Le FORUM

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Websites:

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

Oral History: Francoamericanarchives.org

Library: francolib.francoamerican.org

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

Maine's French Communities:

http://www.francomaine.org/English/Pres/Pres_intro.html 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

Franco-American Women's Institute:

http://www.fawi.net

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

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

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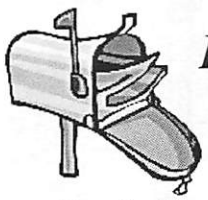


Lettres/ Letters

Dear Le Forum;

JUDICIAL MURDER

I read David Vermette's article on Louis Riel with relish. It brought back the memory of an exchange in the Parliament of Canada during the Trudeau administration. The Conservative opposition invited the prime minister to apologize for the internment of Japanese-Canadians during the Second World War. The quick witted Trudeau rose to the occasion. The government would consider such an apology, "on condition that the conservatives apologized first for the executing of Louis Riel!" The distinguished solons were hushed momentarily. The silence was like an eternity. And then the Parliament hastened to move on a less dusgraceful subject.

The execution of Louis Riel was a judicial murder. The Canadian Catholic, Metis patriot was tried and convicted by an all white Anglo Protestant jury, and sentenced by a white, Protestant judge. His execution is an indelible stain on the ermine of the bench.

Louis Riel is immortalized in stone in Winnipeg as "the Father of Manitoba (Manitouba)," which means in Algonkian, God's land.

Roger Paradis is a retired history and folklore professor of the University of Maine at Fort Kent.

Dear Le Forum;

Hope all is well, and that you are enjoying our beautiful New England summer weather!

You do a fantastic job with *Le Forum*! I so enjoy it and share some articles with our French Culture Group, we are about 10 members, together now for 7 years, we're a clost knit group. And we still meet every Tuesday from 9-10 a.m. at the CoA in Acushnet.

Ray Patnaude from ACA keeps us updated on French Events and we enjoyed our annual St. Jean Baptiste celebration.

Sending our Love and Good Wishes!

Bonne Chance!

Barbara
Acushnet, MA

Dear Le Forum,

Hope the enclosed check will help my subscription — will send more later.

I've so enjoyed the magazine over the past years — the first I got in 2002 when I visited the University with my cousins Virginia Taylor and Priscilla Taylor Grenier that year — Virginia worked in the book store.

In the time before computers I'd go to the Arhcives in the Laguna Niguel (near my home) where the US census was kept and go through files — Maine — and see these French names I've hard my parents speak of —fun time — census now housed in Perris, California.

I'm sending a copy I have for my grandparents — my Dad was Joseph Francis Coutierier but used Taylor.

This has been an interesting and fun time for me

Thanks!
Evelyn R. Joiner
Lake Forest, CA

Dear Le Forum;

Thank you for sending me the latest edition of your magazine. I find it very interesting and it gives me a chance to practice my French, which I rarely use since learning it from my parents when I was a child. My parents were both born and brought up in New Brunswick but moved to Maine to have their family. I spent many Summers, growing up, visiting our relatives in the Moncton area. I still have one aunt, a retired Nun, 102 years old, still living, there with whom I correspond.

Some years ago, I wrote a book about my early years and my service in the Air Force and it has been published. I am enlosing a copy and hope you will enjoy reading it.

Sincerely,
Alfred L. Cormier
Brewer, ME

Remember, you were never taught the political history of the St. John Valley.

When Andrew Jackson pulled out the U.S. Treasury funds out of the Bank of the United States, Daniel Savage of Fish River (Fort Kent, ME. today) foreclosed on the Wilmot & Peters sawmill on that river.

Wilmot and Peters were Fredericton, N.B. lumbermen - you'll biographical sketches on them on line in the Dictionary of Canadian Biography. Wilmot & Peters sought to control lumbering on the St. John River above the Grand Falls. THe sluice that they tried to erect to help get the lumber around the falls did not work. So they tried the next step which was to build a saw mill on the Fish river. They hired Daniel Savage to build it.

The economic crisis caused by Jackson pulling out the U.S. Treasury funds out of the Bank of the United States had deep repricussions on the lumber markets. The firm Wilmot & Peters in Fredericton went into receivership. Daniel Savage not having been paid for his work on the saw mill took it over, lock stock & barrel. What better example of the impact of the national or international setting do we have on our own setting here in the St. John Valley.

Some years later Daniel Savage took part in an effort to organize Hanck Plantation as a municipality on the Fish River. A Town meeting washeld to effect the move. A British warden of the disputed territory, heard of it, came up river and arrested Daniel Savage British Parliament, that the actions in Fort Kent were illegal and so the arrest. But then the escape.

Shortly afterwards Daniel Savage sold his interests in the saw mill to John Baker's business surrogate in Fredericton, NB. At the time American were not allowed direct participation in New Brunswick business, They had to work through a New Brunswick partner deemed as your surrogate. So John Baker's acquisition of the Fish River mill went through Frederick W. Hathaway in Fredericton, N.B. Lumber on the St; John flows down to the port of St. John and tall pine shipped for masts and spars to sailing ships found a market in Liverpool and London. So in the Journal of Accounts of A. & S.Dufour, merchant traders at St. Basile, we find even south shore residents being paid in pounds, shillings and pence for their transport of oats and hay to the lumber operations, "Chez Drake" at Portage Lake up the Fish River in 1846.

Yeah, real history of the kind you were never taught since we never want to speak of Andrew Jackson or folk like Wilmot & Peters when we seek to expound on "our history" right here in the St. John Valley.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine

From the Montreal of Old to the New Streets of Gold

by Denise R. Larson

with recollections of Helen (Rajotte) Cotter

Beginning in the 1840s and ending nearly a century later, one million French Canadians emigrated to the United States in search of a more promising future. During that time, Canada had experienced a slow national recession due in part to poor agricultural prospects and planning combined with limited and underfunded industries. A worldwide recession that began with the stock market crash in 1929 and continued into the 1930s effectively stopped the southern flow of immigrants from Canada to the United States.

The Rajotte family was among those swept along in the search for a better life. Having been founded in Quebec circa 1660 by Gilles Rageot, who later was appointed as a notary to the civil court, the Rageot/Rajot/Rajotte family moved westward, generation by generation, along the St. Lawrence River, finally ending up on Rue St. Louis in Montreal in the 1920s. The family farm in St. Germain-de-Grantham had not prospered, so my paternal grandfather, Felix Rajotte, had taken a job as a laborer in the city. Other men in the family became dock workers.

Rue St. Louis is a short street in the oldest part of Montreal. Contemporary satellite images of the street show a mix of old and modern structures. At the time my family lived there, housing was probably in apartments in old buildings. A shipping port, with its noise and odors and quays, is a few blocks away. Within several blocks is Notre-Dame Basilica, where Felix's daughter Rose was married in 1921.

It was after Rose married Antonin that the Rajotte family started to leave Canada. "Tony" found work as a chauffeur in upstate New York. Recruiters for the factories in Connecticut made the rounds in Montreal. Rumors of streets paved with gold went around as well. My grandparents decided to make the move south, as did many of their relatives and neighbors. Bristol, Connecticut, became the destination of choice, thanks to its proximity to the clock factories in Thomaston and the industries in Bristol itself—Ingraham Company, New Departure Manufacturing Company (a division of General Motors), and Sessions Clock Company.

There was work aplenty for anyone willing to put in long hours at tedious jobs. The family prospered. They stayed close together, both in proximity and spirit. On holidays, birthdays, and celebrations of all sorts, my grandfather would play his violin, one of his daughters would accompany him on the piano, and a son-in-law tapped out the tune on spoons. Everybody sang and some danced.

Bruno Rajotte holds his cat on a street in Montreal, circa 1920. (From Rajotte Family Photo Album).

The streets of Bristol were not paved with gold, but the road to Connecticut eventually did lead to bands of gold on the ring fingers of many of the Rajotte clan. They married, built houses, had children, and retired to the good life of a warm home, a backyard garden, and the extended family close by and close knit.

For more information on the economic conditions in French Canada that prompted emigration to the United States, please see the research paper by Claude Belanger at:

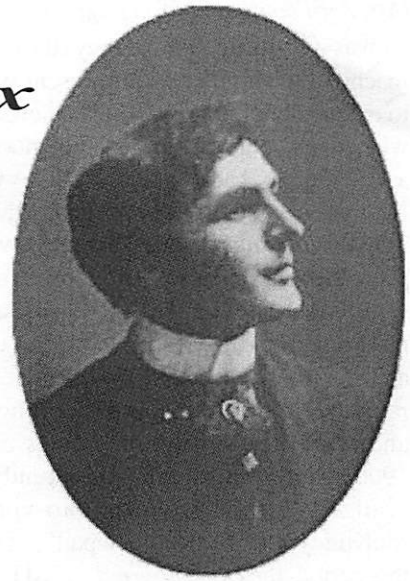
http://faculty.marianopolis.edu/c.belanger/quebechistory/readings/leaving.htm

Rue St. Louis, Old Montreal (commons.wikimedia.org).

Mountie and Trooper at border between Canada and the United States (commons.wikimedia.org).

"Mr. Zero" of Maine: The Story of Urbain Ledoux

by Michael Guignard



Consul Urbain Ledoux

While doing research for a doctoral thesis, I stumbled onto an article entitled "Mr. Zero of Canada" and discovered that "Mr. Zero" had once lived in Maine. After a little more digging , I soon realized he had grown up in Biddeford and had never relinquished his many ties to the Pine Tree State.

That Ledoux was born in Canada was, to use a hackneyed phrase, an accident of birth. His parents had migrated to Connecticut after the Civil War and returned to Canada when textile mills closed after the Panic of 1873. Ledoux was born during his parents' sojourn in Canada but came to Biddeford before his first birthday.

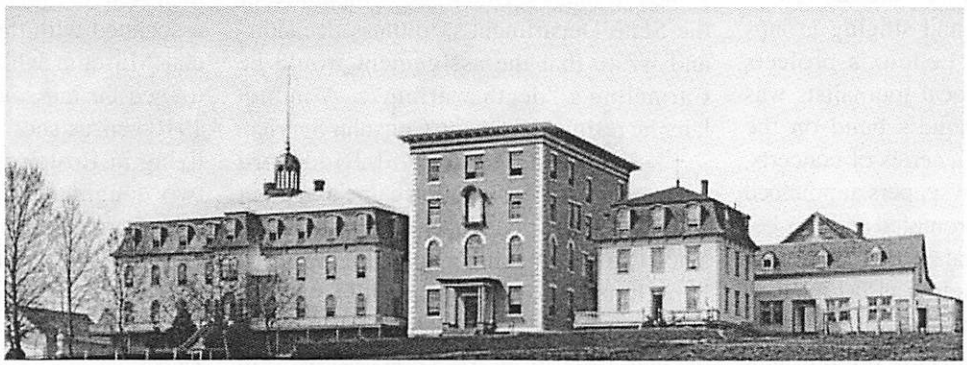
As a young boy, he exhibited many of the characteristics ascribed to him throughout his life. A cousin of Ledoux's, who also lived in Biddeford, remembered his energy, infectious smile and his ability to persuade and lead. He attended parochial schools in Biddeford, a seminary in Quebec where he studied to be a priest, and the Collège Marist in Van Buren, Maine, where he graduated at seventeen.

He returned to Biddeford in 1891 and studied law in the offices of two local attorneys. A man of tremendous energy, Ledoux was seldom occupied full-time with only one pursuit, however, and by 1893 was publishing a French-language weekly in Biddeford called *L'Indépendance*. Two years later, he founded *Le Figaro Illustré*, a social and literary monthly.

By the age of twenty, Ledoux had evinced considerable interest in politics and between 1894 and 1896 served as a secretary of the Republican Party in Biddeford. As a journalist, Ledoux often took trips to Canada to cover the campaigns of Canada's first French-Canadian Prime Minister, Wilfrid Laurier. In 1896, he campaigned extensively for William McKinley and organized "L'Alliance Canadienne Francaise" to encourage Maine's French-Canadians to become naturalized and vote Republican. In March, 1897, two months after becoming a naturalized American himself, he ran for a seat on the Biddeford City Council, but the entire Republican slate was defeated by candidates of the Citizens Party, a local reform group.

Ledoux's efforts on behalf of the Republican national ticket in 1896 were soon rewarded, however, when, in July, 1897, he was appointed to the United States Consular Service. His appointment was secured by Maine's William Frye, President *Pro Tem* of the U.S. Senate at the turn of the century, who was said to have been impressed by Ledoux's pro-McKinley speeches among Maine's French migrants.

The appointment was praised by local newspapers, one of which called Ledoux "a particularly bright and well-informed young man". Alfred Bonneau, the Republican editor of Biddeford's French newspaper, *La Justice*, however, while conceding that Ledoux was bright and energetic, felt that he was too young to have given sufficient years of dedication and service to the G.O.P. to merit the appointment. Everyone, however, predicted a promising career for Ledoux, who, according to newspaper reports, was the youngest officer in the U.S. Consular Service.



Collège Marist in Van Buren, Maine

Ledoux soon was posted to the U.S. Consulate in *Trois Rivières*, Quebec. Ledoux had been recommended for the position by his predecessor at that post, François Belleau, a Lewsiton Republican. The State Department apparently agreed that it was important to send another Consul of French Canadian heritage to *Trois Rivières* since Belleau's predecessor, a Francophobe Yankee from Massachusetts, had literally been driven out of that city by an angry *Québécois* mob.

Ledoux arrived in Trois Rivières on August 31, 1897, directly from Biddeford. In an era which predated junior Foreign Service Officer training, Ledoux's only contact with Washington prior to assuming his post was a letter requesting a passport. Two months later, Ledoux was back in Biddeford to marry his fiancee, Carmeline Painchaud, daughter of the famous Pierre Painchaud, founder of Painchaud's band. He was literally marrying the girl next door, as Carmeline lived at 200 Main St. in Biddeford and Ledoux had resided at 226 1/2 Main St. Miss Painchaud was a musician of much ability who played the organ, sang in local opera performances and was one of the best soloist in York County, according to local newspapers. She had been active in the St. Joseph parish (Biddeford) choir and was a parish organist. The Biddeford-Saco Directory listed her as a music teacher. She had met Urbain while participating in local theatrical performances as both were active in the amateur theatre.

The local press gave extensive coverage to the Ledoux-Painchaud nuptials. The *Evening Journal* carried a 150-line article with a thirty-two word headline calling the wedding "one of the most brilliant ever seen at St. Joseph's" because special decorations, allowed "only on the occasion of the marriage of persons of distinction or of those to whom the Church desires to show marked favor", bedecked the altar. The *Daily Journal* called the nuptial "one of the most noteworthy and largely attended Church -weddings" in the area and described how

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(Mr. Zero continued from page 5)

"it was with difficulty that they (the couple) reached the entrance as all present wanted to extend congratulations". The newspaper wished the couple a happy honeymoon and a safe journey back to *Trois Rivières* where Ledoux was to host a reception for the diplomatic community to present his new wife.

Ledoux's trip to Biddeford to wed Carmeline was the first of many back to his hometown during his six-year tenure as U.S. Consul in *Trois Rivières*. He often returned to make speeches supporting local and state Republican candidates and in 1900 again strongly exhorted recently-naturalized Franco-Americans to vote for McKinley and "full-dinner pail". During this period, the *Daily Journal* called Ledoux "an exceptionally bright and entertaining platform-speaker". This was the first of many instances in which Ledoux's oratorical skills were praised in print. Later, however, it was to be publications like the *Nation*, *The New Republic* and *The New York Times*, which between 1920 and 1933 carried over 150 articles describing Ledoux's exploits and praising his work.

The press in Biddeford also covered Ledoux's activities in Trois Rivières which were celebrated as were his efforts to organize theatrical and singing groups in that city. One of Ledoux's projects reported in detail by local journalists was his hosting of Painchaud's band on the Consulate grounds for a series of concerts.

In 1903, local newspapers announced that Ledoux had been promoted and was being sent to Bordeaux, France. The Biddeford Record hailed the promotion as "a high tribute to the ability and efficiency of the young man from Biddeford....The appointment was won by his own exertions". *The Daily Journal* hailed the assignment to Bordeaux as a promotion due to Ledoux's energy, ability, untiring efforts and his record in Trois Rivières. Even Alfred Bonneau praised Ledoux and called his promotion "an honor that makes the Franco population proud".

Although Ledoux had received his appointment through political connection in 1897, his appointment to Bordeaux did appear to be based on merit. In defending his request for a promotion Ledoux had written in December, 1902:

"I have for the past five years been absorbed in the study of diplomatic relations, international law, history and commerce, foreign language, U.S. diplomatic and commercial relations, U.S. agricultural and manufacturing resources, etc., in order to qualify myself for a diplomatic career.

I have reason to believe that these studies, supplemented by political and journalistic experience, three years of law, a good college education and perfected knowledge of the language of diplomacy --French--besides five years of experience as consul at this post, should justify my very humble aspirations."

Less than six months later, Ledoux was assigned to Bordeaux.

But Ledoux was never to go to Bordeaux. While vacationing at his sister's home in Old Orchard Beach in July, 1903, Ledoux was suddenly informed that Albion Tourgee, the famous author and staunch supporter of the G.O.P., had recovered from an illness and would remain as Consul in Bordeaux indefinitely. Much to his dismay, Ledoux was sent instead to Prague, Bohemia, temporarily, said that Department of State. Three years later, Ledoux was complaining that he had been "forgotten" by the State Department in Prague. He asked for reassignment to a French-speaking post which provided a better salary so that he could pay off debts he had accumulated due to his wife's illness. When he was assigned to Santos, Brazil, he complained of the State Department's "pitiless decision" and wrote that the assignment would be Carmeline's "death warrant". A month later he resigned from the Consular Service.

According to several Biddeford newspapers, the resignation came as a great surprise to his friends and family in Maine since "he was making a splendid name for himself in the Service." One Mill City journal printed verbatim a letter from Secretary of State Elihu Root to Ledoux asking him to reconsider his decision to resign because the State Department needed his services, experience and intelligence in Santos.

Ledoux's homecoming provided the occasion for a big celebration. As he and his family disembarked from the B&M railroad station in Biddeford, they were met by the city's mayor, several local societies to which Ledoux had belonged, and Painchaud's band which serenaded the family all the way to the Ledoux home on Main Street. There, Ledoux spoke to a gathering of 200 friends.

In trying to explain the reason behind Ledoux's resignation, the *Biddeford Daily Journal* quoted Ledoux:

"The Consular Service is pleasant, but not as profitable as it might be. While the government pays what it considers it can afford, I felt that with my growing family, I should like to try a private business enterprise."

The *Biddeford Weekly Journal* called Ledoux a "man of ideas" who possessed great "commercial intelligence" and labeled him an "enthusiastic youth whose exuberance was worn down by red tape and time". Ledoux, the story continued, was regarded as a nuisance by "time-serving barnacles found in every government service" and had incurred the wrath of "bored officials...(who) have been compelled to attend to his persistent recommendations".

The *Weekly Journal* reporter probably came closer to the truth. In later years when interviewed by *The New York Times*, Ledoux complained of the staidness and conformity of the Consular Service and said only half-facetiously of his former colleagues: "They say that Consuls never quit and seldom die."

After leaving the Consular Service, Ledoux moved to New York City where he embarked on a number of business ventures and different occupations, some more successful than others. In 1908, Ledoux and an Austrian associate began an enterprise which produced denatured alcohol but the business failed. He soon began to write for the journal *Commercial America* in New York and then went to Philadelphia where he became associated with the Philadelphia Commercial Museum which fostered exports and trained businessmen to trade abroad. The 1910 census shows Ledoux and his family living in Boston with his wife Carmeline, two daughters, Yvette and Lucille, who were born in Trois Rivières and Rosa Guttmann who came to the U.S. from Austria as a household domestic. (His third child, Norman, was born in 1911). *The New York Times* had an interesting notice in its July 16, 1910 issue about Ledoux entitled "Missionary and Ex-Consul Home": "Among those arriving yesterday on the Lusitania was Urbain J. Ledoux, former American Consul at Prague. He had been abroad as a delegate from Boston to the International Congress of Chambers of Congress held in London. He announced that the next Congress would be held in Boston." In doing research some dates have to be estimated by educated guess given what an author knows of the life of his subject. This source had a date but even without a date, the reader would have known for sure that travel on that ill-fated ship had occurred before May 7, 1915.

Ledoux set out again for Europe with his family in 1911 and stayed almost

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2 years, according to his and daughter Yvette's passport records. Upon his return, according to the *Biddeford Daily Journal*, he "wandered from town to town, an itinerant....among the downtrodden," with "his curly-headed little daughter." During the period, according to the *Journal*, Ledoux washed windows, scrubbed floors and even worked in a Ford tractor plant.

By 1913, however, Ledoux was back in Maine selling real estate in Old Orchard Beach where his two younger sisters, Josephine and Aurise, managed the New Vendome Hotel. Soon thereafter Ledoux managed the Hotel Rochester on Elm Street in Portland apparently unsuccessfully as he was soon in Saco managing a country club that offered golf and tennis. That venture also failed because, according to Biddeford newspapers although the restaurant "put out food fit for royal cuisines" it was "not fully appreciated by Saco palates."

The year 1914 saw Ledoux become associated with editor Edward Ginn who founded the Ginn World Peace Foundation. Ginn had hired Ledoux as his secretary because of the latter's previous journalistic experience, his ability as a speaker and his many international contacts. Ledoux's main task was to preach international brotherhood on college campuses. A year later, Ledoux tried to dramatize his quest for world peace by jumping from New York dock to reach Henry Ford's departing peace ship. He was unsuccessful and had to be rescued by a tugboat. Unlike many articles about Ledoux that never mentioned his background or origins, the *New York Call*, which put out a front page notice of Ledoux being fined $20 for disorderly conduct for the incident, began its article with the words "Urbain J. Ledoux, Biddeford, Me."

His association with Ginn was terminated by a strange incident. Ledoux in July 1916 had himself committed for treatment at Cowles Sanitarium in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to investigate the plight of Sarah Farmer. Ledoux had apparently become aware of Farmer because it was Edward Ginn who had had her committed to the institution. When Ledoux found Farmer to be perfectly normal, he tried to smuggle her back to her friends at the Green Acre Fellowship in Eliot, Maine who had been trying without success, to get her released from Cowles. He was unsuccessful but his efforts lead to another hearing before a judge which led to her release. Ledoux earned the undying gratitude of the Baha'i Fellowship and almost every summer, until his death, lectured there while spending summers with his sisters in Old Orchard Beach. Ledoux usually spoke at Green Acre on universal brotherhood and peace.

Always keen for new business opportunities, Ledoux apparently saw one while staking out Cowles Sanitarium. On June 13, 1917, the *Portsmouth Herald* reported that "Urbain J. Ledoux of Biddeford" was opening a hotel on Middle Street in Portsmouth. Like his commercial ventures in Saco, he was unsuccessful and quickly turned his attention to other endeavors.

Ledoux's abrupt departure from the World Peace Foundation did not dampen his work for world peace, however. Because of his work at the Foundation and the contacts he had made speaking around the country under Foundation auspices, Ledoux was named U.S. delegate to a conference on international peace at The Hague. While in Europe, he saw the suffering and poverty caused by the war and returned to America determined to do all he could for America's poor and downtrodden and its veterans. Consequently, in late 1917, he took a position with the U.S. government's War Camp Community Services which helped feed and shelter transient soldiers and alter worked in the War Department's labor bureau. It was in the field of social work that Ledoux found his true calling and soon received national attention and acclaim.

Ledoux's career after World War I is well documented. By googling "Urbain Ledoux—Mr. Zero" the reader can get dozens of "hits' and an extensive list of sources. I will simply highlight his accomplishments and acclaim while stressing his continued attachment tot he Biddeford-Saco-Old Orchard Beach area. His Franco-American, Maine roots were hardly ever even hinted at in the national press but local newspapers covered his activities regularly. Grace Tomkinson writing in the Dalhousie Review had written, when trying to trace Ledoux's origins and background, that he had "sprung from nobody knows where." Canadian newspapers and magazines were more likely to attempt to make a connection between Ledoux's French Canadian upbringing and his career as a social worker/community organizer. Having grown up in Biddeford, I chuckle at some descriptions of the city of Biddeford found in the literature on Ledoux: "while he was still very young, his parents moved to the then prosperous mill town of Biddeford, in southwest Maine." Today the city is making a comeback and the downtown area is being rejuvenated, but since the late 1950's when two major textile companies ceased operations in Biddeford-Saco, I have seen few descriptions of Biddeford as prosperous.

As early as 1919, Biddeford's Weekly Journal called him a "World Wide Celebrity" for his work with the poor and unemployed of New York City. As head of the Stepping-Stone Mission, Ledoux called for a five-hour workday to reduce unemployment. Worried about growing joblessness and radicalism in America,Ledoux was quoted as saying that his efforts helped "to stamp out Bolshevism in America." Apparently, Ledoux's efforts had an impact on that day's counterculture for a *Weekly Journal* reporter stated that Ledoux's ideas "made a decided impression upon many long-haired men and short-haired women" whose specialty is the bringing about of the millennium when work will be only an incidental matter in the great scheme of things.

In January, 1921 both the *Biddeford Weekly Journal* and *La Justice* reported that Ledoux had led a demonstration of the unemployed in Washington to protest high unemployment. It was the first of Ledoux's several Washington protests.

In early May 1921 Ledoux traveled to Maine again with his daughter Lucille because his mother Octavie (Thibert) Ledoux was gravely ill. She died on May 18 and Ledoux remained in the Mill City until late August helping to comfort his father and two sisters in their distress. During his four-month sojourn in his hometown, Ledoux saw unemployment and suffering occasioned by the deep recession of 1920-1921. He saw the broken condition of his father who had suffered more than a dozen periods of unemployment in his lifetime. He felt that someone needed to highlight the condition of the unemployed. The first week of September, he spoke at the Green Acre Fellowship, perhaps to announce his plans and ask for their support.

Several days later he left for Boston where he hit upon the idea of dramatizing poverty and unemployment with florid tricks of a circus press agent and assumed the mannerism of a ringmaster. Ledoux decided to set up a "slave" auction on Boston Common to "sell" unemployed ex-servicemen. Soon Ledoux's name appeared on the front pages of national newspapers. The headlines screamed "Human Flesh on the Hoof sold

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(Mr. Zero continued from page 7)

at auction on.....historic.....Boston Common under the Shadow of the Statehouse" . It was during this campaign that Ledoux acquired the moniker "Mr. Zero." According to newspaper accounts, one jobless man asked Ledoux "who are you?" Ledoux responded by saying "I am nothing to you but bread and water and shelter." "Oh, you're Mr. Zero", responded the unemployed man. The name stuck and soon the press referred to him almost exclusively as Mr. Zero when describing his charitable work with unemployed veterans and the homeless.

The City Fathers and denizens of Beacon Hill were not amused so Ledoux did not stay in Boston long although he did speak to students at Harvard University before leaving for New York where the reception was even more chilly. Ledoux was arrested after leading a march in Bryant Park and some of the jobless were beaten by New York's "Finest". But, there was no slave auction on the steps of the New York City public library, as Ledoux had planned. From New York City, Ledoux traveled to Washington, D.C. in December 1921 during the disarmament conference holding a Bible and a lantern like Diogenes looking for one honest man among the conferees. He marched up and down in front of the Pan American Union building and was arrested although the charges were later dropped On December 27, Ledoux announced that he had finally found an honest man. He presented his lantern to the aging socialist leader, Eugene Debs.

Ledoux soon returned to New York the following year and established a soup kitchen called "The Tub" at St Mark's Square and later moved to the Bowery, where he served meals and provided shelter to the unemployed throughout the 1920's and early 1930's. His two sisters and his son Norman even volunteered there helping Ledoux with his charitable mission. "The Tub" was a canteen under an old house on the Square. The rent was $30 a month. The arrangements were simple: bare table, wooden chairs, a bin for old clothes, and a booth by the door where each man coming in gave a meal ticket or a five-cent piece in exchange for a tin coffee cup, a tin bowl for soup and a spoon. Rye bread was piled in dishes on each table. The men took the thick slices and mashed them in the soup. They could have their bowls filled as often as they liked. The accommodations at St. Mark's Square also provided cots and bunks for the homeless. Ledoux had often criticized churches for not opening their doors to homeless unemployed men. Curiously, none of the sources that I found praising Ledoux's work ever speculated why his charitable work did not include women and children. Ledoux financed "The Tub" through contributions from wealthy and prominent individuals, including a Shakespearean actress named Mary White, about whom we will read more below.

Upon leaving the Consular Service, Ledoux had complained that an assignment to Brazil would be his wife's death warrant. Diplomats are well known for exaggerating the truth when trying to get out of an assignment they do not want. But in this case, Ledoux was probably telling the truth. His wife Carmeline died in September 1923 in New York City at the age of 47 "après une longue et très souffrante maladie" wrote the editor of *La Justice*. She was buried in Biddeford in the Ledoux family plot along with her mother-in-law. There is very little written about Carmeline other than she was reputed to be a very talented musician. She came from a very noted musical family that performed together. In 1870 at the age of 18, her father had organized Painchaud's Band which for over 120 years was a mainstay of the local Biddeford-Saco musical scene. Two of Carmeline's sisters, Heloise Painchaud Renouf and Corinne Painchaud toured New England giving concerts. One wonders what Carmeline's life would have been like had she not married and left the city. Those who covered Ledoux and his activities barely mentioned her — "his first wife is dead" curtly wrote one author who in 1931 wrote a book on Ledoux and 20 other Americans whom he considered to be newsworthy in the field of social work.

One enterprising journalist of the Boston Herald interviewed Carmeline and her two daughters and wrote a timely article on September 11, 1921 about the family during the slave auctions on the Boston Commons. All three praised Ledoux for his work among the unemployed even though the author cited that he did not provide financial support for the family. The reporter even traveled to Biddeford to interview Ledoux's father Joseph who was in his 70s at the time. The elder Ledoux praised his son and insisted he was a "good boy" noting how comforting he and his granddaughter Lucille had been when his mother Octavie died earlier that year. Joseph did let slip however that Carmeline and Urbain were separated.

I did find an item written by Carmeline in the February 28, 1920 issue of the Christian Science *Sentinel* about a phone call she had received while at work telling her of a serious accident in which "my little boy had been run over by an automobile. My daughter had telephoned to a Christian Science practitioner asking for treatment" Carmeline goes on to say that in effect Norman's cure was a miracle. She wrote: I am inexpressibly grateful to God for this beautiful healing." The family at the time was living in Boston, Massachusetts not far from where Ledoux launched his slave auctions a year later. Friends who read earlier drafts of this article would ask about Carmeline since I had practically no information about her. Unfortunately, not much is available about her life growing up in Biddeford or after marrying and leaving the city.

While describing Ledoux's work at the Tub in 1924, *The New York Times* still cited Old Orchard Beach as Ledoux's "home port." In December 1924 in an article entitled "Plans Sojourn in Maine" one *Times* journalist discussed Ledoux's plans to close "The Tub" because of police harassment. An understanding was reached and the Tub remained open.

When I first started doing research on Urbain Ledoux more than 40 years ago, I interviewed a relative of his in Biddeford, Mr.Hervé Hébert. He remembered Ledoux vividly walking along the pier in Old Orchard Beach with his wife and being addressed as Mr. Ambassador. I asked him about Carmeline and he was the one who told me that Carmeline had died and that Ledoux had remarried. A little more digging uncovered that Ledoux had indeed remarried on July 3, 1930, at Ste. Margaret's Church in Old Orchard Beach, where he spent summers. ("The Tub" was closed in the summer.) The bride was Ms. Mary White, three years his junior and a Shakespearean actress of some fame who was the granddaughter of a former North Carolina Governor and the daughter of H.P. White who had been mayor of Kansas City, Missouri. Ledoux's two sisters served as witnesses. The local press took the opportunity to trace Ledoux's long and illustrious career while covering the wedding. On January 23, 1925, in an effort to gain publicity for his work with the unemployed, Ledoux had announced to a *New York Times* reporter that he would soon marry Ms. White, whom he called the greatest actress in the world. The next day a spokesman for the actress denied the story while at the same time praising Ledoux's efforts to aid the jobless. Her representative added that she had known Ledoux and his

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(Mr. Zero continued from page 8)
family for a number of years and helped to fund his work. In a 1931 passport application, Mary White noted that she had known Ledoux for 11 years. Urbain Ledoux appears to have been persuasive in both personal, as well as professional, matters. The 1931 trip was apparently to celebrate their one year anniversary and was scheduled to begin on July 4th to France for a month for "rest and relaxation".

As the New Deal began to replace local relief efforts, Ledoux spent less and less time in New York City. He still summered in Maine but now traveled abroad also, including South America with his new wife where he tried his hand at film making. The New York Times last article on Ledoux before he died was in 1936 praising the charismatic Ledoux for his past efforts to aid the downtrodden. Ledoux's last two passport applications in 1938 and 1940 listed Old Orchard Beach as his legal residence. His passport file even noted his arrest back in 1921 in New York City.

Ledoux died on April 9, 1941 in New York City but was buried in the family plot after funeral services at Sansouci funeral parlor in Biddeford. Local Maine newspapers as well as the *New York Times* and *New York Herald Tribune* took the opportunity again to detail his long and varied career. In its obituary, La Justice called Ledoux one of the most famous Franco-Americans of his time. Editor Joseph Bolduc summarized Ledoux's life by quoting the insignia on the door of "The Tub": "To bring a greater measure of love and beauty in the lives of those tormented by life." One obituary from the April 10, 1941 Brooklyn Daily Caller did note that "Burial will follow in Biddeford, Me." His daughter Yvette had returned to New York from France to be with her father during his last days. She is really the only one of his three children on whom I have been able to find information. According to the Nov. 8, 1927 New York Times, Yvette was studying painting in Paris and "has been accepted by the Paris public as an accomplished artist." According to passport records, she returned to the U.S. in early 1941.

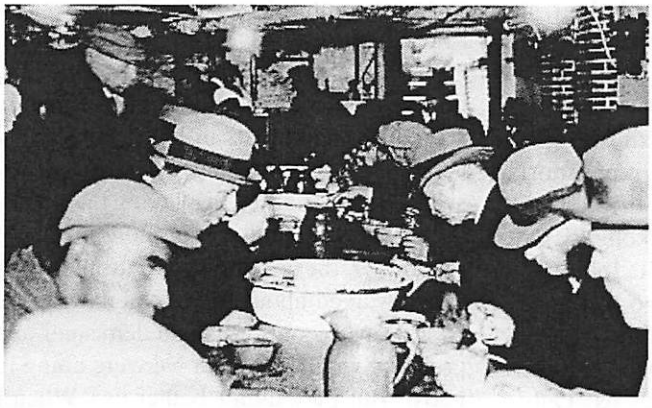
According to his naturalization papers Ledoux immigrated to Biddeford in February 1875, at the age of 6 months. Although the Good Shepherd Sisters had not yet arrived in town and St. Joseph's grammar school had not yet been built, by 1880 children of French Canadian migrants were receiving instruction in the basement of St. Joseph's church from lay teachers. Secondary sources note that Ledoux attended parochial schools in the city so in all probability this school is where Ledoux received his earliest formal education—in French. He would have been 8 years old when the Sisters arrived to teach French-speaking students. One secondary source states that Ledoux also attended public schools in Biddeford, which is plausible since he had to have learned to speak English somewhere. Although not a citizen, Ledoux was active in local Biddeford and Maine State politics. It has never been an issue before but after his appointment as a Consular Officer was announced, some alert officer at the State Department probably brought up the issue. Ledoux was naturalized in court in January, 1897, and assumed his post in Trois Rivières in August.

It is often customary to ascribe a person's motivation and behavior later in life to his ethnic origins, religious upbringing and early environment. Those who have written about Urbain Ledoux are no different. One Canadian reporter noted that many of Ledoux's traits were due to his Québecois background—"he is the perfect example of the impulsive, warm-hearted, eloquent French Canadian." *New York Times* journalists wrote the Ledoux often "lapsed into French" when speaking and that "his signs of French antecedents were unmistakable." Another noted during an interview that he noticed a book, *Imitation du Christ*, at "The Tub" and asked Ledoux about it. Ledoux replied that it had been a gift from his mother while he was in Trois Rivières, more than 35 years before.

In 1957, when writing a book on influential Franco-Americans, Rosaire Dion-Lévesque cited the religious motivation behind Ledoux's charitable work. Dion-Lévesque related that Ledoux was raised in an intensely religious atmosphere by French-Canadian parents. His father has worked in Biddeford as a bead-maker, and made rosaries and other accessories for Catholic religious services. As a young child, Ledoux sold these products outside of Church after mass, which he attended daily as a young man, according to Lévesque. Ledoux had studied for the priesthood and 40 years later was described by a *New York Times* reporter observing him at "The Tub" as looking like "a revered father of some parish church." The *Times* added that Ledoux was inspired by the Sermon on the Mount, read the bible constantly and frequently distributed bibles to the downtrodden whom he served.

Friends from Biddeford with whom I have discussed Urbain Ledoux's career ask what his profession was and how he supported himself, his family and his work. I explain that Ledoux could have been described as a social worker or, in today's terms, a community organizer. In his 1931 passport application, Ledoux lists his profession as "philanthropist." Even though he had been raised in poverty and was never personally wealthy, Ledoux charismatic efforts to aid the poor and unemployed attracted many wealthy benefactors who funded The Tub, the Stepping-Stone Mission and many of Ledoux's other charitable endeavors.

The headstone in the family plot at St. Joseph's cemetery in Biddeford is a simple one bearing the names of each adult member of the Ledoux nuclear family. The inscription "Urbain J. Ledoux 1874-1941" shows not even a hint that the Franco-American buried there had once met with a President at the White House to discuss the plight of the unemployed and had occupied the headlines of some of the country's major newspapers and periodicals for many years.



Archival photo from Corbis. circa. 1933.

Homeless and Unemployed Men Eating at Relief Center (The Tub).

From Maine to Thailand

The making of a Peace Corps Volunteer

by Roger Parent

ED. NOTE: This is the tenth 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 aritcle first appeared in "Echoes", No. 97 pages 40-41.

I hadn't planned to go to Laos, but when I heard I wasn't supposed to go, I wanted to go.

If I'm told not to do something, I want to do it. When my kindergarten teacher tried to teach me English, I resisted her. When my college hall rector turned the lights off at eleven, I bough an extension cord to bring light to my room from the bathroom. When I decided to run for Mayor of South Bend in 1978, many said I shouldn't run and couldn't win, but I did and I won. So when President Kennedy told Americans to leave Laos in 1962, going to Laos became irresistible.

President Kennedy mus t have had good reasons to tell American citizens to stay out of Laos. I think it was part of his strategy to keep communism out of Thailand. Months earlier he had ordered a few thousand marines to Udorn to send a clear message to the Pathet Lao in Laos: "Don't even think of crossing the Mekong River to Thailand."

I was aware of the cold war and the communist threat, and although I had a ringside seat to the worldwide conflict being played out on the small stage of Udorn, I didn't feel the drama at all. I only felt the drama of teaching my students.

When a group of Peace Corps friends came to visit from Khonkaen, we decided to go to Laos for the weekend. My friend, Art, joined us and we took a bus for the 15-mile trip to Nonkai, a small city on the Thailand side of the Mekong River and hired a small boat to cross over. It was windy, the river was turbulent, the boat rocked scarily, and I was glad that Peace Corps had taught me how to float.

We had left boldly but arrived timidly. My friends, not expecting to go to Laos, had not brought their passports, and I had not thought to bring mine.

To me, crossing the Mekong River to Laos was like crossing the St. John River near my home in Maine to go to Canada. I had not needed a passport to do that. We thought we might be turned back, but there were no border guards to check us. Only a friendly gaggle of vendors selling swaths of brightly colored cloth, trinkets, chicken pieces and sticky rice, were there to greet us.

We boarded a dilapidated bus that hugged the Mekong for a short ride to Vientiane, the capitol of Laos. On the way we encountered a roadblock manned by soldiers wearing red berets and brandishing their old rifles. This made my blood course a little faster. Maybe this was the border checkpoint where they would ask for passports. But after peering in the bus, they waved us through without a question. The driver said these were Royal Laotian Army soldiers, loyal to the King of Laos, backed by the American government. That was the reason they let us through without interrogation.

Any anxiety I felt melted away quickly as I heard Laotians speak French...

Another few miles and another check point, this one manned by soldiers wearing black berets, neutralists in the dispute between the king and the communists. This time, the bus driver asked us for money to bribe the soldiers and we gave him a few bahts (Thai currency). He stopped, got out, walked to the captain, said a few words, discreetly handed him our bahts, returned to the bus, and drove off. No questions asked. Money was explanation enough.

There were three seemingly coexisting armies in Vientiane, the king's soldiers in red berets, neutralists in black berets, and communists in camouflaged uniforms. They swaggered in the city, displaying their guns, seeking to keep and to get more power. I remember these soldiers scrutinizing us as we walked about. They knew we were Americans by our dress and demeanor and probably wondered what we were doing in Laos. But they didn't bother us. When I asked a red beret soldier for directions, he smiled and gave me directions. That was it.

Any anxiety I felt melted away quickly as I heard Laotians speak French in shops and restaurants and in a hotel lobby. I immediately felt at home and less a stranger. Laos had been a French colony until the middle 1950's, and I should have realized before I arrived that French would still be an important language in Vientiane. I had learned English in school, but French was my mother tongue—a tongue which evoked deep feelings of family, home, friends and community in northern Maine. It felt good.

My memories of Vientiane are of friendly people, not oblivious to the three armies in their midst, but wise in knowing that whoever ended up on top would not much affect their day-to-day living at the bottom.

In 2002, my wife, Rolande, and I visited our friend, Art, in Laos, married to a Laotian woman and living in Vientiane. The daily life of the people had not changed much, they were still one of the poorest in the world, and the replica of the French L'Arche de Triomphe still dominated Vientiane. But the communists held the reins of government and American influence made English more important than French. Added to the general misery was the suffering of unexploded bombs, grenades and mines maiming and killing hundreds of people each year—a legacy of the Vietnam War. (Thousands of bombs were dropped in Laos to interdict supplies on the Ho Chi Minh trail and thousands more were dropped by American planes returning from aborted bombing runs over Hanoi, to safely land in Udorn.)

The people of Laos seemed no better off than they were more than 40 years ago when I first crossed the Mekong River with no passport. My government's interest in the people of Laos had more to do with the threat of global communism than with helping them. Today some U.S. assistance trickles in, and some non-governmental organizations (NGO) are helping people deal with the killing legacy of unexploded ordnance. But it's a minuscule effort compared to the challenge.

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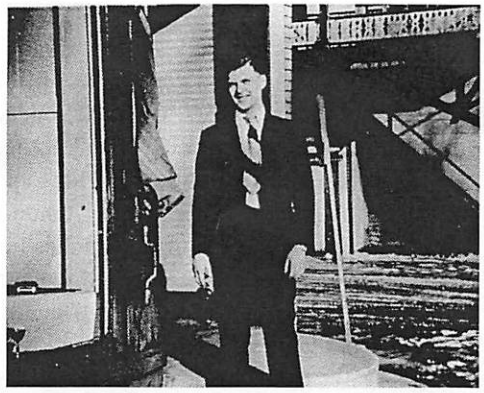
The Watchmaker's Desk

Submitted by Terry Ouellette
Ste. Agathe Historical Society



Joseph Reginald Gerard Plourde was born April 7, 1929 'dans les consession de la petite montagne a Ste-Agathe, Maine." He was one of 15 children born to Pierre and Madeline (Ouellette) Plourde. His parents had a large farm. Life wasn't easy with all there was to do on the farm, and everyone was expected to pitch in and help.

Suddenly, one Sunday afternoon in September of 1944, life as Reginald knew it, took a turn which would forever change the course of his life. Reginald and some friends were bicycling to a movie house in the next town of Frenchville, when he was hit by a car, which resulted in extreme damage to his left leg.

After spending a few months in a local hospital, it was determined that his leg could not be saved. An infection had set in. A doctor from a Portland hospital was called in and he had to tell Reginald and his parents that his leg would need to be amputated, so the infection would not spread. So, with great sadness and courage, Pierre and Madeline had to make the decision to send their young son to Portland for the amputation. After spending a few more months in the Portland hospital, Reginald was released and sent home.

What could a boy missing one leg do on the farm? Another decision that Pierre and Madeline would have to make. It was decided that Reginald would leave home again and go to school in Bath, Maine to learn watch repair. Reginald was a good student and found that he really enjoyed this new endeavor.

During this same time, Reginald was traveling back and forth to Boston by train to be fitted with an artificial leg. Since his leg was amputated above the knee, it was very difficult to get use to, but through hard work and perseverance, he quickly learned to walk very well. After completing his schooling, Reginald decided to go to Connecticut with a friend who was also a watchmaker. Things were going well, but he longed to come back to Ste-Agathe. He returned home and got a job at a Madawaska jewelry store repairing watches. After a while, Reginald wanted to start his own watch repair business. Unfortunately, with Ste-Agathe being such a small town, he was not able to make a living. In 1948, his parents stepped in again and purchased a jewelry/gift store in Groveton, New Hampshire. There was a paper mill in that town and for a while business was pretty good. He made a lot of friends there, including Fr. Heon, the parish priest, who all went out of their way to help[Reginald settle in. Fr. Heon was especially good to him and always helped and encouraged him so he would not be so lonesome for his family back home.

Right before he moved to New Hampshire, Reginald met a girl who he had become very close to. He missed her. She would write to him almost every day. In July of 1949, Reginald asked Francoise Martin to marry him. They became engaged and made plans to marry in the fall of 1950. So when the time came, Reginald borrowed Fr. Heon's Packard and came to Ste-Agathe. On November 14, 1950, Reginald and Francoise were married and after a few days, moved to New Hampshire. They lived there for a short time, but Francoise missed her family and friends who had moved to Connecticut. With her first child on the way, in September of 1951, they moved to Connecticut to be close to family.

Reginald went to work at Pratt & Whitney. About this time, he purchased his watchmaker's desk, and set up a side business of repairing watches at home, at night. Eventually, Reginald would work for Benrus Watches and finally at Timex, always doing watch repair at home on the side. After some years, Reginald

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(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 10)

Typical boat crossing Mekong River.

We need to do more than cross a river to understand and help on another. We need to cross into each other's culture and into each other's hearts. The world is small they say, but the distance between hearts and understanding remains large.

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.*

(The Watchmaker's Desk continued from page 11)

retired from Timex and set up shop, full time, at home, until 1997, when he finally retired and moved back to Ste-Agathe.

Reginald moved his desk, all his tools and parts inventory to Ste-Agathe. It didn't take long that he was repairing watches for townspeople, as well as Robert's Jewelers in Madawaska. He had come full circle.

Their daughter Carole had also moved to Ste-Agathe from Connecticut a few years before. In 2003, she purchased the home that Reginald's father, Pierre, had built in 1950. Reginald had never lived in the home because he was away in New Hampshire when it was built. When Carole bought the home, Reginald and Francoise moved into the home as well. Reginald continued to repair watches until arthritis set in and his hands could no longer work with such small tools. He was able to sell all his tools and inventory, all except for the desk. The desk was donated to the Ste-Agathe Historical Society.

Reginald passed away on August 12, 2011.

50TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
CENTER– FRANCOISE & REGINALD PLOURDE
L-R: PAUL, CAROLEE, FRANCOISE, REGINALD, TOM & JIM

Father Ponsardin

by Michael Guignard
Alexandria, VA

In most histories of St. Joseph's parish in Biddeford, Maine, there is very little written about the parish's first pastor, Jean François Ponsardin. The St. Louis Alumni Association in its history of St. Joseph's parish and St. Louis High School says merely that Franco Americans in Biddeford in 1870 "obtained from Bishop Bacon of Portland a priest of French origin to cater to their spiritual needs. This priest, Father Ponsardin, (1870 - 1877), built St. Joseph church in 1873 at a cost of $125,000." St. Joseph parish histories also gloss over the parish's first pastor's seven-year tenure, praising the new priest as a dedicated Francophone, one of us, with not even a hint of any unpleasantness.

Father Ponsardin's introduction to Biddeford was not as smooth as local histories would have one believe, however. Born in France in 1833 and ordained in the Diocese of Verdun in 1857, Father Ponsardin served as a priest in Thillot, France. In 1869, he wrote to the Bishop of Rimouski in Canada offering his services in what had been ten years earlier New France. He arrived in Rimouski in August 1869 but not finding an assignment that pleased him, went to Montreal offering his services to the Sulpician Fathers. In September, he contacted Bishop David Bacon and soon found himself ministering to Franco-Americans in Nashua, New Hampshire. (Maine and New Hampshire were one diocese until 1884). In January, 1870 while Bishop Bacon was attending the First Vatican Council in Rome, the administrator of the diocese, Monsignor O'Donnell, transferred Father Ponsardin to Biddeford to minister to a new French parish in the city, St. Joseph's. The Irish-American pastor in the city protested but to no avail.

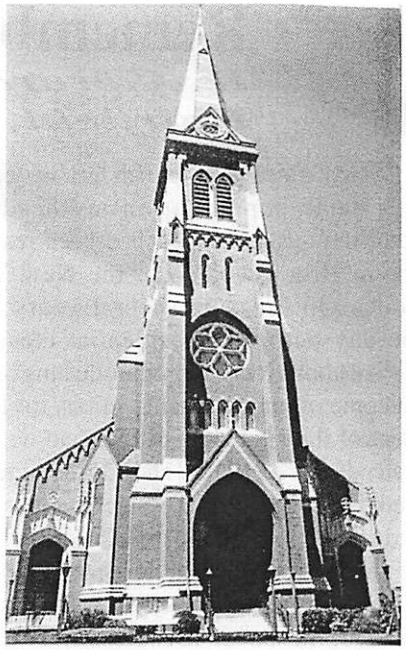
Until 1870, Catholics in the city had been ministered to by itinerant priests and after 1857 by Irish clergymen at St. Mary's parish. In 1869 as their numbers increased, French Canadian migrants urged Bishop Bacon to allow them to form their own parish. As proof of their determination, the Franco community of 1,700 souls collected $1,900 to begin financing the new parish.

Soon after Father Ponsardin arrived in Biddeford, he was inexplicably forbidden to say mass and dismissed. Diocesan records make no mention of why these actions were taken saying simply that Ponsardin left the city to minister in New York. When Bishop Bacon returned from Rome, he recalled Father Ponsardin to St. Joseph's and transferred the Irish pastor at St. Mary's to another parish.

Within 3 years of purchasing an old Methodist church at the corner of Bacon and Alfred Street (where the Central theater used to be and where the police station is now), parishioners had outgrown the building. Permission was granted to build a new structure where the church currently stands. In his first five years as pastor, Father Ponsardin guided his flock with little apparent controversy. With the change of Bishops in Portland, however, things started to heat up. On October 6,1877, Ponsardin initiated an appeal to the Archdiocese in Boston against the new Bishop, James Augustin Healy for money he believed to be owed to him for church construction costs. Bishop Healy suspected Ponsardin of financial irregularities pointing out that after 4 years of construction the new church consisted of only a finished basement and 4 bare walls exposed to the elements. Archbishop Williams of Boston wrote Healy about Ponsardin on October 13 advising "you must be careful with him as he is determined apparently to push matters as far as he can." Nevertheless, on October 18, the Bishop dismissed Ponsardin as pastor at St. Joseph's and forbade him from saying Mass. Eight days later, Bishop Healy wrote to the parishioners of St. Joseph's parish telling them that because of financial difficulties, he was dismissing Father Ponsardin as pastor and appointing Father Pierre Dupont who was coming from Trois Rivières to head the parish.

On November 2, the Archbishop in Boston refused to hear Ponsardin's appeal and Ponsardin then appealed to Rome. The appeal itself is on file at the Chancery Library in Portland and is entitled "Documents Relatifs à la Cause du Révérend Jean François Ponsardin Curé de Biddeford contre Monseigneur James Aug. Healy, Évèque de Portland, Rome, le 17 décembre, 1877"

Bishop Healy travelled to Rome himself to plead his cause in 1878. Later that year, in a letter to Cardinal Simeoni dated Sept. 6, Healy complained about having been insulted by Ponsardin at his diocesan headquarters and wrote "for two years in



spite of my counsel, my prayers and my threats he neglected to pay interest on the debts" debts that he took on personally without the authorization of Bishop Bacon."

During the next three years, charges and counter-charges were traded by Bishop Healy and Ponsardin who throughout most of that period could not say mass in Biddeford. His successor Father Pierre Dupont had arrived in the city in 1877 and had been tending to a growing flock of parishioners at St. Joseph's. Final resolution was arrived at with Father Ponsardin accepting a rather generous financial settlement and agreeing to leave the diocese. Bishop Healy had threatened to resign if the settlement had been made more generous.

Father Ponsardin then travelled to Leadville, Colorado, a tough mining town in the 19th century. In Colorado, Father Ponsardin was reputed to be the owner of a silver mine. He was also the pastor of Sacred Heart of Jesus parish which ministered to all of the French population in the area. In 1884, the Sacred Heart church and property were sold and Father Ponsardin returned to France, according to a February 10, 1966 Denver Catholic Register article. The archives in Portland have two entries for Father Ponsardin after his departure from Maine. The first, dated June 3, 1887, states that "Father Ponsardin had been suspended in Denver and that he had sued in the civil courts both his bishop and the archbishop." The second, dated January, 1888, states that he "had lost his ill-gotten fortune" and that he had returned to France and was living in Halles-par-Stenay, Département de la Meuse. I am not sure if the reference to

(Continued on page 14)

Remembering Mademoiselle Grenier*

By Gérard Coulombe
Fairfield, CT

My third and fourth grade teacher's name popped up in my head the other day just because I had been reading David Brooks' piece in the New York Times Op Ed page several years ago, the day before a presidential election.

Brooks was not prognosticating on the outcome of our national elections for President of the United States. He had written, instead, a piece on a Harvard longitudinal study of a group of its male students that had started back in the middle 1930's. One of the study's conclusions, Brooks reports, is that "The positive effect of one loving relative, mentor or friend can overwhelm the negative effects of the bad things that happen" and can contribute to longevity.

Of course, I was not part of that study because I would have been too young. I was born in 1931, and I would never have gone to Harvard out of Saint Louis High School. But had I not had Mademoiselle Eva Grenier at Saint André's as a third and fourth grade teacher, I might have been standing in the back of the classroom like a lot of older boys when we moved up to the 5th grade taught by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, ignored by the teachers, not being taught, for having become a constant, misbehaving grade school attendee, awaiting for permission from my parents to drop out of school because, finally, I was old enough to work in one of the mills.

The boys who stopped learning in grade school because they needed the practical education of hard knocks and not one of book learning did so because the road to success, the road they had adopted early on in life, was not in the culture of the times a necessarily deplorable one. It was a choice one made as a responsible youngster when one became old enough to do the manly thing and go to work in one of the mills. It was a choice that many of my classmates made. Being old enough to go to work in the mills as their parents had done as youngsters was something some of us looked forward to doing as contributing members of our family.

In second grade, I easily might have learned not to pay attention in school, frightened as I was by the downright scary behavior of our second grade school teacher, a nun, whose persuasive "keep them in line" disciplinary technique was to command the undisciplined student to march down the center aisle to stand in front of the class to face her. Upon the miscreant's arrival, sister grabbed him, who was frequently taller, by the arms and swung him around to face the class.

Once positioned, the student's punishment was to stand there, cringing, in anticipation of the boxing of the ears—the slam of the palms of sister's hands across the ears. The consonant blows would hurt if not puncture the eardrums and left a painful reverberation in the brain that was not only terrifying for us who watched but also physically felt. The echo of the noise made us boys, courageous enough to watch and cringe with sympathetic pain that was deeply felt in the testicles.

Mademoiselle Grenier was a lay teacher. As my third grade teacher, she took a liking to me. But I did not know that. Like my classmates, I feared Mademoiselle Grenier because she was strict without being sadistic. For example, the method used by Mademoiselle Grenier to teach composition, known in French as "dictée," was to read to us from a hand held text, starting in front of the class and then proceeding up and down and then crossing horizontally between the rows of desks as she read. In her right hand, she held a knuckle buster, an old bobbin with a ball in the middle upon which rested an elastic held, narrow piece of wood the length of the bobbin, which she used to pinch a distracted student's ear.

As she walked and dictated, we wrote in our copybook. She looked and read what

(Continued on page 15)

(Father Ponsardin continued from page 13)
ill-gotten fortune "sa fortune mal-acquise" alludes to his silver mine or to the financial settlement that he received when he left Maine. This was the last original reference I have found on St. Joseph's first pastor. No obituaries seem to exist, at least in the U.S.

Meanwhile St. Joseph's church was finally completed in 1883. The new church was dedicated in an elaborate ceremony with dozens of priests who arrived by train and were met by Curé Dupont. The party, in procession, made its way from the train station along Elm Street to the Church accompanied by Franco bands and societies. A high mass capped the festivities. Newspaper reports claimed that most of the French community had turned out for the ceremony.

The saga of the founding of St. Joseph's parish was not the last time that a curé at St. Joseph's would clash with a Bishop of Portland. Curé Dupont clashed repeatedly with Bishops William O'Connell and Louis Walsh over many issues, including who owned parish property. The intensity of the battles is captured in an entry in Bishop Walsh's diary the day after Curé Dupont died. Bishop Walsh hurried to St. Joseph's rectory as soon as he heard of Dupont's death to rummage through the deceased's personal belongings. There is found "many of the personal and official letters and documents showing the part of Fr. Dupont in the bitter fight against the Bishops and priests during the past ten or more years and incriminating his very seriously." (Walsh, Diary, Dec. 10, 1915)

What is ironic is that Maine's Corporation Sole law, which made the Bishop of Portland the legal owner of the property of all parishes in the state of Maine, had been enacted in 1887 to avoid the battles that had occurred between Bishop Healy and Father Ponsardin that had inevitably spilled over into Maine's legal system and its courts.

Luckily when St. Louis High School was founded in 1929 the Bishop of Portland, John Murray, and Curé Joseph LaFlamme at St. Joseph and Curé Arthur Décary at St. André's were all on the same page. These amicable relationships were not always the rule in Maine as the Bishop of Portland sometimes balked when parishioners asked permission to build a school or other parish institution fearing that he and the diocese would be saddled with the debt as Corporation Sole. The smooth opening of the new high school was a good omen and presaged a very successful forty-one years of operations under the tutelage of the Brothers of Christian Instruction, including its last 3 years when the school became a coed regional high school with the Good Shepherd Sisters joining the faculty.

Sources for this article can be found at the diocesan library in Portland. I wish to thank diocesan librarian and archivist, Sister Rita-Mae Bissonnette, for her assistance. The information on Father Ponsardin in Colorado was sent to me by Kathy Michlich of the Diocese of Denver.

(Remembering Mademoiselle Grenier continued from page 14)*

we were writing over our shoulders, as we wrote what she spoke; when she spied an error, she quickly whipped down the bobbin clapper onto the desk in a sudden, unexpected stroke. The noise caused us all to sit up straighter than we had been. We all feared the instrument of her punishing wrath would come down on our desks. The comeuppance was such that we would try all the harder to keep our noses and eyes on our copybooks, careful not to let her see too much of what we had written down for fear of being hit across the knuckles of the free hand which properly lay upon the desk while the other held the pen with the nib. Under these conditions we quickly learned the proper spelling of most words and learned to appreciate a properly constructed sentence.

One day, Mademoiselle Grenier told me that I was to stay after school. Although I feared it was a punishment, it was not corporal for anything I might have unwittingly done. When I met her after class, she told me that I was to accompany her to the library. We walked to the MacArthur Public Library on upper Main Street, where she introduced me to the librarian working the desk in the children's room. Then she told me that I was to take out as many books as was permitted and that she was to approve them before I could check them out.

While she went about her business, returning and selecting more books to read herself, I went about picking out a collection of books without any more guidance than what I thought I would take home and return myself, unread. But it wasn't going to be that way. Mademoiselle Grenier looked at each of my selections, set aside what I would take home, and placed on the cart those children's books I was not to take home. Mademoiselle arranged for me to get a library card and signed for it herself. On our walk together up Main to the public library, she would ask questions about each of the books I had signed out. He attention to me would never amount to a waste of her time.

At the end of the school year, I was looking forward to fourth grade without Mademoiselle Grenier. But I was not so lucky. On the first day of school, Mademoiselle walks into our classroom whereupon she informs us all that she had asked to teach 4th grade and she would be our teacher for another year, like it or not. With one fourth grade teacher, what choice did we have? None.

Instruction was in French throughout lower and upper school. Mademoiselle Grenier and I never had a conversation about why it was she was going out of her way to make sure that I became acquainted with the MacArthur Library. She wisely left it up to me to discover why it was that I should learn to read in English.

Mademoiselle Grenier and I resumed our weekly walks to the library and I got to enjoy them as much for the opportunity to visit the library and check out books that I really wanted to read as for the opportunity to walk downtown with a woman who had time to push me to read. Some of my favorite books of the period were illustrated biographies of famous people, artists, Italian and Dutch among them. In that way I got to learn something about art, which connected me, in a small way, with a world different from what I was used to or would ever get to know on my own.

Then we moved up to fifth grade. The Brothers of the Sacred Heart taught in the upper grammar school. Some of the brothers had a reputation for being rough and tough to keep the boys in line. In those days, whatever happened, it was our fault and our parents were supportive of the instruction and discipline that came our way were we to step out of line.

Between sixth and ninth grade, I attended a novitiate. A novitiate was a school where one trained to become a religious. Much later in life, I discovered that I was not the only one leaving the three Catholic parishes in my hometown to attend seminary or novitiate. I have a brother-in-law who told me years later that he had taken a train by himself to Saint-Hyacinthe, Québec to attend seminary and had returned home to Maine on the same train the following morning.

I stayed affiliated with the novitiate in Winthrop, Maine, for two years, but spent a good portion of that time in a hospital bed because I had been diagnosed with Leggs-Perthese disease which required being immobilized

I graduated from Saint Louis High School in 1950. Like most Catholic kids in town, we went to school where our parents meant for us to go. Choice was not something we talked about at home. I never forgot Mademoiselle Grenier. Some years later, while on leave from the military, I tried visiting Miss Grenier at her home on Pool Street near Clifford Park, but she was not at home.

As people in Biddeford knew each other, as people will in a small town, Miss Grenier would see my mom around town, and in that way kept in touch. Like many of my classmates who would not have gone to college without the GI Bill, I was blessed with that opportunity and took it. Home on winter break, married with children, one time, I decided to visit Miss Grenier. She came to the door of her home when I rang the doorbell, saw me and exclaimed with a smile, "I know you!" No embrace, just a shake of the hands.

From: A Memoir: Leaving Maine: A Franco American's Exile. [w. 1646]

"Rose the Bum" or Murder on Wentworth Street

By Gérard Coulombe
Fairfield, CT

I needed a haircut, so I had hitched a ride to Kirksville, in the Northeast corner of Missouri where, in the early 1950's, I was stationed as an airman at the Air Force early warning, air defense site on Route 63 outside of town.

While I sat in the barbershop waiting my turn for a haircut, I turned to the magazine rack where I found an issue of the Police Gazette. I scanned the cover where I read a teaser headline about a hometown man with a familiar name who was serving time for murder.

I turned to the pages inside and read the story about this man I knew from the time I was growing up on the streets of Biddeford. Apparently, he had been sentenced to Maine's State Prison after he was convicted of bludgeoning his wife to death with a hammer while she was sitting at the dining room table in their home.

When we were kids, the whole town and countryside was our playground. None of us were restricted to the yard, or street or block, or neighborhood, or parish. Biddeford, a town with a population of about 18,000 or fewer souls was all playground. Our playground extended from the woods of

(Continued on page 16)

("Rose the Bum" or Murder on Wentworth Street continued from page 15)

Clifford Park to beyond Westbrook Skating Rink in the East, and from Jerry Shaw's Estate to the woods behind his house, way into the outlying farm country toward the Kennebunks and then along the Saco River and the twin city of Saco, even as far as Old Orchard Beach that in its early days was reachable by electric cars and later by bus or even train from Biddeford.

As kids we played war games on wooded lots or in the environs of stone outcroppings that we made out to be fortresses for our war games. There was one such redoubt at the corner of Bradbury and Cutts. We played war there, maybe cowboys and Indians. At the time we lived in the apartment above my grandparents. My grandfather, Joseph Coutu, a retired teamster, owned the left side of the two-story duplex. His side had the barn and a small, grassy yard with flowers around the granite foundation and a fenced in front yard with a crab apple tree partly hanging over the sidewalk.

The house was in the shadow of the parish church steeple. In his retirement my grandfather spent a good part of the day either sitting on his lawn swing bench or in an old, brown, wooden chair that sat in the opened bay of the barn that had sheltered the horses that had pulled the carts that carried the bales hauled from the freight yard to the mill when he worked as a teamster for the Pepperell.

In those days he whittled, slept, and awakened, surely, by the tolling of the bells, announcing that someone from the parish had died. Biddeford people, particularly French-Canadian folks like us, were well informed about who, in the parish, was ill or near death. Parishes were closely knit. People knew each other, most walked everywhere in town to conduct their business or do their shopping. In those days, there was the A&P on Main. But there was also a small grocery store on practically every block.

Every city or town had its fables and horror stories. People had their newspaper delivered to their doors by a newsboy who was given a route by the newspaper distributor. I shouldered my sack, and walked house-to-house, apartment-to-apartment along my assigned route, and often hand-delivered to the customer awaiting my arrival. The hardest part of the newsboy's job was to catch the customer at home in order to collect. Some people hid behind the locked door. I could hear them breathing.

Like most boys in town, I was aware at an early age of the taunting games played by boys whenever they spied Rosenbaum the newspaper hawker coming down the street. More often than not, everybody within earshot heard Rosenbaum before they saw him coming down the street as one apporached the corner he happened to be working at the time.

"Journal, here, get your Journal," was Rosenbaum's newspaper chant while holding and waving the newspaper aloft from one hand while the other held the strap or bottom of his newspaper bag. The heavy bag leaned on his hip and kept dragging him toward the ground while the hand held aloft with the paper acted as a counterweight to the load he carried, the strap, heavy, on the counterbalancing shoulder.

"Journal, here, get your BiddeFORD Daily JOUrnal here," he sang even as he sold and collected the coins placed in his hand. He was a character out of Dickens, and we boys were often less charitable and veritable characters ourselves out the famous author's novels.

Some of us shamefully crossed the street to avoid Rosenbaum. I think our parents knew him. They might even have been aware of the taunts that many boys, particularly when as boys or groups of boys, never alone, were on the street.

Upon hearing the chant, "Rose the Bum! Rose the Bum!" or the "Rose the Bum" derogatory crack, he would not always respond. His first reaction, his consistently responsible reaction was to ignore the taunts. He hunkered down under the load of his newspaper bag, always one paper, folded and in hand ready to pass along, and the other either under the bag or in the bag pulling out another paper to hold up, folded or to be folded when sale followed sale, particularly when mill hands came out or approached the mills for the next shift.

The taunt was shameful, but all too frequently provocative, probably prejudicial enough in our ignorance to be anti-Semitic, lacking any understanding of what the taunt meant in its context. It was a cry we picked up and stupidly repeated.

Rosenbaum might make a move toward the kid who got too close or close enough for him to grab by the arm or collar. It was an episode of villainy that I witnessed growing up, not one that I would have engaged in or one that inwardly caused me to feel kinship with Rosenbaum, the bête noire of these episodes, because I had my own problems with kids who feeling superior in any way believed it fair game to intimidate by word or deed the neighborhood kid who bullies perceived to be the weaklings in a group of kids.

The magazine story told the story of Rosenbaum who had come home, had had an argument with his wife, and had, in a fit of rage, bludgeoned her over the head with a hammer. That's my version of the story as I recall now, having seen newspaper clippings sent to me.

But it was not at all as simple as that. I found it fascinating at the time that a former manager of the Central Theatre in town who had moved on to become a police photo technician figured in the story.

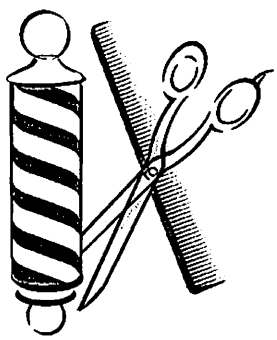
The essential is this. On the evidence, Rosenbaum was convicted. Sentenced. And while serving time, another man, also in jail, confessed, identifying himself as the guilty party. The story goes, as best as I can recall, that he had heard of this Rosenbaum, had happened to be passing through Biddeford, thought that a visit to the Rosenbaum home would net him a good sum of money, found himself in the house with Rosenbaum's wife in the kitchen, and when threats failed to get him what he wanted, he struck her repeatedly on the head with a found hammer.

The confession, having been examined and proven, got Rosenbaum out of the penitentiary.

While sitting in the barbershop, I remember thinking of Rosenbaum and the place he had held in the story of my home town and the possible rush to judgment that occurred, in part fueled by a folkloric mishmash of stories most probably ingrained in the minds of those in town who gathered the facts and arrived at judgment.

I had known Rosenbaum as a kid and as a newsboy while waiting for our batch of papers, his to hawk and mine to deliver to apartment or house in my neighborhood.

I had my haircut, and went on my way, back to the Radar Station in Missouri.



Franco-American Retired Army Officer Shares Belgium Memory

By Juliana L'Heureux/CONTRIBUTOR

Franco-American veterans have consistently spoken about how their experiences as native French speakers assisted their military careers and experiences afterward.

Donald Dubay is a retired US Army Colonel who was born in Lewiston and grew up in New Auburn, Maine. He and his wife Gail now live in North Carolina. Although he spoke French while growing up, he didn't realize how being bilingual would help his Army experiences.

Dubay recently responded to a blog about a World War II oral history group discussion held in Tophsam. Of particular interest was how Robert Freson, of Harpswell, who grew up in Belgium during World War II, spoke about the German occupation of his country.

Freson's war memories reminded Dubay about a ceremony he and his wife attended with their son, in Belgium, where appreciation about American liberators are remembered with an annual ceremony honoring US Army airmen, called the "Royal Flush Crew"..

This annual ceremony remembers American airmen rescued in Fouleng, Belgium on April 17, 1944, after their B-17 Flying Fortress World War II bomber aircraft crashed in a farm field occupied by German troops.

The Dubays were visiting their son and his family who were living in Belgium when they had the opportunity to observe the ceremony. The crew was flying back to England after performing a bombing mission in Germany. As they were flying over occupied Belgium and toward the English Channel, the plane was fired upon and hit by German artillery and crashed.

On April 13, 2012, the Dubays stood on the ground of one of those farmhouses(,) which had been occupied by the Germans(,) when the plane had crashed with the airmen, 65 years earlier.

A Belgian Resistance group helped the crewmen who parachuted to safety and hid them. Only one man, Staff Sargent Charles Johnson, was taken by the Germans before the Belgians could move him because he was badly wounded. and had a broken back. Amazingly, SSgt. Johnson managed to give a 15 year old boy named Gheislan Bonnet a chocolate bar before the Germans captured him. Mr. Bonnet, now an 84 year old man, attended the memorial ceremony. He spoke with the Dubays who were able to converse with him in French.

Another man, Antonia de la Serna, who was 10 years old at the time of the crash, also witnessed the entire event and attended the ceremony.

"We were touched by the way the Belgians celebrate the memory of the Royal Flush crew, every year on the 13th of April. They spoke about being grateful to the Americans who gave their all to liberate their country, that was not their own. By memorializing the Royal Flush crew every year they ensure that the children of Fouleng will carry forth the story to future generations."

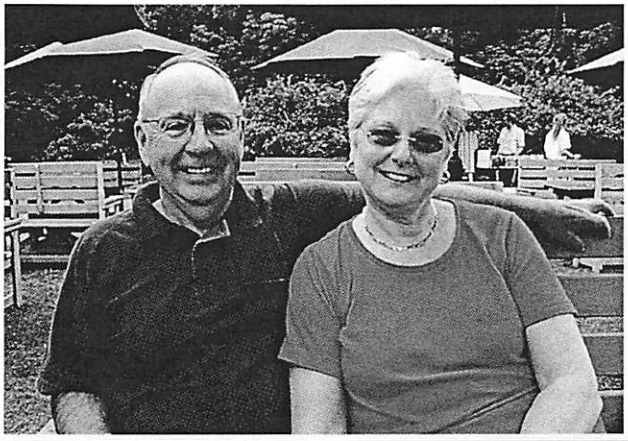
As a native French speaker, Dubay says his bilingual ability helped him to learn other languages during his Army career. Although Dubay grew up speaking French at home and in elementary school, he says his interest in being bilingual didn't mean much until he went into the Army, after graduating from the University of Maine.

Col. Donald Dubay
1964 University of Maine Graduate

"Children who grow up being multi-lingual are able to learn other languages more easily. In my case, it helped me to learn Hungarian at the Defense Language Institute in California. Vietnam interrupted whatever the Army's plans were for using Hungarian, but I did find French useful in Vietnam. A few years later, the Army accepted me into the Foreign Area Officer program, with a North Africa and Middle East specialty. My first assignments were in North Africa's former French colonies, in Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria where I spoke French almost exclusively with the locals. I did brush up my fluency via a tutor at the American Embassies," he says. He also learned Arabic dialects common in North Africa. Being multi-lingual helped make learning Arabic a bit easier.

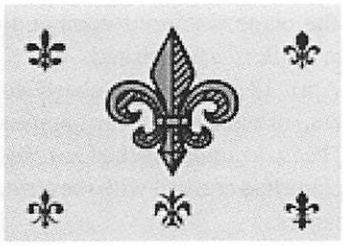
"Franco-Americans should continue to build on their natural bi-lingual ability because, often, unexpected opportunities arise where being able to speak French helps to bridge cultures and share special memories," says Dubay.

l to r: David (Don's son), Antonia de la Serna & Don.



Don and his wife Gail Dubay, photo was taken at Jordon Pond in Acadia

Save the date
Tuesday May 23, 2017 at USM LAC FAC in Lewiston from 5-7:30 PM with reception



FRANCO-AMERICAN COLLECTION at the University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn College (USM LAC)- Contacts **Doris Bonneau** dbbonneau1@gmail.com and **Juliana L'Heureux** juliana@mainewriter.com

USM's Franco-American Collection preserves and promotes the culture and heritage of Maine's Franco-American population. It holds a wealth of research materials, and it sponsors a variety of events that celebrate and promote the history and culture of Franco-Americans.

Please save the date and join us to recognize 100 years of Franco-American Veterans History.

When: Tuesday May 23, 2017 from 5-7:30 PM

Where: University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn College the Franco-American Collection
51 Westminster Street in Lewiston Maine https://usm.maine.edu/franco/overview

What: Reception, exhibits, recognitions, presentation and panel discussion

Why: To capstone the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) project to digitize the history, experiences and artifacts of Franco-American Veterans from all campaigns with a focus on World War I, World War II, Korean Conflict, Cold War, Vietnam, Bosnia, the Middle East, Iraq and Afghanistan

Special Guests: Ambassador **Charles Franklin Dunbar** of Brunswick, ME, who will introduce the guest and honored speaker **Colonel Donald Dubay USA-Ret**. They will speak in both French and in English to briefly describe their shared experiences serving with the United States diplomatic missions in the Middle East. Colonel Dubay will be the guest speaker to describe his historic service with the US Army. Colonel Dubay is a native of Lewiston, he grew up in Auburn, a graduate of Edward Little High School and the University of Maine in Orono. He and his wife Gail Schnepf Dubay live in North Carolina and visit Maine frequently. During his Army career, Col. Dubay served during the Vietnam War, in the Middle East and during the First Gulf War (Operation Desert Storm).

Panel Discussion will honor Severin Beliveau Maine's honorary French consular who will speak about his father's World War I experience as an officer in France; Major Adam Cote will speak about serving in Iraq and Afghanistan; Bert Dutil- USA veteran, will speak about serving as a French army interpreter in the Korean conflict and Hon. Paul Dionne will speak about his experience in Vietnam.

Representatives from Edward Little High School and the University of Maine will be among the VIP guests. This event is free and open to the public. **Please save the date!** Merci Beaucoup!

Remarks of Severin M. Beliveau

20th Biennial conference of the American Council of Quebec Studies Portland, Maine November 3, 2016

Monsieur Richard, merci pour cette présentation. Je n'aurais pas au faire mieux. C'est un véritable plaisir, et en plus un honneur d'être ici ce jour avec vous. Mes amis, I will be speaking to you in English, but I also wanted to begin in French, the mother tongue for so many of us, whose survival is of such consequence for the future of our community in Maine. I want to greet our visitors from *Québec*, from *Acadie,* from away. *Bonjour.* I want to thank Mark Richard and the American Council for Quebec Studies for inviting me to speak to you today on a subject that has occupied me for many years. After reviewing your conference program, I am honored to be addressing such an impressive audience of Franco scholars from diverse and outstanding academic institutions in the United States and Canada.

I would like to speak with you today about *la realité Franco du Maine*—the reality of the French in Maine—to which your meeting over the next few days can make an important contribution. I hope to do our story—*notre histoire*—justice. Because Francos in Maine have not always had justice in the past. I speak as a Franco myself, and I speak as a lawyer—*un avocat*— an advocate. Many of you are historians, and as historians you know that the past only becomes history when one tries to understand what it means to us now and in the future, when it leads to a renewed recognition. A renaissance. One of the things generally missing from political debate these days is a sense of historical context. That is probably because few people these days value history. Even the education establishment in our country tends to diminish the importance of teaching history. A liberal arts education is deemed superfluous; the thinking is we should teach skills that will prepare a student for a job – like selling insurance. I hope the story I will tell will contribute to a renewed recognition.

And I will speak frankly. Apparently our ancestors spoke so bluntly that the word for direct honesty—"frankness"—derives from them.

So speaking frankly, just as Canada has not always been a friendly place for French Canadians, Maine has not always been a friendly place for Francos. For much of the last century, Maine was governed by a Republican, Anglo-Protestant establishment. The Franco-American identity, the culture, the language, the history, both Québéçois and Acadian was often not welcome in Maine's governing circles and in the workplace. Seventy-five years ago even Maine's public schools, even the University of Maine, played the same kind of role as part of an Anglo-Protestant establishment that the University of Georgia or Mississippi played in their states. And in Maine, as in Georgia or Mississippi, the Klan hovered in the shadows, hiding in their sheets.

In Maine we were the targets of hate instead of African-Americans—in communities like Rumford where I grew up. My father, who was also a lawyer, who became the first Franco American to serve on the Maine Supreme Court, told me often about watching a cross burn above the Androscoggin River near Rumford on a ledge overlooking the tenement buildings occupied by Franco mill-workers. This was in the 1930s when Owen Brewster, a Klan member, was first elected Governor of Maine, then one of its senators in Washington, and where here in Portland the KKK held one of the largest parades in Portland's history promoting white supremacy and anti-immigration policies.

Forty years ago when students at the University of Maine wanted to learn more about Franco-Americans in Maine, they discovered that the University knew very little. The faculty had other interests. So students began to do the research for themselves. They began with a simple question. Where, they wondered, where was French—their mother tongue—to be found. They discovered that it was a language in Maine homes: first between couples in the bedrooms, then more publicly in the kitchens, but less in the living rooms and still less outside the home. Why did it hide outside the home?

It turned out there were reasons. For example, in 1919, the Legislature enacted a law entitled "Relating to duties of State Superintendents of Schools and Providing for the Teaching of Common School Subjects in the English Language." The law forbade the speaking of French in Maine public schools. Even in foreign language classrooms, students were taught "Parisian" French, not our French, the Maine French their families spoke. This is the reason that native French-speaking teachers had difficulty getting jobs teaching French in public schools—the authorities didn't want them to "corrupt" the students. Some schools in the Saint John Valley bent the rules and allowed children to speak French in their free time, for example, at recess on the playgrounds.

Many of you here today will recognize the story I am telling. You may also recognize that this is not only a distant memory. Today many Franco students are still taught that Maine French is the dirty French. In the last election for governor, the state's leading newspapers refused to endorse either the conservative Republican Franco candidate or liberal Democratic Franco candidate and dismissed both in language that has historically been used to denigrate Franco Americans. Nevertheless there have been many changes. Maine is becoming a Franco-American homeland. The 1919 law was repealed in 1969. I was in the Legislature then. I remember when my friends Elmer Violette and Émilien Lévesque sponsored "An Act Permitting Bilingual Education." In speaking for the bill, Elmer and Émilien spoke French on the floor of the State Legislature. They were the first ever to do

(Continued on page 20)

(Remarks of Severin M. Beliveau continued from page 19)

so. That was an important day in our story. Today more and more Francos represent their communities in the legislature and in town and city councils. My friend Mark Dion represents Portland in Augusta. Jim Dill represents Old Town and Orono in the Maine Senate. Ken Fredette is the House Minority Leader and Mike Thibodeau is the President of the Maine Senate. Mike Michaud represented the Maine's Second Congressional District in Washington, and Bruce Poliquin now represents the Second Congressional District. Paul LePage, the Governor of Maine, is a Franco American whose first language is French. There is a Franco day at the Maine legislature where business is conducted in French and the Franco legislative caucus is a powerful and effective voice promoting issues helpful to the Franco community. These are dramatic changes in the political world and could not have been contemplated years ago. Once upon a time, Franco Americans were almost always Democrats, but now we are Republicans and Democrats. We are the swing vote in the state. You cannot win a state election without us. As the largest demographic group in the state, we have the power to shape a future for the state, political, economic, and cultural. Will we have the confidence to use that power effectively and wisely?

Maine is the most "French" state in New England. We are now established. It wasn't always so. When French Canadians came from Québec to Maine, where our Diaspora began, it was not an easy move. Québec was unhappy—often angry, some even felt betrayed—to see us leave. As a political leader said at the time: *Laissez les partir, c'est la cannaille qui s'en va.* Many hoped that Maine and New England would be a temporary home. Many of us settled temporarily. For many of us home remained Québec or Acadie. We were also Americans, proud citizens of this state and of the United States—many of us died in our new county's wars, beginning with the Civil War—but we had another home nearby. Because nativism has always been a disease in the United Sates, many of our fellow citizens hoped we would go home as well. For them as well, we were *la cannalle*, though they would not have known how to translate the French. And for us? If France had been the cradle for French Canadians, Québec and Acadie were the source and cradle for us. I am using English translations for the French words *bereau* and *sources*. Many of you may notice how poorly these translations convey what the French words can mean, *des mots qui touchent au coeur.* But with all due respect and affection for Québec and French Canada, for Franco-Americans today, Maine is our home and must be our source for *des mots quie touchent au coeur.* Because here is where our stories now live. Can Maine become our New France?

This brings me back to my subject, to Maine's French reality—not only as a past but as a present and particularly as a future. An inevitable reality in the United States, an inevitable constant is assimilation. For many of us "assimilation" is a dirty word, but it remains a pervasive reality in the United States. Today I would like to try to appropriate the word in a way that rethinks the reality that it has so often named. What might it mean if it were *l'assimilation,* in French but in our French, Maine French. In either English or French that word "simile" means "like." But in what ways should we be "like"?

Maine is the most "French" state in New England.

Franco-Americans are French and American but as French becomes American, can American also be French. Assimilation has its advantages but it also has its challenges. As Franco-Americans join the mainstreams of American culture, do we bring French with us or do we leave it behind? In the past we have often felt—and have been taught by an Anglo culture to feel—that the price of being American has been to leave French behind. And that has been a high price to pay. One of the benefits of assimilation is that it offers the promise of leaving the past behind. America, in its most imaginative sense, is always *about to be,* and as a promise that can be very powerful. Any culture has its wounds, its traumas—some inflicted from without and some from within—and who wants to be wounded? But if we know anything as Americans, if we know anything as Franco-Americans, it is that forgotten wounds still bleed and that cultures need to heal. As cultures heal, as Franco-American culture heals, it has and will have a healing power and that can be its future.

I am generalizing but let me give you a number of examples. Let me begin with the story of the French language in Maine. I have discussed ways in which it was suppressed. As a result, many Francos taught their children to forget French and to live without their mother-tongue. Even many of us who remembered our French, became awkward in French from disuse. When you learn that French will be held against you, that your French is the bad French and that the world expects you to speak English, your French will become awkward. As a result a current narrative, both within and outside Maine's Franco communities, is that our French is in decline and that it is dying. Even reporters from Québec call us on a regular basis to see if it is time to write the obituary. But let me offer you a different narrative, one based on the census and on a demographic study that the University of Maine's Franco-American Centre conducted for the Maine legislature. In the 1970s approximately 23% of Maine residents self-identified as Franco-American. When asked whether their grandparents were of Franco decent, however, the figure is increased to 30%. In 2012, approximately 50% of Francos said that they spoke French. This suggests a different narrative, not of decline and imminent death, but of survival despite suppression. It is a narrative that speaks to the courage of my community, and it offers Maine a renewed opportunity.

Since the beginning of the century, Maine has become the home of many Francophone immigrants, the new Mainers. Despite some nativist reaction—as American as apple pie though not as *tarte aux pommes*—these new Mainers, our new neighbors, can make Maine a New France as well. Together we can join—Maine can join—the Francophone world in ways that can enrich us all. Will Portland—as well as Lewiston—embrace this bilingual possibility. I hope and believe that it will. Portland is now the home of thousands of French speaking immigrants from former French African colonies and services are now conducted in French in many churches.

Let me offer you another narrative. For much of its history Maine has imagined that geography places it north of Boston, if you like, at the end of the road in Northern New England. It has not reimagined this geography in a way that understands the role

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Troy Jackson Remarks on MLK Day

January 16, 2017

Good Evening and thank you for being here tonight. I would like to thank the Maine NAACP for asking me to participate in this celebration of Dr. Martin Luther King. It is a unique privilege to speak at an event of his remembrance, not least of all because of the orator he was, but because of his unmatched contribution to the world. As I thought about what to say tonight I realized it is challenging to find words that haven't already been said about Dr. King. So I thought it might be most meaningful if I tried to view this from the lens of who I am.

That is to say, I am a middle-aged, working class, rural white man with mixed ethnic heritage from the farthest corner of northern Maine. Committing those words to paper brought home the salience of the superficial differences between my life and that of Dr. King, or any person of color, or many New Mainers. And if I'm honest with myself and with you, the sheer weight of history and lack of interaction between communities like those and my own meant that for much of my life I was ignorant to the enormity of race as an unsettled issue.

But the increased visibility of hate and racism that weighs on each of our minds tonight should expose it to anyone who has somehow avoided acknowledging it. It should expose this is a question of national importance that reaches back to the settlement of North America by Europeans and then the creation of the United States. It should expose what many white Americans may find discomforting but need to accept: that the achievements of the civil rights movement were not the end of the story. It should expose that battling hate and racism is a greater part of our future than it has been of our past. And it should expose what I can only imagine all people of colour have long known: that words on a piece of paper claiming you are safe and equal do not make you safe and equal so long as the power structures still refuse to ensure your safety and acknowledge your equality.

When I pair these truths against the story of my life, how can I not admit my complacency? As a white man, of course I have seen the dark heart of racism among people who would never reveal their inner thoughts to a person of colour, or admit the implications of those thoughts to themselves. Of course I have heard the unspeakable words. Of course I have heard the destructive rants and the relentless diatribes. Of course I have seen white men be racists and white women be bigots and white children repeat these sins as though

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(Remarks of Severin M. Beliveau continued from page 20)

Maine can play in developing the economy of a region that includes Québec and the Canadian Maritimes. Attempts to build an East-West Highway have been unsuccessful for many valid reasons. And now? Quebec in the last few years has improved Route 73 from Quebec City to St. Georges in Beauce. It would like to continue the improvements of Route 73 from St. Georges to the Maine border where it meets Maine Route 201. Route 201 follows the path of the Old Canada Road that brought many French Canadians to Maine and to New England, to Waterville, Augusta, Lewiston, Rumford and Biddeford, but 201 does not provide the access Maine needs to Quebec and that Quebec needs to Maine and New England . If Quebec improves 73 to the border will we meet Quebec at the border? Will Maine become fully part of a Francophone region? I think we should meet Quebec at the border and write a new story, a new history of regional partnerships.

But let me return to assimilation and its challenges. As Francos assimilate—and we will, we are—what aspects of Maine culture will we identify with? For example, what will we do with our anger? Because of course our history has produced an anger and that lives within our communities and ourselves. One possibility which we can observe in Maine today is an identification of our anger with the nativist anger that was once directed against us and is now directed at the New Mainers from other parts of the world. Once we were the immigrants—once the Klan marched against us—now the nativism that was directed at us is directed at others whom some of us treat as legal and illegal aliens? When our anger becomes nativist, that too is a form of assimilation. Perhaps we even identify with the nativist passion for the good old days as it is nostalgically remembered. Let me remind you because at times we need to remind ourselves that the good old days, if they were ever good, were not often good for us. Let me also remind you that even a conservative Republican like Paul LePage, a Franco who has adopted much of his party's nativist rhetoric, also as a father and I believe as a Franco, has adopted a Jamaican son. Our assimilations can move toward the most progressive aspects of American culture—toward the freedoms and equality that American culture is always struggling to realize as our future—or it can move toward the most reactionary qualities of American culture, what nativism so strongly values. Our anger can be directed toward injustices or it can perpetuate injustice. When we follow the news of the presidential campaign in our own country, we see the message – the appeal to fear. This fear of people who are different – different in language, customs, religion, and the way they live – have always been a fertile field for politicians to exploit. Now it is Muslims. In the '20s, it was the Francos. Now it is Hispanics.

As Francos I believe we are at a crossroad. What will our communities become? I believe if we remember who we are, who we have been, our stories and our histories, we will work for what is best in America, what Lincoln called a "new birth of freedom." We will do that as Franco-Americans, we will do it in French and in English, and that is the mission for which I am, have been, and will be, an advocate. As my son's former boss, Barack Obama believes, we can be the future we are waiting for. Thank you very much. *Merci bien*.

Open Hearth Cooking

by George Findlen, Ph.D., CG, CGL
Madison, WI

The following is the second of three excerpts taken from the draft of a book the author is writing of his Acadian ancestors. The book traces his lineage from immigrant Barnabé Martin and Jeanne Pelletret in Port Royal / Annapolis Royal in Acadia / Nova Scotia to Marcel Martin and Jane Levasseur in Hamlin Plantation, Aroostook County, Maine. This excerpt comes from the chapter on René Martin and Marie Mignier, who married in 1693. Their farm, Beausoleil, was on the north side of the Annapolis River directly opposite Pré-Ronde.

To understand the life of René Martin and Marie Mignier, we have to understand living in a one-room house with an open hearth. For those of us who have always cooked on an electric or gas stove and have always kept warm with forced air from a gas or oil furnace, understanding open-hearth living takes effort. Fortunately, several historians are stepping forward to help us understand this important part of our past.[1]

The hearth was where everything happened. Everything. All meals were cooked there. Just as important, many tasks involved in preserving food to store for future use was done there as well. Ham, sausages, fish, and eels were hung in the chimney to smoke. Water was boiled in that hearth to wash dishes, to do laundry, and to bathe. Apples and all herbs were hung to dry from the ceiling in front of the mantle in easy reach for Marie. Fire rendered lard, melted candle tallow, and thawed snow and ice when the well froze. On a cold day, René would come in to warm himself before returning to whatever he was doing outdoors. In the evening, René would have used light from the hearth's fire to see while he carved a new wooden spoon for Marie to use in cooking. Marie would have used light from the fire to see while she darned the stockings for the children. In the winter, family stockings were dried near the hearth. We have no document telling us how Marie or her mother gave birth, but if she gave birth as her mother's mother probably did on Île-de-Ré, she gave birth to all her children standing before the hearth, the midwife seated on a small stool before her.[2] (I doubt that she would have followed the Mi'kmaq practice of going into the woods with a single woman to help her.[3]) The traditional cradle would have been not far from the hearth during the day, especially during the winter. Today, our stoves have several burners to let us cook several things at the same time. In René and Marie's time, hearths were built wide to permit several fires, one fire for each pot or pan. Before René or Marie banked the fire at night, loosely covering several hot embers with ash so they still would be hot enough to start the next day's fire come morning, Marie would have heated water to fill a sheep's bladder or heated a brick to warm bedding.[4]

Some things were better done out-

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(Troy Jackson Remarks on MLK Day continued from page 21)

they were without weight. And of course, these have so many times been people I know and love, people I respect and admire, people I know to be good and full of love despite this ability and willingness to also harbour hate. Scarcely anything has been such a conundrum in my life; little else is so difficult to reconcile definitively. Indeed, it's just as scary to say these words as it is to know they will be heard.

So that's why I want to say to each of you hear today that I have a commitment to you. As the leader of Maine's Senate Democrats, my caucus, my friends and family, my supporters, and my powers are committed to beating back not only the tide of hate but the sea from which it came. I do not want a person of colour to experience hate any more than I want someone else to create it. I do not want a person of colour to experience violence any more than I want another to choose to be violent. I do not want a person of colour to be oppressed any more than I want a person to choose to be that oppressor. In my imperfect understanding I do not know what the future will bring but I do know it can only be made better if we abolish hate and establish equality.

There is no greater stain on our Earth standing in the way of all we could be than inequality is. It is present in the story of nearly anything and everything and when it is reined in somewhere it reappears elsewhere, never really withdrawing and certainly never intending to.

Last year I was very proud and excited to support and work for Senator Bernie Sanders during his presidential campaign. I did that because Sen. Sanders spoke of defeating inequality, even when he didn't say that word. During that time, I was often mistaken for being a "class reductionist" – which would have I meant I saw economics and class as the root of all inequality without making room for race, gender, or anything else. That isn't so.

What I believe is no matter what kind of inequality we're talking about, whether it be racial inequality, income inequality, gender inequality, inequality will always be the story of someone who is powerful choosing to oppress someone who is not. There is no greater imperative, no greater challenge, and no greater opportunity than there is in eliminating inequality by lifting all those who are powerless together, without reducing our stories or ignoring the unique origins of our burden.

I supported Senator Sanders because I heard this message in his words. But he was not the one who taught it to me. In my interpretation and understanding of him, there was no one who ever saw the invasive roots of inequality for what they were as did Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

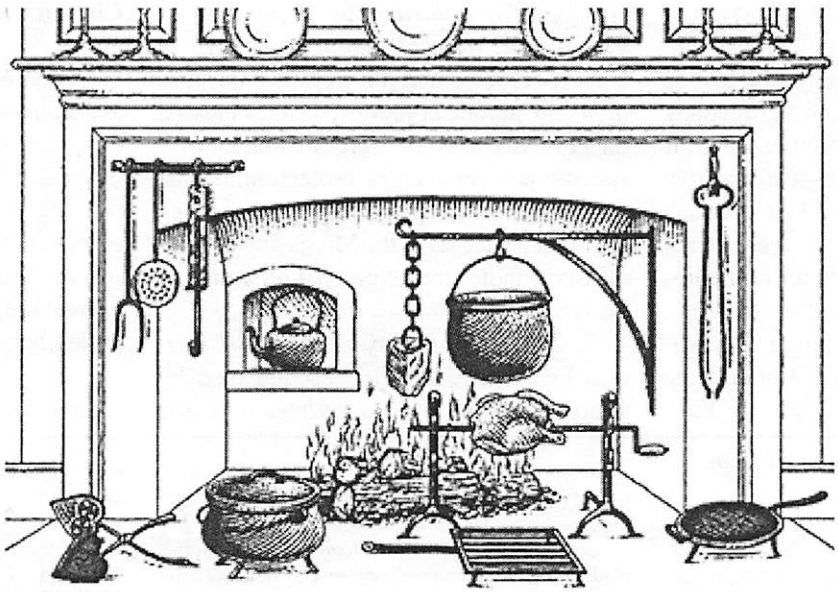
Dr. King is introduced to schoolchildren through his "I Have a Dream" speech. I believe he would have recognized that a happy, inclusive, peaceful America would be one where all dreams have equal footing and opportunity. That is the basis of his historic speech at the national mall all those years ago. How many dreams are now slipping from the eyes of so many Americans, so many of you in this room because of inequality? How many dreams are vanishing as America wakes to increased racial inequality, gender inequality, and that which I have felt most kept by, economic inequality?

White Mainers, black Mainers. New Mainers, Mainers who have lived here for centuries. We have a common struggle. We have so much more in common with each other than we do with our oppressors. I am not saying anything you haven't long known if you are in this room tonight. But many people do not yet realize this. In my imperfect understanding, I have to believe they will one day see inequality for what it is. I have to believe they are open to this story. My pledge to you is to tell it. That is what feels most right in my heart. Thank you.

(Open Hearth Cooking continued from page 22)

doors over an open fire pit. Making soap, making candles, washing wool freshly shorn in spring, doing summer laundry, scalding the carcass of a hog to remove its bristles, or cooking pork blood to make blood sausage in the fall were all better done outside the house.

Near the hearth, Marie would have had her basic cooking tools. She might have had a basket of woven ash splints hung from the ceiling in which to keep eggs. She'd have had an earthenware crock on the mantel or a small wooden box with leather hinges for its lid to hold her salt for seasoning dishes she cooked. Besides wooden or earthenware mixing bowls, Marie's two most important preparation tools were a good knife and a mortar and pestle. She used the first to cut meats and vegetables; she used the second to grind sugar, herbs, and spices. Early in her marriage, her mortar and pestle may have been wooden ones. Later, after a good harvest, she may have had the money to buy a carved stone one or a brass one.[5] Her tools would have included a long-handled skimmer for removing meats from a stew, a long-handled spoon for stirring and tasting, a long-handled spatula for turning pancakes and meats on the skillet, and a three-pronged fork for toasting slices of bread. She'd have a small long-handled shovel to move embers, a poker to move sticks and logs, and a wide wooden paddle to move loaves of bread in and out of the oven.[6]



Marie would have started married life with René with at least two pieces of cookware. She may have had them from her first marriage, or she may have gotten them from her parents. The most important, the one for most meals, the *chaudron*, would have been a largish pot-bellied black iron pot with a lid and a thick handle like one finds on a milk pail. The handle, the *anse*, usually made of iron, enabled her to hang the pot from a chain over a fire to control the amount of heat on the pot. The pot also had three stubby legs about two inches long to enable it to stand on a pile of hot embers on the hearthstones. She'd have used that pot for soups and thicker ragouts.[7]

The second essential piece of cookware was a skillet. It had a long handle and often had three splayed legs, about five inches long, to let it stand over a stick or two of burning wood on the hearth stones. Because of its shape, it became known as a "spider" in the American colonies. She'd have used it for cooking pancakes and sautéing small cuts of meat. In time, instead of letting it stand on its legs, she might have bought an iron frame which she put over the fire and on which she put the skillet. Likewise, in time, she might have acquired a flat skillet with a handle that permitted her to hang the skillet over a fire.[8]

With these two cooking pans, she could survive. But if she started housekeeping with René in a house without a bread oven, she'd have had to have a third pot to survive. It would have been called a baking pot. It differed from a *chaudron* in that it had straight sides and a concave lid to hold hot embers. She'd have preheated it over the fire, lifted up the lid, dropped in her shaped *boule* (round loaf), put the lid back on, and covered the top and sides with embers for the baking period.[9] In time, she likely had a *bouilloire* (kettle) when she needed hot water, and she may have had an earthenware pot to sit on a three-legged ring of iron over a fire in which she made her soups.[10]

A 1686 document on what Richard Denys would give to a missionary priest on coming from Quebec to serve Mi'kmaq and French residents at Miramichi tells us what was essential kitchen equipment at that time:

"four tin dishes, two large and two medium.
six tin plates of those which are not stamped.
one pot and its spoon.
a tin tankard (?)
a frying pan.
six plain napkins.
two tablecloths.
six dishcloths.
one tart dish.
a little kettle."[11]

This list is likely like what we might read if someone had made a list of what was in René and Marie's home when they married.

Our experiences with fireplaces do not prepare us for the hearth. Our fireplaces are for show and some warmth. In 1693, when René and Marie married, the hearth was where several tasks were done at the same time. With our stoves, we turn a knob to control the heat delivered by each burner. Then, hearths were wide, up to nine feet wide, providing space for several fires on the stone or tile floor, each delivering the heat needed for a pot, each needing to be tended when cooking or banked at the end of the day.

They would have eaten seated at a table with a wooden bench to sit on. Their ancestors might not have had that luxury. René's and Marie's parents may have started married life eating from a wooden bowl with a wooden spoon, especially for soups, as their ancestors had.[12] By the time that René and Marie married, earthenware plates to eat on, bowls to serve food, and mugs to drink from were in use as we know from the excavation at Bellisle.

Not only René and Marie would have done all their food preparation in an open hearth. So would their children and grandchildren for the next one hundred and twenty years. Jean-Baptiste Martin and Marie Brun, and Simon Martin and Geneviève Bourgoin would cook over an open fire all their lives. Our family would not have a stove until the fifth generation, that of Basile Martin and Archange Thibodeau, in the early- to middle-1800s.[13] Today, their descendants still use cast iron skillets to fry meat, cook *ployes* (buckwheat pancakes), and toast bread.

(See page 24 for the sources for this article)

Le Patrimoine * Heritage

Notre Dame de la Chandeleur The Groundhog Day You Don't Know.

Par Kent Beaulne dit Bone

February contains four religious feast days that fall on fixed dates, marking the beginning, the middle, and the end of the month. They are *Notre-Dame de la Chandeleur*, Our Lady of Candlemas on Feb 2nd, the feasts of St Blaise, Feb 3rd, St Valentine on Feb 14th, and St Mathias, Feb 24th. The month also contains an extra day every fourth year known as Leap Day.

Candlemas also known as Groundhog Day, and Valentines' Day are the most familiar. Candlemas marked the time spring planting traditionally began. The day has become an American tradition in which a groundhog or woodchuck comes out of hibernation. If he sees his shadow, he returns to his burrow foretelling six more weeks of bad weather.

Feb 2nd, Candlemas is a feast of the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches, commemorating the Purification of Mary. In the Eastern (Orthodox) Churches it commemorates the Presentation of Christ in the Temple. In accordance with Mosaic Law, Mary presented Jesus in the temple of Jerusalem and made an offering to symbolize her purification forty days after his birth. The feast can be traced to the fourth century and was marked by a procession and the blessing of candles, to symbolize Christ as the Light of the World.

The name Candlemas comes from the tradition of blessing candles and distributing them to worshipers. The day in Spanish is called *Candelaria*. The French call it Chandeleur, from *chandelle* (candle). In Quebec, Canada and the west of France, as in other Catholic countries, candles blessed on February second were attributed with specific powers such as protection against danger notably storms and lightning. Among the French Creoles of the Mississippi Valley, blessed candles as well as palm is burned during storms.

Not only was La Chandeleur a Christian Feast day, but also popularized by pancake supper and *les veillées* (evening gatherings). If the French Canadians and French believed in the value and aid of the blessed candles, they gave nearly as much credibility to eating crêpes at *Chandeleur.*

Saute crêpette dans ma poelette.

Jump little crepe in my skillet.

Un demi-cent fera bé mon content.

A half cent will make me content.

A la Chandelou les crêpes roul partout.

At Candlemas the crepes roll everywhere.

A verse from a song associated with Chandeleur at Poitou, France.

Eating crêpes on Candlemas was seen as a symbol of luck and became a guarantee for prosperity, good times and money for the year.

In France there are two kinds of crêpes. One type made of dark flour was served during times of penitence. The other a sweet crêpe made with eggs was prepared during festivals and holidays. At Rennes in

(Continued on page 25)

(Open Hearth Cooking continued from page 23)

(Endnotes)

1. An excellent introduction is Fiona Lucas, *Hearth and Home: Women and the Art of Open-Hearth Cooking* (Toronto: James Lorimer, 2006). Her focus is on surviving hearths at Canadian heritage sites which are used for demonstrations and teaching. Government House in Fredericton, New Brunswick, and the kitchens at Fortress Louisbourg are among those photographed in the book. Because kitchen pots and pans were similar in all of Western Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, David J. Eveleigh's *Old Cooking Utensils*, No. 17, Albums on Antiques and Collecting (Princes Risborough, Buckinghamshire: Shire Publications, 1986), is very useful, describing and showing photographs of what would have been in French and Acadian homes as well as in American Colonial homes.

2. Jacques Gélis, *History of Childbirth: Fertility, Pregnancy and Birth in Early Modern Europe*, trans. Rosemary Morris (Boston: Northeastern University Press, 1991), 127: "Until 1925, in the Charente, it was again to a bar of wood fixed across the chimney that the laboring woman clung, with her back to the hearth where some vine-branches were burning. The woman was held up by assistants while the midwife, sitting on a low chair, took care of the delivery." Gélis, whose book was first published as *l'Arbre et le fruit* in 1984, cites Marc Leproux, *La Vie Populaire, Contributions au folklore charentais* (Paris: Presses universitaires de France, 1958), 2: 15.

3. Dièreville, *Relation of the Voyage to Port Royal in Acadia*, 146. Also, Chrestien Le Clercq, *New Relation of Gaspesia, with the Customs and Religion of the Gaspesian Indians*, transl. and ed. William F. Ganong (Toronto: The Champlain society, 1910), 89-90.

4. Lucas, *Hearth and Home*, 7-8. The sheep's bladder was the seventeenth century equivalent of a soft rubber hot water bottle which has since been displaced by the electric heating pad. A heated brick performed the same function.

5. Eveleigh, *Old Cooking Utensils*, 3, 7. Her ancestors most likely used a wooden one, and early Acadian settlers may have as well due to the abundance of wood. See Piponnier, "From Hearth to Table," 341.

6. Piponnier, "From Hearth to Table," 342.

7. The Lodge company makes a Dutch oven which is a modern version (with straight sides and no feet) of the *chaudron* (cauldron) Marie would have used. An image is available at https://secure.lodgemfg.com/storefront/product1_new.asp?menu=-logic&idProduct=3948. The pot had only three legs, not four, because the hearth stones were irregular in shape. With four legs, the pot would always wobble on the hearth. Lucas, *Hearth and Home*, 10-11, says that "The Acadians called the basic stew or soup pot a *coquemar*, the Canadiens a *chaudiere*, the English a *kettle*, the Americans a *cauldron*." Conversations with colleagues in several places of New Brunswick and a check of the terms in a French dictionary of antiquated terms suggest that *chaudière* and *chaudron* were more commonly used. See *chaudière*, *chaudron*, and *coquemar* in Marcel Lachiver, *Dictionnaire du monde rural: les mots du passé* (Paris : Fayard, 1997), 435, 436, 505.

8. In Tuscany and Burgundy in the Middle ages, the iron skillet was one of the most common metal cooking utensils in rural homes. See Françoise Piponnier, "From Hearth to Table: Late Medieval Cooking Equipment," in Jean L. Flandrin, Massimo Montanari, and Albert Sonnenfeld, eds., *Food: A Culinary History from Antiquity to the Present* (New York: Penguin Press, 2000), 341. The book was initially published in French as *Histoire de l'alimentation* (Paris: Fayard, 1996). Sonnenfeld is the editor of the English language edition published by Columbia University Press in 1999.

9. The Lodge company makes a Lodge Logic Camp Dutch Oven which is a modern version of the *chaudron* (cauldron) Marie would have had. An image is available at https://secure.lodgemfg.com/storefront/product1_new.asp?menu=prologic&idProduct=3969.

10. The earthenware pot was the most common cook pot of the Middle Ages. It survives as the *cassoulet* pot in southern France and as the bean pot on New England. See Piponnier, "From Hearth to Table," 340.

11. Memorandum of the articles which are to be delivered to Monsieur Thury as he shall have arrived at the dwelling of the River Ste. Croix, 17 October 1786, in Document 10, Deed of Sale by Richard Denys of his establishment at Miramichi to the Recollets, 16 October 1686, in Ganong, ed. "Historical-Geographical Documents Relating to New Brunswick," *Collections of the New Brunswick Historical Society* 3, no. 7 (1907): 26.

12. Piponnier, "From Hearth to Table," 344-345.

13. "À Propos: Nos Bâtiments," *Village Historique Acadien* (www.villagehistoriqueacadien.com/nosbatiments.cfm/ : accessed on 29 November 2013), Ferme Cyr, 1852. The house contains a fine working example of an early cast iron stove in the Upper Saint John Valley, installed around 1820.

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Bretagne, (Britany) crêpes are made with milk and buckwheat flour and eaten with apple cider or white wine. At Ploermel, some are made of wheat flour, but more often of rye flour.

In Perche, another region of France, the first crêpe is given to the chickens to make them fat. In Poitou a person fries his own crêpe with a piece of gold in his left hand. The first one is thrown on the armoire. It is said there, "he who does not know how to handle the skillet, does not know how to handle the plow". At Caen in Normandy, proof of skill consists of tossing the crêpe up the fireplace chimney out into the yard.

In Quebec, Canada, at Iles-de-Madeleine, a ring is placed in a pancake and whoever gets it will marry in the coming year. In Islet County Québec there is a custom of collecting flour from the neighbors to make crêpes de la Chandeleur. Presenting themselves at the door of the house a group of revelers sang the following ve Chandeleur. Presenting themselves at the door of the house a group of revelers sang the following verse.

Nous venons vous voir aujourd'hui.
We come to see you today.

Mettez quelque chose dans notre panier.
Put something in our basket.

Si vous ne donnez rien.
If you give us nothing.

Le diable vous emportera.
The devil will carry you away.

Various Acadian communities in the Canadian Maritime Provinces had long celebrated Candlemas and le Courir de la Chandeleur, the Candlemas run. It is now experiencing a revival. This type of house to house run, is known by anthropologists as a "begging quest". Similar begging quests are Halloween, Christmas Caroling, Mumming, La Guillonée, and the rural Mardi Gras Run of south west Louisiana. In the past, a group of revelers with a leader, went house to house collecting food and other goods for the poor and for a communal supper. Today the goods are donated to local food banks for distribution to the needy. A similar thing has happened with the Montreal Guillonée. The revival was due in part to cuts in the Canadian Employment Insurance, as well as a renaissance of Acadian pride and culture. Prince Edward Island is the only place where la Chandeleur is run with a wooden rooster set on a pole. There are many theories about the original of this accessory but it seems plausible it is associated with the Carnaval-Mardi Gras celebrations of other regions of the world.

Growing up in DeSoto in a French Creole family, we always ate pancakes for supper on Groundhog Day. We assumed everyone did. We were told that if you don't eat pancakes that day, we would get "the seven years itch". We thought it meant we would scratch for seven years. In fact it means one will have seven years of hard times, scratching out a living. The term came from the French the ancestors spoke. It may have come about as a result of generations of folks sitting on their porches watching the chickens scratch for a living. Uncle, Babe Portell used to say he always ate pancakes for Groundhog Day, "parce que je veut pas la gratte a sept ans". Well I don't want the seven year itch non plus, so I always eat pancakes that day.

It is still a tradition in our family for everyone to show up at Betty Bone's house in DeSoto for a pancake and sausage supper. Sometime neighbors or friends come over. They don't understand why we were doing it, but they loved the free meal, and you can feed a lot of folks with pancakes. Although the tradition is based on thin crêpes, the thicker pancakes have become an accept ' American adaptation by many Creoles.

Cyrilla Boyer at Racolla, still mak crêpes for Chandeleur, staying true to the t dition as it was handed down in her fami Doris Ann Bequette, descended from an (mining family, related that her mother wou make the pancakes that day. Her grandfatl would flip his pancakes up in the air, maki them land back in the skillet every time. T flipping seems to have been an import part of the ritual.

Ray Brassieur, a Cajun from e Texas notes that in interviewing folks Old Mine MO and Prairie du Rocher IL common theme was to eat seven pancak to prevent the seven-year-itch. He sta that his own family always ate pancakes Groundhog Day and flipping them was acquired skill, the kids were determined master.

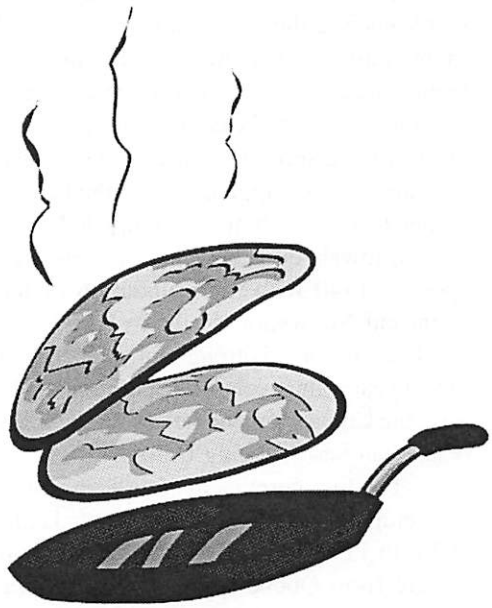
Ray writes in his doctoral thesis Expressions of French Identity in the Mid-Mississippi Valley. "It is amazing to consider the many generations of Mississippi Valley French folks, separated by great distances of time and space, all compelled by tradition to eat crêpes, year after year, on the same day, all confident that they had done their part to maintain proper order in the universe".

This may not be an exclusively French ritual. The late Ladonna Herman, who grew up in St Louis, said both her grandmothers made crêpes on Feb 2nd. She said they were observing Candlemas, not Groundhog Day. Her German grandmother married a Frenchman, while her French grandmother had married a German. Both ethnic groups were and still are, plentiful in St Louis. Her grandmother Burst would have the grandchildren line up and then flip the crêpes into their plates. This would have been in the 1930s.

A question that comes to mind; how did the Christian holyday of Candlemas with its food element, evolve into the secular semi-holiday of Groundhog Day. The answer may be television and that Pennsylvania groundhog named Phil.

The Oxford Book of Carols, first published by the university in 1928, includes Candlemas Eve, from an old church hymnal book and attributed to R. Herrick.

Article previously published in the Missouri Folklore Society Journal, and Ozark Watch Magazine, Missouri State University, Springfield MO.



A New England Mardi Gras – The International Snowshoe Convention of 1925

February 12, 2017 Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Quebec, Sports

By James Myall

Visit James' Blog at: https://myall.bangordailynews.com

"Fun for all, and all for fun," was the verdict of one local newspaper; "a Mardi Gras" reminiscent of the pre-prohibition era, according to another. On the weekend of 7-8 February, 1925, eight hundred French Canadian snowshoers descended on the city of Lewiston, Maine (population 30,000), for two days of revelry and winter sports. The festivities, which included the construction of an ice palace, athletic competitions, and a parade through the city, marked the first international snowshoe convention between the United States and Canada.

Gagné had been a snowshoe enthusiast in Quebec and set about organizing a club in Lewiston. Le Montagnard ("the Mountaineers") took its name from a noted club in Montreal and received its modest collection of first uniforms from its sister club. Even as the organization was in its infancy, however, Gagné's ambition reached further. He proposed that the Lewistonians invite the Canadian raquetteurs to a convention the following year.

The decision to host the convention was controversial. Even some of Gagné's fellow club members feared that Lewiston was not equipped to hose such a gathering, and that the Montagnard did not have the experience. Gagné himself would later admit that, as club secretary, he manipulated the vote to get his desired result.[i] Hundreds of visitors from Quebec arrived via the Grand Trunk on specially chartered trains, vastly outnumbering the American contingent, which numbered, at most, a few dozen. The visitors were greeted by the mayor of Lewiston, Charles Brann, and the governor of Maine, Owen Brewster.

The program included a mock attack on city hall by the Canadians, followed by the firing of "cannon" in its defense by the hosts. The "attack" forgiven, the snowshoers held races in 100-, 220-, 440- and 880-yard runs, as well as a three-mile run and three-mile walk, in City Park in the afternoon. Later conventions would include more innovative contests, including hurdling. After a baked bean supper at the Armory, there was another "attack" by the Canadians, this time against the ice palace that had been constructed in the park:

The evening was featured by a parade and a fireworks exhibition in the ice palace in the city park, the like of which was never before seen in this city, if in any Maine or New England city. The spectators thronged the streets and stood about the city park, completely surrounding the ice palace, forming a mass at least 100 deep. In fact, so many were on the streets that it almost seemed as if every person in the town able to get outdoors was on the scene.[ii]

Despite the fact that the convention was held during the Prohibition era in the United States, the Lewiston Daily Sun made clear that the snowshoers had little respect for the legislation. Describing the weekend as a "Mardi Gras," the Sun called the festivities "a revival of the pre-Volstead days" (the Volstead Act was the piece of congressional legislation that enforced the Eighteenth Amendment and outlawed the sale of alcohol) and gave examples of the Canadians, if not the Americans, finding something to fill their flasks. The effects

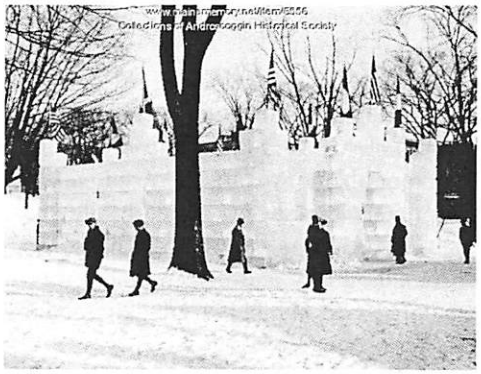
(Continued on page 27)

Panorama of the 1925 Snowshoe Convention, Lewiston City Hall, 1925. City Park and the Ice Palace are visible at left.

Snowshoes had been developed by Native American societies thousands of years before they were observed by the first French settlers in Canada, who labeled them raquettes for their resemblance to tennis rackets (a sport very much en vogue in France in the sixteenth century). The utility of the snowshoe in Canada's harsh climate was soon appreciated by the French colonists, especially the coureurs de bois.

Snowshoeing became an organized sport in 1840 with the foundation of the Montreal Snowshoe Club; by 1907, the practice had spread throughout Québec, and in that year some twenty-five clubs united to form the Union Canadienne des Raquetteurs (Canadian Snowshoeing Union).

The first permanent American snowshoe club, however, was not organized until 1924, in Lewiston. The founder, a recent émigré from Québec, was Louis-Philippe Gagné. Gagné had arrived in Lewiston in 1922 from Quebec City, where he had been a sports editor for the newspaper Le Soleil. He came to Lewiston to work for local publication Le Messager and would proceed to become its editor in due course.



Ice Palace, Lewiston City Park (now Kennedy Park), 1925. Image: Androscoggin Historical Society/Maine Memory Network

(A New England Mardi Gras – The International Snowshoe Convention of 1925 continued from page 26)

were also clearly described. There were amorous scenes described as being reminiscent of a "mutual petting party" and pranks that included false fire alarms, street cars lifted off their tracks, joy rides taken in hearses and women's lingerie worn as headgear. Despite such antics, the review of the paper was positive—"visitors found girls 'safe and sane and kind for gentlemen to handle'" ran one headline, and "'fun for all and all for fun' is the snowshoers' motto," read another.[iii]

Snowshoers, Lewiston, Maine, c1930. Arsène Cailler at left. Image: University of Southern Maine, Franco-American Collection/Maine Memory Network.

The success of this 1925 convention led to the formation of more snowshoe clubs in Lewiston—among which was Le Diable Rouge (the Red Devils). Existing social clubs, the Institut Jacques Cartier and the Cercle Canadien also created snowshoe teams, forming the other founding members of the American Union in 1925. Lewiston remained the spiritual home of snowshoeing in the United States, even as the movement expanded to Franco-American communities throughout New England, and numerous other conventions were held in the city, both national and international. By 1979, there were thirty-four American clubs and more than two thousand members. At one point, Lewiston alone had more than a dozen clubs.

As the reports of the 1925 convention make clear, snowshoe clubs were more than simply athletic associations, and they acted more as social groups, meeting year-round. Many clubs had lakeside chalets outside the city from where they would embark on their hikes but also maintained downtown clubhouses on Lisbon Street. Like other organizations of the time, many of the clubs were initially only open to men. Some groups opened women's auxiliary branches, like Les Dames Montagnards, but women's clubs, such as la Gaité and l'Oiseau de Neige (the Snowbirds), were also formed. The continued tradition of the conventions helped cement the relationship between Franco-Americans and Canada, and the snowshoe clubs continued to conduct all their business in French into the late twentieth century.

Notes:

[i]. Louis-Philippe Gagné, Untitled (Speech to the 1950 Snowshoe Convention). Manuscript. Lewiston, 1950. FAC, Louis-Philippe Gagné Papers.

[ii]. Lewiston (Maine) Daily Sun, "Canadians Had Good Time and Saw That Homefolk Did Also," February 8, 1925.

[iii]. Ibid.

About James Myall

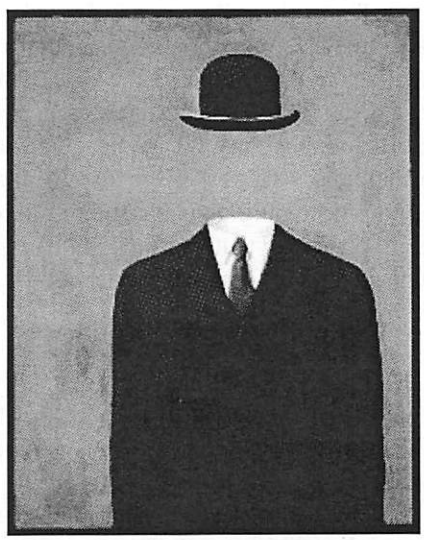
While I currently work for an Augusta-based non-profit, I spent four years as the Coordinator of the Franco-American Collection at the University of Southern Maine. In 2015, I co-authored "The Franco-Americans of Lewiston-Auburn," a general history of that population from 1850 to the present. I was also a consultant for the State Legislative Task Force on Franco-Americans in 2012. I live in Topsham with my wife and two young daughters.

Why Are Franco-Americans So Invisible?

By David Vermette

"Why are we so invisible?" I've heard this question wherever Franco-Americans gather, be it through my social media contacts, at conferences, or at my occasional speaking engagements. The history of Franco-Americans is all but left out of the historical accounts on both sides of the border. It couldn't be more missing among the history of U.S. ethnic groups. And it is largely unknown in Québec.

For example, Maine is among the top three Francophone states but this fact is all but unknown outside its borders and to a large degree within them. I received an e-mail from a mover and shaker from that state who wanted to discuss the "lack of diversity" in Maine. When I responded that about one-quarter of the state was Franco-American/Acadian, and suggested that people with a unique linguistic and cultural heritage counted toward the diversity in the state, the conversation came to a screeching halt. A group that reflects the actual cultural diversity of the region has been subsumed into whiteness. They're "non-Hispanic White" per the U.S. Census and therefore do not count towards diversity in 2016.



Our long history throughout North America is connected with various narratives of U.S. history: the "French-And Indian War," the War of 1812, Westward expansion, Industrialization, Nativism,

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(Why Are Franco-Americans So Invisible? continued from page 27)

the story of the Roman Catholic Church in the USA, etc. Any one of these narratives should include either Franco-Americans or our Canadien and Acadien forbears. With the exception of the "French-And Indian War" narrative, where they figure as bitter enemies, they're almost completely missing.

For example, one-third of the participants in the Lewis & Clark expedition were Francophones but one never hears of this. Sometimes they're mentioned as a faceless, nameless herd: "the French voyageurs." The fact is, Lewis & Clark couldn't have managed without them.

The invisibility extends, in fact, to a history wider than the Franco-Americans in the Northeast USA. The cloak of invisibility falls over all of the descendants of the former Nouvelle-France. I use this term Nouvelle-France in the sense in which it embraces the entirety of the former 17th and 18th c. French sphere of influence in North America including l'Acadie, le Canada (both the St. Lawrence valley and the Great Lakes region) and la Louisiane (the territory roughly corresponding to the USA's Louisiana Purchase south of the Great Lakes).

If one totals up these descendants of Nouvelle-France on both sides of the border they number some 20 million people. It's hard to hide a population of 20 million under one's hat but so far the writers of history, beyond specialists in certain areas or topics, have performed the disappearing act.

There must be reasons for this invisibilty. Yes, our population tends to be localized in the Northeast, the Great Lakes region, the Gulf Coast and a few other pockets. But other groups, such as Scandinavians in the upper Midwest, were also localized without becoming invisible. I don't accept the explanation that this invisibility "just happened." This is not an explanation.

How We Became Invisible

There are several reasons why I believe that the story of the Northeastern USA's Franco-Americans has become invisible.

1) We are associated today with Canada and therefore beneath the notice of most Americans.

The term most often used to describe us in American English is "French-Canadian" and both sides of this hyphen present obstacles in the minds of many Americans. Québécois of a nationalist bent make a distinction between Québec and Canada but that's a finesse of which most Americans are unaware. A "French-Canadian" is simply a type of Canadian for them.

To most Americans, Canada is the USA's little brother: the USA can beat him up and fail to take him seriously, but they would defend him if a bully from another neighborhood came along. Most Americans are ignorant as to the geography and history of Canada. A current, photogenic Prime Minister notwithstanding, Canada represents little more than clichés about beer, hockey and people who say "eh." When a presidential candidate arrives on the scene who scares one party or another the "I'll move to Canada!" drumbeat begins, but most of that talk is fatuous.

This attitude, that Canada is nothing more than the 51st state, explains why I was laughed at by an (East) Indian-American when I suggested that one could emigrate from Canada. "That doesn't count!" she laughed.

"It counted enough," I answered, "when the Ku Klux Klan burned the 'French-Canadian' school in Leominster, Massachusetts in the 1920s. They were quite sure that we were 'other' enough to count back then."

"Wow, I didn't know about that," she said quietly.

"No one does," I replied.

2) Our Canadien/Acadien ancestors were in North America long before the United States and today's Canada existed.

This complicates matters because historians, thinking in terms of today's political geography, want to tell the story of the USA or the story of Canada. But our people's tale does not fit neatly into that geography. They settled large parts of the USA before it was the USA, as the numerous French place names throughout the USA's midsection testify: Detroit, Des Moines, Vincennes, Terre Haute, Des Plaines, St. Louis, New Orleans to name just a few.

The English speakers who write the histories of the USA and Canada write them from the standpoint of today's national borders. They write about these countries as separate entities while in fact the histories and populations of the two countries are intertwined.

For example, there were large and important exchanges of population originating from both sides of the border:

- The Acadians deported and scattered among the 13 colonies in the 1750s.
- The Loyalists escaping the nascent USA who settled in what is now Ontario and other future Canadian provinces in the Revolutionary War period and who were instrumental in the founding of English-Canada.
- The Creoles of Louisiana whose homes were bought by the Americans in the Louisiana Purchase (including the descendants of the aforementioned Acadians who ended up there).
- The Acadians in Northern Maine who became Americans when the Webster-Ashburton Treaty settled the USA's Northeastern border in the 1840s. (Hint to the geography challenged: there's territory east of Maine; not everything east of Maine is Atlantic Ocean.)
- The *Canadiens* and *Acadiens* who came in droves to the USA in the 1840-1930 period and whose descendants number some 10-12 million U.S. citizens today.

Since the story is told as two separate nations – either as Canadian History or as U.S. History – these interconnections are missed. North of the border, the need to emphasize a common Canadian nationhood, always a fragile construct, does not favor the story of a Franco-Canadien nation that crosses existing borders. While in the USA, the history of "French-Canadians" seems to be the history of a foreign country.

3) We do not fit into the existing narratives of U.S. settlement history.

The established narratives are as follows:

a) Native Americans/First Nations – the original human inhabitants of this continent. The majority of Americans tend to know little about them but increasingly feel they ought to.

b) Jamestown/Plymouth Rock – by this I mean the history of the 13 British colonies before and during the American Revolution. These colonies included a range of ethnic groups such as the Dutch, Germans, and Scots-Irish but this is generally told as an English history.

c) Ellis Island – this is my shorthand for 19th-early 20th c. emigration from Europe, both before and after Ellis Island was established, including emigrants from Ireland, Italy, Greece, and Jewish populations from Russia and Eastern Europe and other peoples from many lands too numerous to mention.

d) People of Color – this frame has emerged relatively recently in its current form. This narrative includes the African

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slaves who were brought to these shores forcibly. It includes the Hispanic peoples either those who settled parts of the USA before it was the USA, or those who entered the country from points south. It also includes East Asian immigration, mainly although not exclusively to the West. It also includes many other more recent emigrants from non-European countries. Native Americans are sometimes brought into the people of color narrative. Native Hawaiians and Native Alaskans might fit into this narrative but, sadly, their story is largely invisible as well.

There is simply no room for Franco-Americans in these narratives. Although many have First Nations ancestors, they don't fit precisely into that narrative. They were the bitter opponents of the Jamestown/Plymouth Rock bunch. There was no Ellis Island, no Statue of Liberty to greet them when and where they crossed the border. They're not people of color either.

When certain allowable, accepted narratives have been established, what doesn't fit into these schemes becomes invisible.

4) Our national character.

The notion of a "national character" is old-fashioned but in fact culture exists. There is a difference between a generalization and a stereotype, and there are fair generalizations that can be made about coherent cultural groups. And generally speaking, the culture of the Franco-North American populations has emphasized tenacity, reliance on our own, and a certain insular quality.

The anthropologist Horace Miner, studying a rural Québec parish in the 1930s, noted that someone from the next parish over was regarded almost as a foreigner. This tendency to fragment into smaller (and frequently squabbling) units has discouraged a telling of the story in its proper breadth. The history of Franco-Americans, when it has been told, tends to be parochial, i.e. the story of Woonsocket Francos, or of Maine Acadians, or even of individual families.

The national character also emphasizes humility, another old-fashioned notion. This anachronism is heard again and again in Franco-American conferences. A Maine Acadian wrote to me, "We were taught that you don't speak well of yourself. You let others speak well of you." In the USA of Donald Trump and Kanye West, this trait is radically counter-cultural. If we don't speak our piece then who will speak it for us?

Raising a Franco Ruckus

In her book Moving Beyond Duality, psychologist Dorothy Riddle posits that making people invisible is a form of depersonalization. I've been told in no uncertain terms that my family's and my entire people's experience is insignificant and beneath notice and that I should forget all about identifying as a Franco-American. The message here is, "People don't know about you because you don't count."

Addressed to any other ethnic group this notion would be insulting at the very least. It's the invisibility, whether it's our own doing or someone else's or some combination of the two, that makes statements like this socially acceptable. In fact, the converse is true: we haven't counted in the eyes of the wider culture because the story has remained untold.

I'm tired of being called a "quiet presence." I'm tired of blending into a pale, beige background labeled "non-Hispanic White." It's un-Franco-American to do so, but perhaps it's high time we raised what one of us called "a Franco ruckus." Let the ruckus commence!

An edited, French language version of this piece has been published in the book Franco-Amérique edited by Dean Louder and Éric Waddell (Septentrion, 2017). David Vermette is currently working on a book called A Distinct Alien Race: A Social History of Franco-Americans to be published by Baraka Books of Montreal in 2018. More information on the book is available at frenchnorthamerica.blogspot.com.

STS Alumni Reunion Will Be Held on Sat., May 6, 2017

By Albert J. Marceau, Class of 1983, STSHS

All graduates, and all non-graduates, of all classes of both the high-school and the college programs of St. Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield, Conn., are invited to attend the reunion that will be held on Saturday, 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'ouevres, and drinks, both alcoholic and non-alcoholic. The schedule of the reunion itself is: Registration from 3 to 5PM; Mass in the Chapel at 5PM; Reception at 6PM, and the Dinner and Program at 7PM. The reunion is scheduled to end at 11PM. There will be a Memory Lane Display in the Alumni Lounge.

The primary means to purchase tickets for the reunion is through the website, http://www.stseminary.org, then scroll to "Saint Thomas Seminary Alumni," and then click the link to "Latest News," which will connect to the Eventbrite page to purchase the tickets on-line. The secondary means to purchase the tickets is by writing a check, written to: "St. Thomas Seminary," with the note: "Alumni Reunion 2017" 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 "Alumni Reunion." The deadline for the purchase of tickets is Thurs. May 4, 2017, and no tickets will be sold at the door.

Overnight accommodations will be available in the dorms of the seminary, for the convenience of guests who may travel long distances to attend the reunion. The cost of a single-bed dorm-room is $40.00 per night, and a suite, which is the size of two dorm-rooms, is $95.00 per night. In order to reserve a room, please call either Elena O'Halloran or Alicia Fleming at the Event Sales Office either at (860)-242-5573, or directly at (860)-913-2602.

Further information about Reunion 2017 is also available on Facebook.

The principal celebrant of the Mass will be the Most Rev. Leonard P. Blair, S.T.D., the Fifth Archbishop of Hartford. The secondary celebrant will be Most Rev. Peter A. Rosazza, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop Emeritus. The liturgy for the reunion will be for the Saturday of the Third Week of Easter, Year A, and the readings will be: Acts 9:31-42, Psalm 116:12-17, and John 6:60-69.

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.

(See photos on page 44)

How to Tell if Your French-Canadian Ancestors Include Acadians

George L. Findlen
Certified Genealogist sm &
Certified Genealogical Lecturer sm

Researchers tracking French-Canadian ancestors back into Canada often make the assumption that all persons who have French surnames and live in Canada are French-Canadians. For most descendants of French-Canadians, that is true. Most Quebecois immigrated to Canada in the seventeenth century and remained there until a descendant immigrated to the United States to find work in the nineteenth century.

Upstate New Yorkers and New Englanders of French-Canadian descent often ask me, "Why even ask if some of my ancestors are Acadian? Aren't all French-named people in upstate New York and in New England mill towns French-Canadians? They all came from Quebec. Some even ask, What are Acadians doing in Quebec and New England? Didn't all the Acadians go to Louisiana?"

The answer to these questions is Le Grand Dérangement, a systematic effort by the British to remove all French from Acadia, today's Canadian MaritimesCNova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick. That ethnic cleansing was part of a war between England and France. Started in 1755, it was called the Seven Years' War in Europe, the French and Indian War in the American Colonies, and the War of the Conquest in Quebec. It ended in 1763 with the British conquest of Canada.

Most deported Acadians were scattered among the Atlantic coast English colonies, from Massachusetts to Georgia, and some were sent to prisons in England. However, not all Acadians were deported during those war years. Some Acadians managed to reach Quebec between 1755 and 1758. (See the maps at Canadian-American Center, "Explanatory maps of Saint Croix & Acadia: Acadian Deportation, Migration, and Resettlement," University of Maine (https://umaine.edu/canam/publications/st-croix/acadian-deportation-migration-resettlement).) When the war was over, others made their way to Quebec as well. Father Pierre-Maurice Hébert's book, The Acadians of Québec, trans. Melvin Surette (Pawtucket: Quintin, 2002) and André-Carl Vachon's book, *Les deportations des Acadiens et leur arrive au Québec, 1755-1775* (Tracadie-Sheila, Nouveau-Brunswick: Éditions La Grande Marée, 2014) both detail where groups of Acadians settled. The children of these Acadian refugees intermarried with French-Canadian families already established in Quebec, and their descendants are in Qubec today. Over a century later, some of the descendants of these Acadians, with other Quebecois, migrated to the US.

An effort to trace a family with a French name back into Quebec, then, may lead not only to French-Canadian ancestors; for some, the effort may lead back to Acadian ancestors as well. The question for researchers who trace their ancestors from the US back into Canada becomes, AHow can I tell if my ancestors include Acadians? To find out, read on.

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What follows is based on two assumptions. One, your family has lived in upstate New York or in one of the New England states of the US for some years. Two, you are tracking your family back through the US to Quebec. I give these assumptions because researchers tracking French-Canadian families from the Upper Midwest back to Quebec will have to use different resources than those used by researchers tracking French-Canadian families from New England back to Quebec.

First, two definitions. An Acadian is a person of French ancestry born south of the Notre Dame Mountains which mark the southern edge of the eastern end of the Saint Lawrence River Valley. Any French person who lived in what is today Nova Scotia (including Cape Breton Island), Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and eastern Maine between 1636 and 1755 is an Acadian. A French-Canadian is a person of French ancestry born in the Saint Lawrence Valley.

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Now for the steps. Followed, they will tell you whether your French-Canadian ancestor has Acadian roots.

Step One: trace your family back to the border. That involves old-fashioned American genealogy. Get a copy of your parents' marriage certificate, civil or religious. That will usually tell you the names of your grandparents. Interview your parents' brothers and sisters if they are still alive to determine where your grandparents grew up. That will tell you what New England town office or parish church to go to for a copy of their marriage. For French-Canadian families in New England mill towns, their grandparents frequently grew up in the same town or in an adjacent town. Once you have an idea of where your grandparents grew up, go get a copy of their marriage certificate, civil or religious. Repeat the process until you get to the last marriage celebrated in the US. Many New Englanders descended from French-Canadians are the third generation born in the US and the fourth generation to live in the US. Thus, the typical French-Canadian researcher should have to obtain only three marriage certificates before crossing the border. If you are fortunate, the last marriage certificate will identify the immigrant's parents and birth place in Quebec.

Step Two: cross the border. This is the hardest task since it requires knowing the names of the parents of the immigrant, including the mother's maiden name, and the immigrant's village of origin. Taken together, those three bits of information are the Holy Grail for those trying to locate French-Canadian ancestors in Canada. Without the names of the immigrant's parents, researchers cannot look up the next generation in the ancestral line. Without a place of origin, researchers do not know where to look for original documentation of the next link in an ancestral line. Without the names of the parents of the immigrant or a birth place and date, researchers cannot confirm which person of many with the same name is the correct one.

In the next several paragraphs, I will mention two sets of books that are com-

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(How to Tell if Your French-Canadian Ancestors Include Acadians continued from page 30)

monly used to track our ancestors once we cross the border. One set is called AThe Blue Drouin because of the blue binding of the set. The proper reference is to the Répertoire alphabétique des mariages des Canadiens-français, 1760-1935, 61 vols. (Longueuil, QC : Services généalogique Claude Pepin, 1989-1990). The set lists marriages only by groom's name, so The Blue Drouin is sometimes referred to as AThe Men Series. A 64 volume set, carrying the same title is referred to commonly as AThe Red Drouin because of the red binding of the set. This set lists marriages only by bride's name, so The Red Drouin is sometimes referred to as AThe Women Series.

Back to the second step.

Let us take an easy scenario. In this devoutly-to-be-wished circumstance, the immigrant came to the US not yet married, met a girl in one of the mill towns, and married. The civil marriage certificate does not provide the parents' names and says only ACanada as the place of origin; however, the entry in the parish register of the church in which the marriage was celebrated provides the names of the parents, including the mother's maiden name. You are now almost across the border. In a variant of this scenario, the ancestor married in Quebec before immigrating to the US. Family lore has told you consistently what the immigrant's wife's surname was. You cross your fingers and turn to the blue and red Drouin books and find them. The couple's entry names their respective parents. You are likely the border. In another variant of this scenario, the ancestor married in Quebec before immigrating to the US. However, the surname of his bride remains unknown. The civil death certificate of your immigrant ancestor becomes your hope, but it says only ACanada for the village of birth. However, a search for the civil death certificates of that ancestor's known brothers and sisters is profitable: one of the sisters' death certificate identifies not only her parents, including her mother's maiden name, but also the family's village of origin. You are definitely across the border.

Now, let us take a frustrating scenario. Your immigrant ancestor was single when he came to the US for work, his civil marriage entry names neither his parents nor his village of origin, and his religious marriage entry is one of the few which does not name his parents. Do not yell, ABrick Wall!! yet. Locate that ancestor's known brothers and sisters. Look for their religious marriage certificates. Canon law required naming a person's parents, and the parish register marriage entry which does not include the names of parents is rare in francophone parishes. One of your ancestor's siblings' marriage entries may name the parents. You cannot find an immigrant's brothers and sisters? Look at the baptismal entries in the parish register for the immigrant's children. Parents commonly asked their brothers and sisters to serve as godparents. Once you have the names of the parents of your immigrant ancestor, you may be able to cross the border.

Note that each major source of an evidentiary document has its pluses and minuses. Civil certificates of birth, marriage, and death are more universal. It is rare not to find a civil birth, marriage, or death certificate on file for a person who was born, married, and died in upstate New York or in a New England state after 1900, sometimes earlier. That is the plus of civil registrations. They have a minus, however, in that they are more likely than parish register entries to have omitted information. Parish register entries also have their pluses and minuses. They usually record the parents' names for baptismal and marriage entries. That is their plus. But many parishes in New England do not permit searchers or representatives of genealogical societies to examine or copy registers. Thus, there may no published list of abstracts of the marriages that were celebrated at many Catholic parishes in New England. More parishes in Maine and Rhode Island have permitted genealogical societies to make abstracts of marriages than parishes in other states. New Hampshire is close behind Maine and Rhode Island. Massachusetts has some, while Connecticut, Vermont, and New York have few.

Step Three: trace the family back to its progenitor in Quebec. Once you have successfully identified your ancestor's parish of origin in Quebec and the names of his parents, your task of tracking your ancestors becomes easy. Your first tool of choice is the paper or microfiche copy of Gabriel Drouin et al.'s published list of marriages celebrated in Quebec between 1760 and 1935. Copies of the sixty-one volume Blue Drouin and of the sixty-four volume Red Drouin sets are at the Franco-American genealogy societies in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. The New England Historic Genealogical Society in Massachusetts owns a copy of those two sets as well.

Once you clear the year 1760, use the PRDH to get each preceding generation back to the progenitor of that surname in Quebec. The full title of this work is Répertoire des actes de baptême, mariage, sépulture et des recensements du Québec ancien (Montréal: Presses de l'Université de Montréal, 1980-1990). It is a product of the Research Program in Historical Demography for which the French abbreviation is PRDH. The forty-seven volume Répertoire is often referred to as Athe RAB of the PRDH or just Athe RAB. The printed set covers the 1621 through 1765 period of the French régime. The database, which now contains Quebec baptisms, marriages, and burials up through 1849, can be searched on-line at www.genealogie.umontreal.ca for a modest per-record-found fee. The PRDH will enable you to construct your lineage all the way back to the progenitor in Quebec.

Step Four: look for Acadian names. After you have finished tracing your line back to the progenitor, it is time to begin checking your growing list of French-Canadian ancestors for those who descend from Acadians. The task is a continuous decision-making loop. Take all the names of your ancestors born in Quebec between 1760 and 1810 or who married during those years. If you were born around 1950 and your ancestors each married around age 25, then you have up to 59 surnames of your 64 great-great-great-great-grandparents to look up.

Look up your parents' surnames on the list constructed by Brenda Dunn of Parks Canada and Acadian Genealogist Stephen White. You can find he list in print in Stephen White, "Acadian Family Names," Je Me Souviens 28 (Autumn 2005): 13-17, and online at Yvon Cyr, "Acadian Family Names 1700 to 1755 and Variations," Acadian.org (https://www.acadian.org/genealogy/families/acadian-family-names/). If neither of your parents' surnames are on that list, look up your grandparents' surnames on the list. Repeat this process until you have identified all your ancestors who married after 1755. If none of your ancestors' surnames are on the list constructed by Brenda Dunn and Stephen White, then none of your French-Canadian ancestors include Acadians.

On the other hand, if one of your French-Canadian ancestors who married in Canada after 1755 is on the list of Acadian surnames in Table 1, then your ancestry may

(Continued on page 36)

POETRY/POÉSIE...

THE LANGUAGE CRISIS TODAY

L'académie francaise
does not recognize my language, filled
with *archaïsmes* such as
asteur and *haler*,
ancient words from old
French still used.

The phonetic spelling
or our oral language,
sneered at by langue purists
is not our fault.

The words *ployes* and *câlisse*
are not in Le Robert or
the Harper Collins.
I cannot spell
the words of my native language
but can spell "buckwheat pancake"
and "Body of Christ"
perfectly.

By Danielle Beaupré

ARGUMENT

If you want to spread
the French language
in America,
start with Maine.

Don't come
with fancy literature,
we can't read it.
Bring no materials
from far away Francophone countries,
ça dit rien à nous autres.

Surtout do not try to teach us French.
on parle français.
On est français.

Begin with what
we have, speak to us-
we are listening.

By Danielle Beaupré

Souvenirs

Ces étoiles qui brillent
Au firmament des souvenirs
Sont comme des voiles blanches
Sur l'océan de me mémoire

Le vent qui chuchote
Dans les feuilles mortes
Me parlent du passé
De ces beaux soirs d'été

J'entend toujours ta voix
Dans la chanson du vent
Qui se promène à ma porte
Et me rappelle de toi

Ces beaux soirs d'été
Si longtemps passer
Sont un baume à mon coeur
Qui me remplit de bonheur

Tous les amies de jadis
Que je chéris, même aujourd'hui
Sont toujours dans mes pensées
Comme une Flamme Parfumée!

Souvenirs

Those stars that twinkle
In the cosmos of my memory
Are like white sails
On the ocean seen long ago.

The whispering wind
In the rustling leaves
Talk to me of those
Peaceful summer nights.

I still hear your voices
In the song of the wind
Dancing at my door
Reminding me of you, all

Beautiful summer nights
Of so long, long ago
Are a balm to my heart
That fill me with love.

My friends of yesteryears
That I cherish even today
Are forever in my heart
Like a fluttering flame.

par / by Adrienne Pelletier LePage

Glory

With the ecstatic crowd,
he watches Glory passing by,
He imagines the brave fallen
lost on distant fields.

Among the soldiers marching past,
are men with missing limbs.
He salutes these valiant martyrs
to the heroic cause.

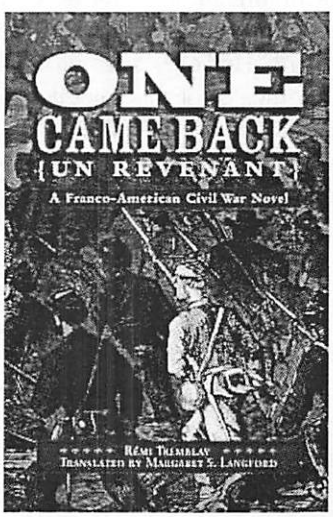
He does not see what they still see
or hear the sounds they hear:
mortars' whistle; rifles' crack,
and cries of wounded men.

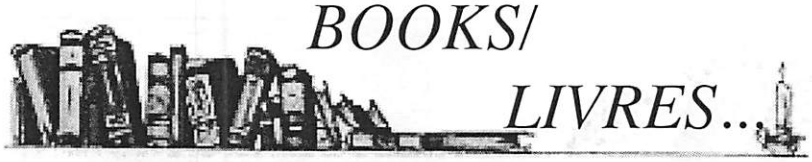
At fourteen, he dreams of soldiering
with rifle and rucksack—
he fears no battle dangers
or perils he might risk.

Witnessing gallant volunteers
strengthens his resolve.
Like them, he'll fight for the Union.
He'll find a way in time.

In 1861, Rémi Tremblay watched the Woonsocket Volunteers, survivors of the Battle of Bull Run (First Manassas) parade through the streets. The sight of these valiant men dazzled him. He would have enlisted immediately, if he could have, but he was only fourteen. Of the volunteers who had enlisted three months earlier, many did not return. Here Eugène, the young hero of Tremblay's **Un Revenant** (English title: **One Came Back,**) reacts just as the author did when he was a boy.

by Margaret S. Langford

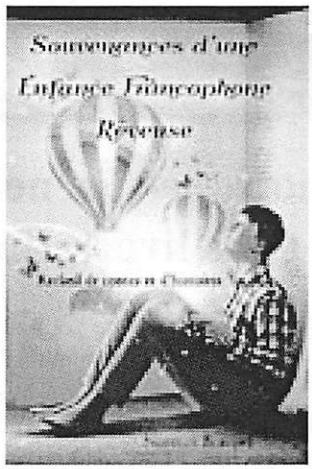




Souvenances d'une Enfance Francophone Rêveuse

Norman R. Beaupré, Biddeford, Maine

L'auteur se sert de son pouvoir d'imaginer et de ses expériences du vécu afin de tisser la toile de sa dernière oeuvre qui se veut l'expression d'une creativité sans borne et sans hasard de rêves inaccessibles. Il s'est donné à son oeuvre avec plein entrain et avec la passion d'écrire tout comme s'envole la pensée libre de toute contrainte. Un jour, il s'est assis devant son ordinateur et a donné libre cours à sa pensée créatrice et en rédigea toute une liste de titres pour des contes et des histoires tout aussi spontanés que les idées lui parvenaient sans savoir où mèneraient ces titres. Ceci fut le très début de ce recueil de contes et d'histoires qui se centre, en grande partie, sur la Francophonie à laquelle l'auteur est fier adhérent. Ceci est un effort de sa part pour obtenir le résultat d'une imagination à l'oeuvre face aux exigences d'une créativité qui se veut hors des confins de l'exactitude de l'oeuvre déjà pleinement formée. Tout fut conçu par le mode de la pensée suggestive pour ensuite devenir oeuvre écrite. L'auteur a donc tâtonné dans ses pensées encore brutes, ensuite manié l'argile de la pensée devenue de plus en plus vive, et même a-t-il mâchonné les mots qui lui serviraient à bien s'exprimer. Le raconteur doit délibérer longtemps avant de capter l'essence de son conte ou de son histoire. Vous lecteurs/lectrices vous en serez les juges si il a bien réussi ou non, car l'auteur a fait son possible de vous entretenir et vous inspirer par le biais du raconteur.



ISBN 978-1-62550-300-8
Paperback
Format: 6 x 9 in - 204 pages
Language: French

Published by Llumina Press
Available on Amazon

The Fallen Divina: Maria Callas

Norman R. Beaupré, Biddeford, Maine

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."

ISBN 978-1-62550-233-9 Paperback
Format: 6 x 9 in - 290 pages
Language: English

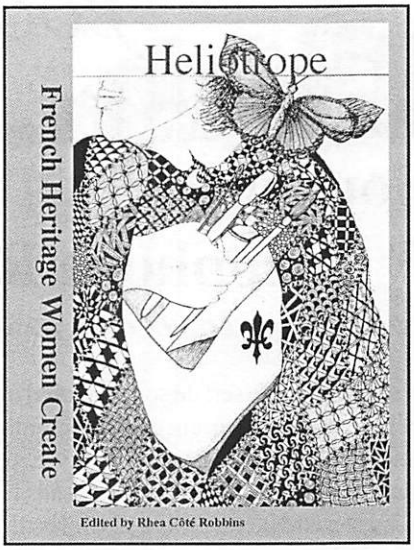
Published by Llumina Press
Available on Amazon

Norman Beaupré was born in Southern Maine and grew up speaking French in Biddeford, Maine. He did his undergraduate studies at St. Francis College in Biddeford Pool and then moved on to Brown University for graduate work and received his Ph.D. in French literature in 1974.

In 2000, he became Professor Emeritus after 30 years of teaching Francophone and World Literature at the University of New England. Traveling extensively, he spent two sabbaticals in Europe where he got the inspiration for several of his books.

BOOKS/ LIVRES...

Heliotrope--French Heritage Women Create has gone live and is now available for purchase!



I hope you enjoy the volume as much as I do as well as others
who have assisted me in this process!
Please let others know of this fine work.
The book is available on Amazon.com
Heliotrope: French Heritage Women Create

The Franco-American Women's Institute, FAWI, celebrating its 20th Anniversary. The Franco-American Women's Institute promotes the contributions of the French heritage women's lives—past, present and future through its online presence and publishing their creativity. For FAWI's 20th Anniversary, an anthology, Heliotrope—French Heritage Women Create, of written works and visual arts was published to mark the present, active, creative lives of the women of the French heritage culture. This anthology presents a snapshot of the French heritage women's lives as they exist in the present. This anthology incorporates the lives of the women who make up this cultural heritage—in print and it offers to the present and future generations a vivid compilation of voices and visuals to express modern-day, French heritage women and their creative works. The anthology builds bridges of insight and understanding for all who read and view the works. Annie Proulx is featured as well as many other women of French heritage.

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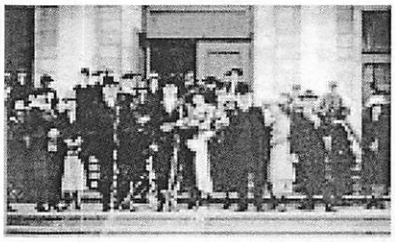


Our Place in Line: A Franco-American Family Odyssey By Catherine F. Bergeron

Our Place in Line is a 20,000-year odyssey of daring, imagination, and endurance offered to those who seek to trace their earliest roots from ancient Gaul to the twenty-first century United States via Feudal France and Colonial Quebec. This is a comprehensive exploration of surname origins with ancestral profiles representing a broad cross-section of Old Regime France. The narration also provides a blueprint for Quebecois descendants to trace their specific ancestral participants in the century-long French and Indian Wars. Witness this personal account of Francophone heritage profiling several families who settled in the manufacturing communities of Lewiston and Auburn, Maine, following the great nineteenth and twentieth century French-Canadian migration to the United States

About Catherine F. Bergeron:

Born in Lewiston, Maine, and a lifelong resident of Auburn, Maine, Catherine F. Bergeron-Bergeron holds a liberal arts degree from Northeastern University College of Journalism graduating in 1973. Our Place in Line A Franco-American Family Odyssey is the culmination of a personal quest to find her family roots and that of her husband, Dan. Both descend from common Bergeron ancestry that originated in Picardy, France, centuries ago. Dozens of vintage pictures and illustrations help trace other family surnames in both their lineages including, Ste. Marie, Lafond, Ouellette, Skandal/ Skendel/Scanlon, Aube, Larin, Campagna, Lepine and Lariviere.

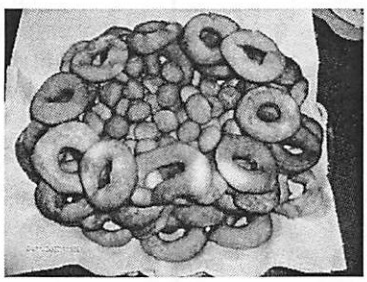
https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/673999

Recipes/Recettes

Potato Doughnuts

3/4 c. sugar
2 eggs
1 c. mashed potatoes
1/2 c. sweet milk
1 Tbsp. baking powder
2 1/2 c. flour
1 1/2 Tbsp. shortening
1/2 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. nutmeg

Beat mashed potatoes; add melted shortening, beaten eggs, and milk. Sift dry ingredients and add to the liquid. Dough should be soft yet firm enough to roll. Separate into 2 parts and roll each out to thickness of 3/4 inch. Cut with doughnut cutter and cook in deep fat (365°F). Fry to golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Dust wtih powdered sugar or sugar and cinnamon mixture.



Beignes aux patates

Ingrédients:
1 tasse de patates pilées
2 tasse de sucre
2 3/4 tasse de farine
1 c. à thé de sel
3 oeufs
1 tasse de lait
4 c. à thé de poudre à pâte
2 c. à table de beurre

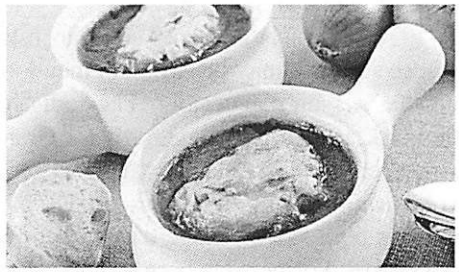
1- Faire cuire et pilée les patates
2- Mélanger, les oeufs, le sucre, le lait et le beurre (ne pas utiliser de mixette)
3- Ajouter les ingrédients secs
4 - Ajouter les patates pilées
5- Mettre au réfrigérateur, quelques heures
6 - Faire un puit de farine sur votre table de travail, y verser une partie du mélanger, pétrir jusqu'à ce que la pâte ne soit plus collante, en faire une boule, rouler et faire les beignes.
7 Cuire dans l'huile jusquà ce que les beignes soient dorés!

FRENCH ONION SOUP

The best onion soup you will ever have!!!!

Slow cooking produces a rich onion flavor. Sugar and broth adds' color to the onions.

Serves 4
4 tablespoons butter (1/4 cup)
2 large sweet onions, thinly sliced
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
2½ cups water
1/2 cup red wine
2 (10.5 ounce) cans condensed beef broth
1 French baguette
8 ounces sliced Swiss cheese



1. Melt butter or margarine in a 4-quart saucepan. Stir in sugar. Cook onions over medium heat for 10 minutes, or till golden brown.
2. Stir in flour until well blended with onions and pan juices. Add water, wine and beef broth; heat to boiling point. Reduce heat to low. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes.
3. Cut four 1 inch thick slices of bread from the loaf. Toast the bread slices at 325 degrees F just until browned, about 10 minutes. Reserve the remaining bread to serve with the soup.
4. Ladle soup into four 12 ounce, oven-safe bowls. Place 1 slice toasted bread on top of the soup in each bowl. Fold Swiss cheese slices, and fit onto toasted bread slices. Place soup bowls on a cookie sheet for easier handling.
5. Bake at 425 degrees F for 10 minutes, or just until cheese is melted.

Potage d'oignons français

Le meilleur potage d'oignons que vous aurez vraiment eu.

Cuisinier lentement pour obtenir la couleur et le goût. Le sucre et le bouillon colorent les oignons.

Pour 4 personnes
4 cuillères à soupe de beurre (¼ tasse)
2 oignons large et succulent épluchés et trancher minces
1 cuillère à café de sucre granulé
1 cuillère à soupe de farine universelle
2½ tasses d'eau
½ tasse de vin rouge
2 (10.5 onces) boîtes de conserve de bouillon au bœuf concentré
1 baguette française
8 onces de fromage suisse, trancher

1. Faites fondre le beurre dans une grosse bouilloire. Puis ajouter le sucre en brassant. Faire cuire à feu doux pendant 10 minutes ou jusqu'à couleur marron d'or.
2. Ajouter la farine en brassant avec les oignons et le jus dans la bouilloire. Ajouter l'eau, vin et le bouillon au bœuf; chauffer au point bouillant. Baisser la chaleur au feu doux, couvrir et cuisiner pour 10 minutes.
3. Trancher 4 tranches de pain un pouce épais. Grillez-les au four à 325 degrés F. Réservez le pain restant pour servir avec le potage.
4. Dispenser le potage dans 4 vaisseaux de 12 onces qui ne sont pas en danger de dommages du micro-wave. Placez une tranche de pain grillé sur le potage dans chaque bol. Pliez les tranches de fromage suisses et placez-le sur les tranches de pain grillées. Il sera plus facile si vous placez les bols de potage sur une feuille de biscuit.
5. Cuisez au four à 425 degrés F pour 10 minutes ou jusqu'à ce que le fromage ait fondu.

Bon appétit!

(How to Tell if Your French-Canadian Ancestors Include Acadians continued from page 31)

include Acadians. I say Amay because some names, like Martin, have both several Quebecois branches and two Acadian branches, none of which are related.

Once you have identified an ancestor whose surname may be Acadian, then look up that person's ancestors. The tools for this task are Adrien Bergeron's Le Grand Arrangement des Acadiens au Québec, 8 vols. (Montréal: Éditions Élysée, 1981) for persons born to a marriage which occurred after 1714. For persons born to a marriage which occurred before 1714, use Stephen White's Dictionnaire Généalogique des Familles Acadiennes, Première Partie, 1636-1714, 2 vols. (Moncton: Centre d'Études Acadiennes, 1999), which will take you all the way back to the progenitor in Acadia.

****

Now that you have the four steps for determining whether any of your French-Canadian ancestors are Acadian, a caution and a warning are in order.

First the caution. Keep in mind name changes. Most French-Canadian pioneers had dit names. Those who research Martins know that at least one line of the descendants of the Acadian Martin-dit-Barnabé, became ABarnaby in upstate New York. Then there is the problem of spelling variations. Aroostook County, Maine, descendants of Jacques Miville-dit-Deschênes have records giving them as AManville and AMainville. Then there are translations. Many descendants of the Roy-dit-Bonifaces of Hamlin, Maine, are known as AKing, some Levesques in Caribou, Maine, are known as ABishop, and a Paré family in Lowell, Massachusetts, became APerry. In all three translation cases, ethnic prejudice was at play, and the surname changed because its holder needed to become English to order to advance in the world.

Finally, there is the ever possible mangling of name spelling by a town clerk who could not speak French and was unfamiliar with French spelling. American-French Genealogical Society member Patty Locke tells the story of an ancestor named Lanctôt whose surname was recorded as ALong Toe, a person whose name was Boutin becoming AButton, and someone whose name was LeBaron becoming ABaron. Wise searchers will always be on the look out for name changes. In fact, searchers working with civil birth, marriage, and death records should ask an acquaintance who neither speaks nor reads any French to pronounce the family name in French, and then ask the acquaintance to spell the name in English. Do not forget to thank your acquaintance for helping you find your ancestor before you return to the town office.

An invaluable resource for researchers working with Quebec records is René Jetté and Micheline Lécuyer's Répertoire des Noms de Famille du Québec des Origines à 1825 (Montréal: Institut Généalogique J. L. Et Associés, 1988). The first half of the 201-page book lists every French-Canadian patronymic found in a Quebec document between 1621 and 1825. For all surnames having one or more dit names or alternate spellings, those forms of the name are given with the date of its first appearance in an official document. The second half of the book changes the order, listing every dit name or alternate spelling followed by its patronymic. An invaluable resource for researchers working with American records is Marc Picard, Dictionary or Americanized French-Canadian Names: Onomastics and Genealogy (Baltimore, Maryland: Clearfield, 2013).

Second, the warning. Do not get misled in The-Name's-the-Same-Error. Too often, the son has his father's name, two first cousins have the same name, and an uncle and nephew have the same name. For each marriage found in a list of marriage abstracts made from a New England source, go get a civil marriage certificate from the town in which the marriage occurred. For each marriage found in a répertoire des marriages made from a Quebec source, go make a photocopy of the entry from the microfilm of the parish register. Look at the witnesses' names. Are the witnesses a parent or other relative? Look at the places. Are they the towns family members have told you that ancestor lived in?

Making sure you have the correct person is particularly necessary for any name given in Adrien Bergeron's eight-volume Le Grand Arrangement des Acadiens au Québec (Montréal: Éditions Élysée, 1981) and Bona Arsenault's six-volume Histoire et généalogie des Acadiens (Montmagny: Éditions Leméac, 1978). We must always be grateful to those who have prepared the comprehensive genealogies that enable us to make a first draft of our ancestries, but we must also be cautious of works published before the wide use of personal computers which find errors and before the expectation that researchers provide sources. Talk to researchers who have worked with Bergeron and Arsenault and also with microfilmed parish registers: each has a story of an error in Bergeron and Arsenault. The way of catching and stopping the spread of errors is to look up each date and name on an original source or an official copy of an original source.

The warning to confirm every marriage in an original record is particularly relevant for French-Canadian research. Monseigneur Cyprien Tanguay started something wonderful when he undertook his monumental effort to produce his Dictionnaire généalogique des familles canadiennes depuis la foundation de la colonie jusqu'a nos jours. His work stimulated the curiosity of many people wanting to know more about their origins, and that is good. However, his work has also had the effect of leading many to amass nothing more than hundreds of names, and that is not good. Veteran French-Canadian researcher Joy Reisinger says that all too many searchers spend their time researching names instead of researching people. I agree. And that is why I urge readers to ask, for every marriage we find, AIs this really the right person? How do I know? Can I find another document that will confirm this?

An ancestryCa list of names should never be an end in itself. It should be the beginning. Census information, deeds, wills and other probate documents, court documents, notarial documents in Canada, photographs, and family heirlooms all have a story to tell. It is the sum and interaction of all those stories that tell us who our ancestors are. It is these stories that help us define who we are.

George Findlen is a retired college administrator. In addition to volunteering at the Wisconsin Historical Society Library and serving on the board of the National Genealogical Society, he researches and writes articles on aspects of his blended Acadian and French Canadian ancestry. He also gives talks to genealogical societies. The author thanks Joy Reisinger, Certified Genealogist, for twenty years editor of the journal, Lost in Canada?, and Patricia Locke, Research Department Chairperson for the American-French Genealogical Society. Both read drafts of the article and made valuable suggestions for its improvement. Initially published in 2005, the article has been revised for publication in Le Forum.

"Can I?"

By Joe Arsenault
Research Associate

In a September 2009 guest lecture at the University of Maine, Severin Beliveau described in personal terms a history of the Franco fait in Maine. Severin, in talking about his own family's journey to Maine, put his story into a larger context of immigrant struggles with both the new and old countries. I was there when he delivered that lecture. Recently I watched a recording of his talk. While I engaged most of the talk the way I do most talks, there was a moment when what he said took me out of my orbit, so to speak. Without particular emphasis, Severin said, "New England, where our Diaspora began, ...was not an easy move. Quebec was unhappy—often angry, some even felt betrayed—to see us leave. As a political leader said at the time: *"Laissez les partir, c'est la canaille qui s'en va*"; "Let them go, it's the riffraff that's leaving." As he spoke this, something in me winced. It was not outrage or sadness or shame; it did not connect vividly to any family myth. Besides, I am Acadian, ancestral from New Brunswick. I winced more the way one might when someone sings off pitch. Something in what Severin said sounded wrong to my ear. I feel that the French statement has been misrepresented in English.

Oh, do I now? Yes, I do.

This is surprising, even to me: What is this impulse I feel about words that otherwise say and mean nothing to me? And yet I feel a case should be made, that the political leader should be defended against what avocat Severin says he's saying in English.

The case I apparently strongly feel needs to be made goes roughly as follows: Whereas, in this English, the voice seems angry and disdainful and entirely without empathy for those who are leaving; and furthermore whereas, in this English, the political leader seems to be saying good riddance since those leaving are already known to community and society and circumstances to be worthless lowlifes (this in particular is carried by the word riffraff); in this French, however, the voice sounds like the anger and rage of sorrow in betrayal, not the indifference of disgust; and furthermore, in this French, it seems as if the politician were only now admitting defeat and giving up on them, saying what might be better rendered in English by: "Let them go, for they've already given up on themselves and so we can't save them now."

What strikes me false about riffraff for *canaille*? Somehow canaille feels to me complex and entangling whereas riffraff feels purely pejorative; and canaille also feels to me to imply a far deeper continuing connection between the speaker and the people he's breaking off from. Canaille for me carries abandoning, betraying, giving up on, in ways that are sinful and shameful to the traitor. These traitors' decision already shows they can't be trusted, that they have lost their scruples, their loyalty, pride, dignity, faith—their place among us: "Let them go, we cannot save them now, for they have already lost and destroyed themselves." All these variances and nuances and more seems conveyed to me in this French. But none of it in this English for me.

Now I wish to come to a full stop to underscore that I have no idea what I'm talking about here. If you asked me to translate the French or explain myself as above, but in French, or just tried chit-chatting with me in French about the weather, the weekend, or anything else, I couldn't do it. I couldn't even answer your French with my English. I can't do it.

And certainly, to feel so strongly with no basis whatsoever is but a terrifying inward confusion. I don't know what I'm talking about but I'm sounding to myself like a self-righteous expert. How should or could I have come to take such a loud and strident position on a matter I have no voice for or in?

I am a fraud. A French fraud. A Franco fraud.

But I'm still here, now with this panic and punning I've just articulated, feeling exposed beyond all possible excuse or self-protection.

So let me continue.

An impression begins to form, with no clear connection to what's gone before. But if you'll indulge me: At first a thin line, almost phosphorescent, appears, hovering as a veil or curtain or drying sheet, in the middle of my head, suspended from a line with anchors at my forehead and at the back of my skull. I hear giggling and shouting. "Can I? Can I?."

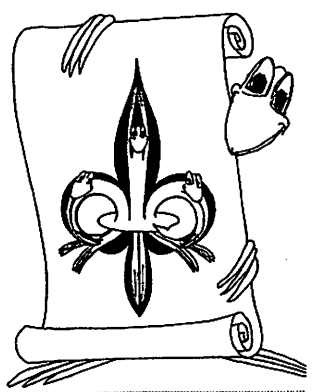
We are playing, my brother, one sister and me. We are making fun of our grandparents' noises. They are cross, talking of someone who'd once been a friend of some kind. This much we knew. But in a rage we didn't understand, they declaim the rogue. The rage seemed as much a howl, as if in pain. And frightening in some way, but safe as long as we didn't get too close.

As always, their sounds were more mud and grunt than words. But there was enough a distortion of something we knew to fashion a new teasing tool. We ask "Can I...?" of each other as an insult: "Can I go outside?, "Can I ride your bike?," "Can I go inside to pee?" The requests are never heard in full as we respond to quick the insult, charging at and attacking one another. "How dare you call me—," "But I was just asking...."

We get carried away by our cheznanigans, carry them into the house, repeating, "Can I? Can I?" to each other, not noticing how near the grandparents we've come. They stop us. "What are you saying?" mére-mére demands. We didn't know. We were just playing. "Stop your foolishness. Be quiet before I put you in chairs," she threatens. And we felt ashamed and stop.

Here the impression fades. Is this a memory? An invention? Is something here found? Recovered? Reactivated? It involves something unwilled arising, fraught with feeling, full of family and connections I can't trace though they pull at something from somewhere. Is this a word? Est-ce un mud?

So finally now I listen again to the severing Severin describes: "Quebec was unhappy—often angry, some even felt betrayed—to see us leave." Betrayed, yes. That's it. And it was here, in the lecture all this time. Why didn't I notice this before? Betrayal, yes, that's much the complexion of the feeling I miss in riffraff. And certainly unhappy, being angry because we made them angry, because we betrayed them, because we'd become traitors. Not riffraff, however correct, but loved ones, lost to some imagined transgression, a border crossing, a passage out from a culture for which there is no hope for return.



GENEALOGY/GÉNÉALOGIE

WHO WAS PIERRE LANGUEDOC SOMETIMES KNOWN AS LANGDO OF FRENCHVILLE, ME

By Allen J. Voisine
itismoi9@aol.com

I always seem to like a mystery in genealogy. I guess it is in all our natures as a genealogist and in what we find in our own families or others. We have sometime pursued a mystery for years. I being of predominately French-Canadian descent enjoy tackling these brick walls however few there have been because of the great record keeping of the priests who performed the baptisms, marriages and burials for our ancestors on this side of the ocean for over 400 years. However, in the time period of 1860 – 1908 in Ste. Luce, Frenchville, ME, there was a Belgium priest by the name Charles SWERON, who in writing the marriage acts, wrote them as though he were writing a English agreement, that is the date the ceremony performed, parties involved and witnesses, and his name as the officiant with no mention of parents. The witnesses were usually the father of the groom and bride but it was not always the case.

I found the marriage of Pierre LANGUEDOC and Anna COTE on the 8th January 1872 with the witnesses being Charles Devot (sic) and Ermenegd (sic) COTE. Charles may have been a friend of Pierre's in absence of his father. An added note the second witness's first name was actually spelled Hermenegilde. I next looked in the 1880 Frenchville census and found Pierre and his wife and their four children in the household of Charles DAVAUST (sic), it states that his relationship to the head of the household as adopted son. He is not mentioned in the 1870 or 1871 censuses. In the 1860 Census for Township 18, Range 5 (now part of Frenchville) I find a Peter ENGLISH (sic) 11 years old living with the DEVEAU's. Next I looked in the 1900 Frenchville Census in hoping if I could see if I could find an indication of when he was born and found him and his second wife Marie [VAILLANCOURT] and his eight children from his two marriages. It states that he was born in June of 1849. I also looked at his civil marriage record of this second marriage since it occurred in 1892, when civil registration for all births, marriages and deaths became mandatory for the State of Maine and it stated his parents were Amable LANGDO and Henriette DALTON. In the 1851 Census in St-Alexandre, Quebec I find Charles DEVEAU and his wife Marie MARQUIS and 3 year old son Pierre. Note that this census was done so late in the year that the ages may have indicated as though the year was 1852 not 1851.

I then went on to search for a Pierre born in Quebec and found him within the area where he lived in census and I found a Pierre Inconnu. A priest often wrote this when parents were unknown which often indicated that a child was born out of wedlock. I found that he was baptized at Rimouski, Quebec on the 7th June 1849 born two days prior in Ste-Cecile du Bic and his godparents were Charles DEVEAUX (sic) and Marie MARQUIS. I again looked in the same census for a LANGUEDOC in the Rimouski area. I found a Pierre LANGUEDOC living in Ste-Cecile du Bic with a wife by the name of Marie VERSAILLES with two domestics, one being Henriette ALTON (sic). I looked for another ALTON (sic) and I find a Scholastique married to Edouard LEBEL and looked for her parents and found her married under the name of HARTON and that her parents are shown as Jean-Marie and Marie-Scholastique ROBINSON. I then looked for a baptism of a Henriette HARTON and found a Henriette-Eliza baptized at St-Roch-des-Aulnaies on the 9th January 1822 born the preceding day to the same couple that had Marie-Scholastique. She is eventually died and was buried as found in the Basilique Notre-Dame in Montreal parish registers in 1898.

In looking for Pierre LANGUEDOC who was 70 years in the census of 1851 proved to be more difficult for the reason being when he was married to Marie VERSAILLES on 31 October 1849 at Rimouski, no parents are listed and either of them were shown to be widowed at the time of marriage. Priest's on occasion when a person was old enough to marry and was free to do so, due to the fact of his advanced age and as in this case because he was not married prior that parents were not necessarily written in the official church record. I could not find a baptism under Pierre LANGUEDOC. I proceeded to looked for possibilities with last name variants or "dit" names and I found a Pierre CHARPENTIER, being born and baptized the 10th of January 1782 at St-Laurent a parish located in the Montreal banlieue (suburbs), to Pierre[-Henri] and [Marie-] Angelique BOUIN [dit DUFRESNE]. I then pursued his death record but could not find his death under CHARPENTIER but did find his death as Pierre LANGUEDOC on the 2nd October dying two nights prior on the 30th September 1854 in the Basilique Notre-Dame in Montreal parish registers at the age of seventy-two years.

To sum up my exhaustive research on his parentage my conclusion is the he is the Pierre with no surname given that was baptized at St-Germain, Rimouski, Quebec on the 7th Jun 1849 and born two days before. In further research I have also concluded he is the son of the non marriage union of Pierre CHARPENTIER also known as LANGUEDOC, whose parents were Pierre-Henri CHARPENTIER and Marie-Angelique BOUIN dit DUFRESNE and Henriette-Eliza HARTON whose parents were Jean-Marie HARTON & Marie-Scholastique ROBINSON.

In conclusion I remember what my second mentor/friend Guy F. DUBAY told me when I first started on my own genealogy almost 40 years ago, what his mentor told him and as I translate for you "You have to bother people if you are going to do genealogy". In being persistent as a pit bull or jokingly in my case, a pit frog, even with people long since past when we can sometimes can find the answers to what we are looking for.

GENEALOGY/GÉNÉALOGIE

L'ADN et la généalogie

par Ken Roy

Si vous avez passé des années à documenter votre ascendance généalogique et vous êtes intéressés à faire des tests ADN encouragés par les annonces que vous avez vues à la télévision, vous devrez décider ce que vous voulez prouver avec vos tests ADN. Les tests ADN eux-mêmes ne vous diront pas qui sont vos ancêtres. Vous avez encore besoin de faire la recherche généalogique traditionnelle. Les tests d'ADN peuvent toutefois établir la validité de votre recherche et vous aider à résoudre les murs de brique.

Si vous voulez prouver vos lignes directes à la France par exemple, les tests offerts par Ancestry.com ne seront pas utiles pour établir votre ligne paternelle ou maternelle directe. Family Tree DNA (FTDNA) est l'une des seules entreprises à offrir les tests ADN-y (ligne paternelle) et ADNmt (ligne maternelle). Si vous regardez leur site autour des jours de fêtes, vous pouvez trouver des remises pour leurs tests d'ADN. Vous pouvez aussi généralement obtenir 20 $ en rejoignant un projet de nom de famille.

L'an dernier, j'ai pris le test ADN-y de FTDNA et leur test Family Finder ou leur test d'ADN autosomique (ADNat) qui est équivalent au test offert à la télévision par Ancestry.com comme Ancestry DNA. Le test ADN-y a confirmé ma recherche de ma ligne paternelle à Antoine Roy dit Desjardins, à son père Oliver Roy et à son grand-père Jean Roy en France. Notez qu'il n'est pas possible de prendre la ligne d'Antoine Roy plus loin que ses grands-parents, Jean Roy et Marie Boucquenier, puisque les deux n'étaient pas mariés selon le dossier de baptême de leur fils, Olivier Roy en 1604 dans les registres de St André à Joigny dans le département de l'Yonne, France.

Le texte latin pour l'entrée du baptême est comme suit:

Anno quo supra ego subsignatus baptisam Oliviarius filius Johannis Roy et Maria Boucquenier non ex legitimo m(at)r(imon) io sperrito. Cuius susceptor fuit Oliviarius Calende, testers vero fuerum Stephanus et Perretta Vallee

Traduction française:

L'an ci-dessus (1604), je soussigné ai baptisé Olivier, fils de Jean Roy et de Marie Boucquenier, non issu de mariage légitime. Son parrain a été Olivier Calende, les témoins ont été Etienne et Perrette Vallée.

Traduction anglaise:

In the year shown above (1604), I the undersigned have baptized Olivier, son of John Roy and Mary Boucquenier, not born of a legitimate marriage. His godfather was Olivier Calende, the witnesses were Stephen and Perretta Vallée.

Signature: Ollivier Callendre (the godfather)

Le test ADN familial de Family Finder a été un peu décevant en le sens qu'il montre des correspondance ADN à des personnes qui pourraient être mes 2 ième au 4 ième cousins, mais qui sont de différentes générations parce que la communauté française en Nouvelle-France et en Acadie étais une petite communauté autonome, en autre mots ils pourraient être 2ième cousin, mais il y a 6 générations de différence. En conséquence, vous ne trouverez peut-être pas leurs ancêtres dans votre arbre généalogique. Si la personne qui vous contacte en raison d'un test ADN familial de Family Finder qui vous montre comme un ADN correspondant à leur test d'ADN n'a pas fait leur recherche généalogique, il pourrait être difficile de trouver exactement où vous êtes parents à cause du groupe ethnique étroitement unie à partir de laquelle vous descendez tous les deux.

Les résultats d'un test d'ADN atnomique pour les groupes ethniques étroitement unis dans lesquels les lignes généalogiques croisent fréquemment (c'est-à-dire qu'une personne est liée à une autre personne le long de plusieurs lignes généalogiques), le test atDNA peut exagérer la relation. Par exemple, l'ADNc peut indiquer une relation de 2 ième au 4 ième cousin tandis que la relation réelle peut être de 3 ième au 5ième cousin, ou elle peut indiquer une relation qui est de plusieurs générations de différence. Les Acadiens et les Canadiens-Français répondent aux critères «étroitement liés» puisque les villages acadiens et ceux de la Nouvelle-France sont souvent isolés et ne comptent que quelques familles étroitement apparentées.

Alors que ma composition ethnique est 100% européenne, elle montre 49% en Europe du Sud, 21% en Scandinavie, 15% en Europe occidentale et centrale, 13% en Isle britannique et 2% en Finlande et en Sibérie du Nord. Je m'attendais à une composition ethnique qui ressemblais plus à la composition ethnique de ma femme qui montre 100% d'Europe occidentale et centrale, mais je me souvient qu'une de mes lignes ancestrales ne montrait pas un père, qui est supposé être irlandais.

J'ai rejoint les projets Nom de famille Roy et ADN Héritage Français à FTDNA. Alors que j'ai trouvé plusieurs correspondant dans le projet du Nom de famille Roy, il n'est pas évident comment ils se rapportent à mes correspondant ADN-y, donc j'ai contacté une couple des mes correspondant du test ADN-y, puis utilisé le projet ADN Héritage Français pour trianguler l'ADN d'Antoine Roy dit Desjardins. Vous pouvez en apprendre davantage sur le projet ADN Héritage Français sur le site Web https://www.familytreedna.com/groups/frenchheritage/about

Le projet ADN Héritage français a pour objectifs :

De retrouver les signatures ADN particulières des noms de familles d'origine française, ainsi que celles des premiers arrivants et ancêtres hommes ou femmes établis dans les anciennes colonies ou sur d'autres continents; d'établir un catalogue de ces signatures. Une première compilation se trouve à http://triangulations.ca ou à http://miroise.org/catalogue/

Vous pouvez consulter les résultats du projet ADN Héritage Français comme un graphique à https://www.familytreedna.com/public/frenchheritage?iframe=ycolorized

Les résultats de Roy dit Desjardins sont à la page 3 et ma triangulation des lignes Roy, Desjardin, Lozier, et Voisine sur

(suite page 43)

GENEALOGY/GÉNÉALOGIE

DNA and Genealogy

By Ken Roy

If you have spend years documenting your genealogical ancestry, and are now interested in doing DNA testing encouraged by the ads you have seen on TV, you might need to decide what you want to prove with your DNA test(s). DNA testing itself will not tell you who your ancestors are. You still need to do the traditional genealogy research. DNA tests can however, substantiate your research and might help you solve brick walls.

If you want to prove your direct lines back to France for example, the tests being offered by Ancestry.com will not be helpful in substantiating your direct paternal or maternal line. Family Tree DNA (FTDNA) is one of the only companies current offering the Y-DNA (paternal line) and mtDNA (maternal line) tests. If you watch their site around holidays you can find discounts for their DNA tests. You can also typically get $20 off by joining a surname project.

Last year I took both FTDNA's Y-DNA and their Family Finder or autosomal DNA (atDNA) test which is equivalent to the test offered on TV by Ancestry.com as Ancestry DNA. The Y-DNA test substantiated my research of my paternal line to Antoine Roy dit Desjardins, his father Oliver Roy and grandfather Jean Roy in France. Note that it is not possible to take the Antoine Roy's line further back than his grandparents, Jean Roy and Marie Boucquenier since the two were not married according to the baptism record of their son, Olivier Roy in 1604 in the registers of St André in Joigny in the Department of Yonne, France.

Latin text for the baptismal entry is as follows:

Anno quo supra ego subsignatus baptisam Oliviarius filius Johannis Roy et Maria Boucquenier non ex legitimo m(at)r(imon) io sperrito. Cuius susceptor fuit Oliviarius Calende, testers vero fuerum Stephanus et Perretta Vallee

French Translation:

L'an ci-dessus (1604), je soussigné ai baptisé Olivier, fils de Jean Roy et de Marie Boucquenier, non issu de mariage légitime. Son parrain a été Olivier Calende, les témoins ont été Etienne et Perrette Vallée.

English Translation:

In the year shown above (1604), I the undersigned have baptized Olivier, son of John Roy and Mary Boucquenier, not born of a legitimate marriage. His godfather was Olivier Calende, the witnesses were Stephen and Perretta Vallée.

Signature: Ollivier Callendre (the godfather)

The Family Finder autosomal DNA (atDNA) test was a bit disappointing in that it shows DNA matches to people who might be my 2nd to 4th cousins, but are many generations removed because of the tight knit French community in New France and Acadia, in other words they might be 2nd cousin but 6 times removed or more. As a result you might not find their ancestors in your current genealogical tree. If the person contacting you due to a Family Finder test that shows you as a DNA match to their DNA test has not done their genealogy research, it might be difficult to find exactly where you are related because of the close-knit ethnic group from which you both descend.

Autosomal DNA (atDNA) test results for close-knit ethnic groups in which genealogical lines cross frequently (i.e., a person is related to another person along more than one genealogical line), the atDNA test can overstate the relationship. For example, the atDNA may indicate a 2nd – 4th cousin relationship whereas the actual relationship may be 3rd – 5th cousin, or it may indicate a relationship that is several generations removed. The Acadians and French-Canadians meet the "close-knit" criteria since Acadian villages and those in New France were often isolated and contained members of only a few closely-related families.

While my ethnic makeup shows 100% European, it shows 49% Southern Europe, 21% Scandinavia, 15% Western and Central Europe, 13% British Isle, and 2% Finland and Northern Siberia. I expected my ethnic composition to be more like my wife's ethnic makeup which shows 100% Western and Central Europe, but then I remembered that one of my ancestral lines does not show a father, who is rumored to be Irish.

I joined both the Roy Surname and French Heritage DNA projects at FTDNA. While I found several matches in the Roy Surname project it is not obvious how they related to my Y-DNA matches, so I contacted a couple of the close matches in my Y-DNA test results and then used the French Heritage DNA project to triangulate Antoine Roy dit Desjardins' DNA. You can learn more about the French Heritage DNA Project at https://www.familytreedna.com/groups/frenchheritage/about

The French Heritage DNA Project has the following objectives to:

1. Establish "Benchmarks" (modal signature) and triangulated ones for our oldest ancestors against which we will be able to test relationships and validate our genealogies; a Catalogue of Validated Ancestral signatures is in development at http://triangulations.ca or at http://miroise.org/catalogue/

You can view the French Heritage Y-DNA results as a chart at \https://www.familytreedna.com/public/frenchheritage?iframe=ycolorized

The Roy dit Desjardins results are on page 3 and my triangulation of the Roy, Desjardins, Lozier, and Voisine lines on http://miroise.org/catalogue/tri0130/ Dr Jacques Beaugrand has verified the Y-DNA signatures and Denis Beauregard has verified the genealogy. The related triangulation of the Losier-Roy-Desjardins line is also shown on http://miroise.org/catalogue/tri0134-losier-roy-desjardins/ and the Voisine-Roy-Desjardins line on http://miroise.org/catalogue/tri0135/

You can find my genealogy research on my web site – Our Roy and Boucher Family, Their Genealogy at https://www.royandboucher.com/tng/index.php

Some recommended readings

If you want to read more about the different DNA tests, I recommend **DNA & GENEALOGY-A BRIEF PRIMER** by Martin Guidry at http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~guedrylabinefamily/

(Continued on page 42)

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

Les Familles LAMARRE

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 spouce (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same number in the right-most column above. For example, if it's #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with the rare exception of small letters, e.g., "13a." If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere appologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

LAMARRE
(Lamore)

FAMILY #2

Claude-Charles Lamarre [dit L'Éveillé], born circa 1715 in France, died in PQ, son of Claude Lamarre and Marguerite Caron from the village of Bailleul-s-Thérain, department of Oise, ancient province of Ile-de-France, married of 8 September 1749 in Beauport, PQ to Louise-Geneviève Tardif, born 1715 in PQ, died in PQ, daughter of François Tardif and Geneviève Giroux. Bailleul-s-Thérain is located 5 miles southeast of the city of Beauvais.

A	Claude	circa	1715	Marguerite Caron	France	1
1	Claude-Charles	08 Sep	1749	Geneviève-Lse. Tardif	Beauport	2
2	Augustin	05 Feb	1781	Françoise Dancause	Rivière-Ouelle	3
	Germain	28 Oct	1782	Théotiste Dubé	Rivière-Ouelle	4
3	Norbert	16 Oct	1826	Victoire Tremblay	Eboulements	5
4	Charles 1m.	26 Aug	1805	Charlotte Bérubé	Rivière-Ouelle	
	" 2m.	05 Nov	1821	Judith Michaud	Rivière-Ouelle	4A
	Bernard	circa	1810	Séraphine Roussel	Rivière-Ouelle !	6
	"	12 Jan	1835	" "	Rivière-Ouelle	
5	Philippe	10 Jan	1965	Sara-Céclina Servant	Rivière-Ouelle	5A
6	Nicaïse-Jean	11 Feb	1833	Marie Martin	Rivière-Ouelle	9
	Joseph	28 Jan	1878	Flavie Madore-Laplante	Rivière-Ouelle	6A
9	Pierre	23 Jun	1856	Olympe Soucy	St.Pascal, Kam.	14
14	Pierre	08 Mar	1886	Hélène Levesque	St.Philippe, Kam.	14A

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

4A	Germain	17 Jul	1849	Catherine Vaillancourt	Frenchville	4B
	Théophile-Alphée	24 May	1859	Elisabeth Vaillancourt	Frenchville	
	William	12 Aug	1861	Geneviève Dumont	Frenchville	4C
4B	Joseph	14 Feb	1888	Flavie Nadeau	Ft.Kent	4D
4C	William	circa	1884	Madeleine Bossé	Ft.Kent !	4E
4D	Agnès	07 Jan	1907	Maxime Picard	Fairfield(IHM)	
4E	Joseph	26 Dec	1911	Délia Labbé	Wallagrass	4F
4F	Edmond-J.	circa	1938	Priscille Dufour	Maine ?	4G
4G	Welman-J.	19 Jul	1975	Shirley-Ann Spongberg	Skowhegan(NDL)	
5A	Arthur	21 Sep	1889	Alma Servant	Nashua, NH(SFX)	
6A	Charles	31 Oct	1910	Rosa Wright	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Pierre	27 Dec	1915	Alexina/Exina Morin	Biddeford(St.And.)	6B
6B	Éva-Rose	28 Dec	1935	Edouard Jacques	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Rita	03 Sep	1938	Jean-L. Belaire	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Anita	29 Jan	1944	Marcel Gagné	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
14A	Eustache	29 Oct	1923	M.-Calra Caron	Nashua, NH(SFX)	
	Louis-Philippe	03 Sep	1938	Blanche-D. Charette	Old Town(St.Jos.)	14B
14B	Adrien-J.	29 Dec	1957	Patricia-A. Ouellette	Old Town(St.Jos.)	

Other Lamarre families not fully traced:

A1	Rémi		18__	Mathilde Lamadeleine	PQ	DROUIN? A2
A2	Ovila	30 Jun	1902	Orise Roy	St.Malo, Compton	A3
				(Thomas & Clémence Lemieux)		
	Napoléon	16 Apr	1917	Mathilda Mongeau	St.Malo, Compton	A4
A3	Thomas	26 Aug	1942	Irène Bolduc	Stornoway, Front.	A5
	Roméo-Léo	30 May	1951	Irène Lemieux	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
A4	Pauline-Anne	24 Feb	1941	Pierre-E. Neault	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Maurice	25 Sep	1948	Rita Bellefeuille	Biddeford(St.And.)	
A5	Thérèse-C.	30 May	1964	Fernand-R. Hughes	Lewiston(SPP)	

B1	Philippe-J.	before	1925	Marie Saucier	St.David, Me.?	ARCH B2
B2	Bernice	29 Jun	1946	Roland Michel	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Normand-J.	11 Nov	1947	Florence-Andréa Fortin	Lewiston(St.Mary)	B3
	Marie-May	15 Apr	1950	Lawrence Couillard	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Joan	08 Aug	1953	Raymond Abbott	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Ruth	05 Sep	1955	Richard Duchêne	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Philipe-J., Jr.	24 Nov	1960	Lorraine-H. Bolduc	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Joan	29 Jan	1966	Roland-A. Labadie	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Gilman	11 Feb	1967	Élize Lavoie	Lewiston(SPP)	
B3	Linda-M.	30 May	1970	James-D. Schrepper	Auburn(St.Louis)	
	Joyce-M.	05 May	1973	Gérald-Réginald Côté	Auburn(St.Louis)	
	Carol-M.	05 Jun	1976	Michael-Léo Fortier	Auburn(St.Louis)	

(Continued on page 42)

(LAMARRE, continued from page 41)

C1	Calixte		18__	Julia Marcotte	_____ DROUIN?	C2
C2	Anselme	18 Oct	1896	Amanda Baron	So.Berwick(St.Mi.)	C3
C3	Eléonore-M.	12 Jan	1920	Jean-Bte. Guértin	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
	Ovila	27 Jun	1921	Venelda Clément	Sanford(St.Ig.)	C4
	Bernadette	26 Aug	1929	Alphonse Dion	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
	Marguerite	04 Sep	1933	Léo Lemieux	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
	Almoza 1m.	30 Nov	1933	George Robitaille	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
	" 2m.	30 Dec	1961	Adélard Lapointe	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
	Gertrude	25 Aug	1934	George-J. Faucher	Springvale(ND)	
	Mélanie	01 Sep	1934	Aimé Richard	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
C4	Sylvia	22 Jun	1946	Roland-A. Gauthier	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
	Gabrielle	28 Jan	1950	Robert Légere	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
	André	26 Jun	1965	Lorraine Jacobs	Springvale(ND)	
D1	Adolphus cert.	20 Apr	1885	Lizzie Cormier	Ft.Fairfield	D2
D2	Frank	01 Aug	1927	Patricia-E. Tétreault	Lewiston(SPP)	
E0	Arthur					
E1	Arthur, Jr.	05 Aug	1900	Clara Lebourd(ais	Brunswick !	ARCH E2
E2	Cécile	04 Aug	1924	William Lafelly	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Margaret	20 Jun	1927	Ernest-Léon Rivard	Brunswick(SJB)	
F1	William before	1958		Irène Pelletier	Biddeford ?	F2
F2	Christine-D.	28 Jul	1978	Robert-R. Pelletier	Biddeford(St.And.)	
G1	William		18__	Joséphine Veilleux	Whitefield, NH	G2
G2	William	15 Apr	1907	Anna Mateau	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	G3
	Alma	01 Jan	1913	Alfred Gaumont	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Wilfrid 1m.	29 Jan	1917	M.-Anne Viger	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	" 2m.	16 Apr	1949	Anna Béland	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
G3	Rosalie	20 Apr	1925	Roland Bernier	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
H1	Louis before		1870	M.-Célina Chabot	Chicopee, MA	H2
H2	Présilda !	15 Sep	1890	Eugène Alie	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Louis ! 1m.	27 Nov	1890	Philomène Ducharme	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	H3
	" 2m.	30 Apr	1901	Jeanne Villandry	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Victoria	13 May	1901	Calixte Brousseau	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Napoléon	26 Sep	1911	Albertine Alié	St.Geo.-Windsor, PQ	
	Mathilda	21 Nov	1915	Louis-J. Morin	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
H3	Apolline-Édesse	01 Feb	1915	Stanislas Gendron	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
J1	Thomas-C. before		1891	Elmire Samson	Fall River, MA	J2
J2	Thomas-L. 15 Feb		1960	Diane Pétrin	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
K1	Joseph		18__	Adèle Anna	_____ DROUIN ?	K2
K2	Ambroise	24 Aug	1880	Célina Turcotte	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
L1	Arthur	before	1893	Anne Dehêtre	Westbrook! DROU ?	L2
L2	Napoléon	16 Jun	1902	M.-Louise Guérette	Brunswick(SJB)	L3
	Florien 1m.	28 Jul	1913	M.-Anne Therrien	Brunswick(SJB)	L4
	" 2m.	27 Feb	1927	Laura Renaud	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Ludger	29 Jun	1935	Anne Cormier	Lewiston(SPP)	
L3	Jeanne-M. 1m.	15 Sep	1930	Louis-D. Thibault	Lewiston(SPP)	
	" 2m.	10 Nov	1966	Origène Gilbert	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Irène	29 Jun	1940	Léon Pellerin	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Carmen	29 Jun	1940	Arthur Bélanger	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Émilien	19 Jan	1946	Lorraine Fortier	Lewiston(SPP)	
L4	Roland-J.	23 May	1936	Annette-Médora Bonsaint	Brunswick(SJB)	
M0				M1		
M1	Ludger	04 Feb	1907	Fédora Vermette	Brunswick	ARCH M2
M2	Fernand-Gérard	23 Aug	1935	Ruth Moore	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Régina-Rose-A.	28 Nov	1935	Léo-Charles Mercier	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Raymond 03 Jun		1950	Marie Bousquet	Lewiston(SPP)	
P1	Théophile	before	1892	Geneviève Chassé	Winn !	P2
P2	Félix	21 Jul	1913	Délia Deschamps	Auburn(St.Louis)	P3
P3	Léo	31 May	1941	Thérèse Blanchette	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	P4
P4	Rita-M.	14 Nov	1964	Ronald-Alfred James	Auburn(St.Louis)	

(Continued on page 43)

(DNA and Genealogy continued from page 40)

dna_genealogy_brief_primer.html and the Beginners' Guides to Genetic Genealogy on the International Society of Genetic Genealogy (ISOGG) Wiki http://isogg.org/wiki/Beginners'_guides_to_genetic_genealogy

References

Beginners' Guide to Genetic Genealogy http://isogg.org/wiki/Beginners'_guides_to_genetic_genealogy

DNA and Genealogy – A Brief Primer http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~guedrylabinefamily/dna_genealogy_brief_primer.html

http://www.legalgenealogist.com/2015/02/02/2015-most-bang-for-the-dna-buck/

It contains several considerations on what you might want to accomplish with a DNA test. From what I have read, Family Tree DNA is the only company who will not sell your DNA data to a third party._

I Have the Results of My Genetic Genealogy Test. Now What? https://www.familytreedna.com/pdf-docs/Interpreting-Genetic-Genealogy-Results_web_optimized.pdf

Author's Background

My name is Ken (Kenneth C) Roy and I grew up in Upper Frenchville, Maine on the border to New Brunswick, Canada. I attended high school and college with the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in Bucksport and Bar Harbor, Maine and then Natick, Massachusetts. After leaving the seminary, I did a year of graduate work at Central Connecticut State College in New Britain, CT and then joined the US Army where I served for six years as a logistic officer, including one year in Vietnam with the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile). I then went to work for Electronic Data Systems (EDS) where I was a system software developer on the IBM mainframe.

I have been doing genealogical research for over 34 years and have had a web site presence for over 11 years using The Next Generation (TNG) of site building software to dynamically create and display the web pages from several databases.

My Web Sites

Our Acadian, French-Canadian, and Maine Ancestors https://www.royandboucher.com (my primary web site)

(Continued on page 43)

(L'ADN et la généalogie suite de page 39)

http://miroise.org/catalogue/tri0130/ Le Dr Jacques Beaugrand a vérifié les signatures ADN-Y et Denis Beauregard a vérifié la généalogie. La triangulation de la ligne Losier-Roy-Desjardins correspondante est également à http://miroise.org/catalogue/tri0134-losier-roy-desjardins/ et la ligne Voisine-Roy-Desjardins sur le site Web http://miroise.org/catalogue/tri0135/

Vous pouvez trouver ma recherche généalogique sur mon site web - Notre famille Roy et Boucher, leur généalogie à https://www.royandboucher.com/tng/index.php

Quelques lectures recommandées

Si vous voulez en savoir plus sur les différents tests ADN, je recommande **DNA & GENEALOGY-A BRIEF PRIMER** par Martin Guidry au site Web http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~guedrylabinefamily/dna_genealogy_brief_primer.html et les guides de débutants à la généalogie génétique sur la Société internationale de généalogie génétique (ISOGG) Wiki http://isogg.org/wiki/Beginners'_guides_to_genetic_genealogy

Les références

Guide de débutants à la généalogie génétique (en anglais) http://isogg.org/wiki/Beginners'_guides_to_genetic_genealogy

ADN et généalogie - Une brève introduction (en anglais) http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~guedrylabinefamily/dna_genealogy_brief_primer.html

J'ai les résultats de mon test de généalogie génétique. Maintenant quoi? (en anglais) https://www.familytreedna.com/pdf-docs/Interpreting-Genetic-Genealogy-Results_web_optimized.pdf

Informations sur l'auteur

Je m'appelle Ken (Kenneth C) Roy et j'ai grandi à Upper Frenchville, au Maine, à la frontière du Nouveau-Brunswick, au Canada. J'ai fréquenté l'école secondaire et le collège avec les Oblats de Marie Immaculée à Bucksport et à Bar Harbor, dans le Maine, puis à Natick, dans le Massachusetts. Après avoir quitté le séminaire, j'ai fait une année d'études supérieures au Connecticut State College à New Britain, CT, puis j'ai rejoint l'armée américaine où j'ai servi pendant six ans comme officier de logistique, y compris un an au Vietnam avec la 1st Cavalry Division Airmobile). Je suis ensuite allé travailler pour Electronic Data Systems (EDS) où j'étais un développeur de logiciels système sur le mainframe IBM.

Je fais de la recherche généalogique depuis plus de 34 ans et j'ai eu une présence sur le web depuis plus de 11 ans en utilisant logiciel TNG pour créer dynamiquement et afficher les pages Web de plusieurs bases de données.

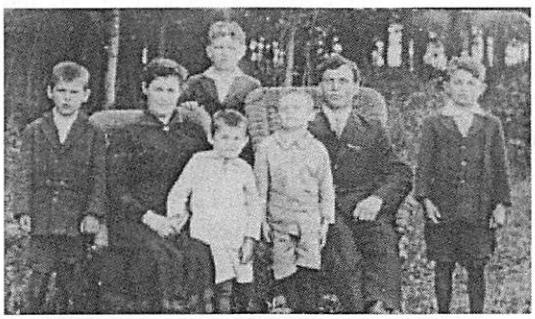
Mes sites Web

Nos ancêtres Acadiens, Canadiens Français du Maine https://www.royandboucher.com/ (Mon site Web principal)

Nos familles Roy et Boucher https://www.royandboucher.com/tng/index.php (Mon site Web de généalogie TNG)

Cimetières dans le Nord du Maine https://www.royandboucher.com/maine/cemeteries/index.php (mon site Web de recherche de base de données de cimetière créé à l'aide de la recherche en un seul étape du Dr Morse http://stevemorse.org/create/create.html) Toutes les personnes inhumées dans ces cimetières sont incluses car les informations proviennent de pierres tombales existantes dans les cimetières.

Nos ancêtres vétérans acadiens, canadiens-français et du Maine (mon site Web de recherche de bases de données des vétérans créé à l'aide de la recherche en une seule étape du Dr Morse http://stevemorse.org/create/create.html) Ces bases de données ne sont pas non plus complètes. Si vous avez des renseignements sur d'autres vétérans de votre famille dans le nord du Maine, n'hésitez pas à me contacter par l'intermédiaire de mon site Web.



The Maxime and Elise (Bouchard) Roy Family circa 1917

(LAMARRE, continued from page 42)

	Louise-Annette	16 Oct	1965	James-Marvin Page	Auburn(St.Louis)
	Anita-Yvonne	27 Apr	1968	Normand-Wilfrid Guay	Auburn(St.Louis)
	Carmen-Sylvia	15 May	1976	Richard-R. Castonguay	Auburn(St.Louis)
R1	Ambroise		18__	Philomène _____ * PQ (*M.-Delphine Longtin ?)	R2
R2	Marie	27 Nov	1893	Joseph Soucy Somersworth, NH	
S1	Napoléon	____	_____	_____	S2
S2	Alphonsine-M.	06 Aug	1928	Raoul Têtu Lewiston(SPP)	ARCH
U1	Thomas		19__	Elsie Lagacé _____	ARCH U2
U2	M.-Anne	08 July	1929	Arthur-K. Lombard Madison(St.Seb.)	
V1	Thomas		19__	Jane Hunter (Chassé) _____	V2
V2	Elvin	15 Oct	1928	Yvonne Bérubé Madison(St.Seb.)	
ZM1	Pomela 1m.		18__	Hormidas Cloutier _____	DROUIN ?
	" 2m.	24 Aug	1896	Marcel Pinette Brunswick(SJB)	ARCH
ZM2	Edouard	17 Nov	1941	M.-Hélène Leclair Manchester, NH(St.Geo.)	

(DNA and Genealogy continued from page 42)

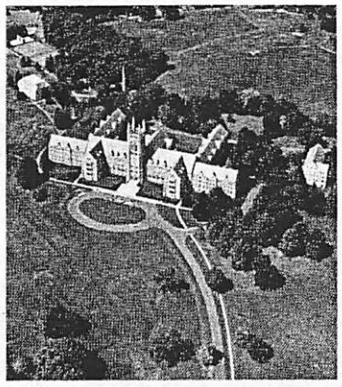
Our Roy and Boucher Families https://www.royandboucher.com/tng/index.php (my TNG genealogy web site)

Searchable Cemeteries in Northern Maine https://www.royandboucher.com/maine/cemeteries/index.php (my cemetery database search web site created using Dr Morse's One-Step Search http://stevemorse.org/create/create.html) Not all people buried in those cemeteries are included because the information is from existing headstones or tombstones in the cemeteries.

Our Acadian, French-Canadian, and Maine Veterans (my veteran database search web site created using Dr Morse's One-Step Search) These databases are not complete either. If you have information on other veterans in your families from Northern Maine, please contact me via my web site.

Photos from the History of STSHS
By Albert J. Marceau, STSHS Class of 1983

Saint Thomas Seminary
High School



Bloomfield, Connecticut

The aerial photograph of the grounds of St. Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield, Conn., is taken from the introductory brochure entitled: "Saint Thomas Seminary High School Bloomfield, Connecticut," which is printed in green ink in the original brochure. The brochure is printed on white paper, 9 inches by 15 13/16 inches, and it is a trifold with four faces per side. The six photographs in the brochure are in black and white, and text is in black ink, with boldface headings in green ink. The brochure is undated, but it must have been printed in the Fall of 1978 or in the early months of 1979 as the photos were taken from my copy of the brochure that I received one day in February or March, possibly April, 1979, when Mr. George Finley, the biology and chemistry teacher at STSHS, came to my school, St. Mary's Middle School in Newington, Conn., in order to promote enrollments to STSHS. (I was the only student of SMMS Class of 1979 to go to STSHS, because Mom and Dad sent me there.) As such, the brochure is written for eight and ninth grade Catholic boys and their parents to consider STSHS as an option other than the local public high-school, or a co-ed Catholic high-school.

In the aerial photograph, the viewer can see the main driveway to STS which loops in front of the building. Next to the main driveway is the sidewalk, which is the brilliant white line in the photo. The secondary driveway is partial obscured by the trees to the right of the building, and near Archbishop O'Brien Hall, as it was called in my freshman year at STSHS from Sept. 1979 to May 1980, when the students at the STS Junior College resided there. Both driveways and the sidewalk are connected to Bloomfield Avenue in Bloomfield, Conn. The viewer can see the overall symmetry of the building, for in back of the tower is the main chapel, which is perpendicular to the offices and residences of the priests on the south side of the building, facing the viewer, and the classrooms, not seen, on the north side of the building. The two wings parallel to the chapel are dormitories, as well as the wings perpendicular to the chapel, left and right of the two wings on the south side of building. The wing on the south side on the left housed the college library on the first floor, the high-school library on the second floor, and the chemistry lab and science lecture room on the third floor. The wing on the south side on the right housed the Green Lounge on the first floor, the main study hall on the second floor, and the spare study hall on the third floor. Left and in back of the main building is the gymnasium, and beyond the gymnasium are the tennis courts.

Today, the land north of the tree line, which is a lawn in the photograph, must have been sold by the Archdiocese of Hartford, as one can see condominiums north of the Seminary. Also, much of the interior of the building has been renovated, so where the college library once was, is now the Archbishop O'Brien Memorial Library, the former high-school library is now the Office of Religious Education and Evangelization, and the former Chemistry Lab is now the Office of the Catholic Mutual Group. The former Green Lounge is simply renamed Alumni Lounge but with new carpentry and drapes, while the former main study hall has been completely renovated, and it is now the Office of the Superintendent of Catholic Schools, and the spare study hall is simply a lecture hall, minus the desks.

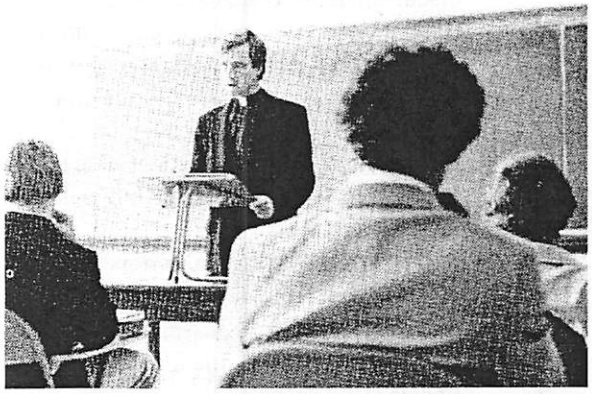
When George Finley gave his presentation to the eighth grade boys of St. Mary's Middle School in Newington one day in the spring of 1979, he was accompanied by an honor student, a junior, Tom Curis of the Class of 1980 STSHS. Finley had a slide presentation of STS, and among the slides was a color slide of the aerial view that was reproduced on the brochure, and shown here. Finley remarked that he hired a pilot to fly over STS, and Finley himself took the aerial photograph of the Seminary. At times, Tom Curis gave a description of what depicted in a particular slide. Some of the slides portrayed the joking around that occurred between the students and faculty, such as a photo of Finley himself in the hallway on the second floor beneath the tower, which was the darkest section of the second floor, and Tom Curis behind him, with his right hand making a peace-sign behind the head of Finley, as if Finley had a pair of rabbit-ears. Of course, the slide gave an opportunity for Finley and Tom Curis to banter between themselves for their audience.

The introductory brochure also featured athletics, such as "Tucker Ball" as the name of the game was told to me by Francisco Feijoo, Class of 1982 STSHS during our conversation of Thurs. March 16, 2017. I always thought the game in the photo was soccer, until Fran corrected me. Fr. Thomas Campion was the head of athletics at STSHS, and he created "Tucker Ball" which is based upon flag or touch football. Notice the soccer post in the background, but a football is in the air. The only student who could be identified in the photograph is Fritz Dupree, who also appears in the Study Hall photo. (I definitely remember Fr. Campion, and I played soccer, baseball, and basketball for gym class at STSHS, but I do not remember Tucker Ball. Also, I definitely remember the nickname for Fr. Campion was Tucker, as he liked to tuck his shirts tight, even his liturgical vestments were tailored to be snug against his body, but none of the students ever dared to call him Tucker to his face, as he could have a mean temper.) Notice that of the four students in the photo, only two may be wearing the required double-sided gym shirt – the dark-haired student facing away from the camera may be wearing it yellow-side, while Fritz Dupree may be wearing it blue-side, with part of the logo visible.

(Continued on page 45)

(Photos from the History of STSHS continued from page 44)

Some students of the Class of 1982 STSHS in their freshman year, in the main student hall on the second floor on the south side wing, portraying in the brochure what students do at STSHS, study! The student on the lower left-hand corner is Andrew St. Pierre, and in front of him is John Jakubauskas Jr., aka "Yak," who resided at the Seminary. In front of Yak may be Paul Travers, according to Francisco Feijoo, whom I interviewed with a copy of his photo on Thurs. March 16, 2017. I told Francisco that left of Yak is Neil Adakonis, but he did not agree with me, and he could not identify who is seated there. Left and one row in front of Yak is Francisco Feijoo himself, in a light-colored suit, and left of him is likely Fritz Dupree, who is facing the camera with a pen in his mouth. Franciso told me that Dupree resided at the Seminary, but he did not return after the end of his freshman year. Directly in front of Francisco is likely Mike Burnette, who also did not return after freshman year. (The departure of Fritz Dupree and Mike Burnette and six other freshmen of the Class of 1982 is cited in the class history within the yearbook for the Class of 1982.) Francisco could not identify the two students who are seated in front of and in back of Fritz Dupree. The desks were made of clear varnished wood, with steel legs fixed to the floor, with a clear-varnished wood seat also fixed to the floor. The visible hole on the upper right-hand side of each desk is designed to hold a cylindrical glass inkwell. Sometime after May 1983, when the high-school closed, all of the desks in the main study hall were removed, and the space has been renovated to house multiple offices and cubicles for the Office of the Superintendent of Catholic Schools for the Archdiocese of Hartford. (Thanks to Francisco Feijoo, STSHS Class of 1982, now the chef at Costa del Sol Restaurant in Hartford, for identifying four of the students in the photograph, and confirming two I recognized – Andy St. Pierre and Yak.)



Fr. Joseph Donnelly and three students of the Class of 1982 portraying what happens a STSHS, the priests give lectures, and the students listen to them! The three students in the photograph are, from left to right, Neil Adakonis, Mark Nevins, and Marc Michaud. (Yes, I can identify these students just by the back of their heads.) It is puzzling as to what Fr. Donnelly is teaching here before a room of freshman, for in the late 1970s, he taught religion to the sophomores and juniors, while Fr. James Leary taught religion to the freshman and the seniors, at least to May 1981 when Fr. Leary did not return to STSHS as a teacher. (Fr. James Leary was replaced by Fr. Robert O'Grady as a religion teacher, but neither taught the Class of 1983 senior religion, as it was the only class to have Fr. Donnelly for religion, four days a week, for sophomore, junior and senior years.) It is difficult to determine which classroom on the second floor is photographed here, possibly Room 5 or Room 6, but notice the tubular-steel folding chairs with the collapsible desks, which I vaguely remember in Room 5 when I was a freshman, from Sept. 1979 to May 1980. Notice also the chalkboard in back of Fr. Donnelly is made of slate, as all of the chalkboards in STS were made of slate. Today, Room 5 is named Conference Room 2A, and Room 6 is the Office for the Foundation for the Advancement of Catholic Schools. The metal numbers to the two classrooms were removed years ago, but outline of the original numbers can be found in the varnish of both doors.

A HIGH SCHOOL SEMINARY . . .

is a school which offers its students an education in college preparation subjects and which provides them with special opportunities for growth as Christian gentleman. Its unique purpose is to create an environment in which students who are making tentative choices about their future lives can more easily give some consideration to the Catholic priesthood as a possible life for them.

Almost all the graduates of St. Thomas Seminary High School continue their education on the college level. Some continue thought and study for the priesthood; others pursue vocations in many other fields. In every case,

". . . the seminary is a school of interior silence where the mysterious voice of God speaks out. It is a training ground in the difficult virtues, the dwelling place of Christ the Master."

Pope Paul VI

The back of the introductory brochure summarized the purpose of St. Thomas Seminary High School in Bloomfield, Conn., in two paragraphs, and closed with a quote from Pope Paul VI, who held the office from June 21, 1963 to August 6, 1978. When the brochure was published in the fall of 1978, or early 1979, it was necessary to explain the purpose of a high-school seminary, for about two years earlier, Laurence Cohen of the Hartford Courant, wrote an article entitled "Seminary Seeks Enrollment Boost" (Aug. 18, 1976, p. 17) which noted the junior seminary system of four years high-school and two years college was in decline in the U.S. Cohen quoted Rev. David M. Murphy, the former executive director of the seminary division at the National Catholic Education Association in Washington, D.C. as saying the Archdiocese of Hartford was: "one of the last two or three places in the country" to retain the junior seminary system. On Tues. May 24, 1983, Archbishop Whealon closed STSHS, and the last graduation ceremony was held in the main chapel of the Seminary on the evening of Tues. May 31, 1983.

Trefflé Jacques Lessard
5 Mar-Val Terrace F-8 • Winslow, Maine 04901•
Phone: (207) 616-0725 • E-mail: tref1213@gmail.com

25 Juin, 2016
Études françaises, francophones et québécoises
Cher Compagnons,

D'être francophone le français était la seule langue parlée dans notre maison ici à Waterville, Maine, États-Unis d'Amérique. Tout le quartier ne parlait que le français. J'ai fréquenté une école paroissiale locale ou l'enseignement se faisait en anglais le matin et en français l'après-midi.

Je me suis toujours demandé combien de mots apparentés existent dans notre vocabulaire ayant la même orthographe et signification. Cela m'a incité à la recherche et compiler un livret de plus de 3000 mots identiques. Je suis étonné que tant de francophones ne se rendent pas compte de cette abondance. Ce livret est tout à fait essentiel pour les gens qui aiment écrire en français ou font des traductions et en particulier pour les étudiants qui étudient cette belle langue romantique. Avez-vous déjà demandé combien de mots apparenté se trouvent dans notre langue ? N'est-ce pas incroyable? Je suis heureux d'avoir maintenant ce livret à disposition, même pour moi-même. Je serai reconnaissant de vous rencontrer avec vos élèves si possible pour expliquer à quel point ce livret pourrait être d'avoir en leur possession.

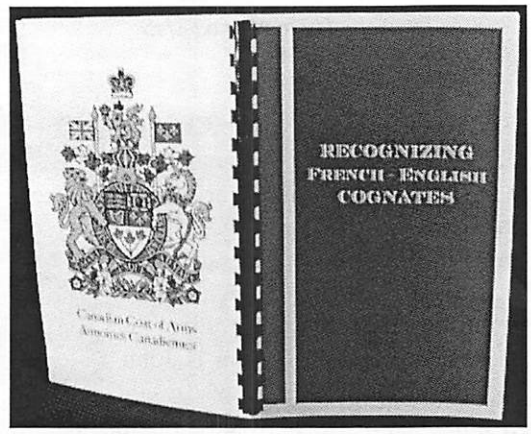
Peut-être que vous pourriez transmettre mon message aux autres professeurs et les étudiants.

Ci-inclus est une copie de la couverture et pages 4 et 53 du livret pour votre aperçu.

Je suis reconnaissant envers le Centre Franco-Américain de l'Université du Maine à Orono, pour l'aide qu'ils m'ont apportée en vue de cette édition. J'ai eu grand plaisir à cultiver partir du centre et professeurs que j'ai rencontrés.

Dans l'attente de votre réponse,
Bien Cordialement,

M. Trefflé Jacques Lessard



Ce livre sera très utilisable pour vos élèves et aussi bien pour les instructeurs.

Si vous êtes intéressés donnez-moi un coup de téléphone. (207) 616-0725 ou, en remplissant le bon de commande avec un chèque inclus et je vais vous l'envoyer postal.

Je dis toujours aux gens qui me disent qu'ils ne connaissent pas la langue francophone et je réponds en disant qu'ils dominent déjà beaucoup de mots, qu'ils ne sont pas au courant. J'expliqué que tous les mots anglais que fini avec un (tion ou sion) sont épelés et signifient exactement la même chose dans les deux langues, et ils sont très étonnés.

Exemple: attention, permission, fabrication, acceleration et accélération (Fr.) etc.

Quelque temps passé, le Collège Colby de Waterville, Maine a acheté ce livre. Récemment, ils ont acheté dix autres.

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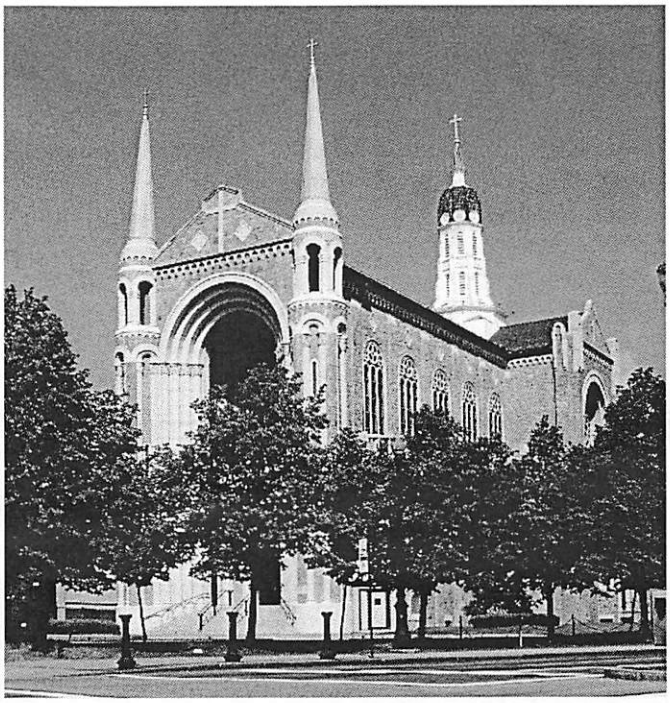
Notre-Dame des Canadiens, Worcester, Mass., Threatened with Demolition

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

The Franco-American Church of Notre-Dame des Canadiens in Worcester, Massachusetts is threatened with demolition as of April 2017. The church building is the second church of the parish of Notre-Dame des Canadiens which lasted from 1869 to 2008, and it was built in 1929 in a Byzantine Romanesque architectural style. After the parish closed, the building was sold to the Hanover Insurance Group.

There is an on-line petition to save and re-purpose the church, led by change.org, and the full web-address is: www.change.org/p/mayor-joe-petty-re-imagine-notre-dame-don-t-tear-it-down. The petition will be sent to the Mayor of Worcester, Joe Petty, the President of Opus Investment, Ann Tripp, and the President and CEO of the Hanover Insurance Group, Joseph Zubretsky.

Notre-Dame des Canadiens is the last of five churches that once surrounded the Common in the City of Worcester. In September 1995, Richard L. Gagnon wrote a 195-page history of the parish, entitled: A Parish Grows Around the Common: Notre-Dame-des-Canadiens 1869-1995.



Trefflé Jacques Lessard

5 Mar-Val Terrace F-8 • Winslow, Maine 04901 • Phone: (207) 616-0725 • E-mail: tref1213@gmail.com

January 8, 2017

Greetings,

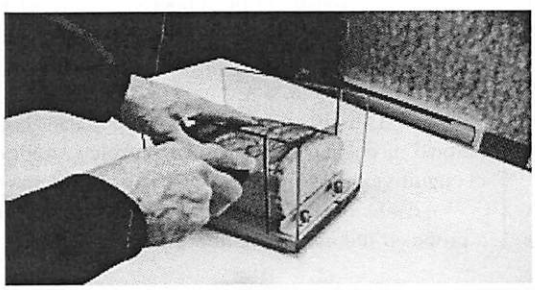
I want to make you aware that I manufacture bread slicers that are far superior to those that are on the market. For example, view the photos shown below. This is the one that I manufacture.

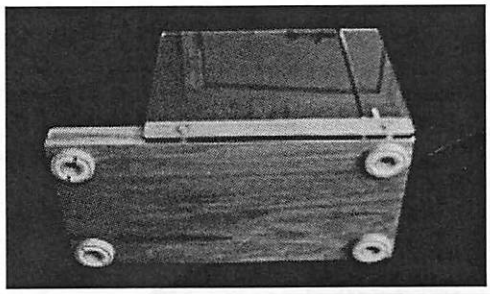
*Notice the 4 pads on the bottom. They protect counter tops from being damaged plus it will not slide when slicing bread. The stop bar that alows one to cut slices the same thickness and can be removed by simply lifting it up to enable desired thicker slices. The clear side panels are of LEXAN ¼" thick. They are not fragile such as Plexiglas. Concsequently, breadcrumbs do accumulate. By turning this unit upside down and lightly tapping the unit onto the countertop it will clean itself. Also, it can be washed with a wet cloth. I keep several on hand so that that they can be acquired more quickly.

I invite everyone to think about this. It is not a product from China. A Franco-American fabricates them in Winslow Maine, U S of A.

Sincerely,

M. Trefflé Jacques Lessard





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

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

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

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

MISSION

- To be an advocate of the Franco-American Fact at the University of Maine, in the State of Maine and in the region, and
- To provide vehicles for the effective and cognitive expression of a collective, authentic, diversified and effective voice for Franco-Americans, and
- To stimulate the development of academic and non-academic program offerings at the University of Maine and in the state relevant to the history and life experience of this ethnic group and
- To assist and support Franco-Americans in the actualization of their language and culture in the advancement of careers, personal growth and their creative contribution to society, and
- To assist and provide support in the creation and implementation of a concept of pluralism which values, validates and reflects affectively and cognitively the Multicultural Fact in Maine and elsewhere in North America, and
- To assist in the generation and dissemination of knowledge about a major Maine resource — the rich cultural and language diversity of its people.

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

Le Bureau des Affaires franco-américains de l'Univer Maine fut fondé en 1972 par des étudiants et des bénévole communauté franco-américaine. Cela devint par conséquent le Franco-Américain.

Dès le départ, son but fut d'introduire et d'intégrer le Fai co-Américain du Maine et de la Région dans la formation acad post-secondaire et en particulier à l'Université du Maine.

Étant donné l'absence presque totale d'une base de conna à l'intérieur même de l'Université, le Centre Franco-Américain s d'essayer de développer des moyens pour rendre cette populati 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

JP
LA

VOLUME 38, #3 ÉTÉ/SUMMER 2016

Websites:
Le Forum: http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/le-forum/
Oral History: Francoamericanarchives.org
Library: francolib.francoamerican.org
Occasional Papers: http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/occasional-papers/
Maine's French Communities:
http://www.francomaine.org/English/Pres/Pres_intro.html 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
Franco-American Women's Institute:
http://www.fawi.net

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

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

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

Sommaire/Contents

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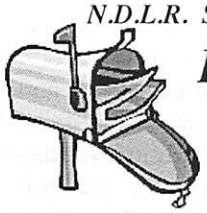


Lettres/ Letters

Dear Le Forum,

As the newest addition to the Franco-American Program (FAP) staff, I find it difficult writing a letter to a community with far more knowledge and commitment to Franco concerns than I have any right to claim. I say FAP, but I'm aware that historically, the FAP was two separate entities—the Centre, which celebrates its 45th anniversary in 2016; and the Studies, which became a separate program in 2000, having been developed by the Centre during the previous decade.

What's my difficulty with writing? There are actually several. First, as a research associate, my title already puts me at odds with all those who, like my father, distrust all things University. Further, the very existence of FAP points to UMaine's ongoing poor job at recognizing the French fact of Maine and the region—French-speaking Canada excepted. To what degree UMaine's failure is shared by FAP and to what degree UMaine's failure marks its lack of acceptance of the FAP, I don't know, but I feel responsible to it and for it.

Finally, I don't speak any form of French—though French was at home with mémé and pépé and father and later, in the schools, alongside Latin. I was a dutiful son and student. I learned to listen and later feel ashamed of my mispronunciations. I left it at that, as I was interested in mathematics, in music, in philosophy, in literature, in physics—not in my half-breed acadian-frenchness.

But coming to the FAP, I return at least reluctantly to some aspects of my being (or not being) Franco. I began with the FAP very part-time during the fall of 2014 as a sort of stopgap, to take care of certain technical urgencies (for instance, the arrival and accessioning of the thousands of volumes and original papers of the Ringuette Library, now open to the public) that I challenged myself to learn *on the fly*. Thinking I'd entered at a particular moment of crisis for the Program, I expected to fix what needed fixing and then relax as things settled into enough of a routine that I could begin to get my bearings. I planned to assess for myself what the Program is, where it's going, what's its mission, whom it serves, how, why—so that I could then target and prioritize my work according to these parameters and my fundamental research question: Qui suis je?

That to date's not what's happened. Instead, the Program remains to me a continual flux. The flux comes from both within and without, much of it related to what appears to me to be the horns of a dilemma. On one horn is the Program's effort to discover for itself who and what it is now, as the merger of the FA Centre and FA Studies, which happened effectively over the summer of 2014 after the retirement of its co-founding director, Yvon Labbé (though apparently the merger had been in-process for at least three years before Labbé's retirement). The Centre and The Studies had and have complementary but distinct missions. Community engagement is at the intersection of both missions, but the forms those engagements take are distinct. What our mission and vision are is a vital research question that we—staff plus stakeholders—need to address in the short term. We are working to facilitate discussion of this question.

On the other horn is the University of Maine administration's persistent marginalization of the program, simply by the way the University 'does business'. This marginalization often results from administrative protocols in asymmetrical power arrangements that allow only certain forms of expression and silence all others. The marginalization is mostly unconscious to well-meaning administrators but institutionally purposeful. And the marginalization has a myriad of disguises (only some of them budgetary)—disguises about as disguising as a toupée. But with calm and patience—and this too is needed research I have barely started—we can mark the effects of these protocols and perhaps bring back to the centre some of what's been marginalized.

So a real challenge facing the Program is how to avoid these horns. And between them is, I feel, a growing impatience among Franco stakeholders (communities and organizations) outside the University. Are we, the FAP, connecting with or serving you adequately, if at all? I know within the Program we are trying to find effective ways to build more outreach and better engagement with the communities we're here to serve, both through traditional means and by using technology, especially the Internet. But what can or should we do to support and empower the Franco populations of Maine to rise up and demand that Maine's premiere public research University become a university of all peoples of the State? Here is yet another deep research question for me.

But already, I believe, je me accuse! I must confess that I had planned to travel last summer (2015), anonymously, to Franco organizations and resources throughout the State, including other UM System campuses, and maybe beyond borders. Not as an official rep of UMaine or in any true professional capacity. Rather, just as an interested person (vs. a person of interest?), to begin relationships. I have yet to begin.

Should I ask to be demanded to come and meet you? You should understand in advance that I am very limited, for we would have to talk in English. But I would come. Email joe.arsenault@umit.maine.edu

Joe Arsenault
Research Associate

Dear Le Forum,

Notes: Before the KKK in Maine there were the Know-Nothings. What do we know about the Know-Nothings? Nothing! and that's exactly what the Know-Nothings want us to know. But they were here in the Saint-John Valley in 1853 and what they did has only been spoken in whispers. Our great-grand parents suffered the brunt of it but they kept their anxiety to themselves, so their children, our grand parents never knew of these troubles.

We canonize our priests and never tell of the human ones who struggled. Their is still a hush around Fr. Henri Dionne, missionary of Ste. Luce 1841-1860 who ran into the Know-Nothings in 1853. But alas, all we say is he was a good priest (as we say of all of them) and we have lost the chapter of history of his time - the history we are repeating today.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, ME

(See article on page 17)

Dear Le Forum,

Please renew my subscription for 1 year. I am enclosing a check.

Bravo on your good work and we all hope you can continue fighting the good fight for a needed cause.

Amités,

Claire Quintal
Worcester, MA

Reflections on the Acadian Deportation

by Roger Paradis, Fort Kent, ME

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 Culturele 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 *LE FORUM.*

François Le Bardeau

François Michaud 1808- d. 27 Sept. 1892 Ste. Luce
m. 22 Nov. 1830 St. Pascal, Kamouraska, Ozithé Levesque
Ozithé b. 27 Aub. 1811 Rivieère-Ouelle d. 12 July 1847 Ste. Luce

François Michaud bt. 5 May 1843 Ste. Luce d. 1 Dec. 1899 Ste. Luce
m. 28 May 1866 Sophie Ouellet

Christine Michaud b. 12 July 1870 Ste. Luce,Frenchville,Me
m. 11 May 1890 Ste. Luce Damase Bérubé

Albert Bérubé 28 Nov. 1908 Keegan, Me d. 26 Nov. 1997 Van Buren, Me
m. 4 Nov. 1930 Van Buren, Me Cecile Thibodeau b. 1 May 1911 St. Léonard, N.B. d. 27 July 2001 Van Buren, Me

I call him François Le Bardeau, but his real name was François Michaud (1808-1892). He married OzithéLevesque (1811-1847) at St. Pascal de Kamouraska, 22 Nov. 1830. They must have migrated shortly after their marriage since we find Francois Michaud listed in the Lt. James MacLauchlan Report of Dec. 1833 with wife and one son. Mac Lauchlan was British Warden of the disputed territory. when he conducted a population survey in this area. The 1850 Madawaska Plantaaion census shows the couple with nine children giving him the occupation of farmer. But an 1846-1848 merchant trader record of A. & S. Dufour show him as a shingle maker, and hence François Lebardeau.

On Aug. 8, 1848 he submited to the merchant traders six thousands "bardeaux à 12/6.-that's 12 shillings six pence per thousand which gives him a credit of 3 pound 15 shillings. and another 2000 shingles at 10 shillings for an additional credit of 1 pound. On January 7, 1848 he delivers another load of 5 1/2 thousands shinlgles at 12 shillings six pence per thousnd for a credit of 3 pounds eight shillings nine pence. The higher rate of 12 shillings six pence likely was for top quality shingles called clears - clear of knot holes. The inferior shingles with occasional knot holes called seconds, brought him 10 shillings per thousand.

Most farmers of the day deliver outs and hay to the merchant traders who pays them to deliver the produce to lumber camp operations up river into the woods, but in this account François Michaud does not do that.

On June 27 1846 François Michaud

(Continued on page 5)

(François Le Bardeau continued from page 4)

purchased 2 bushels of oats. at 3 shillings per bushel. May we read this as implying that he is not growing his own oats like other farmers but appears to concentrate his work on the production of shingles.. Was he a miller? (Meunier tu dors) or were these shingles produced by hand with the use of a froe.

The account also carries a salary figure of 2 1/2 days at 5 shillings per day. for a credit of 12 shilling six pence. the salary amount is twice that of the usually 2 shilling six pence day laborer wage found in other accounts. Perhaps it may have been pay at a higher rate as a shingle buncher.

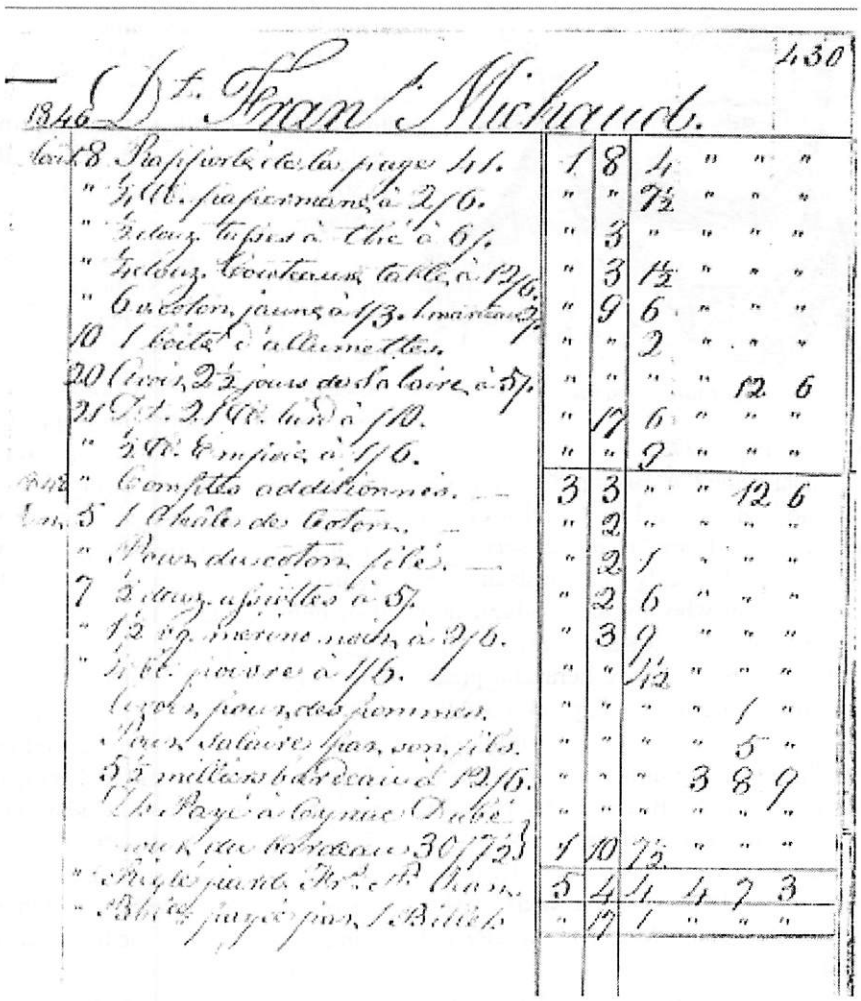
The account is written entirely in French but the accounting is in British money of New Brunswick and this by a resident on the American side of the border four and six years after the webster-Ashburton treaty had rendered him to be an American citizen.

An interesting purchase on Aug. 8, 1848 "1 boite d'allumettes" at a cost of two pence. Ah ha! matches were already in use here at the time.

So you see Lisa, your great-great-great grand father, François Michaud (dit Le Bardeau) migrant from Canada in the 1830s was more than a simple Farmer. People never called him "Le Bardeau" I'm the one who makes that up from reading the record.

Albert & Cecile (Thibodeau) Berube

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine



First American Pastors of the St. John Valley

There are startling differences in the political orientation and expereience between the first two Catholic pastors on the american side of the International Border. the differences were not so much with each other, but with each one's relationshop with the governments around them.

Fr. Antoine Gosselin, Pastor of St. Bruno 1838-1852 had an orientation toward the British Government of New Brunswick. Father Henri Dionne, Pastor of Ste. Luce (1841) 1843-1860 developed a penchant and orientation toward the Government of Maine. In writing two letters (in French) to former Maine Governor John Hubbard in 1853, Fr, Dionne clearly shows his preference of Democrats over Whigs..

We have no correspondence of this kind for Fr. Gosselin

In this immediate paper we shall Present Fr. Gosselin's case, reserving the portray of Fr. Dionne's case to a follow-up paper. Statements made in this paper are going to be immediately followed up by Archival Reference.

After having served as Missionary at Pasbequiac on the Gaspé peninsula where the Acadians largely plied the fishing for the Robins of Jersey Island - which mission entailed the ability to speak English to the community business leaders, Fr, Antoine Gosselin was reassigned as founding Pastor of Saint-Agnes de Charlevoix on the north shore of the lower Saint Lawrence River in Quebec. this assignment prove to be difficult for him and Father Gosselin asked the Bishop of Quebec for re-assignment within the diocese (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 10) - RAPQ 1938-239 p.206.

The Bishop accepted Fr. Gosselin's resignation on Sept. 29, 1837 (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 136) - RAPQ p. 212. and (Registre M, f 69v.) - RAPQ p. 213. Upon this the Bishop wrote to Father Zephirin Levesque, pastor of the neighboring parish of La Malbaie, to prepare to take over temporarily the administration of the parish of Saint-Agnes. - telling him to ask the parishioners of Saint-Agnes to provide a supplementary tithe to allow the retreating

(Continued on page 6)

(First American Pastors of the St. John Valley continued from page 5)

pastor to maintain A convenniable manner of living. (Riegistre des Lettre s v. 18, p. 155 -RAPQ p. 218. three weeks later Msgr. Joseph Signay, the bishop, asked Fr. Gosselin to return to Saint-Agnes (Registre des Lettres v. 18, p 174) _RAPQ p. 222.

On Dec. 17, 1837 sir John Harvey, Lt. Governor of New Brunswick, wrote to to Bishop Joseph SIgnay asking that a "coadjutor" be assigned to Rev. Antoine Langevin, Pastor at Saint-Basile de Madawaska, N.B. in order that this new assistant might provide services to the Indians of the Saint John River. (Cartable: Gouvernement II -88) -RAPQ pp. 227-228.

On Dec. 27, 1837 Msgr. Signay wrote a long letter to Msgr. J. J. Lartigue, Bishop of Montreal expressing his concerns over the development in the Papineau Insurrection (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 194) _RAPQ pp. 229-231. Bishop Signay replied to Sir John Harvey's letter of Dec. 17, 1837 on Jan, (, 1838 stating in part that owing to the fact that Madawaska may no longer be in his diocese, he would have liked to supply to Sir John's request and assign an assistant to Fr. Langevin, but that the current shortage of priest prevent his taking immediate action on the request. (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p.202) -RAPQ p. 232.

In the mean time the Bishop wrote to Fr. Antoine Langevin, missionary at Madawaska, telling him of the Lt. Governor's request. the bishop stated his intent to comply by setting up a Pastor at St. Bruno when circumstances permitted it. (Registres Des Lettres v. 18, p. 221) _RAPQ pp. 237-238.

On March 13, 1838 Sir John Colborne, Governor General of Canada wrote to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec thanking him for his expression of support of the government over matters of deling with "Brigands and Rebels on the Frontier" (Cartable II-91) _RAPQ pp. 246-247. the bishop on June 3, 1838 received notification of Lord Durham recognition of the Bishops' support of the government (Cartable II - 94) _RAPQ p. 260. and Registre M. f 102v) ---RAPQ p. 261. these additional citations are given here to signal the crucial state of affairs between governments at the time of Fr. Gosselin's appointment to St. Bruno.

On July 17, 1838 Msgr. Pierre-Flaviien Turgéon, coadjutor bishop of Quebec under Msgr. Signay wrote to Msgr Bernard Donald McDonald, bishop of Charlottetown (PEI) stating the Bishop's intent to provide Fr. Antoine Langevin an assistant as requested by Sir John Harvey who had backed his original request by a personal visit to the bishop in QUebec. Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 331) RAPQ p. 267.

Bishop Signay on Sept. 8, 1838 wrote to Fr Gosselin at Saint-Agnes expressing pleasure at Fr. Gosselin's acquiesence to his request to return to that parish -but on the other hand, the bishop stated he was considering offering to Fr. Gosselin the pastorship of Saint Bruno-in the Madawaska Territory, however the assignment required a fluency in being able to speak English and desired to be informed of Fr. Gosselins abilities on that score. (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p.

Fr. Antoine Gosselin

346) _RAPQ p. 272.

That same day Bishop Signay wrote to Bishop McDonald of Charlottetown expressing his desire "to render service to a neighbor and to reply to the insistance of Sir John Harvey who took all possible action in order to meet me at Kamouraska having traveled their by ship to re-iterate his pleas. (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 347). RAPQ p. 272. again the same bishop wrote to Fr. Gosselin informing him of his assignment at the mission of St. Bruno-de-Madawaska, according him extraordinary powers (authority) and providing instruction. (Registres desLettres v. 18, p. 358) and Registre M. f 108 r) and Registre M. f 108 v.) -RAPQ p. 274

Bishop Signay, then on Oct. 4, 1838 wrote to Sir John Harvey telling him of the assignment made as per his request. He noted that "It is like appropriate to inform your excellency that the new missionary is noted for extreme timidity of the kind which he (Fr. Gosselin) finds impossible to control and that his brings him ill judgment from those who first meet him.. But as he is an education person and has considerable talent, those who will meet him successively will come to accord him a better judgement". (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p.377) RAPQ p. 277.

At that same time the bishop wrote to Fr. Antoine Langevin telling him of the assignment of Fr. Antoine Gosselin as assigned with responsibility for the missions of St. Bruno, Woodstock and Tobique - and that Fr. Langevin should take steps to see that Fr. Gosselin will receive from the New Brunswick Legislature the usual allocation for services to the Indians of Tobique. (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 377) RAPQ. p277.

I present here historical reference on the subject of N.B. Government allocation to catholic missionaries servicing the Indians:

Msgr. J.-O. Plessis to his Excellency Martin Hunter, Fredericton (Quebec 13 Oct. 1810) He has appointed M. Jean Kelly to the pastorship of St. Denis in the Montreal district. He has name M. Louis Raby to replace M. Kelly at Madawaska and at the Indian mission. Msgr. Plessis hopes that M. Hunter will continue to provide M. Raby with the usual allocation of 50 Louis (£50). (Registre des Lettres v. 18, p. 435) RAPQ p. 290.

In a letter directed by the bishop to Fr. Antoine Gosselin at St. bruno on Aug. 18, 1839 the Bishop notes that he has received the visit of an Indian of Tobique and another from a Penobscot Indian. He enjoins Fr. Gosselin to exhort the younger men of the tribe at Tobique to remain faithful to the customs and mores of the tribe. and not to innovate changes regarding the mode of tribal government in making the choice of a chief.. It is the most sure way of keeping them faithful in their religion. (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 589) .

That same day Bishop Signay writes to Rev. Benedict Fenwick, Bishop of Boston on the same subject of managing elections of the Indian chief. He notes having recently met with the Penobscot Indian chief and asks the Bishop of Boston to order their missionary to better supervise the conservation of ancient usages of the Nation in which younger members of the tribe hav worked to over turn.. the Bishop notes that he has made a similar request to the missionary of

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First group of Thailand volunteers near Hong Kong in january 1962 (Roger on right) with Mainland China in the background.

From Maine to Thailand

The making of a Peace Corps Volunteer

by Roger Parent

ED. NOTE: This is the tenth 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 aritcle first appeared in "Echoes", No. 96 pages 36-38.

China says Peace Corps Volunteers are Spies

In January 1962, I didn't understand why the People's Republic of China was bothered by Peace Corps, a small and fledgling government organization of volunteers, often called amateurs by professionals in diplomacy. Today, I understand better why China was bothered, indeed threatened, by Peace Corps; it is a powerful idea. Ordinary Americans volunteering to live simply among the people of poor countries, learning the culture and the language, accepting people as they are, not as they might wish them to be and free to speak as they wish, not obligated to support their country's policies, unlike professional diplomats. The Peace Corps staff in Bangkok had told us that China was accusing Peace Corps of being an arm of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), saying that it s volunteers were spies of "paper tiger" America. I didn't take this seriously and laughed at the idea. Me, a spy? But Udorn, I myself heard Thai language radio broadcasts from China that I was a spy.

I knew about the cold war and the intense competition in armaments and ideas between the Soviet Union and the United States, but I wasn't very sensitive to, nor did I care much about the geopolitical machinations of my government, or any other. My concern was about helping the people of Thailand, and about my work, not what China said about Peace Corps. I understood however that these accusations could seriously harm Peace Corps and hinder my acceptance in Udorn.

If China and other Communist nations could convince the world that Peace Corps was a cover for the CIA, it could ruin it. Most governments would have been very reluctant to accept volunteers if they had thought Peace Corps was part of the CIA, and most Americans would have stayed away from Peace Corps. I would not have volunteered for an organization with a reputation for spying.

To counter these false accusations, Peace Corps immediately established a policies not to hire ex-CIA officers, and the CIA itself was forbidden from hiring former Peace Corps Volunteers for five years after their service. These policies were effective in rebutting the most egregious accusations of spying, and as far as I know, they're still followed today.

Still, at the dawn of Peace Corps, more than policies were needed to clearly establish its independence from the CIA, and to convince my Thai colleagues and friends I was not a spy. This was especially difficult in Udorn where a large number of CIA officers worked and lived. (They were affiliated with Air America, the CIA's "Air Force.") Moreover it was difficult for Thais to understand why I would leave my seemingly rich American life to work and live in Udorn;

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(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 7)

the American spirit and tradition of volunteerism was not well known in Thailand.

The Thais knew Americans as courageous soldiers from World War II; I wanted to show another side of America. I strived to establish a reputation for myself and Peace Corps as one dedicated to peace through service. I maintained a strict separation between myself and agents of the CIA and advisors of the U.S. Army. I refused invitations from American meals and beer at the Army and CIA base near the airport-difficult to refuse and difficult to explain; I hope they didn't think I thought myself too good for them.

Eventually, the radio broadcasts from China ceased. The broadcast couldn't compete with our day-to-day presence in schools, in villages and towns and with our living among the people we served.j

A U.S. Marine Propositions Thai Doctor's Wife

No one knew the Marine's name; they knew only that he was tall, white, young and dressed in green fatigues. He had touched Mrs. Sirikhan on the shoulder and he had asked her to go to the Ma Phak Di Hotel nearby. This he had done in broad daylight on Phosi Street at the end of the workday when it was packed with people shopping and talking with friends as they made their way home.

News of the American Marine's flagrant violation of a cultural and sexual norm had spread quickly, and there was quite a hubbub in the teacher lounge at the Trade School when I arrived. My principal, Pricha, told me the story: U.S. Marine had propositioned Mrs. Sirikhan, wife of prominent Dr. Sirikhan, last evening on Phosi Street, and people were outraged. That the Marine had wanted sex was not the issue-frequenting a cat house in Thailand was a common activity of young men. For less than a few bucks, the Marine could have had an attractive prostitute. What they couldn't understand was why he had approached and touched a respected woman.

In the early 1960s in Udorn, most women wore a Thai style sarong, but professional women and the wives of professional men, generally wore western style clothes, and so did the prostitutes who catered to American soldiers. The young Marine didn't know this. The Marines had arrived only a few months earlier, and had not been instructed in Thai culture. A few days before this incident, I had met a Marine in an ice cream shop who didn't even know he was in Thailand-he knew only he was in Southeast Asia.

Somphon, a teacher, asked half-seriously if it was customary in my country to proposition respectable women on the street for sex. There was joking and awkward laughter, for they knew I was embarrassed by this incident. I was upset and worried that this Marine's gross cultural transgression would reflect on me and my country.

Mrs. Sirikhan had never been touched by a man in public, Thai or otherwise. She was shocked, embarrassed, and insulted. In Thailand, only a prostitute would allow herself to be touched in public, albeit reluctantly. She was mortified to think the Marine thought her to be a prostitute.

Mrs. Sirikhan spoke English, having lived in the Untied States a few years when her husband was in medical school, and she had told the marine in her soft and no nonsense voice to leave her alone, and she had immediately returned home. When her husband learned what had happened, he was very upset and angry. He had ordered his driver to take him immediately to Gordon,the Director of the US Information Service (USIS) for the northeast region; and he had demanded apologies from the Marine Commandant and the American Ambassador to Thailand, and had requested the Marine's removal from Udorn.

Gordon had learned by rumor the main facts of the story, and had been trying to contact the Marine Commandant when Dr. Sirikhan arrived. He immediately apologized to Dr. Sirikhan, promised to contact the Marine commandant that very evening, and transmit Dr. Sirikhan's request to the Ambassador in Bangkok.

The Marine Commandant apologized to Dr. and Mrs. Sirikhan the next day. However, no action was taken to remove the Marine from Udorn; he was never punished. The incident was larger than one Marine, and responsibility went up the Marine hierarchy. If the Marine had been properly oriented to his surroundings, he would not likely have confused Mrs. Sirikhan for a prostitute. The leadership was culpable and would have had to be punished too, so no one was punished.

Most of my two years in Udorn coincided with the Marines and CIA's presence, which I learned to ignore. My Thai colleagues, friends and I learned that front line soldiers are rarely effective diplomats. They can give out candy, they can build playgrounds and schools, and they can build roads and hospitals, but their training is to defend and protect their country or an ally by maiming and killing the enemy.

I was further convinced that the best way to foster good will among nations is to share our education, our skills, our food and our money to help people create for themselves a decent life.

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.*

When U.S. marines arrived in Udorn in 1962 their tanks attracted the attention of children and adults alike.

1663 Charlevoix Earthquake

by Mark Legassie

My paternal ancestor Andre Mignier dit LaGachette (now Legassie) arrived in Quebec City in 1665. As a Soldier in France's army, he was sent to protect the settlers from the marauding Iroquois. He arrived in Quebec just in time for a large after-shock which shook the region. If Andre would have arrived 2 years earlier, on Feb 5, 1663 he would have experienced the largest earthquake ever in North America, later estimated as between 7.5 and 8 on the Richter scale. It occurred at 5:30 p.m. on the Monday before Mardi Gras (two days before the beginning of Lent), and continued for 30 minutes. The epicenter was calculated to have been at La Malbaie , Quebec (Footnote 3), only a hundred miles from where I grew up in Maine.

Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, founder of the Ursulines --a religious women's order in New France (Footnote 4) -- was an eyewitness at Québec City, and vividly recorded the event in her Letters. The translation of these excerpts from French to English was done by Suzanne Boivin.

"Everything was very calm and serene when we heard from afar a loud noise and a terrible buzzing sound, as if many coaches were rolling on cobblestones with speed and recklessness. This sound had no sooner attracted our attention when we heard it coming from underground, above ground, and from all sides, like a confusion of floods and waves, creating horror.

The sound, like a hail of stones on the rooftops, could be heard everywhere, in the barns and in our rooms. It seemed as if the solid rock, upon which almost all of the country rests and on which the houses are built, would open up, break into pieces, and gobble us up. A thick dust flew everywhere. Doors opened of themselves; other doors, which had been open, closed. All the bells in all of our churches rang out of their own volition as did the bells of our clocks, and the bell towers as well as our houses shook as trees do when the wind blows; and all this happened in a terrible confusion of furniture falling over, stones flying, floors cracking open, walls breaking apart. Through all this we could hear our domestic animals howling. Some people ran out of their houses; others ran in. In a word, all of us were so afraid, because we believed it was Judgment Day since we could see all the signs [. . .]

After the first shaking, dismay was universal. And since we did not know what was happening, some cried "Fire", believing there had been an explosion; others ran for water to put out the fire; others seized their weapons, believing the Iroquois army had come. But since it was none of these things, all everyone could do was jostle everyone else to escape the destruction of the houses that seemed about to fall apart.

Once outside, we found no more safety than inside: because, by the movement of the earth that shook beneath our feet like waves broken up beneath a row boat, we understood at last that it was an earthquake. Several people hugged trees that, their branches bending and mixing one into another, caused no less horror than the houses that had been abandoned; others grabbed on to roots that, by their movement, struck them rudely on the chest. The Indians [Sauvages], extremely frightened, said the trees were beating them. Some among them said it was demons sent by God to chastise them because they had drunk the brandy that the bad Frenchmen had given them. Other Indians, who were less instructed [in the Faith?], who had come to hunt in this area, said it was the souls of their ancestors returning to their ancient home. To get rid of them, they took their guns and shot into the air toward a band of passing spirits, or so they said. But, at last, our "habitants" [inhabitants] as well as our sauvages, finding no asylum outside, nor in their houses, for the most part fell into weakness and fainting, and, accepting wiser advice, entered the churches to have the consolation of perishing after having confessed [. . .]

A month passed in that manner in the fear and uncertainty of what would happen next; but at last, when the quakes diminished, occurring less often and less violently, except two or three times when they were very strong, we began to discover the ordinary consequences of such earthquakes when they are so violent; we learned about a number of crevasses in the earth, new streams, new springs, new hills where there were none before; some land was flat where before it had been mountainous; new abysses had opened up in some places, from which arose sulphurous vapors, and, in other places, that once were filled with trees, nothing but vast plains; rocks were overturned, plots of land were moved, forests destroyed: some trees were turned upside down and others driven into the earth to the level of their branches. We saw two rivers disappear; we found two new springs, one as white as milk, and the other as red as blood. But nothing was more astonishing than to see the big river, the Saint-Laurent, which, because of its extreme depth never changes, not from melting snow that ordinarily changes most rivers, not by the confluence of 600 rivers that empty into it, without mentioning the 600 springs, large ones for the most part; to see, I say, this river change its course and take on the color of sulfur and stay that way for eight days (...)" (Footnote 5)

Quoted from Richaudeau, Lettres de la Révérende Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, Tournei, H. Casterman, 1876, tome II, pp. 228-233, 243, 313-314, 375.

Gustave Lanctot in his History of Canada, gives more details, these taken from the Jesuit Relations and Journal:

"[At Trois-Rivières] the high banks of the St. Maurice collapsed along a considerable extent carrying all the trees at the water's edge into the river. A powerful current bore such huge amounts of earth down to the St. Lawrence that even this mighty river's flow was silted and slow for three months. Two hills collapsed into the water at St. Paul Bay and Pointe-aux-Alouettes. At Montréal, the seismic tremors were weaker but they shook the buildings as though they were leaves in the wind. People fled from their houses and patients left the hospitals. Madame d'Ailleboust leapt from her bed half-dressed and raced towards the Abbé Souart, crying, "Confession, Father, confession!" while her servant followed her, trying to give her a skirt."(Footnote 6)

Seven months later, August 20, 1663, Marie de l'Incarnation wrote: *"The earth still quakes. But what is admirable in the midst of the strange and universal debris is that no one has died. No one has even been injured."* The earth rocked again in December 1664; January 1665; and April 1668. The original quake was felt in Acadia and all over New England. (Footnote 7)

Footnotes:

(1) Cited by Michel Langlois, Tome 1.

(2) Fernand Boivin, op. cit.

(3) Christiane Perron, La vie d'un pionnier de l'Ile d'Orléans, Longueuil: Christiane Perron, 1989, p. 99.

(4) See DCB, Vol. 1.

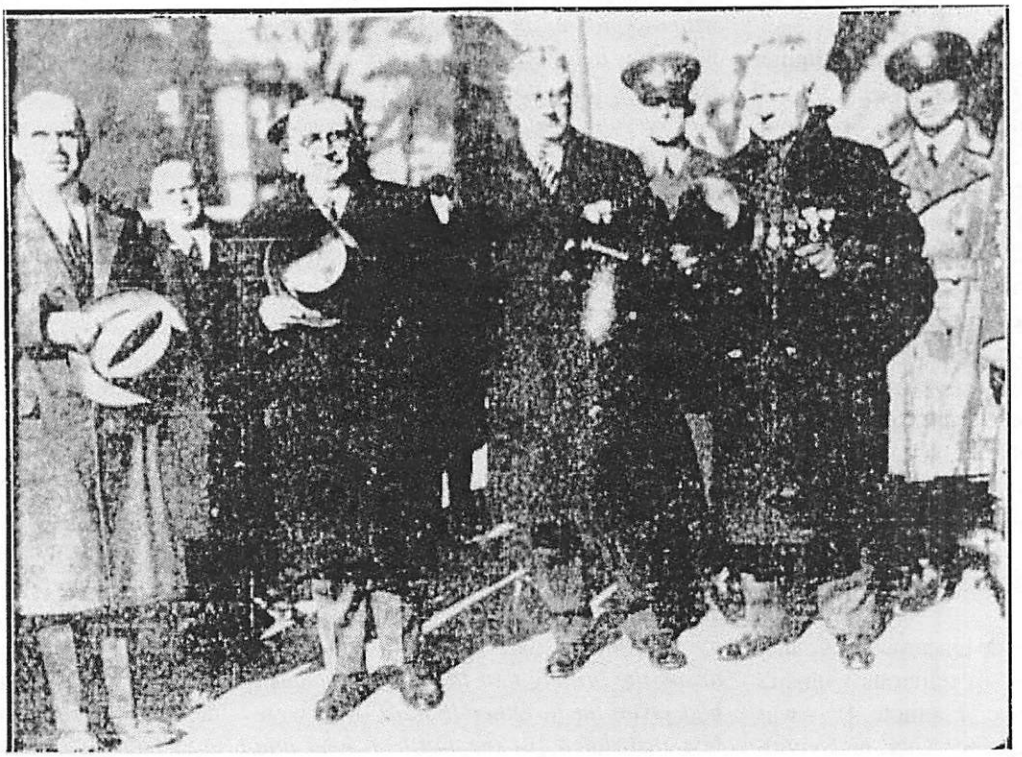
(5) Quoted by Christiane Perron from Richaudeau, Lettres de la Révérende Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, Tournei: H.Casterman, 1876, tome II, pp. 228-233, 243, 313-314, 375.

(6) Gustave Lanctot, op. cit., Vol II, pp. 264-65.

(7) Christiane Perron, op. cit.

Ending the Damaging Myth of "Bad French" in New England

By James Myall



Ambassador Claudel (second from left, with glasses), accompanied by local dignitaries. Lewiston Evening Journal, October 20, 1930.

When French Ambassador Paul Claudel visited Lewiston, Maine, in 1930, he was given a warm reception by Franco-American leaders in the city. A delegation of civic leaders greeted him at the railroad station, and he was taken on a tour of the Franco institutions of the city, including St. Mary's Hospital, and the French churches. At City Hall, he was greeted by a color guard of boys from the Catholic orphanage, the Healy Asylum, and members of the children's band, the Fanfare Ste-Cécile. It was, in many ways, a great validation of the Franco-American community in Maine's most Franco-American of cities. But one moment of that visit is revealing. When Ambassador Claudel sat down with Lewiston Evening Journal reporter Charlotte Michaud, one question was of particular resonance locally. Was the local dialect of French "inferior" to his own way of speaking?

Claudel's reply – that the difference was not greater than what you might find in France – was a vindication for many in the local community. Then, as now, the myth (or, as Le Messager called it in 1944, the "stupid legend") that New England French (which is all but identical to Canadian French) is somehow "wrong" or "bad" French, was pervasive. It's one of the major contributors to language loss among Franco-Americans. Talk to anyone who grew up with French as a first language in Maine or elsewhere in the Northeast, and you'll likely hear a story about a French class in high school in which they were told off for speaking "the wrong French." As a result, may gave up on the language. This is a lesson that was taught to Franco-American children for a long time – perhaps as long as 150 years, since it seems to have begun with the first teachers in Franco-American parish schools.

As far back as 1893, when the largely-Canadian Sisters of Charity of St Hyacinthe were replaced as teachers of Lewiston's Franco-American schoolchildren by the largely-European Dames de Sion, the new sisters' French was held up as being much "purer" than the previous teachers' Canadian French had been.[1]

Ambassador Claudel (who was himself an accomplished poet, who was nominated for the Nobel Prize for Literature on six occasions) was correct when he said the differences between the dialects are minor. Imagine the differences between British and American English, or between a Mainer and a Texan – there are differences, but two people can hold a conversation, and neither is "wrong." In that 1930 visit, Father Gauthier, the pastor of St. Mary's Catholic parish, told the ambassador he was "not in a strange county here [but] in old France." That reference to "Old France" is revealing, and helps to explain the difference between the French spoken on either side of the Atlantic. Just as American English resembles the English of Shakespeare's time, in many ways, Canadian French resembles the language of Louis XIV. Many of the words which deviate from standard French are concepts the French encountered in the New World (like patate for the native potatoes), or even more recently, like moulin for a mill (the Standard French is usine) or machine for a car (voiture).

In 1951, the Bates Manufacturing Company's hockey team toured Europe as the official US representatives in the world

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(Ending the Damaging Myth of "Bad French" in New England continued from page 10)

Hank Brodeur, left, tending goal during a match at the 1951 World Hockey Championships in Paris. User photo from www.internationalhockey.net

amateur hockey championships. All but one member of the team was Franco-American, and a native French speaker. In France, where the tournament's finals were played, the team composed of les Français aux Amériques caused some comment. Initially, it was assumed that the American team sheet had been switched with the Canadian one, since their players all had English names. But a French reporter remarked that the Americans could be "des notres" ("ours") with what were described as "rural Norman country accents."[2] Even within France, the Standard French that appears in textbooks and newspapers, is not universal, but that doesn't make variation "wrong." Just because the Standard English that appears in the New York Times doesn't include "dooryard" or "wicked good" doesn't make Mainers wrong-headed. And, just like those hockey players in 1951, many Franco-Americans who visit Europe or even Canada today are pleasantly surprised by their ability to communicate in French.

Although the rates of French-speaking are lower today than they once were, there are signs that young people and parents of children are interested in French-language education and acquisition. Maine not only has a French immersion school in Freeport, but an after-school program, the Maine French Heritage Language Program. I spoke to Jacynthe Jacques, who was born in Québec, but now lives in Maine and teaches French to children in Lewiston and Augusta through this program.

The Maine French Heritage Program is a part of the French Language Heritage Program, which began in New York City, and is partly funded by the French government. It has expanded in the past few years to French-speaking parts of the US, like Maine. "This program was really set up to give value to the local French back to the people," says Jacques, noting that "Although there have been French programs in the area before," none had taken that route. Another goal of the program is "building a bridge between the grandparents and the grandchildren, who wanted to communicate in that French language." The MFHLP has been operating in the Lewiston-Auburn area for the past four years. It currently operates as part of the Auburn Schools' after-school program.

Jaques, who also coordinates the "Fun in French" program at the Gendron Franco Center in Lewiston, joined the program first as a volunteer and now as a teacher. The program is headed by Doris Bonneau of Auburn, and Chelsea Ray, a professor of French at the University of Maine in Augusta.

The focus of the MFHLP on the value of the local French tradition is an attempt at countering the myth of the "bad French." "I have friends who attended bilingual schools in Auburn," says Jacques, "they were learning the 'Parisian' French in school; a different flavor of French from the French their parents and grandparents were speaking, so there was a disconnect there. Sometimes they'd get corrected, by the teachers in the school, being told this wasn't a proper French. We're trying to get away from that." The MFHLP tries to give students "a global feel" for the language, including both the regional and standard terms for words. "We want these kids to be able to communicate with their grandparents."

It's also an initiative that brings value for older generations. "Some of the parents and grandparents who attend our end-of-year celebrations, some of the games we play, and songs we sing – the parents and grandparents feel that connection. We've definitely had some parents for whom that's made a real difference."

In the last few years, in particular, the program has found increasing relevance in its long-standing commitment to emphasizing the global nature of French. The increased presence e of Francophone Africans in the Lewiston-Auburn area means that lessons about Francophone African cultures in the classroom help "open the eyes of the kids," in Jacques' words, "to cultures they've never encountered before." Jacques is part of several other programs locally

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Louis Riel: A Franco-American?

by David Vermette

"Father Jean Baptiste Bruno, the priest of Worcester, who was my director of conscience, said to me: 'Riel, God has put an object into your hands, the cause of the triumph of religion in the world, take care, you will succeed when most believe you have lost." 1

-- Final Statement of Louis Riel at his Trial, Regina, July 31, 1885

This transcript records the name of the priest of Worcester incorrectly. The priest Louis Riel mentions at his trial was Fr. Jean-Baptiste Primeau, the *curé* at the parish of Notre Dame des Canadiens in Worcester, Massachusetts. It was to this same Franco-American priest that Riel entrusted *"une bonne partie"* of his papers.2

His close relationship with a priest serving in a New England Franco-American parish should come as no surprise since, by the time of his execution in 1885, Riel was a U.S. citizen. He became a naturalized citizen on March 16, 1883 at Helena, Lewis & Clark County, Montana Territory. As part of his oath of citizenship, he renounced his allegiance to all foreign powers and monarchs, including and explicitly Queen Victoria.3

Indeed, one might say that at the time of his death *Louis Riel was a Franco-American*. Canada executed a foreign national for alleged treason against a Queen and a government that he had abjured.

Riel in New England and New York in the 1870s

Worcester was not the only Franco-American center in the Northeastern USA that Riel visited in the 1870s. In the Summer of 1874, he addressed Worcester's Franco-Americans at their St-Jean Baptiste Hall and then gave speeches rallying support for the Métis cause elsewhere in the region. During the 1870s he visited Woonsocket, RI, Manchester, Nashua and Suncook, NH and maybe other New England towns with large Franco-American populations as well. He also visited the Franco-Americans of Northern New York at Plattsburgh and Keesville.4

Riel spent a month-and a half in the region again between December 1875 and January 1876, again visiting Worcester and Suncook. This period coincided with a mental breakdown that led to Riel's stay at the Beauport asylum in Québec.

After his release from Beauport on January 23, 1878, Riel returned immediately to the Franco-American centers of New York and New England. He visited the priests Fr. Fabien Barnabé at Keeseville, NY and Fr. Louis-Napoleon St-Onge at Glens Falls in that same state. He visited Fr. Primeau at Worcester and also visited New Hampshire. He then returned to Keesville where he settled for a time as a farmer and contemplated marriage.

Between his visits in 1875 and 1876, and his longer stay in 1878, all told, Louis Riel spent more than a year of his life among the Franco-American communities of New England and New York.

Riel's activities on behalf of the Métis in the 1870s and 1880s coincided with the zenith of the movement from the Québec countryside to the industrial towns of New England and northern New York. Riel found in the Northeastern USA an audience eager to support Francophone communities elsewhere on the continent.

New England Franco-Americans demonstrated their support for Riel at a massive meeting called by the Saint-Jean Baptiste Society of Montréal for June 24, 1874. It was the Franco-American delegation, led by the indomitable journalist Ferdinand Gagnon of Worcester and his sometime partner Frédéric Houde, who pressed the convention to support Riel unequivocally.

The Québécois Liberals at the meeting, with their eye on the delicate politics of the newly minted Canadian Confederation, were more reticent about supporting Riel too vocally. The Liberals did not want to embarrass their own party's government. Houde, in particular, however, was eager that the Society should make a strong statement of support for Riel.5

After his travels in the East, in November 1878 Riel moved westward to St. Paul, Minnesota, a city founded by a *Canadien*. He also spent time in the French-Canadian/Métis town of St. Joseph, Dakota Territory, eventually moving on to the Montana Territory where he became a U.S. citizen.

Riel, New England and New York in the 1880s

Persuaded to return to the lands north of the border, Riel led the resistance against

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(Ending the Damaging Myth of "Bad French" in New England continued from page 10)

that build bridges between new immigrants and the Franco-American population. The bridge-building goes both ways. The recent Franco-American Day celebrations at the Gendron Franco Center were attended by some Francophone New Mainers who, says Jacques, "felt like they were at home," speaking French among fellow members of the Francophone world.

Learning a new language can be valuable for so many reasons – in a global world, it opens doors and new career prospects. But closer to home, it also helps build tolerance and acceptance across cultures. For Franco-Americans in particular, it can also which work against the long-held prejudices, and help to make Franco-Americans more self-confident – not only in their own language, but in their culture, traditions and heritage.

[1] Paroisse Canadienne-Française de Lewiston, Maine: Album Historique (Lewiston, Maine, Dominican Fathers, 1899), p51.

[2] L'Equipe, Paris, March 13, 1951.

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

Saint Kerouac

by James LaForest

Everything belongs to me because I am poor. - Jack Kerouac, Visions of Cody

Old literati thinking games like "Wouldn't you like to have dinner with a movie star, a queen, or a famous inventor?" "What one book would you want to have if stranded on a deserted island?" "Look at page 51 of the book you are reading right now and read the fifth sentence" took on renewed life in our new world order of social media where we're now once again friends with everyone we grew up or ever knew. Players, masking insecurities, not risking vanity, play by the rules and go along with the easy answers, the safe book, something cool but not too far out, to not offend or confuse the masses. Maybe Bible or Readers Digest Condensed Version of *Last of the Mohicans* from collection bought at local yard sale, $10/box of 10, you couldn't go wrong — Hemingway for some, collection of Dorothy Parker wisecrack poems for others.

I remember old Dad in his old age (54) sitting daily dressed in gray power plant uniform in lounge chair, south facing picture window his comfort view: bird feeder (he built with cedar scrap wood and an old water pipe), trees from ancient times, swamp, truck, and grand yard covered in white. I remember Winter. I remember his late February tomato plants with one juicy red gem coaxed over long snow season, the smell of cherry tobacco curling above from his pipe of old Canayen worldview, his focus on book after book, literature, it didn't seem to matter, just to read. I was not five years old when he took me along for a big ride, to Mrs. Johnson's library in town, where sitting on dusty step among overfilled but proud small-town library shelves, I set about choosing baby books for my childish reading, his own pile of tomes readied to take home like a November buck or a fine mess of trout, checked out, to be returned by faithful union man of 9th-grade attainment (remembering now how he was left behind to help old-age grandfather, dead December 30, 1941 and dirt-farm misery; following ma and pa and sisters to Detroit, old Downriver Muskrat French hunting grounds, where LaForet's and Benoit's crowded in, defense factory work at sixteen, war and army not far beyond his horizon; remembering war-effort patriotism, forced removals from countryside to the trials of the dark and polluted city: woodsmen on the factory floor.) Books, an enchanted canoe to quiet river days of August humid airs along the Black with pa, to a boyhood of blissful unknowing poverty; hungry, but noble-spirited, river world Frenchmen.

The question is difficult to answer. And would I really want to have dinner with any of the usual people who come to mind in bookish games, disclosing secret thoughts, disclosing what speaks to you? Queen Victoria for example. Or George Washington? I suspect I'd be rattled by the clattering of his wooden teeth. Maybe the explorer Cartier — he'd be a bit more up my alley. Or Chief Pontiac proud Ottawa of pre-American Detroit, chief of his land and people, friend to my ancestor (Meloche's old farmhouse offered up as the warriors' staging ground.) They must have been a lot alike, that old Canayen, that old Ottawa. Would he remember *mon arrière grand-pères* speaking their Old Detroit Sugar Bush Muskrat French patois with Algonquin dialects mixed in over fur trade generations, translating, one for the other doubtless seamlessly, convinced of victory, prophets of a great French-Indian world of common lands and country marriage?

I tend to want to answer the question with the right name. I want to be able to show off my knowledge of history, something more than "I'd like to ask Queen Victoria what it was like to be the grandmother of Europe." As if a thousand books haven't already been written on the topic. I'd need to bend the rules of the game a bit. I'd love to sit down one more time with members of my family who've passed away. But sitting down with famous people out of fascination with the rich and powerful is not something I aspire to do.

There is actually one historical person, a sailor, literary man, sad drunkard (ivrogne), a Catholic Canuck and possessor of great Buddhist wisdom, who has long figured in my imagination: Jack Kerouac. But I know that I wouldn't want to have dinner with him. Kerouac really doesn't seem like the kind of guy you sit down with for a meal, except maybe at midnight and you've already been drinking and listening to poets dream-talk their words for hours at some beat dive . . . I think I'd rather go for a long walk with Kerouac in New York City or maybe in his hometown of Lowell. I'd like to see the sights of Pawtucketteville and hear how it was that 'ti Jean Kerouac came to be the great (French Canadian) writer of his time. I'd like to know about his family's journey, from the source.

Jack Kerouac first entered my imagination over two decades ago. I was in my late 20's and until then I had avoided Kerouac's books. Or should I say 'book' — like most people, for me Kerouac and *On the Road* were definitive references, one for the other. And what I had heard about the book I associated with things I didn't understand or appreciate. I didn't care for Jazz. I didn't want to be a Beatnik (maybe a little.) I wasn't much into drugs (couldn't afford pot) and I barely drank (couldn't afford beer) though my unholy initiation at my Big Ten university was a night of pink

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(First American Pastors of the St. John Valley continued from page 6)

Tobique and hopes that the two missionaries will make the "poor Indians" understand how it is important to remain attached to their traditions,

In sum, archival records accord us the opportunity to recognize the roots of Fr. Antoine Gosselin's orientation towards the governement of New Brunswick and to recognize the touch situation as existed between governments at the time of the Papineau insurrection in Quebec.

The Lt. Governor recognized the pacific influence of the Catholic missionary upon the Indians. The Lt Governor was certainly leery of=ver the Quebec scene and hardly wanted the Maliseets of the St. John River to adopted the more democratic penchant of the American Penobscot Indians. of Maine.

Privileges accorded to the Catholic church by the Quebec Act of 1774 resulted in a tandem relationship between church and governemnt authority there.. the Bishops letters on the Papineau development allow us to note the re-affirmation of that relationship in 1838. the assignment to St. Bruno of a pastor with the ability to speak English is noted as owing to the relationship between the pastor and the New Brunswick government.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine

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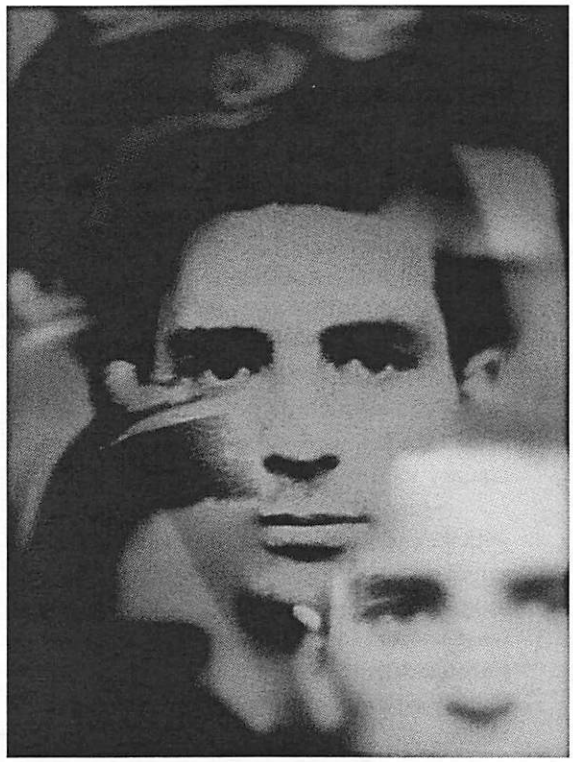
(Saint Kerouac continued from page 13)

wine and marijuana with a sudden friend from copper mine money. I didn't have a car and I couldn't afford to travel anyway (but then Paradise and Moriarty seemed to get pretty far on next to nothing.) Maybe I had internalized the message of worried Cold War critics, that there was something about the book that sullied the minds of those who read it. Bad lit.

But one particular summer, about 1994, when the sun had drenched my small brick apartment, a straight southern exposure heating my two rooms to baking temperature (1970s wall unit air-con of no use), I took off for the city library. The late afternoon crowds of eternal students and bums, the old Greek lady Dimitria who also worked at the University library, local Habad Rabbi with white beard and hats on some deep mission (latest article on Israel in Time Magazine), some guy arguing about a $1.50 fine ("it's immoral to charge people to read!" he cried), teenagers checking out videos for summertime lazy weeknights, all sought the cool respite of public library. But even there after a little while, you stuck to the vinyl chairs as hot breezes snaked in at every door opening to fight the refrigeration.

After reading the half-torn newspapers of the day, I strolled through the fiction shelves and finally picked up a book, by Kerouac. I had never heard of it. I skimmed the first several pages and headed to the check-out desk where city-workers watched the clock and set the date of return. Over the next few weeks during the off hours between my day job at the University and my evening job at a little indie magazine shop on Main Street in Ann Arbor (long since out of business), I took in the cool air of a local cafe and began to read Kerouac's first published novel, *The Town and the City*.

I took to this early novel very quickly, reading page after page as I sipped my coffee and occasionally slipped outside for a smoke (Camels or Drum hand rolled splif-type which still in my mind is conjured up when traveling, recalling youthful wanderings in far-off cities - Chicago - and bus stations at points North through long-flat Mid-Michigan Dutch, German, and Amish country, seven hours to home by Indian Trails bus, four by car.) Kerouac's cadence drew me in, a warm voice flowing out of time, a warm summer breeze in late afternoon brick-wall shade: a welcome movement of air, alongside masonry and concrete radiating heat. I began to sense that Kerouac had been mischaracterized in culture, little more than a cartoon whose books were incidental to the image that sold them. In *The Town and the City* I saw the Great American Novel in action. There were other layers to the work that fascinated me and began to work their way into my conception of who Kerouac was and what his work might say to me. There on the pages of this novel were people uncannily familiar: the French Canadian Martins, mother Marguerite Courbet Martin who was fashioned after Gabrielle Levesque Kerouac, his real life mother. They were Catholics, like me, and I felt at home in their home, could taste their food. I felt what their souls



felt, the loss and pain of it all; I saw myself stumbling down New York City night streets just like Kerouac as Peter Martin.

A short time after I finished *The Town and the City*, I found a second Kerouac work, a novella that opened my eyes to what I had been missing all along. It showed me that the caricature of Kerouac, which made me long avoid *On the Road*, masked something much deeper. The counter-culture distortion of Kerouac, the narrative of Kerouac as a bisexual Buddhist beatnik, masked a reality that was challenged by his own life and experiences. In *Visions of Gerard* I found an archetypal French Canadian, Sacred Heart painting in sitting room and funereal prayer cards sticking out from plastic-covered old time St. Joseph missal, of dark raiment and Catholic mystical experience, an outsider who in real life had told the world that "Beat" referred to Beatitude. Throughout a long and bitter winter the Dulouz family watches the sickly Gerard sink further into weakness and visions, finally becoming the true saint he was adored as in life. I had found in Kerouac's oeuvre, a dark French Canadian mourning tale that every French Canadian family would have known, in some cases many times over.

It was through *Visions of Gerard* that Kerouac decidedly entered into my consciousness, and became a figment of my imagination: an untrue fragment in the true story of my own family. That's why I don't imagine Kerouac at a dinner table discussing literature and taking calls from Ginsburg and Borroughs. I imagine Kerouac getting drunk with my father down at the Tower Tavern in our nearby village, a tiny hamlet along two-lane M-68 running east to west across our home counties, Cheboygan and Presque Isle, wooded, river-lands along Lac Huron first spied and articulated as such by explorers of voyageur days: real Indian, real French (not Schoolcraft fakery); then I conjure my mother's disapproval of this old cousin or friend of dad's, from the war maybe, but her secret crush on this Frenchman like her husband. I imagine she'd be sure to have a warm family dinner ready when they came home or a sliced salami from back of the fridge, pigs' knuckles, or pickled deer heart from cold November hunting, and beer.

I'd forge a great romance between Kerouac and one of my raven-haired French Canadian aunts during the 1950s, sometime after the war, a great love coming to nothing over the objections of pious mama. I'd exchange Kerouac for the fey old priest (featuring in too many family stories) in the photo dated July 1966, my baptism. He'd be an extra godfather standing in along with my grandmother (marraine) and my brother (parraine). And like too many members of too many generations of my father's family and friends, Kerouac would disappear too. He'd die too young a year or two later, leaving me with no personal memory of my father's sad old friend, a friendship formed only in my imagination. He'd be gone like dad's favorite cousin, his father, and his son 'round age 50.

Although I am still not the world's

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(Saint Kerouac continued from page 14)
biggest fan of *On the Road* I have come to appreciate it for what it represents: the long continuous scroll, the open road, the recording of a great American journey for a generation. Kerouac, like so many people, so many generations of world history back to cave man times, was the product of journeys. We generalize the immigrant experience, the journey to America or Canada, as something most of us have in our family history. I believe it underlies a certain optimism inherent in our national identities. But a fundamental part of the story of who we are disappears if we ignore the particular. For Kerouac, that 'particular' was his French Canadian ancestry and his first language, Joual, the Canadian French common tongue, so beautifully preserved in clean-air, wide-open America before coal and oil fumes choked the cities, and in the rough milltowns and raw tanneries, sugar shacks, along the paddled waterways, riverine landscapes, tenderly noted by Tocqueville and others who couldn't imagine these Wild Frenchmen were still French at all, beautifully preserved specimens perhaps. And even more particular were the Breton and Iroquois roots he mentioned in writing and interviews, two ancestral origins deeply embedded in the French Canadian spirit, still persisting à la survivance. These two points of reference are noteworthy still today to the extent that many French Canadians identify with both Breton and Native American cultures in a way they do not identify with likely Parisian ancestral beginnings, save for the poor girls sent as daughters of the king from it's dirty refuse streets of late middle age Europe to New World men.

When Kerouac lamented in 1950 "Your mention of my mother and father warmed my heart. Because I cannot write my native language and have no native home anymore, and am amazed by that horrible homelessness of all French-Canadians abroad in America" he did so against a backdrop of life in his Petit Canada of Lowell, Massachusetts where he spoke Joual with his family and friends, millworkers, printers, gamblers, writers, organizers, mothers, migrants from long-battered old Quebec. That homelessness was not, I believe, a pining for his proper place in the Quebec his parents had left, though. The rootlessness in his lament, emblematic of *On the Road,* came from no longer regularly speaking the language of his ancestors, literally and metaphorically. It is the American lament, that passing into Americanhood, into adulthood, with the realization that you are responsible for carrying forward the treasures of memory. Humbling, impossible, when all culture seems to be passing away. But Kerouac was a portageur, carrying his enigmatic (for the rest) load across the ribbons of highway and rolls of typing paper.

The French Canadians of New England were unwelcome in many corners; French Canadians in the Great Lakes became "American" not by choice but by treaty, middlemen, unmoored, recongregating on lakesides and rivertowns of their choosing: tributary lives, swamp dwellers, fiddle and stepdance echoing across time. It is a sad paradox: to not feel fully American despite ancestry among the first Europeans on the continent as well as Indigenous ancestors. A "homeless" people relates to their ancestry by describing their journeys, by describing journeys in general, by continuing to journey. To best explain my own ancestry, I would have my finger on a map so as to trace the many waterways that bore my ancestors throughout North America. These early wanderers in New France didn't remain in Quebec. Often their journeys were many, from Quebec to Sault Ste. Marie, to St. Louis and back to Detroit or embarking southwards, all before the wagon trains of "pioneers" began to course through the Cumberland Gap. I close my eyes and think of them, visions of rivers and shorelines emerge, a vast map of discovery and return, an elliptical retracing of steps.

This life of journeys is eloquently described by another writer, Annie Proulx, in her memoir *Bird Cloud: A Memoir of Place*. She recounts the paths taken by her own voyageur ancestors and in turn finds her place in North America. Researching these wanderers, she was faced with masses of genealogical data. But the data masked their experienced reality so in a sense, she began to journey with them and in so doing she found not just a physical place to call home — she also found her place in society, and discovered that connection to a place does not necessarily mean permanent rootedness. Valued connections are also portable, like furs ferried for two centuries in the canoes of beat down (but joyful) old chicots, from the north end of Lac Supérieur to Montreal; from the great interior of the continent to distant eastern cities where ships, bound for Europe, awaited their cargo, destined to grace the aristocratic heads of London.

Kerouac resonates generally because he was a great writer. He evokes a freedom and lifestyle attractive to many people. He is an important literary figure as the founder of a 'school' of writing. He went beyond the mundane to explore new streams of thought, stream of consciousness: what a gift to the world. It doesn't all have to make utter sense, but it all makes some sense. Kerouac resonates with (some) French Canadians because his life was emblematic of our historical and cultural experience. He is a reference point for the journeying French Canadian who understands his "homelessness" as we live abroad (like a spirit) in North America today.

He is Cohen's Stranger, ("Watching for the card so high and wild he'll never need to deal another. He was just some Joseph looking for a manger.") A wanderer revisiting home after many years, retracing past journeys, seeing more sadly each time he returns and returns again. His sacred touchstones are our own: ancestors, holy ghosts, paths ahead, and love; God's caress at graveside after soul liberation and saint-making; freedom hemmed in by motherly worries, shadows cast by altar candles, big brother Gerard's eternity. Saint Kerouac. Saints are not born. They are formed from imperfect humanity, leading us on their narrow path to something greater, always casting their lines into the water, seeking one fish, upon a river always running toward some lake or another. Get back into the canoe, Canayens, this (literary) journey is our story.

My manners, abominable at times, can be sweet. As I grew older I became a drunk. Why? Because I like ecstasy of the mind. I'm a wretch. But I love, love. — Jack Kerouac, Satori in Paris

About the author: *James LaForest – is a French Canadian writer originally from Michigan, USA. A librarian by training with a background in publishing, religious studies, languages, and genealogy, he researches and writes on a variety of topics that you can find on his blog at: https://theredcedar.wordpress.com*

James is editor of the community journal Voyageur Heritage at https://voyageurheritage.wordpress.com/ and writer/editor of the Tumblr blog Rendezvous & Tourtière: A French Canadian & Métis Compendium at http://frenchcanadianatoz.tumblr.com/.

(Louis Riel: A Franco-American? continued from page 12)

the Canadian government in 1885 in Saskatchewan as he had led the earlier uprising on the Red River in 1869-70. During the period of his subsequent trial, leading to his execution, the voices of Franco-Americans in the Northeastern USA spoke again in his support.

The Franco-American citizens of Lawrence, Massachusetts petitioned U.S. Secretary of State Thomas F. Bayard on Riel's behalf, on the grounds that Riel was a U.S. citizen and that his trial had been unjust.

The petition from Lawrence reads as follows:

August 17, 1885

Petition of the Canadian-French citizens of the United States of Lawrence, Mass.

SIR: Considering the partiality shown in the proceedings in the trial of Louis David Riel, in which the accused was sentenced to death for high treason towards Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, for the more or less active part he has taken in the recent North-West Canadian troubles, and claiming that the said Louis David Riel is a citizen of the United States, we hope that the American Government will have him equitably treated.

In consequence, Mr. Secretary, we beg of you to be our interpreter to His Excellency the President of the United States requesting him to assist in preventing this abuse of justice, and that the Stars and Stripes which are our safeguard, shall shield under its noble folds the unfortunate, who is the apparent victim of fanaticism.

Hoping that our request will be favorably considered, we are, Mr. Secretary, Your most humble servants, citizens and residents of Lawrence, Mass.,

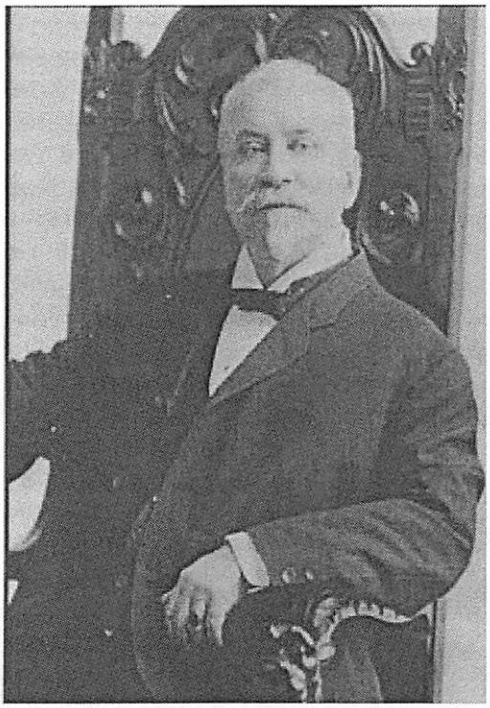
JOSEPH BLANCHET,
MAGLOIRE BOLDUC,
JAMES L. BOLDUC,
ERNEST A. DEMARS,
HECTOR DUCHESNE
And four hundred and five others.

The petition of American citizens *"of French-Canadian nationality"* from Rochester, New York is more pointed:

Petition of French-Canadian citizens of the United States residing at Rochester, N. Y.

To the Hon. T. F. BAYARD, Secretary, of State of the United States:

The undersigned, citizens of the United States and of French-Canadian nationality, respectfully represent, as they are credibly informed and verily believe: That Louis David Riel is, and was at the time of his trial, a naturalized citizen of the United States, and had for many years and up to the time of the troubles in which be became involved in Canada, resided at Montana, in the United States, where he was engaged as a teacher;



Major Edmond Mallet
Source: Assumption College

That while residing there he was prevailed upon to go to Canada to intercede for the oppressed inhabitants of the Canadian North-West territory.

That while residing temporarily there he was arraigned and indicted for high treason against Her Majesty the Queen of England;

That during the month of July last he was put upon his trial, which resulted in his conviction and sentence of death; That, all your petitioners are credibly informed, his trial was not only not impartial, but that he was deprived of giving evidence which might have shown him entirely innocent of the offense of which he was accused;

That under the then existing political excitement in Canada, resulting in a measure from questions bearing upon the rights of the people for whom he was contending, he was deprived of the means of making his best defense, and that his trial was unfair, partial, and unjust;

That, as your petitioners are advised and believe, the court before whom he was tried was without jurisdiction, and that his conviction was unsupported by the evidence and contrary to law.

Your petitioners therefore ask such interposition on the part of the United States government as may seem reasonable and just for the relief and protection of one of its adopted citizens, now languishing under the sentence of death by a foreign court. Rochester, N. Y., August 29, 1885.

A. E. MANSEAU,
PIERRE GAGNIER.
LOUIS G. LA FONTAINE,
and sixty-six: others.6

Secretary Bayard answered the petition of the Franco-Americans of Rochester politely but unsatisfactorily since he does not resolve the paradox that Riel was charged for treason against a Sovereign he had renounced explicitly.

Also among Riel's friends and supporters was Edmond Mallet, one of the most famous Franco-Americans of his day.

Born in Montréal, and raised in northern New York State, Mallet was a hero of the Union Army in the American Civil War and rose to the rank of Major. Mallet was also one of the first historians of Franco-Americans, composing articles and books about the French and French-Canadian contribution to the United States. Appointed to a government position by President Abraham Lincoln, and subsequently enjoying other government jobs, Mallet had the ear of powerful individuals in Washington.7

It was Mallet who had most likely urged Riel to seek U.S. citizenship after the two met in Washington. It had also been Mallet who, when he had sensed that Riel's mental state was crumbling in 1875, had led the Métis leader to Fr. Primeau in Worcester.

In 1885, Mallet contacted Secretary of State Bayard urging him to speak to President Cleveland and to prevail upon him to intervene on behalf of Riel. Ferdinand Gagnon also agitated in favor of Riel in 1885.8 In the event, however, Cleveland did nothing.

Even the Anglophone, mainstream press in the States covered the trial, with a tone of sympathy toward Riel for the most part. However, none of the English-language coverage mentions his status as a U.S. citizen, although the Franco-Americans were well aware of it.9

(Continued on page 17)

Politique Sacerdotale

En 1831 le politicien américain, Edward Kavanaugh fut partisan des democratea d'Andrew Jackson à l'époque des Whig de Henry Clay. Les Whigs favorisa la centralisation des fonds gouvernementaux dans La Banque des États-Unis à Phildelphie. Les democrates préfèraient de décentraliser ces fonds parmi les banques des états comme la "Suffolk Bank" de Boston.

Cette année là, Edward Kavanaugh, catholique et irelandais se rendait au Madawaska dans la région de la haute Vallée du Fleuve St. Jean. Au mois de mars, la légisture du Maine passa la loi (Chapter 151) incorporant tout le territoire du Madawaska (4000 milles carré) en municipalité de Madawaska, Maine laquelle comprennant les deux rives du fleuve St. Jean. .

Kavanaugh fut emissaire de l'état du Maine envoyé ici avec John Deane d'Ellsworth, Maine pour éffectuer l'organisation de la nouvelle municipalité et de prendre un recensement.. Nous savons bien que le territoire fut en ce temps en dispute entre les états-unies et le British North America (Canada depuis 1867).En retour chez lui au mois de septembre Kavanaugh fut élu au congrès fedérale. des états-unis.

À l'époque du traité Ashburton le gouverneur du Maine fut un democrate, John Fairfield .Ce poste changait annuellement entre les parties Whig et Democrates. Quand le poste du senateur fédérale du Maine est devenu vacante en 1843, Fairfield fut appointé à la vacance. Edward Kavanaugh fut le président du senat de l'état. Donc il succèdait automatiquement à le poste du gouverneur.

Le gouverneur Kavanaugh appointa James C. Madigan, un autre catholique-irelandais et un democrate à la surintendence de l'organisation des nouvelles municipalité dans le territoire madawaskyen lorsqu'on ignora la loi de 1831 laqu'elle préceda le Traité Ahsburton et on organisa dans le territoire madawaskyen devenu américain, trois municipalités: Hancock Plantation, Madawaska Plantation et Van Buren Plantation. James C. Madigan de la même paroisse catholique de St, Patrick que Edward Kavanaugh, fut envoyé comme missionaire civile pour en faciliter l'américanisation des francais et acadiens qu'il demeuraient bien sur la rive sud du haut St. Jean.

Il y en avais seulement deux missions catholique sur la rive sud à cette époque: la mission de Sainte-Luce (aujourd'hui dans la municipalité de Frenchvile, Maine) et la paroisse de Saint-Bruno dans la municipalité de Van Buren de nous jours. En 1845 l'avocat James C. Madigan écriva une lettre à l'évêque de Boston (Msgr Benedict Fenwick) dans laquelle il nomma le curé de Sainte-Luce, Henri Dionne, son prêtre confesseur (Father Confessor). On trouvre aux grèffe d'enregistrement à Fort Kent, Maine sept differentes placets d'emplacement (deeds) du Père Henri Dionne témoigné par l'avocat Madigan.

Ils est bien semblant que Madigan a du influencer le Curé Dionne a partagé ses attitudes democrate en politique américaine. Nous trouvont dans les archive deux lettres écrit en français par le Curé Dionne au gouverneur du Maine, Le Docteur John Hubbard de Hallowell, Maine tous près d'Augusta, Maine la capitale de l'état.. Hubbard fut democrate.. Dans les deux lettre que nous avions, le Curé parle d'un façon très positif des democrates et très negative en vers les Whigs. Il parle très positive de le représentant, José Nãdeau de Fort Kent, Maine et le Représentant Isaac Tabor de Houlton tous deux democrates , Maine mais il y a rien de complimentaire a dire du Colonel David Page de Fort Kent, le représentant Elbridge Pattee de Fort Fairfield, l'avocat William H McCrillis de Bangor, et Anson P. Morrill de Readfield, Maine, tous des Whigs.

John Hubbard fut le gouverneur du Maine de 1851 à 1853. En 1853 Hubbard, democrates a reçu la pluralité des votes

(Suite sur page 18)

(Louis Riel: A Franco-American? continued from page 16)

Conclusion

We generally think of the story of Riel in connection with the Francophone Métis of the Prairie West, and this seems to be the area where he himself felt most comfortable. Although he visited New England and New York, his home in the USA was Montana, across the border from the midsection of today's Canada, the area that Riel knew best.

However, in Riel's day one thought in terms of a *French-Canadian* nation that spanned borders: national, state and provincial. A *Canadien(ne)-français(e)* was a *Canadien(ne)-français(e)* whether his or her home was in Montréal, Manitoba, Montana or Maine. And Riel's Métis had a place within this broad definition of *"French-Canadian nationality."*

Although Riel himself identified as Métis, Riel was no foreigner to the Franco-Americans. His supporters from New England and New York, including the priest

Riel's Execution
1885

Primeau, the journalist Gagnon, the war hero Mallet, and the Franco-American people of Lawrence and Rochester, considered Riel to be one of *their own*.

Notes

1. For the quotation from Riel's final statement see: http://law2.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/riel/rieltrialstatement.html

2. Glenn Campbell (Ed.) et al. Les Ecrits Complets de Louis Riel, (Edmonton: University of Alberta Press), 1985, xxvi.

3. For Riel's oath of citizenship see "Message From the President of the United States (Benjamin Harrison), In response to Senate resolution of February 11, 1889, a report upon the case of Louis Riel" http://law2.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/riel/messagefrompres.html

4. For Riel's activities in New England and New York see Mason Wade, The French-Canadians, 1760-1967, Volume 1, (Toronto: MacMillian & Co., 1968) 405. For Riel's moves see also the timeline of Riel's life in Les Ecrits Complets de Louis Riel esp. 105-107.

5. Thomas Flanagan, Louis David Riel, Prophet of the New World, Rev. Ed. (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1996), 48f.

6. Full text of the petitions from Lawrence and Rochester are included in the "Message From the President of the United States." http://law2.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/riel/messagefrompres.html

7. For a brief biography of Mallet see Edmond J. Mallet Collection, Manuscripts and Photographs, Held at Assumption College Library: Biographical Note.

8. Jeremy Ravi Mumford, "Why Was Louis Riel, a United States Citizen, Hanged as a Canadian Traitor in 1885?" The Canadian Historical Review 88, 2, June 2007, 256-258.

9. For the American press coverage of the Riel affair see Mumford, 251-253.

Visit David Vermette's Blog at:
http://frenchnorthamerica.blogspot.com

(Politique Sacerdotale suite de page 17)

aux urnes, mais la loi exiga la majorité.. Cette année la Anson P. Morrill cabala dans le partie American Liberty Ticket (Know-Nothings) donc avec ce troisème partie personne eurent la majoritté. La legislature appointa le Whig,William G. Crosby de Belfast, Maine comme governeur.

Le curé´Dionne se lemente à l'ancien gouverneur Hubbard que le nouveau gouvernement ne favorisa point les même octroyes pour les écoles et pour le développment des routes dans la régions du Madawaska comme l'avait fait Hubbard.

Dans cette même lettre en Octobre 1853 le Curé Dionne se lemente contre William H. McCrllis, lequel fut en possession de beaucoup de territoire forestière de le comté d'Aroostook. qu'on appelle en anglais "WIldland Townships". Le Curé parle donc du fait que ce grand propriètaire exiga de l'état que les habitants des terres de la Vallée du haut Saint-Jean payera les même frais (Stumpage fees) comme l'état exiga des bois recolté des Wildland Townships.

Le curé prétendait que les habitant (Homesteaders) qu'ils fut ses paroissiens n'était pas dans la même categorie de propriètaire des Wildlands. Cette position à du rendre Le Curé "peronna non-grata" parmi les Whigs. En 1845 par une clause du Traité Ashburton de 1842, les habitants de la rive sud de la rivière St. Jean on recut leurs placements (land grants) pour leurs terres et leur biens (homesteads). Mais les families françaises fut nombreuse et les parents n'avait pas tous des terres a partager aux jeunes.. On commencait a prendre des nouvelles terres dans les rangs "en arrière", de la façon comme au Quebec on developa le deuxième rang, le troisème rangs etc. des terres.

Depuis l'ordonnance Nord-Ouest de 1787 la facon américaine fut celle de diviser les nouvelles terres en carré, mais les français ici de 1785 à 1842 prennaient leurs terres en rectangle comme ceux des seigneuries du Fleuve Saint Laurent au Bas-Canada. Quand les jeunes gens prennant les nouvelle terres des rangs "en arrière" tels propriétaires des regions forestière leur nomma "Squatters".

Les Whig en grande partie des gens des grandes banques et amis des grand propriètaires des bois, favorisa les stumpage fees sur tous les propriétés dans l'état. Les democrats favorisa le development du territoire de l'état du Maine/ En 1859 ils on réussit de faire passer "Le Maine Settlement Act " donc on decriva la façon que les jeunes pourait devenir propriètaire des nouveaux emplacements. Mais en 1853 le Curé Dionne advocait pour ses parrossiens ce que déplaisait les Whigs.

Les petits fut les paroissiens de Sainte-Luce, Les grands fut les propriètaire comme William H. McCrillis de Bangor, Maine. Anson P. Morrill fut des grands à la facon de Henry Clay, Daniel Webster et Willam Bingham. Ce dernier, William Bingham fut un Senateur de l'état de la Pennsylvanie qu'il apparentena deux millions arpents de terres boisé dans le Maine. Il fut aussi un directeur de la Banque des états-unies et le gendre d'Alexander Baring, dit Lord Ashburton.

Cette hisoire Whig/Democrate à l'époque d'Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren tomba dans l'oublis.. Mais la paroisse de Saint Bruno de 1838 est devenu une parti de la municipalité de Van Buren, nommé après ce président democarte par l'avocat James c. Madiagn qui en avait influence le bon père Dionne dans ses connaisance en politique américaine.

Nous aiileuls ne racontaient pas leurs misère à leurs enfants. Donc nos arrière grand-pères n'ont pas raconté à nos grand-pères toutes ses aspects de la politques de leurs temps. Donc on a perdu un siècle de notre histoire civile et de la poltiques de chez-nous. Aujourd'hui nous historiens nous parle seulement de la politique democrate du temps de Franklin D. Roosevelt et ils nous manque l'histoire du 19ième siècle dans lequel nous les Acadiens sont devenu américains du Maine.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine

FR. GOSSELIN VS FR. DIONNE

I have the impression that there was a marked contrast between Fr. Antoine Gosselin, Pastor of St. Bruno (1838-1852) and Fr. Henri Dionne, pastor of Ste. Luce (1843-1860) - not against each other, but in their attitudes toward the Americqn government.. Of the two Fr. Dioone had the greater affinity toward American (i.e. Maine) government.

Fr. Gosselin had been appointed Pastor of St. Bruno at the behest of Lt. Governor, Sir John Harvey of New Brunswick. Sir John Harvey wrote to the bishop of Quebec urging the appointment of a missionary to the Indians of the aSt. John River.. He personally traveled to Quebec to see the bishop and plead his case.. Sir John Felt that Catholic missionaries helped to keep the Indians faithful to the British government. Since circa 1810 the New Brunswick Legislature provided an anuual stipend of 50£ to the Catholic misionary servicing the Indians. The Bishop addressed a letter to Father Gosselin asking him if he was fluent in the use of English. WHen Fr. Gosselin replied in the affirmative he was specifically assigned to the parish of St. Bruno with Indian missions at Tobique and Woodstock. Fr. Gosselin's appoinment came on the heels of the Papineau Insurrection in quebec. The Bishop of quebec also alerted the Bishop of Boston about younger members of the Penobscot tribe seeking to instill changes in their tribal government.. The Lt. Governor then would have cause for not wanting to see the Maliseets of the St. John River adopting attitudes of democratization noted among the Penobscots of Maine

I suspect the more liberal nature of Fr. Dionne's affinity toward Maine Politics may have been rooted in his relations with James C. Madigan an Irish catholic attorney from the same parish as Edward Kavanaugh, acting governor of Maine who sent Madigan here to serve as civic missionary to the newly Americanized Acadiansl.

James C. Madigan served as witness to Fr. Dionne's recorded deeds from 1845-1849

Vol. 2 p. 375 21 March 1849 Henri Dionne to Edouard Roi -Lausier Lot 70 T. 18R. 5

Vol 2 p. 376 27 March 1849 Antoine & Anastasie Ouellette to Henri Dionne Lot 70 T. 18 R. 5 (mortgage)

Vol. 2 p. 377 22 Dec. 1845 Simonette Hebert to Henri Dionne Lot 70- T. 18 R. 5

Vol. 2 p. 379 28 Dec, 1848 P.C. Maquis of St. Andre, Lowe Canada to Antoine Ouellette Lot 70 T. 18 R. 5

Vol. 1 p. 142 Eloi Lagasse, Raphael Roy, Francois Michaud, Antoine Gagnon & HENRI DIONNE to Hylarion Daigle (water mills on brook to grist mill)

Vol. 1 p. 65 22 Dec. 1845 Henri Dioone to Antoine Ouellette Lot 70 T. 18 R. 5

Vol. 1 p. 228 17 April 1847 Rev. Henri Dionne to Eusebe Dufour Lot 66 T 18 R 5

Madigan singed all of these. He resided in Fort Kent in those years and when

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(FR. GOSSELIN VS FR. DIONNE
continued from page 18)

he moved to Houlton it was his nephew Germain Levesque who become witness at his uncle's deeds.. I don't have the reference hady at this moment but I recall the Letter of James C. Madigan to the Bishop of Bostonwhere Madigan calls FR. Dionne, "My Confessor". Madigan was a Democrat at he time when the Whigs were the alternative party. Fr. Dionne's letters to Maine Givernor John Hubbard in Feb. 1853 and October 1853 makes positive references to several Maine Democrats and negative references in regard to the Whigs. (Heeven calls Col. David Page of Fort Kent, a liar. Page was a whig).

In 1852 Shepard Cary of Houlton, a democrat (later a Congressman) sold 7 wildland townships to William H. McCrillis of Bangor (4 linear feet of papers at Raymond Folger Library at UMO). In1853 Fr. Dionne complains to Governor Hubbard of how WIlliam H. McCrillis pushed for taxation (stumpage fees) on timber cut on farmer's own lands. Fr Dioone held that these charges should be limited to wildlands. I suspect this position on the tax issue got Fr. Dionne in trouble with the Whigs and the American Know-Nothings.

In Oct. 1853 Fr. Dionne writes (en Francais) to Governor Hubbard about Anson. P. Morill of Readfield Maine. In 1853 Morrill ran for Governor on the American Liberty Ticket (Know Nothings) and lost.. No one gaining a majority, the Legislature appointed William G. Crosby of Belfast, a whig as Governor. Morrill again ran for governor, did not get a majority but the legislature in 1856 appointed him governor as a Republican.. Anson P. Morill later served as President of Maine Central Railroad 1864-1866 and 1873-1875

Fr. Dionne saw his position on taxes as helping the homesteaders (his parishioner) suggesting to leave the stumpage fees to the owners of wildland townships.. There are county records of Fr. Dionne's performance of marriages in the parish.. He personally provided thes to the county officials. In Van Buren this was not done by the pastor but by the plantaion town-clerk.. again this evidences Fr. Dionne closer affinity to the state than that of Fr. Gosselin. The registers of St. Luce contain birth records of protestants of the Allagash.. In sum Fr. Dionne was the keeper of vital statistics here for the State.

AT THIS POINT ALL THIS IS HYPOTHESIS AND THE EVIDENCE IS CIRCUMSTANTIAL. BUT I'M INCLINED TO THINK THAT FR. DIONNE'S OPEN POSTURE IN POLITICS SET HIM UP TO BE A VICTIM OF AMERICAN KNOW-NOTHINGS.. NEGATIVE RUMORS WERE SPREAD ABOUT FR. DIONNE, IN TYPICAL KNOW-NOTHING FASHION AND EVENTUALLY FR. DIONNE TOOK SICK, LEFT AND DIED.

THERE IS A FORECLOSURE NOTICE AT VOL F-1 P. 27 ALSO RECORDED AT VOL. 8 P.40 FROM ISIDORE DAIGLE TO GERMAIN LEVESQUE FOR LOT 63 T. 18 R. 5 163.05 ACRES. RECORDED DEC. 8, 1871

ALSO A DEED OF VOL. 8 P. 30, A DEED OF ATHALIE LEVESQUE, WIDOW OF GERMAIN LEVESQUE (FR. DIONNE'S NEPHEW) TO ISIDORE DAIGLE CONCERNING AN EARLIER MORTGAGE OF HENRI DIONNE TO GERMAIN LEVESQUE DATED 17 JAN. 1860 CITING THE SAME LOT 63 165.05 ACRES.. THAT DEED IS WRITTEN BY P.C. KEEGAN AND WITNESSED BY P. GAGNON.

At Vol. 11 p. 487 there is a french deed from Mtre F. D Guiste for the College Corporation of Ste. Anne de La Pocatière over an old mortgage of Vo. 4 p. 329 dated 17 Jan. 1860 of Germain Levesque, gentlman to Rev. Henri Dionne. which by bequest had ended up in the hands of the Corporation of the College de Ste. Anne de La Pocatière. relating to Lot 63 T. 18 R. 5 163.05 acres.

At Vol. 2 p. 469 There's a mortgage dated 19 April 1854 for Lot 66 T. 18 R. 5 152.55 acres payable annually from 15 March 1856 to 1 Jany 1860. This mortgage has a marginal discharge sign by F.Pilote (of LaPocatière, administrator of Fr. Dionne's estate -which note was given 7 Aug. 1862

The registry will send yoy copies at a dollar per page if you desire the copy of the recorded deeds. . I've given you here but cursory citations and you must look at the recorded evidence to pass judgment and determine the accuracy of my transcriptions and citations. but my purpose here is to apprise you of these important citations.

The registry of deeds does not confirm Fr. Dionne's politics but does give some insight as to his social environment.

There is a deed at Vol. 8 p. 40 - a foreclosure notice of Isidor Daigle to Germain Levesque citing: "Philippe gagnon and Pierre Gagnon, sons of Antoine Gagnon certify that Isidore Daigle of the parish of St. Hilaire on 6 Dec. 1871 entered peacably and openly, no one opposing his presence took possession of Lot 63 t. 18.R.5 163.05 acres. Isidore Daigle was the son of Hilarion Daigle of St. Hialire who ran the gristmill on the brook near the Ste, Luce church in 1845 (Vol. 1 p. 42).

In sum I have the impression Fr. Gosselin was more comfortable with the English authorities while Fr. Dionne had no reluctance to work with the American authorities. but that openess may have made him a victm of the Know _Knothings. Some people here speak of the KKK of the 1920 but the KKK had a forerunner with the Know Nothings of the 1850s.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, ME

Here is a quote from Richard H. Abbot in the book "Radical Republicans in the North: State Politics during Reconstruction", edited by James C. Moir, the John Hopkins University Pres, Baltimore and London, 1976 p.1.

"In the 1850s the state of Massachusetts plunged into political chaos as her two national parties, the Whigs and Democrats, began to disintegrate. Anti- slavery advocates organized a short-lived Free-Soil Party, which in coalition with the Democrats controlled the state during the first years of the decade. Then the coalition gave way, and Massachusetts fell under the momentary American or Know-Nothing Party. By 1857, however this nativist organization had also collapsed, and political hegemony in Massachusetts passed to the fledgling Republican Party. By then the Whigs had disappeared, and the Democrats proved unable to muster the leadership and support to mount an effective challenge to the Republicans, who overwhelmingly dominated state elections for the remainder of the century."

Note: Although one might find some variances in Maine, the over-all tenor of this citation may be found to be equally applicable to the State of Maine. Fr. Henri Dionne's two letters to former Maine Governor in 1853 help us note that the political picture applied as far north in Main as the St. John Valley. The gubernatorial election results, cited from the Maine Register, for those years show the pattern in Maine quite like that described by Richard H. Abbott, professor of american history at Eastern Michigan University, which affirms Abbott's summary described above. Father Dionne's letters set the political scenario of the St. John Valley in its American context.

(Continued on page 20)

Fr. Dionne's Letters...

Ste. Luce de Madawaska 4 Feb. 1853

Honorable and Esteemed Sir,

I include with the present letter, a letter of recommendation to our President. It is but a humble expression of my regard for you. If I may be able to do more for you, I shall ever be ready to do so at any time.

The reception of your favor has honored me greatly and I rejoice [in it] but I have profound sorrow that you shall not be our governor. If you can obtain the Liverpool assignment I shall be happy and I congratulate you highly.

If I may yet ask your further favor for our people, it is the (?) he who helped us obtain an financial apporpriation for an Academy. I believe that two or three thousand dollars would not be too much to build and support for this cause.. On the second hand the sum of 200 dollars to build a road from the church to the rear settlements, this for the convenience of fifty families now without roads.

A sum of around six hundred dollars for the other roads in the settlement area toward the old portage to the first lake. another route to Mr. Durepos to get to the rear lots, and finally a route to Augustin Cyr in the rear of this place.

All these requests are in the hands of Mr. Joseph Nadeau [State representative from Hancock Plantation, now Fort Kent, Me], but as he is at present now at home because of the illness of his child, which may hold him for quite sometime, it then is proper that I should enter these requests to the legilsature through Mr. Isaac Tabor [State Rep. from Houlton] and Mr. Cary [Shepard Cary, State Senator from Aroostook, later U.S. Congressman] and that Mr Joseph Nadeau is truly an honest man and that the requests for payment for the Fish River Bridge are just and reasonable. therefore a sum of three hundred dollars would be just in payment to Mr. Joseph Nadeau. It is overmuch for Mr. Nadeau to pay this sum on his own. The government is more rich than he is.

Should Mr. Tabor and Mr Cary take your advice. as I believe they will, they shall help Mr. Nadeau as uch as they can and will place the request to the Legislature as he, Mr. Nadeau can not do.

It is certain that this last request which I advance, I find it truly just and reasonable. I myself have paid 825 dollars to Mr. Nadeau for work on the bridge because already he has he has paid too much of his own money.

Deign, Dear Sir, to receive the expression of my gratitude for the many benefits you have extended to us, and believe in my highest regard for you

Your most humble and devoted servant and Sincere Friend.

Henri Dionne, missionary priest
John Hubbard, Esquire
(?) Maine

Note: between this letter and the subsequent one State election for the Governor took place. I cite here from the Maine Register:

1852

Whole vote	94,707
John Hubbard, dem	41,999
William G. Crosby, whig	29,147
Anson G. Chandler Anti-Maine Law	21,774
Ezekiel Holmes, Free Soil	1,647
Scattering	190

Note: A majority being require, the election went to the legislature who appointed Willaim G. Crosby Governor

Maine Law represents the Maine Prohibition law passed in 1851. So an Anti-Maine Law vote represented a vote against prohibition.

1853

Whole Vote	83,627
Albert Pillsbury, dem	36,386
William G. Crosby, whig	27,061
Anson P. Morrill, Maine Law	11,027
Ezekial Holmes, Free Soil	8,996
Scattering	157

1854

Wholte Vote	90,633
Anson P. Morrill Maine Law & Know Nothing	36,386
Albion K Parris, dem	28,462
Isaac Read, whig	14,001
Shepard Cary, pposition dem.	3,478
Scattering	127

Note: in the Maine Register: " At this time s party styled the Know-Nothing or American suddenly developped itself by secret organization and existed two years".

Note: Once again a translation of a letter written in French by Rev. Henri Dionne to former Maine Governor, John Hubbard, M.D. of Hallowell,ME.

(Continued on page 21)

(Fr. Dionne's Letters...continued from page 20)

Ste. Luce Madawaska 4 Oct. 1853

I have the honor to reply to your letter, which I have received with the greatest pleasure but last Sunday. The delay [in my receiving it] took place I think at the Fort Kent Post Office. Yes, had I received it earlier, I would not have been able to do more for the election.

I must at present keep silent, or submit to insult, injury and maltreatment at the hand of those who are Whigs, and who are here nothing but the most highly discourteous and lacking savoir faire. One must not forget among their number, Colonel David Page, customs officer at Fort Kent. He has told me that I forged a letter against his friend [Stephen] Pattee [State Rep. Fort Fairfield], and that I was a liar and that he will chase me from this place. You might imagine my answer and worries from these menaces of such an insolent person. I hardly believe that there is on this earth a more insulting liar and calumnator as this poor David Page and several others of his party.

As for Madawaska, I hardly need to say that money received from the Whigs and their Brave Governor have left our roads in the same condition as we had set them last year through your efforts. If then we travel in the American territory with good enough roads in the past year, we may say that we owe this to your generosity and your dear and grand empathy for us.

As for me and your good friends, we are ever grateful and we shall thank you on the occassion.

Our schools are in the status quo. We support one and this year being at my cost between eight and ten, next to my church and have received help (?) of the governor in this recent session - And rather than and receiving when we shall have the support for this school one year.

I've been told that I was the agent and that as such I must spend my money in the hope of receiving money voted by the legislature last year at least. You must know that we have received nothing for my Academy. there are no other schools in all of Madawaska since one year and I do not know why.

And now, allow me to ask you several other things.: The homesteaders here are not allowed to cut timber, squarelogs or ton timber without paying taxes of two or three dollars per ton to speculators like [William H.] McCrillis or to the government and this on their own land which they have occupied since 8 years, 10 years and others 15 years and it must be noted that they have not been given deeds or grants from the government and their lots and land with metes and bounds draw by General Weber {Surveyor] since eight years **. and by the other commissioners who drew up the lots.

Can we [They] prevent lumbering on these lots if we want to do so, even that is on those who hold possession of these lots. And we shall be obligated to pay two to three dollars as demanded. Is it possible for ust given deeds for these lots?

Why do outsiders have better chance [opportunity] than our homesteaders?

Some have said that Mr. Anson P. Morrill has provide reserve [held back?] for these lots and that the lumber belongs to the homesteaders? Is this true?

I do not dare to write to Mr. Morrill since he returned a letter on the subject to a Mr. Small last Spring and that this letter compromised me in the face of General Weber. It is a lack of attention on my part. Forgive me for all my requests. Consider them according to their worth.

I have the honor, Dear Sir, of being with profound respect,
Your humble and truly obedient servant
H. Dionne, Ptre. miss.

I submit that Fr. Dionne's letters show direct involvement in the Maine political scene which is in marked contrast to Fr. Antoine Gosselins record at St. Bruno, down river in Van Buren. This history continues. In 1858 WHen William Dickey Democrat of Fort Kent rain against John McCloskey, Republican of Houlton for the State Senate, the State Senate threw out the entire vote of the St. John Valley where Dickey had received large pluralities. The Legislature appointed McCloskey to the State Senate.

In 1873 a land Commission listed all the occupants of the rear lot, stating origin of occupancy ,presumed bredth of unmeasured lots etc.

In 1876 149 rear lot Farmers were issue eviction notices aa I have written up in the Ste. Agatha Historical Society New Letter of this year, (Reprinted in Le Forum, spring 2016). The back ground of these eviction notices is well given in My 1976 Play: "With Justice For All) (copies available from Ste. Agatha Historical Society. but also described in Holman Day's novel "The Red Lane" in the chapter entitled "What the Bishop Knew"

I'll have to re-research the question but in one election for County sheriff in the 1870, the entire Frenchville votes was thrown out.

My point is, we have a real substantial political history in the St. John Valley, but we know Nothing of it, which is exaclty what the Know Nothings want. We have an American-Acadian story, a Maine Acadian history and I hold it merits telling.

** Eight years would take us to 1845 when the Land Commission under a provision of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty completed its work and the Land agents of the States of Maine & Masschusetts issue the land grants on July 12, 1845 "to quiet the settlers' claims.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska,Maine

(More from Guy Dubay on page 37)

More from Maine...

From MARTHA'S MEMOIRS

AMUSEMENT OF YEARS AGO

by Martha Cyr Genest
Van Buren, ME

After supper, we always ate in the kitchen, which was at first the dining room, and the place where we did our homework. As soon as we had helped with the dishes....somtimes one or two of us would run upstairs and have anexcuse for hot helping with the dishes.

The oilcloth covering the table was wiped and turned on the other side and had a "parchesie" game and was called "jouer au ciel". This was played with dice and small figurines hand carved of wood looking like dolls. Cards and dominos and of course le "jeu" de dames (checkers) were very popular.

Le "conteur de contes", (the story teller), came by once or twice a year. He had the best "yearns" and stories that had ever been told. Many a night the children would fall asleep near the stove listening to all those stories about giants and fairies. Many of the stories would have made Mother Goose seem tame.

Outdoor games were of course baseball. Grandmother used to roll some yarn very tight into a ball. Then she cut some old leather shoes and covered that ball, which looked better than store bought ones. Bats were made by the grandfathers. Young and old alike liked to play horseshoe.

Visiting wtih the neighbors and exchanging recipes was popular, especially when a relative from "les États" was home visiting, ususally from Salem, MA. He could not speak too much French after leaving the Northern part of the state or New Brunswick, like Siegas or Ste-Anne. It did not take long before some people were ready to come back after a few years, and sometimes just a few months. Friends would say "elle est revenue des States" that meant far out of the valley.

ATTIC

During inclement weather, the attic over the kitchen was our gathering place. We had treasure hunts in the old trunks and boxes belonging to the aunts. Of course when we were very young, we did not really value those treasures to the outmost. It was only when dear aunt Marguerite who was a dressmaker, started tearing some of those beautiful dresses apart. I would love to have a few of the lovely mother of pearl buttons. I can still see them on a bright blue dress. They were as large as a silver dollar, the dress was lined with a heavy crinkly paper as were the puffed sleeves. The skirt had a bustle, which was a big bump in the back below the waist, the late 1800's style. This special dress had a lacy jabot in front of the tight fitted blouse. The high neck had "bones" to make it stickk up, there were some also in the blouse. Later when we were older, we used those "bones", that were like bamboo, for make believe cigarettes.

We used to have a bunch of friends come over, we would dress up and have plays. I can still hear Mother call "careful you will fall down the stairs", we often did and had many reprimands. The stairs were branched, the main one to the right went to the bedrooms, and the side one over the kitchen was where we held our gatherings.

Not many could attend sas the place was small, but we managed to have our little gang. The entry price were pins and nails. Not many had even a penny to give to shows. We collected nails and pins. When I see a glass headed pin, I always remember the first colored ones we had. They were something to be proud of.

Like old tradition and class division, our small town had a dividing line, it wasn't the other side of the tracks as we had no railroad then. We lived above the church, which was the division, we were the working class. The town girls were the store keepers' daughters and such, and were different ways, even in dress. Whenever some of them wanted to have fun, they would congregate after school and ask if they could come and visit to have fun. There was never a dull moment at ouro farm, so many things to see and do. Every season had its charm and brought different varieties of fun making.

During the rainy season we spent more time in the attic. We dressed in costumes and gave plays...of course not many could attend, as the space was small. We managed to have our crowd. The entry price was pins and nails...as not mamy had even a penny to give to the shows, so we collected nails and pins. When I see a glass headed pin, I always remember the first colored ones we had. They were something to be proud of.

SUPERSTITIONS

When a person died, as soon as he breathed his last, all the water in the house was thrown outdoors, and not having central piping or water in the house as people said, it took sometimes a few hours to go to the well or go to the barn and fill pails from the barrels filled each day. This water was to represent the last breath out. Others who knew they were dying asked a relative to prick them with a pin or needle before putting them in the casket so they would be sure that they were dead. The corps was exposed sometimes a few days waiting for relatives to come from far. There were no undertakers. The dead stayed int heir home. The neighbors would cook meals to bring to the home of the deceased, as it was open house day and night.

If a funeral passed your home and the hearse stopped in front, it was believed that someone would die again during the year. So many people believed in bad omens and really made themselves nervous by such things.

If the cat washed himself in front of a person, htis person would have visitors from far away. If your right ear got hot, someone was talking something good about you...if it was your left ear someone was gossiping about you. If the right ey kind of trembled you would have fun, if the left it was sorrow. When watching the new moon, if you held something your right hand, it was a gift or the left it was a disappointment. If the object was small you put it under your pillow and dream about your lover. If the stove or teakettly hummed it was good news for the one nearer the stove.

Franco-American Events in Connecticut

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

Josée Vachon, Daniel Boucher, and Patrick Ross at CHS, Thurs. June 16

The Franco-American musicians, Josée Vachon (voice and guitar), Daniel Boucher (fiddle), and Patrick Ross (fiddle and guitar) will perform a free outdoor concert of French-Canadian folk music on the grounds of the Connecticut Historical Society, 1 Elizabeth St., Hartford, on Thurs. June 16, 2016, beginning at 6PM. The outdoor seating and picnicking begins at 5PM, with visitors encouraged to bring their own lawn chairs, blankets and food. The rain date is the next day at the same hour, Fri. June 17, 2016. Directions to the Conn. Historical Society can be found on the website, www.chs.org. Lynne Williamson, who organized the free concert, can answer questions via e-mail, Lynne_Williamson@chs.org.

Quebec Flag Raising Ceremony at the Connecticut State Capitol, Fri. June 24

There will be raising of the Quebec provincial flag at the Conn. State Capitol, 231 Capitol Ave., Hartford, on Fri. June 24, 2016. There will be a brief ceremony on the south lawn of the Capitol which faces Capitol Avenue at 8:45 a.m., and the flag-raising will be at 9 a.m. Afterwards, there will be an impromptu breakfast in the public dining room of the Legislative Office Building.

Boucher's Second Annual Fête de St-Jean-Baptiste, Sat. June 25

Daniel and Michelle Boucher of Bristol, Conn., will host their second annual fête de St-Jean-Baptiste at the Stone Bridge Tavern, 38 Barlow St., Bristol, from 5:30 to 10:30PM on Sat. June 25, 2016. There will be a flag ceremony by the Honor Guard of Post 22 of the Franco-American War Veterans in Bristol. The food that will be served will be the choice of Galvaude au Boeuf or Galvaude au Poulet, poutine ordinaire ou barbeque, as well as coleslaw, tea, coffee, and dessert. There will be a cash bar. There will be live entertainment by Norm Flash and the Starfires Band, a Franco-American country and rock-n-roll band. In order to purchase tickets, contact Daniel or Michelle Boucher at (860)-614-9970, or jamfrancais@yahoo.com. The cost of the tickets are $20.00 for adults, $8.00 for children ages from six to twelve, and free for children five years and younger.

FCGSC Will Hold Introductory Classes on Genealogy

The French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut, 53 Tolland Green, Tolland, will offer a total of six introductory classes on genealogy in the Summer of 2016. There will be three classes on "Beginning Genealogical Research in French Canada" that will be offered on Tuesday, June 21 from 2-4:30PM; Thursday, July 28 from 2-4:30PM; and Tuesday, August 16 from 6:30-9:00PM. The FCGSC will also offer three other classes, entitled: "Overcoming Brick Walls for Beginners" that will be held on Thursday, June 23 from 7-9PM, Tuesday, July 26 from 2-4:30PM; and Thursday, August 18, from 2-4PM. Advance registration is required for the introductory classes, and to register, to either call the library at (860)-872-2597, or send an e-message to Pres. LeGrow at mlegrow@fcgsc.org.

FCGSC Will Celebrate Its 35th Anniversary in 2016

The French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut will celebrate its 35th anniversary with a banquet dinner and music that will be held on Fri. Nov. 11, 2016 from 7PM to 12MN at Maneely's Banquet Lodge and Ballroom, 65 Rye Street in South Windsor. The anniversary will begin with a social hour complimented with hors d'oeuvres.

The banquet will have a selection of crab and scallop stuffed filet of sole with lobster cream sauce, roast prime rib of beef, chicken Marsala, garden salad, roasted red potatoes, Mediterranean vegetables, pasta, cannoli, and other assorted pastries.

The entertainment will be traditional French-Canadian folk music performed by locally known fiddler Daniel Boucher of Bristol, Conn., who will be supported by his band, known as Daniel Boucher et Ses Bons Amis. Dancing will be encouraged.

It will be necessary to purchase tickets in order to attend the event, and tickets are $45 per person. Tickets can be purchased at the library of the FCGSC in the Old Tolland County Courthouse, 53 Tolland Green, Tolland, Conn., during normal library hours, which are Saturdays from 9AM to 4PM, Sundays 1-4PM, Mondays and Wednesdays from 1-5PM. Tickets can also be purchased by sending a check at the total cost of $45 for each person, payable to the FCGSC, and sending the check to the mailing address of the FCGSC, which is: French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Conn., P.O. Box 928, Tolland, CT 06084-0928.

President Maryanne LeGrow can answer questions about the anniversary dinner and dance via e-mail at mlegrow@fcgsc.org.

STS Alumni Reunion 2016 Cancelled; Plans for Fall Event, Reunion 2017

By Albert J. Marceau, Class of 1983, STSHS

The St. Thomas Seminary Alumni Reunion 2016, which was scheduled for Fri., May 6, 2016, was cancelled on the afternoon of Mon. April 25 because of low ticket sales. The decision to cancel the event was made by the President of the STS Alumni Group, Paul Travers (STSHS Class of 1982).

The definition of low tickets sales was decided at the board meeting of the STS Alumni Group that was held on Wed. April 6, 2016. In attendance at the meeting were Paul Connery, the General Manager of the Archdiocesan Center at Saint Thomas Seminary, Msgr. Daniel Plocharczyk, (STSHS Class of 1966, and STSJC 1968), Bishop Emeritus Bishop Emeritus Peter Rosazza, Paul Travers, Mike Marinaccio (STSHS 1966), Larry Christian (STSHS 1970), Jim Loring (STSJC 1968), and your reporter, Albert Marceau (STSHS 1983). Paul Connery was ready to cancel the event immediately, because only 14 tickets had sold as of that day, and he based his argument on the reality that 70 tickets had been sold one month before Reunion 2015. Mike Marinaccio and Larry Christian negotiated with Paul Connery to delay the decision to cancel by two weeks before the event, or by Friday, April 22, 2016. Their position was reiterated by Paul Travers, who proposed that 50 tickets would be the make-or-break number to allow, or to cancel, the reunion. All in attendance at the meeting agreed to the new deadline. Hence, the decision to cancel the reunion was due to a short-fall of the sale of ten tickets.

A matter that was ignored by said committee is that most tickets were sold mere days before the reunion itself, as happened in 2014 and 2015. Another matter concerning the sale tickets and deadlines, is that the STS website was never updated with the deadline for ticket sales, despite the decision made during the board meeting of Wed. April 6. On the contrary, the website about the reunion clearly stated that tickets could be purchased up to the day of the reunion itself, a practice that occurred with the previous two reunions.

Since your reporter was and still is the publicity chair for the STS Alumni Group, I began to send text via e-mail for public service announcements about the reunion to radio stations, such as WWUH 91.3FM, and WJMJ 88.9FM, on the afternoon of Fri. April 8. The same day, I sent press releases to major newspapers in Connecticut, such as the *Hartford Courant*, the *New Haven Register*, the *Waterbury Republican*, the *New London Day*, the *Norwich Bulletin*, and of course, the *Catholic Transcript*. In the following days, I sent press releases to at least 29 newspapers, (a number that does not include *Le Forum*), eleven of which were the monthly periodicals of the eleven Roman Catholic dioceses of New England. I also sent text for public service announcements to at least six radio stations. During the second week, I visited the Connecticut State Library for its collection of lesser-known local newspapers in Connecticut, such as the *Cheshire Herald*, and the *New Britain City Journal*, in order to send press releases to another set of newspapers. Then I researched where alumni, former faculty and staff are currently residing, and I sent to 19 of them a personalized letter about the reunion.

I received several responses via e-mail to my personalized letters, but the most pleasant response came on the morning of Friday, May 6, when I received a telephone call from my French teacher, Mrs. Diane Boilard, who telephoned from her home in Port Orange, Florida, to wish me to have a good time at the reunion. Of course, I had to explain to her that the reunion had been cancelled.

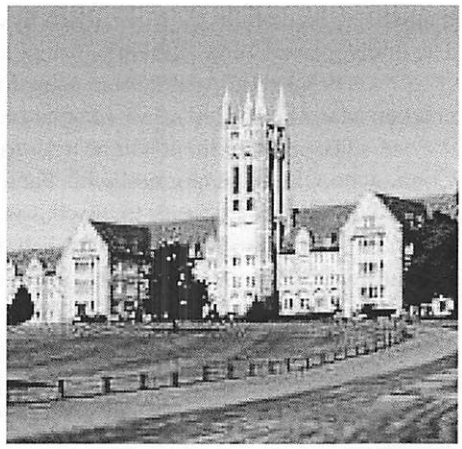
Plans for Alumni Reunion 2017

On Wed. June 1, the STS Alumni Group meet for the first time since Wed. April 6, and those in attendance were the same men as those who attended the earlier meeting, minus Mike Marinaccio and Jim Loring, and plus Douglas Cloutier (STSHS 1983). Msgr. Daniel Plocharczyk, the Pastor of Sacred Heart of Jesus Parish in New Britain, argued to set the next reunion on the first Saturday of May 2017. He also argued that the reunion should start later in the day, around 7PM for the convenience of alumni who are either priests or laymen. For the priests, the reunion dinner would start after most priests would have completed their duties for the Saturday vigil mass, as well as presiding over any wedding or funeral masses that are often held during the day on Saturday. For the laymen, Saturday is not a normal work day, and so, would allow lay alumni to travel to the reunion, without missing a full or half-day of work, as happened in the first two reunions. Larry Christian and I said that a mass should be included with the reunion, and Msgr. Plocharczyk responded that if Archbishop Leonard Blair were not available, then the resident bishop at the seminary, Bishop Emeritus Peter Rosazza, could say the mass. Bishop Rosazza, with a look of mild amusement on his face, agreed with the plan from Msgr. Plocharczyk, but emphasized that protocol should be followed, and so, Archbishop Blair should be contacted first, so he has the choice to be the main celebrant at the mass. The board agreed to the ideas Msgr. Plocharczyk and Bishop Rosazza, and so, the date for the next STS Alumni Reunion will be Sat. May 6, 2017, with a mass that will start at 5PM, to be said either by Archbishop Blair or by Bishop Rosazza, and the reunion itself, would start around 7PM with an excellent dinner, and last until whenever.

Alumni Group to Host Event on Wed. Oct. 12, 2016

During the same STS Alumni Group meeting of Wed. June 1, Paul Travers advocated for the Fall Event to be hosted by the STS Alumni Group, which will be a talk, entitled "An Evening of Mercy," which will be presented by Dr. Brandon Nappi, the Associate Retreat Director at the Holy Family Passionist Retreat Center in West Hartford. The talk will be open to the general public, and it will be held on Wed. Oct. 12, 2016 from 6:30PM to 8:00PM in the Alumni Lounge of St. Thomas Seminary.

There will be more information about both events in the future on the website of St. Thomas Seminary, www.stseminary.org.



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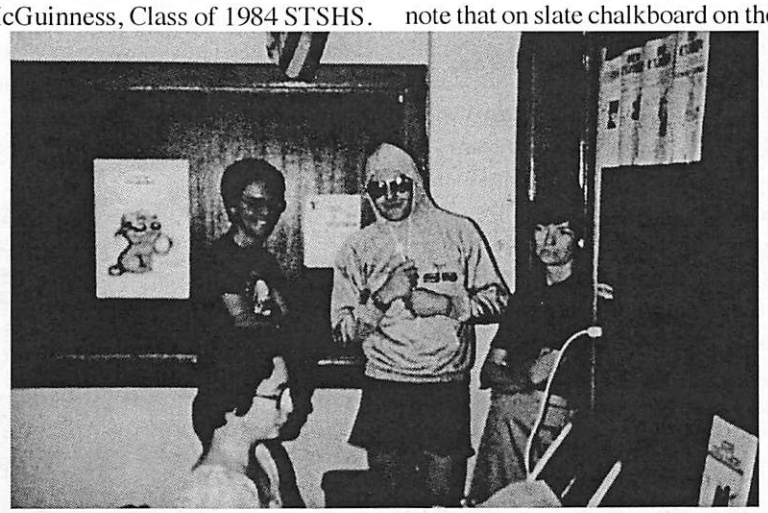
(STS Alumni Reunion 2016 Cancelled; Plans for Fall Event, Reunion 2017 continued from page 24)

Photos from the History of STSHS

Your reporter, Albert Marceau, one morning during the first or second week of senior year in September 1982, after American History Class with Mr. George Sherman, who was originally hired to be the gym teacher. (No joke.) Note that both I (in the center), and Richard Roy (seated on the left, and partially cut-off in the original print), are both wearing the dress-code of shoes, pants, shirt, suit-coat and tie. The only print that I have in my possession, which is copied here, is damaged with a tear in my forehead, since a fellow classmate, Eric Pagel, used it as a target for darts in the Senior Lounge. Photo by Mike Peralta, Class of 1983 STSHS.

Douglas Cloutier horses around with Howard Colefield, both of STSHS Class 1983, on the grounds of St. Thomas Seminary, Wed. May 18, 1983. Today, Howard is unlikely to attend a reunion, since he currently resides in Japan, with a wife and daughter. (If you can read Japanese, you can read his Facebook page.) Howard was born in Jamaica, and while at STSHS, he prided himself as part of the British Empire, and he was given permission to use the *Oxford English Dictionary* for written assignments from Fr. Hugh MacDonald, our English teacher for three years, from September 1980 to May 1983. (The rest of us in class used *Webster's Dictionary*.) He is one of the co-authors of the instructional book and audio-disc set, *Japanese for Busy People*. Doug resides in Windsor, Conn., and he is a member of the STS Alumni Group. Photo by Kevin McGuinness, Class of 1984 STSHS.



Mrs. Diane Boilard typing copy for the last issue of the STSHS newspaper, *The STS Triumph*, early in the afternoon of Wed. May 25, 1983. Standing in back of her is the student editor of the newspaper, Douglas Cloutier, STSHS Class of 1983, and to the right of him is his fellow classmate, Albert Marceau, and to the right of him is Mrs. Phyllis Lewis, the math teacher, standing in the doorway of Room 12, the newspaper room. Both seniors are dressed casually, and not in dress-code, because they were seniors with good grades, and so, were not required to take final exams. More importantly, Principal George Finley publically announced the day before the photo was taken, Tues. May 24, 1983, that Archbishop John F. Whealon had closed the high-school. I, Albert Marceau, can attest as a witness, that Mr. Finley made the announcement while standing on the study-hall monitor's platform of the main study-hall on the second floor of the school, less than a half-hour before the afternoon session of the first day of exams were to be given to the students by their teachers. Fr. Charles Johnson, the President of the Seminary, stood on the floor of the study hall, and slightly in back of Mr. Finley, while Finley made the announcement, and he assured the students that their teachers would consider the effect of the bad news while grading their exams. Late in the morning of Wed. May 25, 1983, and a couple hours before the photo was taken, Mr. Finley opened the high-school bookstore for the last time, for anyone wanting to purchase souvenirs, such as the hooded sweatshirt with the STS logo that I am wearing in the photograph. (I got the last hooded sweatshirt, while fellow classmate, John Politis, purchased the last letterman jacket with the STS logo, not shown in the photo.) The viewer will note that on slate chalkboard on the right are copies of previous issues of the high-school newspaper, *The STS Triumph*, while lower on the same chalkboard and to the right of typewriter is a copy of the last high-school yearbook for the year 1983, simply entitled *Saint Thomas Seminary*.

It should be noted that the earliest yearbook for the college was for the Class of 1926, while the first yearbook for the high-school was for the Class of 1968. Hence, the two schools produced their own yearbooks, the high-school from 1968 to 1983, and the college from 1926 to 1980. The high-school class of 1980 never produced a yearbook. Also, there are gaps in the current collection of yearbooks in the library at STS for both schools in the 1970s. In addition to the difficulty of discerning between the yearbooks of the two schools, both of which used the name of St. Thomas Seminary, and in some instances, are nearly identical for some years in the 1970s, the easiest means to discern between the two sets of yearbooks, is that the college yearbooks always have the name Stella Matutina somewhere on the title page. The title of "Stella Matutina" translates from

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Acadian Crops

George Findlen, CG, CGL
Madison, WI

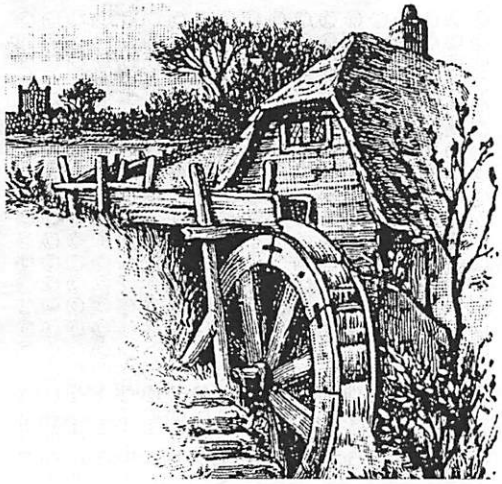
The following is the first of three excerpts taken from a draft of a book the author is writing of his Acadian ancestors. The book traces his lineage from immigrant Barnabé Martin and Jeanne Pelletret in Port Royal / Annapolis Royal in Acadia / Nova Scotia to Marcel Martin and Jane Levasseur in Hamlin Plantation, Aroostook County, Maine. This except comes from the chapter on René Martin and Marie Brun, who married in 1693. Their farm, Beausoleil, was on the north side of the Annapolis River directly opposite Pré-Ronde.

We are fortunate that the many visitors to Port-Royal recorded what they saw. We know what Acadians—René among them—raised and grew.

The two principal crops were wheat and peas. For a Frenchman, bread was and is a dietary cornerstone. Wheat came first. Jean de Poutrincourt built a grist mill as early as 1606 on the Allain River, and later writers note that there were both grist and saw mills operating in the 1680s. At Pré-Ronde, on the south side of the river opposite René and Marie's home, Pierre Thibodeau operated a mill later owned by René's brother Étienne at Pré-Ronde. As they reclaimed more marshland, they could grow more grain. In good years, it provided them with a cash crop for trading with New England and Québec. Peas were another food staple for the Acadians. They were "pea-soupers" like their cultural cousins in Québec. Acadians also grew corn, having learned about that food crop from the Mi'maq. They sowed rye, oats, barley, and buckwheat in the 1690s in addition to wheat. Plowing took place between late August and mid-September. Sowing wheat took place as soon as possible in April.

The same marshland enabled Acadians to raise beef cattle for their food needs and bartering. Cattle were a trade item with Boston and salted beef was a trading item with Québec and Louisbourg. The surplus grain and beef traded with New Englanders got them "textiles, metal goods, brandy, rum, tobacco" and money. Acadians loved milk and had milk cows. They also raised sheep as a source of wool for their clothing. The sheep were "as fat and big as in the Pyrenees, and their wool is as fine." Closer to the house would have been the hogs, important for Acadian dishes then as they are today. In 1686, livestock percentages were 77% cattle, 15% sheep, and 8% hogs. By 1707, those percentages would become 70% cattle, 15% sheep, and 12% hogs. One of the reasons for the change is that there was not enough grazing land for cattle. They also had poultry.

Acadian gardens were as important as marshland fields in producing food for use year round. They grew almost everything their contemporaries in France grew. They grew cabbages, beets, turnips, parsnips, carrots, onions, shallots, chives, parsley, and a



variety of salad greens. Two items, potatoes and tomatoes, were not among what they ate; they were introduced to France in the mid-1700s and later. The director of fortifications at Louisbourg wrote to complain that all vegetables were available except asparagus and artichokes.

The five most important foods of the Acadians were beef, pork, wheat bread, peas, and cabbage, and these came from their reclaimed marshland fields and the gardens they kept next to their houses.

Not far from the house was an orchard. In 1698, there were 1,766 fruit trees on 54 Acadian farms (out of 73 farms in all). That averages to 35 trees per farm. The census tells us that Rene had fifty fruit trees, more than the typical Acadian farmer. One vistor called Port-Royal "little Normandy" and noted that Calville (baking apples), Rambour, and Reinettes (eating apples) were all grown there. Port-Royal farmers also grew pear trees and cherry trees. Fruit was kept in barrels in the small cellar for use through the winter or dried, embedded in maple syrup and stored in crockery jars.

In René and Marie's time, there were four ways to preserve food for future use: brining, freezing, drying, and smoking. As was the case for all following generations treated in this book, pigs were slaughtered after the temperature became cold enough for the meat not to spoil. Hams were smoked in the chimney. If cold enough, parts of the hog were hung to freeze. Much of the animal was put in a wooden trough and covered with salt. The salt pulled out liquid from the meat and killed bacteria. Salted pork and beef were stowed until needed in a salt brine in special barrels made for that purpose. Cod was either salted or air dried until needed. Eels were smoked or frozen. Beets, turnips, parsnips, and carrots were stored in barrels in a bed of sand in the cellar under the house. Cabbages were left on the ground through the winter under a coat of marsh hay and snow. Peas and beans were thoroughly air dried and stored in barrels. Apples were cut and air dried as well. Wild fruit picked in the spring and summer was mixed with maple syrup and stored in earthenware jars. Chives, green onions, shredded carrots, parsley, chervil, celery leaves, and savory were dried or mixed with salt to use as the basic seasoning. The work was never-ending and controlled by the seasons, as it would be for all later generations of our family.

We have no reason to think that René did not grow and raise what other Acadians in the Port-Royal area grew and raised along the Annapolis River. And what René planted and raised is similar to what later generations in Hamlin Plantation, Maine, planted and raised along the Saint John River. Descendants Raphaël, Rémi, and Marcel all raised beef in Hamlin, Maine. They also raised hogs which they slaughtered themselves and processed at home as had Barnabé, René, and Jean-Baptiste in Acadia. They raised chickens and milked cows and made butter. They planted the same crops and did things to preserve food to eat through the winter, including salting beef and pork. The chief difference was technology. Another difference is that there was no fruit orchard on any farm in Hamlin Plantation. What they were—self-sustaining farmers—was the same, and what they planted and raised was remarkably similar.

SHFA Sponsored Talk on the Sentinelle Affair

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

The Société Historique Franco-Américaine (SHFA) sponsored a talk about the Sentinelle Affair that was given by Georges-André Lussier, M.D., of Salisbury, Mass., on Friday, May 20, 2016, that started at 7PM in the auditorium of the Franco-American School in Lowell, Mass. The event was announced in the newsletter of the SHFA, *Feuillet No. 11, Mai 2016*, and Roger Lacerte, the Editor of the newsletter, and President of the SHFA, promised that the talk would have a Power Point Presentation, as he wrote: "...la conference printanière qui sera sous forme de présentation Power-Point...." Unfortunately, Dr. Lussier's talk was not accompanied by a Power Point Presentation. Also unfortunately, your reporter, Albert Marceau, arrived to the talk nearly 20 minutes late, because he was caught in traffic for about an hour starting at 4:50PM on the east-bound 291 spur and Interstate 84 East due to a tractor-trailer accident that occurred around 11:30AM the same day, just west of Exit 63 on I-84 East.

Fortunately, Lussier's talk was videotaped by Gloria Polites of the Lowell Telecommunications Corporation, and it will be broadcast on Channel 8 of LTC Public Access Television, as well as on Youtube Channel LTCLowellMA in the near future, after she or other members of the LTC will have edited the raw videotape. While Gloria Polites was packing her equipment, I asked her about the purchase of a DVD copy of the talk, and she said that it is possible get a DVD copy for $5.00, but I failed to ask about the cost of mailing the DVD, as well as to when a DVD copy of Lussier's talk would be available for purchase. She can be contacted by e-mail at gpolites@ltc.org. The Lowell Telecommunications Corporation is on 246 Market Street in Lowell, and main telephone number is (978)-458-5400, and the website is www.ltc.org.

Dr. Lussier started his talk around 7PM, and at 8:17PM, he concluded his talk, which he followed with a question and answer period that easily lasted for a half-hour. He is not a polished speaker, and although it was clear to all who were present in the room, (including the speaker and the videographer, fifteen people present), that Dr. Lussier knew his subject, his talk suffered from a lack of an overall structure. For example during the question and answer period, a member of the SHFA, John Kobuszewski of Lynn, Mass., asked when did the Sentinelle Affair end, Dr. Lussier responded that one could define the end with the excommunication of the Sentinellistes, or one could define the end with the death of Fr. J.H. Beland, or by the death of Bishop William Hickey, or when the last of the excommunicated Sentinellistes was reconciled with the Catholic Church. Since his talk was

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(STS Alumni Reunion 2016 Cancelled; Plans for Fall Event, Reunion 2017 continued from page 25)

the Latin as "Morning Star," and it is a title of the Virgin Mary found in the standardized Catholic prayer of the Litany of Loreto.

After graduating from STSHS on Tues. May 31, 1983, Doug Cloutier went to Roger Williams University in Bristol, R.I., while I went to the College of Arts and Sciences, University of Hartford, West Hartford, Conn. Since STSHS closed, Mrs. Boilard taught French at Bristol Eastern High School, and later retired to her current residence of Port Orange, Florida. Mrs. Lewis taught math and became the vice-principal at East Catholic High School in Manchester, Conn. She also taught math at Central Connecticut State University (CCSU), where I saw her for the last time, late in the Spring Semester, in May, either in 1997 or 1998. (She died on May 12, 1999 in Hartford Hospital due to cancer, and her obituary can be found in the *Hartford Courant*, Fri. May 14, 1999, page B8.)

I was not the favorite student of Mrs. Lewis, and I had her as a teacher for Algebra II A in my junior year, September 1981 to May 1982. Since I wanted to stay in the Third Year Latin class with Fr. Johnson, I stayed in the accelerated Algebra II A, because the Latin class was taught at the same time as Algebra II B, a slower class with Fr. James Moran. (My decision was against the advice of Principal Finley.) Hence, I flunked nearly every quiz and exam with Mrs. Lewis, with grades that often ranged from eight to fifteen, on a one-hundred point scale. Hence, it was necessary for me to enroll in a summer class of algebra at the Greater Hartford Community College on 61 Woodland Street, Hartford. I quickly realized that the summer class was far beneath the difficulty of my high-school class, so I spent hours every day, drilling in algebra, until the night before my exam with Mrs. Lewis. A week or two before my exam with Mrs. Lewis, I took the final exam for the summer class, and it was about the equivalent of a quiz with Mrs. Lewis, and I completed it in about 20 minutes. The exam with Mrs. Lewis was far more difficult than the exam at the summer class, and I ran out of time, more than an hour and a half, but Mrs. Lewis told me, and my father, to wait, as she would give the results of the exam. (My father did not trust me to drive, and he wanted to make sure that I was serious about studying at school.) About 20 minutes later, she told me and my father that it was clear to her that I had learned the necessary elements of her class, and she gave me a passing grade. The exam was held during the first or second week of August 1982, in the rarely used Room Four on the first floor, which is now known as Conference Room 1A. Although she was a fair teacher, she was not very personable, and definitely not fond of me. Proof for her lack of fondness for me, even to May 1997, or 1998, occurred one day when I saw her by accident on the north steps of Maria Sanford Hall of CCSU. I saw her at a distance as I walked from Diloreto Hall to the Elihu Burritt Library, and I stopped at a very respectful distance, where she could see me, but not to interfere with her conversation with one of her students, an undergraduate. She spoke to him in an upbeat and highly chipper manner, and after their conversation was over, and he walked away, she gave me one long, hard and dirty look, then turned her back towards me, and entered Maria Sanford Hall. Clearly, she truly did not want to see me, and would not participate in the more taxing act of a simple and polite salutation. So, I did not bother to enter the building, but I shrugged my shoulders, and I continued my walk toward the campus library. Photo taken on Wed. May 25, 1983, Room 12, St. Thomas Seminary, Bloomfield, Conn., by John Veilleux, Class of 1984 STSHS.

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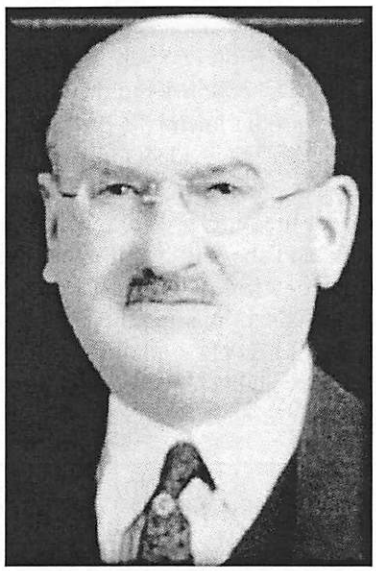
(SHFA Sponsored Talk on the Sentinelle Affair continued from page 27)

not given with a Power Point Presentation, Dr. Lussier periodically stopped his talk to pass photocopies of significant letters that were exchanged between Bishop Hickey and Fr. Beland and Fr. Fauteux, to his audience, and he would hold a copy of a given letter in front of the video camera, so the copy could be videotaped for the future television audience. Lastly, Dr. Lussier gave his talk in English, but he would read the letters in the original French, and he would not give an improvised translation into English, and on one occasion after he read a letter in French, he continued his talk in French for a few minutes.

Dr. Lussier stated that the Sentinelle Affair is loaded with misinformation, such as the Sentinellistes did not want their children to learn English at school, and he countered the misinformation with facts. For example, he said that in 1925, there were one hundred Roman Catholic parishes in Rhode Island, and of that total, fifty parishes had parochial schools. Of the fifty, twenty were established and run by Franco-American parishes. The next largest number of Catholic parochial schools run by an ethnic group were the Polish-Americans, with six schools. Lussier clearly stated that none of the Irish-American parishes had their own parochial schools. Lussier emphasized that the established Franco-American parochial schools were bilingual, where half of the day was taught in French, and the other half of the day was taught in English.

Lussier said that the true matter of the Sentinelle Affair was the Million Dollar Drive that was sponsored by Bishop Hickey, a fund-raiser that Elphege Daignault and the Sentinellistes saw as a diocesan tax imposed on all parishes within the Diocese of Providence. The matter of the diocesan tax was connected to the civil laws concerning the incorporation of the Roman Catholic Church within the State of Rhode Island, which was, which is, and which will continue to be, corporation sole, a unique instance where the state government recognizes the office of the bishop as the sole owner of all diocesan property. Another problem that Elphege Daignault had with the Million Dollar Drive was that it supported the diocesan newspaper, in which, Bishop Hickey would give equivocating statements or misinformation about the Franco-American parochial school system. Lussier gave the example that Bishop Hickey continually portrayed Elphege Daignault and the Sentinellistes as a small group of radicals, or a small group of agitators, when in fact Daignault had large support among the Franco-American laity, including several priests.

Lussier emphasized that Elphege Daignault was a lawyer, and that he could not file all the lawsuits that he planned against the Diocese of Providence, because of the amount of time it would take to prepare a single lawsuit. Lussier said that Daignault did not get any support from any law firm within Rhode Island because all refused to represent him, due to threats from the diocese to ruin the careers of individual lawyers, or entire law firms. Unfortunately, Lussier did not support his statements with a photocopy of a rejection letter from a law firm addressed to Daignault.



Elphege Daignault

Lussier noted that Daignault went to the Vatican in March 1928, and that he was excommunicated on April 8, 1928, Easter Sunday. During the question and answer period, Lussier said that Daignault was reconciled with the Catholic Church before his death in 1937. From my own research, Daignault was given the last rites by Fr. Arthur Fournier of Ste-Anne's Church in Woonsocket, the priest who requested the excommunication, as reported in the *Boston Globe*, May 26, 1937, page 19, "Death Takes Man Disciplined by Pope: Daignault Given Last Rites at Woonsocket."

A lighter moment in Lussier's talk occurred when he said that when the newspaper of the Sentinellistes, *La Sentinelle*, was placed on the banned list by the Vatican, Daignault simply changed the name of the newspaper. The strategy of Daignault produced a couple of mild laughs in the audience. If Lussier used a Power Point Presentation, he could have shown two newspaper articles from the *Boston Globe* on the matter, one published on May 28, 1928, on page 8, with the headline: "Pope's Decree Ousts Daignault: Catholics Also Forbidden to Read 'La Sentinelle,'" while the other was published three days later, on May 31, 1928, on page 23, with the headline: "Cease Publication of Banned Weekly: Another to Take Its Place in Woonsocket." The latter article reported that Daignault, as editor of the newspaper, changed the name from *La Sentinelle* to *La Vérité*, starting June 1, 1928.

Near the end of his talk, Lussier said that it was his opinion that Henri Bourassa enabled the excommunication of the Sentinellistes. After he stated his opinion, he realized that most people in the room were unfamiliar with the significance of Henri Bourassa, and he told his audience that Bourassa was the founding editor of the French language newspaper in Montreal, *Le Devoir*, and that he gave a famous speech on the linguistic and cultural rights of the French Catholics in Canada during the 1910 Eucharistic Congress that was held in Montreal. Lussier did not expound on his opinion, but said that Bourassa's criticism and non-support of the Sentinellistes effectively enabled the excommunication.

During the question and answer period, Lussier mentioned that he has a copy of a rare book that was published by one of the excommunicated, Henri Perdriau, whose book is entitled *Fiat Lux: Le bon sens et la logique*. Lussier said that Perdriau was likely the last of the excommunicated to be reconciled with the Roman Catholic Church. Curiously, Lussier mentioned his ownership of the book, but he did not use it in his talk. As for the rarity of the book, it is not cataloged at any of the 50,000 academic libraries in 90 countries that are connected by the internet to the World Catalogue. I found the reference to Henri Perdriau and his book on a website maintained by the Chapel of the Holy Spirit in Providence, R.I., which is part of the Independent Catholic Church, which is part of the Old Catholic Church. A history of the schismatic church can be read on the website at http://www.holyparaclete.org/the-history-of-the-church.

The public question and answer period was a bit raucous at times, with a few inflammatory statements that may, or may not, be edited from the broadcast version of Lussier's talk. The reason for the emotional

(Continued on page 29)

(SHFA Sponsored Talk on the Sentinelle Affair continued from page 28)

character of the Q-n-A session is because the Sentinelle Affair is not simply an event that occurred about ninety years ago with a few laity on one side and the Bishop of Providence on the other side of the matter of the teaching and maintenance of a foreign language in a few local parochial schools. Rather, the Sentinelle Affair raises the still significant issues concerning the role of the laity in the Catholic Church, the use of funds and property by the bishop of a given diocese, the role of parochial schools in the life of a parish community, the matter of teaching a foreign language in the Anglophone United States, and the use of excommunication as a spiritual punishment.

Roger Brunelle of Lowell, Mass., noted that all corporations in the United States are managed by a president or chairman, in conjunction with a board of directors, while corporation sole is an ecclesiastical corporation of a single person, a bishop in a given diocese.

Brunelle's statement is correct, for I have read and translated several documents of the Third Plenary Council, which are published in Latin, in the book entitled: *Acta et Decreta Concilii Plenarii Baltimorensis Tertii*, (Baltimorae: Typis Joannis Murphy et Sociorum, 1894). The translation of the title is: "Acts and Decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore." The said council advocated for Corporation Sole, as found on pages 153-4, paragraphs 267-8, which are about the subject, "Concerning the Temporal Goods of the Church" (Titulus IX De Bonis Ecclesiae Temporalibus), and subheading, "Concerning the Office of the Bishop" (Caput II De Episcoporum). In paragraph 267, page 153, one can read: "In Statibus in quibus civilis parochiarum vel coetuum ecclesiasticorum incorporatio legalis quae cum legibus ecclesiasticis concordet, non existit, Episcopus ipsemet, lege in comitiis ferenda, corpus publicam seu persona moralis (*Corporation sole*) constitui poterit ad bona totius dioecesis habenda et administranda...." My translation of the quoted text is: "Among the States in which the legal and civil incorporation of parishes or of ecclesiastical assemblies which does not agree with ecclesiastical laws [or] does not exist, the Bishop himself will be able to be established as a public body or moral person towards having and managing the material goods of the entire diocese by bringing the law into the legislature (Corporation Sole)...." The same idea for bishops to incorporate their dioceses as corporation sole is reiterated in paragraph 268, page 154, in the clause "vel soli ut corpus morale (*corporation sole*)," which translates as: "or alone as a moral body (Corporation Sole)...."

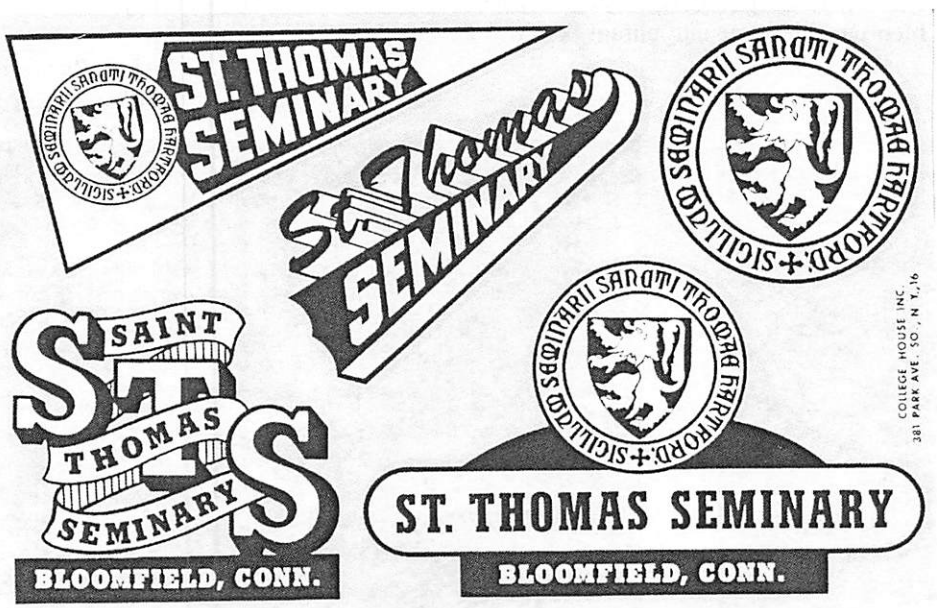
There were a couple of inflammatory statements made when there was a comparison between the excommunication of the Sentinellistes, who questioned the authority of the bishop concerning the use of funds and property, while there were no public excommunications made by any bishop in any diocese in the U.S. against any priests found guilty in civil court on counts of pedophilia. Of course, the very act of pedophilia would immediately excommunicate the perpetuator, so a public statement of excommunication would not be necessary.

When the public question and answer period was over, I asked Dr. Lussier directly about the Franco-American mystic and stigmatic, Marie-Rose Ferron. Lussier said that he learned not to criticize her before an audience in Woonsocket, and he refuses to talk about her in connection to the Sentinelle Affair.

In closing, the talk by Dr. Georges-André Lussier about his research on the Sentinelle Affair was informative, although at times, it was in need of polish. His talk demonstrated the significance of *Le Forum* on the dissemination of his research, for the photocopies of the letters that gave to his audience were published in two issues of the Supplement Historique of *Le Forum* in 2003 and 2007. Anyone interested in the topic should watch Lussier's talk when it will be broadcast by the Lowell Telecommunications Corporation, either on Channel 8 of LTC Public Access Television, and on Youtube Channel LTCLowellMA. Gloria Polites, who videotaped the talk for LTC, said that a DVD copy of the talk will be available at a cost of $5.00, and she can be contacted via e-mail at gpolites@ltc.org. Also, LTC can be contacted either by phone (978)-458-5400, and more information about LTC is available on their website, www.ltc.org.

(See page 38 for more from CT)

(STS Alumni Reunion 2016 Cancelled; Plans for Fall Event, Reunion 2017 continued from page 27)



A sheet of decals with variations on the St. Thomas Seminary logo that was donated by Fr. Kevin Donovan, (STSHS 1979), to the Archbishop Henri J. O'Brien Memorial Library, in April or May 2015. Library Director Karen Lesiak put the sheet of decals in a display case with other items for the STS Alumni Reunion 2015, which was held on Friday, May 15, 2015.

Regard en arrière
Par Camille Lessard
Publié dans La Survivance de 1946 à 1947

À L'eau

Je ne sais pourquoi les choses défendues avaient un si grand attrait pour moi, dans mon jeune âge (je passais, pourtant, pour un modèle d'enfant sage faisant mes mauvais coups dans l'ombre) et ce qui est plus sérieux, je réussissais presque toujours à avoir des associés-complices. Un jour. j'entraînai Lucindé Breton, une petite voisine, assez loin le long de notre rivière. Nous pouvions avoir de 8 à 9 ans. Nous nous assimes sur un arbre pourri. Chez nous, on appelait ces arbres des "corps morts". Nous étions sur le bord du cours d'eau. Comme toujours en regardant nager les belles truites dorées, les goujons argentés et les barbottes barbues, je bâtissais des contes fantastiques que je disais à ma campagne. les truites c'était des reines déguisées, les goujons les princes transformés et les laides barbottes barbues des mauvais génies attendant leur chance pour faire du mal. Quant aux libellules, qui voltigeaient si gracieusement au-dessus de nos têtes, c'était des fées bienfaisantes qui essayaient de délivrer des captifs. . .

On était à se balancer joyeusement sur le corps mort, quand , patatras, un bout dégringola dans la rivière. . . Reines, génies, fées, vilain disparurent en clin d'œil quand je piquai une tête dans l'eau. j'étais cependant assez proche du rivage pour pouvoir reprendre pied. Il n'en fut projeté si loin que seule sa tête émergeait de l'eau, heureusement peu profonde à cet endroit. Je revois encore ses chevaux collés aux tempes et ses yeux remplie de terreur. Elle semblait trop paralysée par la peur pour penser à crier ou à bouger. Il était d'ailleurs inutile d'appeler au secours car nous étions à un mille de toute habitation.

L'instinct de la conservation vient encore à mon secours : il en est toujours ainsi quand notre dernière heure n'a pas sonné ! je criai à mon amie: "Ne grouille pas !" Dans l'eau jusqu'à la ceinture, je poussai le tronc de bois pourri vers moi.

Trempées comme des cannes (mères canards) nous reprimes le chemin du logis. . . Il fallait bien! . . . Ma mère pâlit en écoutant le récit de mon aventure. Heureusement que mon père n'était pas présent. . . car je ne réponds pas de ce qui aurait pu arriver. . . et je l'aurais bien mérité ! Quant à cette pauvre Lucindé, son grand-père la reçut d'une main pendant que de l'autre, il lui faisait sécher sa robe sur le dos. . .

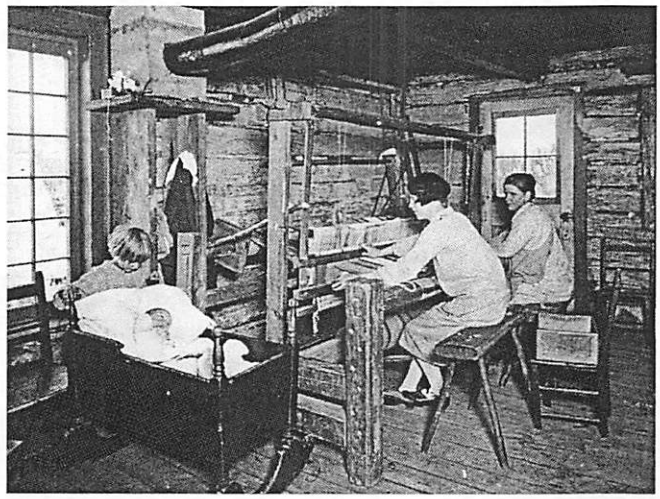
Ils faisaient peur aux poissons

Bien plus âgée que Marie-Anne Boutin, notre petite voisine, je l'aimais bien car elle était une enfant sérieuse et réfléchie et elle m'accompagnait quelques fois à la pêche. Pour hameçons nous nous servions d'épingles crochues: c'était moins dangereux de rester embrochées. Si cette bonne Madame Boutin avait connaissance de ces excursions, elle forçait Marie-Anne à prendre ses jeunes frères et sœurs avec elle de sorte que, durant leur absence, la maman pouvait faire son travail paisiblement.

Dans de telles occasions, afin de leur faire gagner le prix de leur promenade. Marie-Anne obligeait les bambins à piocher les vers nécessaires à l'appât de nos hameçons. Nous nous asseyions tous sur le bord du ruisseau, à l'eau belle et claire comme du cristal. Tout allait très bien jusqu'à ce qu'un poisson se montrait le nez ; alors les petits de crier, tout excités : " Regarde Marie-Anne, la belle truite!" ou "le beau goujon" suivant le cas. Marie-Anne, pour toute réponse, leur lançait un regard meurtrier. Les bambins se tenait tranquilles jusqu'à ce qu'un autre poisson vint à passer; alors la même exclamation s'échappait de leurs lèvres. À la fin, ma petite amie finissait toujours par perdre patience et tombait à bras raccourcis sur les jeunes enthousiastes qui se sauvaient à la maison en hurlant. . . On continuait à pêcher en paix pour quelques minutes quand une voix qui, pour ma petite amie, semblait aussi terrible que la trompette du jugement dernier, se faisait entendre : "Marche à la maison, Marie-Anne, je vais t'apprendre à tuer de coups tes petits frères et tes petites sœurs" . . . La fillette ainsi interpellée ramassait piteusement sas agrès de pêche puis, la tête sur la poitrine, s'en retournait en pleurant. Voilà pourquoi tout le bonheur de notre pêche se trouvait gaspillé pour ce jour-là.

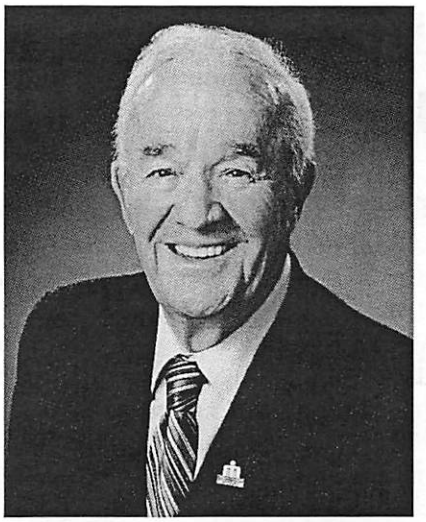
[À SUIVRE]

Joshua Barrière
Québec, Québec



Gilles Morin, le politicien retraité de l'Ontario qui a des liens familiaux avec le Maine

par Yves Chartrand, Ottawa, Ontario



Gilles Morin

Comme plusieurs personnnes le savent au Maine, le nom de famille Morin est assez fréquent. Par exemple, en 2015, j'ai eu à rencontrer Keith Morin de l'école secondaire à Winthrop qui m'a permis d'obtenir de nouvelles informations sur le joueur de baseball Del Bissonette. Ces informations devraient faire l'objet d'un autre article dans *Le Forum*.

L'objectif de mon présent article est de présenter des informations découvertes au cours des récents mois concernant le passé familial de Gilles Morin, un politicien retraité du niveau provincial au Canada. M. Morin a été député à l'assemblée législative de l'Ontario (aussi nommé Queen's Park à Toronto, la capitale de la province) d'une circonscription dans l'est de la ville d'Ottawa de 1985 à 1999.

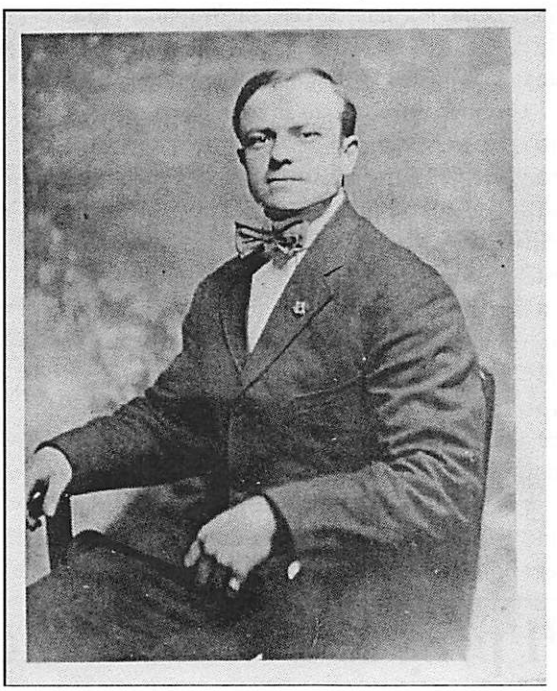
Bien qu'il ait représenté la province de l'Ontario d'une façon ou une autre depuis longtemps, c'est dans la province voisine du Québec que M. Morin est né en 1931. Et bien avant sa naissance, des membres de la famille de M. Morin, y compris son propre père, sont allés habiter au Maine.

Joseph Émile Gilles Morin est né le 20 juillet 1931 à Dolbeau, situé dans la partie nord du Lac St-Jean au Québec (suite à une fusion municipale, l'endroit est maintenant connu comme étant Dolbeau-Mistassini). M. Morin était le sixième et dernier enfant d'Irma Perron, qui était originaire de l'Anse St-Jean, et de Herménégilde (Herman) Morin. Ils étaient mariés depuis 1917 au Québec.

Herman Morin était né en 1891 en Beauce, une région québécoise située tout juste au nord du secteur au Maine appelé 'Old Canada Road'. L'un des premiers endroits américains sur cette route, la 201, est Jackman et c'est là que Herman Morin s'est retrouvé en 1910, selon le recensement américain effectué cette année-là.

Herman Morin était à Jackman en 1910 parce que son frère aîné Nazaire y était déjà depuis quelques années. Selon d'autres documents officiels obtenus grâce à Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Nazaire a quitté la Beauce pour franchir la frontière américaine en 1898. À la même époque, une famille Crawford de la Beauce a fait la même chose. Dans cette famille, on comptait une fille se prénommant Brigitte (ou Bridget).

Le 2 décembre 1907, Nazaire Morin et Brigitte (Bridget) Crawford se sont mariés à Jackman. Au moment du recensement américain de 1910, leur foyer comptait aussi leur premier enfant, un fils prénommé Ernest, né en 1909, et Herman Morin.



Herman Morin

Selon le recensement, Nazaire et Herman Morin ont donné comme occupation celle de 'lumberman'. Éventuellement, Nazaire et son épouse ont accueilli deux filles, Hazel (1911) et Ella (1914). On sait déjà que Herman est retourné au Canada au plus tard en 1917 parce qu'il a épousé la mère de Gilles Morin au Québec.

Nazaire a continué de vivre à Jackman si on se fie aux recensements américains de 1920 et 1930. En 1920, il a dit être forgeron, profession qu'il avait donnée au moment de son mariage en 1907. En 1930, il était menuisier.

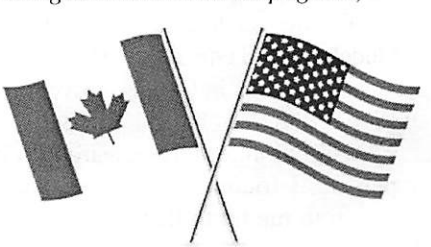
Un changement majeur semble être survenu d'après le recensement de 1940. Nazaire et son épouse vivaient à Jackman Plantation, mais dans des maisons différentes. Brigitte (Bridget) se présentait comme étant divorcé et vivant avec sa fille Ella, une veuve avec deux enfants, tandis que Nazaire était avec leur autre fille, Hazel, qui était marié à Wilfrid Poulin. Ils étaient les parents d'une fille adoptive, Albertine.

Le dernier contact que Nazaire semble avoir eu avec la famille de Gilles Morin aurait été peu avant son décès en 1953. Un des frères plus âgés de Gilles Morin, Philippe, qui était alors un prêtre, a administré les derniers sacrements à Nazaire.

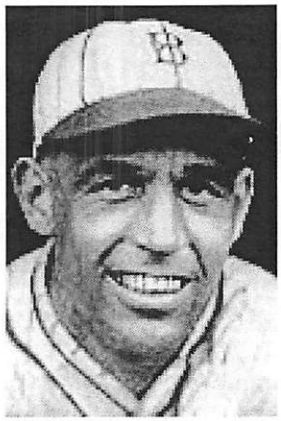
Un appel téléphonique récent fait à Isabelle Haggan de Jackman a confirmé que Nazaire a été inhumé au cimetière local. Dans le même lot, on retrouve les trois enfants, mais la présence de l'ex-épouse ne peut être confirmée pour l'instant. Des descendants d'Ernest, qui habitent maintenant au Tennessee, ont tenté d'en découvrir plus, sans succès. Des recherches additionnelles pourraient aider à éclaircir cette situation.

(Voir la traduction en anglais sur la page 33)

(See english translation on page 33)



Du nouveau sur le joueur de baseball Del Bissonette



par Yves Chartrand, Ottawa, Ontario

Il y a quelques années, *Le Forum* m'a permis de publier un article sur le joueur de baseball Del Bissonette, originaire de Winthrop au Maine. Bissonette avait joué dans les ligues majeures pour Brooklyn (maintenant Los Angeles), mais aussi au Canada dans plusieurs villes du baseball mineur comme Montréal, Cap-de-la-Madeleine et Glace Bay. Il avait également été gérant d'équipes à Québec, Toronto et Trois-Rivières.

En poursuivant mes recherches sur d'autres joueurs, j'ai trouvé des informations qui m'étaient jusque là inconnues à propos de Bissonette.

1) Par exemple, durant au moins 35 ans, une agence d'assurances portant le nom de l'ancien joueur de baseball a existé à Winthrop.

Dans l'annuaire de l'école secondaire de Winthrop, l'agence a publié une annonce à partir de l'année 1935-36. Le bureau de 'Del Bissonette Insurance' était alors situé au 6, rue Union. En 1937-38, l'adresse fournie est celle de la rue Bowdoin. À partir de 1940, la nouvelle adresse est celle de l'avenue Greenwood. En 1943, 'Del Bissonette General Insurance' ne présente plus qu'un numéro de téléphone. L'année suivante, l'annonce occupe dorénavant un tiers de page dans l'annuaire. Il en sera ainsi jusqu'en 1957.

Si l'annonce de 1958 a été réduite à un quart de page, l'agence s'est mise à utiliser des slogans l'année suivante :

1959 – 'Your troubles vanishes at'

1960 – 'Let us do your worrying'

1961 – 'Best policy at all times'. La même annonce se répète jusqu'en 1969.

En 1970, 'Bissonette Insurance Agency' n'a consacré qu'une ligne dans la section 'Compliments of.'

Il y avait d'autres personnes vendant de l'assurance à Winthrop. Dans l'annuaire de 1936-37, on retrouve l'annonce d'Adolphe Fortier, agent de la Metropolitan Life, placée à l'opposé de celle de Bissonette. Ce sera la même situation jusqu'en 1942. En 1943, l'annonce de Bissonette est à côté de celle de Chas. S. Gott de Wayne au Maine. Finalement, l'annuaire de 1966 contenait l'annonce de la 'Foster Insurance Agency' qui se retrouve sur la même page que celle de Bissonette.

2) La consultation des annuaires à l'école secondaire de Winthrop, facilitée par le directeur Keith Morin, nous a également permis d'apprendre que l'école honore la mémoire de l'ancien joueur de baseball à l'aide de deux bourses d'études.

Une première bourse, d'une valeur de 500 à 1 000 $, porte le nom de Del Bissonette et a été établi à la mémoire de son frère par le testament de sa sœur, Helena B. Seamans, en novembre 1983. La bourse est remise à une personne étudiante qui a démontré des qualités exceptionnelles de personnalité et de caractère, a maintenu des notes élevées, a été membre de plus d'une équipe athlétique et a contribué au bien-être de l'école et de la communauté.

L'autre bourse porte le nom de la sœur de Bissonette, Helena, et a été établi en juin 1992 par le testament de Laura S. Bissonette, veuve de l'ancien joueur. La bourse est remise pour les mêmes raisons que la première.

3) J'ai découvert par hasard un article du Lewiston Daily Sun qui confirme l'intérêt de Del Bissonette pour l'industrie des pommes. Dans un communiqué de l'Associated Press émis à Augusta le 30 janvier 1931 et publié dans le journal du 31 janvier, on y apprend que le premier but des Dodgers de Brooklyn est désormais le président de la 'Central Maine Red Apple Orchards'.

Everett P. Sturtevant, le trésorier de la compagnie et un voisin de Bissonette, a expliqué que les vergers de 5 000 arbres situés dans trois villes du Maine, y compris Winthrop, produisent plusieurs variétés de pommes vendues à New York et en Amérique du Sud.

More on baseball player Del Bissonette

by Yves Chartrand, Ottawa, Ontario

A few years ago, Le Forum allowed me to publish an article on baseball player Del Bissonette, a native of Winthrop in Maine. Bissonette played in the major leagues for Brooklyn (now Los Angeles), but also in Canada in several minor league baseball cities such as Montréal, Cap-de-la-Madeleine and Glace Bay. He was also a manager of teams in Québec City, Toronto and Trois-Rivières (Three Rivers)

While doing more research on other players, I found information that was unknown to me up to that point regarding Bissonette.

1) For example, for at least 35 years, an insurance agency bearing the name of the former baseball player existed in Winthrop.

In the Winthrop High School Yearbook, the agency published an ad starting with the 1935-36 edition. The office of 'Del Bissonette Insurance' was then located at 6 Union Street. In 1937-38, the address provided was at Bowdoin Street. Starting in1940, the new address was at Greenwood Avenue. In 1943, 'Del Bissonette General Insurance' only shows a phone number. The following year, the ad now occupies a third of a page in the Yearbook. It will be like that until 1957.

If the 1958 ad was reduced to a quarter of a page, the agency started using slogans the following year :

1959 – 'Your troubles vanishes at'

1960 – 'Let us do your worrying'

1961 – 'Best policy at all times'. The same ad will repeat until 1969.

In 1970, 'Bissonette Insurance Agency' only devotes a line in the section 'Compliments of.'

Other people sold insurance in Winthrop. In the1936-37 Yearbook, one can

(Continued on page 33)

Gilles Morin, the retired Ontario politician with family links to Maine

by Yves Chartrand, Ottawa, Ontario

As many people know in Maine, the last name Morin is rather frequent. For example, in 2015, I had to meet with Keith Morin from the Winthrop High School. He provided me with new information about baseball player Del Bissonette. This information should be part of another article in The Forum.

The objective of my present article is to present information discovered in recent months about the family past of Gilles Morin, a retired politician at the provincial level in Canada. Mr. Morin was a member of Ontario's legislative assembly (also named Queen's Park in Toronto, the province's capital) for a riding in the east end of the city of Ottawa from 1985 to 1999.

While he represented the province of Ontario in one way or another for a long time, it was in the neighbouring province of Québec that Mr. Morin was born in 1931. And even before his birth, members of Mr. Morin's family, including his own father, went to live in Maine.

Joseph Émile Gilles Morin was born on July 20,1931 in Dolbeau, located in the northern part of Lac St-Jean in Québec (following a municipal merger, the area is now known as Dolbeau-Mistassini). Mr. Morin was the sixth and last child of Irma Perron, who was originally from l'Anse St-Jean, and of Herménégilde (Herman) Morin. They had been married since 1917 in Québec.

Herman Morin was born in 1891 in Beauce, a region in Québec located just north of an area in Maine called 'Old Canada Road'. One of the first american areas on that road, the 201, is Jackman and that is where Herman Morin ended up in 1910, according to the US Census done that year.

Herman Morin was in Jackman in 1910 because his older brother Nazaire had been there for some years. According to other official documents obtained with the help of Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Nazaire left the Beauce region to cross the american border in 1898. At the same time, a Crawford family from Beauce did the same thing. In this family, there was a girl first named Brigitte (ou Bridget).

On December 2, 1907, Nazaire Morin and Brigitte (Bridget) Crawford were married in Jackman. At the time of the 1910 US Census, their household also included their first child, a son named Ernest, born in 1909, and Herman Morin.

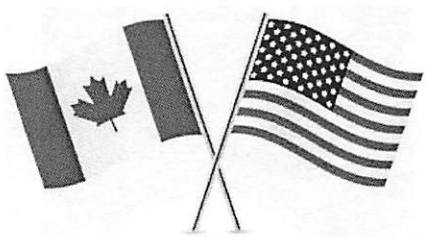
According to the census, Nazaire and Herman Morin gave 'lumberman' as their occupation. Eventually, Nazaire and his wife welcomed two daughters, Hazel (1911) and Ella (1914). As for Herman, we know that he returned to Canada no later than 1917 because he married Gilles Morin's mother in Québec.

Nazaire continued to live in Jackman if we are to believe the 1920 and 1930 US censuses. In 1920, he said he was a blacksmith, the profession he gave at the time of his wedding in 1907. In 1930, he was a carpenter.

A major change seemed to have happened according to the 1940 census. Nazaire and his wife lived in Jackman Plantation, but in different homes. Brigitte (Bridget) listed herself as divorced and living with her widowed daughter Ella and her two children, while Nazaire was with their other daughter, Hazel, who was married to Wilfrid Poulin. They were the parents of adopted daughter Albertine.

The last contact that Nazaire seemed to have had with Gilles Morin's family would have been shortly before his death in 1953. One of Gilles Morin's older brothers, Philippe, who was then a priest, gave the last rites to Nazaire.

A recent phone call made to Isabelle Haggan in Jackman confirmed that Nazaire was buried in the local cemetery. In the same plot are his three children, but the presence of his ex-wife cannot be confirmed for now. Some of Ernest's descendants, now living in Tennessee, tried to find out more about that, without success. Additional research could help to clarify this situation.



(More on baseball player Del Bissonette continued from page 32)

find the ad of Adolphe Fortier, agent for Metropolitan Life, placed opposite to the Bissonette ad. It will be the same situation until 1942. In 1943, the ads for Bissonette and for Chas. S. Gott, from Wayne in Maine, are side by side. Finally, the1966 Yearbook contained the 'Foster Insurance Agency' ad on the same page as Bissonette's.

2) Consultation of the Winthrop High School yearbooks, facilitated by principal Keith Morin, also helped me learn that the school is honoring the memory of the former baseball player through two scholarships.

The first scholarship, worth $500 to $1,000, bears the name of Del Bissonette and was established in the will of his sister, Helena B. Seamans, in November 1983. The scholarship is awarded to a high school senior who has shown outstanding qualities of personality and character, maintained a high scholastic record, was a member of one or more athletic teams and contributed to the wellbeing of the school and community.

The other scholarship bears the name of Bissonette's sister, Helena, and was established in June 1992 in the will of Laura S. Bissonette, the late player's widow. The scholarship is awarded for the same reasons as the first one.

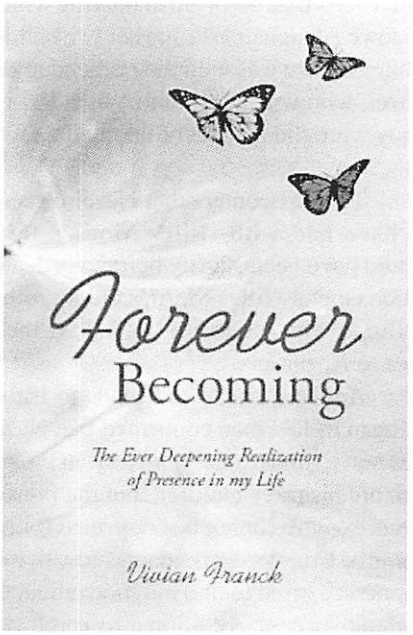
3) I discovered by chance an article from the Lewiston Daily Sun confirming Del Bissonette's interest for the apple industry. In the Associated Press release issued in Augusta on January 30, 1931, and published in the newspaper on January 31, we learned that the Brooklyn Dodgers first baseman is now the president of 'Central Maine Red Apple Orchards Inc'.

Everett P. Sturtevant, company treasurer and a Bissonette neighbor, explained that the orchards of 5,000 trees located in three Maine communities, includingWinthrop, produce several apple varieties sold in New York City et and in South America.

BOOKS/ LIVRES...

Forever Becoming

The Ever Deepening Realization of Presence in my Life



ABOUT THE BOOK

This book is about my life-long search for spiritual meaning, truth, and freedom. Raised during World War II within the confines of an all-Catholic town in Northern Maine and within a community that kept an ever-vigilant watch over the words and actions of its children, this quest for enlightenment did not start easily. Led by fear, my parents imposed restrictions on their offspring according to their own blind acceptance of whatever words came out of the priests' mouth. Born with a strong will and a propensity to rebel, I was pressured by my religious parents to choose the convent. Strangely enough, becoming a nun was the only way I could have come to the freedom that I craved. Had I opted to stay in the world and marry, I would never have had the deep realizations I awoke to through the wonderful retreats and experiences I enjoyed. Upon returning into the world I was then ready to absorb the teachings of enlightened spiritual teachers who came my way. Only by traveling this unique path have I confirmed a deep knowledge inside my own soul: Our God is a God of unconditional love, peace, and joy, which he liberally bestows on all his children for the asking.

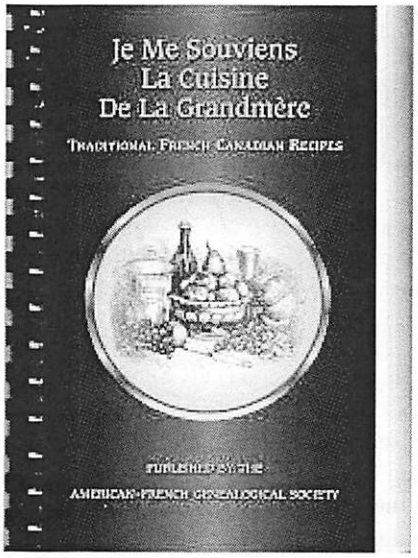
Vivian Franck

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

At age eighteen, Vivian left her home to become a nun in a French Canadian Order. After thirty years of living as a nun, she realized it was time for her journey to begin in the larger world and left the convent. She hasn't regretted her decision once.

Visit Vivian's website & Blog at: http://www.vivianfranck.com/book/

To purchase the book: http://bookstore.balboapress.com/Products/SKU-000614965/Forever-Becoming.aspx



A.F.G.S. Cookbook
New Printing 2015
French-Canadian Cuisine cookbook
Over 250 pages
These recipes have been handed down through many generations.
NOTE: This is a new printing 2015. Note No new recipes from previous printing.

French Canadian Cookbook

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 for tourtières (meat pie) 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 $5 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.

http://www.afgs.org/afgscookbook.html

American-French Genealogical Society

Woonsocket, Rhode Island USA

(See page 35 for recipes....)

Recipes/Recettes

Je Me Souviens
La Cuisine De La Grandmère

ROTI AUX PORC AVEC LEGUMES-
ROAST PORK WITH VEGETABLES
(Page 91)

My Grandmother had 13 children and set a table for seventeen to twenty persons daily. She was not a fancy cook, but served wholesome, nourishing meals. And the food was grown or raised on the farm. Canning started as soon as the garden fruits were ripe and succulent and the vegetables were young and tender. We always had a full cellar of food which included: Various condiments of apples, fruits, and pickles; vegetables of all kinds crocks of sauerkraut; grape, elderberry, raspberry, and strawberry wines; cider and moonshine; and a variety of meats. If one did not learn to run a farm and cook, one went hungry.

I can remember one time when we butchered a pig that weighed about 400 pounds. The roast loin that grandmother cooked weighed about twenty pounds. We were fourteen at the dinner table and the roast went in one meal.

1 lean roast pork loin
5 to 6 garlic cloves
White potatoes
Small yellow turnip
Carrots
Brown sugar
Dark mustard
Onions, sliced
1 to 1 1/2 c. wine or water

Buy lean roast pork loin either the entire loin or the seven to nine rib end. If you purchase the entire roast, you can cut it up into meal size servings. Have the butcher crack the bones as it is easier to carve.

Make slits in the loin a day or two ahead of cooking and insert pieces of garlic in the slits. The flavor is more delicate if the garlic is left in the meat for a while.

Wash, pare, and quarter the vegetables. It is better to leave the potatoes whole, so try to purchase smaller ones.

Salt and pepper roast and rub well into the meat. Brush with a mixture of brown sugar and dark mustard. Lay meat, fat side up, in a roaster or deep oven pan. Place vegetables around meat; sprinkle onion slices on top and a good red wine or water. If the roast is too lean, add a strip or two of bacon on top of the roast. Cover. Cook in a slow oven, about 325°F. to 350°F., allowing 35 to 40 minutes per pound. The slower and the longer it takes to cook, the better the meat.

In the last hour, remove the cover and let the roast brown and crust nicely. When the rib moves out by itself or pulls away, the meat is done. Check to make sure the vegetables are tender. Remove meat and make gravy with the drippings or serve with the natural juices. Serve with a green salad, hot French bread, and a good red wine.

—John F. Côté, Jr.

LEMON PIE
(Page 203)

This is one of my grandmother's recipes that has been handed down to me. I have copied it word for word exactly as it was given to me. In my grandmother's time, ingredients were measured by pinches and dabs, teacups and slabs. My grandmother always cooked over her old wood stove. It was difficult for her to determine an oven temperature for her recipes, because the temperature in a wood stove was determined by how much wood you put in. Most recipes were moderate or hot ovens. I have added to the recipe the modern oven temperature for those of us who prefer to do it the hard way - in an electric oven.

1 large lemon
1 teacup sugar (1 c.)
2 eggs
1 Tbsp. cornstarch
1 teacup boiling water (1 c.)
1 Tbsp. sugar

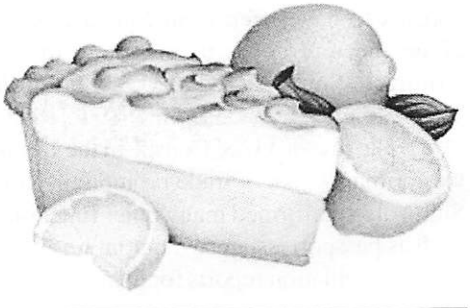
Take 1 lemon; squeeze the juice out and grate the yellow part of the rind. Add 1 teacup of sugar, 2 eggs (the whites left for frosting), and 1 tablespoon cornstarch. Fill the teacup with boiling water. Mix all together and bake in one crust for about 1 hour in a moderate oven, 350°F. When done, set aside and cool a little. Add 1 tablespoon of sugar to the egg whites and beat until stiff. Frost the pie and leave in the oven for a minute until lightly brown.

Pie Crust:

2 1/2 c. sifted flour
1 heaping tsp. baking powder
1 c. lard
Pinch of salt
1/2 c. cold water

Take 2 1/2 cups of sifted flour, 1 heaping teaspoon of baking powder sifted through the flour, 1 cupful of lard, and a pinch of salt. Rub thoroughly into the flour. Mix together with 1/2 cup cold water or enough to form a rather stiff dough. Mix as little as possible and roll out. It must be handled lightly. This recipe is for two pies.

—Patricia J. Gillis
Meldrum
Romeo, MI

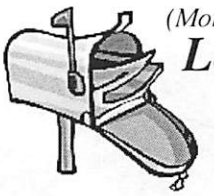


CHICKEN AND APPLE SPREAD
(Page 10)

1 cup minced, cooked chicken
2 crumbled crisp bacon slices
2 Tbsp. diced apple
1 tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
1/4 cup mayonnaise

Combine ingredients and serve on crackers or make finger sandwiches.

—Muriel G. Fournier
Woonsocket, RI



(More letters from page 3)

Lettres/ Letters

An Incident in Trois Rivières: Consul Nicholas Smith and the French Canadians

Racism and discrimination against the descendants of French Canadians by White Anglo-Saxon Protestants was a common occurrence in New England. Many are familiar with Carroll Wright's accusation that the French Canadians were "The Chinese of the Eastern States" in his 1881 annual report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of Massachusetts In the last issue of Le Forum, for instance, James Myall presents some great quotes from Madison Grant in his nativist bible, The Passing of the Great Race. David Vermette in his blog about Franco Americans has some great nativist quotes against Franco Americans in that current bastion of liberal orthodoxy, the New York Times. I am currently reading the book Imbeciles by Adam Cohen, which is a story of the eugenics movement in the United States and of the famous Supreme Court Case, Buck v. Bell. The decision was famous because another WASP from Massachusetts, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who wrote in the opinion that the State could involuntarily sterilize an individual deemed to be mentally inferior that "Three generations of imbeciles are enough." Both left wingers and conservatives, including Margaret Sanger, the darling of liberals today, sang the praises of sterilization. In fact the only significant opposition to involuntary sterilization came from the Catholic Church. Cohen estimates that between 1900 and 1930, almost 70,000 men and women were sterilized against their will in the U.S.

Doing research on a prominent Franco American from Biddeford, Maine, Urbain Ledoux, I stumbled on the writings of one Nicholas Smith, another WASP who also appears to have been from Massachusetts given the references to that state in his writings. Smith served as U.S. Consul in Trois Rivières, Canada from 1889 to 1892.

The role of a U.S. Consul in the 1890s was primarily that of trade promotion. But Smith also performed many other functions such as passport issuance, notarial services, writing evaluation reports for local employees, protecting American seamen and even officiating at weddings. Despite these many and varied duties, however, Smith found time to perform what is called today "political reporting." On February 10, 1890, less than 3 months after he arrived in Trois Rivières, Smith wrote a thirty-four page report entitled "Fecundity of French Canadians." It was the longest communication ever dispatched from the Trois Rivières Consulate.

Rather than addressing the subject scientifically as a demographer, Smith instead simply manifested his prejudice against French Canadians. He began by calling the Catholic Church in Canada not only the Church of State but the State itself. He traced its role in education and criticized the tremendous power of parish priests in Quebec.

Encouraging fecundity so it could spread its gospel, the church in French Canada, in Smith's view, posed a threat to the United States: French Canadians, he warned, "go to the States not as individuals but as colonies, carrying with them, like the pilgrims, their principles and their priests and keeping themselves as separate and distinct from their neighbors as Jews or Chinese.....They have planted colonies.....distinct in language, customs and religion in the very heart of Protestantism which in the next twenty years, if they obey their pastors, are destined to replace the exhausted and impoverished Puritan race. They have built one hundred and twenty churches which are all in charge of Canadian priests and fifty large convents where nuns of the same race are giving instruction to 30,000 children. Instead of being absorbed like other emigrants, they have reconstructed their old parishes, are adhering to their own language.....and have adopted for their motto 'not that (word illegible) dear to every American heart' but 'our religion, our language, our customs but above all our country (Canada)' The balance of power in a state which was hitherto regarded as the keeper of our national conscience is in the hands of the Philistines."

Smith went on to claim that the provincial government was instructing the tens of thousands of French Canadians in Massachusetts to vote against Senator George Hoar because he had taken positions disliked in Quebec. He ended by warning that 'their alliance to Canada might today seriously imperil our American system."

Smith submitted several other reports accusing the French Canadians of evading the contract labor law and of using their illegally-earned dollars to pay off their mortgaged Canadian farms. On August 9, 1892, Smith asserted that his dire prognostications about the French-Canadian invasion in Massachusetts had come true.

On September 17, 1892, Smith wrote his last report from Trois Rivières. His dispatch included the following about the city: "seven persons and a pig, which is made to feel at home, constitute the average family ..... as a defense against both disease and cold the French Canadian pins his faith on a crustaceous integument. Indeed I have sometimes thought that they, like Hindoo fakers, believed in the holiness of dirt."

Smith then discussed measures being taken in Trois Rivières to ward off an imminent cholera epidemic: "With the ususual sagacity, however, of municipal bodies, they have begun setting gangs of men to digging in the streets, turning over earth that for two hundreds years has been saturated with slops, so if by any chance the citizens escape the cholera in October, they may die of typhus in November. A board of health had been appointed but like everything else in Three Rivers, it requires eternities of time to move in and long before it settles down to business, the nimble little bacillus may leap the quarantine and revel in our vitals." He ended with this insult to French Canadians: "I am afraid, too, there is nothing in the enertia of Three Rivers to distinguish it in the province."

Smith's sarcastic and racist comments were somehow made public. He wrote later that his mail had been tampered with. His cynical rants caused a furor in Trois Rivières. The city government called the report "a malicious satire on a very ordinary situation" and an "unwarranted insult to an entire population." Rather than comment on Mr. Smith's "lucubration and ramblings" the city officials would "content (themselves) in dealing with matters of fact only." Soon after the incident, the U.S. Vice Consul from Montreal reported that "the town is considered in a good and satisfactory sanitary condition."

The unofficial response to Smith's charges was less restrained. The Consulate was attacked by a group of angry citizens who threw rocks through the windows. Consul General Patrick Gorman, arriving from Montreal to inspect the damage, voiced his surprise, according to one Canadian newspaper, that Smith "was not mobbed."

(Continued on page 37)

Revised Statutes

Revised Statutes of Maine (R.S. 1871 Chapter 18 Section 1) begins with the words: " County Commissioners have power to lay out, alter or discontinue highways leading from town to town."

Since that section of the law marginally cites R.S. 1857 Chapter 18 Section 1, the authority to lay out Pelletier Road in Madawaska- Frenchville may predate even the incorporation of the towns which took place in 1869. So while attorneys are looking for a deed from the land owner to the town, perhaps the old law might give us a hint that an action of the County Commissioners might have taken place on the road in question crossing the town lines.

In 1853 Fr. Henri Dionne, first Pastor of Ste. Luce wrote two letters to the former Maine Governor, Dr. John Hubbard of Hallowell, regarding the development of roads in the parish. He thanked the governor for his prior assistance in the past, but he bewailed the lack of such support from the new Whig Governor on that subject.

The 1850s were politically troublesome times. The Whig Party was on the wane (soon to be replaced by the Republican Party).. The Democrats were divided. In the election of 1854 Shepard Cary of Houlton ran as an "opposition Democrat" against the leading Maine Democrat of the day, Albion. K. Parris. Splinter parties arose, The Know-Nothings ran a candidate under the American Liberty Party. Whiskey and Rum dealers in 1852 had run a candidate on the Anti-Maine law Party. The law they protested was Maine First Prohibition law of 1851 Homesteaders and farmers put up a candidate under the Free Soil Party ticket.

The Free Soil party never gained the governorship but they may have had an hand in passing the Maine Settlement a Act of 1859 which encouraged homestead development. The land would not be free but at least it became affordable. I cite then R. S. 1871 Chapter 5 section five which reads in part:

"The purchaser shall give for such lands , three notes payable in one, two and three years in labor on the roads in said township....."There were settlement duties noted in the next section which included: "establish his residence on the lot, and within four years from such date to clear on each lot, no less than fifteen acres, ten of which shall be laid down in grass, and to build a comfortable dwelling house on it."

In sum, to encourage settlement the road ways could well have been layed out before hand by the county commissioners in order to give access to lot to potential homesteaders who would pay for the lots by doing culvert work in front of their lots, and all of this may well have happened at the time before Frenchville Madawaska were towns. That is when T. 18 R. 5 was Dionne Plantation and T. 18 R. 4 was Madawaska Plantation like what we may now find on line when we look up the 1860 U.S. Census record to find the names of the families living here at that time.

I wonder after reading John Ezzy's letter to the editor in SJVT June 15 whether he is sitting on a lot originally paid for by road labor by a person who settled there AFTER the county commissioners laid out the road way crossing the town or plantation lines.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, ME

Fr Dionne's politics

Fr Dionne's politics show up in the 1858 Newspaper story which I sent you. the story about a plan to separate the St. John Valley from the rest of Aroostook County has nothing to do with a pastor's duties. yet it shows he had a penchant for democrats.

In 1858 Aroostook was entitled but to one State Senator. Democrat, Major William Dickey of Fort Kent ran for that office against John Mc Closkey, Republican of Houlton. The Aroostook Pioneer shows figures with Dickey carrying a plurality of Votes. But as may be seen in Roger Paradis' Les Papier de Prudent, Mercure', There is in the appendix is a report of the State Senate of Maine on "Election Fraud in the St. John Valley". As a result of the study the vote of the entire St. John Valley was thrown out and the legislature appointed McCloskey to the Senate seat.

If a county, named Madawaska County,(with its shire-town in Fort Kent, of course) the Valley vote would sent Dickey to the State Senate as each county was entitled to at least on State Senator. But the Republicans in Maine were in power. The Democrats would soon splinter over the civil war issue (Copperheads). Yes the Valley would have sent Dickey to Augusta, but did you notice the closing line of the newspaper article with its snide remarks about upsetting the French in the St. John Valley?

Father Dionne is given as one of the petitioners for the Madawaska County plan.. Certainly aligned with Democrats wasn't he?

We have no such direct evidence of Fr. Antoine Gosselin's involvement with politics.. Fr. Gosselin left in 1852 just before the rise of the Know-Nothings in Maine. and before the the Aroostook Pioneer began publishing its news weekly. He left before the Know-Nothings ran Anson P. Morrill) for governor (See vote tallies sent with my letter). Fr. Dionne's October 1853 letter to former Maine Governor, John Hubbard, cites a reluctance on the part of Fr. Dionne to write directly to Anson P. Morrill.

Putting it all togehter, Fr. Dionne's letters and the news stories with Major Dickey praising Fr. Dionne's work with the "Academy at Ste. Luce, and the Madawaska County story, point to the priest's alignment with the Democrats. but in politics evidence often remains circumstantial as it does here. We can't trully know the depth of Know-Nothing involvement, But in the

(Continued on page 38)

(An Incident in Trois Rivières: Consul Nicholas Smith and the French Canadians
Continued from page 36)

Gorman announced that Smith would soon be replaced in Trois Rivières on account of ill health. One newspaper opined that perhaps Smith had caught pneumonia from the cold drafts coming in through the Consulate's broken windows.

The next ten years saw the Consulate in Trois Rivières ably manned by two young officers"François Bellau (1893-1897) and Urbain Ledoux (1897-1903). Both were Quebec-born immigrants from Maine (Bellau from Lewiston and Ledoux from Biddeford) who, in all probability had worshipped in that State's French Canadian Catholic churches and attended parish schools taught by nuns from Quebec. Ledoux who is buried in Biddeford and spent his summers in the area went on to have a well-publicized career as a social worker/ community organizeer in New York City. Ironically, Nicholas Smith's prediction had come true: the Protestant Yankee was replaced by the invading French Canadian migrant — at least in Trois Rivières. Contrary to Smith's warning, however, our Republic survived.

Michael Guignard
Alexandria, VA

My Biddeford and Saco Maine

From a Memoir, Leaving Maine
By Gérard Coulombe
Fairfield, CT 06824

We graduated from Saint Louis High School in Biddeford, Maine, in mid-June, 1950. Our class was small mainly because many of the boys from grammar school had dropped out to enter the work force as planned, either for them or by them, to help support the family or start a family as soon as they became established in a permanent job.

For those of us who went from our grammar schools to high school, we did so because we were motivated. Either our parents motivated us, or we saw the need for further education, which was available to us. We could have attended the public school, and some students from our Catholic grammar schools might have attended public schools, it would have been anathema for those of us whose parents strongly adhered to the Catholic faith to have attended public schools. It would have taken an atheist [I never met one in Biddeford], a fallen away Catholic [but never a convert to Protestantism as there was no such person, or a French Catholic who had done the unthinkable in a staunch Catholic family and married an "Irlandais" which is not the same as an American or one of the Protestant beliefs.

I had a phone call from a classmate who asked if I would go with him to Portland by bus to visit the military recruiting office to learn who would take us and what the different branches were offering, as neither of us drove or had a car available to us. But it did not matter because neither one of us drove. My parents never had a car, so, they had no need to drive. We lived in a second-floor flat of a four–story building, a popular type of structure throughout New England to accommodate families without the means of owning their own homes.

We were French and Catholic. We started out speaking French at home because our parents were of first and second generation French-Canadian extraction in Maine. My paternal grandparents had emigrated to the State of Maine from lower Québec in the 1890's or even earlier. That's estimation, for they had died before I was born, and I only vaguely knew where they had lived at the bottom of Hill Street in the parish my father had us move to.

My father spoke French only. My maternal grandfather was from Canada by way of Berlin, New Hampshire. My maternal grandmother's brother had fought in the Spanish American War. He was known for his annual black bear hunt and his fishing. I recall the latter because he took me fishing once, and I only managed to catch sunfish, although I confess to have been happy with my catch, such as they were. Uncle Noé continued to hunt bear throughout his life and to bring his catch of fish to the house. As proof of his bear kill, he never failed to bring us a "share" of bear steak.

Parenthetically, a quick check of our family name in Canada reveals that the first male in Canada with the family's surname, Coulombe, arrived from France in the year 1670. At the time, there was only one way to describe Biddeford-Saco, on the Saco River in the county of York. They were the towns that depended on the textile mills for employment and the majority of employees, men and women, were French-Canadian.

Of the two cities, Biddeford was predominantly French-Canadian. That is to say, the majority language was French. It was somewhat different in Saco, where the majority of the populace was staunchly English and Protestant. Although many spoke French and there were a number of residents who attended mass at French-speaking parishes, much of the town had managed to remain Anglo. That is, the preponderance of homes in Saco were Anglo, and the dominant language on the Street was English, whereas in the homes, on the streets and in the commercial establishments of Biddeford, the language spoken was French or as some preferred, Canadian French.

Nearly all the merchants on the street spoke or had someone waiting on customers who spoke French. My uncle was a butcher at the A&P, and he spoke French and most probably English, although I can't say that I ever heard him speak the latter. In other words, along with Lewiston, Westbrook, and some other communities in Central and southern Maine, the near dominant language was French Canadian. Until the start of the Second World War, the language of our elementary schools was French.

Some people may laugh at that, and, as a matter of fact, many did laugh at our accent, as we spoke our French. "Canuck" was the derogatory term defining Franco Americans and a Canadian hockey team that had adopted the term as its nickname, one that we, by and large, hated before it became popular as the nickname of a Canadian hockey team. "Canuck" meant "dumb" or "stupid" or both depending upon its context. If we as children were not aware of this appellation, we were indeed pretty stupid

(Continued on page 39)

(Fr Dionne's politics continued from page 37)

ensuing decade after Fr. Dionne's departure, 149 homesteaders in the St. John Valley were declared to be squatters and told in 1876-77 with eviction notices in hand "to get off the land" read the Chapter, "What the Bishop Knew" in Holman Days,novel, "The Red Lane" Or better yet to uncover the political history of the St. John Valley, read all of Holman Day's books: "The Red Lane", The Rider of the King Log". "King Spruce", "The Ramrodders"", and "Joan of Arc of the North Woods"

Aye, a simple quote from Holman Day's "The Ramroders":

"The chap who writes for the "Kicker's Column" in the newspaper can tell you how politics should be run, but that's the only privilege he ever gets. Its the chap who keeps still and runs the politics that gets what's to be got out of it. And that's because mankind wants what it wants, and not what it says it wants."

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, ME

(My Biddeford and Saco Maine continued from page 38)

because we resented being called that, and as the underdog even though we were he dominant minority in a town, we certainly did not appreciate the appellation.

Our mother, Clara, had worked at Pepperell Textiles in the spinning room. She became a stay-at-home mom once married to my father. He was unemployed at the time that I was born, but he soon had a job with the Works Progress Administration as a day laborer working on roads and town bridges. Then, we lived in an apartment that was really the second floor of my grandfather's half of the duplex on Cutts Street. It stood at the side and in the shadow of the R.C. Church of Saint Joseph on elm Street, the same U.S. Route One that runs through Fairfield, CT, our hometown today. I was the eldest of the children in my family, born in Biddeford, and I had two sisters who followed my birth.

All three of us were born in my maternal grandparents' house. One of my mother's many sisters, Eva, was the one to stay behind to take care of her parents, my grandparents. My grandmother was blind. My grandfather was a retired mill teamster. My aunt always "loved me," but she did not love my two sisters. In her eyes I could never do any wrong. My sisters nearly always did. One of the terrible things they did was to pull flower heads from their stems as bouquets for mother. I did not do that because I was engaged with "grandpère."

We moved to Bradbury, the street around the corner from Cutts Street when the stress and strain of getting along with my aunt, who was nursing my blind grandmother at the time became too much after grandmother died.

Many of the homes and apartments on Bradbury were owned by the Irish, with whom we "Canucks" did not get along—this only from the recollection of the protective way our parents had to look over us as we played out on the street. We lived on the second floor of a six-apartment, three side–by-side, box building. We played in the sand at the back of the house in an area either separated by a stand-along shed or another house on a parallel, adjoin street to ours.

The Boston and Maine tracks were not so far away. We could hear the rumbling of the train trucks and the hoot of the steam horns, as the freight and passenger trains rolled along on their way to Portland or Boston. We could hear them as they stopped or slowed down along the way as signal sets went on or off for various reasons. As a boy, I had the full range of the neighborhood as far as we could walk in a day when I was only five years old. It is truly amazing that we had such a full range of the town to amuse ourselves in and at such a young age.

For the time we spent on Bradbury Street, our family of five, my parents, two younger sisters and I, lived among a bunch of "Irlandais." We were surrounded by Irish children in the streets and forced to play with them whenever they let us in pick-up games of stickball in the spring and summer. Otherwise, we roamed our playgrounds.

They were no ordinary no ordinary playgrounds like the one at Bradbury School on our Street. Bradbury extension was an unfinished street in that it dead-ended at a blasted but ungraded rock ledge that continued to the street perpendicular to it above. There was abandoned granite quarry with water in it where I recall having seen kids swim. Friends had warned me that it was a dangerous water hole. But I was too scared because the talk was that some kids had drowned in it, and we had been forewarned not to play on the ledges cut into the granite face where blocks of it had been cut out. We did play in the woods back there, beyond the quarry.

The other places we played were in the back of the shoe shop, where we picked up loads of shoe nails that we used for our own constructions with hammers we sneaked out of the shed at home. The wood we used to build our backyard forts for our tin soldiers came from the box shop, which was down Bradbury and across the e tracks along the river. We collected all kinds of pieces that we might have used as kindling but chose to assemble them when we played fort with our First World War tin soldiers, positioning them in the trench battlefields we constructed, some times, with the help of our father who was on weekends attuned to playing with us whenever he wasn't working in the shed fashioning pieces for his machines he used at the mill. My dad as a pretty smart toolmaker who used ordinary metal working tools available at "Ushers Hardware."

I recall many experiences as a boy because my mother was busy with the girls, my two sisters. I was allowed to roam the streets. I do not recall any friend with whom I was with for the day. O do know that whoever they were, we managed to get around from Mr. Shaw's woods and the pool of deep water from a stream into which we swung from a rope tied to a limb over the pool and dropped from once over the center without hurting ourselves.

It was imitative of a lot of things we saw older boys do. There were bonfires from dry Christmas trees collected from the neighborhood and kept hidden in an old barn until George Washington's Birthday on February 22.when they were taken out for a bonfire. There was the July 4th fireworks fun that we had because firecracker packets of various sizes were freely available from the neighborhood variety store. Although the newspaper reported damaging accidents involving fact and limbs, we somehow managed the nickels and dimes it took to buy all that we could from the varieties of fireworks available. We could blast away or freely hurl strings of them to explode away as the string broke apart and explosive petards or individual bombs flew in multiple directions.

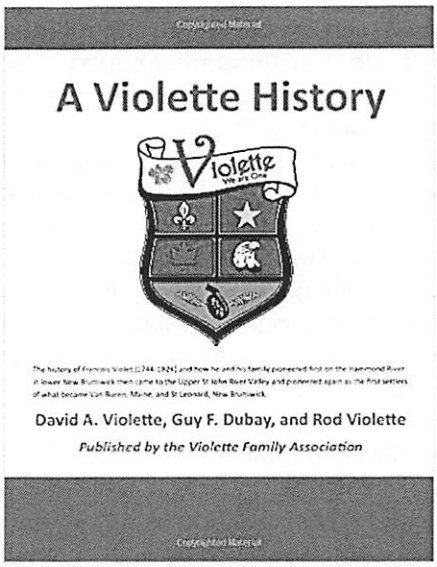
We moved from Bradbury to Freeman Streets, or to more specific from my mother's parish to my father's parish, from Saint Joseph's to Saint André's, where I entered second grade and continued my duties as an altar boy. I had learned the Latin responses to the service of the Mass on my mother's knees and had already started serving at the church on Elm Stet around the corner from where we had lived on Cutts Street to the side of the church. I guess I was just about five when I also served mass at the convent the nuns had behind the huge Saint Joseph's Elementary School on Emery Street.

The naming of streets suggests something more than one place to another. Although Cutts intersected Bradbury Street, the two streets were not only home to French Canadians who lived in the neighborhood. The Irish also lived in the same neighborhood because the French church, Saint Joseph, and the Irish church, Saint Emery were just three short intersections apart off Elm Street, Rout 1, going through the western edge of town. So for my dad, the move to his former parish represented a move to a thoroughly French neighborhood, which, he thought would help solve some of the problems, we would have growing up.

There was another reason that I could not have understood at the time. That was the appointment of a French speaking Bishop as opposed to an Irish Bishop to the diocese of Portland. And that kind of discontent was the primary reason that my father had with the Irish and the Church in general. I understood later that the Pope settled the problem by telling the Francos to fall in line or else.

(Continued on page 40)

GENEALOGY/GÉNÉALOGIE



A Violette History Paperback – July 15, 2014 by David A Violette (Author), Guy F Dubay (Contributor), Rod Violette (Contributor)

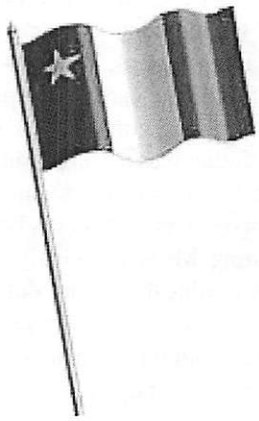
This is a project to create a Violette family history book. It was initiated partially because Rita Violette Lippe's book Descendants of Francois Violet is now out of print and will not be reprinted, and partially because so many members have asked for information about our early ancestors and their life and times.

The book has been published and is available at Amazon. Search for it by title: A Violette History, or by any of the coauthors' names. It is priced at $38 and was written by David A. Violette, VFA#621; Guy F. Dubay, VFA#892; and Rod Violette, VFA#12.

The three coauthors, all Violette descendants and all Violette Family Association members, worked for almost five years in the research and production of the book. The book includes first hand accounts of author visits to places associated with François Violet/Violette and traces his story from before his birth to his pioneering in the Upper St John River Valley.

There is a listing of the first two generations of the family in North America, along with details of who they married and where they settled, as well as stories of François' parents and grandparents in France and Fortress Louisbourg. François Violet/Violette was the progenitor of a line of the Violette family in North America coming from what is now northern Maine and northwestern New Brunswick. Born in 1744 in Saintes, France, François Violet moved with his parents in 1749 to Île Royale (Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia) so his father could help the French rebuild Fortress Louisbourg. His mother died in 1751 and by 1759 he had come under a surrogate guardianship due to financial difficulties of his father. When his parents were sent back to France after the British took over Louisbourg again, François stayed behind. This is the history of Francois Violet (1744-1824) and how he and his family pioneered first on the Hammond River in lower New Brunswick then came to the Upper St John River Valley and pioneered again as the first settlers of what became Van Buren, Maine, and St Leonard, New Brunswick.

https://www.amazon.com/Violette-History-David



Franco American writers, artists, poets: University of Maine Franco retreat

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN BLOG
by Juliana L'Heureux / CONTRIBUTOR

A group of over 30 people shared in the many expressions of cultural diversity and the Franco-American immigration experience, at a retreat held at the University of Maine's beautiful Darling Marine Center in Walpole (near Damariscotta), Maine. A summary of the program explored how the Franco-American (and Native American) cultural experiences are, frankly, hidden in most of American history and literature.

Sponsored by the Franco American Studies program at the University of Maine, it was the fifth annual retreat of Franco-American writers and artists, held on April 22–24, in Walpole.

More than 30 attendees from Maine, New England, other US states, as well as from Quebec, and New Brunswick, Canada attended, said, Susan Pinette an Associate Professor of Modern Languages, and Literatures and Director of Franco American Studies at The University of Maine.

Lisa Michaud, the managing editor of the University of Maine's *Le Forum*, quarterly journal, worked with Pinette to coordinate the weekend's cultural program.

Members of the Franco-American creative community gathered to share their work in a culturally supportive space, said Pinette. In fact, the public was welcomed to attend the free event on Saturday, April 23, to view and participate in the presentations.

Pinette opened the forum with a Friday night group discussion about an example of Franco-Americans expresssed in contemporary literature. In fact, she has written about contemporary Franco Ameri-

(Continued on page 42)

(My Biddeford and Saco Maine continued from page 39)

My father would not end up having to speak Irish to get along. It's not something he ever expressed, but I knew that living door to door with the Irish was not something he would unnecessarily endure. Just as the French settlers of Canada didn't like the blokes, my dad could not more stand the Irish than his brothers and ancestors could stand the blokes from Montréal or Québec because of the Dieppe raid, an attempt involving a Canadian division to assess the capabilities of German troops in Fortress Europe. The exercise was a complete failure involving a single Canadian Division. The result in Montréal, as I heard it from my cousin, is that for the rest of the War many would-be enlisted men ran for the Provincial forests to escape service.

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

Les Familles LAMARRE

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 spouce (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same number in the right-most column above. For example, if it's #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with the rare exception of small letters, e.g., "13a." If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere appologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

LAMARRE
(Lamore)

FAMILY #1

Louis De La Mare, born 1629 in France, died 1686 in PQ, son of Adrien Le LaMare and Marie Rebel/Rehel from the village of Pîtres, department of Seine-Maritime, ancient province of Normandie, France, married on 21 April 1659 in Québec city to Jeanne Grenier, born circa 1640 in France, died in PQ, widow of René Maheu and the daughter of Sébastien Grenier and Marie Roux from the town of St.Denis-d'Oléron, Ile d'Oléron, department of Charente-Maritime, ancient province of Saintonge, France. Pîtres is located 10 milessouth-southeast of the city of Rouen and St.Denis-d'Oléron is located 19 miles west-northwest of the city of Rochefort.

A	Adrien	before	1629	Marie Rebel/Rehel	France	1
1	Louis	21 Apr	1659	Jeanne Grenier	Québec city	2
2	Pierre	07 Feb	1684	M.-Louise Paulet	St.Pierre, I.O.	3
3	Pierre 1m.	20 Oct	1720	M.-Barbe Fournier	cont. Michon	6
	" 2m.	16 Jul	1753	M.-Anne Chrétien	cont. Kervézo	
6	Joseph	10 Jan	1763	M.-Louise Rousseau	St.Pierre-du-Sud	13
13	Joseph	01 Apr	1788	Frse.-Ursule Kirouac	Islet	18
	François-Bénoni	05 Jun	1798	M.-Françoise Gamache	Islet	19/13A
18	Gabriel-J.	04 Oct	1809	M.-Angélique Talon	Islet	22
	Simon-Alex. 1m.	18 Aug	1812	Marguerite Poitras	Islet	
	" 2m.	01 Mar	1824	Charlotte Talon	Islet	24
19	Dominique 1m.	17 Feb	1824	Henriette Lavoie	Islet	25
	" 2m.	22 Feb	1832	M.-Françoise Boulet	Islet	
	Pierre	13 Feb	1827	M.-Eléonore Poitras	Islet	27
22	Michel	07 Jan	1846	Lisa Caouette	Cap St.Ignace	34
	Firmin	09 Jan	1855	Geneviève Morin	Islet	35/22A
24	Alexandre 02 Sep	1851		Angélique Ouellet	St.Simon, Rim.	24A
25	Pierre	19 Jul	1852	Henriette Litalien	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	25A
27	Léon	23 Jan	1855	Adèle Talon	Cap St.Ignace	27A
34	Léopold	19 Jul	1892	M.-Louise Bernier	Islet	34A
35	Zélie	08 Oct	1888	Thomas Landry	St.François, Beauce	
	(b.1865 PQ-d.28 Sep 1897 Wtvl.)					

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

13A	Louis	09 Feb	1847	Adèle Ouellette	Frenchville	13B
13B	Jean	07 Jan	1884	Clarisse Bossé	Frenchville	13C
13C	Octave	23 Oct	1928	Joséphine Pelletier	Brunswick(SJB)	
22A	Eugénie	05 Jul	1879	Frédéric Bolduc	Waterville(SFS)	
	M.-Marthesie "Letitia"	14 Jun	1880	David Veilleux	Waterville(SFS)	
	Athénaïse "Thérèse"	25 Nov	1889	Eugène Pomerleau	Waterville(SFS)	
	Jules	09 Jan	1890	Léda "Ida" Breton	Waterville(SFS)	22B
	Napoléon* * dit LAMBERT	21 Apr	1890	Rose Pomerleau	Waterville(SFS)	
	Léa	25 Aug	1890	Alfred Rodrigue	Waterville(SFS)	
	Wilberge	28 Jan	1895	Vilbon Pomerleau	Waterville(SFS)	
	Joséphine	05 Aug	1895	Pierre Roy	Waterville(SFS)	
	Léonce 1m.	12 May	1907	Clara Busque	Fairfield(IHM)	
	" 2m.	05 Jun	1911	Martha-M. Dubé	Waterville(SFS)	22C
22B	Lionel-M.	30 May	1925	Anna-M. Albert	Waterville(ND)	22D
22C	Annette	14 Sep	1940	Alfred Morin	Waterville(SH)	
	Albert-Laurent	30 Apr	1955	Rita Nardi	Waterville(SH)	22E
	Eugène	25 Aug	1956	Shirley Carey(Busque)	Waterville(SH)	
22D	Bernard	05 Jan	1952	Lorraine Thériault	Waterville(ND)	
	Ida-Mae 1m.	24 Apr	1954	Laurent Gauthier	Waterville(ND)	
	" 2m.		19__	Grover Hews	Waterville !	
22E	Kevin-Lawr.	26 May	1978	Sarah-Anne Michaud	Waterville(SH)	
24A	Emma	15 Jul	1883	Jean-Bte. Bernier	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Siméon	26 Apr	1886	M.-Rose Dubé	Berlin, NH(St.Anne)	
25A	Joseph	12 Nov	1906	Marie Bélanger	Lewiston(SPP)	
27A	Emérilda	03 Jun	1883	Louis "Peter" Emond	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Alvine	23 Jan	1887	Léonce Fortin	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Napoléon	05 May	1890	Rosanna Lemay	Brunswick(SJB)	27B

(Continued on page 42)

(LAMARRE, continued from page 41)

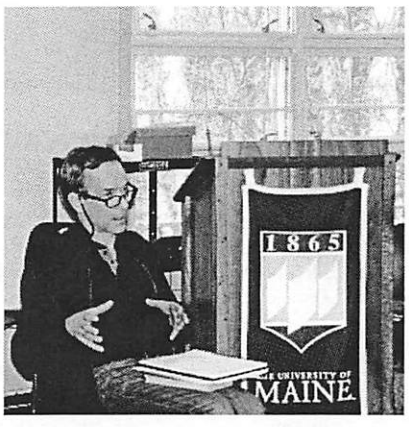
	Pomela	16 Sep	1890	Alfred-J. Cloutier	Brunswick(SJB)	
	"	21 Nov	1893	" "	Brunswick(civ. rec.)	
	Alphonse	30 Mar	1891	Marguerite Aubé	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Eugénie 1m.	10 Aug	1896	Burton-R. Brackley	Brunswick(SJB)	
	" 2m.	29 May	1912	Joseph Ouellette	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Joseph-E.	11 Jan	1904	Alice Roberge	Lewiston(SPP)	27C
27B	Edward	14 May	1917	Alice-C. Tremblay	Brunswick(SJB)	27D
	Auguste	25 Jun	1917	Yvonne/Éva Poitras	Brunswick(SJB)	27E
	Napoléon	27 Jun	1921	Rose-Alda Painchaud	Brunswick(SJB)	27F
	Albert-J.	04 May	1925	Émilia Levasseur	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Fernand	14 Jan	1946	Palma Francoeur	Lewiston(SPP)	
27C	Joseph-Antonio	22 Oct	1923	Germaine-G. Lavigne	Lewiston(SPP)	27G
27D	Violette	30 Mar	1940	Albert Martin	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Roger-E.	17 Oct	1942	Sophia Simonovich	Lewiston(St.Pat.)	
	Romain	07 Jun	1947	Barbara-M. Ritchie	Brunswick(SCB)	
	Nancy-J.	23 Jun	1951	Dominic Dalessio	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Bernadette-P.	27 Jun	1953	James-J. Nolan	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Edward-Richard	09 Jun	1956	Pauline-Lucille Gaudreau	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Jacqueline-M.	11 Apr	1959	Louis-Adélard Bisson	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Ronald-Louis	27 Nov	1965	Phyllis-M. Brooke	Brunswick(SJB)	
27E	Rosanna-Claire	04 Feb	1939	Roger-Adrien Francoeur	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Robert-Lucien	24 Apr	1944	Lucienne-A. Thiboutot	Brunswick(SJB)	27H
	Rosaire	30 May	1966	Rolande Allen	Lewiston(SPP)	
27F	Jean-Paul-G.	15 Oct	1955	Rachel-Alma Gaudreau	Brunswick(SJB)	
27G	Jeanne	20 May	1946	Ralph Starkey	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Blanche-G.	20 Jan	1951	Bowdoin-M. Hatch	Lewiston(St.Jos.)	
27H	Robert-Maurice	12 Aug	1967	Kathleen-Ann Silvius	Brunswick(SJB)	
34A	Fernand	07 Jan	1929	Cécile Poitras	Brunswick(SJB)	
N0	J.-Octave			Catherine Langlois	Islet N1 ?	
N1	Edmond-Octave		1886	Célanire Théberge	Brunswick(SJB)	N2
	(b.1-10-1885 Islet – d.11-9-1931 Brunswick)					
N2	M.-Louise	16 Jun	1913	Onésime Michaud	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Joseph	10 Nov	1913	Alice Paradis	Brunswick(SJB)	N3
	Exilia	03 Jul	1916	William Paradis	Brunswick(SJB)	
N3	Roger	05 Jul	1941	Virginia Sawyer	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Raymond-A. 1m.	19 Jan	1946	Lorette-P. Beaulieu	Brunswick(SJB)	N4
	" 2m.	30 Nov	1974	Rachel-Rita Cameron	Brunswick(SJB)	
N4	Evelyn	10 May	1969	Gérard Breton	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Phyllis	13 Feb	1971	William Thiboutot	Brunswick(SJB)	
	George-Raym.	28 Aug	1971	Victoria-Norma Day	Brunswick(SJB)	

(See Fall Issue of Le Forum for more on the Lamarre Family)

Franco American writers, artists, poets: University of Maine Franco retreat continued from page 40)

can literature, and its significance to ethnic and American studies. Elizabeth Kadetsky's "Ghosts and Chimeras" was an example of how culture and ancestry impacted on one family's experience.

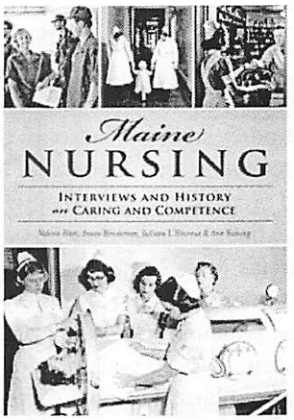
"I like to believe there are ancestral teachings to be gleaned from our presumed forefather's....", wrote Kadetsky. This particular article opened an opportunity for participants to share personal experiences about language, culture, ancestry and diversity. Although the conversations became seriously immersed in personal experiences, the storyteller and performer Susan Poulin (Pardon My French) from South Berwick and Eliot ME, lightened the mood by commenting on her Franco-American heritage as being a like person who identifies with the "hyphen" between the two ethnic words.



Poet Steven Riel Franco-American Poet Steven Riel read from his collections at the retreat on April 23, in Walpole.

Poet Steven Riel, was among the Franco-American participants. He is the author of one full-length collection of poetry, Fellow Odd Fellow, published by Trio House Press in 2014, as well as three chapbooks of poetry: How to Dream, The Spirit Can Crest, and most recently, Postcard from P-town, which was selected as runner-up for the inaugural Robin Becker Chapbook Prize and published in 2009 by Seven Kitchens Press. Riel's poems have appeared in several anthologies and in numerous periodicals, including The Minnesota Review, International Poetry Review, and Evening Street Review. In 2005, Christopher Bursk named him the Robert Fraser Distinguished Visiting Poet at Bucks County (PA) Community College. Riel received an MFA in Poetry in 2008, from New England College, where he was awarded a Joel Oppenheimer Scholarship.

My personal contribution to the writer's program included an open reading from the newly published Maine Nursing: Interviews and History on Caring and Competence. It was my pleasure to read the narrative about Louise Davis (page 112), a nurse practitioner I interviewed, who was an AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency) educator during the 1980's, when the AIDS/HIV epidemic was, at the time, threatening the lives of millions of sexually active young people.



Nursing History Centennial Maine Nursing: Interviews and History on Carng and Competence by co-authors Valerie Hart, Juliana L'Heureux, Susan Henderson and Ann Sossong

For more information about the weekend program, contact Lisa Michaud, lisa.michaud@umit.maine.edu (also managing editor of Le Forum) or Susan Pinette, spinette@maine.edu at the University of Maine in Orono.

http://contributors.pressherald.com/uncategorized/franco-american-writers-artists-poets-university-of-maine-franco-retreat/

(See page 43 for more photos and our invited artist during the Franco-American Writers Gathering)

ERICA VERMETTE

Archive I: Family was created in collaboration with the participants at the 2016 Franco-American gathering in Walpole, ME. The piece was inspired by Elizabeth Kadetsky's "Ghosts and Chimeras", an essay that explores the way that family history and collective memory is constructed and passed down.

The idea behind Archive was to create a sort of "memory library" that would be at once permanent and temporal. Participants were given slips of paper with unique serial numbers and a tear-away "receipt" portion. Each paper had a prompt asking the participant to recall a particular kind of memory about a family member—things like ghost stories, anecdotal legends about long-ago family members, personal memories about same-age relatives, and so on. The participants were asked to fill out the prompts, then turn them in, removing the receipt portion and keeping it for their own reference.

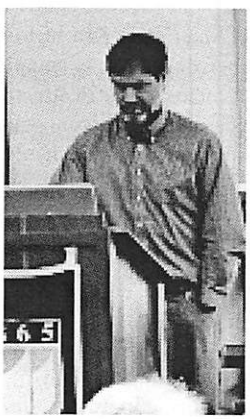
The result was a small library of memories, neatly labeled and filed—but completely inaccessible to anyone who wasn't present at the event. The only "key" to accessing the archive are the artist's memory, and the receipts that were given out with the prompts—both deliberately unreliable means. Most slips of paper were lost right away, some were mislabeled, and some participants either neglected to or decided not to take their receipts with them. The idea was to mimic the fallibility of memory, especially collective memory.

The format was chosen as a deliberate reference to quilting. I wanted to allude to textiles and the fiber arts for two reasons: because of the incredible importance of the textile industry and mills in Franco American history, and because the fiber arts have been so central to the way my Franco heritage has been passed down to me. The "quilt" format seemed especially appropriate, conjuring notions of tradition, inherited memory, and collaboration.

http://ericavermette.com

Erica Vermette Art

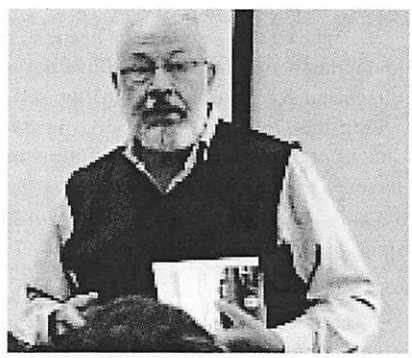
David Vermette



Joe Arsenault

Abby Paige

Joan Vermette and Laurie Graves



Dean Louder

Group Discussion

Bob Perreault & Mary Rice-Defosse

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Le FORUM
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THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

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

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

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

MISSION

- To be an advocate of the Franco-American Fact at the University of Maine, in the State of Maine and in the region, and
- To provide vehicles for the effective and cognitive expression of a collective, authentic, diversified and effective voice for Franco-Americans, and
- To stimulate the development of academic and non-academic program offerings at the University of Maine and in the state relevant to the history and life experience of this ethnic group and
- To assist and support Franco-Americans in the actualization of their language and culture in the advancement of careers, personal growth and their creative contribution to society, and
- To assist and provide support in the creation and implementation of a concept of pluralism which values, validates and reflects affectively and cognitively the Multicultural Fact in Maine and elsewhere in North America, and
- To assist in the generation and dissemination of knowledge about a major Maine resource — the rich cultural and language diversity of its people.

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE
L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

Le Bureau des Affaires franco-américains de l'Universit Maine fut fondé en 1972 par des étudiants et des bénévoles c communauté franco-américaine. Cela devint par conséquent le C Franco-Américain.

Dès le départ, son but fut d'introduire et d'intégrer le Fait I co-Américain du Maine et de la Région dans la formation académ 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