick, 1936. Pejepscot Historical Society/Maine Memory Network*

build a new sewage infrastructure to address the situation were resisted. Then, as now, people didn't want to spend money. Another Franco-American researcher, Michael Guignard, looked into Bowdoin's response [then home to the Maine Medical School] and found nothing. It was only when visitors to the town started noticing the smell, that they did something about it. The Town ordered the Cabot Company to clean up the mess, but they ignored it, and the company was fined \$100, which even in that time was a pittance compared to what the company made. There were no consequences for the Cabot Company. I don't think they cared at all, because they would get another fresh supply of French Canadians in the spring."

Do you see any parallels to the present crisis in Flint?

"I think the parallel exists, and I became angry about the situation in Flint because it mirrors the situation in Brunswick in the 1880s. You have a population of African-Americans that was attracted to Flint by the industries – but I think these populations just become invisible. You have a tendency among the dominant English-speaking population to see the African- or Franco-Americans as others, and when they don't have political clout, they don't have a voice. And that leads to the situations we see in Flint today, or in Brunswick in the 1880s."

The epidemic among Brunswick's Franco-American community in 1886 is a stark case of corporate neglect. While the crisis in Flint is not identical – the blame in that community lies with local, state and federal government – the parallels that do exist remind us that there always have been, and always will be, groups and communities on the margins who can be overlooked with tragic consequences. The

long history of this pattern reminds us that our ancestors, were probably part of that overlooked group, at one point in time.



*About James Myall*

*While I currently work for an Augusta-based non-profit, I spent four years as the Coordinator of the Franco-American Collection at the University of Southern Maine. In 2015, I co-authored "The Franco-Americans of Lewiston-Auburn," a general history of that population from 1850 to the present. I was also a consultant for the State Legislative Task Force on Franco-Americans in 2012. I live in Topsham with my wife and two young daughters.*

**Visit James' Blog at:**  
<https://myall.bangordailynews.com>

**Visit David Vermette's Blog at:**  
<http://frenchnorthamerica.blogspot.com>



## French North America

### Québécois(e), Franco-American, Acadian, and more

by David Vermette

## The Children's Strike In A Gilded Age Mill

"A little child shall lead them," the Bible says. And so it was in Brunswick, Maine in 1881 when young boys not only participated in a strike at the Cabot textile mill – they caused the strike.

This curious tale is reported in the August 12, 1881 edition of the local newspaper, *The Brunswick Telegraph* (beginning on page 2). According to this report, drawn together from local sleuthing as well as from other newspaper accounts, a strike broke out among "the operatives in the spinning and mule rooms of the Cabot Company's cotton mill...These strikes left the weavers short of working material and the mill was shut down."

In response to the strikes that occurred on a Thursday in early August and again the following Monday, the *Telegraph* reports that the mill was closed apparently for the better part of a week, although the *Telegraph's* account leaves the chronology uncertain.

The observation that young boys started the strike at the mill, extraordinary by modern lights, is tossed off at the end of the article in a single sentence. The strike began when "boys 8 to 14 years of age struck for higher pay, got it, and thus led to strikes in [the] spinning and mule rooms." It was the success of the children's strike that led the adults to hope for similar results.

The fact that it was the boys' example that led the adult workers to strike is attributed to a report in the *Bath Times* "prepared by a reporter after careful enquiry." However, "the operatives do not appear to have had any concerted action and moved apparently without leadership," the *Telegraph* reports.

A.G. Tenney, the editor of the *Telegraph* and most likely the writer of the article in question, suggests a motive for the boys' strike: "It is stated that the wages in the mill have been rather under than above the average of the cotton mills of this State, – that some of the young children work at \$1.00 per week, and some as low as 8 cents per day, but this latter statement we are unwilling to accept." Tenney gives no reason for his incredulity regarding the

wages paid, although he attributes these figures to "outside talk."

Tenney also reports that the workers demanded a ten percent raise, which they seem to have believed would put their pay in line with the wages at comparable mills in nearby Lewiston and Lisbon.

### Don't Call It a Company Store!

The *Telegraph* mentions that the grocery store "commonly known as the factory store" closed for at least one day in response to the strike. The proprietors of the mill, says Tenney, "denied all connection" to the store operated by "Messrs. Adams Bros." The closure of the store in concert with the mill lock-out raised suspicions regarding this denial, notes Tenney.

The workers apparently had no doubt about the connection between the store and the Company since, reports the *Telegraph*, "some wicked wag...suspended [on the store] a red flag inscribed 'Store closed,' 'Small pox.'"

The *Telegraph* also mentions "the payment of help through the system of orders" to the Adams's grocery store, a system which, Tenney reports, many observers opposed. He attributes to the system's opponents "the general belief...that

cash should be paid and the purchases made by the workman wherever he chooses to trade." This "system of orders," well-known enough to invite comment in the town, refutes the Cabot Company's denial of "all connection" between the store and the mill.

Another effect of the strike was that Benjamin Greene, the local agent of the mill, the face of the Cabot Manufacturing Company in the town, and the richest man in Brunswick, gave 30 day's notice to vacate to the residents in the company-owned tenements. Tenney justifies Greene's action, stating that the notice to the tenants may have been "done as a measure of precaution if the strike holds on."

As a rule, the mill workers in Brunswick in this period were housed in com-

Name	Adelard Duford
Place of Death	Pembroke N.H.
Date of Death	July 4 <sup>th</sup> 1894
Age: Years, Months, Days	11 5 12
Place of Birth	Lebanonville Vt.
Sex	M
Color	W
Married, Single, Widowed, or Divorced	S
Occupation	Mill Operative
Cause of Death	Bruised
Place of Burial	Catholic Cemetery
Name of Father	Marcisse Duford
Maiden Name of Mother	Malina Blais
Birthplace of Father	P.Q.
Birthplace of Mother	P.Q.
Occupation of Father	Watchman
Name and Address of Physician (or other person) reporting said Death	A. A. Peppin M.D.
THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
I hereby certify that the above death record is correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.	
Jeb S. Rainville	
Clerk of Pembroke	

1894 Death Certificate of Adelard Duford  
"Age: 11" "Occupation: Mill Operative"

Thanks Janine LaFleur Penfield

pany-owned tenements. They were, to quote an 1885 *New York Times* piece about New England's French-Canadians elsewhere in the region, "the despair of sanitarians." This was due not to our ancestors' slovenliness but rather to the failure of the likes of the Cabot Company to build an adequate infrastructure to house a population measured in four figures.

In fact, just a month before this strike, the *Telegraph*, generally a friend to neither Mr. Greene nor the Cabot Company, had featured a lengthy piece about a Typhoid outbreak in these self-same tenements which was blamed on the Cabots' malfeasance.

(Continued on page 30)

(The Children's Strike In A Gilded Age  
Mill continued from page 29)

## "French" = "Mill Worker"

The piece also makes clear that to be "French," that is to say to be one of the French-Canadian immigrants in the town, is to be a mill worker in 1880s Brunswick. The paper reports that as early as the Wednesday following the Monday lock-out "*several French families had left*" implying that they did so in response to the strike. Tenney then states that on further investigation this report was shown to be untrue, but he notes that "*some [French families] contemplate leaving.*"

He also reports that, "*no disturbance has occurred, the French people walking*

*about the village, and lots going blue-ber-rying.*" That was not an unwise move given the situation with the company grocery store.

The circumstances of the Franco-American workers in Brunswick in this period are by no means uncommon in the history of 19th c. Labor. Here we find an imported, foreign labor force housed by the same company that employs them, that then pays them, at least in part, not in cash but in orders from the company store.

The system of keeping the workers in a state of dependency appears to have faced some opposition within the town since it inhibited a potential market for local housing and retail trade. This was no small loss to the local economy since per the 1880 U.S. Census the Franco-American population of Brunswick comprised more than one-fifth

of the town's headcount. But the Franco-American workers were in a *closed circuit* where the Cabot Company was *their all*.

It is not surprising that the French-speaking workers had recourse to the only tool at their disposal – the strike – but that they did not use it more often. Of course, strikes in that era came at great personal risk. Especially when the thirty-day eviction notice arrives at the worker's apartment as soon as the strike begins.

And in August of 1881, this risk was run because some eight-year-olds found out that the eight-year-olds over in Lewiston were pulling in perhaps a penny more than their measly dime a day.

Visit David Vermette's Blog at:  
<http://frenchnorthamerica.blogspot.com>

(N.D.L.R. The following two articles are from past issues of *Le Forum*, Page 8, février 1987 & page 10 mars 1987, in hopes that others may have had or heard about a similar experience. If you have, please contact *Le Forum* and share your story. *We are collecting stories about deportation.*)

# Mémère: The Life of a Franco~Ameri- can Woman By Anne Lucey

The phone rang at 22 Westland Avenue. It was the winter of 1958.

Amedée, fatigued from the long day with the Biddeford Water Works pick and shovel crew, was plunked down in the big battered arm chair in their livingroom. Claudia his wife had just delivered him his nightly beer. She was sipping a glass of inexpensive wine.

Claudia rushed to the phone.

"Allô?"

"Madame Emond, you are the lucky winner of the Biddeford Chamber of Commerce-sponsored trip for two to Bermuda. Can you be down here at the office in half an hour so we may take your picture?"

Upon hearing this request, Amedée sprinted from his chair to ready himself for the photo-taking session.

Less than half an hour later Amedée and Claudia were posed in front of a refrigerator carton stuffed full of small white entry forms.

Claudia had filled out the blanks three weeks before with her older sister, Marianne,

who lived five miles out of Biddeford on Hills Beach, one of those little-liked spots by the summer tourists who prefer the dazzle and gaudiness of Old Orchard Beach or the "haute" displays of wealthy cottages of Kennebunkport. Hills Beach was lined with the modest cottages of Biddeford residents.

"If you win, you bring me; if I win, I'll bring you." Claudia and Marianne had made a compact.

Amedée forced Claudia to renege on her promise. He was her husband and he would accompany her to the sunny shores of Bermuda.

*The Biddeford Journal* staff photographer snapped his camera. The following day the photo ran with the caption proclaiming the winner of the vacation prize. Claudia Emond had filled out only two entry blanks.

---

***Amedée forced Claudia to renege on her promise. He was her husband and he would accompany her to the sunny shores of Bermuda.***

---

Her life had rarely collided with luck so easily as it had this time.

However, her childhood is now an era of wonderful memories. Claudia's entry into life was directed by a *sache{emme*, a midwife by profession, at her parents' farmhouse on a 100-acre tract in Thetford Mines, Québec. She was the last of 12 children her mother Bellesmere had borne.

The farm was a spacious one, but Claudia's father Eugene Nazare Breton used the land for subsistence farming. There were chickens, cows, pigs and horses, enough to keep the dozen well-fed and happy.

"J'ai une belle enfance; jamais les troubles,"

Claudia recalls today.

She was a child without a care. She grew up on the farm with her parents, three sisters and one brother. The seven others were married and gone. Some had children before Claudia was born.

Any wandering person who knocked at the Breton door was offered food and drink, and even a bed.

One frigid winter evening as the Bretons were uttering grace for the meal they were about to consume, a curly long-haired vagabond knocked at the door, asking for a hot meal. Bellesmere set an extra place and all indulged in the hearty fare.

"May I stay the night?" asked the hobo who sought harbor from the frigid night's air.

Breton answered: "Yes, if you give me permission to cut your hair." He feared the spread of lice in his home.

With that answer the long-haired hobo dropped his fork, picked up his hat and sped out the door, fearing the possible spread of cold on a newly cut head of hair.

If Breton was an ingratiating host, he was also a stern father. Claudia loved her father, but was always afraid of his eyes. He never raised his voice to discipline his children. And by Numbers 11 and 12, he had mastered the art of disciplining with his eyes and his subdued, but deep voice.

"Tit Toot!" Breton called to Claudia  
(Continued on page 31)

(*Mémère: The Life of a Franco-American Woman continued from page 30*)

his youngest. "Open the cellar door for me."

Claudia, not to be disrupted from play, passed the chore on to her older sister Pauline. Breton turned his attention to Claudia, gazing at her with his dark brown eyes: "Not Pauline, you!"

Little Claudia hastily fulfilled the task. Breton continued his work. Everything was straightened out.

Because the land and livestock were not so obedient, Breton had to leave the farm and find work in order to save a small bundle to take back to Thetford Mines. Between productive seasons, Breton took his family to Biddeford where he and Bellesemere would work in the textile mill. In 1899, Edmund, the eighth child, was born in Biddeford. He was the only one of 12 to be born outside of the *la province de Québec*.

Bellesemere had always toiled on a farm. So prior to Edmund's birth she tried her hand as a weaver at York Mills. Breton, too, worked in the *moulin*, thanks to the help of his cousin Theod Seigny who was a boss there.

But the work in the mill was part-time. When Bellesemere and Breton had earned enough money to get them through a few seasons, they would return to the farm in Thetford Mines with their family.

Thetford Mines had asbestos mills rather than textile mills. The town was named for its cavities that had been mined of the rich deposits of asbestos, the mineral found deep within the town's bosom. Asbestos can be readily made into long, flexible fibers and used as fireproofing material, cement and insulation.

However, before the mineral was ready for consumer use, it had to be extracted from beneath the slightly rolling hills of Thetford Mines and environs.

***Thetford Mines had asbestos mills rather than textile mills. The town was named for its cavities that had been mined of the rich deposits of asbestos, the mineral found deep within the town's bosom. Asbestos can be readily made into long, flexible fibers and used as fireproofing material, cement and insulation.***

The boys of the Breton family learned the process first-hand. One worked in the mines, chipping away for the mineral which was later hauled to the mill in town. One worked in the mill, operating the machine

that crushed the rocks into smaller pieces so the loose asbestos fibers could be removed. Another worked on "the line" stuffing the soft fibers into shipping packages destined for manufacturers' plants.

Those who worked in the mill would arrive home after a day's work looking as if they had been swimming in a flour barrel. No one actually knows how their lungs looked from breathing in the hazardous fibers. Innocent cars, trucks and buildings were showered every day with the white powder.

Asbestos brought economic prosperity to the townspeople. It also brought asbestosis, a lung disease caused by the inhalation of fine particles of the mineral. The last Breton son who was Nazare, in 1973 at Thetford Mines-where he underwent heart surgery believed to have been warranted by working so closely with asbestos.

But back on the Breton farm, the family lived wholesomely. Bellesemere made butter and sold the surplus as an extra avenue of income. The children combed the fields in search of blueberries, picking the blue and mauve beads for mama's pies and more income for the family.

When they were not romping the fields and fishing in the stream on the land, the three youngest daughters, Claudia, Pauline and Marianne, were attending the one-room schoolhouse. These girls never got past the eighth grade, yet they were the only three of 12 to receive any formal education.

Breton and Bellesemere were unable to write even their own names, forcing them to sign documents with an "X."

Placing no emphasis on education, Breton and Bellesemere allowed Claudia to stay home for two years when they moved to Biddeford once again. Claudia, ten at the time, claims she had a great desire to continue school. But Bellesemere would keep Claudia close to her side during school hours. When the schoolchildren in town were released by the afternoon bell, Claudia also was unleashed to play with the children. . .

Bellesemere kept Claudia at her side not because she needed her daughter's help with the household chores, but because of a violent crime that had occurred in 1923 at Five Points, Biddeford's busiest intersection of roads. The victims were two eight-year-old girls who were walking to school. The assailant was a man who attempted to rape them. Because their bodies were too small for sexual intercourse, the girls were ripped

(Continued on page 32)

## THE WORLD OF MAINE ACADIANS (L'Acadie des Terres et Forêts)

John Quincy Adams thought Shepard Cary of Aroostook was a hick., but Shepard Cary got William H. Cunliffe of Woodstock to move up to Fort Kent and Cunliffe hired the earlier settlers of the St. John valley to work in the lumber camps. This was at the time when Regis Daigle of Madawaska took up oats and hay as far up the Fish River as "Chez Drake" in Portage Lake. The 1850 U.S. census lists Melzar Drake up there in 1850 where he head the Cary operations in the woods. That same year Regis "Bonhomme" Daigle, a member of the Board of Assessors of Madawaska Plantation (1846), brought a load of farm produce "Chez Perley". The Perley brothers of Fredericton, were then lumbering on Perley Brook above Market Street in Fort Kent.

But Cary had gone to Washington as U.S. congressman where the Jacksonian Democrat from Houlton ran into the Boston Brahmin of the old Whig era who had survived President Jackson's pulling out of the U.S. Treasury Funds from the Bank of the United States. But as noted, Cary hired Cunliffe and Cunliffe hired the earlier French settlers to Winter into the woods allowing the crews to be back in time to perform their Catholic Easter duties.

Ha! They jibbered and jabbered in French in the lumber camps of Cary & Cunliffe, and the Acadians brought home lice from those lumber camps. Yeah, the Acadians had their priests and their lice, and they used all their sacramentals in their swear words. You never heard a Hafford, or a Jackson of a Gardner used the word "Chalice" in a godforsaken oath! But "Calice de tabernacle à deux étage!" worked well as the Acadian women worked to delice their husbands fresh out of the woods.

"Canuck" and "têtes carrés" met in the Maine woods. Yea; they met for six generations from the first Cunliffe drive to the incorporation of the Van Buren Madawaska Corporation organized under U.S. Federal authority during the second world war.

And, "Calice de Kriss des pooh encore!" Antoinine Maillet wrote it all out in her novel, "Les Crasseux" Oh History! Such incredible history! You can only tell it as fiction!.

**Guy Dubay  
Madawaska, Maine**



*(Mémère: The Life of a Franco-American Woman continued from page 31)*

open with a knife.

Bellesemere feared for her young Claudia and would not risk having her walk the route to school. Without objection, Claudia remained at home for two years.

The Bretons returned to Thetford Mines only to leave again for the United States one year later, in 1926. This time Breton's destination was Berlin, New Hampshire, where the trees grew in patches as thick as clover. This small northern New Hampshire town was inundated with French-Canadian emigres who flocked there to reap the employment opportunities of the lumbering trade.

Breton brought Bellesemere and his four last daughters with him to the area. By this time two of the daughters, Marianne and Elysee, had married, and their husbands joined the Bretons in their cabin deep in the piney woods of New Hampshire. There the eight of them lived with only a woodstove to insulate them from the frigid air and snowy cold. Their water source was a hand pump outside the cabin.

The women remained at the cabin while Breton and the husbands worked in the woods of Success, the township to the east of Berlin and bordering Maine. The area's largest employer, Brown Company, was located in Berlin.

Breton and the other men worked with others in the thick woods felling trees to be hauled by horse and wagon to the Berlin mill. When the 10-hour day was over, Breton and his sons-in-law went to the mill to sign out. It was at the mill, preparing the newly felled trees for paper pulp that young Amedée Emond worked. He, too, was a Québécois and a farmer, but his roots were in St-Henri Lévis, an area opposite the Fleuve St-Laurent from Québec City. Emond was born on his father's farm in 1901. And he lived there on the prosperous farm until his late teens, when he became anxious to see the continent and make some money of his own. He was the youngest of the boys and could have inherited the farm from his father as his other brothers lived in towns and were apathetic to farming. Emond's mother died bearing her twelfth child, when Emond was only 14.

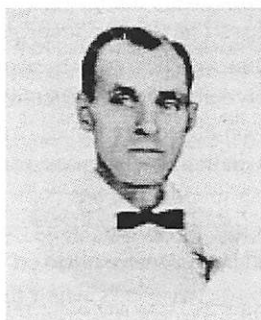
So it was natural for him to leave his known surroundings and find work in the United States. Emond worked a short stint in the northern tree-lined rivers of Duluth, Minnesota, where he mastered the art of log-

driving. Unhappy with this, Emond found decent wages and acceptable employment in the Brown Company of Berlin. It was closer to home than was Minnesota.

By the time Breton had introduced himself to this young man, Emond was 25 and single.

"You are going to be my son-in-law," Breton told Emond upon first meeting with the tall, young eligible Québécois.

"Who told you that?" Emond undoubt-



*Claudia Breton Emond was married to Amedée*

edly was caught off his guard.

"I have two girls at home." And Breton had the last word Emond arrived at the Breton cabin that same night with his friend from the *moulin*, Joe Dusty (who now runs a jewelry shop in Lewiston). Emond played cards with Pauline, the second youngest of the family, and Claudia with Joe.

The next evening Emond arrived at the Breton's camp alone. He had had his eye on Claudia despite his card game with Pauline the night before. So, Claudia it was for tonight's card game. And so it was to be for many card games to come.

Emond was Claudia's second boyfriend. She was only 16 and her last beau

had been her first cousin whose adult-chaperoned relationship had lasted seven months.

An economic slump forced the Success woods operation to close, and forced Breton and Emond out of jobs. Undaunted, the entire Breton family and Emond packed into two cars (one belonging to Emond and the other to Marianne's husband) and headed for Biddeford where the textile industry was open for employment opportunities.

*Emond was Claudia's second boyfriend. She was only 16 and her last beau had been her first cousin whose adult-chaperoned relationship had lasted seven months.*

"There's work down here for you. Come with your daughters," Theod Seigny, the cousin-boss had written to Breton.

By this time, many of the Breton children lived in Biddeford. None of them ever transformed their French first names or surnames to American nicknames—except Edmund LaBarre, the son of Claudia's oldest sister. Edmund had eyes as black as ebony, which led to his French nickname "*Ti Noir*." Because the English could neither fathom nor pronounce such an appellation, Edmund became "Blackie."

Claudia remained Claudia. She was named for one of her deceased brother's wives. And as was the tradition in naming Québécoise females, Claudia received Marie as her middle name.

And because many Québécois males received "Joseph" as their middle names, so, too, did Emond.

Other French-Canadiens who moved to Biddeford Americanized their first names. Pierre Contoir, "small boss" at York Mills, was now "Pete." He was in charge of the night shift. Despite his Americanized name, he continued speaking in his native tongue. After all, most of his workers spoke the same language.

Claudia knew that as well as every other Québécois who had migrated to Biddeford in search of employment. She and her family, like every other Franco-American family, spoke French at home, at play and at work. Some never learned formally how to speak English. Claudia, learned word by word. Later in her life, it was the age of television that introduced her to and taught her the English language. Emond, less enamored of TV—viewing than Claudia, could speak and comprehend little English.

*(Continued on page 33)*

*(Mémère: The Life of a Franco-American Woman continued from page 32)*

Emond did not work in the *moulins*. He acquired a job with the foundry in town, while Breton worked odd jobs. But Breton's daughters worked in the textile industry. Claudia hitched up with York Mills in 1927, working 64 hours each week as a weaver.

Her weekly income was nine dollars. As a weaver, Claudia was required to stand before the giant looms from six in the morning until five-thirty in the afternoon—a skill she was forced to learn on her own. Lunch-time was 30 minutes long; the two other breaks were 10 minutes each.

Claudia quit her weaving job after one year for a four-month respite in Thetford Mines with her parents. This left Emond as a boarder with Claudia's sister, Elysée's tenement that he carried on a correspondence relationship with Claudia. Emond continued his sweat and muscle labor with the foundry. Claudia merely enjoyed the farm and its bountiful rewards.

When Claudia returned to Biddeford,

she was 16 years old. Emond, 26, asked her to be his wife. One day after Christmas, 1927, at six-thirty in the morning, the two were wed at St-André's Church on the north side of town where only Claudia's family attended. Even though Emond had sent money to his father for the trip to Biddeford from St-Henri, Papa Emond never showed up.

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*It was at the age of 16 Claudia had a miscarriage. She had been jumping rope, as a girl her age was apt to do. The jarring motion of the exercise forced her to naturally abort.*

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Both Claudia and Emond now lived in his room at Elysée's apartment. This was to be the first time Claudia had ever left home and had ever been alone with Amedée.

A short time thereafter, Claudia and her husband moved to a place of their own—a three-story walk up on Hill Street where they lived for a year and a half. This wood, chipped-paint apartment building was so close to another that Claudia could

nearly reach into the window of the adjacent building. Children roamed the streets and played kick-the-can with an energy that made the tin can's journey echo between the buildings on either side of the narrow, yet heavily travelled street.

It was at the age of 16 Claudia had a miscarriage. She had been jumping rope, as a girl her age was apt to do. The jarring motion of the exercise forced her to naturally abort. Claudia and Amedée moved often, once in the middle of the cool, dark night because their apartment building had burned beyond repair.

*To be continued in mars, 1987*

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*Page 10 Le FAROG Forum, mars 1987*

## Mémère: The Life of A Franco-American Woman

*By Anne Lucey*

*Continued from fevrier, 1987*

During the Great Depression they lived with sister Marianne in her and husband René's apartment at Five Points. They had one child and by now Claudia and Amedée had one child, Leopold, born in 1929. All six lived together under one roof in three small rooms.

By this time, Claudia's parents, Bellesmere and Breton, were living permanently in Thetford Mines. They had made no commitment to reside forever in the United States, whereas Claudia and Amedée were intent upon remaining in New England. The law required aliens to leave the United States for no longer than six months at one time. Amedée had no cause to violate this rule; Claudia did. Her mother contracted cancer in 1933. Claudia went to Thetford Mines to care for her mother. By this time Claudia had borne all four of her children. They remained home with Amedée. For more than six months, until her mother's death, Claudia gave Bellesmere loving care. Her mother was 67 years old.

Claudia returned to Biddeford. The

death of her beloved mother deeply affected the 22-year-old mother of four.

But that is all Claudia recalls from the Depression era. "It was so dark during this time; it was blank for me. It was hard to live; I can't remember a thing."

However, things improved. In 1935, Claudia began working again, this time as a winder in the Bates Mill, which was formerly the York Mill. The duty performed by the winder involved taking the thread and attaching it to the machine—the first step in the textile making process. This task was learned by Claudia during unpaid training sessions. The job "was easy," but it still meant Claudia worked 40 hours each week on her feet, except for the half-hour supper and 20-minute breaks. She worked the second shift, from 3 to 11, forcing her to be away from home and her four children.

Claudia joined the organizing union at Bates, CIO, with the coming of Franklin Roosevelt. She joined, because "they protected us in seniority," yet she never went to meetings unless "trouble was brewing."

Twice the workers struck, without pay for two or three weeks at a time. Claudia walked out, but she never walked the picket line. "We always got a few more pennies when we struck."

The "big boss," Joe Hill, was in charge of the whole room—slashers, warpers, spoolers and winders. He spoke only English. The "small boss" was in charge of the second shift. He spoke French. Thus, Claudia worked in a Francophone atmosphere.

At home, too, she spoke only French with her husband, three daughters and one son. Their names reflected the Franco influence: Léopold; Thérèse, a name chosen by Bellesmere; Jeannine Andréanne, the middle name so given because of Claudia's love for la paroisse St-André; and Anita, given her by her godfather and Claudia's brother.

Caring for a family while working second shift was an arduous task. It was a heart-rending and often guilt-laden chore: "When you work eight hours in the mill and you come home and have to make supper  
(Continued on page 34)

(*Mémère: The Life of A Franco-American Woman continued from page 33*)

and clean house—that was my life. I wasn't bad for my children; I loved my children."

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*Despite such plaguing problems of poverty, Claudia maintained cleanliness. To her, poverty was no excuse for filth. But the battle was difficult for a mother who had to work second shift, eight hours each day, 40 hours each week to bring home roughly \$19.*

---

Life in the city was quite unlike life in the rolling open land of Thetford Mines. "It's hard to raise four kids in a four-room apartment. There was no formal bathroom, just a toilet. We had to wash up in a sink."

Claudia's role as a parent was more strenuous to act out than her role as a care-free Québécoise. The farm was the idyllic place to raise a family; the city could be a hellhole.

The tenements in which the Emond family resided were often infested with bed bugs, those slithering insects that burrowed themselves into the three mattresses of the Emond household: one on which Claudia and Amedée slept; one on which the three daughters slept; and one on which Léopold slept.

No matter how often Claudia cleaned or how furiously she attempted to fumigate the four-room apartment of the blood-sucking insects, the children usually awakened with red bites and scratchiness.

Lice were another problem. Claudia's children were infected with the hair-attaching insects, probably caught from other children at school. A special strong soap was used to extract the adult lice; whereas, a thin-toothed comb was used to pull the slicky eggs from the scalp.

Despite such plaguing problems of poverty, Claudia maintained cleanliness. To her, poverty was no excuse for filth. But the battle was difficult for a mother who had to work second shift, eight hours each day, 40 hours each week to bring home roughly \$19.

The greatest battle of perseverance loomed ahead. Because Claudia had left the United States for more than six months to care for her dying mother, the U.S. Immigration officials caught up with her in 1938. She was ordered to obtain her papers in Montréal and pay an eight-dollar fee.

Claudia ignored the requirement, fig-

uring she could escape the red tape, based on her nephew's avoidance of the same requirement. He had been naturalized as a U.S. citizen shortly thereafter.

"I thought they were going to accept me as they had accepted my nephew." Such was not the case. Her nephew, in fact, had never lost his permit by violating the six-month departure law as Claudia had.

In 1938 she was hauled into the Portland city jail by immigration officers who were to have her deported to Thetford Mines the following day.



*Thérèse Emond à Sherbrooke*



*Bellesemere Breton*

The cinderblock cell in downtown Portland was hardly a bon voyage party. Amedée remained in Biddeford with the four children, too ignorant to fight for the release of his wife. He was to be the sole guardian for the next couple of years.

Claudia was sent via train to Thetford Mines. She lived there with her sister for eleven months. During this time, as she had always done in Québec, Claudia did not work. Her full-time job now was worrying about the family she had left motherless.

Meanwhile, Amedée continued working at Saco Lowell foundry, an armaments manufacturer, and as a father of four. Soon there were to be only three.

Thérèse, the oldest daughter, had been

born in Thetford Mines, during February nine years ago when Claudia and Amedée had taken their two-week vacation there. Thérèse was brought over the border into the U.S. at the age of three by relatives who were carrying fraudulent papers for her so she could be united with her true family.

This deception caught up with Therese on her ninth birthday when Amedée attempted to cross into Canada with his children so he could be permanently united with his deported Claudia. With an automobile packed to the roof with all their worldly belongings, the Emonds spent the night in the auto at the Derby Line, Vermont.

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*Thérèse, the oldest daughter, had been born in Thetford Mines, during February nine years ago when Claudia and Amedée had taken their two-week vacation there.*

---

The next day, they were denied entry into Canada. Thérèse was deported on the spot.

She was brought to Sherbrooke to meet Claudia who had found employment there in a wealthy household as a maid. It was here she was a boarder and employee for wages of two dollars per week.

Because Claudia's job was such, Thérèse was unable to stay with her mother. She stayed at the Sacre-Coeur convent in town where she lived and was schooled.

The immigration officer who had escorted Therese to her mother happened to be the same officer who had warned her to obtain her papers in Montreal lest she face deportation.

He recognized her immediately at this second meeting and informed her she was eligible to return to the United States if she obtained her papers.

Not to risk losing again the chance for a U.S. permit, Claudia travelled to the heavily populated city of Montréal. She gained her papers and was on a train and back in Biddeford in time to spend Christmas of 1940 with her family.

By this time, Anita, the youngest, barely recognized her long-gone mother. Jeannine, the second youngest, had been her surrogate mother.

Thérèse, the other daughter, was unable to join the family for the holidays. She was required to remain in Sherbrooke, at the convent, until the following June.

Once the family was together, life

(Continued on page 35)



*(Mémère: The Life of A Franco-American Woman continued from page 34)*

resumed as it had before the unwelcome interruption. Amedée was finally naturalized in 1943, and Claudia in 1944.

***Thérèse, the other daughter, was unable to join the family for the holidays. She was required to remain in Sherbrooke, at the convent, until the following June.***

She returned to Bates Mill as a wind-er. She would have remained there until retirement age, but the mill was gradually phasing out workers, leading to the closing of its doors in 1957. Hundreds of workers were left jobless. Claudia, who had worked with the company for 20 years, received no material display of gratitude. In lieu of 40 hours of work and forty-five dollars per week, she received unemployment checks.

The benefits ended after one year. Two weeks after this deadline, Claudia had a new job. But the commute to this job made things difficult. Claudia did not drive. Her new employer, Claristas, was located in Dover, New Hampshire. A former Bates Mill car-pool friend had found them a job at this electronics company run by anglophone bosses.

Again, Claudia worked the three-to-eleven shift and was able to share a ride with a fellow employee. But, Claudia was not given the job, she earned it after taking a written test of her skills. She was placed in the packing room in the beginning, preparing the electronic gadgets for shipment.

After a few months in the packing room, Claudia was moved here and there to do any and every job. This lasted for five years, until 1963 when the employees struck against Claristas. Workers here were not as lucky as those who had gained "a few pennies more" after a strike at Bates Mill. Many were laid off from Claristas. One worker to lose a job was Claudia's friend who drove them back and forth to New Hampshire each day, a total of two hours of driving.

Good luck stepped in and joined with Claudia's 20--year experience as a wind-er-sb(! immediately acquired employment with the Pepperell Mill, a textile factory located within the five-story-high, fort-like bricked walls that bordered Main Street of Biddeford. The work was the same but by 1963 textile mills had refined the process of cloth-making into a fast-paced job. "If the machine stopped for five seconds that was good." And because the machine moved

rapidly, so too did Claudia. The pressure in competing with the machine sent her home every night at 11 with leg cramps; "I was so sick." Often, she was unable to sleep until long after midnight.

It was second shift, again, but this time three to eleven was "eight hours straight." Unlike at Bates, the workers at Pepperell were given 10 minutes for supper, and two ten-minute breaks.

But the wage was more than she had ever amassed in one week—one hundred and forty dollars (by 1970). Seven years after she joined Pepperell, Claudia left. The second shift was no way to live now that she was alone.



*Amedée et Claudia Emond 1967*



*Claudia Emond*

By this time Claudia was 59 and husbandless. Amedée had died in 1969 of leukemia which had ridden him to bed and made him grotesquely skinny. A man who had always been tall and thin, Amedée shrank to 80 pounds.

His last few weeks were spent at Webber Hospital in Biddeford. Claudia squeezed in visits to her dying husband around her shift at the mill. She had to work; the medical bills were soaring every day. Amedée's last gasp for air was witnessed by Claudia who took him in her arms where he died in peace.

His body and soul were prayed for, buried and marked with lavishness. Claudia spared no expense: death announcement cards with a photograph of Amedée (taken at Jeannine's wedding) were ordered in bulk. His casket was top of the line, not only on the outside, but on the inside, which was the backdrop for the Instamatic snapshots of Amedée in an open casket.

He was buried at St-Joseph's cemetery, property of Claudia's parish on the south end of Biddeford. The cemetery lies one mile from Claudia's home, permitting her to visit his gravesite every warm night. Engraved on one half of the polished black marble headstone are:

***Amedée Joseph Emond  
1901-1969***

On the other half:

***Claudia Breton Emond  
1911-***

She is prepared for the end.

But Claudia had been through a life where she was forced to prepare for everything. Her four children had survived childhood; only one had made it past the eighth grade and had graduated from Biddeford High School.

All were married and had three or four children each by 1970. To these grandchildren, Claudia was "Memay," because they were unable to pronounce with French accents, "Mémère."

Of course, the grandchildren's parents had never had trouble pronouncing words in French; that was their first and only language. It was English they were forced to learn from little schooling and much street practice. By adulthood, English was their first language with their families. When Claudia and her children got together, talk buzzed in French. Claudia was capable of understanding and speaking English, but was embarrassed and selfconscious about using it.

In the meantime, Amedée's medical bills had to be paid. His hospital was covered by insurance; the doctor was not. Claudia religiously met her monthly bills with the money earned from her job at the Maine Line Shoe Shop in North Berwick. A half-hour commute was involved, but by this time Claudia was able to drive and work the day shift. For 40 hours each week and

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(*Mémère: The Life of A Franco-American Woman continued from page 35*)

one hundred dollars. Claudia glued the rigid back piece to the inside of leather shoes.

After one year with this company, Claudia was 60 years old. More than half of her life had been spent in front of a company machine. These machines expected total dedication. In return she received a weekly check. No company ever presented Claudia with a gold watch or a bouquet of flowers or a "thank you" for her service.

The time had come to enter another line of work. So Claudia signed on with an elderly, well-to-do couple who resided in a comparably modest home in Biddeford Pool. Biddeford's better half.

The man was legally blind and ailing, and the wife was equally healthy. Presence of any wealth they had was never exhibited; they were utterly avaricious. Claudia, for her four-hour per day services of meal preparations and house cleaning, earned \$1.50 per hour. For two years Claudia tended to the old man and woman. When Claudia attempted cooking a wonderful and hearty meal for the two, they would instruct her to serve them mold-covered bread and soup. Food was not to be wasted.

**Claudia, for her four-hour per day services of meal preparations and house cleaning, earned \$1.50 per hour. For two years Claudia tended to the old man and woman. When Claudia attempted cooking a wonderful and hearty meal for the two, they would instruct her to serve them moldcovered bread and soup. Food was not to be wasted.**

Yet money was abundant in their invested stocks, bonds and funds. Claudia left their employment two years later in 1973 making \$1.51 per hour. The man and woman died a few years thereafter, childless, unable to take their wealth with them and incapable of giving it to anyone.

To Claudia, her own home was her greatest asset. Amedée, with his two hands, had transformed their \$2,000 shack into a comfortable, modern three-bedroom home. The literal shack they had purchased in 1957 was an afterwork project for Amedée each night. He did the construction, the plumbing and the electrical wiring. Before the acquisition of the ramshackle building, they had never dared dream of purchasing a home of their own. However, by the end of the shack's metamorphosis, Amedée had died.

This was Claudia's sole inheritance.

And life was now good to her. She was a heavy woman who ate good food often and performed strenuous work and exercise seldom.

Life was routine: leisure was the theme; bluecollar labor a thing of the past. Her youngest daughter Anita, closest to Claudia in proximity, visited daily. Telephone communications were frequent.



*La Famille Breton 1936*

The call to Anita in the evening of cold January 1973 came as no surprise. The message did: Claudia was stricken with a blood clot in her thigh which had paralyzed her. She was rushed to the hospital in town and later transferred to Maine Medical Center in Portland where open heart surgery was performed the next day.

During the operation, Claudia was pronounced medically dead. She recalls hearing the doctors' voices, but all from a vantage point high above the sterile table. She did not resist death. But the electric shocks to her heart changed her desire for life. She came back to life and the surgery was successfully completed.

The enormous medical bills were covered by Blue Cross/Blue Shield. To better alleviate her financial situation, Claudia was deemed disabled and made eligible for benefits.

It was here that Claudia's life of toil and labor ends. Her greatest worry now is confirming receipt of her benefits and food stamps, and determining how each new U.S. president will affect those benefits. Claudia is a devout Democrat.

However, loyalty to Catholicism comes first. She has lived her 76 years

steeped in deep faith. The pope, the bishop and the priest are all to be revered. When the parish priest paid his annual parishoner visit to Claudia last year, he asked her to donate a spare overstuffed chair for an ailing *bonhomme*. Without question, she obliged. Hers is a religion where no questions are asked.

She is healthier now and better rested than she has been since her marriage. Life is to be enjoyed. Beano is a favorite pastime and television is her best friend: always there to speak to her in French or English. Her family visits her often and always on holidays, especially for Noël. Christmas is a time of traditional French-Canadian celebration. The family as a whole sings, talks and eats tourtière and sweets until the wee hours of the night, and until the presents are unwrapped. *Le réveillon* is the centerpiece of the holiday season.

Other nights Claudia retires at midnight with her large black rosary beads rotating between her fingers. Her bedroom is a storehouse of religious trinkets. Above the bed's headboard hangs a foot-and-a-half-long crucifix, inside which is housed a swatch of clothing allegedly taken from the cloak of an unknown saint.

The bureau beyond the bed serves as a display counter for a red velvet-cloaked replica of the Baby Jesus, known in Catholic circles as the Little Priest Jesus.

Claudia is alone in bed tonight, as she has been since 1969. On one of her bedroom walls hangs the only picture of Amedée and her together. Yet, the photograph was made of two separate photos of the two and pieced together.

For Claudia, her life was complete. It was beautiful and it sometimes was ugly. Yet, for all her woes, she knows in her heart she did all that was possible to survive a difficult and trying life.

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## French North America

Québécois(e), Franco-American, Acadian, and more

by *David Vermette*

# Illegal Immigration in the 1920s: French North Americans and the Myth of the Master Race

**Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose.**

This familiar saying leaps to mind while reading a page one story from *The Gazette of Montréal*, April 2, 1929. The article reports that, pursuant to the Immigration Act of 1924, significant numbers of the French-Canadian element in the USA could face deportation.

The Canadian-born resident who came to the States prior to July 1924 had no worries. Those who arrived after that date sans proper documentation must leave the country and go through proper immigration channels or face deportation with no possibility of readmission to the USA.

The article reports that among those who were sent back to Canada to obtain proper documentation was an 18-month-old baby girl born in Montréal and adopted by a family in New Hampshire.

Since no dangerous 18-month-old must slip through the net, the article reports that, "*Federal officers throughout New England are now receiving their preliminary instructions, and within another two months the machinery for the investigation of every Canadian in the country will be perfected.*"

The article also states that, "*The Washington authorities make it plain that French-Canadians are not alone involved. Canadians from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario will be subjected to as rigid an examination as those from Quebec.*"

Evidently there were suspicions that French Canadians were being singled-out for possible deportation. The considerations that led to the 1924 Immigration Act justify these suspicions.

The purpose and effect of this legislation was to exclude "undesirable" aliens from immigrating to the USA. Alarmed by the growth of Jewish immigrants as well as those from Southern and Eastern Europe, Congress moved to forbid certain groups from entering the country legally and to impose quotas on others. Canadians were not subject to the quota system, as the 1929

article in *The Gazette* mentions, but were required to file papers.

The debates surrounding the 1924 act strike the modern reader as both shockingly frank and uneasily familiar. In a time when reticence or self-deception regarding one's racism was less prevalent than today, Senator Ellison DuRant Smith of South Carolina, for example, permitted himself this utterance:

Who is an American? Is he an immigrant from Italy? Is he an immigrant from Germany? If you were to go abroad and some one were to meet you and say, 'I met a typical American,' what would flash into your mind as a typical American... Would it be the son of an Italian immigrant, the son of a German immigrant, the son of any of the breeds from the Orient, the son of the denizens of Africa?... I would like for the Members of the Senate to read that book just recently published by Madison Grant, *The Passing of a Great Race*. Thank God we have in America perhaps the largest percentage of any country in the world of the pure, unadulterated Anglo-Saxon stock; certainly the greatest of any nation in the Nordic breed. It is for the preservation of that splendid stock that has characterized us that I would make this not an asylum for the oppressed of all countries, but a country to assimilate and perfect that splendid type of manhood that has made America the foremost Nation in her progress and in her power... 1

The Senator recommends Madison Grant's *The Passing of the Great Race* or *The Racial Basis of European History*, published in 1916. The alarm regarding the immigration of supposedly inferior "stock" into the USA was the wellspring of Grant's book. The author provided statistics to Congress which contributed to setting the 1924 law's immigration quotas.

Jonathan Spiro, a professor of history at Castleton State College in Vermont, finds that Grant "popularized the infamous

## CANADIANS IN U.S. MAY AVOID DEPORTATION

Thousands Can Make Legal Entry After Return to Dominion

FEDERAL PROBE TO OPEN

Persons Who Migrated Prior to July 1, 1924, Are Not Affected by New Law

*Canadians Face Deportation as Illegal Aliens: The Gazette of Montréal, April 2, 1929*

notions that the blond-haired, blue-eyed Nordics were the 'master race' and that the state should eliminate members of inferior races who were of no value to the community." Translated into German in 1925, Grant's book was welcomed by the Nazis. According to Spiro, Adolph Hitler referred to it as his "bible."

In light of his pseudo-scientific theory of blond, "Nordic" dominance, the following excerpt from Grant's *meisterwerke* comes as no surprise.

The Dominion [of Canada] is as a whole handicapped by the presence of an indigestible mass of French Canadians largely from Brittany and of Alpine origin although the habitant patois is an archaic Norman of the time of Louis XIV. These Frenchmen were granted freedom of language and religion by their conquerors and are now using those privileges to form separatist groups in antagonism to the English population. The Quebec Frenchmen will succeed in seriously impeding the progress of Canada and will succeed even better in keeping themselves a poor and ignorant community of little more importance to the world at large than are the Negroes in the South. 2

Thus spake Hitler's Bible. However, the "mass of French Canadians" were not "largely from Brittany," although some of their ancestors were Breton. Even by Grant's specious definitions the Canadiens were not generally of "Alpine" origin. He was neither the first nor the last to draw a comparison between the Canadiens and African-Amer-

(Continued on page 38)



(Uncle Luc continued from page 3)

studies for the priesthood. After 3 years in San Antonio Luc had acquired many new friends there and chose to finish his studies for the priesthood in San Antonio. He visited home only once during those years, at the death of his mother on 23 December 1930. He was ordained an Oblate of Mary Immaculate priest at Saint Mary's parish in San Antonio on June 4, 1938. He celebrated his first mass at Sainte-Marie parish in Manchester several days later. One final year of studies in Texas would follow.

As was the tradition at the time, after ordination within a Catholic Church priestly order such as the Oblates, and following completion of his post-ordination studies, Father Luc was required to write to the Superior General of the Oblates in Rome to receive his first assignment as a new ordained OMI priest. At the time of Luc's ordination the Superior General of the Oblates was a French Oblate, Père Théodore Labouré. As a bilingual Franco-American from Manchester, Father Luc thought it was would be a courtesy to write to Père Labouré in French to request his first assignment as a newly ordained Oblate. While awaiting Père Labouré's response with an assignment, Father Luc accepted a temporary assignment from his superiors in Texas, that of curate in an Oblate parish of the Southwestern Province, i.e., Saint Louis Cathedral in New Orleans, a mere six-week assignment from June to July 1939.

Father Luc received word from Rome in July 1939. Impressed with Father Luc's bilingual "credential", Père Labouré asked the newly ordained Father Luc to join his administrative staff as his personal secretary, for a typical seven-year stint. Father Luc was soon packed and sailing to Europe.

As secretary to the Superior General of the Oblates, while headquartered in Rome, Father Luc traveled to several areas of the world with Père Labouré, whose responsibilities as Superior included visiting the many Oblate missions and seminaries in Europe, North America, Central America, South America, Africa, Haiti and the Philippines.

The outbreak of WWII found Père Labouré and his staff in Rome. As a French citizen, Père Labouré was obliged to return to France. As the only priest on Père Labouré's staff who was not French, Father Luc was offered immediate passage to the U.S., a last opportunity to escape soon to be war-torn Europe. Father Luc consulted Père Labouré further as to his assessment

of the war and how long it might last. Père Labouré's response was optimistic, i.e., perhaps not more than a few months. History of course would prove otherwise. Based on Père Labouré's assessment, however, Father Luc opted to stay on as part of Père Labouré's staff. They would return to the French Oblate community in France for the duration of the war, headquartered in Marseilles where the Oblate community was founded by Bishop Eugène de Mazenod in 1816, the future Saint Eugène de Mazenod.

As an American staying in German occupied France, Father Luc would need to change his identity. With forged identify papers in hand, Father Luc Miville became Père Louis Bernard, a French citizen. His forged papers would afford him relatively safe passage within France, from one Oblate house to another, fulfilling his duties to Père Labouré who continued to travel to and from various Oblate houses in France throughout the war.

The Gestapo however were aware of the presence of an American among the French Oblates and would frequently arrive unannounced at Oblate houses throughout France inquiring as to the presence of their American confrère, Father Luc Miville. The superior of the house would of course deny that Father Miville was present, offering one reason or another to explain his whereabouts, even though at the time of at least one such visit by the Gestapo, Father Luc was present. The ruse was successful and Father Luc, or "Père Bernard" was not unmasked.

Père Labouré, Father Luc's superior, who had been ailing for some time, died in Paris on February 28, 1944. In the meantime, the Oblate Vicar General, Père Balmès, was appointed acting Superior General of the Oblate community. As Father Luc put it, "I was out of a job", until a new Superior General was elected. That would not occur until after the war.

In March 1944, Father Luc was certainly still not free to leave France, so in order to get him out of circulation, Father Luc was given a temporary assignment at an Oblate seminary at La Brosse-Montceaux, a hamlet near Montereau (Seine et Marne Department), approximately 80 kilometers southeast of Paris, near the famed Fontainebleau. There the Oblate community ran a seminary in an 18th century chateau which had been willed to them by the family who owned the chateau until 1934. The seminary at La Brosse-Montceaux continued to function openly as such despite the war and

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(Illegal Immigration in the 1920s: French North Americans and the Myth of the Master Race continued from page 37)

icans, a move that, in his racist scheme, was a means of killing two birds with one stone.

Nor did the large-scale immigration of this "indigestible" French Canadian community into New England escape Grant's notice. On the contrary, in his first chapter, where he sets out the alleged danger facing his imaginary master race from the immigration of their "inferiors," Grant writes:

During the last century the New England manufacturer imported the Irish and French Canadians and the resultant fall in the New England birthrate at once became ominous. The refusal of the native American (sic) to work with his hands when he can hire or import serfs to do manual labor for him is the prelude to his extinction and the immigrant laborers are now breeding out their masters and killing by filth and by crowding as effectively as by the sword. Thus the American sold his birthright in a continent to solve a labor problem. Instead of retaining political control and making citizenship an honorable and valued privilege he intrusted (sic) the government of his country and the maintenance of his ideals to races who have never yet succeeded in governing themselves much less any one else. 3

Grant's master race theory assumes, of course, that the measure of mastery is not only governing oneself but also lordship over others. This revealing remark is but one draught from his witch's brew of half-baked science, Social Darwinism, and old-fashioned Anglo-American jingoism.

Through such rancid reasoning is legislation passed that would require federal agents to hunt out every undocumented 18-month-old Canadian baby.

After WWII when the consequences of Grant's theories are well known, some Americans have learned to be embarrassed about their sensitivities regarding Anglo-Saxon racial and cultural "purity." Modified, modernized versions of Grant's naked racism are clothed with fig leaves about national unity as well as by economic arguments.

I'm not sure that I prefer these latter-day versions to the overt stance of Anglo-Saxon supremacy held by Grant and his acolytes. At least they were honest.

#### Notes

1. Speech by Ellison DuRant Smith, April 9, 1924, Congressional Record, 68th Congress, 1st Session (Washington DC: Government Printing Office, 1924), vol. 65, 5961-5962.

2. Grant, Madison. *The Passing of the Great Race or The Racial Basis of European History*. 4th Ed. New York: Scribner's, 1921, 81.

3. Grant, 11-12

*(Uncle Luc continued from page 38)*

attendant hardships, as well as the presence of a Gestapo regional headquarters based at Méln, headed by Corporal Wilhelm Korf (a former profession of Geology at Magdeburg University in Germany) a few kilometers from the Oblate seminary. Corporal Korf had a well established reputation of using torture to extract information from his prisoners. He had blonde hair, cut very short, light blue eyes and wore an obviously tailor made Gestapo uniform, and presented a stereotypical picture of a brutal and merciless roughneck.

At Father Luc's arrival at La Brosse-Montceaux, the residents of the seminary consisted of approximately 20 professional staff (priests and brothers) and 80 seminarian-students. Father Luc took on a variety of assignments there, including private tutoring of Latin to seminarians as well as other students from the village of La Brosse-Montceaux.

But there were other, more covert activities going on at the seminary. A few of the staff and students were secretly working with the French underground, i.e., the "Résistance", to help defeat the Germans. Father Luc was quick to become involved and his bilingual skills enabled the Oblates to set up a clandestine short-wave radio communication in a sub-basement of the seminary, with the French government in exile in England to facilitate the planning of night-time parachuting of arms onto farm fields in and around La Brosse-Montceaux. After retrieving the parachuted canisters containing the guns and munitions, the canisters and parachutes were taken to the seminary where the canisters were emptied of their contents. The empty canisters and attached parachutes were then dropped into a dry well on the seminary property. The guns and munitions were taken to the local cemetery and hidden in a host of mausoleums there, again, under cover of night. In this fashion the Oblate community of La Brosse-Montceaux was responsible for receiving and hiding, over the course of a few weeks in the spring and summer of 1944, approximately six tons of parachuted arms. These would eventually be secretly transported to Résistance workers in Paris and were destined to play a role in the liberation of Paris.

All went well until July 1944 when a local agent of the Résistance, with the code name of "Renard", was arrested by the Gestapo of Méln, after having been betrayed as a Résistance worker, possibly by Joseph Joanavici, aka "Monsieur Joe", who was a

wealthy and powerful merchant thought to have been a double agent between the Gestapo and the network of Résistance workers. In the process of questioning, under torture, a notebook was found on "Renard"'s person with information implicating the Oblates in the secret procurement of arms. That notebook also contained the names père Albert Piat, frère Jean Cuny, père Christian Gilbert, frère Joachim Nio and frère Lucien Perrier, all Oblate staff of La Brosse-Montceaux.

The Gestapo and Corporal Korf of Méln were only too well known for the merciless torture. Elderly villagers of La Brosse Montceaux there today still recall Korf's name and readily associate it with torture, recalling him only as a "le tortionnaire".

Under torture, then, "Renard" revealed further damning evidence clearly unmasking the Oblates and their activities at the seminary on behalf of the Résistance. As a consequence, Corporal Korf orchestrated a surprise raid on the seminary.

The morning of Monday, 24 July 1944 was dawning as another hot and humid summer day at La Brosse-Montceaux. At approximately 5:00 AM, as priests and seminarians were beginning to assemble in the seminary chapel for morning prayers and mass, several trucks carrying German soldiers armed with sub-machineguns, lead by Corporal Korf in his chauffeured staff car, descended across the seminary grounds and quickly had the seminary/chateau surrounded.

Father Luc, ever vigilant for potential trouble, had not yet left his room for chapel but was suddenly aware of the commotion taking place outside. When he realized what was happening he attempted to escape through the window of his second floor bedroom on the rear side of the chateau, and once on the ground, try to make a quick run into a nearby woods. However, he was spotted by a German soldier who fired a blast of his sub-machinegun at the building in the direction of Father Luc, who quickly fell back into his room unharmed. As the soldiers had not yet made it to the second floor of the chateau, Father Luc left his room and ran to a room down the hall, that of Brother Duval, who had already left for chapel. Father Luc managed to remain in hiding in that room until approximately 9 AM when he was discovered by a soldier who was part of a larger group doing a methodical search of the chateau for other seminary staff or students.

Meanwhile, Corporal Korf had made his way to the front entrance of the chateau and was met there by the superior of the sem-

inary, Père Henri Tassel. Korf ordered Père Tassel to request that everyone in the chateau assemble on a small grassy courtyard near the front of the chateau. There the Oblates were confronted by Korf, who brought along his informer, Résistance agent "Renard", handcuffed and showing signs of brutal torture. The previous evening "Renard" had revealed the clandestine activities at the seminary, as an outcome of torture, and the inadvertent written notes in a booklet found on his person. However, "Renard" was actually unable to visually identify the seminary staff whose names were in the booklet. He was subsequently returned to the Gestapo prison at Fontainebleau and along with 32 other Résistance workers was taken into a nearby woods a few days later and shot.

At this point, Korf addressed the group in French, at first calmly, asking that someone from the group please step forward and tell him where the arms were hidden. As superior, Père Tassel protested to Korf that no one in the group knew anything of arms. Korf, now enraged, persisted. He announced that he would torture and kill every last priest and seminarian one at a time, unless someone in the group came forward with information regarding where the arms had been hidden.

Under the blazing July sun, Korf was evidently getting uncomfortable and removed his military jacket and rolled up the sleeves of his crisp white shirt. He continued to press for one of the Oblates to come forward with information in order to spare everyone from being tortured and murdered. He finally ordered fathers Albert Piat and Christian Gilbert, as well as brothers Jean Cuny, Joachim Nio and Lucien Perrier (the names he got from the notebook found on the person of "Renard") to step forward. They were all taken via a back entrance into the basement of the seminary.

In a continuing rage, Korf continued to press the group remaining in the courtyard for information about the hidden arms. The Oblates responded with silence. They prayed the rosary and were urged by Père Tassel speaking in whispers to "Say nothing, do not say anything".

In the meantime, a methodical search of the seminary and grounds was being carried out.

In the basement, meanwhile, the five victims singled out by Korf were being interrogated under torture. Brother Joachim Nio was the first to emerge from the basement and appear before the Oblates on the outside. There was a collective gasp when  
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they spotted him bent over, hobbling slowly, with the aid of a walking stick, in obvious terrible pain. He made his way towards Korf and stood before him. Korf mockingly ordered him back to the basement to get him some wine, which Brother Nio did.

The interrogation of the other four priests and brothers continued and each would appear in turn to return the courtyard to the horror of their confrères.

The next victim to emerge from the basement was Père Christian Gilbert. He made his way out to stand before Korf. Turning to the group and shouting at them in a voice choking with rage, Korf asked again, "Where are the hidden arms?!" Shoulder to shoulder, the Oblates again responded with silence.

"Very well then" shouted Korf, "I will start by killing Father Gilbert. I will then kill a second, a third, a fourth and the fifth, and more, until you tell me where the arms are hidden." He signaled to a soldier standing nearby to bring Père Gilbert forward. Stepping back several feet from Père Gilbert, Korf ordered a soldier to bring him a sub-machinegun which he methodically inspected to be sure it was loaded.

Their hearts filled with horror and pity, the Oblates were helpless to intervene. In the terrible silence which engulfed them, the only noise which could be heard was the whirring of a camera being operated by a German soldier from the Wehrmacht's division of war cinematography filming the entire event!!

Addressing Père Gilbert one last time, Korf persisted, "So, so you still do not want to tell me where the arms are hidden?" Père Gilbert, in a calm, steady and clear voice responded, "Sir, I wish only to see a priest." From within the group, Père Delarue shouted, "Père Gilbert, we give you final absolution!" With that, the priests in the group raised their arms in unison and bestowed a final blessing upon Père Gilbert, only moments before Korf fired a blast of his sub-machinegun into Père Gilbert's chest. Père Gilbert fell to his knees and then onto his back, without uttering a sound. Korf then circled the body before him on the ground and coming full circle fired an additional round from his pistol into Père Gilbert's head. Then turning to the stupefied onlookers he announced with arrogance and contempt, "It is your fault he is dead."

As the internal search of the chateau continued, Father Luc was discovered in the room where he had taken refuge, and from

where he had observing the developments outdoors. With the barrel of a sub-machinegun in his back he was ordered to join the rest of the community in the courtyard. On his way out, Father Luc later noted, the soldier accompanying him out of the chateau ordered him to stop momentarily in the foyer of the chateau where there was a piano which the soldier paused to play what was apparently a tune he'd heard and learned as a child. Father Luc then joined his confrères in the courtyard. There Father Luc saw the bodies of Père Gilbert and Frère Cuny, and he learned that another three confrères were still being interrogated in the basement.

Over the ensuing several hours, Frère Perrier, Frère Nio and Père Piat were to suffer the same fate as Père Gilbert and Frère Cuny.

After these first five killings, Korf coolly announced that he was prepared to go on to as many more killings as needed until someone came forward with the information he wanted about the hidden arms. He then ordered the group to line up in rows of 10 each. Father Luc took his place at the head of the first row, expecting shortly to become the sixth victim.

However, before Korf could continue, a Wehrmacht staff car appeared on the property. An obviously high-ranking German military officer, heavily decorated, wearing a gold monocle, and smoking a cigar, got out of the car. Along with his staff, he looked with cold indifference at the five bodies on the ground before him and at the assembled priests at the far end of the courtyard. Korf, in his rolled up shirt sleeves, drenched in sweat and still carrying a sub-machinegun, greeted them and had a brief conversation with them, the substance of which seems to have been that he was ordered to stop the killings, after which the German high officer and staff returned to the car and left the scene.

Korf ordered the 10 Oblates in the first row to remove the 5 bodies and dump them in a well at the far end of the property. Father Luc was one of the five. As this was taking place Korf added in disdain, "Throw their bodies in the well and be quick about it. It is not my fault, after all, it is yours!" The bloodbath appeared over. However, Korf then added that for good measure he was going to kill 5 more Oblates of the 10 who had helped to remove the bodies. Père Tassel immediately intervened and begged Korf to desist. It worked, though Korf had Père Tassel taken as a hostage. Korf then left the scene in his car with his personal entourage to have dinner in the nearby

village of Villeneuve-la-Guard. He did not return. The innkeeper at the inn where Korf stopped later recalled that Korf ordered the best food and wine that could be had, boasting, "because I have just killed 5 priests".

It was late afternoon and at this point the surviving Oblates, who had been standing in the blazing July sun for nearly 12 hours, were in various stages of collapse, having gone without water or food since 5 AM, in addition to having witnessed unspeakable horrors. The soldiers left behind to guard the Oblates as their prisoners until they could be removed to the prison at Fontainebleau, then ordered some of the Oblates into the refectory area where they were ordered to prepare quantities of food and drink for the soldiers. By early evening, two trucks had arrived at the seminary to transport the Oblates to the Fontainebleau prison. Père Delarue prevailed upon one of their drunken captors to allow him to retrieve consecrated hosts from the chapel tabernacle which had been left untouched during the extensive pillaging of the chateau throughout the day. Père Delarue distributed communion to the Oblates as they boarded the trucks. The Oblates were then transported to the Fontainebleau prison. They would be held there until transfer could be arranged to the Royal-Lieu barracks, a WWI military barracks in Compiègne. They were held there for several days under near starvation conditions. Father Luc administered final rites to a number of his Oblate confrères who subsequently died in Compiègne.

The Oblates' departure from the Compiègne holding prison, with intended destination of the Buchenwald concentration camp in Germany, and certain death, was scheduled for August 25. However their departure was delayed several days due to the train having been sabotaged by Résistance agents who were discretely following developments at a distance. August 25 is also the day on which Paris was liberated, made possible in part by the arms received by Résistance workers from the Oblates at La Brosse-Montceaux. The train taking the Oblates, in cattle cars, bound for Buchenwald, left Compiègne on Thursday, August 31.

However, on nearing the town of Péronne, approximately 132 kilometers northeast of Paris and 70 kilometers from the Belgian border, as the railroad station and tracks had been destroyed by Allied bombing a few days earlier, the transport to Germany was halted. The following

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*(Uncle Luc continued from page 40)*

day, Friday, September 1, their German captors, suddenly taken by confusion and panic as the Allies quickly made their way across northern France towards Péronne, abandoned their captives and left in hasty retreat. By 3 PM, the Red Cross arrived in Péronne. At 6 PM the next day, church bells announced the liberation of Péronne. The American Army was on the scene the same day, and ironically one of the first American soldiers who greeted Father Luc was Ferdinand Gosselin, of Manchester, NH! He was chief petty officer in the Navy, having been reassigned to the European War theater in France to serve as an interpreter. Ferdinand Gosselin helped orchestrate getting word back to Father Luc's family in Manchester, that after four years of silence, and though far from well, he was alive.

The five victims of La Brosse-Montceaux are still remembered every July 24 in ceremonies held on the former seminary grounds, commemorating their supreme sacrifice. In addition to a large granite memorial which stands in the courtyard where the murders took place, 5 small, white stone crosses, bearing each victim's photo, mark the very spots on the grass where they were murdered by Wilhelm Korf.

After the liberation of France, and following a period of recuperation, at the Oblate's Vicar General's request, Father Luc was assigned to the Oblate Paris headquarters at 18 rue de l'Assomption. There he worked (with the equivalent rank of Captain in the American Army, "with pay") in a special project to assist in the repatriation of French

prisoners of war who had been conscripted under duress to work in the munitions factories in Germany, essentially as slave laborers. This required extensive travel to and from France and Germany. This post-war assignment in Paris also required Father Luc to report regularly to the Vatican's Nuncio to France, Archbishop Angelo Roncalli. The two became close friends and maintained a correspondence even following Father Luc's permanent reassignment to the U.S. in 1952. In 1953 Archbishop Roncalli was elevated to Cardinal of Venice, and he was subsequently elected Pope John XXIII in 1958.

Father Luc returned to the U.S. for the first time since liberation in the early spring of 1945. He was subsequently joined there by other French Résistance workers who with Father Luc toured extensively in the U.S. and Canada recalling for their audiences their harrowing adventures in France throughout the war.

After the war, Corporal Wilhelm Korf was found and arrested and tried in a military tribunal in Paris on 9 December 1953. The tribunal condemned him to death, a sentence which was later commuted to life imprisonment at hard labor. For reasons unknown to me, he was released from prison in 1960. Korf's name also appears in the records of the proceedings of the Nuremberg trials in which the atrocities he was responsible for in France, including those of La Brosse-Montceaux, are documented.

Father Léo Deschatelets, a Québécois, was elected as the new Superior General of the Oblates in 1947. Father Deschatelets asked Father Luc to

stay on as part of his new administrative staff which Father Luc agreed to do.

In 1952 Father Luc asked Father Deschatelets to be reassigned stateside, back to the southwestern province of the Oblates in Texas, where his Oblate adventures had started in 1927. Before returning to the U.S. Father Luc vacationed briefly in Spain and England. Like in most of his travels, Father Luc traveled by ship. He arrived in the port of Québec City on Christmas morning 1952. From there he returned to Manchester to reunite with his family, arriving in his family home in time to visit with his father, Joseph François Miville a few days before the latter's death in May 1945.

Over the next 40 years Father Luc served as curate in Oblate parishes throughout Texas and Colorado. He also taught Spanish at the Oblate seminary in San Antonio, his alma mater. He semi-retired in 1990 at St. Mary's parish in San Antonio where he had been ordained in 1938. Stricken with cancer in 1992, Father Luc died on October 19, 1992 in San Antonio after imparting a final blessing on his last surviving siblings, Bernadette and Emile, who were accompanied to visit Father Luc in Texas by a niece, Yvette (Miville) Smith and myself.

Father Luc's missionary cross was temporarily "retired" for a few years but eventually presented in Father Valentine Kalumba on February 20, 2005 at the time of his profession into the Oblate community of Zambia, Africa. I have not a doubt that mon oncle Luc would be very pleased.



*Photo by Virginia Sand taken March 23, 2016.*

## *Palm Weaving*

*My Mom, Albertine Albert-Pimpéral weaving a palm at 89 yrs. old in her Waterville kitchen, despite arthritic hands.*

*— Submitted by Virginia Sand*

## Coin desjeunes...



# Compère Bouki pi Compère Lapin A Franco-African Folktale of the Missouri Ozarks.

Par Kent Beaulne dit Bone, at the Old Mine-La Vieille Mine au Missouri

Ah ben, c'est bon de vous dzire. Une fouès c'étaient un bouki pi un lapin. Ah well, it's good to tell you. That's how the old Créole folktales started. There are French words sprinkled throughout this story, but the reader should be able to figure out their meaning.

There was a *bouki* (hyena) and a *lapin* (rabbit). Well, Compère Bouki and Compère Lapin were always going in together as partners. This time they planted some wheat. Their partnership went well in the spring and early summer while it was still cool. When it came time to harvest the wheat, it was hot.

Lapin was hot. About nine o'clock he got real hungry too, and started scheming on how to get out helping harvest. He was always scheming, him. Ben, all of a sudden he raised his head and cried out, "Hè Bouki, viens donc icitte, vite! So Bouki goes over to him and says, Oh what's the matter with you, hollering like that? Someone just came by and wants me to go and be *parrain* (godfather) for a baby that needs

baptized right away". Lapin tells him. "Ah Bon Gieu, you can't refuse helping out at a baptism, that would be a mortal sin". Bouki says. "Go do your good deed and I'll see you when you get back, me".

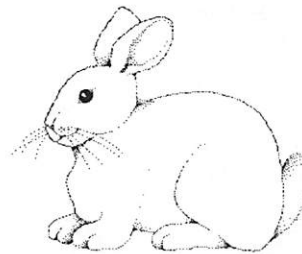
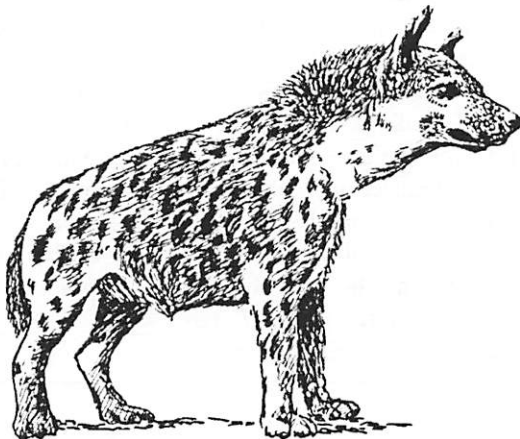
Well Lapin headed off down the lane. As soon as he was out of sight, he backtracked through the woods and snuck into Bouki's spring house where they kept milk, cream, and butter. It always stayed nice and cool down there. Lapin starts eating on a pound of butter, but he didn't eat too much cause he didn't want Bouki to notice that some of it was missing.

When he returned to the field Bouki asks him what they named the *fillot* (god child). "They named him *Entamé*, (just started)". Lapin tells him. Ben, *quiens donc!* Well there, c'est un *nom drôle pour un fillot*.

says Bouki.

The next day those two are harvesting wheat again. Ben, it wasn't long before that lazy Lapin got hot again and decided he was gonna play the same trick on Bouki and slip away and eat on his butter some more. So he raises his head and hollered out, "Hè Bouki, viens donc icitte, vite! What you want this time, you"? Bouki asks. "Well there's another family that needs me to go and be *parrain* today. Oh well, go on and go, you. You can't refuse to help out at a baptism." Says Bouki.

So Lapin heads down the lane, slips



through the woods and goes down into poor Bouki's spring house again. This time he ate till half the pound of butter was gone. After a while Lapin went back to the wheat field, where Bouki was still working. Well Bouki asks him what he named his *fillot* this time. "I named him *Moquié Mangé*, (Half Eaten). Hmm, c'est un *nom drôle pour un fillot*," Bouki says. Well I ain't never heard a *fillot* called that before, me".

A while later Bouki says "Ben, let's go eat some supper now". When Bouki gets back to his house he tells his Old Lady to go and get some butter out of the spring house. When she comes back she tells him there is only half a pound of butter left. "Don't say anything about it, it's that Lapin that snuck down there and ate half the butter. He's up to his old tricks again, him. I'll get even with

that old outlaw, me."

Some days later Bouki asks Lapin to come help him shore-up his *puits* cause the walls of the well were caving in. Lapin tells him "I don't need your well water, me. I lick the dew off the grass every morning and night". Now Bouki says "If you don't help me shore up my puits, we're gonna half to separate as partners then. You go your way and I'll be better off". So Bouki cribbed the mud walls of his well with logs, without Lapin's help and decides he's better off without that rabbit anyway.

Now Lapin was lying about not needing well water. He goes and cuts some gourds and hollows them out and dries them. Every night he sneaks over to Bouki's well with the gourds tied around his neck. He fills them up, carries them home and empties them into barrels in the cellar. *Il est si canaille, Lapin, lui.*

Time goes by and one Sunday afternoon the *psites boukies* were playing in the field with the *psites lapins*. *Il faisait bien chaud.* The little *boukies* got real thirsty and asked Lapin for some water to drink. "I don't have any

water you bunch of dummies," Lapin tells them. Now one of the *psite lapins* tells the little *boukies* about *les gros barils d'eau caché dans caveau*. Now the *psites boukis* are gonna make sure their pop hears about barrels of water hidden in the Lapin's cellar.

When Bouki hears about this, he says, "I'm gonna trap that outlaw Lapin tonight. He ain't gonna play me for a fool no more. I'm gonna guard my *puits* with my *fusil*". So he sits himself down near his *puits* with his shot-gun and waits for dark and Lapin. Pretty soon he falls asleep and starts to *ronfler* real loud. Now that wascally wabbit Lapin has been waiting and watching in the woods. When he hears Bouki snoring he says to himself, "I don't have to be scared of Bouki tonight". So Lapin fills up his gourds and  
(Continued on page 43)

(Compère Bouki pi Compère Lapin  
continued from page 42)

takes all the water he wants. Before he takes off, he goes and slaps Bouki in the mouth real hard, then *tout suit*, he's *parti gone*. Poor dumb Bouki. He didn't even wake up, he was sleeping so sound. [Sounds like Buggs Bunny, don't it!]

*Quiens donc!* In the morning Bouki wakes up and sees Lapin's tracks right there in the dust beside him. "Well I'll set a trap and catch that Lapin tonight", Bouki says. "He ain't gonna make a fool of me again." So Bouki made *une grosse catin à la gomme*. A doll made of gum-tree sap. Also known as the tar baby in the Uncle Remus stories. He makes her real sticky and dresser her up to look like a girl, with *une robe*, and *une garde d'soleil*. That's a bonnet. Lapin is never gonna get loose from that catin once he touches it, Bouki thinks. He knows Lapin won't be able to resist a pretty girl. Then he sticks a *gros patate* in her hand, sets *catin à la gomme* in the path to his *putis* and goes off to bed, him. He was so confident knowing Bouki loves potatoes.

After dark Old Lapin comes down the lane to steal some more of Bouki's water. He gets real startled to see a pretty young catin standing there in the *piste*, (path). "*Bonjour psite fille*", he says to her. "*Donne-moi une bouchée de ta patate*." Well she doesn't say anything, she just stands there and smiles at Lapin. Well Lapin isn't too happy that she won't share her *patate*, he just wanted a bite. He tells her how rude she is for not answering him. He just can't stand it, him, so he says, "If you don't give me a bite of your patate, I'm gonna slap your mouth". Catin didn't say nothing so Lapin slaps her real hard with his front *patte*, and it sticks to her face. He tries and tries to get his paw unstuck but it's stuck real good. "If you don't let go of my *patte*, you, I'm gonna slap you with my other one *psite fille*". Well she

don't say nothing, her. She just stands there ginning at him. Lapin isn't used to this. He is used to dealing with dumb old Bouki and always getting his way. So he hits her with his other front *patte* and that one gets stuck real good too. "If you don't let go of *mes deux pattes*, I'm gonna thump you with my back ones" he says. *Catin à la gomme* just stands there and this makes Lapin *ben fâché*, but she won't let go so he kicks her with his back paw. Well you know how hard a wabbit can kick with those big back feet. Now he's stuck for sure, two front *pattes* and one back *patte*. *Ben il dzit*, "*lâche mes trois pattes* or I'm gonna kick you again. Quines donc, she didn't let go, so he kicks her with his only free *patte*. Now all four feet are stuck to Catin, the gum-doll. Well Lapin says to her "*si tsu lâches pas mes quatres pattes, je vas te donner une coup de tête*". Catin just smiles, so he butts her real hard with his head. Well that was the wrong thing to do, I tell you. *Il est bien collè, lui*. Lapin just keeps getting dumber and dumber, he hits her with his *queue blanc*. Well now he's a mess. There's no way for him to get out of this, so he spends the night like that stuck to her. [Picture ole Buggs Bunny.] He was real embarrassed and had lots of time to think about the hopelessness of his situation.

So in the morning Bouki comes along and says, "hey Lapin, I have you now and I'm gonna throw you down my *puits*." "Oui, says Lapin. Bouki, is that why you trapped me? Oh boy! If you throw me down you *puits*, I can drink whenever I want". So Bouki says, "well then I'll put you behind some logs in the *chuminée*, me". "Oh I wouldn't want to be in a better place than the fireplace" Lapin says. "Winter's coming you know and everyone will be out cutting wood with their *passe-partout*, working real hard and I can just stay there and keep real warm, me". "Ah ben then, I'm gonna throw you in those tall wet weeds over there, all

covered in cold *rosée*", says Old Bouki. "*O Bouki, jette-mouè pas dans la rosée, comme c'est frêtte à matin, et je vas geler là dedans*. Now Bouki figures if Lapin don't want to be thrown in the cold, wet, weeds, that is exactly where he will throw him. He pulls Lapin off the gum-doll, puts him in a sack and tosses it as far as he can, thinking he is punishing that wabbit real good. [In the English versions of this story, Wabbit is thrown in the briar patch.] That Old Bouki is such so dumb. It doesn't take long for Lapin to wiggle out of that sack. Then he jumps once, twice, three times, real high. *Il était si content, lui*. "*Oh Bouki*", he says. "*tu est si bête toé*. You are so dumb, you. If you had thrown me in the *puits*, I would have drowned. If you had put me in the *chuminée*, I would have burned up, me. Don't you recall when you asked me to help shore up the walls of your well and I told you that I could drink the *rosée* in the morning and at night. *J'cheus jusse dans mon pays à c't'heure*". Well I'm in my country now, *Embrasse mes taches*! Kiss my spots! Now I'm *parti gone*, me.

*This is written as told to me en americain, in the way the old Creoles talked, by Ida Polite-Portell of the Old Mines, Washington County, MO. She heard the stories first en français as a child in the first decade of the 1900s.*

*The old Créoles called the English language, americain, the language spoken by their neighbors, immigrants to Franco-Spanish, Louisiana.*

*This is a follow up to a previous article in Le FORUM about African Folktales re-told in English and in French in former slave states.*

*The word catin is an old word for a doll, or a little girl. It has a different meaning in modern French.*

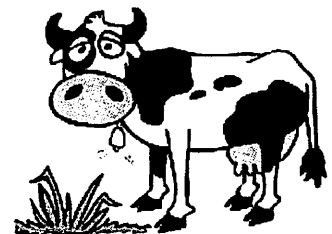
## La Ferme Pepinoise

*Par Virginie L. Sand-Roi*

L'été arrive encore à la Ferme Pepinoise à Warwick, Québec (Canada). Ca c'est le temps quand les touristes et les villageois visitent la Ferme Pepinoise. En effet, un jour ensoleillé en juillet, quatre amies ont décidé de faire une promenade à bicyclette à la Ferme Pepinoise. Leurs prénoms étaient Lisa, Lin, Virginie, et Diane. Aussitôt qu'elles sont arrivées à la Ferme

Pepinoise, elles ont parqué leurs bicyclettes à la grange. Ensuite, les filles sont allées en quatre directions différentes, pour explorer les parts certaines de la Ferme Pepinoise :

Lisa, elle, est allée dans la direction de la mare de grenouille. Là, par la mare, elle regardait une grenouille perchée sur une grande roche pendant que une autre grenouille sautait vers des roseaux. Lisa



remarquait la jolie couleur verte des grenouilles et les taches sur leur peau. Puis elle voyait les nénuphars verts flottant sur  
(Continued on page 44)



(*La Ferme Pepinoise continued from page 43*)

la surface de la mare. Tout à coup, Lisa a décidé de ramasser un roseau pour montrer à ses amies.

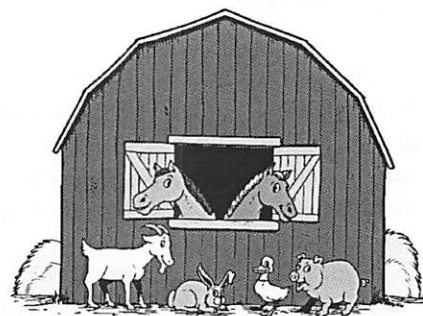
Lin, elle, a trouvé une mare de canard sur la ferme. Là-bas, elle regardait une cane avec ses cinq canetons. Deux des canetons nageaient dans la mare pendant que les autres trois canetons marchaient autour de la mare. La cane, elle, se fixait sur le nid par la mare avec un autre œuf couvant. En plus, Lin voyait les roseaux partout. Tout à coup, elle a ramassé un roseau pour montrer à ses amies plus tard.

Virginie, elle, a découvert un jardin potager. Là, elle regardait une grande lapine brune avec trois lapereaux bruns. Tous les

lapins mangeaient les carottes et la laitue dans le jardin du cultivateur Pepinoise. Donc, Virginie ramassait une carotte pour montrer à ses amies plus tard à la grange.

Diane, elle, faisait une promenade à la pâture de vache. Là, elle regardait deux vaches mangeant l'herbe et les fleurs des champs pendant que leurs mamelles paraissaient prêtes à exprimer le lait. Tout à coup, Diane a entendu les cloches à sonner et puis elle a remarqué une clochette autour du cou de chaque vache. Ensuite, Diane ramassait des fleurs des champs pour partager avec ses amies.

Plus tard, aussitôt que les quatre amies se sont retrouvées à la grange de Pepinoise, chacune racontait sa petite aventure et montrait sa petite moisson : un roseau, une



carotte, ou des fleurs des champs. Ensuite, les quatre amies se montaient leurs vélos pour suivre leur prochaine aventure de l'été.

Voilà, un jour de l'été à chez la Ferme Pepinoise.

## Pepinoise Farm

*By Virginia L. Sand-Roy*

Summer arrives again at Pepinoise Farm in Warwick, Québec (Canada). This is the time when tourists and locals visit Pepinoise Farm. In fact, one sunny day in July, four girlfriends decided to ride their bikes to Pepinoise Farm. Their names were Lisa, Lin, Virginie, and Diane. As soon as they arrived at Pepinoise Farm, they parked their bicycles at the barn. Then the girls went in four different directions to explore certain parts of Pepinoise Farm:

Lisa headed over to the frog pond. There, by the pond, she watched a frog perched on a large rock while another frog leaped towards some cattails. Lisa noticed the pretty green color on the frogs and spots on their skin. Then she saw green lily pads floating on the surface of the pond. All of a sudden, Lisa decided to collect a cattail to show her friends.

Lin found a duck pond on the farm. There, she watched a mother duck with her five ducklings. Two of the ducklings were swimming in the pond while the other three were walking around the pond. The mother duck was sitting on a nest by the pond, with one more egg hatching. Moreover, Lin saw cattails everywhere. Suddenly, she cut a cattail to show her friends later on.

Virginie discovered a vegetable garden. There, she watched a large, brown mother rabbit with three brown baby rabbits. All of the bunnies were feasting on carrots and lettuce in farmer Pepinoise's garden. Therefore, Virginie collected a carrot to show her girlfriends later on at the barn.

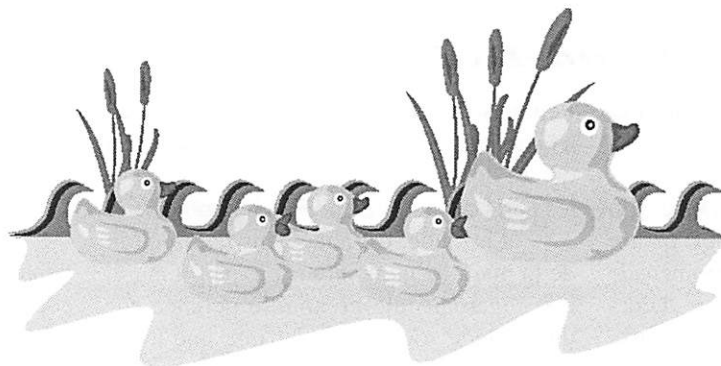
Diane walked to the cow pasture. There, she was watching two cows eating grass and field flowers while their udders appeared ready to express milk. Suddenly,



Diane heard bells ringing, and then she noticed a small bell around each cow's neck. Following, Diane picked some field flowers to share with her girlfriends.

Later, when the four girls met back at the Pepinoise barn, each one recounted her little adventure and showed her little harvest: a cattail, a carrot, or a few field flowers. Afterwards, the four girls mounted their bicycles to follow their next summer adventure.

There it is, a summer day at Pepinoise Farm.



# Regard en arrière

## Par Camille Lessard

### Publié dans *La Survivance* de 1946 à 1947

#### Moulin à scie

Entre les deux ponts où était sise notre demeure, se trouvait aussi la scierie de Jos. Butin. Je connaissais par coeur toutes les machineries de ce moulin car il n'y avait pas un coin où je n'avais pas trouvé moyen de me faufiler.

Gamins et gamines du village venaient s'enterrer dans les tas de bran de scie du moulin tout comme et il y avait autant de puces dans notre bran qu'il y en a sur les plages.

Nous jouions à la cachette dans les nombreuses cages de planches et le sorcier ne nous aurait pas trouvé excepté quand une planche mal équilibrée dégringolait avec nous.

En ai-je décollé de la bonne gomme d'épinette sur les billots qui, le printemps, arrivaient à la scierie par voie de la rivière et, l'hiver, sur des bob-sleighs trainés par de vigoureux chevaux de travail au harnais desquels étaient attachées des rangées de grelots!

Et l'écluse près de la quelle tant de billots étaient "jammés"! Nous nous risquions parfois à nous promener sur ceux qui étaient le plus rapprochés de la rive mais l'instinct de la préservation nous empêchait d'essayer d'imiter les prouesses de "divers".

Et la "ganway" où nous glissons si imprudemment quand aucun anduite n'était aux alentours pour nous arrêter!

Et le cri strident de la scie ronde mordant à pleines dents dans le coeur de nos grands arbres, je l'ai encore dans les oreilles, aujourd'hui. Mais est-ce le grincement de la scie que j'entends ou bien la plainte de l'arbre?

Et les croûtes (écorces) de billots! Ai-je pris plaisir à les regarder sortir à l'épouvante, l'une n'attendant pas l'autre, par les ouvertures du haut de la scierie! Presque toutes les familles achetaient un ou plusieurs voyages de ces croûtes afin d'alimenter le feu de leur fourneau amorti de la sève de bois vert. Une de ces croûtes, au vol plus rapide que les autres, atteignit un jour, à la jambe, mon grand-père maternel et, de la blessure qui ne guérit pas, il succombait un

an plus tard.

Et les belles rangées de billots bordant la route! Je grimpais sur la plus haute que je parcourais à la course pour sauter sur la rangée suivante et recommencer le même jeu tant que je n'étais pas trop essouffée. D'autres fois j'y prenais place pour regarder sans me lasser le va-et-vient des voitures. J'aurais désiré les suivre et m'en aller au bout des routes. . .

Et la fournaise alimentant les engins de la scierie! Me suis-je arrêtée souvent et longtemps devant es portes! Je tissais toute un trame dans cette contemplation. La venture énorme du monstre devait avoir emprunté son feu à l'enfer. Mais je faisais ressembler les langues de flamme à de magnifiques draperies d'or. Les étincelles c'était les bébés des étoiles; la fumée un nuage sombre; et le chauffeur avec sa grande pelle ses mains noires et sa figure rouge, ah lui c'était l'image du diable tout pur!

Si chacune de nos pensées, même celles de l'enfant, est une cellule vivante, combien de trillions de quadrillions une cervelle humaine peut-elle contenir? . . .

#### Le blond était saoul!

Quelque fois les amants de la bouteille cachaient leur provision de liqueur dans les rangées de billots ou les cages de planches. Ils devaient en faire leur deuil quand, dans leur jeu, les gamins découvraient ces trésors enfouis, car le plus souvent on prenait plaisir à baptiser les pauvres billots à coups de bouteille.

Une après-midi, mon frère Pitou, alors âgé de 10 ans, arriva à la maison pouvant à peine marcher. Comme il n'était pas en état de parler, ma mère l'envoya coucher. Le lendemain il avoua en pleurant (il avait une pour bleue de manger une raclée) que le whiskey qu'il avait bu avait été pris à même une bouteille qu'il avait trouvée cachée sous des billots.

Une autre fois un incident beaucoup plus drôlatique se produisit. Les gamines de Madame Boutin trouvèrent un gros flacon de gin dans une cage de planches. Qu'en faire? Elles ont une inspiration. Elles se glissent

furtivement dans l'étable où était attaché, à sa crèche, Le Blond, cheval de leur père. En étouffant de rire elles versent la liqueur forte dans un plat à avoine et en font boire le contenu au Blond. Leur coup fait, elle détachent le licou de l'animal en grimpant sur la crèche et le pousse dehors.

Cet exploit accompli, les espions font un détour pour arriver innocemment à la maison. Nonchalamment elles se dirigent vers la porte donnant sur la cour et se mettant à crier: "Viens donc voir, maman, on dirait que le Blond est fou!"

L'animal, si tranquille d'ordinaire, agissait réellement d'une manière extraordinaire. Il hennissait sur tous les tons, il essayait de grimper ses pattes de devant dans les arbres, il ruait, il se roulait, puis il se mettait à galoper, la queue droite sur le dos, la crinière au vent, le poitrail bombé par en avant, tout comme le jeune poulain qu'il n'était plus, prise de peur, envoya ses fillettes chercher leur père.

M. Boutin arriva à la course avec ses employés. On essaye d'approcher le Blond et comme une forte odeur de gin parfume l'air, un des hommes de dire au patron: "Ton mau . . . Blond il n'est ni malade, ni fou, il est saoul!"

Je ne sais comment la vérité se fit jour sur cette espionnerie mais cet incident me revient si fortement à la mémoire, ce soir, que j'en ai encore le fou rire.

#### Je l'échappe belle

Un après-midi, vers cinq heures, alors que la brunante arrive, en hiver, je grimpai au deuxième de la scierie pour y attendre mon père qui y "clairait" la petite scie. Comme il faisait trop sombre pour que je m'aperçusse que la scie tournait à pleine vitesse, je m'élançai pour aller me placer aux côtés de mon père. plus vite que la pensée ce dernier me saisit par les épaules ou la tête, me saisit par les épaules ou la tête, je ne sais trop, me faisant sauter par-dessus la petite scie. Dire que sans sa présence d'esprit, j'aurais aujourd'hui les jambes coupées et peut-être autre chose! Mon père tomba assis, le visage blanc comme un drap. . . net, bien entendu. . . "Ma petite vlimeuse, si je te reprends encore à remonter ici, c'est à moi que tu auras affaire!" Je me le tins pour dit.

Une nuit, des voleurs pénétrèrent dans le magasin de M. Georges Turcotte, député au fédéral, et y déroberent argent et marchandises. Un tel exploit, dans un village perdu comme le nôtre, eut l'effet d'une

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(Regard en arrière

Par Camille Lessard suite de page 45)

bombe sur la population. Immédiatement on retint les services de deux gardiens de nuit dont mon père fut un. Comme les gardiens étaient forcés de dormir de jour seulement, mon père alla se coucher un matin mais oubliant d'enlever les cartouches de la carabine qu'il utilisait. Mon petit frère Pitou, voulant faire son homme, s'empara de l'arme et me visant, m'ordonna de me lever les bras ou qu'il alla tirer. . . Sans attendre une protestation de ma part, il leva la gachette et le coup partit. . . une balle siffla assez proche de ma tête pour que je sentisse le déplacement d'air qu'elle provoqua en passant, comme un souffle. . . Le bruit du coup de fusil réveilla mon père, comme vous pouvez vous imaginer, et si vous pensez que mon petit frère eut envie de remettre la main sur une autre arme à feu, après ce jour là, vous vous trompez énormément. . .

### Crachats de couleuvre, etc.

Je me suis reposée sur des meules de mil fraîchement coupé, j'ai aidé à tous les travaux de la fenaison, par des jours de pluie, j'ai dormi sur des tasserries de foin, mais je suis encore à chercher la source de ces "crachats de couleuvre" qu'on trouve accolés aux tiges de foin, dans les champs. Pourrait-on m'en donner une explication ? Cette substance imite parfaitement le crachat d'une personne en bonne santé, mais si cela était il faudrait, pour chaque champ, une armée de cracheurs et des artistes habiles pour ensuite disposer ces crachats autour des tiges de foin. Je n'ai encore jamais su que les couleuvres, crachaient. . . alors quoi ? . .

### Sirop de sauterelle

Avez-vous remarqué, à la campagne ou n'importe où, le jeu des sauterelles ? Quand elles sont immobiles, elle dégagent une sorte de liquide ressemblant à la mélasse par la couleur, mais quant au goût. . . je ne sais. . . C'était un bon passe temps pour nous, enfants, que d'attraper des sauterelles, de la tenir entre nos doigts et de leur commander : "Donne-nous ton sirop ou on va te tuer !" . . Naturellement, la sauterelle, étant tenue immobile, ne se faisant pas prier pour donner du sirop et cela en si grande abondance sirop que nos tabliers et robes en étaient tachées. . . Mais je vous assure que le passe-temps n'était pas agréable pour personne quand on retournait à la maison barbouillés de sirop de sauterelle des pieds à la tête. . . Pauvres mères, ce qu'elles en arrachent avec leur

nichée ! . . .

### Dans le fond du banneau

Le jardin que nous avions, à l'arrière de notre maison, n'était pas assez grand pour nous permettre d'y avoir une récolte de patates suffisante pour durer jusqu'à l'automne de l'année suivante. Alors, mon père obtenait l'autorisation d'un cultivateur — il fallait que ce fut toujours de l'autre côté du village, — de semer un lopin de terre en pommes de terre pour notre famille. Quand le temps arrivait de faire la récolte de ce légume, il fallait bien, n'est-ce pas, que les enfants aillent donner un coup de main au père. Mais pensez-vous que j'étais assez brave pour traverser la ville, juchée sur le devant de notre banneau ? (Un banneau est un wagon à deux roues seulement). Vous vous trompez ! Ayant une peur bleue des moqueries, je m'étendais dans le fond du banneau, le matin, en m'en allant aux champs, de sorte que personne ne pouvait y soupçonner ma présence. Le soir, si le banneau était rempli de patates, je faisais un détour d'un demi-mille, éreintée que j'étais par de longues et dures heures de travail, afin de trouver un pont pour regagner ma demeure sans être obligée de passer dans le village. . . La peur du ridicule nous fait faire bien des bêtises. . . quand on est jeune. . .

### Refuge de Quêteux

Deux de nos voisins étaient M. Georges Breton et sa digne épouse qu'on appelait familièrement la Mère Pauline tandis que son mari c'était le Père Georges. Braves gens s'il en fut ! Ils occupait une assez grande maison comprenant immense cuisine, vaste chambre à coucher et hangar attenant. Lui était gros et gras avec une figure épanouie par un perpétuel sourire. Comme contraste, sa femme était très haute de taille, maigre comme une branche sèche, avec un esprit très éveillée et, pas la langue dans sa poche, comme elle disait. . . Comme revenus (leur enfants mariés étaient partis pour les États) le Père Georges confectionnait des raquettes, durant la mauvaise saison, et j'allais souvent m'accroupir sur mes petits talons tout près de lui, pour le regarder faire son travail et lui tendre, quand il en avait besoin, les bouts de babiche qui trempait dans un seau à ses côtés.

Pour ne pas rester en arrière des activités de son vieux, la Mère Pauline faisait l'élevage des serins qu'elle devait vendre pour une chanson, à cette époque lointaine. En plus, elle fabriquait du savon de pays

dans d'immenses chaudrons qu'elle installait dans son jardin. Je lui aidais souvent à charroyer le bois qu'il fallait pour tenir les marmites bouillantes puis, toutes deux, la grande maman et la petite gamine, on s'asseyait sur un bout de planche, les genoux repliés à la hauteur de la poitrine, et elle me jasait. . . ce qui me mettait fort orgueilleuse d'être considérée comme une grande fille. . .

Ces braves gens avaient un grand jardin qui leur fournissait amplement tous leur légumes pour l'année, légumes conservés dans leur cave en hiver. Ils possédaient également une vache, un cheval, des poules, une couple de cochons, de sorte que, leur maison étant tout payée, leur vie était suffisamment assurée.

Dans un coin de leur immense cuisine se trouvait ce qu'on appelait, dans notre bout du village, un "bed". C'était un grand coffre qui, dans le jour, servait de banc et, la nuit, une fois ouvert, formait lit. Ce "bed" était le lit des quêteux. . . et dans la belle saison il était souvent occupé. Le soir des quêteux je m'empressais à aider ma mère plus que coutume : bien qu'allant à l'école et apprenant rapidement, je n'avais pas encore appris à lire des romans ! Je ne me faisais pas prier pour bercer de toute me force, dans son ber, le petit baillard qu'était alors frère Albert, aujourd'hui d'Edmonton. Je ne perdais pas mon père de vue et, quand je le voyais prendre son chapeau, dans un bond j'étais à ses côtés. La seule objection de ma mère était : "Ne veille pas tard, Pierre, car il faut que cette enfant se couche pas plus tard que 10 heures." Je n'entendais pas la réponse de mon père, car déjà j'étais dehors. Dans deux minutes nous étions assis sur un des coffre du Père Georges et ce n'était pas long que le drame ou la comédie commençait. Le quêteux du jour était le roi de la veillée, par ses récitations : aventures de chasse, de pêche, de fantômes, de feux-follets, de loups-garoux, de chasse-galerie, de batailles de chantiers, de tempêtes sur grands lacs, de guerre, de carnage, et que sais-je ? Quelque fois, c'était des contes de fées que ces quêteux allongeaient à l'infini, suivant leur fantaisie. . . J'étais fascinée par ces récits comme le papillon de nuit l'est pour la flamme mais, pour mon cerveau en formation, cela aurait pu avoir un désastreux effet car mes nuits d'après contes étaient remplies de cauchemars : mes parents devaient venir me secouer pour chasser la vision qui troublait mon sommeil.

Un des quêteux que je me rappelle, (Suite page 47)



## Postcards from the Past...

Tucked away at the bottom of a closet was an old cardboard box. Crammed into the large brown box was the postcard collection of Tante Marie-Dora. Among the usual scenic cards and souvenirs from motels were a few gems of history and family travels. I am extracting these special postcards and, with the help of *Le Forum* readers, would like to add a page of background information and reminiscences about the people, place, and times shown in the cards. If you or someone you know has ever seen or heard the Orchestre Famille Brault at Val-Morin Lodge 38, I would appreciate hearing the story. Please send it to *Le Forum* for all of us to enjoy. Thanks.

Denise (Rajotte) Larson



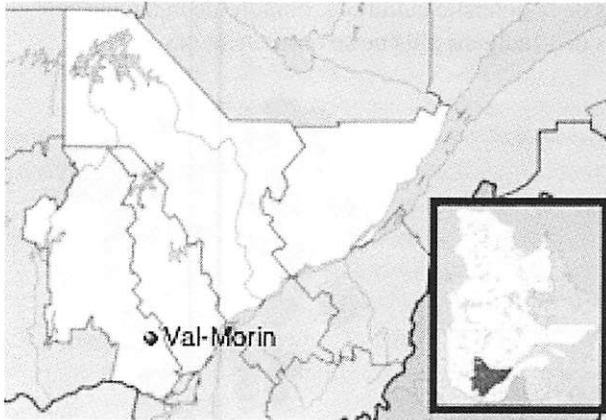
"Orchestre-Famille Brault" at "Val-Morin Lodge 38"

The music stands are labeled "Denise," "Carmen," "Rita," and "Paulette." There is a man at the piano, a young lady at the drums, and an older lady to her right.

On reverse: "Made in Canada" (no date, no photo credit)

I believe this card was printed ca. 1949. The bibliothèque et Archives nationales Québec has a duplicate of this postcard in its collection but little information about it.

Val-Morin is a vacation destination in the Laurentides (Laurentian mountains) of Québec. First settled in 1851, railroad service started in 1892. The area became a popular ski and winter sports area for people from Montreal, New England, and New York.



(Regard en arrière

Par Camille Lessard suite de page 46)  
avait été baptisé par nous : "Le Braillard". À chaque fois qu'il entra dans une maison, il avait une salutation larmoyante pour êtres et choses à portée de sa vue. Ainsi on entendait : "Bonjour M. le Maître, — Bonjour Madame la Maîtresse, — Mamzelle la petite Maîtresse, — M. le petit Maître, — M. le Chien, — Madame la Chatte, M. le Poêle, Madame la Table. . . et ainsi de suite jusqu'à ce que tous les êtres et objets aient été salués. Après une telle salutation, Le Braillard commençait sa supplication : "Voulez-vous me donner la charité, s'il vous plaît, pour l'amour du bon Dieu de la bonne Ste Vierge, du bon Saint Enfant Jésus," . . . et tous les saints connus et inconnus du ciel et de la terre y passaient. Comment pouvait-il se rappeler tout cela ? Si nous, les enfants, baissions la tête en pouffant de rire, devant une si longue litanie, Le Braillard ne semblait pas s'en offenser. Il était sans doute ac-

coutumé au sourire inoffensif des petits. Ce quêtueux-là ne savait pas de contes ni d'histoires. Ainsi quand il passait pour sa quête annuelle je n'allais pas passer la veillée chez le Père Georges où, quotidiennement, les hommes du voisinage s'assemblaient pour jouer aux cartes, quelques fois aux pommes, en saison propice. Je me gardais également d'y aller quand c'était le tour de La Cateau car cette dernière donner des poux ! "Oui, nous assurait la Mère Pauline avec un grand sérieux, La Cateau jette des sorts sur les enfants trop curieux." Mais quelles sortes de sorts ?" demandions-nous tout épeurés. "Des poux ! des poux gros comme des punaises et piquants comme des chardons. Si une fois vous en attrapez vous ne pourrez plus vous en débarrasser !" "Mais vous et Père Georges devez être pleins de poux, car vous la gardez à coucher !" "Non, on est ses amis, nous, elle ne nous jette pas de sort." Et, à bout de patience ou de raisons. . . la Mère Pauline

nous tournait le dos mais elle était sûre de ne pas être dérangé par la marmaille tapageuse du voisinage lorsque La Cateau passait, car on avait trop peur d'attraper des poux !

Poux de La Cateau, Salutations du Braillard, contes à faire dresser les cheveux sur la tête récités par tous ces chevaliers de la route qui ont mystifié et enchanté mon enfance, j'éprouve, à vous évoquer aujourd'hui, le même émoi qui a fait frissonner mon cœur d'enfant, émoi qui a sans doute contribué à rendre mon imagination d'adulte si élastique. . .

[À SUIVRE]

Joshua Barrière  
Québec, Québec

## Poésie/Poetry

### Les cœurs, les fleurs, et les étoiles

*Par Virginie L. Sand-Roi*

Les roses rouges de l'amour,  
Les cœurs roses de l'espoir,  
Les étoiles d'or de la paix,  
Mon amie, Lin, illumine les étoiles de la généalogie,  
Et cultive un kaléidoscope des amitiés.

Tournesols de la compassion,  
Les larmes de la joie,  
Les chansons du rieur,  
Mon amie, Martha, fertilise les jardins de l'amitié,  
En cultivant la communication au cœur de la paix.

Les grand-mères sont les gardiennes  
Du cœur de chaque culture,  
En illuminant les étoiles  
Des prochaines sept générations,  
Mon amie, Diane, arrose les plantes des cinq générations,  
En semant les graines de la tradition, de la langue française, et de la culture.

En volant par les ciels étoilés  
Et les tunnels des rayons du soleil,  
En nourrissant et en préservant la culture  
Sur les couvertures piquées de mosaïque du temps,

### Hearts, Flowers, & Stars

*By Virginia L. Sand-Roy*

Red roses of love,  
Pink hearts of hope,  
Gold stars of peace,  
My friend, Lin, illuminates the stars of genealogy,  
And cultivates a kaleidoscope of friendships.

Sunflowers of compassion,  
Tears of joy,  
Songs of laughter,  
My friend, Martha, fertilizes gardens of friendship,  
Cultivating communication at the heart of peace.

Grandmothers are the Keepers  
Of the heart of each culture,  
Illuminating the stars  
Of the next seven generations,  
My friend, Diane, waters the plants of five generations,  
Sewing seeds of tradition, French language, and culture.

Flying through starlit skies  
And sunshine tunnels,  
Nurturing and preserving culture  
Over patchwork quilts of time,

En chérissant la famille, les amis, et les animaux de compagnie,  
Mon amie, Lisa, cultive la culture franco-américaine avec la lumière du soleil,  
En protégeant les racines de la culture de l'extinction.

En voyageant par un univers des arcs-en-ciel,  
En dansant de l'étoile à l'étoile,  
En s'asseyant sur les plages du verre de mer,  
En regardant au soleil,  
En voyant une palette brillante des couleurs  
Sur son jardin des fleurs et des amis,  
Mon amie, Louelle, rayonne du cœur d'or  
A une vision de toute humanité tenant les mains sous les étoiles.

Les violettes, les pétunias, et les pensées,  
Les fleurs des champs des amis et de la famille,  
Les cœurs violets de la créativité,  
Les étoiles de la destinée,  
Les lapins de la joie,  
Les vents de la passion  
En pirouettant et en rond  
Par toute de la création,  
En préservant la culture pour les générations futures,  
Moi, je cultive les sols de la diversité culturelle, l'amour de la langue,  
En arrosant les racines de l'indigène s'ils ne se dessèchent pas.



Cherishing family, friends, and pets,  
My friend, Lisa, cultivates the Franco American culture with sunshine,  
Protecting the roots of culture from extinction.

Traveling through a Universe of Rainbow Skies,  
Dancing from star to star,  
Sitting on sea-glass beaches,  
Looking up at the sun,  
Seeing a bright palette of colors  
On her garden of flowers and friends,  
My friend, Louella, radiates a heart of gold  
To a vision of all humanity holding hands under the stars.

Violets, petunias, and pansies,  
Field flowers of friends and family,  
Purple hearts of creativity,  
Stars of destiny,  
Rabbits of joy,  
Winds of passion  
Twirling round and round  
Through all of creation,  
Preserving culture for the future generations,  
Me, I cultivate the soils of cultural diversity, the love of language,  
Watering the roots of the indigenous so they don't wither away.

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

***Les Familles Fecteau***

Welcome to my column. Over the years Le Forum has published numerous families. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as this one 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.

Pierre Filteau (Feuillaut & Fecteau), born 1641 in France, died in 1699 in PQ, son of Robert Feuillaut and Marguerite Brochet of the town of St. Georges-de-Montaigu, department of Vendée, ancient province of Poitou, France, married at Québec city on 22 February 1666 to "Fille-du-Roi" Gilette Savard, born in 1651 in France, died 1703 in PQ, daughter of François Savard and Jeanne Maron of the parish of St. Aspais, in the city of Melun, department of Seine-et-Marne, ancient province of Brie, France. St. Georges-de-Montaigu is located 17 miles south-southeast of the city of Nantes. (Continued from page 32, Vol. 38 #1, Fall/Winter Issue, *Le Forum*).

			(wid. of Rose-Alma Filteau)			
	Henri	30 Jan	1939	Viviane Roy	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	39E
	Ronaldo	09 Apr	1945	M.-Rose Gosselin	Lewiston(SPP)	
39D	Thérèse	28 Dec	1946	Paul-Émile Ouellette	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	
39E	Louise-A.	18 Oct	1958	Louis-P. Chabot	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	
	Robert	21 Mar	1959	Patricia Lancaster	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	
40A	Philomène	23 Aug	1902	Paul Paquet	Biddeford(St.And.)	
41A	Louis	22 Nov	1886	Adeline Paquet	St.Étienne, Lévis	41C
	Emma	26 Nov	1901	Amédée Marois	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
	Odile	06 May	1902	Jean Gagné	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
	Louis	26 Jul	1909	Emeline Viens	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
41B	Zénaïde	26 Dec	1894	Joseph-Edmond Turgeon	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Aurélien	03 Jun	1901	Joseph Sylvain	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Louis-M.	23 Jun	1902	M.-Louise Fortier	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Délia	28 Jul	1902	George Lambert	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Alexina	27 Mar	1913	Jean-Baptiste Perron	Biddeford(St.And.)	
41C	Rosanna	22 Jan	1912	Désiré Bélanger	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
	Délia	29 Jun	1914	James-J. Gagné	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
46A	Marie !	20 Jun	1887	George Lachance	Waterville(JOP)	
	(b.5-11-1865 St.Victor)				(Vital & Sophie Poulin)	
46A	M.-Emma	11 Feb	1888	François-H. Lessard	Waterville(JOP)	
	(b.2-12-1866 St.Victor - d.17-9-1945 Wtvl.)					
46B	Anastasie	25 Sep	1904	Joseph Bisson	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	(b.20-11-1873 St.François)					
47A	Odias	23 Jul	1923	Belzémire-M. Dubois	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
47B	Alphonse	17 May	1920	Aurèle Pruneau	Biddeford(St.And.)	47C
47C	Gérard-P.	14 Nov	1942	Rita-M. Couture	Lewiston(SPP)	47D
	Paul	26 Jun	1954	Carmen Lachance	Lewiston(SPP)	
47D	Richard-P.	01 May	1965	Irène-R. Poulin	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Robert-G.	17 May	1969	Anita-L. St-Hilaire	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Daniel-Roger	24 Sep	1976	Susan-Dorothy Bisson	Auburn(St.Louis)	
48A	Albertine	06 Sep	1909	Joseph Simard	Somersworth, NH	
52A	Alma	27 Sep	1909	William Montanbeau	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
56A	Émile-Phy.	08 May	1916	Éva-M. Bean (Lefebvre)	Bingham	56B
56B	Althéa	07 Sep	1942	Adélard Roy	Bingham(St.Peter)	
59A	William	16 Jun	1913	M.-Valéda Doyon	Waterville(SFS)	
59B	Alice	20 May	1906	Georges-J. Croteau	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Mathilda	12 Mar	1909	Alfred Ouellette	Lewiston(SPP)	
61A	Barthélemi-Chls.	05 Apr	1900	Adianna Roy	Somersworth, NH	61C
	"	2m.	25 Jun	Nellie McCarron	Somersworth, NH	
	Marie	21 Jan	1907	Georges Demers	Somersworth, NH	
61B	Eugénie-M.	16 Jul	1917	Edouard Godbout	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Emeline-M.	04 Apr	1921	J.-Louis-L. Gilbert	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Herménégilde	19 Jun	1922	M.-Anne-Rose Couture	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
61C	Albina	23 Nov	1925	George-Arthur Morin	Somersworth, NH	
	Emma	06 Oct	1941	William Morin	Somersworth, NH	
	Laurette	07 Jun	1947	Léopold Roy	Saco(NDL)	
	Anna	23 Dec	1959	Armand-Marcel Talbot	Saco(NDL)	
61D	Normand-J.	30 May	1931	M.-Claire-Lse. Cormier	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Thérèse-M.	28 Nov	1946	Richard-J. St-Pierre	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Bernard-L.	26 May	1947	Fernande-P. Doucette	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
63A	Imelda	19 Apr	1915	Samuel-H. Lewis	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Georges	01 Aug	1927	Yvonne Beaudet	Woonsocket, RI	
	Maurice	31 Oct	1927	Carmen Nault	Lewiston(HC)	
	Edilbert	27 May	1932	Alice-A. Gauthier	Lewiston(HF)	
	Raoul-Paul-L.	10 Nov	1934	M.-Rose-Délina Poirier	Lewiston(HC)	
	Léona	04 Jul	1938	Charles-E. Levesque	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Edmond-J.	25 Nov	1948	M.-Ange Levesque	Lewiston(SPP)	
63B	Shirley-Jeanne	10 Sep	1955	Gérard-Robert Violette	Lewiston(HF)	
	Doris-C.	19 Aug	1961	Raymond-J. Bussière	Lewiston(SPP)	
64A	Beatrice	01 May	1937	Oliva Cusson	Berlin, NH(AG)	
	Gérard-J.	31 Dec	1938	Thérèse-Yvette Garon	Berlin, NH(AG)	64B
	Rita-Éva	06 May	1939	Henri-Philippe Bergeron	Berlin, NH(AG)	



# Finding Your Quebec & Acadian Ancestors

**Saturday May 7, 10 - Noon**

**Franco-American Centre - University of Maine**

**Crossland Hall (Across from the Alfond)**

Learn how to research your Quebec & Acadian roots and tell your family's unique story from professional genealogist Bob Chenard.

Bob is a retired federal employee who has over 45 years experience with Franco genealogy. He has written many articles and several books on the subject.

He has written genealogy articles for *Le FORUM* since 1989 and has taught classes and made presentations to many groups and societies. He also was a director and an officer in two Maine genealogy societies and received the coveted MGS award for Excellence in Genealogical Service in 2008. Bob did both undergraduate and graduate studies at UMO during the 1950's and early 1960's.

The upcoming program is free and everyone is welcome. Please contact Lisa Michaud at [Lisa.Michaud@umit.maine.edu](mailto:Lisa.Michaud@umit.maine.edu) or 581-3789 to register. Seats are limited to 25, so reserve today!

## OUTLINE for U of M FAC genealogy class

### 1. INTRO

- a. Relationships and pedigree
- b. Ahnentafel system
- c. Primary vs. Secondary records
- d. Anglicized family names  
(see GenWebQuebec at [rootsweb.ancestry.com/canqc/alias/Angloabc](http://rootsweb.ancestry.com/canqc/alias/Angloabc))
- e. "dit" names and given names
- f. History

### 2. SOURCES

- a. family (parents, grandparents, etc.)
- b. Vital Records (town & state)
- c. Census records (US vs. Canada)
  - i. US 1850-1940 (best one is 1900)
  - ii. Canada 1851-1921 (best one is 1901)
- d. Gravestones and cemetery records
- e. Church records
- f. Libraries (local and state)
- g. Internet (cautions.....)
  - i. Ancestry.com
  - ii. FamilySearch.org
  - iii. [rootsweb.ancestry.com](http://rootsweb.ancestry.com)
  - iv. IGI
  - v. [novascotia.ca/archives/acadian/results.asp?Search=](http://novascotia.ca/archives/acadian/results.asp?Search=)
- h. Bible records

### 3. OTHER

- a. genealogy programs for computers (Windows PC vs. Macs)
- b. geography/maps/parishes/towns/settlements
- c. genealogy forms (pedigree & family group sheets)
- d. recording your findings (source, book, page, place, etc.)

### 4. BOOKS & RECORDS available in this (FAC) library

### 5. QUESTIONS

- a. email: [rechenard@roadrunner.com](mailto:rechenard@roadrunner.com)

# Franco American Studies



## FAS 101: Introduction to Franco American Studies

This course examines the French cultures of North America, emphasizing the peoples of Maine and the Northeast region. No knowledge of French required. Pinette: T/Th 9:30-10:45am

This course fulfills the General Education Cultural Diversity and International Perspectives Requirement.

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## FAS 250: Exile, Migrations and Communities

This course explores the impact and implications of exile and migration with a focus on Acadian peoples. Okin: Online

This course fulfills the General Education Cultural Diversity and International Perspectives Requirement.

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## FAS 459: Colonial Canada

This course studies Canada's history from New France to 1850, emphasizing political, social and economic developments and relations with the Amerindian peoples. Ferland: MWF 10-10:50am



Université du Maine

**Le FORUM**

Centre Franco-Américain

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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 communauté franco-américaine. Cela devint par conséquent le Centre Franco-Américain.

Dès le départ, son but fut d'introduire et d'intégrer le Fait co-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 puissent 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