Le FORUM

VOLUME 39, #1 SPRING/PRINTEMPS 2017

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

$6.00

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Volume 39 Numéro 1
SPRING/PRINTEMPS

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Tirage/Circulation/4,500

Imprimé chez/Printed by
Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, Maine

Publié 4 fois l'an par le Centre Franco-Américain. *Le* Forum est distribué surtout aux Franco-Américains des États-Unis. Les énoncés, opinions et points de vue formulés dans *Le* Forum sont ceux des auteurs et ne représentent pas nécessairement les points de vue de l'éditeur ou de la rédactrice, ou du Collège des arts et des sciences libéraux à l'Université du Maine.

Le Forum is published 4 times a year by the Franco-American Center. *Le* Forum is distributed in particular to Franco-Americans in the United States. Statements, opinions and points of view expressed are not necessarily those of the editor, the publishers or the ; College of Liberal Arts & Sciences of the University of Maine.

Tous les textes soumis doivent parvenir à —Forward all submitted texts to: Lisa D. Michaud, Rédactrice-en-chef/Editor-in-chief, *Le* Forum, University of Maine, Orono, Maine 04469-5719, U.S., au plus tard quatre semaines précédant le mois de publication—at least four weeks prior to the month of publication.

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

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,

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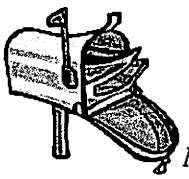

Lettres/ Letters

More letters on pages 7, 13, 14....

Dear Le Forum,

My husband has passed away, but I want to continue receiving ***Le Forum.***

I read every page of the paper. We were both Franco-American and proud of it!

Please continue mailing ***Le Forum*** to the same address.

Merci!
Cecile Vigue
Fairfield, ME

Dear Cecile;

I wish to extend to you my deepest sympathies!

I will certainly continue to send you Le Forum, no worries there!

Thank you for your continued support!

Le Forum

Dear Le Forum,

I've been getting ***Le Forum*** for awhile. Can't remember when I last paid. I'm sending you a check to keep getting it and pay for the past.

I enjoy it. Some good articles.

Thank You!
Yours truly,
David Lemay
Dover Foxcroft, ME

Dear David;

You are paid until April of 2017. I corrected your mailing label. It now reads correctly. Year/Month of subscription renewal. It appears on your mailing label below your address.

Thank you for your continued support!

Le Forum

Cher Le Forum,

J'ai envoyé un chèque pour mon abonnement et le chèque a été changé a la fin du mois de dèc. Je n'ai pas reçu encore mon petit magazine, j'ai téléphoné la semaine dernière j'ai mis mon message sur votre enrégistreuse.

Voulez vous verifier. J'attends de vos nouvelles bientôt. Je ne veux pas manquer ma subscription que j'ai payer.

Merci,
Claudette Desjardins
Presque Isle, ME

Chère Mme Desjardins,

Je vous remercie d'avoir écrit au Forum. Je regrette que vous n'aviez pas réçu une réponse du Centre Franco-Américain dans une façon opportune. C'est moi seule qui est responsable pour la publication du Forum mais j'étais absente pendent quelques mois pour des raisons personnelles. Malheureusement, personne ne prenait ma place.

Récemment j'ai retourné au travail et je viens de finir la publication du Forum (l'édition hiver, en retard!). Vous recevrez votre copie en quelques jours, aussi bien que les éditions printemps et été dans les mois à venir.

Téléphonez-moi (581-3789), je vous en prie, si vous avez des questions ou aucun problème.

Merci bien,
Le Forum

Dear Le Forum,

The (Vol. 38 #3) edition, was one of the best! A lot from the St. John River Valley.

Joe Arsenault's letter clearly described what Francos faced throughout our history and the present as well.

Bon travail et bonne chance!

Sincerely,
Ken Soucy
Pinellas Park, FL

Merci Ken!

Dear Le Forum,

I am subscribing to ***Le Forum*** again this year. Can you please begin by sending me Vol. 38 #2, Printemps/Spring 2016 Issue?

I like to have them handy for when I find related material in my research on Ancestry.com.

Enclosed is a check for 4 issues.

Thank You,
Yvonne Causey
Woonsocket, RI

Merci Yvonne!

Dear Le Forum,

I enjoy ***"Le Forum"*** every time I receive it. You do a good job, and it's always interesting. As you know, I like the printed copy, which tells you what age bracket I'm in.

I especially liked the two stories by Anne Lucey (Vol. 38 #2), "Memere: The Life of a Franco-American Woman", that were reprinted from 1987, in your Spring Issue (2016). My wife especially enjoyed them, as she lived in that era in Biddeford, and her father and sister both worked at the Saco-Lowell mill.

Biddeford was very French then. My wife, Priscilla's parents were both born there, but both sets of her grandparents, (Hanna and Hamel) were born in Quebec. She lived through those times and remembers when the mills started closing. She graduated from St. Joseph High School in 1957 as valedictorian of her class and made her speech entirely in French (without notes). The nuns were good teachers, and you really learned a subject, (read, write and speak), and not just put in time in class to later claim that you had four years of French.

We visited many of her relatives in Quebec over the years. There was a lot of discrimination in Maine throughout those years. The legislature even passed a law in 1919 making speaking French in school a punishable offense. Some schools, such as St. Joseph in Biddeford, and Ste Agathe, where I went to school, ignored those laws, and we thank them for it. Knowing a second language, (able to read, write and speak it), is such an asset to have.

Sincerely,
Marc Chassé
Fort Kent, ME

Merci Marc!

From Maine to Thailand

The making of a Peace Corps Volunteer

by Roger Parent

ED. NOTE: This is the twelfth 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. 98 pages 35-38.

When Charoon and Luk (my host families) had cautioned me not to use the road by the Buddhist Wat (temple) near our home late at night for fear the spirits of those interred there would invade my body and my mind, I had done so anyway. So when I told them I was going to Vang Village alone, they were concerned, but did not try to dissuade me. I was eager and ready to travel alone to get a feel for the people and their ways without the filter of my good hosts' comments and explanations. I wanted to come and go as I pleased.

I had arrived in Thailand nearly four months earlier in January 1962, spoke Thai fairly well, and was familiar with the local Lao dialect. My trips outside Udorn had been with Thai friends and colleagues, who tended to be overly protective. I understood their concern and I appreciated their caring—I was their friend—but I was oblivious to another reason for their protectiveness. Not only was I their friend, I was a guest of the Thai government and one of "Kennedy's Kids," as the first Peace Corps Volunteers were often called. If something had happened to me, it would have been embarrassing to them, to the Trade School, and to their government.

I was not always sensitive to the acute need to avoid embarrassment, to save face in Thailand, since I come from a northern Maine mix of French-Quebec-Cajun stock where concern for saving face is easily trumped by a strong independent streak. My Thai hosts sensed my need for independence much earlier than I sensed their desire to care for me, and to protect me from an incident that could have caused embarrassment.

School was out and nothing much was happening when I took off on my bicycle to visit the small village of Vang, about five or six miles from Udorn. I had traveled to Vang earlier with Charoon and Luk, and the village headman, Mr. Kasem, had invited me to return.

The going was slow and the day was hot. Temperatures often exceeded 100 degrees Fahrenheit during the hot seasons—temperatures I had not known in Lille, Maine, or anywhere else. Yet the idea of pedaling and pushing a bicycle for an hour and a half in high heat didn't dampen my enthusiasm. The extreme cold of northern Maine and the extreme heat of the tropics never bothered me much. I think adapting to extreme temperatures is as much a state of mind as it is a state of biology.

Drinking Mekong Whiskey in Vang.

I pedaled to the outskirts of Udorn on paved and graveled streets, continued on dirt roads for about two miles, then turned sharply off the road on a path that meandered across rice paddies and through partially wooded areas, giving me an occasional shady moment. Keeping myself and my bicycle upright on the ridges separating the rice paddies was difficult, and walking alongside my bike on the narrow ridges was almost impossible. Sometimes I slipped, but since the paddies were dry during the hot season, it was not a big deal—it just made the trip longer.

During the hour-and-a-half trek to the village, I thought of my good fortune at being a Peace Corps Volunteer in Thailand. The people of the northeast were very friendly and gracious. They welcomed me into their homes and shared their food. I had been told during orientation in Bangkok that the northeast was a hotbed of communist infiltration from Laos, but I never sensed any animosity during my two-year stint.

My trip to Vang Village was a direct result of moving from the Teacher Training College residence to my new home near the Trade School. It was Charoon and Luk who had earlier taken me to Vang Village to meet their friends. They went out of their way to teach me about northeast Thailand Village life, and to introduce me to people outside my immediate circle of colleagues and friends in Udorn. I was growing and learning in Thailand as I had envisioned when I volunteered for the Peace Corps in March, 1961.

After bicycling and walking for about an hour-and-a-half, I arrived at the village. When the children saw me, they came running and waied (to bow and put the hands together as in prayer) deeply. They remembered me from my earlier visit, but I was still an oddity—maybe the first white person (falang) to visit their village...and one who spoke some Lao dialect. I was something of a celebrity, as were other volunteers in the first Peace Corps groups, especially those who lived outside the larger cities.

I was pleased to be in the partial shade of the village, set among scattered coconut and fruit trees. The houses were on stilts to keep them dry during the rainy season. This had the salutary effect of providing ample air circulation throughout the house and creating something akin to, but not quite, a cool breeze. I found the traditional Thai home comfortable, even during the hot season.

Mr. Kasem, Vang's headman, invited me and the villagers who had gathered into

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his home to enjoy his gracious hospitality. The Mekong whiskey, sticky rice and spicy fish sauce were laid out on a woven grass mat, and we squatted on the floor in a circle around the food. I rolled the sticky rice into a ball between my thumb and fingers, dipped in the "hot" sauce and ate it with a sip of Mekong. I was tired after my long trek in the heat and I was hungry for this treat. I enjoyed the sticky rice, the whiskey, the conversation about family and friends and about my life in Thailand. They were curious about me and my reaction to them. "Do you like Thailand? Can you eat our spicy food? Is Thailand too hot for you? Are Thai women beautiful? Do you want a Thai woman?"

"I love Thailand. Your food is delicious. The weather is not too hot for me and yes, Thai women are very beautiful." But I declined their offer of a woman. "I have a girlfriend back home." They didn't always believe my answers, and thought I was just being polite when I said Thai women were very beautiful. They thought the lighter skinned women (men too) of northern Thailand, particularly those from Chiengmai, were much more beautiful than the darker skinned women of northeastern or southern Thailand. They thought any white person more beautiful than any person with dark skin.

This thinking was new to me. The people of Lille, Maine, were the opposite of diverse. We were Catholic, French speaking and white. An African American or Asian American coming through Lille in the 1950s was a rare event and attracted much attention – and an oddity, same as I was in Vang. Living in Thailand lifted the veil from y eyes and helped me see through the cracks of my culture.

The Thais love conversation and have great fun playing with words, changing their usual meanings to entertain each other. They sang and asked me to sing too – it didn't make any difference that I didn't have a good singing voice. As my language skills improved, I joined in the repartee, the jokes and the plays on words. I found this kind of entertainment similar to my growing-up-days in Lille when televisions were few, movie houses were distant, and entertainment was something we did for ourselves among family and friends.

Upon arriving in the village I had noticed a few babies who looked ill and listless on their mothers' hips or lying in the makeshift small hammocks. While eating and drinking, I saw more small babies who were sick. I asked on of the mothers, "What's wrong with your baby?"

"Our babies are sick. We don't know what to do? Can you help?"

"I don't know anything about medicine and don't think I can do anything to help your babies. I'm not a doctor."

Houses on stilts in Vang Village stayed dry during the rainy season.

More out of curiosity than anything else, I asked if I could touch the babies on their foreheads to check their temperatures. (Thailand people do not normally touch the upper part of a person's body since they believe that's their most divine part. This less so for a baby or small child but I didn't want to take a chance on offending by touching without permission.) I could tell that the babies had very high temperatures, but that was all I could tell. I had a few pamphlets on tropical disease at my home in Udorn and without saying it, I resolved to try to do something for the babies upon my return.

After eating too much sticky rice and drinking too much Mekong. I left the village and reached home by early evening to the relief of my host families. During my return trek, I thought of asking for help from a U.S. marine doctor I had met in Udorn's small Catholic Church. He was part of a contingent of about 1,200 marines ordered to Udorn by President John Kennedy to "send a message" to the Pathet Lao – communists in nearby Laos. The marines were camped near the small Udorn airport, also used as a base for Air America, the CIA's (Central Intelligence Agency) air force, which flew regularly to the jungles of Laos, but that's another story.

I had stayed away from the marine camp because I was afraid to be identified with the military and the CIA. However, the disturbing images of the sick babies made me break my rule. I went to camp, told the marine doctor about the babies and asked if he could go to the village with me. He could not leave his post, nor could he diagnose the illness from what I had told him, but he gave me a large jar of aspirin saying, "It won't hurt the babies and might help them. It will help lower their body temperatures."

Next day I returned to the village with my large jar of aspirin. I had tied the jar with elastic cords to the carrier over the rear wheel of my bike but it kept slipping and I had to stop often to tighten the cords. It took me a long time to reach Vang. Mr. Kasem, the village headman and the other villagers were surprised to see me again so soon.

I told them I had some medicine and that maybe it might lower the babies' temperatures and help them heal. We split the adult-size aspirin tablets in half and I gave about 10 days-worth of tablets to the mother for each sick baby. I instructed them on the dosage, the number of times each day and told them to give the medicine until it ran out.

While returning to Udorn, a new worry came to me: What if one or more of the babies die? Will they blame me for the death or deaths? Maybe what I had done was not such a good idea. I feared the unknown reac-

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tion of the villagers should a baby die, and I thought of the potential harm publicity about this might have on the young Peace Corps.

But my fears were unjustified, as most fears are. A few weeks later when I returned to the village, I found a bunch of healthy babies. Mr. Kasam and the other villagers greeted me very warmly, thanked me, and gave me too much credit for saving their babies. I emphasized that their babies had gotten better because of the great care they had lavished on them, but they insisted, "Your medicine saved our babies." This was an occasion for celebration and they brought out the sticky rice, spicy fish and Mekong whiskey.

I felt Tom Dooleyish. Dr. Tom Dooley, who had attended the University of Notre Dame and the University of St. Louis Medical School, had become very famous for his work in North Vietnam and Laos in the 1950's . He had written a number of popular books about his work, setting up hospitals and ministering to the health needs of many people in remote Laotian villages. He was considered a forerunner of the Peace Corps Volunteer by many people. I was inspired by his life work. He died of caner in his early '30s. Later, in more cynical time, the sheen of his work. He died of cancer in his early '30s. Later, in a more cynical time, the sheen of his accomplishments and adventures were considerably dulled.

I climbed the stairs to Mr. Kasem's home, squatted with the other men around the rice, fish sauce and Mekong whiskey while the women prepared more food for the feast. This celebration was going to last a while so I paced myself with the whiskey. There was a always a thing about trying to get the falang (foreigner) tipsy, if not drunk. I suppose that made them feel superior.

We talked and joked and laughed. They wondered how hard it must be for me to be away from my family. It was difficult for them to understand why I would leave my rich country. (Sometimes a mother would offer her baby to me to take to America for a better life. I had a hard time believing she was serious.) I told them I loved my country, that we had poor people in America too, and that I appreciated the benefits and beauty of the Thais and their way of life. I told them I missed my family and friends but I had a new large family here. I said that learning their language and culture, their enjoyable conversations, their play on words, and their great sense of humor made my life with them good. Still it was difficult for them to understand me and the culture of volunteerism from which I came.

Meanwhile the women had killed a duck or rooster, I forgot which, for a special treat.

While it was being cooked, the wife of the village headman, Mrs. Kasem, brought the blood drawn from the duck or rooster to drink with our whiskey. The men took the glass of raw blood, spiked it with the whiskey and gave it to me for the first swig.

Although I ate and drank most everything in the villages and cities of Thailand, I declined this one special drink.

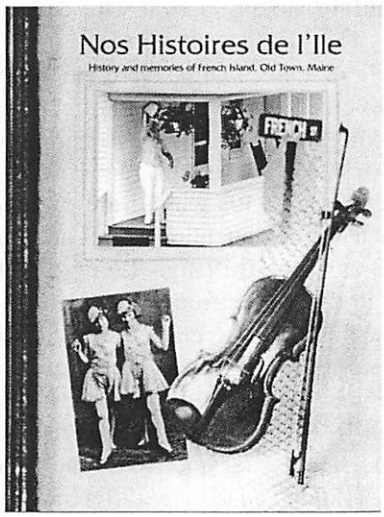
I told them my stomach could not handle raw duck (or rooster) blood. They accepted my reason for they understood stomach aches very well - a too common malady in the village. That was the only time I refused a food or drink during my time in Thailand. I can still see that glass of raw blood - duck's or rooster's. It looked like tomato juice.

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.*

NOS HISTORIES DE L'ILE STORIES – SOME OF THE REASONS FRENCH CHILDREN WERE ENCOURAGED TO ASSIMILATE

by Amy Bouchard Morin, Old Town, ME

After conducting interviews with the elderly who grew up on French Island in Old Town, Albert Michaud and I presented our work at a conference in Bar Harbor. Al was talking about the Klu Klux Klan activity in the Old Town area in the early-to-mid 1920s. He spoke about how the Klan often burned a cross on the river bank in Milford across from the island and that the people on the island would see that and of course it sacred and worried them. He then told the following story.. One day a man from French island who worked in a store in Old Town accidentally heard two men talking about how the Klan was going to meet that night and burn down the homes on the island. That man left work and went home to the Island. He ran door-to-door to warn the families. That night the Klansmen in their regalia and holding fire torches had a surprise waiting for them as they were met on the Milford bridge by the island men brandishing whatever weapons they had. And, the Klan was turned back. They never tried that again. One of my friends who grew up on the island, and whose parents insisted that she and her sisters only speak English, was at the conference and was sitting in the front row. On hearing this account of the Klan activities she was devastated. She said that her home was on the side of the island where her parents could easily see that cross burning, and they must surely have been affected by this. When she got home, she went to see her mother and asked her if the reason she and her sisters were made to only speak En-



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glish was because of the Klan. Her mother simply nodded her head, and that was all the reaction my friend got to her question. Her mother would not speak of it. I spoke with my father about it as well. He said, "Amy, of course, I remember it. I was a young boy and it was terrifying. The Klan was against the Catholics and especially the French. Everybody on the Island was Catholic and French. I will never speak of this." That was the end of that subject. A couple years later Dad was interviewed by Ben Levine who was making a film about Francos. He also brought up the subject of the Klan and Dad wouldn't give in and talk about it with him either. This just shows how the Klan activity affected all the people on French Island, so that even over 70 years after the events they wouldn't talk about it. My friend has been taking every French conversation class she could to learn to speak French, but how sad that she couldn't learn it at her mother's knee. I am sure this was one of the reasons that the younger generation growing up on the island were encouraged to speak English and assimilate into the English-speaking world on the other side of the bridge.

From the interviews we learned of other methods that the French immigrants were encouraged to assimilate. One of the people interviewed told about how her father came home from his first day in school and told his father that he had a new name. His teacher told him she could not pronounce his French name and changed it to an English name that she could pronounce. Papa visited the teacher and told her in his very broken English that his son's name would not be changed and that she had better learn how to say his French name. But just how many let the English name stand? I am sure many just went along feeling that the children would fit in better in their new country.

Then there was the fact that even though all of the French who came to the

Drawing by Peter Archambault

"Little Canadas" in the States found much needed work, they were hired as manual laborers. They were not hired as supervisors or foremen in the mills with their French names. There were no foreman with a French name at the paper mill in Old Town until 1952 when Mr. Thibodeau from French island was promoted. So, many were encouraged to Anglicize their names simply to advance and make more money for their families.

Also, there was a law passed in that same time-frame which forbade any French, other than a French language class, be spoken in a school receiving monies from the State or the school would lose their funding. This included all public schools. Now my mother spoke only French until she went to college to become a teacher. Her first teaching assignment was to teach kindergarten in Madawaska, Maine. All the children came to her speaking only French, and she had to teach them in English. Imagine her stress. It would have been so much easier for her and for those little ones to teach them in French. Occasionally inspectors from the State would visit the schools. When word came that the inspectors were coming the teachers were told to be sure that only English was spoken in the school and on the grounds. So when the children went out for recess they were told to be sure to only speak English. These little French children played in silent playgrounds when the inspectors were in the area. I can't even imagine a silent playground.

These were some of the reasons for name changes and the push to assimilate. Fear, pressure from law changes, desire for advancement and the need to earn more money, and the push from the English speaking educational system all played their roles. And we are still feeling the results of all this today.

Dear Le Forum;

Thanks for ***Le Forum***. I always look forward to receiving it.

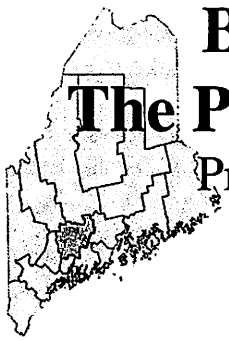
One thing that I have noticed from reading it. You folks out East refer to yourselves as Franco-Americans. We here in the Midwest refer to ourselves as French-Canadians. I never heard the term Franco-Americans until I started reading Le Forum or other publications from out East.

Our local group French-American Heritage Foundation has remained busy this last year. I will try to write something up about our activities and send it to you.

Also, I wanted to share a little known fact with the folks "out East". That is- Pierre Esprit Radisson and Médard des Groseilliers were the first Europeans to the land we now call Minnesota in 1628. For the next 220 years the other Europeans that came here were all from Quebec and Manitoba. They all spoke French. It wasn't until 1850 that the treaties with the Native people's allowed settlement to take place. That is when the Easterners began arriving here. By that time most of the French place names were assigned to the rivers, streams, landmarks and villages. Jean Brunet founded Chippewa Falls, WI, Solomon Juneau founded Milwaukee, Pierre Parrant (nicknamed Pig's Eye) founded St Paul and folks like Pierre Bottineau founded Minneapolis.

Therefore from 1628 to about 1850 the language spoken in Minnesota was French. If you wanted to do business in this area, you spoke French. That is a period of about 220 years that most folks don't know about. Our group is attempting to educate the populace about its history.

Pierre Girard
Golden Valley, MN



Being & Not Being Franco-American: The Perspective of One 21st Century Millennial

Presented at the American Council for Quebec Studies biennial conference, Nov. 3-6, 2016, Portland Maine

Maegan Maheu, Undergraduate Researcher, Franco-American Centre, University of Maine

1.

I am attempting to share a collective analysis of self-explored thoughts as to where and why I have certain viewpoints or biases on whether "this" or "that" might account for my understanding of what a Franco-American is. The question of being and not being a Franco American is a collection of observations and inductions, both through my socially crafted subjective lens and by relating such matters beyond personal experience.

I have lived most of my life to date in Waterville, one of the larger cities of central Maine. For me, the city represents a Franco community with 7.7% French Canadian and 15.5% French, totaling to 22.5%; according to 2013 population data. From an overall feel for the city, I would have initially thought that more than a third of the population is French/Franco based on surrounding demographics. This especially in regards to the older generations, as it contributes to most of the people I was surrounded by on a day-to-day basis. This also I think has to do with my own heritage.

2.

Growing up in Waterville, I took a Franco-American to be someone with U.S. citizenship who has ties with other Americans who identify themselves as sharing an ancestry ultimately determined from France, via indirectly through French-speaking Canada. As a member of the millennial generation, I describe myself as of U.S. nationality with a mostly Canadian-French ancestry via my patrilineage, the branch of the family and ethnic community I grew up in.

I felt that I could confirm my stance not only because I meet my own, subjective 'minimum criteria,' but also because I have given thought and appreciation towards this matter as an active member of my community, a mostly Franco community. And I held to certain practices that an 'outsider' might expect of a Franco, e.g. certain religious practice, work ethic, overall appreciation for my current community and its history, since the historical mass is the same as my own -engulfing me in a sense of kinship. Thus, I am Franco.

But this definition has been challenged by others, whether in person or in publication.

...the city represents a Franco community with 7.7% French Canadian and 15.5% French, totaling to 22.5%

3.

The U.S. Census Bureau's primary population survey tool, the American Community Survey (ACS), asks, "What is the person's ancestry or origin?" (Part III, Question 13). The surveyor is provided a blank box in which to write a respondent's answer. This open-ended question allows respondents to individually determine their ethnicity. It is a self-identifying process. Perhaps this helps shed light why in the State of Maine, in 2013, respondents chose 2:1 to identify as French rather than French Canadian. Yet it seems highly likely that most of the respondents who self-identified as 'French' actually have a French-Canadian heritage. But the ACS survey does not include any follow-up questions about self-identification. And respondents are prompted to declare a single ethnic group, which seems especially flawed for U.S. majority where mixed ancestries are to be expected. Why might persons self-identify as 'French' rather than 'French-Canadian,' even if they know their ancestry is to some extent Canadian? One thing is clear: Maine's population hosts the largest state percentage of Francos as its largest ethnic group compared to other state demographical data; with 16.6% 'French' and 7.6% 'French Canadian', for a total of 24.3% of the population.

4.

Where I was born in Utah, my younger sister was born in Maine. We both grew up in Waterville, within the same Franco community. In high school, I took French; she is taking Spanish. Out of curiosity, while pursuing this research I raised the questions of ancestry/origin and of being "French" versus "French Canadian" with her. She quickly replied by email:

I'm more Canadian than French. I like poutine, I like maple syrup, I think moose are cool, free health care [etc]. And I think Franco American means that you are fully, or almost fully, of French descent but was born and still live in America...Canada is a different place than France...the cultures of French Canadian and actual French people are very different. Canadians are heavily influenced by the Americans, therefore shaping their culture. Although Canada is... inhabited by "French" people, they are not actually French. They are not from France, which is very different from Canada. France is more influenced by European conflicts and whatnot. ....Canadians are descendants of immigrants from long ago who have shaped and changed their personalities, beliefs, and culture since they got [there]." (Used with permission.)

This millennial strongly identifies herself as not a Franco, not a French American, but specifically as a Canadian American. Apparently to her, Canadian culture and its inhabitants are distinctly different from French. I seem to base my identity on bloodline first, however my same bloodline begs to differ, it first must do with sociological interactions and pressures. When does a state in the international system able to define its

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own nationality the same as ethnicity for its citizens' identity? I personally don't think or don't want to think that it begins the same time the state is officially announced. Justifying my reasoning as to why I consider the older French label before the newer Canadian label. However, I cannot argue against my younger sister's viewpoint that Canadian and French cultures are different and so cannot be compared as an apples- to-apples complex.

5.

How else do people identify themselves as being/not-being Franco? For some, a French last name is the strongest qualifier for membership. For instance, 75-year-old Sidney, Maine resident Betty DeBlois, who first identifies her nationality as "always American first" and then specifies as Franco-American, however making very clear "I love my French heritage," claims that for her, "You are Franco American if your last name is [a] French name and you were born in the United States." To support her view, she cites the "Claremont Club," a club whose membership, according to her, requires the individual to possess a French name for admission. Furthermore, Betty relates how, before the 1970s, if you were born in the United States and your parents held a French name, specifying French ancestry, your birth certificate would recognize your nationality as "Franco-American." (I was unable to find any records of this sort.)

Whether most Franco-Americans would agree with her stance I don't know, yet in some sense, as I learned it, tradition says that a person living in the U.S with a French surname suffices to be called Franco. And while at one time I might have affirmed this view based on my experience, today I am confused by it. In the simplest way, how can one decide whether a child of a man (with a French surname) who weds a woman with a non-French maiden name is any more or less "Franco" than the child of a woman with a French maiden surname who marries outside of the French/Franco culture? Judging Franco-ness merely by last name potentially reduces the recognized Franco population by half! And yet some self-declared Francos I know reserve the right to judge that because an individual in their community has a French last name, they are immediately welcomed into the Franco club. I didn't ask at the time of our discussion and I wonder how Mdme. DeBlois would take into account Franco descendents who "lost" their last name, traditionally through marriage of a Franco mother.

But also, certainly not all American families with French ancestry have French names, for several reasons. For instance, it is evident in central Maine how many last names of French Canadian families were changed by or for patrilineal ancestors. The reasons vary, from illiteracy to Anglofying to avoid economic prejudice. The inability to write one's own name often meant a witness unfamiliar with the French language and its phonology would attempt to decipher how to spell it from its pronunciation. The result often determined how generations of descendants (mis)-spelled their own last name.

...a person living in the U.S with a French surname suffices to be called Franco. And while at one time I might have affirmed this view based on my experience, today I am confused by it.

My surname, "Maheu", serves as an example. The name "Maheu" is spelled correctly in accordance to French tradition, and can still be seen in Canada and France. However, many families who share this patronym spell it "incorrectly," including "Maheux" and "Mayo" and everything in between. The additional 'x' of "Maheux" was added by a certain branch of the family line sometime in the last two centuries, whether to escape prejudice and or because this sign ("x") was their literal signature, "Maheu" being provided by some literate witness to the signing. The more extreme spelling, "Mayo," suggests an attempt to make the name both sound and appear less French.

Growing up I always thought that my family line had dropped the 'x' to read as more English. It wasn't until recently I discovered that this was not the case. My father and grandmother (Maheu line) were both dismayed when I asked when our family's name became more 'English.' To my surprise it was traditionally 'correct' all along. I think now that a potential reason as to why I was so misinformed was because I noticed from texts and from the various people whose last names were French in origination tended to have a lot of spellings ending with the 'x' here in the U.S. (and specifically Maine). So, I assumed that it was "a French thing." Turns out these names are the Anglo-versions of the original! And now that I think about it more, whenever I visited Quebec City or Montreal, there were businesses who featured the Maheu name; not too many, but they were all spelled the same as my own. I saw no 'x's.

6.

Betty DeBlois also voiced concerns about how the surrounding Anglo community used to express disapproval of Francos simply based on European ancestry (and its political strife). Her tone became somewhat tense when describing how people coming into the U.S. from Canada during her childhood "had to learn English in order to go to school and get a job." Previous to this I had heard similar, albeit occasional, remarks from older French/Franco persons. A personal example involves a high school memory where I was returning from a tennis meet late one spring. My coach was discussing various matters with the bus driver.

Coach explained that because he had a French name and spoke French (with his parents and some friends) he experienced crude prejudice and discrimination when he was young, not only from his peers but from many older people in Waterville. Coach explained that he would get into trouble at school if he spoke (Canadian)-French on the grounds. "We were the scum of the city all because we spoke that language." This prejudice against Francos, according to my coach, did not stop when he became an adult. If I remember correctly the driver agreed, though he was not French but rather Irish-American. Estimating Coach's age, I would say this must have occurred before and into the 1960s.

7.

Generations of mill-working French-Mainers through the 1960s and beyond fostered a cultural icon for Francos. Many Francos in central Maine in the mid- to late 20th century worked in mills to support a living and a certain lifestyle associated within the Franco community found here. But changes in the U.S. and on a global scale, due to big business, laws and ordinances regarding working restraints and tariffs allow for the disappearing mill crisis seen increasingly as of late. From 2000 to 2013, employment in the papermaking sub-sector (Maine) alone saw a drop from 2,473 employees to 1,450.

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As a young Franco in Waterville, I saw many community people of the two prior generations who were out or temporarily out of work, and not by choice. I remember, while in high school working as a cashier at the local Hannaford Supermarket, an older gentleman who came to my register wearing a Huhtamaki branded cap and shirt. I asked him what it was like working in the paper products manufacturing plant. He quickly explained that he was very fortunate to have gotten his job back after being laid off for quite some time. After my senior year of high school, looking for summer work before leaving for University, I called the plant asking if they were hiring seasonal workers. The secretary on the phone explained that not only were no new workers being hired, but that whenever they needed seasonal help they referred to a whole list of people previously laid off to hire.

This unfortunate circumstance for the working class of Mainers does and has influenced a percentage of young Maine millennials (such as myself and my family) to leave the state in search for jobs once we graduate from college. Of course this is not just due to the disappearance of mills. No surprise, current Maine students, who are mainly composed of Franco heritage, increasingly see the value of obtaining post-secondary schooling and/or professional degrees so to achieve at least the same standard of living of our parents' and grandparents' generations.

8.

But to me this rise in educational achievement is not a new phenomenon in the Franco community. I am the first female in my direct lineage to attend University. My father and uncle (previous generation) represent the first generation of the family to attend University. Their parents' highest level of education was high school. And their parents' schooling concluded at the elementary/middle level. The generation that came before them had no formal schooling. I can only think that this applies to most families in the area.

I remember my father explaining to me that even when he was a young kid he "knew" that he was one day going to attend college. Where did he get such certainty of this idea if his parents didn't go? Inspirations for this occurred in the familial unit. His parents wanted to financially guarantee this level of education for him (and his brother) "because we didn't have a chance to go, we wanted them to have this ability."

Farm and blue-collar do not currently apply to my family line, though I know that many Francos used to—and still do—work such jobs in mills in the area. Even though this does not apply to my family I still see this as a core component in the Franco identity. Why? Most likely from all the stories told to me when I was little, from so many older people whose livelihoods consisted of millwork. I found out that both Betty DeBlois and her husband were mill workers during the late 20th century. "It's just what you do [for work]... coming down from up north."

Also, it would be false to say that no one in my direct line ever worked for a mill company. My father worked at Huhtamaki seasonally while attending college. And today, being a chemical engineering major at University of Maine, I have accepted an engineering co-op at Huhtamaki. So ironically, perhaps even the current Franco generation will partake in the famous millwork associated with the Franco community! It seems you can't get away from it. However, I am very appreciative that such a path/opportunity still exists in my community.

9.

So what else might be characteristic of Franco cultural identity or experience? More specifically, as a Franco woman? Perhaps related to this question, Juliana L'Heureux (2000) lists what she considers to be ten characteristics of a Franco-American mother:

- The ability to keep religious traditions in practice within the family unit
- Absolute cleanliness
- A strict methodology
- A sound sense of organization
- Skill in handicraft
- Excellent gardening skills
- Upholding an appearance of quiet modesty
- Mastering cuisine on a frugal budget
- Appreciative wit and humour
- Being able to demand and secure family affection/love5.

L'Heureux also lists other traditions, practices, and ideologies that Francos generally maintain: a taste for regional/familial delicacies such as touché, plois, and salmon prés, a strong work ethic, the French language, a positive creed on education, and a shared appreciation for a common background.

But how important are these traditions and traits in defining oneself as Franco? And have they or will they remain a strong core of this identity?

The list reminds me of common conventions that stereotypically serve through 1950s U.S. media. Are these considered desirable qualities associated with Franco women? I don't think that was what L'Heureux was getting at, rather as a general sum of her own observations seen in her Franco community (and through research). I was not surprised by all the qualities L'Heureux listed for Franco mothers. It reminded me of stories about my meme (great grandmother) and her simple, yet hard working way of life. Modern societal attitudes reflected in my own thinking would suggest that I should feel surprised by the matter. However, when I imagine Francos I envision an older couple who suits the classic traits L'Heureux listed. Must be because I feel surrounded by the older French demographic in this state -as it is the majority. As expected, I do not agree with these terms for my generation. And yet, my personal experience confirms that many Francos of my community (even some of my own peers) hold up some of these features/practices to some extent. Especially the part of mastering your cooking on a frugal, University budget. But does this make them Franco?

I've attended and partaken in forms of some of the characteristics listed above. During Christmastime for example, my family and I enjoy keeping up the old family tradition of serving touché (a meat pie). But for almost as long as I can recall, no one actually made the pie, it was usually pre-ordered from a market or bakery. Although, I do believe that there were a few instances where my aunt hand-prepared the pie (but she is not blood related and would not be considered Franco by this criteria). On the other hand, growing up I never heard of other dishes such as the plois (ployes) or salmon prés that Mdmes. DeBlois and L'Heureux mention.

I will also admit I am a converted Roman Catholic. Within my branch of the Maheu family, I am the only officially baptized, catechized, and confirmed member of my generation within the family (to this date). This is a new frontier for my family line! For as early as can be seen in genealogical records down through the next-to-youngest

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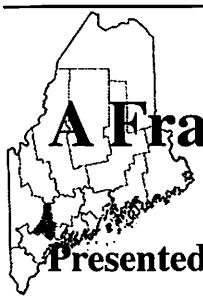

"Le Messager: A Franco-American Newspaper and its Impact"

Presented at the American Council for Quebec Studies biennial conference, Nov. 3-6, 2016, Portland Maine

Mitchel ("Mitch") John Roberge, Undergraduate Researcher, History & French, University of Maine

I grew up in Lewiston as a Franco-American on both sides of my family. My heritage has always been a fascination of mine. Anyone who studies Franco-Americans can't help but notice that there is a striking sense of what it means to be a part of the big-C Community. Franco Americans are good Catholics, their work ethic is unmatched, families are generally on the large side, and they generally vote Democrat (this is changing a bit, but historically is the case).

This social order is well known to those in the community. One of my favorite moments which really highlighted this for me was in High School. Some quick background on me: As with most Francos, I was brought up Catholic; I went to a private Catholic school, I went to mass on Sundays, I went to confession, my uncles were active Knights of Columbus (KoC). However, throughout high school I had found myself attending a Protestant church on the outskirts of Lewiston. Once I got to College, I ended up joining a Freemason lodge up by the University (for those who don't know, Freemasons are essentially KoC, but KoC are Catholics only and Freemasons are non-denominational).

During one of my breaks I ended up going down to visit my family. During a discussion about what I was up to, I told my Memere about joining the freemason lodge. Her response to me was "Why didn't you just join the KoC?" and my response was "Well, I'm not really a Catholic. I'm a protestant". For the next few minutes I sat there and watched the gears try to churn that one out. All she could manage was "But.. you're... we're French, you're a Catholic." Clearly to her, there was a nonseparable link between Catholicism and being a Franco.

While this may just be a silly anecdote from my personal past, the idea that Francos have a strongly bonded sense of national identity has been well established in the realm of Franco-American Studies. Historians like Mark Paul Richard in his book Loyal But French have done an extensive amount of research and come to this conclusion. What I want to know, though, is what caused this to happen? After doing taking my undergraduate thesis seminar in the history of written media, I believe that the newspaper Le Messager from Lewiston had a heavy part to play in forging this sense of identity and homogeneity for the community. In order to prove this point, I'm going to try to prove to you 3 things: That this newspaper was an integral source of information dissemination within the community, that the Francos really did have the overt sense of identity and homogeneity that I think they do, and that the paper consciously pushed this sense of identity on the community. To do this, I'm going to try to focus mostly on the early 20th century, an era which I believe saw the full force of this identity movement.

I would like to start by speaking towards the efficacy of newspapers as a media source. I'm not the first person to postulate that newspapers hold the key to communal information processing.

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generation, anyone with any records was a Roman Catholic and had become one while an infant or young child—but not my generation. Different factors apply here. You could say it's due to changing times. But in my case, another factor is that both men of the last generation (uncle and father) married outside the Franco community. This does not imply that none of the listed Franco characteristics do not still apply.

10.

My French bloodline may only be 50%, but I grew up around many others who are, or at least self-identify as French/Franco. I personally do not feel threatened from any social consequences when I say aloud to others, "I identify myself as Franco-American." I can say this (even though it usually never comes up in conversation) with absolute certainty and fear no prejudices.

Apparently, this confidence is a recent phenomenon, one that, as a millennial, I have until recently taken for granted. We, the current generation, have time and a new freedom to collectively decide whether to take responsibility implementing or not implementing the heritage of practices, customs, creeds, and attitudes of previous Franco generations. For instance, the last generation (parent's) seem to have all decided not to speak French to their kids. Since I know of no one from my peers who grew up with (Canadian)-French as their (or one of their) first language(s). What is deemed as important and not important shifts at the niche level between individuals but perhaps more noticeably at the macroscopic level through generational change.

If the question is asked today, whether identifying as a Franco American is or ever was important, it is addressed mostly to persons between the Baby Boomer generation and the Millennial generation. It seems that older generations would agree it is important, while the younger generations are more likely to be indifferent to the matter. Perhaps when we're the old ones, we could change our minds. I can't see it yet.

This is my impression of the Waterville area. But perhaps the older generation felt the same way a while back as many millennials do today? This might suggest that person's need to self-identify with their heritage becomes more crucial at some stage of life, or that the education needed to become aware of one's heritage is not typically learned at any stage of formal schooling. One thing is clear to me, self-identity and the processes associated to its development are malleable and abstract, be it social, conventions that can have no correct answer since what can be determined as evidence or not is subject to individual perceptions. Not to say it is a made-up construct, for the Franco-American exists simply because those people feel and proclaim it so!

("Le Messager: A Franco-American Newspaper and its Impact" continued from page 11)

In a study done a number of years ago, the Pew Research Center found that in the early 20th century, newspapers were the single most useful source for communities to obtain information on crime, taxes, government activity, politics, jobs, events, social services, and advertisements.

The first place I was able to draw a link between these useful newspapers and community information was a book titled Newspapers and the Making of Modern America, historian Aurora Wallace tells a story of rural Iowa in the early-mid 20th century. The paper Des Moines Register was published and distributed throughout the entire state of Iowa to the rural farmers and other workers, published and delivered by a network of a small team of writers and a large distribution network of paper boys. In her research, Wallace found that, although these rural farmers had almost no communication with each other, all over the state they overwhelmingly shared the same stances on local and national politics, they worshiped and interpreted their religion similarly, and used the same parlance.

I believe this sets the foundation for my first claim: that this newspaper was the integral source of information dissemination for the Franco community of Lewiston.

The Francophone workers in this area during the early 1900s were overwhelmingly mill workers. The 1920 census found that over 50% of Franco American males and 83% of Franco American women worked in industrial mills. These were certainly not high paying jobs and the workers could not afford to splurge with their capital. In need of staying connected, they could turn the Le Messager, which cost only a few cents per issue. But were they?

I was able to get my hands on a copy of the Pettingill's Newspaper Directory and Gazetteer. This is a compilation of newspapers published within the US at the time of publishing. Inside, there is a small ad for Le Messager. It boasted 3,200 copies twice weekly to L-As Francophone population of 1300; generously 1 copy for every 5 people. A quote seen within says, "There is not a manufacturing town in NE where French speaking people are employed that does not contain subscribers to Le Messager".

It would be safe to say, then, that combining the knowledge of Newspapers as a source and the popularity of Le Messager yields that it was the integral source for disseminating information to the community.

Onto the second of my 3 requisites, and perhaps the easiest to tackle: there was certainly a strong Franco identity within the community. There are 2 cases that, I believe, strongly make the case for this sense of identity and norms.

In 1902, there was an open Bishop seat and the two candidates for the position were an Irish Catholic and a Franco Catholic. The Irish candidate was selected for the position and Le Messager says:

Does the Pope ignore the sad state of affairs? There are more than 100 thousand French Canadians and scarcely 40 thousand Irish. The Pope or his advisers must pay for the evil that is done to us.

US. This clip clearly displays a loyalty to the Franco community before even the church to which almost every Franco belonged.

Politically, we see a similar attitude. At one point the English paper in Lewiston published that there were 200 Francophones starting a Republican club in the city. Le Messager scoffed back, stating that this couldn't be true because there was no way there were 200 French Republicans in Lewiston.

The third and final piece is that this paper presented its information in such a way that it influenced the community to craft this sense of Franco Identity.

Going back to this incident between the Franco and Irish Bishop candidates: While this was happening Le Messager was publishing information about the whole ordeal. In one issue, there's an article titled "Test of Conscious" which outlines the two candidates. According to this article, the Irish candidate is an awful catholic who disobeys many of the tenants of the faith while the Franco, on the other hand, is a perfect model Catholic. One of the lines in particular that goes very far in pushing the Franco candidate: It mentions that the French Canadian "Race" is the most intelligent race in North America.

A separate article creates a similar sense of connection to the community. I don't have to go much farther than the title on this one: it reads, The Franco American brotherhoods must exist outside of foreign protection. This talks about how Francos as a people must stick to their own, build their own societies, and stay strong without the help of anglophones protecting them.

For the reader, this creates a clear separation of Francos from the rest of the population and fosters a loyalty to them by claiming that they are inherently better than everyone else. This same effect is delivered within the quote about the Pope betraying the Francos. That is to say, the paper is actively pushing onto the readership that they are a special subsect of people who are loyal to themselves before anyone else.

The piece that I mentioned about the paper scoffing at the idea of Franco Republicans. This narrative would have a similar impact on those who read it. If you are part of a community with such strong ties and you are confronted with the information that EVERYONE is a Democrat, and the idea that less than 0.1% of the population is a Republican is funny, it's going to deliver the clear message that you, too, are a Democrat and should be a Democrat.

These articles are additionally significant when you consider that the staff writing them consisted of less than 20 people. The writers had a small enough atmosphere to purposefully and deliberately push the message of Franco unity. The people who would then read this agenda would eat it up and digest its message. With an established large readership, established sense of identity and conformity, and an established agenda, I conclude to you that Le Messager was a vital source for creating and preserving a sense of Franco identity in Lewiston, Maine.


LE MESSAGER

Le bref de l'actualité

1880 – 1968

Washington consent à négocier à Paris

Le Congrès de l'Union St-Jean-Baptiste d'Amérique aura lieu à Woonsocket les 17, 18 mai

M. l'abbé Jean Papen reçoit le prix Champlain 1968

Cartes d'identification pour hommes, dames, de 21 à 25 ans

Le Président accuse le Congrès de chantage

Sen. Smith demande enquête sur l'achat de carabines M-16

CHICK-A-DEE

(N.D.L.R. submitted by Anne Lucey and granted permission to reprint by the Bangor Daily News. Article may be viewed at: http://stateandcapitol.bangordailynews.com/2017/04/19/maines-franco-voters-still-hold-great-sway-and-they-are-increasingly-up-for-grabs/)

Maine's Franco voters still hold great sway, and they are increasingly up for grabs

April 19, 2017Daily Brief, Donald Trump, Elections, Governor LePage, Legislature, U.S. Congress

By Michael Shepherd

Bonjour d'Augusta, where it's Franco-American Day at the Maine State House, which will fill for bilingual legislative sessions, inductions into the Maine Franco-American Hall of Fame with musical performances in the hallways and tourtière in the cafe.

The event is a nod to the broad demographic comprising nearly a quarter of Maine's population, making them our largest ethnic group, according to a 2012 legislative report.

But they have an outsized influence on Maine politics, particularly centered on Lewiston and the St. John Valley. Research published in 2013 by the University of Maine's Franco American Centre gave them credit for aiding many of Maine's biggest political victories since the 1970s.

That spans the time of former U.S. Sens. William Cohen and George Mitchell to Gov. Paul LePage, a Lewiston native who was the first popularly elected Franco governor in Maine. In 2014, the Republican beat former U.S. Rep. Mike Michaud, the first avowed Franco to win major office here.

Historically, Francos have been a Democratic bloc. But they were put in play for Republican campaigns after 1972, when Maine eliminated the "big box" system that allowed quick straight-ticket voting.

On paper, Franco-American communities are still heavily Democratic. Polling in 2012 for the UMaine center found that 45 percent still are registered Democrats, with Republicans making up 14 percent and independents making up 33 percent.

But these areas aren't voting like that: For example, Lewiston is represented by Democrats in the Maine Legislature and Democratic presidential candidate Hillary Clinton won there in 2016, but it has voted twice for LePage and thrice elected conservative Mayor Robert Macdonald.

Also, Senate Minority Leader Troy Jackson, D-Allagash, represents the St. John Valley and has the most Democratic district by voter registration outside of greater Portland or Lewiston. However, he only won his seat in 2016 by less than 600 votes to put it back in Democratic hands.

The unpredictability of Maine's Franco-Americans will continue to be a storyline in all big elections for the foreseeable future. However, Franco-American candidates may benefit. In the 2012 polling, nearly 27 percent of Francos said they were more likely to vote for another Franco. That helps explain LePage's wins.

Other avowed Francos could run to replace him: Adam Cote of Sanford is seen as one of the likeliest Democratic challengers and U.S. Rep. Bruce Poliquin, a Republican from the 2nd District, hasn't ruled out a run.

Dear Le Forum;

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 ofthe Eastern States" in his 1881 annual report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of Massachusetts In a recent 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 op~osition 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 Rivieres, 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 Rivieres, Smith wrote a thirty-four page report entitled "Fecundity of French Canadians." It was the longest communication ever dispatched from the Trois Rivieres 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

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(Letters/lettres, Racism and discrimination continued from page 13)

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 Rivieres. 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 Rivieres 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 Rivieres. 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." Gorman announced that Smith would soon be replaced in Trois Rivieres 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 Rivieres ably manned by two young officers -Fran!;ois Belleau (1893-1897) and Urbain Ledoux (1897-1903). Both were Quebec-born immigrants from Maine (Belleau 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 organizer 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 Rivieres. Contrary to Smith's warning, however, our Republic survived.

REGIS "BONHOMME" DAIGLE 1808-1880

Folks called him Regis, "Bonhomme" Daigle - Rgegis the Good Man, or "Bonhomme Daigle" - Mister Daigle.

A third generation Madawaskan who kneew the pionneers of Madawaska, suddenly became an American in 1842.

From a petition of the Madawaska Plantation residents, in 1846, to Bishop Fenwick of Boston we learn that Regis Bonhomme Daigle served as one of three members of theBoard of Assessors of Madawaska Plantation.. Madwaska Plantation was set up as an electoral district by the Stateof Maine in 1844.

From his account in the mercant traders records of Abraham & Simon Dufour - recorded entirely in French but with monetary valyes in New Brunswick currency, that is in pounds (£), shillings (s), and pence (d., we learn that farmer Daigle relied on lumber operators to purchase his farm produce - chelfly oats and hay.

Abraham & Simon Dufour, operating under the business firm name of A.& S. Dufour had earlier bought out Antoine Bellefleur store (cited by Deane & Kavanaugh in 1831) , which store was next to the St.Basile Church property.. A.& S. Dufour served as brokers to farmers who wished to supply the lumber operators with the fodder necessary to maintain teams of oxen in the woods.

Daigle's account at A. & S. Dufour on Feb. 4, 1846 that Regis Daigle brought 77 bushels of oats to the merchant traders who credited Daigles account £10 - 11s -9 d.. The merchant traders also credited Daigle and additional 1£, -8s - 7 d. to have Daigle deliver this load "Chez Drake".

The 1850 U.S. census shows Melzar Drake at Portage Lake in the head waters of the Fish River, where he served as lumber camp format in the Shepard Cary lumber operations on the Fish River.

Now imagine this: this is Winter, Feb. 1846 - travel from the merchant trader at St. Basile, N.B. to Portage Lake, Maine would be entirely on the frozen river surface of the St. John and Fish Rivers - a distance

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What Did They Eat?

George Findlen, CG, CGL

The following is the third 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.

The archeological excavation of the house at Belleisle examined all animal bones uncovered during the dig. The bulk of them were domestic animals. The Acadians there ate mostly beef followed by pork. They ate less mutton and even less poultry. Around 97% to 98% of the meat they ate came from the domestic animals they raised; only 2% was wild game.[1] Few fish bones—mostly cod and stripped bass—were uncovered in the dig, although we know from the fishhooks found at the site that they did occasional fishing.

Marie Mignier did not leave her favorite collection of recipes for us to study. We are left to do some creative guessing. Fortunately, French cooking is strongly rooted in *tradition*. Today's dishes are cooked much like those of the past, and several cookbooks remind us of that.[2] The primary difference is the heat source: we now use a gas or electric stove instead of an open wood fire. We are also blessed with two books of "old" recipes. One book is a collection of Acadian recipes collected from a survey of women of Acadian descent in the mid-1970s. Their average age was 72. That means many of them were born around 1900, their mothers were born around 1875, and their grandmothers were born around 1850, possibly earlier. If those women shared recipes that their mothers got from their grandmothers (who'd have been born between 1800 and 1825), then what got into the published collection has much in common with what Acadian deportees had cooked.[3] Another book of "old" recipes is based on books published in France between 1651 and 1739. These recipes were compared with a list of foodstuffs available to the French living at Fortress Louisbourg in the early 1700s, and several of these recipes are known to have been cooked in the hearths there. A collection of them is available for us today.[4] So it turns out that we don't have to guess hard.

For French men and women, bread was the basis of their diet, so wheat was the largest crop grown. They grew enough that they could sell surplus to Boston in good years. And the presence of ovens attached to houses—assuming most other houses were like the one excavated at Belleisle—is evidence that baking was important for Acadians.[5] Without doubt, Marie baked for her family, making additional loaves as the family grew. She'd have received a small batch of yeast starter from her mother or mother-in-law on marrying René, although she may have had some from her first marriage.[6] Bread was an all-day affair. Early in the evening, some starter was removed from its earthenware container and mixed with a refreshment of dough and water. Just before bedtime, the dough was kneaded and left to rise overnight. Early in the morning, it was

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(REGIS "BONHOMME" DAIGLE 1808-1880 continued from page 14)

of -- miles.

In these merchant trader records we see that day laborers are paid 2/6. (two shillings, six pence a day.. Multiple that sum by eight and you get 1£ (one pound) giving the pound the value of eight day's work.. The credit amounts given to Regis Bonhomme Daigle comes to slightly more than 13£ or a valye of 104 days wages. The oats are being delivered to am American lumber operation, but the credit earned is reported in New Brunswick currency

At this time the lumber operators had not yet cleared supply farms like the Michaud Farm on of the Allagash River a generation latter. In 1846, Madawaska farmers filled the bill.

Ten days later, Daigle takes up another run. This time he bring 101 bushels of oats to the Dufour brokers who credit him 12£ -12s - 6 d. and an additional 3 £ - 3s - 1 1/2d. to brimg the produce "Chez Thomas E. Perley. This credit of 15£ and 15 shillings carries a value of 127 day laborer wages.. James and Thomas E. Perly of Fredericton,N.B. have an operation above the Fish River mills on Perley Brook in Fort Kent... There were no banks in the Madawaska region, but operators like Shepard Cary of Houlton access funds from a Bagor Bakno and the Perley Brothers acces their funds from the Bank of New Brunswick in Fredericton, N.B.

Previously in the account on Jan. 31, 1846 and entry of over 10£ to bring 64 1/2 bushels of oats up the St. Francis River where Atherton & Hammond had lumber operations.. The three dekiveries would bring to Daile a credit value of what we'd expect to pay a day laborer for 312 days' wages.

The 1850 U.S. census entry for Regis Daigle shows 12 children in his household aged 18 years to a one year old., but there's also a laborer aged 18 named Antoine Beaulieu in the household.. The hired hand's name figures for a debit of 5 shilloings (two day's pay) in Daigle's account as of Feb. 18, 1846 two days after the delivery of oats to Thomas E. Perley. Beaulieu surfaces repeated in Daigles account for a varietyof amounts. But the "eye-catcher" comes on the day of the "Chez Drake" delivery- which reads a one pound debit entry for: " une pair de bottes a son engag´" - a pair of bots for his hired hand..

One might imagine the following scenaraio afte breakfast that day:

Regis Daigle: "Toine, go hitch the horse, we're taking a load to the lumber camp today".

Antoine Beaulieu: "Today?"

Regis Daigle (slightly agitated): "What do you mean, Today?"

Antoine Beaulieu: Bien, Monsieur, look at my boots, I can't go on the river this way, I'll freeze my toes off."

Regis Daigle, (with a measure of impatience): Look, Young Man, you're going to take a loan of oats to A. & S. Dufour. When you are in the store to get the amount credited, pick yourself up a pair of boats and charge it to MY account. But you're going to hitch those horses and will take that load of oats to Perley's or Drakes' or Emerson's or where ever the Dufours will tell you to take it.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska,Maine

(What Did They Eat? continued from page 15)

folded or kneaded and left to rise again for several hours, then folded and left again. An hour before she thought the dough had risen enough, she would have started a fire in the oven, letting the small sticks burn hot until reduced to an ash. She would then rake the hot ashes out of the oven, shape the dough into a *boule* (a large disk with the edges tucked under) and put into the oven to bake on the preheated stones that made up the bottom of the oven.[7] If her house did not have a beehive oven attached to it or she wanted to make only a single *boule*, she'd have used a preheated baking pot with a concave lid on which she would heap hot embers and nestle hot embers around the sides. When served, she and René and the children may have used a slice as a pusher, as later descendants have, and they may have enjoyed a bite with maple syrup or molasses on it.[8]

Since peas were the second-largest crop grown by Acadians, and presumably by René as well, Marie Mignier likely made a *soupe aux pois secs* (pea soup). In winter, she'd have soaked the dried peas in cold water overnight. She'd have done the same with some salt pork taken out of its storage barrel. In the morning, she'd have rinsed both pork and peas in fresh water, put them in her *chaudron* with onion, covered all with water, and let them cook slowly for several hours in a corner of the hearth. Before serving, she'd have removed the salt pork and cut the meat into small pieces to return to the soup.[9]

Cod was king along the Atlantic. Most of it caught off Acadia was shipped back to France where almost half the days of each year were days of abstinence.[10] Marie likely made a version of *la chaudrée*, the grandmother of today's fish chowder. She might start with a good daub of butter on the bottom of her *chaudron* on which she'd arrange some chopped onion. On that she'd have placed fillets of cod, covering that with whatever other fish she had available to her on that day. Haddock, mackerel, smelt, and sole would all do. She'd then add a bunch of parsley and cover all with cold water. If she had some white wine from Bordeaux, the wine would be about half the liquid. She'd put her *chaudron* over a low fire until the liquid got hot enough to bubble. Then she would make sure the *chaudrée* did not cook for long after that since fish lost its tenderness if overcooked. She may have made a white sauce, a *sauce Béchamel*, to serve over it. If tradition tells us anything, she served it to her family with bread toasted over the fire.[11]

Most bones found at the Belleisle dig were beef. If René and Marie ate as their neighbors down the road did, then they ate more beef than pork. If so, Marie likely made a *pot-au-feu* ("a pot on the fire"), a dish that goes back to the sixteenth century. The English version that we know today is New England boiled dinner. The *pot-au-feu* is more sophisticated and tasty. To make it, she'd have put beef or a lamb shank into a cold pot with water barely to cover, brought it slowly to a slight disturbance, not to a full, rolling boil, and skimmed it often. She'd have taken a bone with marrow in it, tied cheesecloth around it (to keep the marrow in the bone), and added that to the pot. Once the surface was shimmering, she'd have added an onion with two whole cloves stuck into it, a stalk of celery, some *gros sel gris* (large sea salt) from her mother's birthplace, some

peppercorns, and a *bouquet garni* (tied bundle of parsley, thyme, and bay leaf). If she added cabbage, which Acadians ate often, she'd have added some pork and made the dish a *potée*. She'd then let the pot simmer for three hours, making sure she added a stick to the fire to keep the pot at a simmer and added water as needed to cover the meat. At the end of three hours, her broth would be complex, rich, and delicious. She'd then have wraped some carrots, parsnips, and turnips—all cut into large pieces—in another strip of cheesecloth, and added that to the pot, pushing it down to bury it, then left the pot to simmer for another hour. She'd then have discarded her *bouquet garni* and the onion with the cloves in it, probably giving them to the hogs, sliced the meat on a serving platter, and mounded the root vegetables around the meats.[12]

We know that Acadians had access to wine.[13] Thus, Marie possibly made a *boeuf en daube*, another staple of French cooking found in some form everywhere in France. Americans know of this dish in recipes for Beef Burgundy, but other regions of France have their popular form for the dish. If the cut was especially tough, Marie would have cut up the meat into small cubes and soaked them overnight in red wine from Bordeaux with an onion and a carrot or two with salt and pepper for flavor. On the next day, she'd have browned the meat in pork fat and followed that by cooking the meat slowly for most of the day in a mixture of red wine and beef broth, possibly what she had left from a pot au feu. Alteratively, she'd have put the cold pot on the fire without browning the meat first. Late in the day, she'd have added onion and carrot and maybe a parsnip. She'd have served the dish with bread made that day.[14]

Cabbage was one of the vegetables grown in Acadian gardens, and it is likely that Marie made a *Soupe de la Toussaint* (All Saints' Day Soup), perhaps with a turnip in it as well.[15] Cabbage, turnips, and carrots were the most common vegetables grown and eaten in Acadia.[16] The potato did not show up in Acadia until after 1750 or so and not as a primary crop until 1767.[17]

With the fruit from their fifty-tree orchard, Marie likely made a form of apple or pear pie, a *tarte au pommes* or *tarte au poires*. A French recipe for apple pie has been around since the 1300s.[18] Instead of a pie, especially in the fall when the fruit was fresh, Marie may have made a compote, in which she cooked sliced apples in sugar and water, removed the apples, and cooked down the liquid mixture until it was thick, using it as a sauce to coat the apple slices. If Marie did not have sugar, she'd have used maple syrup. A recipe (using sugar) had been published in France in 1651 and had already been made for many years.[19]

Rum was widely consumed at Port-Royal, and *eau de vie* (brandy) was also available. Rum was easily bought through trade with Boston distillers; *eau de vie* came on supply ships from France and later through trade with ships coming to Louisbourg. On a cold winter evening, especially if guests came by, Marie may have made a warm drink of cider and spices with a touch of rum and eau de vie from her mother's region of France. She would have served it in the rounded earthenware mugs as in the old country.[20]

Although these recipes are guesses, they fit what we know Acadians raised and grew, and they ate what they raised and grew. Although Marie may not have made precisely what is listed here, she would have used the same ingredients to make similar dishes.

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(Endnotes)

1. Leslie Still, "Analysis of Faunal Remains from the Belleisle Site Nova Scotia," in David J. Christianson, *Belleisle 1983: Excavations at a Pre-Expulsion Acadian Site*, Curatorial Report No. 48 (Halifax: Nova Scotia Museum, 1984), 95.

2. See Ann Willan, *Great Cooks and Their Recipes from Taillevent to Escoffier* (New York: McGraw Hill, 1977). Trained at the famous Cordon Bleu culinary arts institute in Paris, Willan has been a lifelong student of French cuisine. In this book, she makes accessible to the general reader a history of French cuisine. Recipes are given in their original form (translated into English), then given in a modern form. An example of a surviving recipe used by French cod fishermen sailing out of La Rochelle is the one used by Ann Willan for *La Chaudrée* in *The Country Cooking of France* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 2007), 100. The cod chowder our ancestors ate was made in a large black iron pot, a *chaudière*, as this one originally was.

3. Marielle Cormier-Boudreau and Melvin Gallant, *A Taste of Acadie* (Fredericton, New Brunswick: Goose Lane, 1991). The original publication in French was *La cuisine traditionelle en Acadie* (Moncton, Nouveau-Brunswick: Éditions d'Acadie, 1975). The authors are ethnographers and have looked closely at what Acadians grew, raised, or hunted for food.

4. Hope Dunton, *From the Hearth: Recipes from the World of 18th-Century Louisbourg* (Sydney, Nova Scotia: University College of Cape Breton Press, 1986). Each section is preceded with information on the food item, and many of the recipes are given both in the exact wording (translated into English) of the eighteenth century cookbook they were taken from as well as in a modern form. A more recent work by historian Anne Marie Lane Jonah and French chef Chantal Véchambre, *French Taste in Atlantic Canada, 1604-1758: A Gastronomic History* (Sydney, Nova Scotia: Cape Breton University Press, 2012), does some of the same but includes much more food history of early French Canada. All recipes are 18th century recipes "based on ingredients available during the French regime in Atlantic Canada, whether indigenous or known to have been imported." A list of modern reprints of the 18th century cookbooks can be found in Ann Willan, *Great Cooks and Their Recipes from Taillevent to Escoffier* (New York: McGraw Hill, 1977), 195-197.

5. After the *Grand Dérangement*, it seems that the oven was not attached to the house. Readers can see an unattached oven at the Mazerolle farm, built sometime around 1777, now reconstructed at the Village Historique Acadien in Caraquet, New Brunswick.

6. Willan, *Great Cooks and Their Recipes*, 124: "Good starter was believed to improve with age and a pot of vintage starter was a treasured present to brides."

7. The *boule* is the tranditional shape of a loaf of French bread. Making it has recently become popular in the United States. See Jim Lahey, *My Bread: the Revolutionary No-Work, No-Knead Method* (New York : W.W. Norton & Company, 2009). The only difference between Lahey's method and that used by our ancestors is the substitution of a modern oven for an open hearth. Details on the work involved in making bread come from Cormier-Boudreau and Gallant, *A Taste of Acadie*, 165. Those wanting to make traditional French breads can find a recipe for *pain à l'ancienne* and for *pain de compagne* in Peter Reinhart's *The Bread Baker's Apprentice: Mastering the Art of Extraordinary Bread* (Berkeley, California: Ten Speed Press, 2001), 191-194 and 195-197. Readers can find a recipe for eighteenth century French soldier's bread at Recipes, "Heritage Gourmet," *Parks Canada* http://www.pc.gc.ca/media/gourmandgourmet/appintro.aspx : accessed on 12 March 2012. A recipe used by Acadian descendants is in Cormier-Boudreau and Gallant, *A Taste of Acadie*, 167. For complete information on the twelve steps, Acadian descendants should study (and practice) Peter Reinhart's *The Bread Baker's Apprentice*.

8. Carl A. Brasseaux, *The Founding of New Acadia: the beginnings of Acadian Life in Louisiana, 1765-1803* (Baton Rouge, Louisiana: Louisiana State University Press, 1987), 134. Descendant Marcel Martin ate every meal with a slice of bread in his left hand until his death in 1965.

9. Cormier-Boudreau and Gallant, *A Taste of Acadie*, 28. A soup made almost exactly like that described here was made as recently as 1960 in the home of Marcel Martin and Jane Levasseur. Marcel grew a field of peas right up into the early 1950s. It is likely that his father and grandfather did as well.

10. Fernand Braudel, *Civilisation matérielle et capitalisme, XVe-XVIIIe* (Paris: A. Colin, 1967), 146. Also Mark Kurlansky, *Cod: A Biography of the Fish that Changed the World*

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On Being Franco-American

By Gérard Coulombe
Fairfield, CT

My mother, Clara Coutu Coulombe, who grew up speaking French, although some would have said that she spoke French-Canadian, not French as spoken in France or by real Frenchmen in the States, sent me a letter that she had received from a professor at Rivier College in Nashua, New Hampshire. The sender invited the family Coulombe to Québec to join other Coulombes in celebrating the 350th anniversary of the arrival of the first Coulombe to Isle d'Orléans, situated below the City on the Saint Lawrence River.

Maman was very proud of this letter. I knew that she would not be going. Dad had already passed. The letter was in French, written by a religious who happened to be a priest and professor of the college's Foreign Language Department. When I received the letter, I, too, had had a feeling of pride because the letter suddenly granted my ancestry a foothold in the pantheon of early settlers, other than the English on this continent.

So, on impulse, I decided to share the letter that my mother had sent to me with Mrs. Black, a highly regarded teacher of French, and set out, immediately, to share the news with her. Madame was a straight stalk of corn, tall, narrow-faced, and always coifed, elegantly. Her ancestral lineage stock was early American English. She took the letter proffered and read it quickly before handing the letter back to me with these words: "This letter is full of mistakes." I took the letter held like her pince-nez between thumb and index finger, turned and walked away feeling at once insulted and betrayed.

I had always been repulsed by that woman's hauteur and absolute lack of sensitivity. I had learned that Madame's pride and lack of empathy was incompatible in a teacher, but, of course, she came highly commended for her sense of what's correct and proper in some circles. She had also learned to be insufferable when chastising or correcting students, particularly when she had already deemed them impossible. There was a certain disdain that she had for them. It was immediately apparent to anyone with common sense. I could never disabuse her of the trait, for she was unforgiving if one's tone suggested anything amiss or if one's words implied something derogatory about her, particularly, if she were caught unaware because she thought of you as a principled advocate. It seemed to me that on matters French, it, the repartee had to be superfluous in the narrowing of her eyes and in a nervous twitching of her nose.

I grew up in the City of Biddeford, a city whose population was overwhelmingly Franco-American, from my point of view,

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of course, or as some others will say, French Canadian originals, of course. For to the great many who spoke French in an originally American only community, the fact that French or what passed for "French" was dominant as the language of home, church and commerce in many areas of the City was patently, for some difficult to accept, but for other immigrants, the mixture of cultures and languages was highly beneficial to all. By 1949 many French Canadians considered Old Orchard their Riviera. And their visits to Maine's shores often started with visits to

Franco-American relatives. Vacationing "sur la plage d'Old Orchard" became more if not less important than visiting relatives.

French Canadians or Franco Americans in their patois, very much-enjoyed Maine's vacation spots of Old Orchard Beach. Whenever she could, our mother took us by trolley or by train to Old Orchard so that we children, my two sisters and I, could enjoy the outing and picnicking "sur la plage."

All the while, French Canadian, the dominant conversational and business language of the City of Biddeford and Lewiston, perhaps, Waterville, to differentiate from Parisian French, but it was French, nevertheless. If asked what language we spoke by someone noticing the patois, we would invariably answer, French, the kind a Québecois spoke. Our ancestors arrived in North America in 1670, mine did. They later immigrated to the States throughout New England to find work in the mills. Immigration was not a problem. I have said that they walked to Maine, but most, like my grandfather, took the train. They came to find work in the mills that already had been around for a long time Immigration, in those days, doesn't seem, to me, as having been a problem.

Our schools were taught by religious orders of French speaking brothers or nuns: Brothers for boys, grades 5 through 12, nuns, or sisters, for girls and boys, grade 1 through 4 and then girls only, grades 5 through 12 and graduation. The left side of Saint Louis High School in Biddeford was for boys, the right, eventually, for girls. There was little or no mixing during the school day, although I recall a debate between boys that took place in a basement classroom on the girls' side of the school. I do not recall the resolution we debated. It had to do with Communism. Was it? Resolved: That Communism is antithetical to a Democratic Country. [I'm sure that I am wrong about the topic.]

It might surprise some that we pledged allegiance to the flag, but sang, "Ô Canada!" We said our prayers in French and our lessons were conducted in French until the start of the Second World War, right after Pearl

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(New York: Penguin Books, 1997), 24.

11. Anne Willan *County Cooking of France* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 2007), 100. The recipe for *la chaudrée* (fish soup named for the big pot, the *chaudron*, in which it was cooked) was developed by French and Basque cod fishermen off the Grand Banks. Anne's recipe comes from a chef in the port of Fouras at the mouth of the Charente River in Western France. Marie's mother, who only came to New France at about age 29, would have eaten a dish much like this as a young woman and likely cooked a version of it for her family in Québec. (For Marie's mother's arrival date, see Michel Langlois, *Dictionnaire biographique des ancêtres québécois (16081700)* (Sillery, Québec: Maison des Ancêtres / Archives nationales du Québec, 1998), 3: 440.) For the history of Béchamel sauce and a simpler Norman version of *la chaudrée*, see Mark Kurlansky, *Cod*, 262-263 and 255-256.

12. Willan, *Country Cooking of France*, 142. A pot-au-feu may be thought of as the quintessential dish of France, each region having developed its own version. For more about this basic dish, see "The Pot-au-Feu Family" in Anne Willan, *French Regional Cooking* (New York: William Morrow, 1981), 75. A variant that Acadians cook is *bouilli au boeuf* (boiled beef). See Cormier-Boudreau and Gallant, *A Taste of Acadie*, 88. The key to the old country recipe is never letting the water come to a boil, a requirement in making stock or a *demi-glace* (concentrated beef or veal stock).

13. A study of alcoholic beverages consumed at Fortress Louisbourg between 1713 and 1758 revealed that 37.8% was wine, and that 77.8% of that came from Bordeaux. See Gilles Proulx, "Consumption of Alcoholic Beverages at Louisbourg," Appendix D in Jean-François Blanchette, *The Role of Artifacts in the Study of Foodways in New France, 1720-1760*, History and Archaeology, 52 (Ottawa: National Historic Parks and Sites, Parks Canada, Environment Canada, 1981), 146.

14. A southern French recipe for this ancient dish is in Willan, *French Regional Cooking*, 299.

15. A recipe is in Cormier-Boudreau and Gallant, *A Taste of Acadie*, 27.

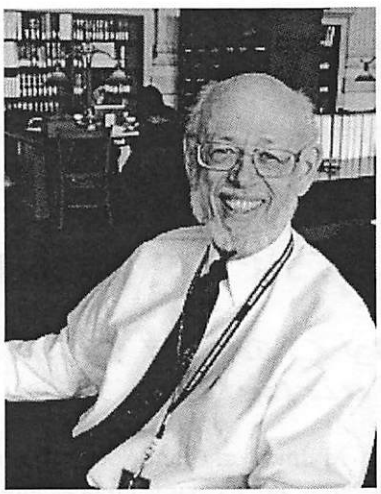
16. Jonah and Véchambre, *French Taste in Atlantic Canada*, 54.

17. Jonah and Véchambre, *French Taste in Atlantic Canada*, 38-42.

18. For the oldest known published recipe, given both in its original language and in slightly modernized form, see Association Le Tailloir, *Pratiques culinaires au Moyen Age*, assoc.letailloir.free.fr : accessed 11 March 2012, tartes de pommes (Viandier [Taillevant]). For an overview of his contribution to French culinary history, see "Taillevent (about 1312-1395)," in Anne Willan, *Great Cooks and Their Recipes*, 8-19.

19. For the recipe, see Dunton, *From the Hearth*, 92. Intrepid souls may wish to seek out Terence Scully, trans., ed., *La Varenne's Cookery: The French Cook; the French Pastry Chef; the French Confectioner* (Blackawton, Totnes, United Kingdom: Prospect Books, 2006). A recipe made by many Acadian descendants is in Cormier-Boudreau and Gallant, *A Taste of Acadie*, 138.

20. A recipe for Hot Jamaica Punch is in *The All New Fannie Farmer Boston Cooking School Cookbook*, Wilma Lord Perkins, ed. (New York: Bantam Books, 1965), 41. Rum was 58.7% of the alcoholic beverages consumed at Fortress Louisbourg. See Proulx, "Consumption of Alcoholic Beverages at Louisbourg," 146. Rum was likely the favorite alcoholic beverage at Port-Royal as well.



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.

(On Being Franco-American continued from page 18)

Harbor, when the State of Maine required that instruction in French speaking religious schools be in English. Up until that time, our history was "l'Histoire du Canada." Only later was I able to appreciate that our history to that point had been pretty amazing.

At an early age, I knew more French and even Latin by note if you please, than I did English. Many business people came to the house and most, even those who were English spoke a smidgen of French to be able to conduct business with most people who were our parents' age because they frequently only spoke French. There was no need to speak English in Biddeford while there was a need to do so across the bridges to Saco. Nor was there a need to speak English in most Biddeford locals, as there were always families who practically spoke only French. There were times when I actually did not know who in a neighborhood might be isolated. No matter where home was, even if it were in a multilevel home with four or more apartments, someone spoke French and more than likely, someone else in the building spoke French, even if it were Canuck French. There was no need to speak English in most neighborhoods because the majority of the people were all French speaking, and all conversation on the street around any block and up and down the stairs was French.

The iceman, policemen, the mayor, the milkman, the insurance agent, the Raleigh Products salesman who came to the house to sell his stuff, our mother's cousin, all spoke French. French idioms colored our gossip. Conversation about the weather, the war, accident, illness, disease, and politics were part of the communal French Canadian fabric in Biddeford. Just about every clerk, pastry chef, butcher, the clerks at Sam's Hardware spoke French. Some, not all, librarians spoke French. Of course, all priests with the exception, perhaps of the one assigned to Saint Mary's spoke French, some spoke only French. It was a sign that Biddeford had a goodly number of French Canadian descendants or naturalized citizens, all of whom spoke French in their neighborhoods.

French idioms colored our gossip. Conversation about weather, the war, accidents, illness, disease, and politics were part of the communal French Canadian fabric. The doctors who made house visits, as most did, spoke French. Medicine and illness were French things. There were French newspapers available like **La Presse** de Montréal was a staple available at newsstands in Biddeford.

We spoke French, only in the home, in our neighborhoods and around town. We boys who hung out and played near home and who later claimed the whole of town as our neighborhood as we grew up through the early grades all spoke French. We swore in

EDITION FINALE 230,072

LA PRESSE

APRÈS 5 ANS, 8 MOIS ET 6 JOURS

FIN DE LA GUERRE

11 HEURES 35 A. M.

New-York,(P.A.)—Le Réseau Columbia rapporta à 11h. 35 a. m., heure avancée de l'est, que le poste officiel de radio américain en Europe a déclaré que:

"L'Allemagne s'est rendue sans conditions. La guerre est officiellement terminée en Europe."

Les chefs des puissances triomphantes

La proclamation demain

La reddition se fit hier soir

Les premières réjouissances

Au bout du fil

La proclamation canadienne

Congé public demain jour de prière dimanche

French. Words like "ciboine, ciboire, merde, calvaire" were words to confess; although most priest were pretty liberal on these sins because the men were more likely over their heads in moribund activity and usually took up more time in confessional. With the long lines waiting on the priest to move on from penitent to penitent, always given the time to the most grievous confesses, it was natural for those waiting in line for the priest to hear their confessions; it was also incumbent on the priest to speak clearly and to advise the penitent to concentrate on that which was the most grievous of sins just so people would not simply drop out of line when it became clear that their lives would be amiss if the line failed to move very fast, as men were more likely over their heads in moribund acitivit5y and usually took up more time in the confessional.

Although I must say that in those days, a careful and extensive examination of conscience kept one in the confessional almost interminably, but unlike today, so many went to confession that all four or five priests in the parish had to borrow priests from neighboring parishes, on special occasion. Nowadays, not only have parishes in Biddeford, like Saint Mary's and Saint André's, closed; I think that of the English, Irish, and French, the French Canadians were more sinful than anyone and possibly more inclined to imbibe at local pub on the way home from work than any other national group, and, therefore, more likely to hear from their wives on the subject which often provoked assaults by men or women, depending on who was the strongest: the woman who felt abused by the husband, who might, too often, waste the cash getting drunk and who ended up buying rounds for all his friends and loafers at the bar, was the offender. "Les hommes," having been just paid, were possibly more inclined to imbibe at a local pub on the way home from work with the cash envelope burning in their pockets.

The women who regularly went to Church had the support of an organization ran by a group of "monks," I believe, who supported teetotalism among parishioners; mother was a staunch member and forbade my dad from purchasing alcohol in any form to bring to the home. Secretly, he did buy on a Saturday afternoons his pint of brandy and poured the contents into a container that was a familiar in a shed cabinet that held his paints and denatured alcohol. Félix never failed to take his medication whenever he felt it safest to take a shot whenever mother was away running errands or visiting friends, but that would only be on a Saturday afternoon when he was at home from work and free to work in the shed on one of his projects.

Our Dad's 4th of July vacation was his once a year time off because he was literally out of work. They all were because that is when the mills closed for about a week. If we could, and it was possible during the war years, we went to Canada by train, first from Portland to Lewiston and then up North on the Grand Trunk Railroad to Montréal through New Hampshire and then into lower Québec. If we did not stop in Rimouski, there was Victoriaville to go to see my dad's brother of the Order of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. There were many other stops on our itinerary, including stops at the then very famous "miraculous" ones along or even out of the way. Québec was on our

(Continued on page 20)

(On Being Franco-American continued from page 19)

itinerary because I think that my dad's first relatives in Canada were buried at sites on l'île d'Orléans.

It was frequently too expensive to go to Canada, so that is why that Dad and I travelled together. We, all of us, dad, mother, the girls and I did go a couple of times when the break Dad had from work for the Fourth of July included a weekend and time affordable away from work might have proven longer. Savings were very small; I remember trying to save with the assistance of a metal coin bank like that of a trolley conductor's coin dispenser that mother got from the Pepperell Bank of Biddeford to help us save.

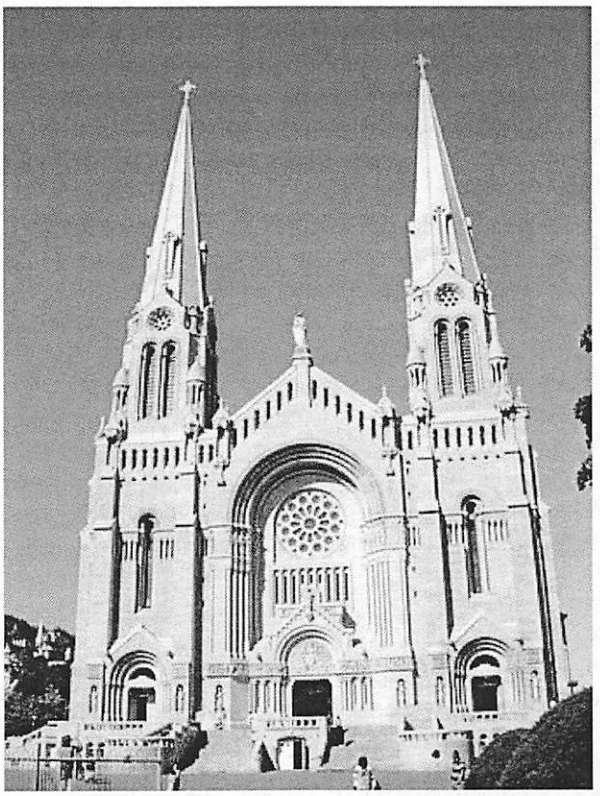
We never needed a passport. All we needed was a birth certificate, which, I assume mother held for us. Otherwise, all we needed to do to get through customs was to say where we lived and whereabouts we were going—to visit relatives. My father, who spoke French, only, or so he said to American Customs and to anyone who asked. In a way, he was, on these pilgrimages, like his brother, Edward, he was really on his way to visit the holy sites of Canada like those he knew so well—Sainte Anne de Beaupré was one, a way-out-of-the-way favorite.

Some time we did not go to Canada to visit the relatives. The long and short of it is that we did not travel much. That's why our proximity to beaches made it possible for us to go with family or relatives, particularly when we visited with my mom's sister, Eugénie. Her husband and the girls who were older than we were and were dating guys who served in the Second World War made going to Hill's Beach in the back of a truck with panels on the bed that allowed us to stand, look over the truck's top of the cab or sit against the boards to remain pleasantly comfortable, poised in a way that afforded us a way to maintain some balance while riding down Pool Road happily headed to a clambake at Hill's Beach.

Some time the reason we stayed at home during "summer vacation" is that our Canadian relatives visited. They filled all the beds we had while we children slept on the floor. Their reason for coming was probably more to enjoy Old Orchard than it was to enjoy seeing relatives and to visit their grandfather's grave—the one I never knew.

My dad would have been at home walking with other folk in Chaucer's tales—on his way to Canterbury. I would recognize him as the pilgrim known as the "Warp Tier."

As Mom explained, she and dad had taken the late train when they married. Mom's parents were alive, as mom was younger, but Dad's had long past, as far as I'm concerned. I never heard from him about the nature of his parents, whether they were lenient or strict. "Notre Père rarement" spoke of his parents. I don't recall any extensive dialogue about them, background, work



Sainte Anne de Beaupré

or the age they were when they passed-- although, I did discover the art from seeing a photograph of my grandfather at work. He sat at a cobbler's bench—had a shoe hammer in hand. As I recall "mon papa," he was innately, "l'homme silencieux." Rairement avait-il quelque chose a dire." But in agreeable circumstances he would declaim like the actor he had been, but the stories were hidden from us children. I remember seeing it in his posture when he assumed the character of one posing for the photographer in his studio, early in the century, the pose, when he sat back in an ornate studio chair with a book in hand and assumed the authoritative pose of the consummate professional and declaimed at length on the subject at hand in the photographer's arranged pose.

Saint Louis High School, instead of being a passport to a better life for me, was a failure in that instead of providing me with the advantages I thought it would, only put me behind my neighborhood friends for whom grammar school had been a useless way station prior to attaining the age of sixteen when they could follow their parents into the mills and the kind of work most of their parents were still doing while some others with more élan went into the trades or sales with the promise of a route of some kind driving a truck for a local bread company or tonic company, or as some others did who found work with a City maintenance department.

After a week of sitting at home following graduation, a friend called to invite me to join him on a trip to Portland where he planned to visit recruiting stations. The only one opened that day was the Air Force station in South Portland. So we took the bus out there and soon we had signed up and sent home to obtain permission from our parents, as we were seventeen. There was a train leaving from the Portland Station that evening. Without hesitating or even mentioning my father, my mother signed, and at seventeen, both of jus were on our way back to Portland and bused to the train where we joined in a car with other recruits from up-state and there followed stops in Boston, Albany, Buffalo, Chicago, Saint Louis, where cars were added to what became a 'troop train" headed South, with the final stop in San Antonio where we disembarked at the Air Base for basic training. Once roughly assembled, we were called to attention to hear the announcement that we were at War in Korea.

My freshman year, at twenty-two, was thanks to the Korean War G.I. Bill. Following training I had spent my enlistment going to Radar Mechanic School in the States, Mississippi, Iowa, Texas, and Minnesota. I was assigned to a radar station in the northeast corner of Missouri where we somehow became known in spook history as one of the stations that had interacted with unidentified aircraft displays showing impossible vectors or changes in direction.

Upon discharge, I ran and took the train to Kansas City where I took a flight out of an Air Force Base there and took a public carrier to Boston and a train to Biddeford. I worked the summer folding blankets at the mill because a manager who had known me as a boy in a sea-scout troop hired me, I think. My first year was a near disaster until I figured out what I wanted to do, and that was to teach.

(Continued on page 25)

Review by Dana Wilde

"Leave a Crooked Path"

by Simone Paradis Hanson

Shadowlight Press, Roswell, Georgia, 2016

In Simone Paradis Hanson's novel "Leave a Crooked Path," Claire Au Clair recounts the events of the summer of her 14th year. She and her mom, dad and little sister, Grace, live in a coastal Maine town that sounds a lot like Brunswick or Topsham, in a pretty typical suburban neighborhood of largely Franco-American families.

It's a happy, aggravating place to live. The first significant event occurs when the neighbor, Mr. Bergeron, loses yet another finger (now he's down to seven) to a lawn mower blade. In a different social or literary milieu, this incident might be drawn with solemn attention to the pain and irony of Mr. Bergeron's apparent inability to learn not to try to free stuck mower blades with his hands. But instead, Claire's disposition — true to the place and people — is wryly good-humored. Mr. Bergeron bleeds and suffers, to be sure, but the real point of the incident is less his clumsiness, and more the predictable reaction of Mrs. Bergeron, who we learn in the first sentence suffers from "Jumping Frenchman of Maine Syndrome," or as Claire's father terms such behavior, "Exaggerated Startle Response."

"'Throw me a towel!'" Mr. Bergeron screams. "'Duncan Hines!' she screamed back, hurling the towel into the air in his general direction and turning to run back in the house." Someone in the neighborhood shouts, "'For God's sake, call an ambulance, he's done it again,'" and people come pouring out of their houses to see what's happened now — "pretty much every household was represented at the accident site."

"This was Maine after all," Claire reflects. "A place that sometimes felt more like an extension of Canada than a part of New England, where dumb Frenchman jokes were tolerated since it's OK to make fun of yourself. It could be a rough place to live, but a place where no one passed a stalled car or stray dog."

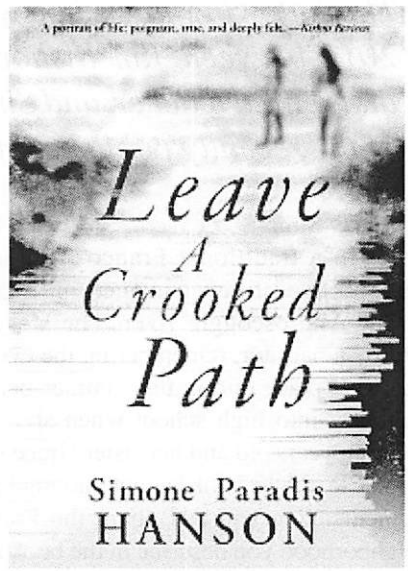
And the picture we get, really, is of a large extended family bound by proximity, ethnicity and overall good feelings toward each other. Except when the feelings are bad.

Claire takes care of her sister during the day while their parents are at work, and she spends a lot of time with her friend Celeste, with whom she frequently skirts the rules and who "could be disgusting." When Uncle Romeo wants to help Claire's dad prune a tree branch that precariously overhangs the roof, everybody gets nervous about the prospect of Uncle Romeo on a roof with a chain saw. They humorously figure out a dodge to the well-intentioned offer, but feel compelled to do something about the branch before Romeo tries. So Claire's father calls the neighborhood handymen, the Menards, to come take care of it. Not to put too fine a point on it, but from there, things go bad for the neighborhood.

And especially for Claire's family. Because slowly, deftly, it is revealed that her father is what we refer to as a mean drunk. And the second half of the novel discloses, in what is often quite beautiful writing on an ugly subject, Claire's efforts to deal with him, internally and externally. "There's a kind of worry that eats at you if you have a father that drinks. It's like boot camp for bomb diffusers. One wrong move, cut the wrong wire, get lazy for a split second and it's all over. An explosion will rip you apart."

The depictions of harrowing, pathetic and irrational scenes are extraordinarily accurate to realities many of us have experienced. At the same time, the emotional tenor of the writing does not get sidetracked by the inherent pain. Claire's fear, anger and confusion, which are palpable, are yet strongly colored by her perceptive good humor and love. Or is it the other way around?

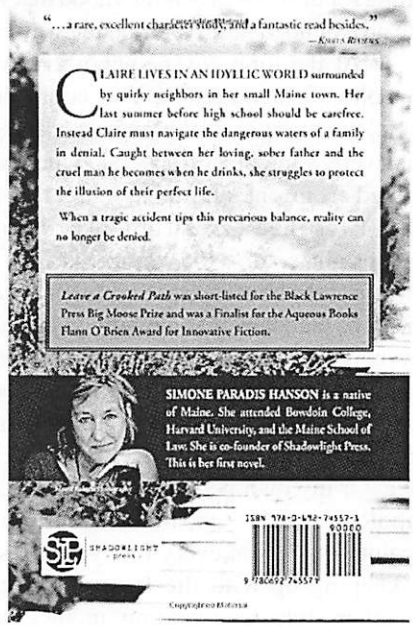
"Leave a Crooked Path" is a skillfully paced, warm, painful, good-humored story, which will channel a sense of comfort and compassion, I imagine, for most people with experiences similar to Claire's in their pasts.



162 pages, paperback, $10

Simone Paradis Hanson, who now lives in Georgia, grew up in Brunswick and is a graduate of Bowdoin College and the Maine School of Law. "Leave a Crooked Path" is available through online book sellers such as Amazon and Barnes and Noble.

This review first appeared in the Off Radar column of the Kennebec Journal and Morning Sentinel newspapers Feb. 2, 2017.



http://www.booksamillion.com/p/Leave-Crooked-Path/Simone-Paradis-Hanson/9780692745571

https://www.amazon.com/Leave-Crooked-Simone-Paradis-Hanson/dp/0692745572

(N.D.L.R.: See page 22 for an interview by Jim Bishop with Simone Paradis Hanson.)

The following interview was conducted online in April 2017 between Jim Bishop, a Franco-American writer and retired teacher, and Simone Paradis Hanson, author of the recently published novel, Leave a Crooked Path.

JB Simone, *Leave a Crooked Path* is set in a traditional Franco-American neighborhood in an unnamed mill town on the Androscoggin river. The story is told by a narrator, remembering the events that took place during the summer before her entry into high school when she was fourteen years old and her sister Grace was eight. Clearly the book has autobiographical elements. Can you talk about the Franco neighborhood you describe in the book and how the narrator's memories intersect with your own coming of age?

SPH I grew up on a street with about 15 or 16 houses. The street dead-ended in a creek. We were insulated there. When we were kids, if we wanted to go anywhere, we rode our bikes or walked. And although we got farther on our own than kids ever would nowadays, we still could never get far from home. We all knew each other, we had no secrets and, in a way, no privacy from one another. Consequently, our neighborhood was a family of sorts. So this became my setting for the book, a neighborhood that was like an extended family, for better or worse.

At the time, my neighborhood was unapologetically French. You could be a complete stranger to the planet and know you were someplace 'special' when you walked from one end of my street to the other. Every house was a different, distinct, very-bright color. Not white, like my in-town friends' houses, or an occasional conservative pale hue of something non-white. My neighborhood ran the color palette. I should have mentioned that in the book, now that I think of it. Pink. Yellow. Brown with orange shutters. Orange. Robin's Egg Blue. Or my own personal favorite, Vick's VapoRub purple. Oh, it was tradition to repaint your house every few years, a sort of keeping-up-with-the-Joneses, French Canadian style. One year my mother, who was decidedly not French Canadian, coerced my father into painting our house beige. She had this thing about beige, it 'went' with everything. What an embarrassment. We were like the one Easter Egg that didn't get dunked in dye. And my father was not quite as into painting the house as the other fathers, so it was beige for quite a while.

So we kind of stood out, in a colorful sort of way. And it made me stand out, by association.

JB I'm interested in hearing how, as a girl growing up in what sounds like a close Franco neighborhood, you may have felt different in your relationships with the neighborhood kids than with your public-school friends.

SPH I felt very awkward as a kid. I was thin, had braces, bad haircut, glasses. The whole shebang. It didn't help that my father drank. It just added to my general lack of confidence and self-worth. Unlike my friends in the neighborhood, I attended public school while they went to St. John's parochial school. So I had school friends in addition to my neighborhood friends, and they were the children of white collar families. One friend's father was a professor at Bowdoin College, later to become Dean of Students. Another friend's father was a psychiatrist. Another was independently wealthy and they had a beautiful, enormous house. I felt out of my league half the time.

And so, I lived with the fear that this secret about my father would somehow get out and my school friends would know.

It wasn't so bad that the neighbors knew. I knew stuff about them. Other fathers drank. No one's family was wealthy. Someone had an affair, which was huge back then. We were family, so it didn't really matter. But I had the impression that my school friends' families were perfect and I felt a little honored that they took me into the fold, so to speak. I already felt like I barely belonged; if they knew about my father it would not have been the same as people in the neighborhood knowing. Looking back, I don't believe I would have lost any friendships, they were all nice girls and nice families. But I was scared nonetheless, that this sacred group would cast me out.

I am a very different person from Claire. She looks back on her life with a certain detached pride, I think. I'm kind of a Claire wannabe. I wish I had been able to face my father's drinking and not wish fervently, more than anything, that no one would find out. Shame and embarrassment were always right around the corner. It was terrifying for me.

JB Yes, there's a sentence in *Leave a Crooked* Path that calls this up: "There's a worry that eats at you if you have a father who drinks. It's like a boot camp for bomb defusers." Claire's father seems almost to be a Jekyll-Hyde presence, a decent man who becomes a time bomb when he drinks. So Claire and her sister Grace seem to be always tiptoeing around the land mines and pretending not to notice. Did you experience this constant vigilance in your own life?

SPH As I'm talking about it now, I get this vision that I never really imagined before. His drinking was this giant monster that had me cowering in some small corner. I barely lived. Very different from Claire, who at least tried to stand up to it. I didn't get out of that corner until I felt sufficiently safe in knowing he probably wouldn't drink again.

As I got older, moving from middle school to high school, I became less close to my friends in the neighborhood. We had different interests, formed new friendships. We stayed friendly, but I moved more securely into a new set of friends. My father had stopped drinking by then and that made an enormous difference. There was always that fear that he would start again, but the longer he went without a drink, the more confident I became.

JB And is that when you felt able to allow your early experience with your father into your fiction?

SPH Back in the day, if you were sick and both your parents worked, you just stayed home alone. I used to get seriously ill twice a year. In the fall I'd get tonsillitis and in the spring I'd get strep throat. I should have had my tonsils out probably, but whatever.

My father was a radio announcer for a radio station in Portland. He had the morning show, so he was up around 3 in the morning. His show ended at noon so he'd get home early. There was this one day he came home early from work and I was home sick. He didn't know I was home.

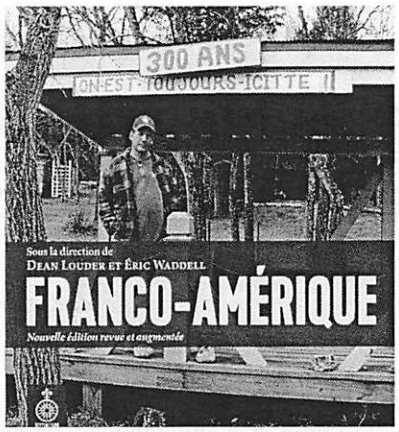
He did all the cooking at our house, so

(Continued on page 23)

BOOKS/ LIVRES..

FRANCO-AMÉRIQUE

par Dean Louder



Autrefois les Canadiens français, au sens originel du terme, se sont installés un peu partout en Amérique. Ils l'ont nommée, chantée et écrite. Leurs tracent persistent toujours, même si la dimension continentale de leur civilisation a été oubliée par nombreux d'autre eux. Aujourd'hui l'espace, la société et la politique se complexifient. La volonté indépendantiste du Québec est mise en veilleuse. L'Acadie n'est toujours pas une réalité politique. Les Franco-Américains de la Nouvelle-Angleterre n'ont pas de structure institutionnelle pour les encadrer. La place de la Louisiane s'amenuise. En même temps, le vecteur haïtien prend de l'importance au fur et à mesure que l'axe Port-au-Prince-Miami-New York-Montréal se constitue. Par ailleurs, les francophones des pays en voie de développement déferlent sur les grandes villes canadienne...et américaines. Les Francos d'Amérique—

(Suite page 24)

(Interview between Jim Bishop, a Franco-American writer and retired teacher, and Simone Paradis Hanson continued from page 22)

I expected to hear him start supper. Then he would go to bed and sleep until my mother came home from work, so I was going to call to him when he came down the hall. Get all kinds of sympathy for my sore throat. He'd smooth my hair back, tell me I'd be over it soon. Tell me I was strong. And beautiful, that I looked like my mother.

Instead, he went right down into the basement. There was, of course, only one reason he ever went down cellar. That's where he stashed his hidden liquor.

I will never be able to describe the anger I felt. I won't even bother to try. But I can say this, I wanted to get out of bed and stand by the cellar door, and when he came up, I wanted to kick it open.

I started writing this book back then.

JB So that was the seed for *Leave a Crooked Path*. I want to ask you about your writing process, but before we get to that, I know that between the inception of *Leave a Crooked Path* and its recent publication, you managed to earn a B.A. in German from Bowdoin College, an M.Ed. from Harvard, and a J.D. degree from UMaine School of Law. Pretty impressive.

SPH Some people look at my resume and think I'm really smart because I have all these degrees. I'm not. I just could never make up my mind about what I wanted to do. I also hate working, but that's beside the point. I chose to go to law school because I was in my late twenties and somehow that felt very old at the time, and I was thinking I may never get married. I wanted to have a better living and I wanted to be able to take care of my mother if she ever needed it. Which she didn't, but I wasn't sure.

JB Well, Simone, as for brains and hard work, your record speaks for itself. So you emerge with a law degree, but I understand you chose not to practice law. Can you talk about that choice?

SPH Picture this: a young mother sitting at a big table in the law library of the school she has just graduated from. She was up early getting her 12-week-old son ready for day care, she worked all day writing position papers for a Workers' Compensation Law firm. She picked her son up 30 seconds before the daycare would have started charging her $5.00 a minute for each minute she was late. She is now frantically researching some aspect of insurance law she is unsure about, hoping she can get this done before the baby starts fussing. Then she'll go home, feed and bathe him, and put him to bed. She will have minutes with her husband before she'll pass out from exhaustion.

The best thing I got out of law school was my husband. He enjoys working and actually gets edgy if he has to be in the house too long. His idea of childcare is taking children to the movies and then Dairy Queen. His nickname for a while was Fun Dad. It was best that he not be in charge too often.

It all worked out. I got to stay home and then when my youngest started school, I had a choice to go back to work and make some paltry salary doing something I didn't like or make no money at all and write a book.

JB And your readers will be glad you did. Before we run out of our allotted space, could you say a few words about your writing process, how you midwifed *Leave a Crooked Path* into the world?

SPH I had to learn to sit down and write even if I didn't feel like it, even if I thought I wouldn't be able to write anything. People who have normal jobs have to work even if they don't want to; I had to do the same thing. Writing is a job and it's not that different from any other kind of work. Except you pretty much don't get paid.

My first novel ended up in the recycling bucket along with a prayer that no one at the recycling center would read any of it. And then I joined a writing group, which was truly one of the smartest things I've ever done. I finished the first draft of *Leave a Crooked Path* in one year, and then spent the next six months or so rewriting and editing.

I reached a point about six months ago where I had to make a decision: keep getting turned down by more agents and small press publishers, or start my own company. I have a writer friend who joined me in starting Shadowlight Press and we have been learning a lot about the industry, and making slow but steady progress in figuring out the best way to get a book in front of people.

I'm not really measuring success by how much money, if any, I ever make. I'm lucky in that I don't have to financially support my family. I measure it by the people I have reached. My friends and family have learned a lot about me that they never knew. I've met this wonderful lady in Much Wenlock, Shropshire England who traded reviews with me. And a certain gentleman in Bangor Maine whose interest in me and my book has been especially nice.

JB *Thank you, Simone. The pleasure has been mine. And I hope this brief introduction will help your work reach other readers, in Franco-America and beyond.*

Prosper Bender (1844-1917) Canadian Littérateur, Expatriate, and Intercultural Broker

Patrick Lacroix
For Le Forum, April 2017

By 1886, Prosper Bender had lost faith in the Canadian political experiment. Nation-building had proved extremely costly and led to corruption, the *métis* rebellion in the Northwest had excited animosities between French and English, and people of both "races" were leaving their native land to seek better opportunities in the United States. Himself an expatriate, Bender argued that Confederation would not hold much longer: the Great Republic would soon annex British North America. Thus, in the 1880s, he sought to awaken the American mind to the circumstances of the Canadian neighbor—the neighbor across the forty-fifth parallel, but also the neighbor who had elected to live in the Little Canadas of New England.

Bender's father was a Quebec City attorney of French-Canadian and German descent; his mother, a Protestant Irish immigrant. From an early age, Bender moved effortlessly between his parents' respective cultures. He was sent to the Petit Séminaire in Quebec City and then studied medicine at McGill College in Montreal. In the 1860s, he joined the Union Army as a surgeon in the waning days of the Civil War. Other Canadians who would later rise to fame—Calixa Lavallée, Edmond Mallet, Rémi Tremblay—had preceded him. But it is unlikely that Bender saw any fighting; the war had all but ended when he joined.

Bender returned to Quebec City, practiced medicine, and, in 1868, married Aurélie Esther Scott, who soon died of complications from childbirth. Beyond his household, in Quebec City, Bender was not content to solely pursue medicine. He became increasingly involved in the city's literary scene, known as the école *patriotique de Québec*. With friends he scrutinized and sought to refine French-Canadian literature. Eminent Canadian writers and political figures gathered at Bender's home for noisy *soirées* that often stretched long into the night. In 1881, Bender put his pen to the service of this cultural ferment. His *Literary Sheaves* represented Bender's ability and desire to serve as an intercultural broker. This first book sought to render to Canadian writing its *lettres de noblesse*. A friend saw in Bender's work an expert rebuke of Lord Durham's infamous claim that the *Canadiens* were a people "with no history and no literature."

Then, in a second book, published in 1882, Bender commented on the rapid social and economic advances made in Canada since Confederation. He happily noted that old grievances between French and English were dissipating. Considering his expressions of patriotism and the praise he won for his work, it is remarkable that he moved to the United States in 1882. His friend Arthur Buies had visited Boston the prior year and had no doubt aroused his curiosity. A sense of unfulfilled potential may also have carried Bender. In any event, Bender was not alone: his departure came at the height of the *grande saignée*, the mass migration of French Canadians to the American Northeast. But he did not follow the endless stream of migrants to Manchester, Lowell, Fall River, and other cities in Boston's manufacturing hinterland. Separated by class and interests from these families, Bender settled in the more urbane and promising environment of Boston and quickly entered prominent society. In the fall of 1883, he was appointed physician for the city's planned international exhibition and feted at the Hotel Vendome.

Bender continued to practice medicine, but again it was his writing that drew attention. An article in the *North American Review* in 1883 marked an abrupt departure from the views he had until then publicly expressed. "[W]ith its debt of over eighteen millions and the distracted state of its political parties, including the lack of sympathy between French and British, [Quebec] is in a deplorable condition," Bender wrote. The *grande saignée* was ample evidence. But his aim was not merely to put the Conservative governments in Quebec City and Ottawa on trial or to cater to American opinion. Bender genuinely believed in the benefits of free trade with the United States and, in time, annexation. The industrial boom of New England was but a hint of the economic progress Canada might experience if joined to its neighbor. Bender's old friends in Quebec City were unamused. "We are glad to see our old friend . . . maintaining his reputation as a forcible and agreeable writer," the *Morning Chronicle* stated. Alas, "[w]e fear our author has got into bad company since he left us."

Bender reprised his role as a mediator of cultures, educating "old-stock"

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(FRANCO-AMÉRIQUE suite de page 23)
quel autre nom donner à cette famille si bigarrée ?—vivent des réalités changeantes et font face à de nouveaux défis.

Il est plus que temps de faire valoir cette Franco-Amérique d'une richesse historique remarquable et d'un dynamisme culturel inouï.

Le livre contient deux textes sur les Franco-Américains écrits par des Franco-Américains, Barry Rodrigue et David Vermette.

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In former times, French Canadians established settlements nearly everywhere in America. They named them, sang about them, wrote about about them. Their exploits are visible to this day, even though the continental dimension of their civilization has, for all intents and purposes, been forgotten by most of them. Today, territory, society and politics have become more complex. The independentist option in Québec has been placed on the back burner. Acadia is still not a political reality. New England's Franco-Americans lack an institutional structure. The place of Louisiana would appear to be dwindling. At the same time, the Haitian vector has become ever more important as the Port-au-Prince-Miami-New York-Montreal axis expands. Elsewhere, waves of French speakers from the Third World break over large Canadian and American cities. The *Francos d'Amérique*—what other name is appropriate for such a colorful and eclectic family?—face constantly changing situations and new challenges.

It is more than time to bring into focus this *Franco-Amérique* and its remarkably rich history and unusually dynamic cultures.

The book contains two chapters about Franco-Americans written by Franco-Americans, the first by Barry Rodrigue and the second by David Vermette.

(On Being Franco-American continued from page 20)

I was not the only one in my Catholic High School with ambition. Some of my classmates were quiet about what their plans were. Quite a few went to college because they were smart and not because we were taught well all the time. Quite a few were drafted or enlisted in advance of the draft for the War. In retrospect, nearly all did well after school, some, surprisingly well, considering our prospects, as I thought them to have been. All of us were a lot smarter than our behavior in school which was often undisciplined, and preposterously, intellectually obstructionistic.

But, before my tour had ended, I made a call to my girlfriend because I had made a decision to look for a college that might just be the least expensive in the country. I called my girlfriend to ask her, if we married, would she go to North Dakota to attend university? I had made inquiries and I had thought it most inexpensive and the way to go, having been brought up that way, I would guess. I called the nursing school in Lewiston, Maine, Saint Mary's, and got the supervising nun's permission to speak to my girlfriend. She allowed for five minutes. Juliette said, "No way!"

Then I thought of Catholic Colleges, why not? I knew of at least one Saint Louis High School student who had attended school, a recruited student who had excelled at football. Then I thought of the annual homilies and collections on behalf of a particular Catholic University, which I believe might have been the Catholic University of America in Washington. Why not? Could not afford to go. Boston College? Holy Cross-? Then, I decided on Maine in Orono.

John Hankins, Chairman of the English Department at the University of Maine invited me to visit with him in his office. Since I had never talked to Dr. Hankins extensively, I was eager to learn what it was that Dr. Hankins had in mind by calling me to his office. I knew that he was a "distinguished professor." I also knew that he was the author of **Shakespeare's Derived Imagery,** a book that was still on Amazon's list sixty years later. I never bought or read it, as I recall. At the time, I was a candidate for a master's degree in English, and I was spending part of my graduate years satisfying licensing requirements for a teaching certificate in English.

I can't describe the kind of conference it was with Dr. Hankins. He was asking why it was that I had decided to major in English because I was Franco American, a "Canuck," in common parlance, but, then and now, I can't imagine it. He was such a kind man. It appeared to me as if he was bothered by tearing eyes which made him difficult to read.

If there was anything about my thinking at the time, it was that his question had more to do with his thinking, that I should be majoring in "French." I had had, already, a sense of what his remark meant. In a course on The **Canterbury Tales,** we were encouraged to speak the words for the piece in what

Clara Fabrola Coutu Coulombe holding Gérard, 18 months, born 9-3-31

the professor demonstrated was the correct way to speak them. I applied the French I knew to several readings of the parts of the Tales, giving them the French stresses that I thought were indicated by the text. Well, I was corrected for the "Canadien" stresses that I had used, as I spoke the prologue.

I left Doctor Hankins's office wondering about the purpose of the interview. I did not think there was malice involved because he talked, if I am correct, about his son who was eager to follow in his footsteps. Then, I also wondered if he thought that I had made a mistake because he happened to have mentioned that had I chosen to major in French. I would be on my way to a doctorate at some university and a brighter future ahead of me.

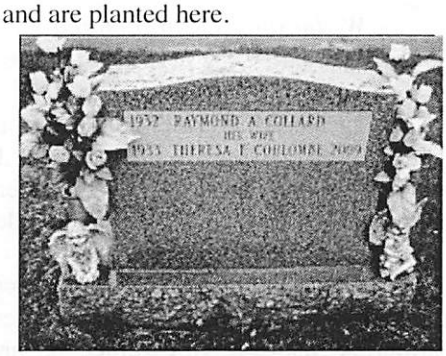
Then, my wife remembers that her recollection of that meeting with Dr. Hankins was about his son and my experience with practice teaching in Brewer, Maine. He wanted his son to become a public school teacher. That's what the meeting was about, she says.

Then, again, I could have gone to work in the textile mill where I learned a lesson in marketing while folding blankets in the interim between my discharge and the start of my freshman year at Maine. I had noted that the blankets I was folding were labeled, MACY, a brand with which I was, as of yet, unfamiliar. I learned an important lesson: A PEPPERELL blanket was also a Macy's blanket.

Like a blanket, a college education could be as good as an other in its market. A lot depended upon workmanship and the quality of the product. When we were growing up, we were very much aware of prejudice—a different kind, perhaps but prejudice, nevertheless. In many ways, we were the lesser class, or brand—no need for embarrassment or shame. In many ways, we left class behind. We assimilate. No one speaks French anymore. Canada is north of the border. They are the foreigners. Madame Clark would be happy. Parisian French is the vogue in school. The majority of kids elect Spanish. The elderly who remain are bilingual. When they go, that's all she wrote. Bonjour! Au revoir!

Of those in the family remaining in the Biddeford/Saco area, only my brother-in-law still speaks French, rarely does he speak English, but all of his children and grandchildren speak English almost exclusively. He is, perhaps, the only one who still goes to church. He misses his wife. They spoke French, together. She passed away some years ago, suddenly, upon waking in bed and sitting up. He visits her grave nearly every day for a conversation about the children and the newborns. He awaits his own passing so that, together, they can share the grave, and miss the children together.

Saint Joseph's Cemetery in Biddeford is the place to go to appreciate the resting place of all those who came to Biddeford with French-Canadian names and are planted here.



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Les batailleurs – Enquête d'un Québécois sur la diaspora franco-américaine

par Simon Couillard
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J'ai lu les écrits français de Jack Kerouac au printemps dernier. Cela s'inscrivait, pour moi, dans une démarche de découverte du Canada français. Je m'étais intéressé plus tôt à l'Acadie, à la Gaspésie, aux écrits de Jacques Ferron et de Gabrielle Roy… mais pénétrer le monde de Kerouac a été une révélation. Je voulais savoir ce qu'il en restait.

Je suis né en 1980 et j'ai grandi au sein de la classe moyenne en région, dans un bungalow non loin d'un centre d'achat. J'avais tendance à dire : « comme tout le monde ». Je suis et j'ai toujours été Québécois. Je n'ai pas vécu l'univers culturel du Canada français traditionnel, ou si peu. Mais voilà : aujourd'hui, même un ministre du gouvernement québécois nous invite à nous redéfinir comme Franco-Canadien. On a beau vivre dans le pays imaginaire, tout ça devient trop réel. Je voulais en savoir davantage. Avec Jack Kerouac, j'ai voulu voir comment ça s'était passé dans le « Canada d'en bas ». Je vous présente ici le fruit de mon travail. Je suis parti pour une semaine en terre franco-américaine, j'ai rencontré des membres éminents de la communauté, et j'en ai tiré le texte que voici.

Jour 1, 14 juin 2016.
Canada Road jusqu'à Rhea

« Je suis une Canuck, je vis dans le Maine et je cuisine avec du lard salé. […] Je suis un cul-de-sac culturel. »

- Wednesday's Child, Rhea Côté Robbins

L'agente des douanes au poste frontalier de Coburn Gore, au surlendemain de l'attentat d'Orlando, donne une première impression qui teintera ma perception des États-Unis : celle d'un peuple confiant en ses capacités. Au long de la route à travers les Appalaches, le drapeau américain est partout. À Madison, ville édifiée sur une ancienne mission française en territoire Abénaki, on voit des cocardes tricolores sous les fenêtres. Je goûte dès le départ l'exubérance de cette République dont j'envie, à vrai dire, la force d'affirmation. Comment a-t-il été possible de croire, à une autre époque, que nous pourrions reprendre nos droits, ici? Comment l'humble sensibilité paysanne des Canadiens français, qui était encore celle de Jack Kerouac, aurait-elle pu résister à l'ethos américain?

Au cours de l'après-midi, je rencontre l'écrivaine Rhea Côté Robbins au High Tide à Brewer, sur la rive gauche du fleuve Penobscot. Sur la rive opposée, qu'on voit par la fenêtre, c'est le centre-ville de Bangor. J'ai de la sympathie pour cette écrivaine avant tout, pour quelques détails dans un de ses livres au sujet de son père : ce qu'il lui racontait sur son enfance et la porcherie familiale, sur l'importance de castrer les porcs assez tôt pour que la viande ait bon goût, sur la manière dont il faut les frapper pour les assommer… Mon père me racontait la même chose. Pour elle comme pour moi, il s'agit d'un savoir qui a peu de chances d'être actualisé. « On trouve ça aussi dans les écrits de Camille Lessard-Bissonnette (écrivaine franco-américaine née au début du XXe siècle) et Grace Metalious (alter ego féminin de Jack Kerouac)! », qu'elle m'apprend. Le lard castré, « égossillé » disait mon père, le lard salé : voilà ce qui nous unit à prime abord, Rhea et moi.

Nous discutons en anglais. Le mien est un peu rouillé, mais elle comprend quand je trébuche et passe au français. C'est sa langue maternelle. « "La Révolution tranquille"… on en a besoin! », me lance-t-elle d'emblée. Et je comprends ce qu'elle veut dire, sans trop en connaître le détail. Avant de rencontrer Rhea, j'ai lu son livre, Wednesday's Child , un très bel ouvrage qui décrit sa jeunesse dans le quartier francophone de Waterville, au Maine. J'ai aussi lu certaines critiques, dont quelques-unes avaient des relents traditionalistes étrangers à mon monde. Derrière, on devinait l'austérité et la pudeur qui ne pouvaient exister que dans l'« Ancien régime » québécois. À l'évidence, ces critiques ont heurté Rhea et ont contribué à définir sa vision de la réalité franco-américaine.

Elle en veut à l'hypocrisie des « bon catholiques, » comme les appelait sa mère avec dérision, de ces « vierges mariées » qui refusent la diversité possible d'une communauté franco-américaine qui délaisserait un peu du poids de l'héritage canadien-français. C'est le traditionalisme qui expliquerait selon elle la légendaire discrétion des Franco-Américain (selon la formule de Dyke Hendrickson qui évoque une « minorité silencieuse »). Pour préserver l'image d'Épinal du Canada d'en bas, l'élite aurait veillé à ce que rien ne bouge, à ce que la référence demeure restreinte (« keep the subject small », dans les mots de Rhéa). C'était les sœurs à l'*école* paroissiale qu'elle fréquentait : « Elle m'ont collé un "D" en français, en troisième année! C'était ma langue, je parlais le français! »

L'écrivaine que je découvre se dit pourtant Franco-Américaine. C'est qu'elle a choisi de prendre part à un récit controversé qui la concerne. Ce récit tissé de silence, il faudrait le comprendre, croit-elle. Et on ne pourrait le juger sans prendre acte de la haine et de la discrimination dont ont été victime les membres de la communauté. « Le Ku Klux Klan a marché dans cette ville! ». C'est une crainte qui chez Rhéa, à l'adolescence, s'est transformée en honte comme chez d'autres Canucks. Le regard du dominant intériorisé, « internalized ». « Je suis revenu à mes racines par hasard, à cause d'un emploi au Centre Franco-Américain, » à l'Université du Maine à Orono dans les années 1980. Une nouvelle initiation à sa culture, qu'elle s'est appropriée définitivement après un passage par les « women studies » (elle a fondé la Franco-American

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Women's Institute, FAWI, qu'elle dirige actuellement).

Jeune grand-mère, elle lit avec avidité les écrivains québécois de la Révolution tranquille. « Jamais on ne nous a présenté ça, jamais parlé de ça. Rien ici ». De la littérature sur le Québec moderne, en anglais ou en français, on n'en trouve pas dans les librairies de Bangor : « Pas d'intérêt, ici. C'est quoi, ça? » Table rase d'une communauté possible, comme on a fait table rase des « tenements » du petit Canada de Waterville dans les années 1960, « poussés sur la plage et brûlés », au nom d'un progrès qui a fait disparaître le patrimoine franco-américain alors que les dominants (ces « Gentrefiers » qui suscitent la colère de Rhea!) refont l'espace urbain à leur image.

...Demain, je constaterai l'état des lieux.

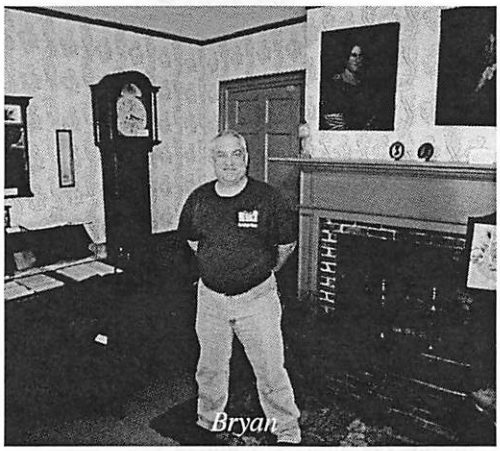
Jour 2, 15 juin 2016.
Waterville et Lewiston

« La survivance est maintenant morte dans les petits Canada de la Nouvelle-Angleterre »

- *The Little Canadas of New England,* Claire Quintal

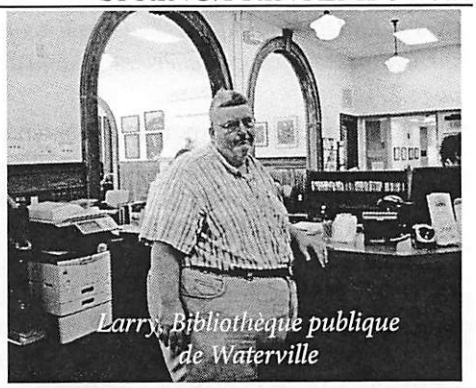
Départ de Bangor pour Waterville qui est à moins d'une heure de voiture. Je file vers les locaux de la *Waterville Historical Society*. Le récit de Rhea m'a donné un angle : ces « tenements » rasés et brûlés, les vieux Francos laissés pour compte... Les locaux de la société se trouvent dans l'ancienne maison d'Asa Redington, premier industriel de la ville, convertie en musée dans les années 1920. J'arrive à peine un peu à l'avance pour les visites et je rencontre le curateur, Bryan Finnemore. Bryan habite la partie arrière de la maison avec sa femme. Il y a d'ailleurs grandi, comme ses parents étaient curateurs avant lui. On discute un peu, mais la question qui m'habite et celle que je finis par lui poser concerne les traces de la présence canadienne-française dans la ville. « Hum... laisse-moi y penser... euh... hum. » Ça commence mal! Si j'avais l'aplomb de ma douanière de Coburn Gore, je le presserais sans doute davantage. Il me dit que la Chambre de commerce doit avoir une carte avec les sites à voir au centre-ville.

Il y a une visite du musée prévue à 11 heures et je suis là. Les sorties d'écoles, les « field trips, » sont terminées et je suis le seul qui est là. Bryan, finalement bien sympathique, me fait parcourir la collection impressionnante d'artéfacts dont les plus anciens remontent à la guerre d'indépendance de 1776. Des armes, du matériel militaire, du matériel de cuisine, cette boîte à musique dont je n'avais jamais vu le modèle auparavant, etc. Des choses qu'on s'attend à voir dans un tel musée. « Ah! Tu vas apprécié ça! » et il me montre une redingote de la Imperial Legion qui aurait appartenue à un Canadien français de la ville. Il me croit chauvin. J'ai l'air content. Il me pointe deux portraits sur le mur : les Castonguay brothers, qui appartiennent à la légende locale. L'un est mort durant la Première Guerre mondiale, l'autre durant la Seconde. Dans un présentoir, il y a les photos des sœurs Drouin, elles aussi héros de guerre. Ce sont les individus « outstanding » qui trouvent leur place dans l'histoire, ici. On admire le « self-made man/woman, » comme ce monsieur LaVerdiere et sa femme, apothicaires, dont les descendants ont légué à la Maison Redington toute une collection d'opiacés, de toniques et de laxatifs qui clôturent l'exposition, dans une pièce dont l'odeur d'alcool et de bois rappelle celle du Scotch.


Bryan

Bryan et moi sommes en bons termes, nous avons discuté famille et politique américaine. Avant que je quitte, il me fait signe d'attendre, puis retourne dans son logement. Il en revient, cellulaire sur l'oreille, en train de parler à un ami qui est administrateur à la bibliothèque publique de Waterville. J'ai une autre connexion : Larry va me montrer ce que la Public Library possède sur les Franco-Américains.

Larry est un type corpulent à lunettes, adonné au travail intellectuel, qui détient un master en histoire et a fait une thèse sur Margaret Chase Smith, sénatrice républicaine du Maine à l'époque de McCarthy. Je n'ose lui demander de parcourir avec moi les multiples paliers et étages de cet immense manoir néoroman converti, mais


Larry, Bibliothèque publique de Waterville

il m'indique gentiment où se trouve la section qui m'intéresse. Je monte et redescend et me perd, mais je trouve enfin. Je trouve quelques livres, dont celui de Dyke Hendrickson, mais je suis déçu. Presque rien. Rien en français. Le quart de la population de Nouvelle-Angleterre a des racines canadiennes-françaises et presque rien dans la bibliothèque. Je retrouve Larry qui me voit un peu découragé : « Écoute, tu devrais aller à Lewiston au Franco-Center », et il me donne l'adresse. J'irai, mais pas sans avoir vu l'ancien petit Canada, entre la papetière et l'ancienne manufacture, sur Water St. où Rhea a grandi.

« Notre héritage est la pauvreté », m'avait dit Rhea. On ne saurait mieux décrire les restes du quartier canadien-français de Waterville, devant l'ancienne filature. Des habitations délabrées, des commerces fermés et ce bar dont l'écriteau indique seulement « Chez... » (la partie du bas étant manquante). C'est Steve (Bouchard par sa mère), un client, qui m'en donne le nom complet : Chez Paris. Steve et son ami Shane (d'ascendance irlandaise) sont seuls à cette heure et à cette terrasse dont la structure et le treillis donnent l'impression d'une mise à distance volontaire du quartier. « C'est un bar qui se meurt, actually », précise Steve. On discute un peu. Je comprends bien que c'est le secteur au complet qui subit la même longue décadence. Rhea avait raison : les traces de la présence canadienne-française à Waterville, du groupe canadien-français, ne subsistent que là où le développement s'est arrêté, par manque d'intérêt ou de ressources. Entre le haut et le bas de Water St., il y a deux mondes. Le haut forme une artère commerciale assez typique. À cet endroit, la seule trace de l'ancienne présence des Canucks est le « two-cents bridge » qui donne accès à la papetière (mais rien ne signale le lien avec leur histoire, et les adolescents qui flânaient sur le pont quand je suis passé n'en savaient pas plus, pas certains de ce qu'était un « Franco-American » non plus).

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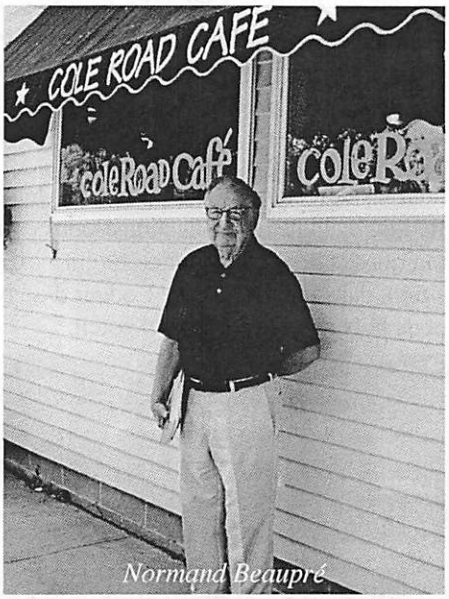
Je ne désespère pourtant pas (pas encore) de trouver les structures possibles d'une urbanité francophone sur les ruines des petits Canadas. Certains endroits s'imposent d'eux-mêmes comme hypothèse, de par leur concentration historique d'une population canadienne-française : Lowell et Fall River au Massachussetts, Woonsocket au Rhode Island, Manchester et Berlin au New Hampshire, et ailleurs. Mais là où on fait le plus grand bruit de la présence canadienne-française, c'est à Lewiston, au Maine. Je reprends donc mon chemin et j'arrive à Lewiston en fin d'après-midi

Arrivé au Franco-Centre, je rencontre le directeur Mitchell Clyde Douglas (pas que je demande la preuve d'un quarteron de sang français, mais on peut difficilement faire plus « WASP » comme nom – de fait, Mitch n'est pas Franco, qu'un lointain ancêtre écossais à Fredericton... un peu Canadien, dois-je comprendre). Le Centre se trouve dans l'ancienne église, face à la filature. De l'autre côté de la rue, on trouve l'ancien petit Canada, dont les « tenements » ont été largement préservés. « Il n'y a pas beaucoup de français dans la communauté », me dit Mitch. Les plus jeunes, parmi ceux qui parlent le français, font partie de la nouvelle vague d'immigrants. Ils sont Congolais, Burundais, Rwandais, Ivoiriens.

En réalité, le Franco-Center est un lieu communautaire où l'attachement à l'histoire prime sur la maîtrise de la langue. Parce que le centre est financé par TV5 monde, qui reconnaît l'importance de cette poche française aux États-Unis, la télé trône sur la scène du sous-sol de cette ancienne église lors de « la Rencontre, » événement périodique qui regroupe les membres de la communauté franco-américaine de la ville. La nef et le chœur de l'église ont été converties en une salle de spectacle magnifique, ouverte à tous les publics intéressés par le théâtre, les représentations musicales, les comedy show... en anglais, cela va de soi. Et pour ceux qui veulent se retrouver entre francophones exclusivement, il y a le club Passe-temps, en face. Le dernier de 4 clubs similaires dans la ville : on fume, on boit, on joue aux pools. La clientèle ne s'est pas renouvelée depuis les dernières années, selon Mitch.

C'est bientôt l'heure du souper, mais j'en profite néanmoins pour arpenter ce petit Canada dont les tenements doivent ressembler à celui qu'a habité la famille Kerouac, sur Lupine Rd ou Moody St., à Lowell. Il s'agit d'un quartier plus petit et plus pauvre qu'avant, mais l'apparence des lieux donne l'impression, tout de même, d'un environnement qui devait être familier aux Francos de la première moitié du XXe siècle. Ce n'est que la façade. Pour ce qu'il reste du « Canada d'en bas », de son identité, je l'aurai plutôt trouvé à Biddeford le lendemain, chez le professeur et écrivain Normand Beaupré, dans une demeure où notre ancienne culture ethno-religieuse, celle dans laquelle Jack a baigné jusqu'à l'âge de 6 ans, a survécu au temps.

Jour 3, 16 juin 2016.
Normand Beaupré



Normand Beaupré

« Nous savons que des races existent qui se passent plus facilement que d'autres d'or et d'argent, et qu'un clocher d'Église ou de monastère, quoi qu'en disent les apparences, montent plus haut dans le ciel qu'une cheminée d'usine. »

- Chez nos ancêtres, Lionel Groulx

Le vieil homme devant moi a choisi la mauvaise journée pour se balader en décapotable. Pas que le temps est mauvais (il est splendide!), mais il n'y avait pas de déjeuner continental ce matin à l'hôtel. Je cherche désespérément une épicerie, j'ai rendez-vous à 11h... Je n'ai aucune envie de rouler 10 miles sous la limite permise. Pas de mention « Veteran » sur sa plaque de licence (j'ai vu les films d'Oliver Stone, je me tiendrais à carreau!). Il se tasse enfin.

Ils ont des muffins à saveur de crème glacée aux États-Unis. Celui érable et noix du « Shaw's supermarket » (ça faisait plus « déjeuner ») est au moins aussi saturé de sucre que l'autre à la pistache, vert fluo et suintant, qui fut mon dessert à Bangor, mais c'est vite avalé. Je peux reprendre la route. Je serai à Biddeford à l'heure convenue.

Cet ancien centre de l'industrie textile est à quelques minutes à peine des plages de Saco et Old Orchard. Une importante population canadienne-française s'y est installée à partir de la fin du XIXe siècle. Entre les années 1930 et 1950, elle représentait plus de 60% de la population totale de la ville. Aujourd'hui, on s'étonnerait de croiser un francophone sur Main St., à l'ombre de la Pepperell.

L'homme que j'ai rejoint à Biddeford (il y est né et y a vécu la majeure partie sa vie) est néanmoins un pur Franco. Il est par-dessus tout le gardien d'un héritage et d'une identité (qui peuvent se réclamer à bon droit des écrits français du « Ti Gas » de Lowell) en danger de disparaître avec lui. Normand Beaupré est un vieil homme d'une élégance qui tranche avec celle de mon décapoté. Moins exubérante. Sa présence m'impose un calme salutaire.

Après avoir travaillé à la manufacture de soulier de Kennebunck durant l'adolescence, après le travail à la filature pour soutenir la famille durant les temps durs, aussi pour payer sa scolarité à l'Université Brown, et après s'être élevé de ses propres efforts à une remarquable carrière académique, cet homme, qui compte plus de 30 ouvrages à son actif, mérite à tout le moins qu'on ne le brusque pas. Cela dit, on pourrait difficilement le prendre en défaut : l'adversité, il connaît.

Ce diplômé de la Ivy League, donc, ce self-made man a vu les portes des collèges et des universités américaines se fermer devant lui, celles des départements de langues et littératures. Le français parlé de ce spécialiste de Corneille n'était pas de France. « Une forme de discrimination, je crois, » me dit-il. C'est la dignité qui commande cet euphémisme. Le professeur Beaupré a pu obtenir un poste à la University of New England de Biddeford, édifiée sur les restes du collège Saint-Francois (un junior college qu'administraient les Franciscains de la paroisse Saint-André, au profit de la population franco-américaine) par où il était passé. D'ailleurs, M. Beaupré est le seul, de ces gens que j'aurai rencontrés, qui n'ait quelque reproche à formuler à l'égard du clergé enseignant (qui pesait lourd dans ces enclaves urbaines qu'on s'efforçait de

(suite page 29)

(Les batailleurs – Enquête d'un Québécois sur la diaspora franco-américaine suite de page 28)

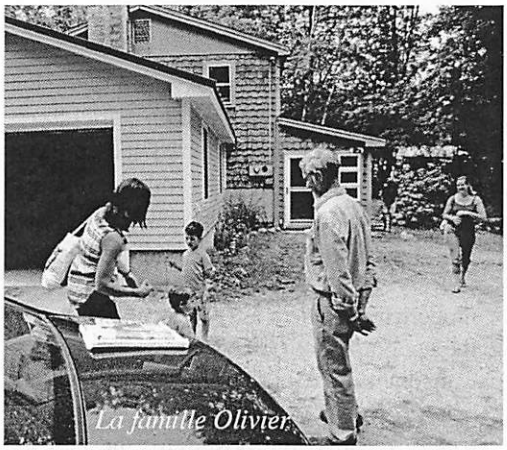
garder étanches). Le père Benoît l'a pris sous son aile.

« Faut avoir du casque! », résume Normand au sujet de son parcours. Il faut en avoir aussi pour continuer comme il le fait : « Je ne désespère pas, mais je ne vois pas cette continuité (culturelle). C'est parce qu'on n'enseigne plus le français à l'Université. Mes textes, ça ne marche pas ». Ils sont pourtant bons. À l'époque, M. Beaupré a créé le personnage de « la Souillonne », qui s'est révélé moins efficace que son alter ego de Bouctouche. Les Acadiens ont la cuisine et le tourisme, un patrimoine « rentable » qui manque aux Canucks. Mais les écrits restent, et c'est pourquoi Normand Beaupré continu. Son œuvre s'ajoute à un patrimoine écrit qui témoigne d'une sensibilité particulière : « J'aime Jack Kerouac parce qu'il est fondamentalement Franco-Américain. Le français et les valeurs qu'il tient de sa mère, première enseignante, tabernacle des valeurs, des valeurs sacrées [...], la sensibilité de Kerouac sont franco-américaines ». Ça me rappelle Victor Lévi-Beaulieu dans son essai-poulet. Il résumait ainsi : « Finalement, la chose est assez simple : même à l'époque beat, le seul lieu où Jack se sente à l'aise, c'est chez sa mère – Tous ses livres sont écrits selon le même scénario : un été à courir la galipotte, à philosopher et à cuiter avec les vieux tchommes d'habitude, suivi d'un hiver à écrire cet été, sous le regard bienveillant de Mémère. »

C'est sans doute ce rapport affectif avec la mère qui a réconcilié Normand avec l'œuvre de Kerouac. Le Jack « beat, » à l'époque, il ne s'y intéressait pas. Jack Duluoz (l'alias de Kerouac dans ses derniers romans), lui a révélé le « vrai » visage de l'écrivain, et sans doute celui d'une mère semblable à la sienne. Dans les romans de Normand Beaupré, les femmes tiennent une place éminente. C'est que, selon lui, sans les femmes, il n'y a pas de Franco-Américanie. Ce sont ses personnages principaux. « J'ai grandi entouré de femmes » : ses sœurs, la tante Eva, la grand-mère paternelle, Laura, et bien sûr sa propre mère, né à Dover au New Hampshire, qui était infirme. Il ne me parle pas de Lucille.

Nous discutons de bien d'autres choses, Normand et moi. Deux générations nous séparent, mais plus nous discutons, plus se crée entre nous un lien d'amitié et de respect qui surmonte cette distance. Nous revenons finalement chez lui, comme il veut me remettre des livres. Il jette un regard par la fenêtre avant de monter le petit escalier à l'avant. « Ma femme est une Canadienne française! La maison est propre! », remarque-t-il avec une pointe d'orgueil. Et tandis que j'entre dans cette modeste maison de la rue Gertrude (dans le quartier, les noms de rue sont des prénoms de femmes – Je soupçonne que mon hôte y est pour quelque chose), j'aperçois Lucille qui récure l'évier. Elle se rend compte de ma présence et se retourne, les mains sur les hanches (dans l'une, elle tient toujours la ginige (guenille)) et l'œil brillant: « Bonjour, bonjour! ». Nous échangeons des convenances et je remarque à quel point tout, dans la maison, est impeccable. Normand monte à l'étage et Lucille m'offre la chaise berçante en attendant. J'éprouve un sentiment rare de bien-être, dans le rappel de mes origines ethniques (un mot qui n'effraie pas, ici). Pour un bref instant, je suis au Canada français, au cœur de la Nouvelle-Angleterre.

Jour 4, 17 juin 2016. Chez les Olivier, non loin de Dover



La famille Olivier

« [...] le fleuve qui coule lentement en forme d'arc, les filatures avec leurs longues rangées de fenêtres toutes rougeoyantes, les cheminées d'usine qui montent plus haut que les clochers des églises. »

- The Town and the City, Jack Kerouac

Je suis décidément chanceux. Le temps est magnifique depuis le jour 1. Au jour 4, durant la matinée, je fais le tour du centre-ville de Dover avant de rejoindre Julien, Jane et Anique Olivier pour le brunch à Barrington, en périphérie. Julien est plus jeune que Normand. Ancien directeur de l'ACA (l'Association Canado-Américaine qui a fermé ses portes en 2009, après 113 ans d'opération), il a été mon premier contact pour ce projet. Je le connais, lui, et Jane et Anique, depuis les camps d'été de l'Association au début des années 1990. Ces camps m'ont donné l'impression d'une francophonie américaine soucieuse de préserver ses liens avec la mère-patrie québécoise. Je suis heureux de les retrouver, 25 ans plus tard, mais je vais déchanter un peu sur cette vision d'enfance.

Julien Olivier est un représentant de ce qu'il conviendrait d'appeler « la génération du BEA (Bilingual Education Act) ». Le BEA, amendement de 1968 qui devenait l'article 7 de l'ESEA (Elementary and Secondary Education Act), a donné l'impulsion pour ce qui demeure à ce jour la dernière grande démarche collective d'affirmation identitaire pour les Franco-Américains. Julien et d'autres éducateurs ont pensé et conçu des manuels et des projets locaux visant l'enseignement de la formation générale en français. C'était, à l'en croire, une époque effervescente où régnait un climat égalitariste, dans la foulée du mouvement pour les droits civiques. C'était aussi, au Québec, l'époque de René Lévesque (comme on m'en parle de René Lévesque! – lui qui a tendu la main à ces gens). D'abord enseignant dans une école secondaire de Rochester, Julien a été conseiller pédagogique entre 1976 et 1982, à Bedford. S'inspirant des travaux de Wallace E. Lambert de l'Université McGill sur l'enseignement en langue seconde, il a travaillé à ces projets jusqu'à l'époque de Reagan (il ne le tient pas dans son cœur, lui!) qui a présidé au désengagement du gouvernement fédéral dans le domaine de l'éducation.

La Franco-Américanie connaissait en même temps son époque jouale. On s'intéressait aux dialectes régionaux. On s'intéressait au « nous ». C'était l'époque d'un rapprochement et d'une collaboration plus étroite avec les Cajuns de la Louisiane par l'entremise du CODOFIL (Council for the Development of French in Louisiana). Pour Julien, ces derniers s'en sont mieux tirés. Tourisme, cuisine, zydeco, mardi gras... rien d'équivalent pour les Franco-Américains, leurs filatures et leurs paroisses n'offrant pas cet élément romantique utile à la marchandisation des identités culturelles. Là, l'État a vu son profit à financer des « projets identitaires ». En Nouvelle-Angleterre, c'est autre chose maintenant. « Nous n'avons jamais appris à nous battre », me dit Julien. Émasculation du mâle franco-américain (le lard qui me revient à l'esprit), incapacité de révolte... « J'avais une chronique en français

(suite page 31)

(Prosper Bender (1844-1917) Canadian Littérateur, Expatriate, and Intercultural Broker continued from page 24)

Americans on French-Canadian culture at a moment when they felt deluged by immigrants who espoused different values. Separating the migrant masses from the eminent minds he had known in Quebec City, Bender wrote in the *Magazine of American History* that French Canadians were "backward in education and primitive in habit." They were extremely prolific, and yet, their political weight "exceeded the proportion properly belonging to [their] numbers." Americans could easily find in such remarks—if not in the state of affairs in Canada—a threat to republican institutions.

But the immigrants would not overturn the mores and institutions of American society, Bender assured his readers. In fact, his case for annexation grew from the supposed prevalence of republican sentiments among French Canadians. From their "conquerors," his countrymen had learned to love liberty; they had "cultivated the good qualities of the Anglo-Saxon." In the United States, French Canadians further learned to value education. Through diligent work, parents sought to place their children in the professions. The naturalization movement in "Little Canadas" reflected a dedication to their adoptive country.

It is to be wondered whether Bender challenged Yankee prejudice with these statements, or in fact nourished it. He seemed to identify Americanization as a desirable end, towards which the enlightened Canadian would strive. Here, his bicultural identity may have impeded the cosmopolitan Bender: he was less sensitive to the distinct possibility that French Canadians would lose their distinct institutions in the United States. If they did, he seemed to say, it would be but a small loss on the road to education, economic well-being, and sound government.

Such views were not a strict matter of ethnic bias: they arose from the hard line of separation between classes in and out of Canada. Bender had far more in common with the bourgeois elite of Quebec City and Boston—educated, worldly—than he did with the ostensibly parochial Canadian farmer with narrow interests and little exposure to refined culture. A telling instance was his idea that Canadians were moving to American factory cities because the work was lighter there than on the old family farm. This class bias played prominently in Bender's series on the French-Canadian peasantry for the *Magazine of American History* in 1890. He evinced a romantic and friendly view of the Quebec countryside, which had sustained the virtues and ways of old France. But, he explained, "with people fettered by ancient habits and customs, and proud of their fetters, modern notions have a hard struggle. In the main the *habitant* of to-day is the same as the colonist of the days of Vaudreuil. He has preserved the language, the religion, the laws, the customs, the traditions, and even the prejudices of his Gallic ancestors." The effect of such declarations was to relegate French Canadians to a lower order of civilization.

These articles read as an ethnographic study of the French-Canadian agricultural class. Bender declared that "[t]he *habitant* is fickle, impressionable, and impulsive." He also slid into the racial essentialism that became so common in the late nineteenth century. The practices that might seem premodern to outsiders were especially suited to the geography of Quebec, however. French Canadians were thrifty, sober, light-hearted, and profoundly communitarian. Bender fondly recalled the hospitality he had received in Montmagny, near Quebec City, as a boy, and brought more of himself into the text than ever before. To those who knew him, this series in the *Magazine of American History* suggested nostalgia. To others, he conveyed the image of an exotic people at once close and entirely foreign.

Bender studied French Canadians' *américanité*: the extent to which they shared the ideals, interests, and culture of the United States. He was provided with an opportunity afforded to very few expatriates. He had the social and cultural capital and the access to needed to foster tolerance. But the distinctive qualities of his socioeconomic stratum may have prevented him from carrying out such an essential task. As he began to romanticize the *Canadien* countryside and cultivate the quaintness of the migrants, Bender relied on a depiction of French Canadians that made them out to be products of an age long past. Class fractures among migrants have received little attention from scholars, but Bender's case hints at the need for more research on the influence, or lack thereof, of the expatriated Canadian middle-class on American mindsets.

From his home on Boylston Street, Bender never ceased looking north. "Jamais je ne t'oublierai," he had written in 1882 of a romantic scene of Canadian field work he beheld as a young man. His American sojourn showed that he did not easily forget his native land and that, in his own way, he continued to view it with affection. In 1908, he returned to Quebec. Bender set up his medical practice in the shadow of the Château Frontenac and continued to write, now reconciled with his native land. He died on January 24, 1917 after a brief illness. The news of his passing was met with widespread sorrow. In obituaries, the press acknowledged his contributions to Canadian literature. His time south of the border was noted, but articles penned in his exile were not. In the United States, on the eve of "one-hundred-percent Americanism," the *mal aimée* Franco-American community continued to struggle with prejudice.

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(Les batailleurs – Enquête d'un Québécois sur la diaspora franco-américaine suite de page 29)

dans le Union Leader entre 1978 et 1998, une chronique appréciée. Quand j'ai commencé, la moitié de la ville de Manchester était francophone. Puis soudain, on a mis fin abruptement à cette chronique. S'il y a eu du mécontentement, personne n'a protesté ». Les reproches de Julien à l'égard de cette communauté m'en rappellent d'autres, entendus au sujet des Canadiens français du Québec, et cette injonction : se tenir coi, satisfait, ne pas se plaindre…

Et les écrits français de Kerouac, alors? Plus trop son truc, à Julien : « Ce n'est plus mon monde. L'univers franco-américain est rétréci, rapetissé, introspectif… c'est trop petit pour y vivre ». Et je pense : tout ce travail, cette vie… car non seulement Julien a-t-il été un éducateur et un animateur de la renaissance identitaire des années 1970 et 1980, il a aussi écrit, il a été conteur, compilateur et historien spécialiste de la tradition orale. Il a animé une émission en français sur la chaine 8, à Manchester. « Oui, ça devait être fait. C'était l'époque et j'ai eu un vrai plaisir, mais il y a plus grave à perdre que l'identité franco-américaine : la planète, l'environnement, la démocratie américaine… Entre perdre la messe en français ('c'est-y beau, une messe en français!' qu'il me dit avec dérision) et avoir Trump à la tête du gouvernement, le choix n'est pas difficile ». Aujourd'hui, Julien et Jane travaillent auprès des détenus et des malades en tant qu'aumôniers (Julien a fait une thèse en théologie), ils sont plusieurs fois grands-parents (ils ont 4 filles et une dizaine de petits-enfants) et demeurent heureux que la famille ait gardé un contact minimal avec la langue française, pour ce qu'elle offre comme ouverture sur le monde et comme opportunité pour les études supérieures.

Des 4 filles, Nicole a davantage repris à son compte ce legs : elle a fait une mineure en français et présidé le French club de l'Université du New Hampshire. Anique a été plus rebelle. Aujourd'hui mariée et diplômée du MIT, elle est directrice des études au Materials Research Science and Engineering Center de l'Université Brandeis, à Waltham. Sa mère, Jane, est d'ascendance irlandaise, son mari est juif : on devine que la culture franco-américaine occupe une place limitée dans son existence. Mais il y a toujours « pepére », comme l'appelle Isaac (le fils d'Anique et de Josh) qui assure une filiation. Par ailleurs, les deux fils d'Anique portent des noms français et juif (Isaac Laurent et Lucien Boaz). Fait rarissime, Josh a adopté le nom Olivier, à son mariage, et Anique Olivier-Mason, à la mi-trentaine, revendique sa part d'identité « french-canadian », même si elle a oublié la langue française de son père et de sa grand-mère.

Jour 5, 18 juin 2016.
Manchester, Roger Lacerte et Josée Vachon

« Relisez Docteur Sax et au lieu de Lowell écrivez Sherbrooke et tout le monde canadien-français d'avant la deuxième Grande Guerre passera devant vos yeux […]. »

- Jack Kerouac (essai-poulet), Victor Lévi-Beaulieu

Je rencontre Roger Lacerte à sa Librairie Populaire, à Manchester, dans la matinée. Roger est né à Lowell (j'y vais le lendemain) au milieu des années 1930. Canuck de quatrième génération et fils de tisserand, il a bourlingué pour la peine : les études, le service militaire, l'université au Québec (un mémoire à l'Université Laval sur le journaliste et écrivain de Lowell, Antoine Clément), le Lac Saint-Jean, l'enseignement à l'Université Sainte-Anne… Il tient sa librairie aujourd'hui, et il anime une émission de radio, « Chez-Nous », à WFEA. Il me parle de la ville où il a un jour aperçu Kerouac, au Bon Marché, qui signait des autographes (« surtout des femmes! »). C'était l'année où paraissait The Town and the City. Depuis, les choses ont changé : « Dans les années 1960, Washington a lancé un vaste programme de rénovation des centres-villes, 'urban renewal', qui a ruiné la paroisse Saint-Jean-Baptiste. Rasée, pour des 'parking lots', malgré les promesses… une belle blague! » Les « Gentrifiers » ici aussi.

« Lowell a toujours été une ville de minorités. Aujourd'hui, ce sont les Latinos, les Vietnamiens, les Cambodgiens, les Noirs. À l'époque, il n'y avait pas de Noirs… » Le Lowell de Roger et de Jack était canadien-français, grec et irlandais. Pour les quartiers francos, « c'était la même histoire, la même nation qu'au Québec. De Lowell à Drummondville, c'était la même vie, la même mentalité, la même réalité ». C'était avant la Révolution tranquille… « Vous avez manqué le bateau en rejetant la foi, » qu'il me dit, Roger… que nous avons troquée la sublime religion (il faut lire Visions of Gerard!) contre une spiritualité « cheap », syncrétique.

La religion, pour la société franco-américaine, c'était une façon de survivre, mais c'était aussi un recours moral face à la discrimination. « Les Francos du Maine ont été plus mal traités que d'autres. Ils n'avaient pas leur place dans les Universités. Maintenant, il y a [le gouverneur du Maine] Paul Lepage ». Roger s'intéresse à la politique, il appuie le gouverneur. Il a même eu sa carte du Parti québécois par le passé… Et l'avenir? Celui des Franco-Américains? « Vous connaissez ça, vous, l'avenir? Jésus a dit 'vous ne savez ni l'heure ni le jour' ». Tout de même! « Tant qu'il y aura un pepére ou une memére, même un Anglo peut être Franco-Américain ». Après…

J'ai fait quelques achats à la Librairie Populaire. Je vais lire un peu en attendant Josée Vachon au parc Lafayette, face à l'église Sainte-Marie dans l'ancien quartier franco de Manchester. Il faut d'abord traverser le pont pour rejoindre la rive droite du Merrimack qui traverse la ville et le New Hampshire depuis les White Mountains jusqu'au Massachussetts.

J'ai racheté les écrits français (j'avais donné ma copie à Julien Olivier, au cas), mais je vais plutôt parcourir l'ouvrage de Camille Lessard-Bissonnette (l'édition que j'ai trouvée chez M. Lacerte est celle de 1980, du National Materials Development Center for French de Bedford (là où M. Olivier a travaillé) – le centre a publié une collection entière des classiques de la littérature franco-américaine, à l'époque). Je m'y plonge, mais j'aperçois bien vite Josée Vachon qui me fait signe, juste devant le presbytère.

Chanteuse née au Québec (déménagée à Brownville Junction à l'âge de 2 ans), Josée est devenue avec le temps et après un

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passage déterminant à l'Université du Maine où elle a connu Yvon Labbée (fondateur du Centre Franco-Américain en 1972 – c'était l'époque d'Édith Butler et Angèle Arsenault), l'enfant chéri de la communauté franco-américaine. Ses ballades, en français et un brin nostalgiques, l'expliquent assurément. Mais il y a aussi ce charme et une humeur joviale qui tranche avec ce que j'ai connu depuis le jour 1. « Les événements qui ont marqué ma vie [quant au rapport à la langue française] ont toujours été valorisants », dit-elle, évoquant du même souffle le contraste avec l'expérience négative des Francos en général (des histoires de discrimination et d'humiliations répétées), particulièrement dans le Nord du Maine, dans leur rapport avec les Anglos. Elle a constaté leur honte de ne pas parler un bon français. Ce n'était pas son cas, ni pour la honte, ni pour le français.

Josée revient du Connecticut, où elle a chanté la veille. Elle doit se produire à l'église Sainte-Marie en fin de journée. Après plus de 30 ans dans le métier, mariée à un recteur de l'Université du Maine, elle choisit ses concerts. Et c'est avec bonheur qu'elle constate une relève. « J'étais avec Daniel Boucher (pas le Québécois, l'autre) et Patrick Ross hier. Ils disaient avoir grandi en écoutant mes chansons ». La musique franco-américaine se porterait donc bien. « Le folk, ça ne meurt pas. Il y aura toujours un public pour le 'trad' canadien-français ». Mais pour la chanson, Josée hésite : « Le monde aime entendre les expressions canadiennes-françaises qui ne se traduisent pas. Ça crée un lien, une fierté… Un jour, Antonine Maillet est venue ici et nous a dit : 'Qui perd sa langue perd sa culture', et ça m'avait inspiré une composition que j'ai intitulée 'On est toujours là' et dans laquelle j'écris : 'on se parle avec nos chants et nos images, car la joie de vivre ça ne s'oublie pas'… je ne suis pas certaine malgré tout. »

Elle pense. « Ça change ici. Les gens ont vieilli, mes 'role models'… des fois, la salle ne reconnait plus certaines chansons traditionnelles. Par exemple, je ne vais plus à Biddeford (à la Kermesse franco-américaine qui a longtemps reposée sur les épaules de Normand Beaupré) où tout se passe en anglais. C'est un festival country maintenant. » Ces changements ne la troublent pas outre mesure. Il y aurait un défi, de nos jours, à maintenir ce qui peut être maintenu, mais il n'est plus question de survie : « c'est (le scénariste) Grégoire Chabot (un de ses 'role models' de l'Université du Maine) qui le dit le mieux. Il ne faut pas voir ça fixe, l'identité franco-américaine. Les jeunes expriment leur créativité culturelle à leur façon, ils cherchent dans ce qu'il y a, dans ce qu'on n'a pas fait. C'est nous-autre mais pas comme nous autres. » J'oserais croire que René Lévesque, qui aimait les chanteuses et à qui elle a remis son premier long-jeu en mains propres, pensait la même chose de Josée : nous-autres mais pas comme nous autres. Car Josée Vachon n'est plus Québécoise. Et les Québécois viennet au Maine surtout pour ses plages, celle de Old Orchard où on peut croiser Roger Brunelle qui vient prendre un bain de français de temps à autre.

Jour 6, 19 juin 2016. Lowell et Nashua, Roger Brunelle et Steve Edington

« La tête, on la réservait pour la fromager. On gardait des rôtis, des côtelettes, de la viande à tourtière, que l'on mettait à la gelée. L'autre partie, bien désossée, était soigneusement disposée dans de grands saloirs en bois et recouverte de saumure. Cela constituait le lard salé avec lequel on faisait les fèves au lard, les soupes aux pois, les bouillis de légumes. »

- Canuck, Camille Lessard-Bissonnette

Kerouac Commemorative

Journée chargée aujourd'hui. Je me lève tôt, je dois rejoindre Roger Brunelle au Kerouac Commemorative à 9hres, sur Bridge St. J'arrive à l'avance. Je fais le tour du site qui fait dos au Eastern Canal, sur lequel la Massachusetts Mill, l'ancienne filature transformée en un immense complexe résidentiel, jette son ombre matinale.

Le comité organisateur du Commémoratif, dont faisait partie Roger, avait confié au sculpteur Ben Woitena la conception d'un monument à la mémoire du célèbre écrivain de Lowell au milieu des années 1980. Inauguré en 1988, il consiste en un arrangement de stèles de granites sur lesquelles on peut lire des citations tirées de l'œuvre de Kerouac, et disposées de façon à imiter, d'un point de vue aérien, les formes combinées de la croix chrétienne et d'un mandala (Kerouac s'est beaucoup intéressé à la spiritualité bouddhiste, ce qu'on constate à la lecture de ses romans). Au centre, on trouve un disque surélevé dont le rayon fait un demi-mètre. Les quatre stèles qui cernent ce disque ont, sur la face intérieure, un revêtement d'acier qui produit l'écho de tout bruit émanant du cœur du monument, dont le sculpteur affirme qu'il symbolise le centre d'équilibre cosmique autour duquel tourne le chaos du monde. L'éclairage est idéal pour prendre quelques photos.

Après un moment, je vais m'assoir pour relire certains passages de Dr. Sax – j'ai demandé à Roger de me faire voir surtout les lieux de ce roman, la maison sur Beaulieu St., The Grotto (reproduction de la grotte de Massabielle, « folle, vaste, religieuse, les Douze Stations de la Croix, douze petits autels installés, on se place devant, on s'agenouille, tout sauf l'odeur d'encens […], culmine une gigantesque pyramide-escalier au-dessus de laquelle la Croix s'érige phalliquement vers le ciel avec son pauvre fardeau le Fils de l'Homme transpercé au travers dans son Agonie et sa Peur […] »), l'école paroissiale Saint-Louis-de-France, l'église Saint-Jean-Baptiste, l'imprimerie du père… – et j'aperçois un homme au t-shirt noir sur lequel figure les lettres « M-O-N-T-R-E-A-L » et un drapeau du Québec que cache partiellement un petit bouddha en pendentif qui glisse à gauche et à droite, un octogénaire à l'air relativement jeune, un tatou sur l'avant-bras. C'est mon homme.

M. Lacerte m'avait dit de ne pas évoquer la question de l'annexion québécoise de Kerouac à son ami (ils se voient régulièrement). Je ne peux résister malgré l'avertissement, mais je le fais sourire en coin. Pas décontenancé, Roger m'entraine vers une des stèles où le comité a inscrit sa réponse dans le granite : « Name: Jack Kerouac, Nationality: Franco-American, Place of Birth: Lowell, Massachusetts, Date of Birth: March 12th, 1922. » Puis il me dit : « Kerouac a une double-identité. Une identité linguistique française – on jouait Molière, ici! – mais aussi une identité américaine/anglophone qu'on retrouve dans son écriture, la sonorité jazz et l'influence de

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Joyce, entre autres. » Mais son style libre, il n'est pas qu'américain : Kerouac disait de Céline qu'il était son maître. « C'est vrai. En français, il fallait se libérer du latin, de sa structure étouffante. » Roger s'y connait, il a enseigné les langues, français et latin, pendant 48 ans. À ceux qui dénoncent la difficulté de la structure, de l'orthographe (en français surtout) et de la syntaxe de Kerouac, il répond, laconique : « Jack a utilisé l'écriture pour reproduire la parole. C'est un usage possible. »

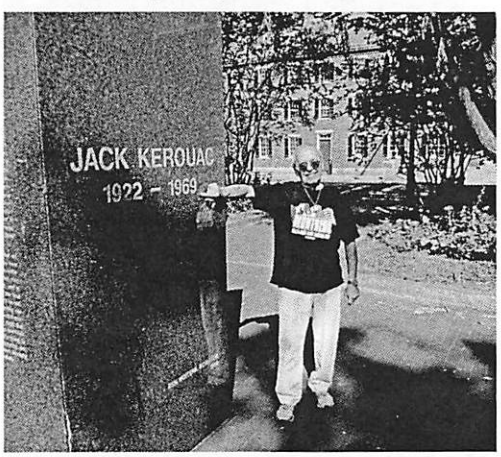
Ça fait 30 ans que Roger propose des visites du Lowell de Kerouac. Avec Louis Cyr, l'auteur de On the Road est sans doute le plus connu des Francos du coin. Après une visite à la bibliothèque où nous rejoignons Shawn Thibodeau qui nous ouvre les portes (c'est dimanche – c'est là que le jeune Jean-Louis Kerouac allait se réfugier, les jours d'école buissonnière) et un tour en voiture au centre-ville au cœur des anciens quartiers canadien-français, nous nous arrêtons à la grotte. Chemin de croix, ascension (à genoux, idéalement) de la pyramide jusqu'au sommet, contemplation du Christ, descente par l'autre bord, bénédiction par une réplique du petit Jésus de Prague, retour devant. The Grotto, c'est un lieu paisible. Pour les « Ti Gas » de Lowell, c'était un peu la forêt d'Hansel et Gretel : « Nos parents nous disaient : 'si vous êtes pas sages, on vous envoie à la grotte! » À côté, il y avait l'école et l'orphelinat : un milieu de vie auquel on voulait échapper.

Nous visitons la paroisse Saint-Louis-de-France dans Centralville (du français « centreville », on imagine), de l'autre côté du Merrimack. Les Kerouac ont vécu dans cette enclave canadienne-française. Roger y habite, comme son père et son grand-père avant lui. L'aspect général du quartier n'a pas dû trop changer : des petites maisons étroites de deux étages aux façades en lattes de bois. Sur les terrains avant, des niches mariales et des drapeaux américains... pas de français, par contre. L'assimilation est apparue inévitable (« Laissez-vous pas pogner! C'est le temps de faire l'indépendance! », dit mon guide). Roger se rappelle l'école Saint-Louis-de-France qu'il a fréquentée, le serment au Carillon-Sacré-Cœur le matin, le pledge of allegiance au drapeau étoilé en après-midi, et dans l'immense presbytère qui donnait sur la cour d'école, le curé et les vicaires tendant l'oreille à l'affût du moindre mot d'anglais dont on devait réprimer l'usage. Une politique désespérante, si elle n'était pas désespérée.

Nous nous arrêtons chez Vic's pour diner : tourtière (« pork pie »), fèves au lard (blanches, à Lowell : typiquement, 2 livres de fèves, 1 livre de lard salé en cube sur le dessus, ketchup, recouvrir d'eau et cuire pendant 7 heures à 350 dans un creuset. Ra-

joutez de l'eau après 5 heures), café noir et toasts. Nous discutons. Roger est un poète, il traduit ses états d'âme de façon convaincante. Il me parle de la difficulté de vieillir, du fait qu'il se sent jeune. Sa femme, d'origine lituanienne, qui a récemment frôlé la mort ne sort plus trop de la maison...

Nous avons fait un détour chez lui, plus tôt. C'était pour des affiches de Lowell Celebrates Kerouac! qu'il me donne. D'autres suivront par la poste avec cette mention



: « de Roger, l'Amerloque ». Il me ramène au Commémoratif où j'ai stationné ma voiture. Je dois me rendre à Nashua où j'ai rendez-vous avec Steve Edington.

« L'univers de Kerouac est inclusif. On the Road donne accès au reste de l'œuvre et à son langage poétique. C'est le monde de l'art, de la poésie », me disait Roger. Certainement, Steve Edington pourrait en témoigner. Voilà un homme qui ne compte aucun ancêtre canadien-français, qui n'en parle pas la langue, mais qui est néanmoins un expert de l'histoire familiale (et très québécoise) des Kerouac. Il a écrit un livre sur le clan (Kerouac's Nashua Connection), qui avait pour patrie cette ville du New Hampshire. C'est le hasard, ou l'emploi d'Émile (père de Jack), qui a entrainé la famille immédiate en aval de « s'grosse rivière là », comme disait Gabrielle-Ange.

Steve Edington est pasteur, diplômé en théologie. Un pasteur « liberal » qui se passionne pour le mouvement beat et la musique des Grateful Dead. Pas le genre auquel on s'attendrait, donc. Étudiant, il s'est vivement intéressé au domaine de la religion comparée, et particulièrement aux similitudes entre catholicisme et bouddhisme. On pourrait dire qu'il était prédisposé (prédestiné?) à découvrir l'univers kerouackien, ce qu'il a fait, dans l'ordre le plus évident pour un Américain de sa génération : d'abord On the Road et Dharma Bums, puis ultimement les romans du cycle lowellien. Le hasard s'en mêlant, il a déménagé à Nashua en 1988.

Steve est devenu un ami et un collaborateur de Roger. S'en inspirant, il a élaboré une visite du Nashua de Kerouac, sorte de complément aux tournées de Lowell. Pour toute personne qui s'intéresse à l'univers canadien-français des Kerouac, c'est un must. En parcourant les bottins dans les archives de la ville et les registres paroissiaux, Steve a pu reconstituer la géographie existentielle du clan, du grand-père Jean-Baptiste, de l'oncle « Mike » (Joseph), de la parenté dans French Hill (où l'on aménageait, une fois prospère et établi, après avoir habité French Village – j'ignore pourquoi, cette migration éventuelle vers la rive gauche du Merrimack semble être une constante de l'existence des Canucks du New Hampshire et du Massachusetts dans la première moitié du XXe siècle), d'Émile et Gabrielle-Ange, etc.

Ce qui l'intéresse particulièrement chez Jack, et c'est quelque chose qui s'applique à la famille Kerouac et aux Franco-Américains en général, je crois, c'est la tension entre l'attachement à un lieu (au sens large) et le besoin de s'en défaire. Tension dans le rapport de l'écrivain au catholicisme, tension dans son rapport à Lowell... une tension qui va de pair avec sa double-identité.

Cette identité, Steve a fini par la connaître intimement. De fil en aiguille, en retrouvant les traces de sa minorité silencieuse, il a acquis une perspective plus large sur l'histoire de Nashua et a diffusé

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ses recherches sur Kerouac et la « question franco-américaine » au sein de la société historique. La communauté des descendants, dont on présume logiquement son caractère exclusif, en est venu à adopter ce pasteur excentrique. Ils l'ont invité à prendre la parole lors de l'inauguration de « La Dame de notre Renaissance française » qui commémore l'Immigrant franco-américain. Steve Edington a compris tout le sens de ce geste rare. « Ils m'ont inclus… je me suis senti honoré! », qu'il me raconte, un peu ébahi.

Jour 7, 20 juin 2016. Leslie Choquette et Éloïse Brière

« L'identité bretonne était quelque chose de simple et d'évident, remarquaient Mickaël et Goulven, tandis qu'ils pressaient Pierre de leur fournir des éléments distinctifs de sa culture d'origine. Celui-ci devait rapidement constater qu'à l'exception d'un camembert appelé Vieux Mayennais – mais le camembert était une invention normande et non mayennaise – il était difficile d'exhiber une quelconque spécialité régionale. »

- L'aménagement du territoire, Aurélien Bellanger

Je garde pour le dernier jour mes rencontres avec les professeures Choquette et Brière. C'est peut-être avec elles que je me sens le plus chez moi. À cause de l'univers académique et de son impact sur ceux qui y font carrière : surtout, un ethos mesuré qui est la conséquence heureuse du travail intellectuel. C'est un monde qui m'est devenu familier.

Je suis impatient depuis le début de me rendre à Assumption College, l'ancien collège l'Assomption à Worcester, haut lieu de formation et de culture pour l'élite franco-américaine du début du XXe siècle. À l'époque, les pères augustins de l'Assomption, un ordre dissout par la justice française en 1900, antidreyfusard et conservateur, cherchaient un nouvel essor parmi une population catholique et française. Ils ont fondé ce collège qui est vite devenu un centre névralgique pour la Franco-Américanie.

En 1953, le Collège l'Assomption a été complètement détruit par la tornade historique qui s'est abattue sur la ville, avant d'être reconstruit sur un nouveau site inauguré en 1956. À cet époque, l'enseignement en français était déjà en déclin. Il devait cesser définitivement à la fin des années 1960. Néanmoins, le collège demeurait le détenteur d'importantes archives, qui en faisait un gardien de la mémoire franco-américaine. En 1979, le père Duffault et la professeure Claire Quintal fondèrent l'Institut français pour assurer la pérennité de cet héritage. Je rencontre ce jour-là Leslie Choquette, qui a succédé à Claire Quintal comme directrice de l'Institut en 1999.

Je communique avec mes collaborateurs depuis le début de mon projet. Je leur ai soumis à l'avance une longue liste de questions et leur laisse entrevoir un peu mon propre cheminement, ma compréhension des choses. Avant que je n'arrive à son bureau, Mme Choquette s'est fait une idée de mes préjugés et de ce qu'il importait que je sache. Au milieu de l'entrevue, tandis que je feuillette mes notes avec perplexité, je sens que son regard me quitte, comme pour fixer un objet qui se trouverait au-dessus de ma tête, et elle me lance : « Je savais que je serais la douche froide! »

Leslie Choquette

Leslie Choquette est professeur d'histoire, elle s'est spécialisée dans l'histoire de France et des Français en Amérique. Son livre (prix Alf Heggoy, 1998) sur l'immigration au Canada retrace le parcours et le contexte de chaque immigrant venu s'établir dans la colonie (et en Acadie) durant le Régime français. Cet intérêt m'interpelle, pour la raison que je le trouve typiquement franco-américain : Dans les anciennes enclaves canadiennes-françaises, les sociétés généalogiques ont un rayonnement unique. Je pense aussi à Kerouac, dans Satori in Paris, à la recherche de ses lointaines origines bretonnes. Ça me semble être une réaction normale devant la dislocation de l'identité culturelle : on se rattache au récit familial pour se raconter, pour se connaître, et puisque la référence collective disparait, les individus qui peuplent ce récit prennent du relief.

Pourtant, Leslie n'est pas Franco-Américaine. Ou elle l'est, au sens minimal qu'admet Roger Lacerte : à cause de « pepére » Choquette. Pour le reste, elle a des racines canadiennes-anglaises, polonaises… américaines, quoi! Née à Pawtucket, au Rhode Island, elle a appris le français en fréquentant l'école privée, une école pour jeune fille de la haute société à Providence. Entre 10 et 12 ans, Leslie a connu un professeur qu'elle adorait, un descendant d'Huguenot. Poussé par son milieu (plutôt WASP) et admirative de ce professeur, elle a progressivement développé une passion pour l'histoire et la littérature française. Son lien avec le Québec ou le Canada-Français? Elle lisait des brochures de la Côte-de-Beaupré durant ses études en France et elle s'est dit : « Tiens! Ce sont ces gens qui m'intéressent. » On est loin de la nostalgie ou du respect filial…

Elle me voit un peu troublé et en profite pour enfoncer le coin : « Il n'y a plus de Franco-Américain aujourd'hui. » L'immigration canadienne-française aux États-Unis, pour Leslie, doit être conçue sous l'angle de la normalité, en parallèle avec les autres classes d'immigrants. Elle se dit adepte de Gérard Bouchard. « Les Franco-Américains formaient un groupe comme les autres. Le succès, pour tous, c'était l'assimilation. L'assimilation à la culture et à l'économie américaine, et d'abord l'apprentissage et la maîtrise de l'anglais. L'idéologie de la survivance ne pouvait pas fonctionner dans ce contexte. S'il y a une particularité au cas franco-américain, c'est cette idéologie. L'élite s'est montrée coupable d'avoir retardé l'assimilation. » Pepére Choquette lui-même, né en 1905, a fini par perdre l'usage du français. « Vous avez fait la connaissance de tout ce qu'il reste de batailleurs de la survivance. Une poignée de gens sur 7 millions de personnes. Ils ne sont pas représentatifs », me dit-elle.

Quand même, cet exode, tous ces gens. Il doit bien en rester quelque chose. Les descendants des Canadiens-français ne représentent-ils pas un quart de la population totale de la Nouvelle-Angleterre, le plus grand groupe ethnique du Maine? Certainement, il doit y avoir quelque chose comme une culture franco-américaine. « Quel est le groupe ethnique le plus important aux États-Unis? », me demande la professeure Choquette. J'ai quelques réponses vraisem-

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blables : Les Anglais (non!), les Afro-Américains (non!), les Latinos (non plus!). « Ce sont les Allemands. Et pourtant, il n'y a pas de culture germano-américaine. Pour tous les groupes, le creuset (le melting pot!) opère au plus tard sur la troisième génération. Nous n'avons pas les mêmes mythes fondateurs que vous. »

Puis elle ajoute (toujours douce et avenante – elle dévoile son point de vue avec une précision chirurgicale) : « Pour moi, la Franco-Américanie, ça n'existe pas. On peut inclure les écrits de Kerouac dans la littérature de la diaspora québécoise. Cela dit, son histoire est profondément américaine, c'est une histoire d'immigrant [...]. Sur la question de ses héritiers, il y aurait Normand Beaupré et Grégoire Chabot, mais il n'y a pas de public pour leurs œuvres. » Pour Leslie, l'impression québécoise d'une société franco-américaine historique est une illusion : jusque dans les années 1930, il y avait une immigration constante qui faisait faussement croire à la permanence du français et de la population sur la longue durée. C'est comme pour le Merrimack : apparemment stable, il coule depuis le nord d'une eau toujours nouvelle.

Douche froide, qu'elle disait. Mais c'est surtout la leçon d'histoire du Collège lui-même : le clergé de l'époque a compris qu'il cesserait d'exister si on s'acharnait à le garder tel quel, avec son cours classique en français. On a donc choisi de le garder catholique et de jeter (archiver) le reste. Pour survivre, indeed.

Je dis au revoir à la professeure Choquette et je quitte ce campus paisible pour me rendre à Delmar, en banlieue d'Albany, où je dois rencontrer la professeure Éloïse Brière, récemment retraitée de la State University of New York. Elle revient du Sénégal, pour une conférence. C'est un pays qu'elle connaît pour y avoir donné le premier cours de littérature africaine, juste après l'indépendance. Elle habitait non loin de chez Senghor.

Mme Brière est née au Massachussetts (elle est Franco-Américaine de troisième génération), à Easthampton où elle a fréquenté l'école paroissiale sous la garde des sœurs de Sainte-Anne. Elle se souvient des sœurs. Celles qui venaient du Québec étaient plus sévères que les franco-américaines. Sans doute, leur engagement envers la survivance était plus absolu. Peut-être que cette perception explique l'attirance d'Éloïse pour les situations bilingues, ailleurs dans le monde, contrairement à d'autres Francos qu'elle a connus à l'Université du Massachussetts, les Armand Chartier, Grégoire Chabot, Don Dugas, qui se sont plutôt concentrés sur le raffermissement de leur identité.

Avec la jeunesse rurale américaine, comme elle parlait français, Éloïse a abouti en Suisse, puis à Paris où elle a travaillé pour la FAO. C'était après le baccalauréat à la fin des années 1960. Elle a ensuite fait des études de maîtrises en littérature française à Middlebury College, au Vermont, et à l'Université de Dakar, puis en littérature anglaise à l'Université de Bordeaux. En 1982, elle termine son doctorat en littérature française à l'Université de Toronto où elle assiste un jour à une présentation de Claire Quintal sur la vie franco-américaine. Cette présentation agira comme un appel. L'année suivante, elle obtient un poste à la SUNY de Albany (elle y travaillera 30 ans) et renoue avec cette vie, créant des liens avec la communauté franco-américaine de New York, celle d'un ancien centre de l'industrie textile au confluent de la rivière Mohawk et du fleuve Hudson, non loin : Cohoes.

Éloïse Brière

Je tiens donc une spécialiste des littératures francophones, et je tâche d'orienter la discussion sur Kerouac. « La littérature franco-américaine était généralement liée au journalisme. C'était le fait de Québécois, formés dans les collèges classiques, qui échouaient à travailler dans le domaine au Québec et qui venaient ici. Leur carrière était instable, ils allaient de ville en ville et avaient de la difficulté à se fixer. De tous les journaux, Le Travailleur de Worcester faisait la plus grande place pour l'expression de la pensée franco-américaine. » Cela me rappelle Réal Gilbert, ancien président de l'Assemblée des Franco-Américain, que j'ai rencontré à Manchester. Il y avait travaillé durant les années 1940, comme « porteur de journaux », réviseur des épreuves et recruteur auprès de Wilfrid Beaulieu, le fondateur... il y a même connu Séraphin Marion! Kerouac n'était pas de cette filière .

C'est dans le cadre d'un autre séminaire avec Claire Quintal, de l'Institut français, qu'Éloïse a découvert le Kerouac franco-américain, celui de Visions of Gerard. Celui de On the Road, qu'elle a connu à Bordeaux, elle n'avait aucune idée qu'il était Franco. Que pense-t-elle de lui? « C'est un génie! [...] il a dit : 'quand j'écris, c'est en français', et c'est dans un français phonétique qui a sa place dans le souvenir de Kerouac. Il faut le lire avec l'oreille. » Par-delà cette qualité, il y a aussi le fait que ce français et ce souvenir franco-américain, ilot dans une mer d'oubli, est important pour tout Franco-Américain à la recherche de ses racines. C'est le cas pour Éloïse : « Je me suis construit mon identité franco-américaine par petits coups. » Elle le doit à la littérature, à Mme Quintal... et elle le rend à travers son intérêt pour les littératures oubliées, ici, au Sénégal, au Cameroun...

Cela invite la question qui me taraude depuis le début, une question qui me permet de donner à Éloïse le fin mot de mon voyage : Est-il possible d'avoir, de vivre, de se construire, aujourd'hui, une identité franco-américaine? « L'identité franco, elle est là si on la veut. Ça demande des efforts particuliers puisque la question des minorités ethniques est largement monopolisée par les enjeux touchant les Noirs et les Latinos. Et puis, il y a différents niveaux d'identification à la Franco-Américanie. Le problème est que 'memére', aujourd'hui, est une baby-boomer. Elle n'a pas grandi dans un petit Canada. En plus, à l'époque, les relations étaient plus intenses. Les Franco-Américains étaient tissés ensemble par besoin, à travers les associations et les mutuelles. L'Union Saint-Jean-Baptiste (de Woonsocket) distribuait des cadeaux à Noël et des bourses d'étude. L'univers franco-américain était étendu, on ne pouvait pas s'en défaire : ça collait à la bouche, ça collait à la main. Aujourd'hui, tout ça a disparu. Le monde franco-américain, c'est une géographie d'ilots. Mais il y a des associations très vivantes, comme pour les gens de Brush up your French, ici (Cohoes). Il y a aussi des jeunes, mais pas beaucoup. »

Avec Internet, dans un monde où la géographie est moins contraignante, il me semble en effet possible de retracer l'univers

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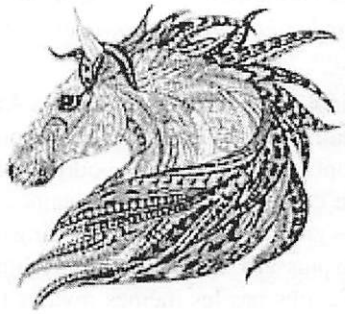
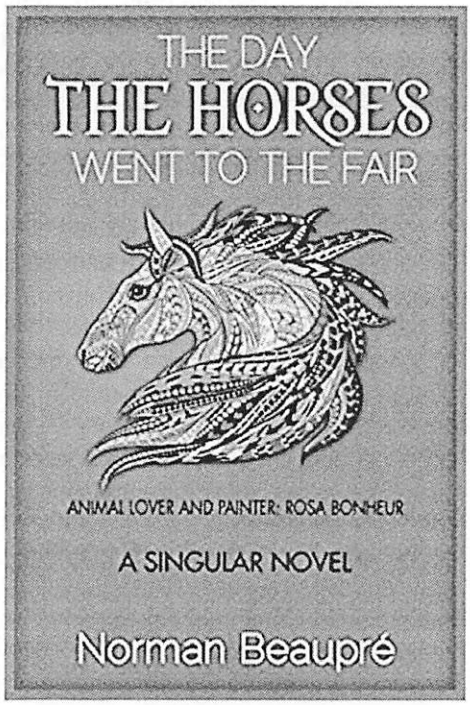
BOOKS/ LIVRES...



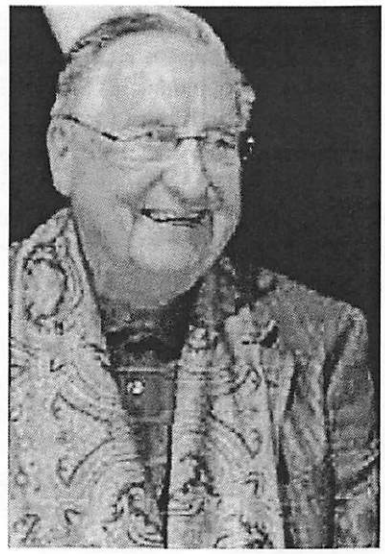


The Day the Horses Went to the Fair

by Norman Beaupré

An author always looks for an angle when writing fiction which Beaupré has done with this novel. He came up with revenants or ghosts for all of his characters as a way of weaving the story together without making it a documentary of Rosa Bonheur's life and paintings of animals. The author has conjured the likes of a Mozart, a Cervantes and Sir Walter Scott while including other creative artists that influenced Rosa Bonheur. He has also incorporated the descriptions of the Bonheur paintings by herself, the artist, and by her close friend, Anna Klumpke. He has created what he calls a singular novel in that it is not all fiction but an amalgamation of biography, art history and some fiction to make it a creatively cohesive work. The author even intrudes into his work to give it a personal and lively touch.

ISBN 978-1640450813 Paperback
Format: 6 x 9 in - 157 pages
Language: English



About the Author

Norman Beaupre, Ph.D. was born in Maine and pursued his graduate education at Brown University. He taught over thirty years at the University of New England in Maine where he is presently Professor Emeritus. He has traveled extensively and spent two sabbaticals in Paris. He has written and published twenty-one books in English and in French. In 2008, he was awarded the medal of -Ordre des Arts et Lettres- by the French Ministry of Culture and Communications in Paris for his outstanding contribution to French culture. (Author)

(Les batailleurs – Enquête d'un Québécois sur la diaspora franco-américaine suite de page 35)

et l'héritage franco-américain, d'y participer et de s'en prévaloir pour se construire. Cela ne me concerne pas en premier lieu, mais le rapport que mes collaborateurs entretiennent avec l'identité m'a fait comprendre deux choses, sur le plan personnel. D'une part, je sens maintenant que notre identité culturelle vécue (québécoise) est plus précaire que je ne le croyais. D'autre part, je crois aussi que l'assimilation n'est pas un processus aussi douloureux qu'on peut l'entendre prophétiser. Cela en tête, je me trouve plus à même de faire le choix de persister dans mon être, refusant la nostalgie canadienne (quel retour possible au Canada français, aux soirées canadiennes, à la lecture du chapelet à la radio, à l'Église partout?), sans renier un héritage qu'il importe toujours de sonder pour mieux se connaître. Sans renier, mais cela va de soi, des romanciers de génie qui nous sont plus proches que d'autres.

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Six Historically French-Canadian Parishes Will Merge in the Archdiocese of Hartford

By Albert J. Marceau
Newington, Conn.

There are six historically French-Canadian parishes within the Archdiocese of Hartford that will merge with other parishes in June 2017. Two that will merge with other parishes and their churches will close are: St. Laurent Parish Church in Meriden (1880) and Ste-Anne/Immaculate Conception Parish Church in Hartford (1889/2000). The other four parishes will merge with other local parishes, and their churches will remain open are: St. Anne in Waterbury (1886), St. Louis in West Haven (1889), St. Ann in Bristol (1908), and St. Peter in New Britain (1888/1913).

The Parish of Ste-Anne in Hartford was established in 1889, and it merged with Immaculate Conception Parish in Hartford in September 2000, and the Church of Ste-Anne remained open, until June 29, 2017, when the parishioners of Ste-Anne/Immaculate Conception will be moved to St. Augustine Parish in Hartford. In Meriden, the Parishes and the Churches of St. Laurent and St. Mary will close in June 2017, and the parishioners will be moved to three other parishes in Meriden – Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Holy Angels and St. Joseph. The Shrine of St. Anne in Waterbury, which was a parish from 1886 to 2005, will merge with Our Lady of Lourdes in Waterbury, and the two former parish churches will absorb the parishioners from four other parish churches that will close in Waterbury – St. Margaret, St. Lucy, Sacred Heart and St. Stanislaus Kostka – and the six former parishes will form the new Parish of All Saints/Todos los Santos. In West Haven, the Parishes and the Churches of St. Louis and St. Lawrence will merge and their churches will remain open, while the both the Parish and the Church of St. Paul will close, and the three parishes will form the new Parish of St. John XXIII. The Parish of St. Louis was originally in New Haven, from 1889 to 1960, when the parish church burnt down, but the parish relocated to West Haven where it built its parish church in 1964. In Bristol, St. Ann and St. Anthony will merge into the new Parish of St. Frances de Sales, and the two churches will remain open. In New Britain, the Parishes of St. Peter, St. Joseph, and St. Andrew/St. John will merge into the new Parish of Divine Providence, but either the Church of St. Peter or of St. Joseph will be closed sometime in the future. The Parish of St. Peter began in 1888 as a German Catholic parish, but in 1913, Bishop John J. Nilan of the Diocese of Hartford recognized it as a German and French parish, due to the large number of French-Canadians in the parish.

In the last couple of years, only two parishes still had part of the Mass in French on Sunday mornings – Ste-Anne/Immaculate Conception in Hartford, and St. Ann in Bristol. Since both parishes will merge with other parishes, the decision to retain the partially French Mass will be the decision of the new pastors.

Three members of the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut (FCGSC) have written and published indexes of marriages for three of the six French-Canadian parishes. Robert R. Bisaillon, (member No. 13 FCGSC, died on Oct. 25, 1994), published in 1985 the 382-page genealogy: *Mariages de la Paroisse St. Anne of Waterbury, Connecticut 1886-1982*. Joseph R. Simoneau, Ph.D., of Townsend, Mass., (FCGSC No. 2292), published in 1979 the 194-page genealogy: *Marriages of St. Ann Parish, Bristol, Connecticut (1908-1977)*. Raymond L. Thomas of Windsor, Conn., (FCGSC No. 69), published a fifteen page article and index of 86 marriages in the December 1986 issue of the *Connecticut Maple Leaf*, (the semi-annual journal of the FCGSC), entitled: "Marriage Records for the Years 1880 to 1886 St. Laurent's Parish in Meriden, Connecticut."

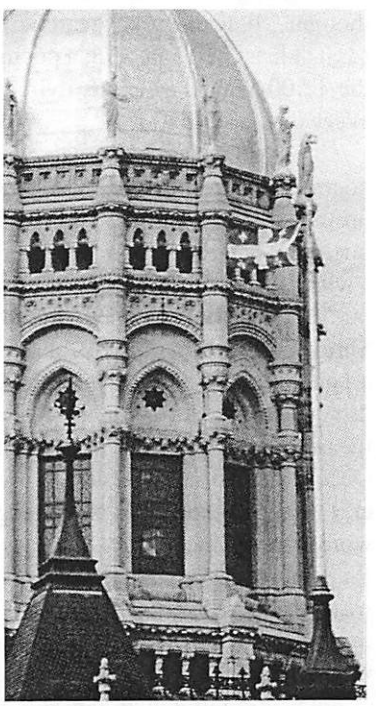
Raising of the Quebec Flag at the Connecticut State Capitol, Fri. June 23

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

There will be a formal ceremony for the raising of the Quebec flag on the State Capitol in Hartford, Conn., starting at 8:30 a.m., on Friday, June 23, 2017. There will be a few speeches after the raising of the flag, and one speaker will be Ron Blanchette of the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut, who will give an abbreviated version of the talk that he recently gave at the General Membership Meeting of the FCGSC on Saturday, April 22, 2017, about the Fall of Quebec in 1759.

Free parking is available in the garage behind the Legislative Office Building.

Chairs are available to all who attend, but it is necessary the ground crew at the State Capitol to have an approximate number of attendees, so ***contact Odette Manning at (860)-644-1125***, if you plan to attend, so there will be seats for all.



POETRY/POÉSIE...

The Final Roll Call - An Inspiration for a Poem

In the fall of 1998 I retired as a professional engineer after having worked 20 years for Fluor Daniel, an engineering & construction company. My wife and I were in the process of selling our home in Sugarland, Texas and were relocating to my wife's family home in Shreveport, Louisiana. One day during this transition I was returning to Sugarland after having taken a car load of household goods to Shreveport. I was driving alone and was listening to a radio interview of Tom Brokaw about the book he had just published entitled, "The Greatest Generation." It was a very interesting and absorbing interview. Mr. Brokaw noted that 1,500 WW-II veterans were dying every day. This pained me deeply. Consequently, I said to myself, "You haven't done a thing to honor our WW-II veterans and you need to correct that fault before more veterans pass on."

I was a month shy of my ninth birthday when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. My oldest brother was drafted into the army and was in the tail-end of the Okinawa campaign. He was an MP guarding Japanese prisoners. I hadn't even thanked my deceased brother for the service he had rendered during WW-II. My conscience bothered me for not having honored our WW-II veterans for the great sacrifices they made. I decided I was going to correct this neglect. So, I thought, "If Tom Brokaw can write a book, I can at least write a poem; a poem to honor the 1,500 WW-II veterans dying each and every day.

So as I drove, I began to compose the poem "Final Roll Call". I had a writing pad on the seat next to me. The words played out in my head as I drove and every once in a while I would pick up the writing pad and put my thoughts to paper. The drive from Shreveport to Sugarland is about four and a half hours. By the time I drove into my driveway in Sugarland, I pretty much had the poem roughed out as I had envisioned it. Once I sat down at my desk with my computer, I arranged the verses and changed some words. And as they say, "The rest is history."

My hope is that this poem will find its way to all men and women who have donned this nation's uniform and gone into harm's way. I want them to know that, regardless of the war era in which they served, I truly appreciate the service they rendered to our great nation. I thank them with all my heart and I pray GOD'S richest blessing for them and their families. Carroll R. Michaud

"Final Roll Call" at Arlington National Cemetery - no better place to honor this nation's fallen warriors donated to "The Old Guard" - Escort To The President at Ft. Meyer, Va.

Final Roll Call

In Memory of this Nation's Fallen Warriors

Did you hear the sad news today?
A great American patriot and Veteran Warrior has passed away
Called by the Supreme Commander over all.
Today he has made his final roll call.

Come fellow Vets let us reverently bow and pray
For our valiant comrade, who has fallen this day.
We'll drape his casket with a banner of beautiful hues,
Those glorious American colors: red, white and blue.

That star spangled banner he gallantly fought to defend,
Unyielding and undaunted, he fought to win.
He fought bravely and he passed the battle test.
Now the Supreme Commander grants him, "eternal rest".

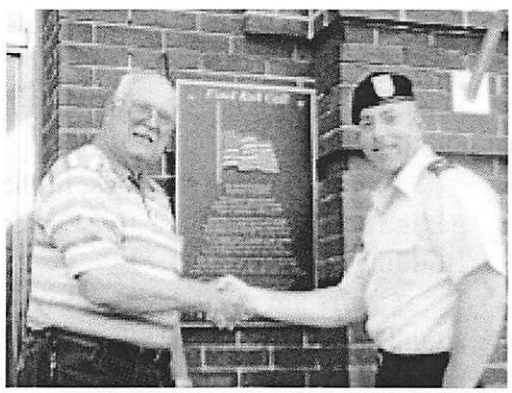
With dignity and honor, we'll commit his body to the ground,
The bugler will sound "Taps" and we'll fire the volley rounds.
The final military honors we'll render somberly and ever so sadly;
"Ole Glory" we'll solemnly precisely fold and reverently give to his family.

Each Memorial Day we will recall our fallen comrades' names,
And attest that their selfless sacrifices were not in vain;
For this lasting legacy they gave to all generations;
"It's honorable to respect our flag and to defend our great nation."

So close ranks fellow warriors, for our ranks are thinning.
We must keep on fighting and keep on winning.
With pride and honor we'll march and stand tall,
And we'll proudly - proudly - salute "Ole Glory"
til we too make our final roll call.

Be At Ease Fallen Comrades; Rest In Peace

In honor of our Fallen Heroes and their families. By Carroll R. Michaud, USAF Ret'd Shreveport, LA. EMail: pepops@hotmail.com



Carroll R. Michaud and Col. James Laufenburg Commander, U.S. Army 3rd Infantry Regiment

Photo taken 7 July 2003

POETRY/POÉSIE...

Report to an Academy

For a class at the Franco-American Centre, Andrew Walton wrote this prose poem in response to Franz Kafka's story, "Report to an Academy." The speaker in Kafka's story is a great ape, taken prisoner in Africa and transported to Europe, who he has learned to mimic humans and has become a vaudville performer.

If they nailed me down, my freedom to move would not have been any less. And why? If you scratch raw the flesh between your toes, you won't find the reason. If you press your back against the bars of the cage until it almost slices you in two, you won't find the answer. I had no way out, but I had to come up with one for myself. For without that I could not live . . . I am deliberately not saying freedom . . . . Incidentally, among human beings, people all too often are deceived by freedom. And since freedom is reckoned among the most sublime feelings, the corresponding disappointment is also among the most sublime.

—Franz Kafka

The search for an alternative perspective is internal, always imminent. A peculiar awareness of the mind, I am but the vagabond within my brain. Aloft these fissures I remain; delving deeper and deeper, I perceive such pain. Sanity regained, I fear the push whose life force is the same. For I, the interpreter of the pain within my brain, interpretation leading to stagnated creation. Deluded by self, you create the stage, an actor, a fraud, a faker, delicately maintained. Push me to the edge, and I will simply walk over; beyond gravity I find calming disorder. There is no sense to be made, or acquisition to be had. I am on a looping track, the bumps in my life, making it impossible to get back. Alas! Obtain the way out you were looking for. Strangely this perception begins to change, why the bars of my brain always remain. I am not what I was, nor what I wish. But I have hope, there is light within. The switch is on, the bulbs are dim but I don't mind; I have six senses as friends. Walk along this staircase with me, please I insist. I see in my eyes your mind, and you haven't found your limits yet. Then, just as the dawn rises and stretches its warmth, cold lust dew painted across the landscape evaporates. For we are not on stairs—we walk upon fears! Welling up for years I am a steaming engine, a hum with anger. My growl rumbles the ground, rattling the bars, a constant reverberation of my condition. There is no conductor of this runaway train; there are no tracks either that layer the brain. For there is no room for a train within your brain. Yet, I remain, an Ape in a cage within the train of my brain.

—Andrew Walton

Pendant qu'ont dormais

par Don Levesque
fevrier 2017

Pendant qu'ont dormais

Not'e belle Vallée changais

Pendant qu'ont dormais

Not'e français s'en allais

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The Poem and the Paper: "Rince Ta Guenille" and Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum

Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum showcased the work of Franco-American poets. At times, though, the poems also showcased the work of the paper. Take the case of Paul Paré's "Rince Ta Guenille" (Rinse out Your Rag).

"Rince ta Guenille" used the act of scrubbing a floor to tell about a family's winter. Each stain formed part of the larger narrative.

The poem appeared in the May 1975 issue (p. 3). It sat next to an announcement for a program planning workshop. Also on the page was an announcement about a Rally for Jobs. Whether the placement was intentional or the result of editorial constraints, each news item paired well with the poem. Paré's phrase "des histoires de cuisine" (kitchen stories) in line 11 called to mind the stories Franco-American programming would celebrate. The Rally for Jobs ad brought out the poem's work imagery such as "nez au plancher" (nose to the floor) in line 12, or the following lines (lines 27-32):

rince ta guenille,
frotte plus fort,
rince ta guenille,
frotte encore,
change ton eau,
t'as mal au dos

(Rinse out your rag/Rub harder/Rinse out your rag/Rub again/Change out your water/You have a backache)

In April 1978 the poem was reprinted word for word (p. 7). This time it shared the page with a Mothers' Day greeting and a poem entitled "Coeur de Maman" (A Mother's Heart). Though "Rince Ta Guenille" never used the word "mother" or "maman," it mentioned "une carte de famille" (family card) in line 8 and "des perles roses de syrop d'enfants aux rhumes éternels" (pink beads of syrup for children with constant colds) in line 17.

"Rince Ta Guenille" used other images, including Religious ones. Still, the paper framed two important themes in the poem. In turn the two printings framed an exciting period in the paper's history. *Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum* launched a Focus on Women/Place aux Femmes section in February 1976 and a literary supplement/Supplément Littéraire in October 1977 (Lisa Desjardins Michaud, personal communication, June 15, 2016). These moves marked a shift toward the magazine we know today. Yet the paper still reflected its student and community roots. In fact the poem's 1978 printing (p. 7) was in the Campus Observations section.

The paper archived the poem as well. We understand the importance of preserving our culture. Archives not only preserve culture, but also inspire new works. I'm even working on a poem inspired by "Rince ta Guenille."

If you live near a library with back issues of *Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum*, check them out: I thank the University of Southern Maine's Franco-American Collection (https://usm.maine.edu/franco) for access. Otherwise check out the online archive at http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/leforum/ Explore the treasures in each issue. Maybe you'll find a piece that inspires you.

—Maureen Perry

Maureen Perry is a librarian at the University of Southern Maine's Lewiston-Auburn College. She also serves on the Board of USM's Franco-American Collection .

POETRY/POÉSIE...

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.

Glory first appeared in this winter's edition of **Le Forum**, quarterly publication put out by the Franco-American Centre in Orono, Maine. Editor Lisa Michaud has graciously granted permission to republish the poem in The Keene Senior Center Newsletter. I'll always be grateful to **Le Forum** for encouraging my Rémi Tremblay projects. One unforgettable moment comes to mind: when **Boys Into Men: Rémi Tremblay And The American Civil War appeared in Le Forum, volume 29, numéro 2** (2001). As Dr. Claire Quintal and I pressed onward towards **One Came Back's** publication deadline, we were delighted to read this preview of our collaborative work.. To Lisa and **Le Forum**, Merci/Thank you for your encouragement then and for your permission now--

— Margaret S. Langford

DREAM

Mama stands in the river, calm, free now
of the dog-eat-dog of the world. She sees me
stumble down the bank, a cornered deer, the pack
in full cry at my heels. She stoops, with one hand
scoops the water, sends an arc of fine spray

toward me, touching my face like prayer. The air,
everything about, goes still. The dogs too, stilled,
lower themselves to the shore. Playing their parts
in this benediction beyond words, my words' making.

—Jim Bishop

A WORD ABOUT THE DEATH OF MY FATHER*

He was much unknown to me
Because he lived a life
Bent over the warp tying
Machine in a damp weave room,
Using his eyepiece to see
The strands of cotton stretched
Across the woof of would be
Cloth passing through arthritic
Fingers of his own lifeline.

He was born in a card room
Where he was, combed and spun
Sized and lashed across
The warp of his timeline where God
Granted him the same pattern
Given his father before,
Lowered by chain into
The dyeing vat and then hung
From the rafters, there to dry,
And, here, he was meant to die.

- First appeared in EMBERS, volume 8, no. 2, 1983, with errors.

Corrected for this re-release.

Gérard Coulombe

POETRY/POÉSIE...

Loyaux mais français

Nous écoutons les meules de métal
Des grands machines qui donnent la vie
On dit adieu à nos familles
Mais nous nous souviendrons

À la fin du jour, dans des pichous
Nous découvrons Cartier et Champlain
Nos aïeux courageux et savants
Les vraies légendes des Amériques

Nous sommes les élus de Dieu
Écoutons les 95 saints
au lieu des thèses
Ou l'infidélité du Roé d'Angleterre

Loyaux mais français

Nous portons avec nous le Canada
Dans notre quartier de la ville
Pour ne pas perde la langue, la culture, l'histoire
Mais vivre quand même aux États-Unis

Nos enfants sont cultivé comme des patates
Ils travaillent fort aux usines
Ils ne font pas la grève
comme des MacDonalds ou des Smiths
Car la terre a nous apprit le sacré du travail

Loyaux but français

Les patrons ne nous comprennent pas
Et les journaux ne peuvent pas être lu
Mais nous vivons mieux ici

Peut-être que nos enfants
Apprendront l'anglais
Seront des chefs
Et mangent plus
Que de la soup
Et du pain

Loyal but français

Mon enfant a appris
Une nouvelle phrase aujourd'hui:
I will not speak French at school
I will not speak French at school
I will not speak French at school
I will not speak French at school
I will not speak French at school

Loyal but français

Mon enfant me parle
Dans notre langue cachée
Alors que son fils ne nous comprend pas
Pepère pepère can I tell you about what I did today?

Stay in school
Do your work
Move up
Make more

Memère made tourtière again
My favorite
What does tourtière mean anyway
It's a meat pie

Loyal but french

—Mitch Roberge

A GARDEN IN MY HEAD

Every spring, I plant a garden in my head
I move the soil and fertilize it well
I plant mounds of flower-beds
I put a fountain for my friend.

I plant bulbs of many kinds
Tulips, daffodils and mulberry vines
Hyacinths and irises
To please all of my senses.

They bloom like a rainbow
Under the warm spring sun
I enjoy them from my window
But too soon the time goes.

I plant banks of cosmos
Every shade of pink and yellow;
White angels to steal the show
The best of all cosmos.

Violets, pansies and sweet williams
Are bright like prisms
Every may in my garden
Creeping on the ground like children.

I dream of all that in my head
As I lay peacefully in that bed
My garden is a wonderland
Of colors, butterflies, birds, and bees
Love and care, my hammock and me.

When I wake, then I see
I have to start all anew. Oh pooh!

—Adrienne Pelletier LePage

Dans Acadie (In Acadia)

Among the autumn frost,

the fight becomes to save the late harvests,

the root vegetables,

sealed in the soil.

Their bleached nature,

born of eternal snow

washes the warmth from us,

drains us lonely,

burdens our backs
with the winter.

The trees stand longer than us,

but we cut them down

to build our homes,

burn them to ash

to stave off the cold,

and to return the warmth to our bones,

and to our bodies,

together
and
alone

We suffocate here no longer.

Our animals froze long ago,

and absent the rejuvenation

of their flesh

we only tarry to survive the winter.

How foolish
to think
we could find warmth in this place
abandoned
by summer.

But we are fettered here.

Together
and
alone.

—Austin Bragdon

New Word for Beauty

Your apocalipstick stains can still be seen
on the annals of our twisted history -
an index that points to that most poignant
microcosm of passion.

I wash them off again and again,
only to see them reappear in alternating
shades
of red and black, a testament to the twin
vividity and dispassion which have surrounded
our involvement.

With the delicate subtlety
of a high-heeled boot to the chest,
or a gloved hand that takes the breath
away,
they linger, call, and sing siren songs
that beg my lips to meet them.

With all the sensual allure
of a cannonball
they crack the fragile limits
of my somatic restraint.

We have formed a
violent arabesque, you and I,
from which there can be no escape.
Our lines, inexorably intertwined
have committed themselves
to this loveless spirograph of
familiarity which threatens
to collapse with the gentle
caress of a single intimate breath.

Embracing the Sisyphean nature
of our entanglement,
I wash away the lipstick stains once more.

—Austin Bragdon

TO OUR VETERANS

Young men and women of yesterday
We are here to honor your deeds today
You did your duty for our Country and
Liberty
You have our Loyality.

Sad were the days when you sailed away
For God, Country, Honor, Glory.
Remember our flag flies higher today
Because of your Bravery.

Gone are your green years
Gone are your carefree days
Gone are the friends you made
Carrying the burden of Liberty.

Flyers, Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, all
In our thoughts you are Heroes tall
If flowers grow on the fields you trod
It is to remind you that God has your
reward.

Love of Country, Courage, Fraternity
Those are the badges of Humanity
Gone are the youth of yesterday
Carrying the "Torch of Liberty".

—Adrienne Pelletier LePage

Seasonal Change

I have made it my mission to arrest these urges - facile and always turned to you. The absent minded pleasure of the television screen suffices no longer as distraction. Thoughts race, collect, rise in wicked crescendo, and put to rest the foolish notions of simplicity which I had once cultivated so carefully. Is it my place to whither seasonally like the tree at the predictable but unorganized back and forth flutter of our sensibilities? At least I can fall back on cliches - fear not! I'll grow back in the springtime. Of course, spring is here and I feel no more virile. Perhaps a little sunshine will do me good.

—Austin Bragdon

The Man Who United Irish- and Franco-Americans

March 17, 2017Augusta, Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Massachusetts, Politics, World War Two

By James Myall

It would be easy to write about the long history of strife between Maine's Franco-American and Irish communities. The two immigrant groups fought for dominance in many of Maine's mill towns in the 19th century, and for control of the Catholic Church in the state. Fistfights were common. However, on this Saint Patrick's Day, it seems more fitting to examine someone who united both communities – President John F. Kennedy.

President John F. Kennedy and First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy Depart Ottawa, 18 May, 1961. Image: John F. Kennedy Presidential Library.

President Kennedy is perhaps the most famous Irish-American of all, but his electoral successes, not only at the national level, but also in Massachusetts, hinged on his ability to unite the constituencies in the New Deal Democratic coalition, which in New England, included Franco-Americans. The president himself acknowledged this on his first overseas visit, in an address to the Canadian parliament, in 1961:

I feel at home also here because I number in my own State of Massachusetts many friends and former constituents who are of Canadian descent. Among the voters of Massachusetts who were born outside the United States, the largest group by far was born in Canada. Their vote is enough to determine the outcome of an election, even a Presidential election. You can understand that having been elected President of the United States by less than 140 thousand votes out of 60 million, that I am very conscious of these statistics!

On overseas visits to Francophone countries, President Kennedy would regularly make an attempt to say a few words in French. He did so on the occasion of his address to the Canadian parliament, on his famous visit to France, later that same year, but also when talking with foreign leaders from newly-independent African nations. On such occasions, Kennedy tended to defer to his wife, who was a fluent French-speaker. Although Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy was famously the darling of Paris when she visited the city, it's often overlooked that her French heritage came via her great-great grandfather, Michel Bouvier, a French-Canadian cabinetmaker who settled in Philadelphia.

However, even before assuming the presidency, the importance of bridging the traditional divide between the Irish- and Franco-American communities would have been known to Jack and his family. Robert Kennedy had even had a personal encounter with Maine's Franco-Americans, when he trained with the V-12 Naval training program at Bates College in 1944/5. Robert wrote to his friend David Hackett, that he had trouble finding a mass to attend, since most of the local churches preached in French.[1]

Bobby Kennedy (second from left) poses in front of a Winter Carnival snow sculpture of a Navy ship at Bates College. 1944 or 1945. Image: Bates College, Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library.

The Kennedys and the Bouviers were both intensely political families in Massachusetts, which in the 1950s was still a hotbed of ethnic rivalry and competition. In running first for the House of Representatives, and then for the Senate, John Kennedy made sure to campaign in the Franco-American social clubs and community halls around the state. Kennedy's opponent, Republican US Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., even went to the length of adopting distinctively French-Canadian words in his French vocabulary for his campaigns.[2] The Kennedys maintained this approach for other family members. In Ted Kennedy 1970 re-election campaign, their mother Rose, at age 80, gave speeches in French for Ted in towns like Fitchberg, Worcester, New Bedford, and Fall River, just as she had for Jack a decade earlier.[3]

In Fall River, John Kennedy had the help of Ed Berube, a local campaign operative who became a lifelong friend of the senator and president. The Kennedy campaign was specifically looking for "a French-Canadian blue-collar" person to join the campaign. Berube, a bus driver, had a mutual friend with Kennedy in Judge Maurice Cartier of Boston. The friendship not only helped the future President's election efforts, it also led to a windfall for a local Fall River bakery:

One day, while in Ed Berube's company, then-Sen. Kennedy expressed interest in marriage (a bachelor getting elected senator was one thing, elected president another), a remark which likely elicited something from an eye roll to a belly laugh from Berube, who knew JFK as a ladies' man. "My dad told him, 'You'll never get married. If you get married, I'll buy your wedding cake,'" Ron Berube said.

When Kennedy announced his engagement to Jacqueline Bouvier, Berube was true to his word, and ordered a wedding

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy and John F. Kennedy cut their wedding cake during their reception. Newport, Rhode Island, 12 September 1953. Image: John F. Kennedy Presidential Library.

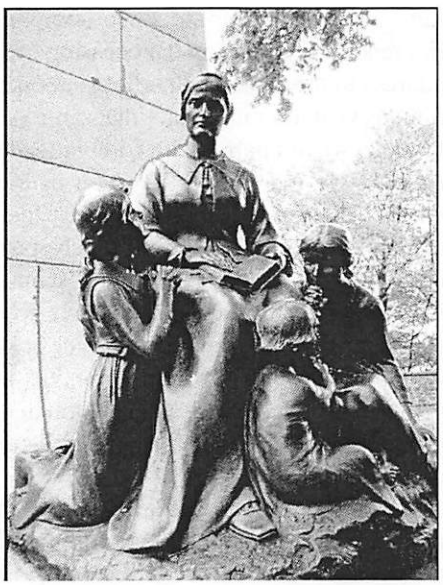
(Continued on page 49)

Through the Generations

By Denise R. Larson, Hampden, ME

This year, 2017, is the 400th anniversary of the arrival of the first permanent settlers in New France—the family of Louis Hébert and Marie Rollet and their children, Guillaume, Guillemette, and Anne. Louis, as apothecary and civil official, played an important part at the Quebec fur-trading post established by Samuel de Champlain, who assigned a work crew to build a stone house on Cap Diamant for the Hébert family. The location of the Hébert home in the present day would be between Rue Ste. Famille and Rue Couillard in Quebec City. Marie taught children in her home and is considered to be Canada's first teacher. Louis is said to be Canada's first farmer because he eventually cleared and cultivated approximately ten acres, planting herbs and vegetables, some of which he used in medical preparations or sold to help supplement the dried goods sent from France.

I'm lucky to be one of the thousands of descendants of Louis and Marie, but I wondered how many other 11th great-grandparents did I have? The answer is astounding—8,190. This reminded me that the number of direct ancestors doubles with each generation. I have two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, etc., until arriving at 8,192 for the number of 11th great-grandparents, which is fourteen generations ago when counting myself as Generation 1. That's a lot of ancestors in a single generation. If all direct ancestors are added together—from me through Generation



"Marie Rollet et ses enfants."
Parc Montmorency, Quebec City.
Photo Credit:
Jean Gagnon, Wikimedia Commons

14—there's a total of 16,383 individuals.

Looking at those numbers, I ask why I would set myself to the task of searching for so many persons who are long gone, who have returned to the dust from which they were made? I realized that the answer is that I admire my Hébert progenitors (first of my direct line to arrive in the New World) for their courage, but I hope to honor all my ancestors through my genealogical work to find their names, know where and when they lived, and, thanks to marriage and birth records, who they loved. Genealogy is more than names and dates on a chart, more than bits of DNA traced through pedigree. Genealogy is the beat of the collective family heart through generations.

Denise (Rajotte) Larson is an author and editor who lives in the greater Bangor metropolitan area. She is researching and writing her family's story using members' photos and memorabilia as well as church and civil documents.

Never Stop Looking

By Denise R. Larson, Hampden, ME

As the family genealogist, I have set goals for myself in the search for family groups in census returns. The following is one example of what can happen.

From family albums and baptismal records, I knew that the first child of Felix and Exilda Rajotte was born in 1897 in Canada. Their second child was born in 1898 in Nashua, New Hampshire. Their third child was born in 1902 in Canada. The questions were: When did they return to Canada? Where were they in 1900 or 1901 (the years in which a census was taken)?

Try as I might, I could not find a listing for my grandparents Felix and Exilda in the online index at ancestry.com of the 1900 U.S. Federal census nor the 1901 Canada national census. I found nothing. Where were they? Where did they go?

Thinking of a similar situation in which nothing useful came up until I had simplified the search terms to just the first names of the couple, which, luckily were very unusual in that instance, I tried again. In the previous case, the surname had been poorly written on the census form and horribly misspelled in the index, but the combination of first names brought up the right page. In the search for Felix and Exilda, however, nothing came up.

Putting the questions of Felix, Exilda, and their family to the side, I started on another branch of the family, Exilda's parents, Felix and Sophie Bergeron. The index guided me to Page 11 of the 1901 census return for St. Germain-de-Grantham

Felix and Sophie Bergeron stand together in this ca. 1915 photograph, possibly taken in St. Germain-de-Grantham, Drummond County, Quebec Province, where they farmed for many years.

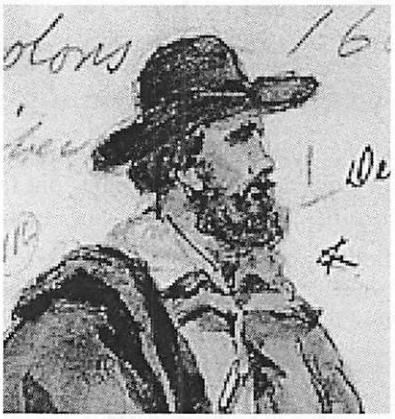
(Continued on page 45)

1649: Abraham Martin: Coupable ou Innocent?

par Robert Bérubé

May 4, 2017May 6, 2017 / Robert Bérubé: Blogue-Blog

Pour les intéressées et intéressés, je vous encourage à vous inscrire à mon site Facebook! https://www.facebook.com/groups/394084010943300/



Abraham Martin: dessin Charles Huot 1908

Il y a quelques semaines, lorsque j'ai publié l'histoire de Gillette Banne, intitulé: " La belle-mère meurtrière", quelques lecteurs ont réagi en me demandant pourquoi j'avais partagé cette biographie. Un commentaire particulier attira davantage mon attention et je le répète, car je pense que cette réaction en était une ressentie par plusieurs lecteurs: "Ses descendants (Gillette Banne) n'ont pas à avoir honte de l'avoir comme ancêtre. Pourquoi publiez-vous de telles histoires? Il me semble qu'il y a des aspects plus intéressants de notre histoire à rappeler que des chapitres douloureux comme celui-là."

J'avais formulé la réponse suivante: "Cette année je me suis donné comme projet d'écrire une histoire par semaine au sujet d'un(e) ancêtre ou d'un groupe d'ancêtres de ma généalogie sur un blogue que j'ai commencé au début janvier. Ceci est mon sixième texte. Je vais en publier un autre 46! Je n'ai pas honte de mes ancêtres, au contraire! Mon but est de faire connaître des êtres très vivants qui ont surmonté des défis extraordinaires ou bien qui ont contribué à l'épanouissement de ma famille et de la société. Il y aura de belles histoires, des histoires tristes et certaines seront comiques! Il serait triste de cacher certaines histoires car les vies de nos ancêtres qui ont façonné notre société ne sont pas des contes de fées!"

Je partage ces renseignements car cette semaine, dans mon dix-huitième texte, je présente un autre événement choquant. Si Abraham Martin est coupable de son crime, je dois admettre avoir honte de cet ancêtre et de ne pas l'aimer. Je condamne ce genre d'atrocité. S'il est irréprochable, il faudrait l'innocenter! J'en parle dans le but de donner une perspective différente sur un épisode qui a été caché par plusieurs historiens pendant longtemps.

Abraham Martin dit l'Écossais est né en France vers 1589. Il épousa Marguerite Langlois dans le même pays. Nous ignorons le nom des parents du couple, ni leur lieu d'origine. De plus, nous ne connaissons pas les raisons qui expliquent le sobriquet "L'Écossais" ou bien la désignation de " Maître Abraham". Il y a plusieurs théories et probabilités mais celles-ci ne sont pas confirmées. De plus, il est affirmé par les tests ADN que son épouse et ses enfants ne sont pas Amérindiens, ni Métis.

Il faut se méfier des sites et des écrits qui prétendent connaître les raisons justifiant les sobriquets, le nom des parents, le lieu d'origine et les fausses origines amérindiennes de son épouse et de ses enfants.

Il y a peu de renseignements concernant Abraham et Marguerite avant leur arrivée en Nouvelle-France. Nous estimons qu'ils sont arrivés entre 1617 et 1620. Le couple Martin-Langlois migra en compagnie de la soeur de Marguerite, Françoise Langlois et de son conjoint Pierre Desportes. Ils figurent parmi les premiers pionniers français de la Nouvelle-France.

Lorsque les frères Kirke prirent Québec en 1629, Abraham Martin et sa famille sont rentrés en France. Encore une fois plusieurs personnes indiquent que la famille est restée à Québec mais ceci est faux. Des découvertes faites par madame Gail F. Moreau-DesHarnais, membre de la FCHSM, démontre que Marguerite Langlois et Abraham Martin étaient exilés dans la paroisse de Saint-Jacques de Dieppe, à ce temps. Ses recherches sont publiées en anglais sur le site suivant: http://habitantheritage.org/yahoo_site_admin/assets/docs/Gail_-_exiles_from_Quebec.14185052.pdf

En 1633 et peut-être même en 1634, après le départ des Kirke, Abraham, son épouse et ses enfants sont revenus en Nouvelle-France.

Abraham Martin et Marquerite Langlois sont parents des enfants suivants:

Jean, baptisé le 23 septembre, 1616.
Eustache, baptisé le 24 octobre, 1621.
Marguerite, née le 4 janvier, 1624.
Hélène, née le 21 juin, 1627.

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(Never Stop Looking continued from page 44)

in Drummond County, Quebec Province. Felix and Sophie, both age 49, lived in a household with ten of their children, whose ages ranged from 28 to 7.

The Bergerons resided in Domicile 104. Studying the page to see who their neighbors were, I was surprised and pleased to see that in Domicile 102—next door—were Felix and Exilda Rajotte, my "missing" grandparents. The return showed that Felix, age 29, and Exilda, age 25, had two children: Mirza, age 4, and Rosia, age 2.

The 1901 Canada census gives exact birthdates for individuals listed on the return. This is very unusual and very helpful to genealogists. Using the ages and birthdates given, I was able to verify that the two families that I had found were the ones for which I was searching. The dates jived with a family group sheet that a cousin had made for her photo album and with my mother's date book, in which she had listed everyone's birthday.

Though I had used the index search functions in every way I could imagine, I had not found Felix and Exilda. It seemed that the indexer had skipped the household completely. To find the family, I had to look at the census return in a different way—for a related family and then the nearby families. I had to keep my eyes open and my mind ready to play with possibilities. Genealogy is detective work. This "what if" and "if only" paid off. On to the next!

Denise (Rajotte) Larson is an author and editor who lives in the greater Bangor metropolitan area. She is researching and writing her family's story using family members' photos and memorabilia as well as church and civil documents.

(1649: Abraham Martin: Coupable ou Innocent? suite de page 45)

Marie, née le 10 avril, 1635.
Adrien, né le 22 novembre, 1628.
Pierre, baptisé le 1er août, 1630.
Madeleine, née le 13 septembre, 1640.
Barbe, née le 4 janvier, 1643.
Anne, née le 23 mars, 1645.
Charles Amador, né le 6 mars, 1648.

Eustache est le premier Canadien, d'origine Française, a naître sur le territoire de la Nouvelle-France. Tous les enfants Martin-Langlois sont nés à Québec sauf Jean et Pierre, qui sont nés à Dieppe, en France.

Une autre affirmation, sans preuves, est qu'Anne Martin, née en France et mariée le 17 novembre 1635, à Jean Côté, était la fille d'Abraham. La fille d'Abraham Martin appellée Anne était l'épouse de Jacques Ratté.

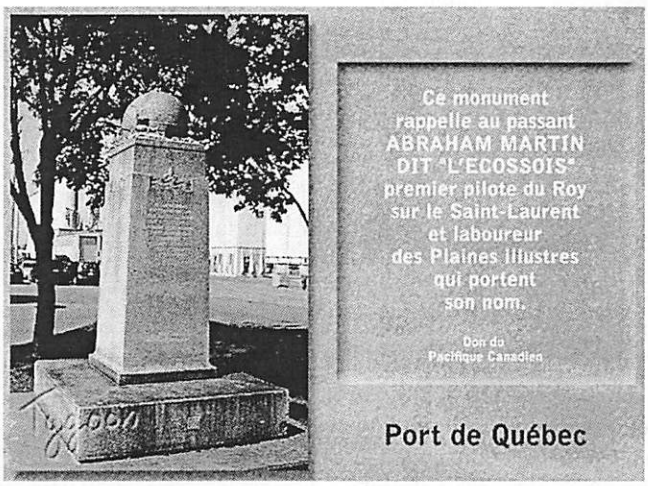
Il appert que la Côte d'Abraham et les Plaines d'Abraham immortalisent le nom de cet ancêtre. La côte d'Abraham était le sentier emprunté par Abraham Martin pour descendre à la rivière Saint-Charles, dans le but de faire abreuver ses animaux. Il est fort probable que les contemporains d'Abraham ont baptisé les lieux et le nom est resté. Certains chercheurs questionnent cette justification.

Les Plaines d'Abraham comme nous les connaissons aujourd'hui ne correspondent pas nécessairement à la terre qui lui a été concédée en 1635, par la Compagnie de la Nouvelle-France, lors de son retour à Québec, après le départ des Kirke. La vraie terre d'Abraham Martin mesure environ 12 arpents et elle était plutôt sur le versant nord du Cap-aux-Diamants. Son domaine comprenait ces 12 arpents, plus 20 reçus en don, du sieur Adrien Du Chesne, en 1645.

La famille Martin a vendu cette propriété aux Ursulines en 1667. La terre allait donc, de la Côte-Sainte-Geneviève, l'actuelle Grande-Allée, vers le bas, jusqu'à la Côte-d'Abraham elle-même, et vers l'ouest, jusqu'à la rue Clairefontaine, sous l'actuel Grand Théâtre. Sa terre ne couvrait donc pas les Plaines d'Abraham mais la bataille de 1759, s'est déroulée sur les Plaines d'Abraham et aussi sur l'ancienne propriété d'Abraham Martin.

Nous retrouvons le nom d'Abraham dans le testament de Champlain. Celui-ci a cédé 600 livres à Abraham Martin et à son épouse Marguerite Langlois : "qu'ils les emploient à défricher des terres en ce pays de Nouvelle-France" et autant à sa fille Marguerite, comme dote éventuelle, « pour l'aider à se marier à un homme en ce pays de la Nouvelle-France et pas autrement».

Le 27 décembre 1647, Abraham a reçu



le titre de pilote royal pour le Saint-Laurent, tel qu'enregistré au greffe du notaire Le Coustre. Avec ses gendres, il allait souvent à la pêche aux marsouins (loups marins) pour en extraire l'huile. Ils se rendaient jusqu'au golfe du Saint-Laurent. Il appert qu'il était habile en navigation sur le Saint-Laurent. Il ne faut pas l'imaginer comme pilote d'un grand navire mais plutôt d'un petit bateau.

Le 19 janvier 1649, l'exécution d'une jeune fille âgée d'environ quinze ans, a lieu à Québec. Le 15 février suivant, Abraham Martin est accusé du viol de cette fille et il est emprisonné dans le cachot. Le procès est différé, jusqu'à l'arrivée des bateaux. Cette accusation ne semble pas avoir de suite.

Il y a très peu d'archives concernant cette affaire. Est-ce la pudeur des historiens passés qui est la cause du manque de documents pour fair oublier ce crime aux générations qui suivent? Je ne sais pas! Abraham Martin est l'ancêtre d'une grande partie de

Québécois, de Canadiens et d'Américains. Est-ce que certains descendants ont faussé l'histoire? Je ne connais pas la réponse et je n'ai aucune preuve pour justifier ce que j'avance. Je le fais espérant que quelqu'un puisse m'expliquer l'absence de pièces légales. Qui sait? Il y a peut-être une jeune personne qui dans les années à venir, découvrira les réponses à mes questions.

Toutefois, il est évident dans certains écrits que les rédacteurs de ces biographies oublient ou nient l'existence de l'accusation et de l'emprisonnement de Martin.

D'autres écrits, tels le "Dictionnaire biographique du Canada" ne mentionnent pas le viol mais parlent de conduite et de baisse d'estime: "Plus tard, Martin baissa dans l'estime de ses concitoyens, lorsqu'il fut accusé de conduite répréhensible envers une jeune fille de Québec. Il fut emprisonné le 15 février 1649 pour ce motif".

Il y a des chroniqueurs qui parlent de " conduite incorrecte envers une jeune fille...une jeune voleuse de 16 ans qui fut condamnée pour ces délits" et de " forfait à l'honneur avec une larronnesse de 16 ans". Espèrent-ils rendre la victime coupable, car elle commit un autre crime? Il faut se souvenir qu'elle fut pendue pour son crime, devait-elle aussi souffrir d'un viol? Certains qui semblent mettre davantage l'accent sur les termes de voleuse et de larronnesse insinuent que la jeune fille aurait menti.

Quelques écrivains du passé tentent d'exonérer Abraham Martin de cette accusation en mentionnant que son fils Charles-Amador Martin fut le second prêtre

(suite page 47)

(1649: Abraham Martin: Coupable ou Innocent? suite de page 46)

né au Canada, que son fils Eustache s'était rendu en Huronie et qu'Abraham est l'ancêtre de deux évêques Racine! Les membres du clergé ne sont pas des saints! Ils sont très humains et il y en a des bons et des pourris!

Cette jeune fille, en plus de sa vie, on lui a enlevé son nom! On déshumanise une personne sans nom. Est-ce que ceci rendrait le crime moins violent et rendrait l'accusation fausse?

Quelques-uns font allusion à l'âge de la fille, insinuant la pédophilie ou l'éphébophilie. Dans bien des cas, ils répondent à leur sous-entendu, en informant que ce n'est ni de la pédophilie, ni de l'éphébophilie car les filles se mariaient à 12 ans. Cette façon de penser, ne justifie pas l'acte de violence, qu'est un viol.

Certains le qualifient de vieux pervert!

Louis-Guy Lemieux dans ces écrits qualifie Abraham Martin comme "'un des acteurs les plus insignifiants de l'histoire de la Nouvelle-France. Un personnage obscur. Un simple figurant. Un antihéros". En ce qui a trait à l'accusation, il discerne Abraham Martin de "vieux cochon". Il faut souligner qu'Abraham Martin a autant d'importance que presque tous ses contemporains, car il était un des premiers pionniers de la France, à s'établir à Québec. L'appeler un vieux cochon, même si cela fait du bien, au locuteur, cache la sévérité et minimise l'acte criminel. L'attaque, si elle est prouvée, doit être considérée comme un viol, et un acte de violence criminel!

Certains affirment qu'Abraham Martin n'est pas coupable car il n'y a pas eu de procès lorsque les vaisseaux sont arrivés, et Abraham n'a pas reçu de sentence. En plus, il n'y a aucune mention de l'accusation par la suite. De plus, Abraham a terminé sa vie sans qu'il y ait aucune autre plainte ou insinuation de ce genre ou autres, portée contre lui. Le "Dictionnaire Biographique du Canada" stipule qu'Abraham Martin "baissa dans l'estime de ses concitoyens à cause de

l'accusation", néanmoins, les documents prouvent qu'Abraham a continué de vivre sa vie en société, sans problème.

Nous pouvons accuser une personne mais nous ne pouvons pas la condamner sans prouver sa culpabilité. De plus, il aurait été très difficile d'avoir un procès juste, envers les deux parties, lorsque la victime est décédée. Il est vrai qu'il n'y a pas eu d'autres accusations qui ont été documentées. Étant donné la pénurie de documents disponibles, concernant cet événement, Abraham Martin demeure, aux yeux de la loi, non coupable.

Les prochaines questions portent à réflexion. L'accusation avait été faite quelque temps avant la pendaison de la victime. Pourquoi une victime aurait-elle fait une accusation, au sujet d'une personne innocente, sachant d'une façon ou d'une autre qu'elle devait-être pendue? Quelles sont les circonstances qui ont mené cette fille à porter une accusation? Pourquoi les responsables ont-ils cru bon d'emprisonner Abraham Martin? Pourquoi attendre l'arrivée des bateaux au mois d'août avant de prononcer un jugement?

Il y a seulement une victime dans cette circonstance, soit la jeune fille qui dit avoir été violée ou soit Abraham Martin qui serait faussement accusé.

Nous ne pouvons pas porter de jugement dans ce dossier. Le scandale de tout cet épisode, c'est qu'une personne est innocente. Il serait intéressant de trouver les documents soit pour honorer la mémoire d'une jeune fille, sans nom, ou bien d'exonérer un homme innocent.

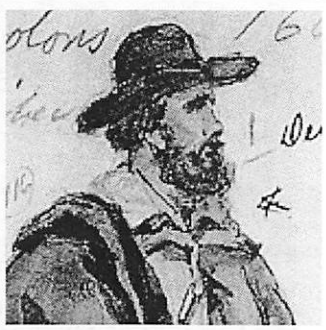
Abraham Martin est décédé le 8 septembre 1664, à Québec. Sa veuve, Marguerite, Langlois s'est remariée le 17 février, 1665 avec René Branche. Elle est décédée quelques mois plus tard à Québec, le 17 décembre 1665.

En plus des plaines et de la côte d'Abraham, il y a deux monuments dédiés à Abraham Martin.

Anne et Marie Martin, filles d'Abraham et de Marguerite Langlois sont nos ancêtres. Marie a quatre lignes qui mènent à moi, du côté Bérubé et Fréchette et Anne a deux lignes, du côté Fréchette.

Abraham Martin: Guilty or not Guilty!

by Robert Bérubé



A word to THANK all of YOU for reading my texts! For those of you who take the time to encourage me, I thank you from the bottom of my heart! I am neither a writer nor an historian! I tell stories! I try to make them as accurate as possible by doing a lot of research. However, there are sometimes errors.

Some people have pointed out to me some mistakes in private and even publicly, and I have had the chance to correct the texts to make them more accurate. I thank those individuals who took the time to help me out. I also thank the persons who ask me for permission before sharing, copying, and repeating my texts.

For those of you interested in receiving my stories automatically, I encourage you to subscribe to my Facebook site at: https://www.facebook.com/groups/394084010943300/

A few weeks ago, when I published the story of Gillette Banne, entitled "The Murderous Mother-in-Law", some readers reacted by asking me why I shared this biography. One particular comment attracted my attention and I repeat it, because I think this reaction was felt by several readers: "Her descendants (Gillette Banne) do not have to be ashamed to have her as an ancestor. Why do you publish such stories? It seems to me that there are more interesting aspects of our history to remember than painful chapters like this one."

I had formulated the following reply: "This year I planned to write a story a week about an ancestor or a group of ancestors of my genealogy on a blog, that I started in early January. This is my sixth text. I'll publish another 46! I am not ashamed of my ancestors, on the contrary! My goal is to bring to life beings who have overcome

(Continued on page 48)

(Abraham Martin: Guilty or not Guilty! continued from page 47)

extraordinary challenges or who have contributed to the development of my family and society. There will be beautiful stories, sad stories and some will be comical! It would be sad to hide some stories because the lives of our ancestors who shaped our society are not fairy tales! "

I share this information because this week, in my eighteenth text, I present another shocking event. If Abraham Martin is guilty of this crime, I must admit to being ashamed of this ancestor and not to like him. I condemn this kind of atrocity. If he is irreproachable, he should be cleared! I talk about him, in order to give a different perspective on an episode that has been hidden by several historians for a long time.

Abraham Martin known as "l'Écossais" (the Scotsman) was born in France around 1589. He married Marguerite Langlois in the same country. We do not know the names of the couple's parents or their place of origin. Moreover, we do not know the reasons for the nickname "l'Écossais" (the Scotsman) or his designation as " Maître Abraham" (Master Abraham). There are several theories and probabilities but these are not confirmed. In addition, DNA tests prove that his wife and children are not Amerindians or Métis.

One must be wary of sites and writings that claim to know the reasons for the nicknames, their parents' names, their place of origin and the false Amerindian origins of his wife and children.

There is little information about Abraham and Marguerite before they arrived in New France. We believe that they arrived between 1617 and 1620. The couple Martin-Langlois migrated with Marguerite's sister, Françoise Langlois and her spouse Pierre Desportes. They were among the first French pioneers in New France.

When the Kirke brothers took Québec in 1629, Abraham Martin and his family returned to France. Again, many people say that the family stayed in Québec City, but this is not true. Discoveries made by Ms. Gail F. Moreau-DesHarnais, a member of the FCHSM show that Marguerite Langlois and Abraham Martin were exiled in the parish of Saint-Jacques de Dieppe. Her research is published in English on the following website: http://habitantheritage.org/yahoo_site_admin/assets/docs/Gail_-_exiles_from_Quebec.14185052.pdf

Abraham Martin and Marquerite Langlois are the parents of the following children:

Jean, baptized on September 23, 1616

Eustache, baptized on October 24, 1621.

Marguerite, born on January 4, 1624

Hélène, born on June 21, 1627.

Marie, born April 10, 1635.

Adrien, born on November 22, 1628.

Pierre, baptized on August 1st, 1630.

Madeleine, born on September 13, 1640.

Barbe, born on January 4, 1643.

Anne, born on March 23, 1645.

Charles Amador, born on 6 March, 1648.

Eustache was the first Canadian, of French origin, to be born in the territory of New France. All the children were born in Québec except for Jean and Pierre, who were born in Dieppe, France.

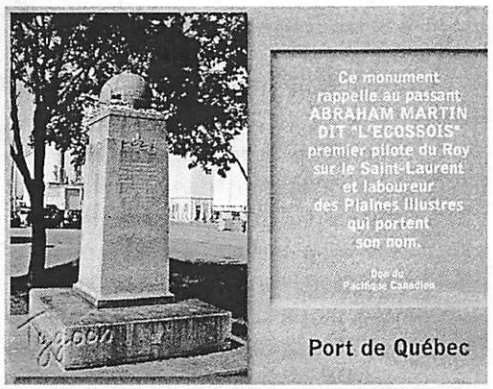
Another assertion, without proof, is that Anne, born in France and married on November 17, 1635, to Jean Côté, was the daughter of Abraham. The daughter of Abraham Martin called Anne was the wife of Jacques Ratté.

It appears that the Côte d'Abraham and the Plains of Abraham immortalize the name of this ancestor. The Côte d'Abraham was the path taken by Abraham Martin to descend to the Saint-Charles river, in order to water his animals. It is very probable that the contemporaries of Abraham baptized the place and the name remained. Some researchers question the above justification.

The Plains of Abraham as we know them today, do not necessarily correspond to the land granted to him in 1635, by the Compagnie de la Nouvelle France, on his return to Québec after the departure of the Kirkes. The true land of Abraham Martin is about 12 arpents and it was rather on the northern slope of Cap-aux-Diamants. His domain included these 12 arpents, plus 20, donated by Adrien Du Chesne, in 1645.

The Martin family sold this property to the Ursulines in 1667. So the land went from Côte-Sainte-Geneviève, the present Grande-Allée, down to Côte d'Abraham itself, and towards the west, to rue Clairefontaine, under the present Grand Théâtre.. His land did not cover the Plains of Abraham, but the battle of 1759 took place on the Plains of Abraham and also on the former property of Abraham Martin.

We find the name of Abraham in Champlain's will. He left 600 livres to Abraham Martin and his wife, Marguerite Langlois, "that they use them to clear land in this country of New France" and as much to his daughter Marguerite as a possible dowry, "to help her marry a man in this country of New France and not otherwise ".



On December 27, 1647, Abraham received the title of royal pilot for the Saint-Lawrence river, as recorded in the notary's office of Le Coustre. With his sons-in-law, he often went fishing for porpoises (marine wolves) to extract the oil. They went to the Gulf of Saint- Lawrence. It appears that he was skilful in navigating the Saint-Lawrence. He should not be imagined as a pilot of a large ship but rather of a small boat.

On January 19, 1649, the execution of a girl, about fifteen years of age, was held in Québec City. The following February 15,

(Continued on page 49)

(Abraham Martin: Guilty or not Guilty! continued from page 48)

Abraham Martin is charged with the rape of this girl and is imprisoned in the dungeon. The trial is delayed until the arrival of the boats. There does not seem to be any follow up to this accusation.

There are very few records relating to this case. Is it the modesty of past historians, that is the cause of the lack of documents, in order that the generations that follow would not remember? Abraham Martin is the ancestor of many Québécois, Canadians and Americans. Could some descendants have distorted history? I do not know the answers and I have no evidence to justify what I am saying. I do so, hoping that someone can explain the absence of archives. Who knows? There may be a young person who in the years to come, will discover the answers to my questions.

However, it is evident in some writings that some biographers forget or deny the existence of the accusation and the imprisonment of Martin.

Other writings, such as the "Dictionary of Canadian Biography", do not mention rape, but refer to conduct and low esteem: "In is later years Martin fell in the estimation of his fellow citizens when he was accused of improper conduct with regard to a young girl in Québec. He was imprisoned for this on 15 Feb. 1649."

There are chroniclers who talk about "misbehavior towards a young girl ... a 16-year old thief who was convicted for these crimes" and "forfeit with a larronness of 16 years." Do they hope to make the victim guilty of lying because she committed another crime? It must be remembered that she was hanged for her crime, should she also suffer a rape? Some who seem to put more emphasis on the terms of thief and gossip insinuate that the girl would have lied.

Some writers of the past attempt to exonerate Abraham Martin from this accusation by mentioning that his son Charles-Amador Martin was the second priest born, in Canada, that his son Eustache had traveled to Huronia and that Abraham was the ancestor of two Bishops named Racine! The clergy are not saints! They are very human and there are some good and some rotten!

In addition to her life, her name was also taken away! A person without a name is dehumanized. Would this make the crime less violent and the accusation false?

Some allude to the girl's age, insinuating pedophilia or ephebophilia. In many cases, they respond to their own implication, noting that it is neither pedophilia, nor ephebophilia because girls married at 12 years of age. This way of thinking, does not justify the act of violence, that is rape.

Some call him an old pervert!

Louis-Guy Lemieux in his writings describes Abraham Martin as "one of the most insignificant actors in the history of New France. An obscure character. A simple figure. An anti hero". As for the accusation, he calls Abraham Martin "an old pig". It must be emphasized that Abraham Martin is as important, as almost all his contemporaries, because he was one of the first pioneers of France, to settle in Québec. To call him

an old pig, even if it does make the speaker feel good, hides the severity and minimizes the criminal act. The attack if proven must be considered as a rape and an act of criminal violence.

Some claim that Abraham Martin is not guilty because there was no trial when the ships arrived, and Abraham was not sentenced. In addition, there is no mention of the prosecution afterwards. Also, Abraham ended his life without any other complaint or insinuation of this kind or other, brought against him. The "Dictionary of Canadian Biography" states that Abraham Martin "fell in the estimation of his fellow citizens when he was accused" however, documents prove that Abraham continued to live his life in society without any problems.

We can accuse a person but we cannot condemn them without proving guilt. Moreover, it would have been very difficult to have a fair trial, for both parties, because the victim died. It is true that there were no other charges that were documented. Given the shortage of legal papers available, Abraham Martin remains not guilty, in the eyes of the law.

The next questions are reflective. The charge had been made some time before the victim was hanged. Why would a victim have made an accusation, about an innocent person, knowing one way or another that she should be hanged? What circumstances led this girl to lay a charge? Why did the officials believe that Abraham Martin should be imprisoned at that time? Why wait for the arrival of the boats in August before pronouncing a judgment?

There is only one victim in this circumstance, either the girl who says she was raped or Abraham Martin who was falsely accused.

We can not pass judgment on this issue. The scandal of all this episode is that a person is innocent. It would be interesting to find the documents, either to honor the memory of an unnamed girl or to exonerate an innocent man.

Abraham Martin died on September 8, 1664, in Québec City. His widow, Marguerite, Langlois remarried on February 17, 1665 with René Branche. She died a few months later in Québec City on December 17, 1665.

In addition to the Plains and the Côte-d'Abraham, there are two monuments dedicated to Abraham Martin.

Anne and Marie Martin, daughters of Abraham and Marguerite Langlois are our ancestors. Marie has four lines that lead to me on the Bérubé and Fréchette side, and Anne has two on the Fréchette side.

(The Man Who United Irish- and Franco-Americans continued from page 43)

Mainers will be well aware of President Kennedy's campaign stops in the state – which included Franco-American centers such as Lewiston and Augusta. These towns were also Democratic centers, but it seems unlikely that the presence of large Franco-American populations was lost on the Senator. Appropriately enough, on Kennedy's campaign tour of Maine he was accompanied by Senator Ed Muskie (of polish descent), and Lucia Cormier, a Franco-American who was running for US Senate. The Kennedy family were successful both at overcoming prejudice against Catholic Americans, and in uniting a variety of Democratic voters within the Catholic community. Without the support of Franco-Americans, America might not have had its most famous Irish-American president.

Notes: [1] Robert Kennedy and His Times, Arthur M. Schlesinger, p58

[2] Edward Kennedy: An Intimate Biography, Burton Hersh, p159

[3] Rose Kennedy: The Life and Times of a Political Matriarch, Barbara A. Perry,

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

Les Familles Daigle

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.

DAIGLE
(Deag*)

FAMILY #1

Olivier Daigre (and **Daigle**), born in 1643 in France, died in Acadia, married circa 1666 at Port Royal (today, Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia) to Marie **Gaudet**, daughter of Denis Gaudet and Martine Gauthier of France and Port Royal. Olivier arrived in Acadia around 1663. His ancestors are believed to have originated from d'Aigre in the ancient province of Saintonge, France.

1	Olivier	circa	1666	Marie Gaudet	Port-Royal	2
2	Bernard		1692	M.-Marie Bourg	Pisiguit, Acadie	3
				(Jean Bourg & Marguerite Martin)		
	Olivier		1699	Jeanne Blanchard	Port Royal	4
				(Guillaume Blanchard & Hugette Gougeon)		
3	Joseph-Simon		1716	Madeleine Gaudreau	Pisiguit	6
	René	circa	1733	Madeleine Hébert	Grand-Pré	8
4	Pierre	18 Nov	1720	Anne Arsenault	Beaubassin	10
				(Jean Arsenault & Anne Boudrot)		
6	Joseph-Simon	23 Nov	1762	Marguerite Guilbault	St.François-du-Sud	12
"	2m. 02	Oct	1775	Charlotte Boulanger	Montmagny	
8	Joseph	17 Oct	1744	Marie Coulombe	St.Pierre-du-Sud	16
10	Paul	19 Jun	1748	M.-Josephte Hébert	Beaubassin	20
12	Joseph		1790	Théotiste Cyr	NB	12A
	Jean-Baptiste	18 Jul	1791	Marie-Anne Cyr	St.Basile, NB	24
16	Joseph	17 Jan	1797	Charlotte Pelletier	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	32
20	Fabien	07 Nov	1780	M.-Rose Robichaud	Bonaventure	37
	(b. c.1750 Malpèque - d.<1823) (d.17-10-1808 age 45 St.Charles-Borromée of childbirth)					
				(Pierre Robichaud & Anne Michel)		
24	Jean-Baptiste	13 Jan	1818	Émilienne Morin	St.Basile, NB	48/24A
	NOTE: Jean-Bte. & Emilienne had 16 children born at St.Basile, NB					
	Dominique	13 Jan	1818	Louise Gagné	St.Basile, NB	24B
	Hilarion	17 Feb	1824	Madeleine Ayotte	St.Basile, NB	50
	Augustin	02 Aug	1825	M.-Luce Cyr	St.Basile, NB	24C
	François	14 Oct	1828	Barbe Cyr	St.Basile, NB	52
	Régis	11 Jan	1831	Elisabeth Cyr	St.Basile, NB	53
	Germain	09 Oct	1832	Barbe-Céleste Mercure	St.Basile, NB	24D
32	Joseph	05 Feb	1839	Marie Caouette	St.Jean, Port Joli	61
	Basile	16 Apr	1860	M.-Philomène Gilbert	Beauceville	32A
37	twin infants (buried 3-6-1808 age 16 days St.Charles-Borromée)					
	Antoine	16 Sep	1823	Ursule Suret	Grande-Digue, NB	67
	(b.2-6-1803 Richibouctou - d.1881) (Charles Suret & Marguerite Bro/Brault of Cocagne, NB)					
48	Jean-Baptiste	13 Feb	1844	Anastasie Cyr	St.Basile, NB	74/48A
	(b.4-11-1818 St.Basile, NB)					
	Octave	15 Feb	1847	Suzanne Hébert	St.Basile, NB	75
	(b.29-2-1820 St.Basile, NB)					
	Didyme	10 Feb	1852	Marie Michaud	St.Pascal, Kam.	48B
	(b.Nov 1827 St.Basile)			(b.1834)		
	Lindor-Jos.	19 Feb	1860	Lucie Cyr	St.François, NB	48C
	(b.25-11-1831 St.Basile, NB) (b.4-9-1837 St.Basile, NB)(Régis Cyr & Euphrosine Martin)					
	(d.12-4-1910 New Canada Pltn.)					
	Augustin	24 Nov	1863	Elisabeth Cyr	St.Basile, NB	48D
	(b.7-4-1837 St.Basile, NB)					
50	François-Régis	13 Jul	1852	Anastasie Cyr	Frenchville, Me.	50A
	" 2m.	01 Jan	1873	Modeste Martin	St.Basile, NB	50B
52	Isidore	06 Nov	1855	Sara Martin	Frenchville, Me.	85
	François	26 Apr	1864	Sophie Cyr	St.Basile, NB	88
	Anastasie	08 Jan	1881	Frédéric Hébert	St.Basile, NB	
	(d.29-9-1898 Madawaska, ME age 49)					
	Modeste	15 Oct	1861	Octave Hébert	St.Basile, NB	
	(d.9-3-1899 Madawaska, ME age 62)					
53	Salomon	25 Jul	1854	Christine Martin	St.Basile, NB	53A

(Continued on page 51)

(Daigle Family continued from page 50)

	Joseph	17 Nov	1863	Philomène Cyr		St.Basile, NB	53B
61	Auguste	03 Feb	1874	M.-Malvina Caron		Ste.Perpétue, Islet	61A
67	Fabien	23 Sep	1854	Catherine Connors		Cocagne, NB	96
				(James Connors & Sarah Gaff)			
74	Horace	20 May	1869	Gracieuse Brisebois		St.François, NB	74A
75	Simon	14 Aug	1890	Anaïse Collin		St.Hilaire, NB	75A
85	Isidore	23 Feb	1909	Agnès Jalbert		St.Basile, NB	85A
88	Joseph-Félix		01 Feb	1910	Marie Jalbert	St.Basile, NB	88A
96	Jacques	1m.	15 Nov	1886	Osite Melanson	Mont-Carmel, NB	96A
	"James"				(Joseph Melanson & Madeleine Cormier)		
	"	55 2m.	12 Jul	1915	Emelie (Cyr) Girouard, 41	Fitchburg, MA	
	(b.1860 Can.)				(Jean-Louis ____ & Sarah Goguen)		

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

12A	Vital	15 Apr	1844	M.-Rose Marquis	Frenchville	12B
12B	Maxime	10 Apr	1893	Marie Gagnon	Frenchville	12C
12C	Isabelle	01 Oct	1913	Dosithé Dionne	South Portland	
Agnès	1m.	circa	1936	Alphée Soucy	Ft.Kent ?	
"	2m.	19 May	1945	Henri Dubé	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
"	3m.	07 Feb	1959	George Lauzier	O.Orchard B.(St.Mgte.)	
24A	Firmin	23 Oct	1854	Euphémie Nadeau	Frenchville	24E1
(b.22-6-1825 St.Basile - d.4-7-1904 Ft.Kent)				(b.1837 - d.1868-9 Fort Kent)		
Michel		25 Jan	1855	Eléonore Martin	Frenchville	24E2
(b.16-8-1826 St.Basile, NB)						
Vital		31 Mar	1856	Julie Cyr Frenchville		
(b.27-1-1836 St.Basile, NB)						
24B	Antoine	26 Jun	1844	Seconde Soucy	Frenchville	24F1
Honoré "Henry"		20 Jan	1856	Olympe Soucy	Frenchville	24F2
				(d.8-3-1900 Fort Kent, age 66)(Benjamin Soucy & Genv. Paradis)		
Alcime		17 Feb	1857	Anastasie Chassé	Frenchville	24F3
24C	Raphaël	07 Feb	1854	Elizabeth Michaud	Frenchville	24G1
Zéphirin		05 Apr	1864	Flavie Martin	St.Basile, NB	24G2
24D	Michel	28 Feb	1865	Marie Martin	Van Buren	24H
				(Rémi Martin & Marcelline Rioux)		
24E1	David	28 Jan	1880	Catherine Guay	Frenchville	24J1
(b.1855 Daigle - d.26-9-1922 age 67 Frenchville)				(b.1856 ME)(Edouard Guay & Julie Cyr)		
Malvina		14 Aug	1880	Thomas Audibert	Fort Kent	
Dosité		15 Jun	1883	Philomène Quinn	Fort Kent	
(b.Jul 1857 Daigle, ME)				(1900 census: adopted two - Malvina Cyr age 17 & Oral Gagnon age 8		
Flavie		17 Nov	1878	Magloire Fortin	Fort Kent	
(b.1856 Daigle, ME)						
Virginie						
(b.1858 Daigle, ME)						
Peter						
(b.1860 Township 18 R7 - Daigle, ME)						
Auguste		30 Oct	1882	Julie Marquis	Fort Kent	
Alfred						
(b.1861 Daigle, ME)						
Josephine		05 Jul	1885	Joseph Gagnon	Fort Kent	
(b.1863 Fort Kent ?)						
Nathalie						
(b.1865 Fort Kent ?)						
Modeste						
(b.1867 Fort Kent)						
Eustache						
(b.1868 Fort Kent)						
24E2	Thomas	circa	1885	Ruth Ramsay	Ft.Kent ! 24J2	
Ovila		29 Apr	1892	Edithe Nadeau	Ft.Kent (to Wtvl.)	
24F1	Dominique	28 Aug	1866	Arthémise Michaud	St.François, NB	24K1
Aimé		20 Jul	1867	Edith Cyr	St.Basile, NB	24K2
24F2	Médée	08 Jan	1894	Joseph Michaud	Ft.Kent	
(b.29-9-1901 Wallagrass, age 55y 6m of childbirth)						

(See the next issue for more on the Daigle family)

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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'Uni Maine fut fondé en 1972 par des étudiants et des bénév communauté franco-américaine. Cela devint par conséquent Franco-Américain.

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

Étant donné l'absence presque totale d'une base de con à l'intérieur même de l'Université, le Centre Franco-Américai d'essayer de développer des moyens pour rendre cette popul identité, ses contributions et son histoire visible sur et en- campus à travers des séminaires, des ateliers, des conférence efforts médiatiques — imprimé et électronique.

Le résultat espéré est le redressement de la négligence et norance historique en retournant aux Franco-Américains leur L leur langue et l'accès à un accomplissement personnel sain et complet. De plus, des changements à l'intérieur de l'académie, dans sa structure et son curriculum sont nécessaires afin que ceux qui nous suivent puisse vivre l'expérience d'une justice culturelle, avoir accès à une base de connaissances culturellement authentique qui miroite l'identité et la contribution de ce groupe ethnique à la société.

OBJECTIFS:

1 – D'être l'avocat du Fait Franco-Américain à l'Université du Maine, dans l'État du Maine et dans la région.

2 – D'offrir des véhicules d'expression affective et cognitive d'une voix franco-américaine effective, collective, authentique et diversifiée.

3 – De stimuler le développement des offres de programmes académiques et non-académiques à l'Université du Maine et dans l'État du Maine, relatant l'histoire et l'expérience de la vie de ce groupe ethnique.

4 – D'assister et de supporter les Franco-Américains dans l'actualisation de leur langue et de leur culture dans l'avancement de leurs carrières, de l'accomplissement de leur personne et de leur contribution créative à la société.

5 – D'assister et d'offrir du support dans la création et l'implémentation d'un concept de pluralisme qui value, valide et reflète effectivement et cognitivement le fait dans le Maine et ailleurs en Amérique du Nord.

6 – D'assister dans la création et la publication de la connaissance à propos d'une ressource importante du Maine — la riche diversité

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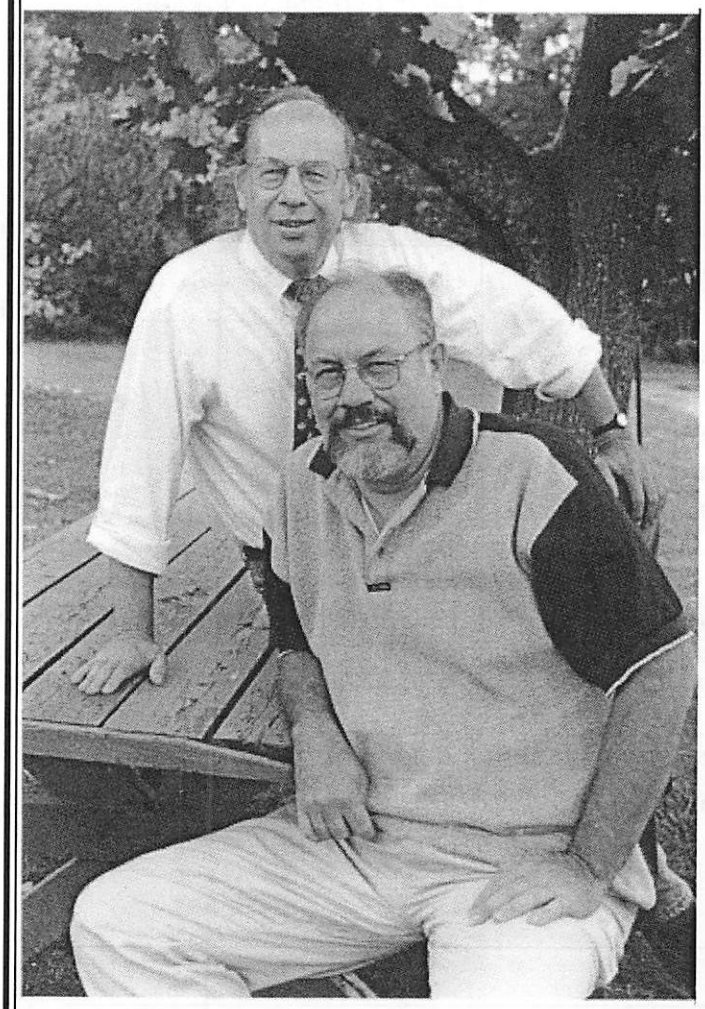
VOLUME 39, #2 ÉTÉ/SUMMER 2017



Ce numéro de *Le Forum* est dédié à la douce mémoire de Prof. Dean Louder. This Issue of *Le Forum* is dedicated in loving memory to Prof. Dean Louder....(page 3)

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http://www.johnfishersr.net/french_in_america_calendar.html
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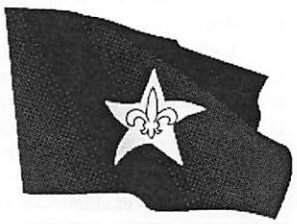

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Volume 39 Numéro 2
Été/Summer 2017

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Tirage/Circulation/4,500

Imprimé chez/Printed by
Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, Maine

Publié 4 fois l'an par le Centre Franco-Américain. *Le* Forum est distribué surtout aux Franco-Américains des États-Unis. Les énoncés, opinions et points de vue formulés dans *Le* Forum sont ceux des auteurs et ne représentent pas nécessairement les points de vue de l'éditeur ou de la rédactrice, ou du Collège des arts et des sciences libéraux à l'Université du Maine.

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Tous les textes soumis doivent parvenir à —Forward all submitted texts to: Lisa D. Michaud, Rédactrice-en-chef/Editor-in-chief, *Le* Forum, University of Maine, Orono, Maine 04469-5719, U.S., au plus tard quatre semaines précédant le mois de publication—at least four weeks prior to the month of publication.

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

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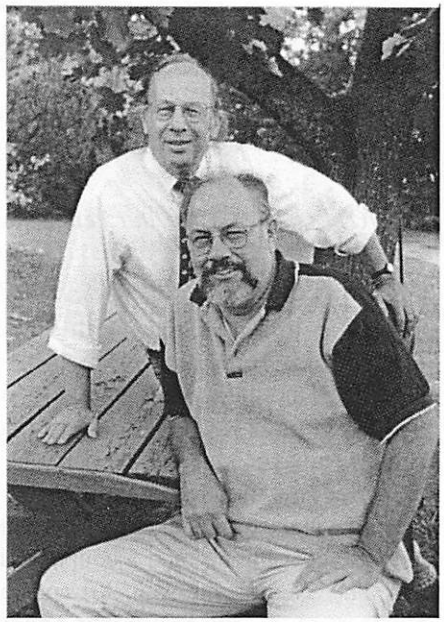
Organisation/Organizations — Bibliothèque/Library: $40
Le FORUM
Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719

Chez Dean: An amazing gourmet kitchen, PLUS meals on wheels



Grégoire Chabot & Dean Louder

Québec City has an impressive number of gourmet restaurants per square mile. But my favorite wasn't listed in any guidebook, nor was it known to any concierge or taxi driver. Didn't even have a name. I suppose you could have called it "Chez Dean," after its owner, our great friend and Laval professor, Dean Louder. It was located near the end of a dead end street – Avenue du Cardinal Bégin – in a cellar apartment. No reservations needed. Nothing fancy. But the meals. Ohhhh, the meals. You came away totally satisfied, of course. But you were also somehow exalted.

That's because for minority Francos from everywhere in the Americas, an evening at Chez Dean left us with a feeling of belonging that most of us had never experienced and a sense of pride that seemed so out of place in so many other locations and a vision of the future that always seemed to get gobbled up by a voracious past in those places where we came from ... wherever that was.

My most memorable evening at Chez Dean happened in the summer of 2008 and involved a wonderful gumbo, a francophone sock puppet cable TV star, and a stinging critique of Cajun music. "It was," stated the young man from Louisiana, "always the same damn thing with some guy whining about how the love of his life had run off to East Texas with another man." Now, how could anyone forget that?

The kitchen attracted more famous visitors the next day with Cajun poet Barry Ancelet and chanteur/compositeur Zachary Richard stopping by to spend much of the afternoon. Menu didn't change, though. Same gumbo – left over from the night before. Similar long conversations. All just as satisfying. And we all took turns getting interviewed by the francophone sock puppet for cable TV. Try doing all of that in a "normal" gourmet restaurant.

Lots of people found nourishment in that kitchen over the many years it was open. Yvon would wander up there with FAROG students in tow to get a taste of something unavailable anywhere else. New Brunswick, Iowa, Michigan, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Oregon all sent representatives.

Didn't have a way of making it to "Chez Dean?" No problem. No worries. This gourmet kitchen offered meals on wheels that would bring any and all of its dishes to you. Every year, Dean would hop in his camper go in search of hungry Franco minorities. He would find them and feed them from that same delicious menu of belonging and pride and future-orientation – all simmered up from a base of historic and geographic facts. This was his specialty, and I am sure he had forgotten more

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FACT CHECK

Joshua Barrière

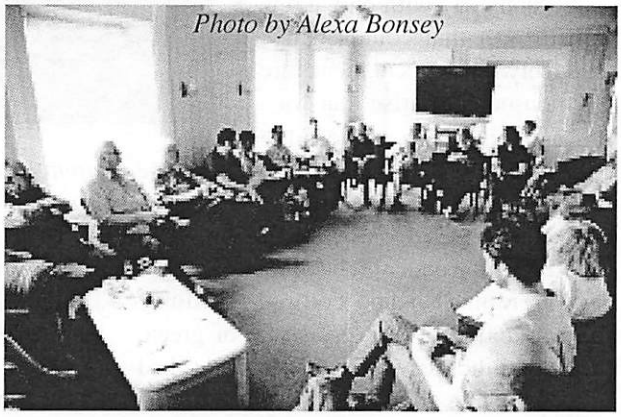


Photo by Alexa Bonsey

Rassemblement d'artistes à Orono

At the end of April, The Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine hosted a rather unique event: their annual Franco-American gathering for artists and creators. These kinds of events are few and far between. Yet the University of Maine holds strong to the Franco community and their *créativité foisannante*. The event welcomed a diverse crowd of novelists, poets, playwrights, historians, and even a singer. This year, unlike last, there was an overarching theme for the presentations : Why are Franco-Americans so invisible? And what are we doing to make ourselves more visible? The mere fact that Francos continue creating does more to make us visible than this lovely group of creators is aware. This event shows the unity of the Franco-American ethnic group, creators from multiple states and even across the border come together to share their work and their experiences. With the continued efforts of the participants to ameliorate the gathering, we have the potential to change inalterably the course of Franco-American culture and literature. I recently met with Gustave Labbé, a retired literature professor now almost 99 years old living in Montréal. We discussed a wide variety of topics, one being la concurrence. Camaraderie and competition are essential to a competent literary production: this event helps unite creators from across the *Franco-Américanie* and elevates the quality of Franco-American writing. With unity comes a great many advantages and at the Franco-American Centre this event is a step in the right direction.

Though most were from various regions of Maine, there were a few that came from from other states and across the border. Among those from Maine were Susan Poulin, Laurie Graves, Gregoire Chabot, Dani Beaupré as well as Raymond Pelletier, Yvon Labbé, and Paul Paré. Susan Poulin presented a piece about her aunt, a sister in northern Maine. Although it was different from her usual comedic writings, it was very touching and shows the breadth of Poulin's talents. Laurie Graves, who keeps a blog (hinterlands.me), presented an excerpt from her recently published fantasy novel,

(Continued on page 31)

From Maine to Thailand

The making of a Peace Corps Volunteer

by Roger Parent

ED. NOTE: This is the thirteenth 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. 99 pages 37-39.

I was in a helicopter with Sargent Shriver, Peace Corps director, to visit volunteers in Khorat, about a one-hour ride from Udorn. It was an American-made helicopter; maybe a precursor of the ubiquitous Hueys of the Vietnam War – I'm not sure of the make or model. I sat on a bench facing Sargent Shriver and a couple of his assistants. Next to me were Art and Jack volunteers at the Udorn Teacher Training College, and Dave, another volunteer whom Shriver had invited for the ride. We strapped ourselves into our seats and at Sargent Shriver's suggestion, the door was left wide open to let cool air rush in. I hadn't felt air this cool since I had left Maine eight months ago, in October 1961.

This was the rainy (monsoon) season – early June I think – and it was hot and humid, wet and green . It was around noon on a sunny day with only a few clouds, but that could change suddenly, since it's in the nature of monsoons to arise that way. I wasn't thinking of possible storms as I watched the countryside passing by like a movie through the open door in front of me. I was in wonder of the miracle wrought by the rains that had colored the dusty brown landscape in every shade of green, had filled the rice paddies with water, had flooded homes and villages and had turned dirt roads into mud. I could almost see the frustration on the face of the bus driver trying to get his bus free, and I could almost see the satisfaction on the faces of the woman and her children tending the rice plants in the rice paddy.

Earlier that day, Shriver had visited my home and school and I had introduced him to my host families and colleagues. He had removed his shoes before entering my home, had worn the heavy blue cotton shirt (closed at the front with cotton ties) of the Thai farmer, given him by my students, and he had tried to play the khaen (north-east bamboo flute).

Shriver embodied the spirit of Peace Corps in his respect of the people's culture, language and feelings. That's why he had asked for a Thai pilot and helicopter to visit volunteers, unlike the American ambassador, who accompanied him in an American military helicopter.

Sargent Shriver's way of running Peace Corps was hands on — he visited us and talked without colleagues and principals. In Washington he got theory, made policy and kept Congress happy. In Thailand, Nigeria and Chile — the early Peace Corps countries —he saw volunteers in action. In the helicopter he said, "Peace Corps is a work in progress and you volunteers are creating the Peace Corps, not me, not the staff."

Roger Parent shaking hands with Sargent Shriver. Peace Corps volunteer Art Crisfield in the center looking on.

Shriver peppered us with questions: "how's your health? Are you lonely? Do you think you're making a difference? Should we send more volunteers to Udorn? Do you feel needed here?"

"I feel we're making a real difference," Art said. "The students are very hungry to learn English, learn about us and about America. Our students are going to be teachers in the elementary and high schools so our impact will be substantial and long term."

I said, "I'm teaching English as a second language at two schools. I'm organizing the library and helping the carpentry teacher, but my carpentry teaching job is not highly needed. I think other volunteers should be assigned to Udorn and the northeast but not as teachers of carpentry."

While we were talking, I noticed the sky clouding and the wind increasing; I thought we might be in for a storm. No sooner had that thought passed when the rain came. We quickly closed the door and our helicopter was almost engulfed by a monsoon storm of torrential rains and bluish-black clouds, which turned the bright midday sky into midnight darkness. Typhoon gusts threw us like a cork in rough seas. When our helicopter wasn't being pulled up and let down, like a yo-yo, it slid on air this way and that, like a sled on ice.

Lightning pierced the stormy darkness and thunder punctuated the noise of our groaning helicopter as it twisted in corkscrew winds and pelting rain.

I had seen military helicopters fly over Udorn, and I had often thought it would be fun to ride in one. Now I wasn't so sure. As long as Sargent Shriver sitting across from me remained calm and serene, I remained calm and serene. But when I saw our pilot struggling to keep the helicopter stable and upright, and the conversation ebbed, Shriver's face showed concern. I was concerned too. I didn't want to die in a helicopter — not even with the President's brother-in-law.

My concern grew and I became frightened when our helicopter dropped in what seemed a free fall. I couldn't see anything and I through the pilot couldn't either. I resigned myself to a swift death in a Thai military helicopter in the middle of a rice paddy . But suddenly, maybe a 100 feet from the ground, the pilot yanked the helicopter to a hover, looked around and quickly brought it down in a flooded field, not far from a

(Continued on page 5)

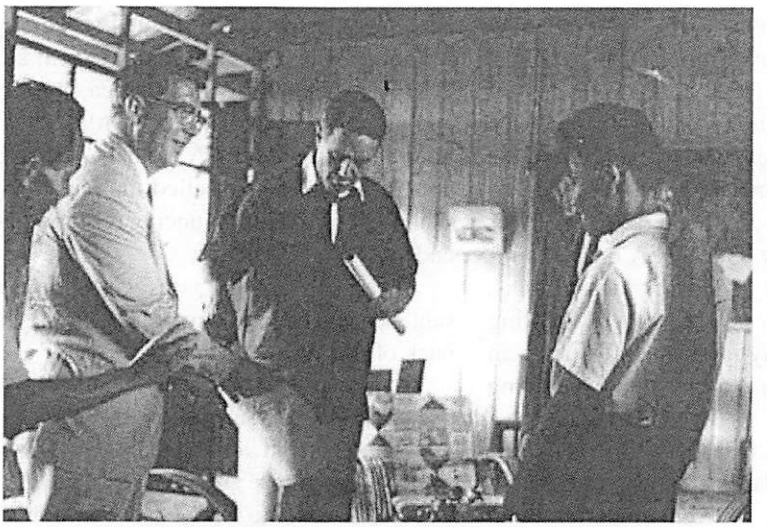
(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 4)

water buffalo and an old shed whose faint outline had been seen.

The pilot opened the door, I rolled up the legs of my suit and jumped in knee-high water amidst rice shoots in my Sunday shoes. I didn't know where we were and neither did the others. We had been blown off-course and even the pilot wasn't sure where we were. As we stood in the water, rain pelting us and lightning and thunder scaring us, we noticed a farmer and his children whom we had surprised by dropping from the sky, walking slowly toward us. They had been lured out of the old shed in the rain to take a closer look at this extraordinary scene unfolding in their rice field. We met them halfway to the shed and Art (the best speaker of local Lao dialect; our pilot was from Bangkok and didn't know that dialect) asked the farmer, "Where are we? What's the name of the closest town?"

Meanwhile, Shriver was having a great time kibitzing in every man's language with the children, playing the role of Peace Corps Volunteer as he imagined. The farmer invited us out of the wind-whipped rain to the shed. I told the farmer that Sargent Shriver was a Director of Peace Corps and the President Kennedy's brother-in-law — an important U.S. government official. He found that hard to believe, "If he's such a high official, why is he wearing a Thai farmer's shirt?"

Almost as soon as we took cover in the shed, the storm left – almost as quickly as it had arrived – and the sun shone brightly. After some quick good-bye's and deep wai's (to bow and place the hands together as in prayer), we boarded our helicopter. In about



From left to right: American Ambassador to Thailand, Sargent Shriver, Peace Corps director and one of my students, Udorn Trade School.

20 minutes we were in Khorat, where Tai dignitaries and volunteers were anxiously waiting for us. The American ambassador and his entourage were nowhere in sight. They had not arrived yet.

That evening, while having a meal of curries, steamed vegetables, rice spiked with fish sauce, Mekong whiskey and singha beer, we learned the Ambassador's helicopter had run out of fuel while being tossed about by the storm and had been forced to land far from us. Our pilot had picked them up and flown them to Bangkok, leaving for the moment their helicopter and pilot in the rice fields where they had landed. Now that we knew they were safe, Shriver joked, "Our Thai pilot was more skilled than the ambassador's." He kidded about the stuffiness of the ambassador and his assistants and bemoaned the tendency of American diplomats to live in "foreign enclaves" apart from the people.

Shriver discouraged the high falutin' receptions host governments and embassies wanted to give him because he was President Kennedy's brother-in-law. He set a good example for volunteers by his folksy approach, by the way he treated ordinary citizens of Thailand with dignity and respect, and by his trust in their intelligence and judgment. We were inspired by Shriver and I think he was inspired by us. President John Kennedy had signed the legislation establishing Peace Corps, but Sargent Shriver was its founder and inspiration.

***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*

Back seats

Short Fiction by Paul Paré

It was on a windy Sunday afternoon in late January and we were about to embark on our "Father Knows Best" moment: the starched table cloth, the boiled dinner set out on a metal tray; the blueberry pie waiting on the oak sideboard along with the desert plates; the volume on the radio turned down; the four of us, our hands clasped in prayer while my father recited the traditional blessing.

There was no clue the moment was soon to turn into fury and chaos.

My sister Claire, who was a junior in High School, had coined the expression about "Father Knows Best", since it was our moment – our only time of the week – when we shared a heavy meal and my father profited from the occasion to chat about family matters. Claire bestowed on our Sunday dinner a heavy dose of sarcasm – a feeling I didn't share. I loved the television show. I was totally in awe of Robert Young and Jane Wyatt and their children. The perfect American family. Something we, the Jalbert family of Auburn, Maine, had yet to achieve.

I was in the fifth grade that January of 1956, a student at Saint-André School. I was a good student, among the top five of my class, never got into trouble, obeyed the nuns and earned their approval.

My parents had just me and my sister. My father worked at the Catholic Hospital in Lewiston across the river. He was in charge of the boiler room and made sure the large, noisy, coal-eating furnaces were kept in perfect working order. My mother stayed at home, worked in our garden, kept house, took the bus to the grocery store, and prayed a lot. Everyone was busy all week and our meals were simple, fast, and often skipped by both my sister who was out with her girlfriends and my father who worked late fixing problems at the hospital.

(Continued on page 6)

(Back seats continued from page 5)

But Sunday dinner was a ritual. We attended the 10:30 a.m. High Mass at Saint-André Church. The afternoon was spent in the kitchen, the largest room in the house and the fanciest with its sideboard my mother's grand-father had brought over from Montmagny, Québec. A double window was covered with fancy lace curtains, and hanging on one wall was a painting of a rural roadway in Québec featuring an outdoor oven with a farmer's wife removing loaves of bread.

Our Sunday meal was elaborate: nearly always a boiled dinner that had simmered in the oven while we were at church, with a large chunk of lamb and a smaller chunk of beef. "People should eat more lamb, it makes them more agreeable." My mother used the French word agréable which to her meant "understanding" and "kind." Stewed with the meat were carrots, onions, and cabbage. Mashed potatoes were served on the side.

I knew all this because I – mon p'tit Paul – was recruited every week to help prepare the meal. My sister, much taller than me and able to reach the highest shelves of the cupboard, was expected to set the table with the best dinnerware we possessed. My father would gaze out the window while listening to the radio which on Sundays broadcast entirely in French.

We spoke in French practically all the time. My mother knew very little English, my father understood it better than he spoke it, my sister would have preferred English, I didn't even think about it. Of course, Saint-André School was a bilingual parochial school with half a day in each language. To me, it felt perfectly normal. But, French was the language of the home.

While we ate our dinner, my father would lead the discussion and, on cue, we would share bits of information about the past week. My sister donned her fake smile and whispered to me: "Father Knows Best."

Turning to me, my father said, "So, Paulo, how was your week?" I reddened at the sound of my baby name. "Paul is my name, not Paulo," I barely whispered.

"I went to school," I said with as much sarcasm I could muster.

"I know that. What did you learn? Is there anything new going on?"

"Well, since the beginning of January, we have a new course called civics. It's in English and it's all about America – history and government and all that. Oh! And, we have a new bus driver. A woman, her name is Miss Bumpas." I spelled the name. My sister repeated it, pronouncing it Bump-ass, and snickered.

"She always greets us with the same sentence when we get on. French kids to the back of the bus, in a very loud voice."

"What?" both my sister and father exclaimed at the same time.

I repeated it, adding that the kids who attend Saint-André are the last to get off.

"La Maudite" he yelled out. "That's just like that Negro woman who had to go

to jail for not giving up her seat on a bus a few weeks ago, you know in the South somewhere."

"Rosa Parks, in Alabama," volunteered my sister.

"Yes, that's the one. I can't believe it. They're treating my little boy like that négresse. Oh, I got to put an end to that. I got to do something. This is Auburn, Maine, and we don`t treat people like that."

"It's okay. I don't mind," I offered. "All my friends are in the back and we have lots of fun. I don't mind.

"That is not the point. She should not speak to you like that. I got to stop this, I will..."

My mother interrupted him. "What will you do, eh?"

My sister pointed her finger like a gun and went "Bang, Bang."

My mother tapped her hard on the shoulder. "Stop that, Claire, this is not funny. Besides, your father does not own a gun. Dieu merci!"

"Yes, he does," I blurted out. "It's in the bottom of the old tool chest in the cellar. I saw it there."

"Oh? Pas possible. You still have that old gun?"

My father waved his hand. "It doesn't work. I just keep it because it reminds me of MY father. It's a World War I model, a German gun my father bought at a county fair years and years ago."

Turning to me, "And you, young man, stay out of my stuff in the cellar. Besides, the only way to deal with your new bus driver is to tell her to stop saying that, let her know you can sit anywhere you want, you have the same rights as the kids who go to the public school."

"Boycott, boycott, boycott; protest, protest..."

My father interrupted Claire. "We do not do that. French people do not protest or march in the streets. That is not our way."

"Well it seems to work in Alabama..."

"But this is Maine, not Alabama..." His tone was final.

The remainder our meal was consumed in total silence. My father, who was first to finish, turned off the radio, wrapped himself up in his winter coat and boots and gloves and stormed outside without a word where he started shoveling the piles of rotting snow on the side of the driveway to make room for what the winter would undoubtedly bring in the next set of storms.

"He is a shoveler. At work he shovels coal for a living, at home he shovels snow to deal with his anger," said my mother.

The following Sunday, the ritual was repeated. Desert was a chocolate cake my mother had baked the night before and my father's manner seemed a bit more buoyant which I attributed to the much milder temperatures. "January thaw" was an expression that had not yet entered my vocabulary, but it would have fit the mood.

Near the end of the meal, after everyone had talked about their week– all but me – my father looked my way and said "Your turn."

I knew precisely what he wanted to hear. "Well, about Miss Bumpas. Something strange. Thursday morning, I think it was, she greeted us with the words 'Good morning, children. You know the rules.' Nothing else changed; we all went to our usual seats."

(Continued on page 7)

(Back seats continued from page 6)

"Really," my father replied. I noticed my mother and Claire had no reaction, like they had been prepped. Not even a wise-cracking smirk from my sister.

"And, Friday morning, the same thing. No more 'French kids to the back of the bus', just a smile and 'you know the rules'."

And that was it. When the meal was entirely over, my father moved to his rocker and turned up the volume and listened to his jigs and reels.

I had just started my first year of college when my father died. "Massive heart failure, while working overtime tending the boilers at the hospital," my sister told me.

He was only 66 years old. He had said he was very proud of me because I had entered college. He approved of my choices: business courses at Saint Francis College. He said I would be the first of my generation to graduate since none of those "good for nothing" cousins of mine would ever think of college.

My sister was already married and with child. My father was not so kind in his attitude, criticizing her for marrying too young and to a non-Franco.

At the Piché Funeral Home the night before the funeral mass, my mother was inconsolable. She said that with the children gone the two of them had grown closer, had regained some of that insouciance of the early years of marriage. I had no wish to deal with that new part of their life, so I turned to the past. Trivial recollection after another, we eventually focused on our "Father Knows Best" Sunday dinners. My sister overheard us and quickly joined the conversation.

"Do you remember Miss Bumpas, the bus driver?"

Both mother and sister nodded and smiled.

"That Sunday night when I went to bed, I was so scared that my father would take out his gun and confront her. I couldn't sleep, thinking that I was to blame for Miss Bumpas being shot," I whispered to them.

Glancing at my sister I was slightly disappointed that my sister didn't use her "Bang, bang" expression and, at that moment, I realized that time had passed and we would never be the same Jalbert family again.

But I needed to know. What had my father done to make Miss Bumpas change? I asked my mother, and she said in simple French terms: "He went and talked to her. He knew the bus number and he waited one day at the bus garage and introduced himself. He told me he was very polite, yet very firm. He told her to stop using that language which he said was racist or he would go to the school board, the city council and the newspaper."

"That was it. That's all it took?"

"Oui mon p'tit Paul."

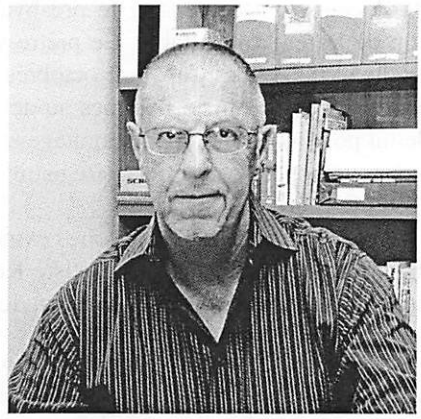
My mother added that Miss Bumpas was lucky that was all he did. "She didn't know – nobody knew or remembered – that your father had been quite the fighter. When people in Augusta some time ago wanted to pass laws that would prevent cities from transporting parochial school children on taxpayer-funded buses, your father and his buddies from the Club Champlain went to Augusta and protested. Several times, they did that. And they called the newspapers. And they went to the city councils here and there and protested. And, they won. Everybody understood that children who live far from their schools should not have to walk. They should be allowed to ride the buses like everyone else."

"I never knew that. Did you, Claire?"

"No," she replied, "and he's the one who told you that French people didn't boycott or protest."

My mother shook her head and said her husband was a very complicated man. "He was proud about the victory with the school buses, but he never wanted to go through that again."

"Father Knows Best," my sister and I said in unison.



About the Author:

Paré was a reporter for the Lewiston Evening Journal in the late 1960s and into the 1970s. He later worked in radio and television, receiving an Emmy in 1980 for his work at NH Public TV for the children's series The Franco File.

His first novel Singing the Vernacular was published in 2018. Set in Maine, Québec, and California, it was largely biographical.

Road Kill published in 2015 is pure fiction. A seriously noir account, the novel deals with the issue of homelessness. Its principal characters, both New Englanders, make their way to Florida where they encounter a group of squatters in a hurricane-devastated trailer park, plus an assortment of dumpster divers, street musicians, drag queens, and church ladies on a mission. It received the 2016 Finalist Award from the Independent Publishers of New England.

Paré is currently working on a new novel tentatively titled The Obituary Girl.

The piece submitted here, Back Seats, is an attempt to blend short fiction with an historical fact (some would call it fake news!)

LE NEZ DANS LES ARCHIVES

Here are a few interesting notes, extracted from L'abbé Ivanhoe Caron's from the Archvies of the Bishop of Quebec published in Rapport de L'archviste - Province de Québec betweem 1927 and 1937. I glean here a few notes relative to the early years of Madawaska . I do this with hardly a comment, being this is simple the first step, the preliminary work before painting a picture of the situation of those times..

We are dealing with an index of an index which yet yield considerable information that could result in a study in the relationship of the Madawaska pioneers with the church of their times.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine

The General Hunter to the Right Reverend Joseph-Octave Plessis (Fredericton, New Brunswick, 8th July 1808) Un groupe d'Indiens vient s'établir à la pointe, Medoctec, sur la rivière Saint-Jean. Ils désireraient avoir, comme missionaire, M. Amiot, mainteanant à Madawaska. Le gouverneur donnera à ce missionnaire une allocation de cinquante louis sterling. (Cartable: Gouvernement I-87) RAPQ 1932-33 p. 53-54.

Mgr. J. O. Plessis. Lettre pastorale aux habitants de Madawaska (Quebec 2 septembre 1808). Il est sur le pointde leur "envoyer un missionaire charg´de la desserte de toute la rivière S. Jean jusqu'à

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(Le Nez Dans Les Archives continued from page 7)

Frédericton, mais dont l'hyvernement et la principale résidence sera aux milieu d'eux". Ils s'occuperont de réparer le presbytère, afin de le rendre habitable. Ce prêtre sera rendu à l rivière des Caps le 1 octobres. Ils enverront cinqu ou six hommes au-devant de lui pour le guder dans le poratage et lui aider à transporter ses effets. (Registre G, f 139v) RAPQ 1932-33 p. 56

Mgr. J.O. Plessis. Pourvoires extraordinaire accordés à M. Jean-Baptiste Kelly pour la mission de la rivière Saint-Jeanj (Quebec 24 Septembre 1808)

Registre G, f 146 f.) RAPQ 1932-33 p. 57

M. Thomas Saumarez à l'évêque catholiquede Québec (Fredericton, Nouveau-Brunswic, 30 juin 1814) Il a reçu sa lettre du 26 avril dernier annoncant que le revérebd Louis Marcoux a été nommé missionaire des Indiens de la rivière Sa9nt-Jean Des ordres ont ét´donnés pour que M. Marcoux reçoive l'allocation ordinaire missionaire. (Cartables: Gouvernement I-126) RAPQ 1932-33 p. 100.

Sir Howard Douglas. leuteant-gouverneur du Noveau Brunswick à gr. Plessis (Fredericton, 8 avril 1825). Il lui annononce qu'une somme de cinquante louis a été votée par la Législature du Nouveau-Brunswick pour le sotien de la missions des suavages à Madawaska. (Cartable: Gouvernement II-23) RAPQ 1932-33 p. 229.

And now what about Madawaska-Québec?

Mgr. J.O. Plessis. Lettre pastorale aux habitants de (Saint-Basile de) Madawaska (L'Islet,30 juin 1806). Il A décidé de leur enlever leur missionaire M. Hot.Avant de leur en envoyer un autre, il veut qu"ils fassent les réparationd nécessaires à leur église et à leur presbytère, comme Mgr. Denaut le leur avait demandé. De plus il exige que l'on trouvre des moyens de faire subsister le missionaire qu'il prpose de leur envoyer, et que l'on fasse preuve d'un plus grand zèle pour la religion (Registre des lettres v. 5, p. 229) RAPQ 1932-33 p. 27

Mgr. J.O. Plessis. Pouvoirs extraordinaire accordés à M. Michel-Auguste Amyot pour la mission de Saint-Basile de Madawaska (Québec 22 decembre 1806 (Registre G. f. 103v.) RAPQU 1932-33 p. 34.

Mgr. J.O. Plessis. Lettre pastoral aux habitanst de Saint-Basule-de Madawaska. (Québec 8 octobre 1807. Il regrette qu'ils n'aient pu garder parmi eux le prêtre qu Mgr Hubert leur avait envoyé. Il ne peut leur en donner un dan le moment à cause de la disette de prêtres dans la diocèse, de la diffuclulté de réaliser en argent dans leur localité la dimes des grains, et du empressement qu'ils montrent à faire usage du ministère du prêtre lorqu'il réside parmi eux. En fin il faut qu'ils fassent disparaitre certains désordes qui règnent parmi eux. M. Amiot continuera à les visiter, l'hiver et l'ét´, mais avant de'avoir un prêtre résident, ils devernt se rendre dignes de cette faveur. (Registre G., f 118r.) RAPQ 1932-33 p. 45.

The good Bishop does not mince his words and the words get even more harsh in the next pastoral letter of 9 October 1811.

Mgr. J. O Plessis. Lettre pastorale aux habitants de Saint-Basile-de-Madawaska (Québec, 9 octobre 1811). Il déplore leur indifférence et le peu de zèle qu'ils montrent daqns la pratique dela religion. Les missionaires qui se sont succédé au Madawaska: MM Leclair, Ciquard, Hot, Amiot et Kelly, n'y ont éprouvé que des déboires. Il en est même pour M. Raby qui est parmi eux maintenant. Ils devront lui remettre les dimes que lui son dues, solder les billets qu'ils on endossés, comme constibution à la construction de leur église: de plus ils dévront préparrer dans le cours de l'hiver, les matériaux requis pour commencer, dès le printemper de 1812, la construction de cette église.. Il à chargé M. Raby de le tenit au courant de l'exécution de ses ordres; s'ils persistent dans leurs mauvaises dispositions, il leur en;ènlèvera leur missionaire. (Registre H. f.3 r.) (RAPQ 1932-1033 pp.80-81).

Followed by:

Mgr. J.O. Plessi. Pouvoires extraordinaire accordés à M. Louis Marcoux, missionaire à saint-Basile-de-Madawaska (Québec, 29 octobre 1813). Registre H. f. 63 r.) (RAPQ 1932-1933 p. 96)

GD Madawaska, Captions: "The Blacksmith's Shop,"

Father Ciquard

The French Sulpician, Priest, Fr. François Ciquard was the first resident pastor of the Parish of St. Basile de Madawaska. You may find a biographical sketch on him on line in the Dictionnary of Canadian Biography. what I submit below are the notes of Father Ivanhoe Caron in the Rapport de L'Archiviste -Province de Quebec.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine

Mgr. Jean-François Hubert à M. (François) Ciquard, missionaire à Madawaska (Québec 6 décembre 1794) Il répond à ses lettres du 6 septembre. M. Ciquard se bornera à donner la missions aux sauvages à Madawaska et à la rivière Tobie; il s'emploiera surtout de la desserte des habitants françaises. Il fer payer la dimes aux Français et aux Sauvages.. Il ne se montrera pas trops sévère pour l'observations des jours maigres. Il éloignera autant que possible, les fidèles des écoles qui ne conviennent pas aux catholiques.

Registres des lettres v. 2. p. 169) (RAPQ 1930-1931 p. 310)

Mgr. Jean-François Hubert à Son Excelence le général Thomas Carleton, lieutenant-gouverneur de la Province du Nouveau-Brunswick, à Frédericton (Madawaska, 19 septembre 1795). Il vient de parcourir la Baie-des-Chaleurs. Il a ramené M. Bourg et laissé à sa place "deux jeunes prétres qui desserviront le nord et le sud de la Baie. (J'ai (le mot manque) ;a rivière Ristigouche dans le désir d'aller rendre mes devoirs. Je m'en flattais mais la saison était si avancée, et j'ai éprové tant de difficultés depuis Risitigouche jusqu'ici, par les basses eaux et par la multiciplicité des poratges occassionée par le embrras des rivières, j'ai essuyé tant de fatiques, et les pluits abondantes, qui viennent tomber, rendent si mauvais le grand portage, que je me vois hors d'état de me rendre jusqu'a Fredericton" Il s'es arrêté trois jours chez M. Ciquard.

Registre des lettres v. 2 p. 220) (RAPQ 1930-31 p. 320)

Mgr. Pierre Denaut. Il continue à M. François Ciquard, missioanire au Nouveau Brunswick, les pouvoirs extraordinaire qui lui ont accordés le 24 juin 1794 (Québec, 8 septembre 1797)

Registre G, f. 1 V.) (RAPQ 1931-1932 p. 136)

Mgr. Pierre Denaut à M. J.O. Plessis, coadjuteur à Québec (Longueuil 5 mars 1798) ....Il ne peut approuver le projet de M. Ciquard, de Madawaska, "de batir une église, parties à ses faris,, parties des contibutioan volontaires.....

(Registres des lettres v. 2, p353)

(Continued on page 9)

(Father Ciquad continued from page 8)

Mgr. Pierre Denaut à M. J.O. Plessis, vicaire-général et curé de Québec (Longueuil 20 Mai 1798).....il repmercia M. Ciquard des bons services qu'ill a rendu au diocèse...

Registres des lettres v. 2, p. 359) (RAPQ 1931-1932 p. 146

Mgr. J.O. Plessis à Mgr. L'évèque de Québec ~a Longueui (Québec . 9 octobre 1797). Mgr l'Acien est très mal. Il a permis au Frère Saumier de faire la quête en ville.. Mm. Louis-Joseph Desjardins et François, Ciquard, missionaires à la Baie-des-Chaleurs, demandenet des assitsants.....

(Registres des lettres v. 3 p. 5), (RAPQ 1927-28 p. 215.

Mgr. J. O. Plessis à M. François, Ciquard, missionaire à..... (Québec 12 février 1798) Il approuve sa manière d'agir envers les habitants de Madawaska. Ces gens n'appr´´cent pas assex la présence du prêtre. Il l'encourage à se bâtir une maison à ses frais. Il le félicte de son excessive bonté.

(Registres des lettres v. 3, p. 27) (ibid. p. 216)

Mgr. J.O. Plessis à M. François Ciquard, missionaire à Madawaska ou Frédericton (Québec 30 msai 1798). Il pourra accepter un poste plus avantageux dans la diocès de Baltimore. Il se rapellera toujours les exemples de vertus qu'il a donnés.

Registres des lettres v. 3, p. 31) (ibid p. 217).

Mgr. J.O. Plessis à M. Jean-Baptiste Fournier, premier marguillier à Madawaska (Québec 5 février 1799) Mgr. Denaut donnera un pr^tre aux habitants de Madawaska à condition qu'ils s'engagent à le nourrir et à le logé convenablement. La conduite qu'ils ont tenue à l'égard de M. Ciquard n'est pas de nature à leur mériter les bonnes grâces de leur évèque.

(Registre desLettres v. 3, p. 66. (ibid p. 220).

Mgr. J. O. Plessis à M. François, Ciquard, prêtre-au-Détroit (Québec 10 mars 1799). C'est le désir de Mgr. L'évèque de Québec qu'il retourne à ses missions de la rivière Saint-Jean. Probablement que les habitant de Madawaska auront bienôt un curé; dans ce cas, il n'aura qu'a s'occuper du ministère aupr`s des Sauvages.Précautions à prendre auprès du gouvernement.

(Registres des lettres v. 3, p. 69) (ibid p. 220)

Mgr. J.O. Plessis à Jean-Baptiste Fournier, premier marguillier à Madawaska (Québec 19 mars 1799). En consideration de la bonne volinté des habitants de Madawaska, Mr. l'évèque de Québec leur enverra un prêtre résident à l'automne. Un missionnaire ira les visiter au mois de juin.

Registre des lettres v. 3. p. 71 (Ibid p. 220).

Mgr. J.O. Plessis à M. Jos-Amable Trutaut, curé de Kamouraska (Québec 4 juin 1799).M. Trutaut enverra son vicaire, M. Germain, remplir les fonctions du ministère à Saint-André pendant que le curé de l'endroit ira faire la mission de Madawaska.

(Registre des lettres v. 3, p. 76 (ibid p. 221).

Mgr. J. O. Plessis à M. John Jomes , missionaire à Halifax (Québec, 24 aout 1799) . Apropos de catécismes à l'abbé Sigogne. Il lui indique comment placer les prêtres français qui arriveront avec L'abbé Calonne.. M. Ciquard est de retour du Haut-Canada reprendra sa mission auprès des Sauvages de la rivière Saint-Jean. M. Power en a assez de sa mission de Memrancook. A propos des legs de Mgr. Bailly.

Registre des Lettres v. 3, p. 81). Ibid p. 221).

Mgr. J. O. Plessis à M. François Ciquard, missionaire à Frédericton, Nouveau-Brunswick (Qu´´bec 2 mars 1803) Mgr. l'évèque de Québec le nomme missionaire à Caraquet. Il viendra s'entendre avec M. Joyer. Il s'occupera d'avoir un passeport pour qu'il puisse retourner dans l'inérieur du diocèse.

Registr des lettres v. 3, p. 226) (ibid p. 231).

Mgr. J. O. Plessis à M. René-Pierre Joyer, missioanaire à Caraque, Baie-des-Chaleurs (Québec 2 mars 1808) Mgr. L'évèque de Québec le charge de la mission de Memrancook. Il ira rencontrer M. Ciquard à Miramichi et lui donnera les instructions nécessaires. Mgr Denaut ira le voir dans le courant de l'été.

(Registre des lettres v. 3, p 227)

Mgr. Pierre Denaut. Pouvoirs extraordianire `M. (Michel-Auguste) Amiot, curé de Saint-André-de-Kamouraska, pendant sa mission à Madawaska. Signé: J.O. Plessis, vicaire-général (Québec 4 juin 1799).

Registre G. f. 19,r.) (RAPQ 1931-1932 p. 157

There are further entries regarding Fr. Ciquard but they apply to his missionary work elsewhere than in Madawaska or the St. John River.. We see by the entries given that Fr. Ciquards mission to St. Bsile de Madawask and Indian villages here dates from 1794 to 1798.

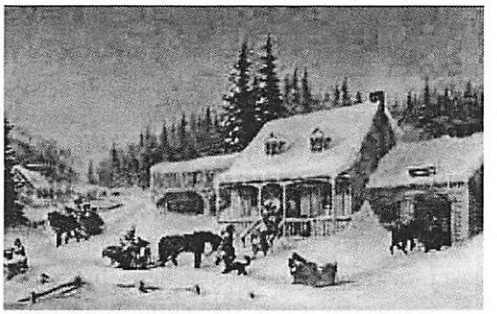
Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine

Another Voice in What to Call Ourselves

by Denise R. Larson

I read with great interest "Being & Not Being Franco-American" by Maegan Maheu and the letter from Pierre Girard of the French American Heritage Foundation of Minnesota in the Spring issue of Le Forum. Both are about ethnic labeling of a group of people among whom I count myself—American citizens who were born in the United States but whose ancestors emigrated from French Canada, where several generations of their families had resided after the progenitor—the first immigrant—had immigrated to New France from old France in Europe.

Our ancestors did not just pass through Canada on their way to the United States, as if changing coaches or trains. They lived in there for generations and founded an entirely new culture. That effort and those decades should not be dismissed in the name of language commonality, yet a label of simply "Franco" can be construed as doing just that. The uniqueness of the culture that became



"The Blacksmith's Shop," Quebec habitant collection, Wikimedia Commons

the original Canada can be studied in two renown texts, Introduction to New France by Marcel Trudel, Professor and Chairman of the Department of History, University of Ottawa, and Champlain's Dream: The

(Continued on page 10)

STONES

by Ray Luc Leyasseur, 2002

Nineteen fifty-six. The cold war flared and the American middle class bubbled over into suburbia. It hardly mattered to us, in a town of two thousand on a river in Maine. We were French-Canadians, a minority of French speaking Catholics providing the labor that ran the local woolen mills and shoe factory. To our Protestant detractors we were "frogs," "damn Canucks," and "niggers turned inside out." They thought we were the source of the world's stupidity.

I'm one of the Michaud boys. In my neighborhood, among our own, children were acknowledged by our family ties. You were one of the Letourneau boys, one of the Nadeau girls, the d'Auteuil brothers and sisters.

I was ten years old. My life was baseball, fishing, hustling small change, and obeying the dictates of priests and nuns who anointed themselves protectors of our souls and the French-Canadian identity. We didn't think of ourselves as Franco-Americans.

By nineteen fifty-six our little enclave was feeling the relentless pull of assimilation. Our language was being overpowered by English. Catholicism was weakened as a cultural preserve as parochial schools struggled to stay afloat. The call of Quebec was losing its appeal as World War II and Korea broadened the horizons of returning veterans. French food and music was largely relegated to holidays. TV was sucking us into mass consumption. I was left to fend my way through the contradictions of a dominant culture that still viewed us as inferior.

The bigger Protestant boys were always a threat. I was pummeled, headlocked, snowballed, BB shot and chased like a scared rabbit. Every manner of little frog sambo brickbat was hurled my way. I lost all my earliest fights until I began growing rapidly and cracked one of the Littlefield bullies over the head with a chokecherry branch.

One day a storekeeper threw a pail of wastewater on my younger brother for picking through his trash cans. On another we were chased from the back of the Masonic lodge with threats of beating our little French asses. The Protestant cemetery's caretaker would bear down on us with his pickup truck as we cut through their sacred ground on the way to a swimming hole.

It upset me that French-Canadians sometimes joined in demeaning themselves, adopting the same Protestant tags to make us look like clowns and misfits that didn't have the smarts God gave a pissant. It was all supposed to be in good fun, but the foundation swayed beneath me when I saw grown men slap each other on the head and refer to themselves as dumb frogs. If I couldn't take pride in what I was and couldn't cross over to the Protestants, who was I?

The priests and nuns presented a paradox. They held high the Quebecois banner, insisting that French-Canadians were better than Protestant infidels who'd ultimately burn in hell. Yet they constantly criticized us for being too secular and beat us for small transgressions. They subjected us to painful and humiliating penance in the form of forced kneeling on the schoolyard's blacktop, while nuns added a dose of knuckle therapy with a hard wood pointer. A cuss word got your mouth washed out with soap.

To speak French pleased the church but across town it was considered the language of losers.

My father presented another paradox with his arrogance and sense of inferiority. Born in Quebec, he cherished the American dream that never fully consummated for him. He despised what he saw as ignorant, uncouth French-Canadians reduced to mill work drudgery. He was forced by economic hardship to quit school and work the mills, which he deeply resented. When he had a family of his own he saw us as little more than extra mouths to feed. Gradually he slipped into the numbing effects of alcohol. He thought the only way French-Canadians could make it was to cut their roots and find someplace else in this vast country to be a white man. I figure he did just that when he disappeared.

The ethnic whipping post made me feel like a poor excuse for a son of French Canada. To speak French pleased the church but across town it was considered the language of losers. My grades were never good, I was small for my age, and my obedience subject to the impulses of a ten year old with little guidance. I made the sign of the cross when I passed by the church, wore my Saint Christopher medal, and tried mightily to keep my hands out of my pants. Yet I still felt like a dummy in French clothing, a sad caricature of the happily American youngsters I saw on TV.

I found periodic solace above the dam, along the upper river that fed the mills. I wove my way through white pines and towering oaks, sat on embankments, scaled granite outcrops, and ventured out from the shoreline on tall trees felled by Northeasters. I moved from one favorite fishing spot to another with dropline, bamboo pole or the poorly made rod and reel I earned by selling vegetable and flower seeds door-to-door. It was a pleasure to be away from those who presented a ten year old with too

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(Another Voice in What to Call Ourselves continued from page 9)

Visionary Adventurer who made a New World in Canada by David Hackett Fischer.

Are we to call ourselves French-Canadian Americans? What about the Acadian side of our families? Originally, Acadia was not part of Canada. The two were distinct administrative territories and followed different paths to their economic and political destinies. They were united in that they were parts of New France until 1713, when Acadia fell under British rule. They were again united in the political entity of British North America in 1763.

So now we have French Canada (which is designated on U.S. census returns as "Canada-French") plus Acadia. French-Canadian-Acadian would be correct but is quite a long moniker. If we extract parts from each, the FRAN from France, the CA from Canada, the DIAN from Acadian, we have FRANCADIAN.

Francadian American is what I like to call myself when I have to put a label to it, but in these times of political divisiveness, I like to "accentuate the positive," as an old song says, and call myself an American of Francadian heritage. We make ourselves and our country richer and more vibrant by embracing all our background stories and heritage traditions. Let's not discount any of them.

Tagline: Denise (Rajotte) Larson is a writer and editor who lives in the greater Bangor metropolitan area. She continues to study and research her family's Canadian, Acadian, and American history and stories.

(Stones continued from page 10)
much conflict.

Below the dam, down river from the mills, was the stench of decay. Here the mills discharged raw, untreated waste into the river. Initially I was attracted by the colorful dyes that stained the water and the multi-hued foam clinging to the shoreline. Until I realized it was poison. There were few fish here and those that survived bore open flesh sores of disease. We were told never to eat these fish. Birds and animals avoided the area except for rats scurrying about the mill's private dump along a section of embankment. Trees were sparse and withered. Weeds replaced ferns and flowers. Thorn bushes and cockleburrs punished trespassers.

The mills commanded attention. The loud clatter of their machines reverberated through nearby streets. It was the sound of hard work and low pay. Fabric and shoes. Paychecks and Christmas presents. Heartbreak. I was told it was the sound of my future.

My pepere[1] worked in a woolen mill that I passed every day. He was a weaver on the third floor. If he was on break as I passed by he'd wave to me. This didn't happen often as the workers stayed busy at their machines.

The woolen mill stretched for a half block and rose six floors. It was an enormous structure and overshadowed all other buildings. Its lengthy sides bore hundreds of small glass windowpanes. With such an imposing presence I thought it odd we never saw the owners. They were said to be living the life of luxury in New York.

By nineteen fifty-six the mills in Maine slowed down, work was slack and one by one they began closing their doors. My pepere lost his job along with hundreds of others in town. The neighborhood talk turned bitter with how the mills squeezed them of sweat for decades, until cheaper sweat could be squeezed elsewhere. The last of their poison passed into the river and the buildings stripped of machinery.

The woolen mill lay before us like a poached elephant run to ground, plundered of its ivory and left to rot. An unsettling stillness descended over it as those who once kept it alive began the arduous search for other jobs. It was another challenge to the French-Canadian tradition of "la survivance" – the Quebecois spirit of survival in a tough environment.

Near the east side of the mill, on an elevated piece of landfill, was a small sandlot where we played pickup baseball. It was several months after the mill closing, a wicked hot August evening, and we were in the middle of a tedious game played with cracked bats and shredded ball held together with friction tape. We usually played until darkness prevented us from seeing the ball. As the sun lost its blaze behind the mill an argument broke out between Peanut Frechette and Frenchy Marcotte. Peanut tried to steal second and Frenchy insisted he tagged him out. Peanut claimed he was safe by a hundred miles. He wouldn't get off second base, a large chunk of rock. Both teams closed in on the bag and the name calling began. "Dumb as a frog ..." "Stupid as a Canuck ..." Suddenly, Davey Belanger, who'd remained on first, grabbed a fist size stone, ran a half dozen steps and hurled it with full force at the mill windows. Glass shattered. Choc LaRose followed suit with a walnut size stone from this slingshot. Smash! Maurice Levesque began hitting

"Dumb as a frog..."
"Stupid as a Canuck..."

stones toward the windows with a bat. Home run! A fusillade followed as we threw, shot and batted stones with all the muscle our small arms could muster. Our hastily assembled army pressed the attack as if trying to slay the Godzilla of heartless capitalism. We rearmed and let fly until much of the mill's east side was glass shards clinging to window frames.

But not one swear word was heard throughout the onslaught. We'd go to hell for using bad language.

The piercing wail of a siren stopped me in mid windup. Seconds later we scattered like gazelles with the scent of a predator in our nostrils. I had it wide open as I cut through the Rousseau's backyard and ran into a sagging clothesline that snagged my neck and upended me like a flapjack. Momentarily stunned I rolled to my hands and knees, regained my bearings, hopped to my feet, waved to Mrs. Rousseau who'd just stepped out with a laundry basket, and dashed towards home.

My younger brother arrived at the apartment steps a half minute behind me, breathless. As we entered the kitchen Maman[2] looked up from her sewing to our sweaty, dust streaked faces and told us to wash up before getting ready for bed.

My heart beat wildly as I lay in bed fingering the laces of a baseball I'd found over the outfield fence at Babe Ruth League Park. My brother asked if we were going to jail. I said, naw, nobody owns that mill anymore. Nobody cares.

Somebody cared. The police began making house calls the following morning. Every baseball-playing seven to twelve year old French boy was suspect. There'd been a night watchman in the mill at the time. How could we have forgotten that old man Glaude was in there! Mr. Glaude accompanied the police making their rounds. When they arrived at our place one of the officers asked Maman to see her sons. We dutifully emerged from our bedroom to the kitchen with our caps pulled tightly down over our heads. The officer asked where we were last night. My brother looked at me with terror in his eyes. I told the officer we'd gone fishing for horned pout on the upper river. He appeared skeptical.

He told Mr. Glaude to step up. The old man still didn't speak English well so Maman helped with the translation. The officer asked him if he recognized us. He said, of course, we were the Michaud boys. No, responded the officer with a twitch of irritation, had he seen us near the mill last night. Mr. Glaude took a long, thoughtful look at us. It was a look he often gave children in church as he passed the collection basket and we dropped our nickels and dimes into it. "As-ton pepere trouve un travail encore?"[3] he asked. Maman interjected that he hadn't. Finally, Mr. Glaude said that he hadn't seen us since last Sunday's mass.

Maman only believed we hadn't been involved because it's what she wanted to believe. She'd still have to convince my father, whenever he showed up, to keep him from hammering us.

A protective silence enveloped families and the neighborhood. The investigation ended. Remnants of broken glass clung to the mill's window frames until spring when several men were hired to board them up. The structure was going on the market.

A couple years later an investor purchased the building. The ground floor was converted into a tire retreading plant. The upper floors remained empty. I worked for

[1] *Grandpa*
[2] *Mom*
[3] *"Has your grandpa found a job yet?"*

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(Stones continued from page 11)

the tire company one summer, a dirty, shit paying, thankless job. The company didn't have the economic strength of the mills that employed generations of workers. It went belly up in eight years.

A decade after the incident with the stones the boys became men by way of Viet Nam. We grew our first moustaches there. Peanut Frechette was killed when his chopper went down near Xuan Loc. He's buried by the river, in the French-Canadian cemetery with a small American flag planted next to his headstone. Frenchy Marcotte was a Navy Seal and returned half-crazed from the killing. He now scares the older vets at the VFW bar. Davey picked up a dope habit, then redeemed himself with the evangelicals. He was persona non grata at the Knights of Columbus after that. Choc brought back a Vietnamese wife which the family thought was cool until they learned she was Buddhist. He works at a chemical plant. Maurice Levesque took advantage of the GI bill and parlayed it into a successful career as a lawyer. He's helped Frenchy out of several scrapes with the law. My brother lost all his hair over there, and his innocence. War often produces mixed results.

I'm the only one who didn't return home to stay. I come once or twice a year to see Maman and have a drink with the guys at the Lafayette Club, but otherwise I keep my distance.

The mills were central to our way of life. They provided Quebecois immigrants and their children with jobs. The rent was paid and groceries purchased. The pride of "la survivance," so interwoven with mill work, held the social fabric together.

The river too ran through our lives. Above the mills we gathered to fish, swim, picnic and replenish ourselves with nature's gifts. Below the mills was the profit line, etched in moribund waste.

If I stayed in that town I'd have to live with decay. I can't have that. I hated the mills, the way they wore people out prematurely. The low pay, clattering racket and foul odors. I hated the way they abandoned those who gave them so much sweat, and ultimately undermined our ethnic cohesion with the false idol of company fidelity.

Most of the brick mill structures and clapboard shoe factory were torn down. One was salvaged, converted to condos and lured yuppies working in a more prosperous town nearby. There's more empty lots than businesses and social centers. The church hangs on for the old folks but the parochial school, long time guardian of the French language, closed its doors. The town's character is deformed, and the community that refused to die is dying.

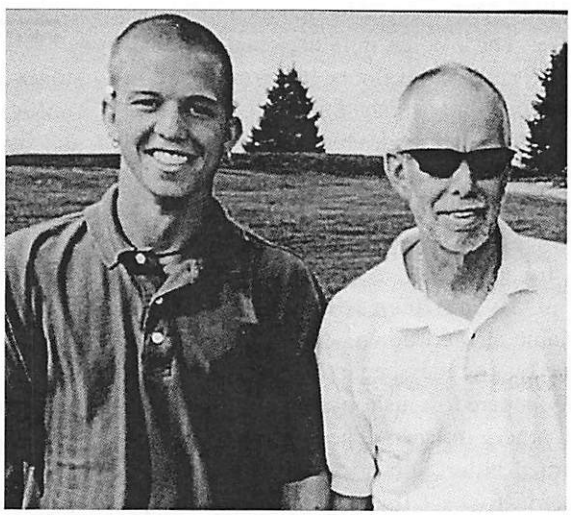
On a recent Labor Day weekend I came to visit and walked along the upper river. At a narrow bend where we once carried lanterns and set lines for hornpout, I sat for a spell. A pair of loons glided by. Frogs croaked among lily pads and a sun turtle basked on the branch of a fallen tree. A mile beyond the damage of the mills.

I stood, retrieved a handful of flat stones and began skipping them across the water. I was a little rusty but as memories returned, so did my youthful technique. The stones skipped and leaped across the water, each farther than the last, until I barely saw them disappear below the surface.

I didn't reach the other shoreline that day. Couldn't do it as a kid, nor twenty years later. I'm getting closer. As I follow what lies closest to my heart I know I'll find my way, one stone at a time.

JEREMY BRINKLEY

by Stuart Brinkley
submitted by Tony Brinkley



[Stuart Brinkley is the brother of Tony Brinkley, the Senior Faculty Associate at the Franco-American Centre. Stuart's son, Jeremy, died of an overdose in 2012. Since 2012, Stuart has often given talks to parents and to high school and college students about heroin. This is a talk he has given at Moon High School in Western Pennsylvania.]

My son, Jeremy, graduated from Moon High School in 2005 and died from a heroin overdose in 2012. Like many people living in suburban America, I thought that our community and my family were immune from the heroin epidemic. Heroin was an inner city problem effecting minorities and the impoverished. I was aware that our young people were using alcohol at parties and maybe even smoking pot but heroin – no way.

Jeremy was intelligent and gifted. Things came very easily for him so at times his work ethic was a little weak. He was popular and had a large group of friends. He was an exceptional athlete, an artist, a poet, a craftsman and an addict. In the end, his addiction eradicated everything else. So it's natural for young people to experiment and take risks. I believe we all have at some point in our lives. It's critical that a risk taker have a survival plan. Jeremy got interested in rock climbing because he was afraid of heights. His survival plan was his rope, his climbing hardware and his fellow climbers. He conquered his fear of heights. Each time he tried something new and succeeded, his attitude of invincibility increased. In college, he was in a serious motorcycle accident. He liked the oxycotine the doctors prescribed. After a brief time he was able to walk away from it. This just reinforced his feeling of being bullet proof. He was strong. Others were weak. He could experiment and walk away whenever he wanted. When he was 22, he was introduced to heroin. Jeremy was a type 1 diabetic, so he was no stranger to needles. That day he opened a door that he could not close. There is no survival plan for heroin. Using heroin is like driving a car with no breaks at 100 miles per hour. You are going to crash and the crash will probably kill you. Jeremy was not only my son but also my business partner and best friend. We lived the two and a half years of his addiction together. During that time he destroyed himself, the business and very nearly destroyed our family. When I discovered that Jeremy was using heroin, I first thought it was a phase that he would

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(JEREMY BRINKLEY continued from page 12)
outgrow like so many other things in life. I knew practically nothing about the drug. So, I did what everyone else does, I googled it and started to educate myself. By the time I got my hands around the seriousness of the problem, I was living with a full blown addicit.

It's natural for a parent to want to protect and help a child but in dealing with addiction, the worst thing one can do is to enable. I did plenty of enabling. The line between helping and enabling is so indistinct that I crossed it many times. Jeremy was charged several times with simple possession. I didn't want him to serve jail time so each time I would hire an attorney who would get the charge reduce to a summary offense with a fine which I would pay. There were no consequences. In hindsight, I probably reinforced the behavior. Had I let him do jail time, would he be alive and sober today? I don't know. My approach obviously didn't work. Addiction counselors will tell you that for an addicit to achieve sobriety, they must hit bottom. They get there when others practice tough love which requires others to detach themselves from the addict and the situation. Most of the family was able to practice tough love but not me. I thought I was his life line.

Since Jeremy's death, I have had the privilege of speaking to a variety of groups. I do this for one simple reason. Burying a child is the most painful thing a parent can do. If my mistakes and experience can prevent one other family from going where we have been, then its victory for all. I frequently get asked, "How do I know if my son or daughter is using drugs, specifically heroin?" There are some common and obvious sign. The problem is that we tend to ignore, then rationalize, next deny and finally react. By the time we are at the last step, we are dealing with a full blown addicit. Remember, heroin users become addicts almost immediately. There is no such thing as social heroin use. The warning signs are divided into two groups—appearance and behavior.

Appearance:

Weight Loss—Heroin is an extremely effective but not recommended way to lose weight. Heroin kills the appetite. Don't ignore loss of weight and appetite. It is one of first and most obvious signs.

Hygiene—Heroin addicits lose interest in how he or she looks. They bathe less frequently. They stop fixing their hair or applying makeup. They wear the same dirty clothes for days at a time. They ignore dental care. Take notice. This may not be a phase.

Tracks—Heroin addicts have tell-tale signs on their bodies. Injections leave marks and bruising. Most addicts inject in the arm on the non- dominant side (i.e. if they are right handed, they inject in the left arm). They wear long sleeve shirts regardless of the weather. They are also cold most of the time so often their clothes are not seasonally appropriate.

Behavior:

Friends—The circle of friends tend to change — slowly at first then more rapidly. Non-users are not comfortable hanging out with addicts. Addicts can't be trusted. Also addicits are drawn to other addicts to meet mutual needs such as drugs and needles. Be concerned when strangers replace long-time friends.

It's natural for a parent to want to protect and help a child but in dealing with addiction, the worst thing one can do is to enable.

Time — Heroin addicits find it difficult to account for their time. They miss school, meetings and curfews. They lie about where they are going and who they are with. Be vigilant about repetitive unexplained illnesses. Addicits are sick most of the time when they are not high.

Activities—Watch out for sudden and dramatic changes in activities. Heroin is such a powerful demon that it preoccupies both time and mind. Heroin saps energy. The addicit loses interest in anything that requires effort such as sports, school work or creativity. They do like to sleep a lot.

Things go missing—Heroin is expensive, very expensive. Most heroin use starts with the use of prescription drugs such as oxicotine or Vicodin. These drugs may have been acquired legally but are highly addictive. When the prescription is gone, the addiction isn't. Oxycotine and other opiates are available on the street but they are expensive. One oxcycotine sells for $50 to $80. A stamp bag (one dose) of heroin sells for about $10. Good economy? Not really. The oxycotine works on a time release basis meaning that one pill is effective for 6 to 8 hours. That's why the instructions are to use 3 times a day. A stamp bag of heroin covers the addict for about an hour. When Jeremy was in active addiction, he needed up to 20 bags a day. If you do the math, that's a $6000 a month habit. So where does the money come from? Addicits start selling possessions— first their own then the family's. There is a market for everything. Once the family's assets are gone, they move on to friends and neighbors. Then to retail establishments. Don't overlook missing objects or money-no matter how insignificant. Jeremy's obsession with finding heroin was not so much from his desire to be high but his desire not to be sick. Heroin withdrawal is painful and ugly. During withdrawal the addict has cramps and chills. He vomits and shakes. Think of the worst flu times 10. He will do anything to avoid the pain including lying, stealing and cheating.

The warning signs are there. Be vigilant and be bold. The earlier you take a stand, the better the prospect for altering a path to destruction. Your loved one will hate you. It will be a fight but if you don't ignore, if you don't rationalize and if you don't deny, perhaps the path won't end at the grave site.

So if you are a parent, what can you do to protect your family?

Don't Be An Ostrich--Accept the fact that drugs and heroin specifically are in our community.

Education--Learn about the signs and risks of the drug culture. Most drug use does not begin with heroin. More frequently it starts with pills or with alcohol and marijuana. That is the time to have the conversation. The attitude that "I did it when I was young and I'm okay" is not helpful and probably dangerous.

Remember you are not the friend. You're the parent. If you talk to your child about driving and sex, it's time to have the conversation about drugs.

Don't Be A Hoarder--Keep all prescription drugs and especially pain killers locked up and accounted for. If you have a partially used narcotic prescription, which is no longer needed, dispose of it in a safe place. Most police departments and many pharmacies will dispose of partially used prescriptions. Keeping them in your home is asking for trouble. Pain killers and opiates in particular have a tremendous street value. This is not the way to teach your teenager to be an entrepreneur. Examine your own drug use. Do you take a pill for everything? What are you modeling for your children?

Finally create a safe harbor—Let you

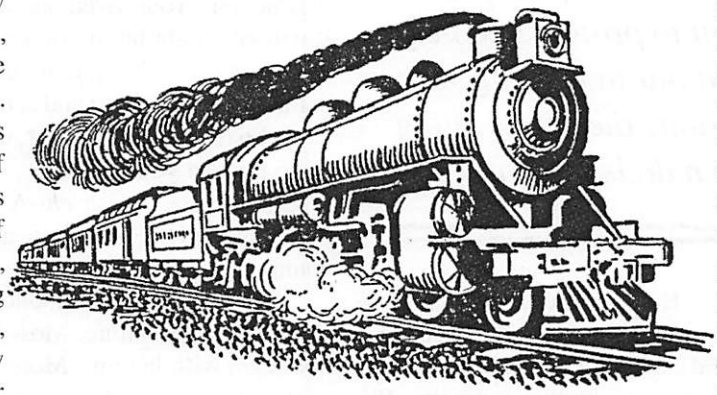
(Continued on page 14)

The Late Train

Gérard Coulombe
memoire
Fairfield, CT

Mother frequently said, "Your father and I took the late train." It was her way of explaining why it was that as a family we were not situated in life the way we might have been had they married sooner rather than later. It was another way of saying, "Look, children, please understand: You may have many 'wants,' but we don't have any money."

She said this whenever one of us three children questioned why it was that we didn't have the advantages that some other family seemed to have. This is not because our neighbors had more because most of our neighbors were in the same boat as we were. Relatively speaking, we were all poor. But all this business of money was in light of the fact that, speaking for myself, I was only asking for a dime to go to the movies on Saturday afternoon. By the time I was fourteen, I was earning my way by working for wages, small though they were, but I gave my pay to "Maman."



My father did not earn a decent wage as a warp tier in a textile mill until the war broke out. Then he started earning more, not so much because there was this big increase in hourly pay, because there wasn't, but because there was more work available and fewer workers to do it, so the men worked double shifts throughout the war. In a manner of speaking, our standard of living improved at a time when the availability of goods due to rationing diminished because the country was on a wartime footing.

Mother, Clara-Fabiola Coutu, came from French-Canadian stock, as did my father's parents. Her father was a teamster for one of the textile mills in town. Joseph-Arsicilaus Coutu came from Berlin, New Hampshire. His wife, Marie-Lucie Poirier, was from Biddeford. A cousin, Noé, was in the Spanish American War, but the regiment never got there. Men died of disease while in their encampment down South as the war ended. "Mon Oncle" Noé was known for his hunting prowess because every year from the time he was a youngster he managed to shoot and dress a bear. He shared bear steaks with all of his siblings and, later, their descendants. Because Noé lived to be a very old man, by the time of his demise, no one believed anymore that he seasonally shot a bear. He was too damn old, a consummate liar, and so frail that he wouldn't have been able to hold up and shoot a bear-killing gun. For his last Armistice Day parade he had to be lifted out of his wheelchair and placed into the rumble seat of a roadster.

Our mother never ate bear much less cook it. She would not have prepared anything woodsy-wild for us to eat. While we are on the subject of wild things, Mom favored clams but never lobster. She called a lobster "une bébite," for "an insect." While people paid for a lobster roll, it would not have been a delicacy that she could have put in her mouth. Her preference when I took her out for lunch or dinner after dad died was for "chicken croquettes." As for clams, she only had them fried.

When buying meat for dinner, which was our noon meal on weekends and holidays, her choice was beef and, when she could get it, blood sausage, "boudin" in French. There might be a contradiction in that, but she loved the sausage as a specialty, and so did we. The cut of beef she preferred was thin, cubed steak. It might have been because she wore dentures. One time, the butcher substituted horse for beef. She knew the difference the minute she put a piece in her mouth and started chewing. The butcher got a piece of her mind. She had gotten up, picked up the plate and unceremoniously dumped and wrapped the contents [déchets] in her waste paper wrap of choice, the **Daily Journal**, to take back to the corner street market. War or no war! Shame on him for trying to pull that shameful substitution trick; a horse, no less, a working farm animal

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(JEREMY BRINKLEY continued from page 13)

children know that they can come to you without fear (this does not mean without consequences). We all have problems. If you are unavailable or uncaring, they will look for alternatives. No matter how painful it is to engage the problem, the alternative may prove much more painful and more difficult to deal with. You love your children. Let them know by listening and caring.

And If you are in high school—or middle school—or . . . if you could be where Jeremy was?

Jeremy tried for two and a half years to conquer heroin. He tried both short term and long term rehab. He did outpatient counseling and attended meetings. He would have periods of sobriety followed by relapses. He had finally found something that was stronger than him. Common wisdom says there are only three destinations for heroin addicts – sobriety, jail or the grave. I have been told by industry professionals that only 8% of addicts achieve long term sobriety. That means that for the other 92% the destinations is jail or the grave. In April 2012, Jeremy died from a heroin overdose. Heroin won. Someday soon you may be completing FASA applications to request federal loans for college. The application asks if you have ever been charged (that's charged not convicted) of a drug offense. If you answer the question yes, you are denied federal loans.

A large number of people turn to drugs or alcohol to escape from events or situations that are too overwhelming or painful for them to deal with. That's called self-medication. Although during most of his addicted life, Jeremy would lie about almost everything, there were times when he and I could talk honestly. Remember we were best friends and in the end I was his only friend. During these conversations, he would talk to me about his demons and his need to escape. We all have demons and problems. My prayer for you is that you seek professional help for these issues rather than resorting to self-medication. Stay with me one more minute. I'm sure you have all had this experience. You are trying to decide whether or not to do something. There is this little nagging feeling in the back of your head. That's called your conscious talking to you. Listen to it. It's almost always right.

(The Late Train continued from page 14)

always deserved tender, loving care—her dad had them in their barn.

Mom was born in her parents' house on Cutts Street in Biddeford, Maine. It was a big, two apartment, downtown farmhouse and duplex. Their side of the duplex had the barn. Growing up, we kids thought that we had met all of grandpa's and our blind grandma's children; Mom's oldest sister was married to a lumberjack. They lived in town. They had at least five children. Some others might have died. Two of my maman's sisters were Grey nuns of Montreal. Another sister, Eva, the youngest, lived at home until her parents, our grandparents, died, and continued living in the house she inherited for taking care of them until she sold it before she went into a nursing home, The Marcotte Nursing Home in Lewiston. There were two boys. The oldest, Antonio had married but had lost his wife when both the baby and she died giving birth. The widower, Antonio, lived at home until he met a divorced woman who owned a beauty parlor. Then he moved out of the house and took an apartment across from the A&P supermarket where he worked as a butcher. My uncle never remarried because he could not marry a divorced woman. But the Church did not stop them from dating for many years before they decided it was time to live together. Because her brother lived in "sin," she did not allow her brother and his girlfriend together into the house. So, he never visited.

Mom also had a younger brother, named Henri, who died in an automobile accident while touring with friends in the White Mountains. The coupé-cabriolet, which the driver had just parked on the edge of a mountain road, suddenly rolled back; the driver was unable to keep the car from rolling back over the edge into a precipice. They bounced backward into a tree. The two young men in front survived. The two young men sitting in the back seat died of blunt force trauma.

It is curious to me, in retrospect, how my sisters and I only slowly discovered some but not all of the details regarding the extended family on both sides. Information about aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends of our parents only came to be known to us in dribs and drabs.

For example, when I was in my early teens, my sisters and I learned that our Aunt Eugenie and mother had a sister, an unknown to us, living in her home as a permanent guest. So it was that we learned that our mother actually had another sister. But did she? Where had this woman come from? The short answer is that she came from Canada. According to Aunt Eugenie, this sister, about whom we had never heard anything to suggest that our grandparents' family had been any larger than we had known it to be, just materialized as if out of thin air. The explanation belatedly suggested that this unknown had had to be sent to Canada for some reason, that she had been in an orphanage which proved interesting because two other aunts who were nuns worked in their community's largest orphanage as sisters, and, that later, at an appropriate age, this indefinite aunt had been sent to work for a family whose head-of-household, was a recent widower. We were told, eventually, that he had taken mom's sister as his wife to help with the motherless children. When he died, the children booted her out and shipped their stepmother back to her family in the States when our Aunt Eugenie had agreed to take the exhiled [secret] sister in.

A little more research revealed not too long ago something that our mother never talked about, or, if she did, I was not at home when she spoke about her family. I know that my sisters in their later years never said anything to me about what they had learned about mom's kin. What had happened to them had remained a mystery to me. All these years, our mother had had sisters who had never been acknowledged. Thinking back about our mother's talks with us, she had never said anything much about her family, her youth or her siblings. I learned much later that there had been three other sisters who had died as children. I guessed it was something not discussed in some families.

Our mother was a hard workingwoman who started her weekly chores with the Monday morning wash. I remember those Mondays when upon getting up for school I saw that she had already been at work early, transferring the hot water from the double copper kettle on the stove to the washing machine near the kitchen sink to do the weekly Monday morning laundry, a task which occupied the entire Monday mornings of her married life.

As children, she had nursed us from one disease to the next when all three of us were infected and all three of us were kept in the same, dark room, shades drawn until the danger of further contamination passed. Dr. LA Rochelle did his home visits to attend to our medical needs. Mother did the nursing without ever complaining. Dad might have felt a need to stay home, but he also knew that he had to go to work if there was going to be money to pay the doctor and buy the medicine and all other things and services, including the iceman, the milkman, the insurance man, the paper boy, and the rent lady.

When at twelve, I decided that I would be a religious, she was reassured that it would be a good life for me. She gave me her permission to enter a novitiate. While attending the novitiate I became ill with a disease affecting the hipbone, she sought the best advice on the nature of my illness, even after our family physician suggested that it might be "tuberculosis of the bone."

I was hospitalized at Saint Mary's Hospital in Lewiston, Maine. Following a long, recuperative stay, I returned to the Novitiate in Winthrop, Maine, whereupon I fell again and again and was sent home for a year of immobilized bed rest, and I never returned. When I started walking again without limping, I continued my education, having skipped 8th grade. Catholic boys and girls who continued their education beyond Catholic Grammar Schools attended the Catholic High Schools. I attended Saint Louis in Biddeford.

Upon graduation with my class of some 50 students, I chose to enlist because I saw that I would never go to college. My parents could not afford to send me. The high school never suggested that I go. There was no guidance office. If I did not leave Biddeford, I would end up working in the mills if nothing else proved promising. My mother signed my enlistment papers because I was not of an age to enlist on my own. When I left home, my mom's parting words were simply, "I know that you can take care of yourself." That was reassuring.

Following my stint in the military, I used the GI Bill, went to college, married, and had children. We took our first job in Port Washington New York. Ten years and with four children altogether, we needed more money. So I took a job as a school administrator in Darien, Connecticut. We wanted a home of our own, something our parents never had, something we could afford in Fairfield CT. After my dad died, Mom paid us several visits if I picked her up. She enjoyed most sitting in the large backyard under a tree to watch the squirrels do some of their tricks

When she became ill, she moved in with my sister who lived in town. Thérèse

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Part II of The Late Train My Father

Gérard Coulombe
memoire
Fairfield, CT

Felix, my father, had spent a good part of his early adult life as an actor. Acting was not his primary vocation. In another time and place, it might very well have been because he had had a reputation for having been adept and convincing in his roles of which there were many.

I think that he was born in Warwick in the County of Athabaska in the Province of Québec, Canada.

I do not know who came to the States ahead of the other, Felix or his father. The two ended up in Biddeford, Maine, which had two textile mills on the Saco River, the Bates and the Pepperell.

My grandfather and father might have come down at the same time. His father was a cobbler who took up residence in the house at the left, corner of Foss and Main Streets. The house itself was a three story flat fronting lower Main Street. Straight ahead from the middle of Foss Street one can't miss seeing the fortress like wall of the Pepperell Mills with its lines of small-semi-circular-topped windows imbedded in the red-brick façade which runs along the sidewalk toward the Saco before it turns the corner and snakes up alongside the near river branch toward the Falls making this part of the mill complex look like a fortified town.

I do not know what year my father came to the States. There was the Grand Trunk Railroad that ran between Montréal and Lewiston, Maine. Dad was born on January 6, 1889. My Mom was born on January 12, 1896. My grandparents died long before our parents married. Dad had three brothers who lived in Canada, Henry, Édouard, Théodore, and a sister, Malvina, who lived in the States

It is remarkable how little I know about my father. For example, he had a relative living in town that I regarded as someone out of the past because I did not understand the relationship between Felix, my dad, and Conrad, the relative. I was to find out later that my father had many relatives who were quasi-related.

Conrad Coulombe was married with children; the oldest was a girl. Conrad, his wife and children lived with his mother and stepfather in the first floor apartment of an over and under two apartment flat. His stepfather, Monsieur Grénier, was a nice man, generous and easy-going. His wife, Conrad's mother was herself very nice and easy-going. Nothing upset either one of them the times we were there visiting. Socially, visiting was the thing we did as a family on a Sunday afternoon outing. We visited there occasionally and always stayed for dinner. Conrad's wife was a nice lady, but even to me she appeared somewhat overwhelmed and subdued. Later, I was to learn that that particular feeling was not uncommon with someone who raised a family in the home of one's in-laws. Even as a pre-teen I understood that not being in one's own home could not ever be anything other than a tension driven atmosphere in which to raise one's own family because there was little or no opportunity for distancing one's self and family from an intermixing of household tensions, the kind that frequently drive one crazy.

The interesting thing is that Conrad, too, was not all that far removed from dad in age and experience, for he, too, had been an actor in the company my father belonged to. The irony is that I never learned the relationship between my father and his nephew, Conrad, for he was his nephew. And, therefore, Dad, had to have had another brother about whom nothing was ever said, either by my mother or father. In a sense, this disappearance of family members into the netherworld of mysterious deaths and disenfranchised relatives proved downright troublesome. I still don't understand it. Perhaps it is because we didn't ask, and, therefore, we were never told about numbers and names of those "born" and "died" with the exception, obviously, of those who survived the devastations of childhood diseases and epidemics.

Father was most happy when he could sit down in the kitchen or living room with his brothers to smoke and chew on the cigars that one of them had brought from Canada for the occasion. They would end the trip with dad accompanying them in a rented car for the drive to visit with their sister and her husband in Hartford, CT. They loved those cigars. My mother, because of her clean curtains, was unhappy to see them smoking. I think that, silently, she would have preferred they not smoke for the sake of her clean curtains. There was no stopping them from smoking because when they abandoned the cigars, they switched to the pipe. Lighting up the pipe involved a show of well-practiced methods of cleaning, filling, tamping, holding the pipe between their lips and puffing in and exhaling out while holding a flaming Diamond Match brand match to the tobacco in the bowls until the tobacco lit and they had a good pull on the stem.

Our father was not a talker. That is why my mother would tell some acquaintances who did not know this that "Felix is not a talker. If you want him to say something, you have to press his belly button." Even coming from my mother, it was not a statement that would make him laugh, for he laughed very little. He might smile on occasion, but he never guffawed. He never told an off color joke, either; as a matter of fact, I do not recall that he had ever been one to crack a joke. When he did address a topic in conversation, particularly a topic of substance, his speech was formal and very professorial, although he had never gotten out of elementary school. He did listen to the radio, mostly Radio Canada. My father

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(The Late Train continued from page 15)

and her husband took charge of her care. Her quality of life had changed while she remained silent. My sister learned that mother had ignored and allowed her breast cancer to advance. When she saw the doctor, she had little time to live. She was hospitalized.

I went to see her in the hospital when I was told that she might die at any time, but she managed to push her life forward. The last time I was in her room, we would have brief conversations before she fell asleep, and after awhile she awakened with a start and asked even before opening her eyes,"Est-ce que je suis morte, encore?" "Am I dead, yet?" Am I dead, yet?

And I would answer, "Mom, you're not dead."

Later, with a start, now awake, she asked, again, "Am I dead, yet?" She asked if Edmonds Funeral Parlor was still there. I told her it was. I knew she did not like Edmonds because she had spent so many hours of her life visiting with deceased friends. She knew it was too late to change where she would be received, embalmed and prepared for showing. Mom fully expected but regretted all the while that it would be from Edmond that the cortège would leave for Saint André's where the funeral would be held. She would need to comb her hair.

(Part II of The Late Train
My Father continued from page 16)
sounded a lot like Charles De Gaulle when he spoke.

On the job, father was known for his hard work. He maintained the machines he worked on and even fabricated small metal parts needed as replacements for those worn out. Often, he invented tools and designed modifications that improved the operation of the machinery he worked on. The company owned the patents on the work that became add-ons and improved the operation.

He spent Saturday afternoons at the back of the shed where his workbench was located. He was not a habitual drinker, but he kept a brown glass "Father John's Medicine Bottle" in the paint cabinet located to the left of the workbench. There, he kept small cans of paint and stain and wood alcohol and other chemicals necessary for his work. He told me the tonic bottle with flavored brandy was to be used for medicinal purposes. He was not averse to having a shot-glass full of Old Overholt Straight Rye Whiskey when offered by a relative.

My father was not a habitual drinker. He certainly was not an alcoholic. Mother belonged to an organization called **Les Boutons Bleu,** a Catholic mission founded by a Dominican priest from Providence, I think, to eradicate the drinking of alcohol throughout New England and to ameliorate the abuses of drunkenness and the impoverishment of households where the men were alcoholics. Father did not belong.

On those occasions when we spent the day with relatives for a holiday like New Year's Day, Easter, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Armistice Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas Day, we walked to where we were expected for dinner. We would stay for the whole day, and walked back home late at night. On one of those Christmas family gatherings where we kids helped Uncle Adélard Chabot chose the chickens for dinner, my sisters and I watched and helped with the butchering and plucking. The first time we were present for this show, neither one of us understood why the chickens were still running around after having had their heads chopped off. The women and the girls helped with the prep work like stuffing the birds and building a salad and the mashing of potatoes and served tourtière, a meat pie, spent time running around the neighborhood and bothering our lumberjack uncles by asking them to count their fingers because it was fun to discover the missing ones. By the time we said our goodbyes, Dad had had too much to drink.

The way home was a long slippery walk in the snow, and it took so long to get home. When we did, with my help and Mom's, we climbed the stairs to the second floor apartment while dad pretty much pulled himself hand over hand along the bannister. When he got inside the second floor apartment, he got truculent. Mom wanted to help him get to the bedroom, undressed and to bed. Somehow, whatever I did, reaching for his arm, trying to hold him up, really upset him to the point where he reached out and grabbed my left elbow and swung me forward. I flew across the room and hit my head on the metal undercarriage of the Singer Sewing Machine.

I cried, my mother got very angry, the girls cried, and my father became even more aggressive, but surprised us all by calming down when he heard us kids shrieking, He headed unassisted to the bedroom. What I very much remember is flying across the room and striking the sewing machine. I don't know or remember if I was hurt or stunned. But this unparalleled act of my father's put distance between us.

My father had many skills; among them was his ability to make toys for us. He also taught us the special skills necessary to play neighborhood and schoolyard games. I believe that he was good at replicating what he saw. None of our games involved spending money, although we might lose whatever coins we had by playing some games. Dixie cups had photos of actors on the flip side of the lid. The circular lids were used in a game that we played. We either pitched lids or baseball cards, against the foundation of a building, and the card pitched closest to the building, that could have been the one standing against the foundation, was clearly always the winner. All cards landing behind the winner, were his. He collected all of them and put them in his pack after examining each one for it collectability.

My father made board games using the widest short ends of boards that he collected to hammer nails into which formed a pattern imitating that of a pinball machine pattern. Many game boards were unique and paid off with the marble ending in the slot that paid zero to five in marbles. The goal was to win as many marbles as possible to add to one's pot. Otherwise, we had to buy bagsful of marbles of various colors and grades to enrich or replenish our collection of players, beauties, and keepers.

Dad was also able to make my clothes. Although I cannot say that I was all that proud of them. He made suits that I wore to school over several winters. He became a tailor when orders at the mill slowed down. They were a jacket and a pair of knickers -- suit, pants and jacket. Plaid woolen socks to the knees made by my Aunt Eugénie were held up by elastic banded knickers. The suit fabric was abrasive and the socks itched.

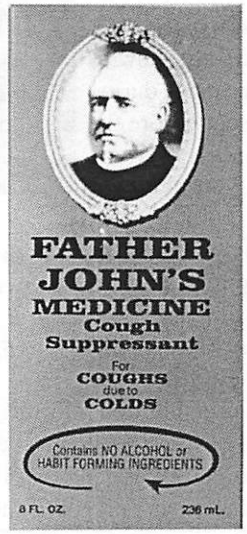
My father was a religious man. He attended church on all Holidays and went to Mass every Sunday. I'm sure he went to confession regularly He was one of a group of parishioners who brought the Brothers of the Sacred Heart to his parish, Saint Andre's. Were he not dead, he would be saddened today by the closing of his parish church due to a shortage of priests.

When he was older and retired, he actually did receive a pocket watch for his years of service along with all of the other men who retired around the time that he did.

My parents finally moved from Freeman Street into a smaller apartment on Bacon Street. Over the last years of his employment, he had suffered from two strokes. The first required that I go to work at a competing mill, the Bates, in Saco. I graduated, he returned to work. The third and last stroke killed him. I was there standing at the foot of his bed, but he was uncommunicative. I found that dissatisfying.

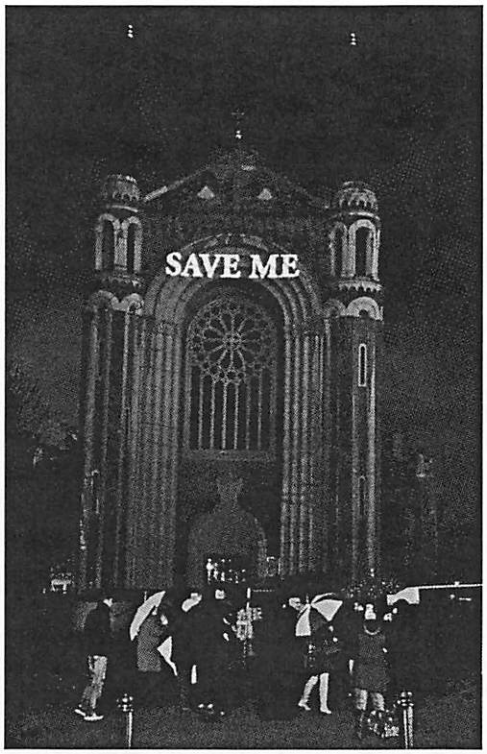
After the funeral, my brother-in-law, Raymond, said, "I'm going to have a drink." He went to the shed to retrieve the Father John's bottle, pépère's secret and hidden stash of brandy. Raymond returned with a bottle, unscrewed the cap, tipped the bottle to his lips as he threw back his head for a swig. His mouth exploded in a volcano of spit and the smell of turpentine. It's not Brandy, he choked. Evidently not!

That was my father.



Members of the SHFA Testify in Support of Saving Notre-Dame des Canadiens in Worcester, Mass.

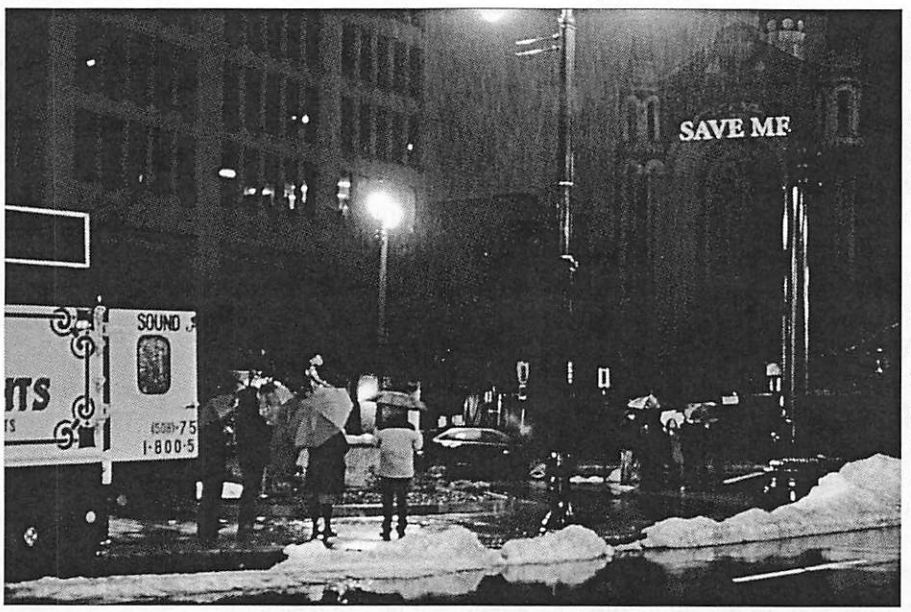
By Albert J. Marceau
Newington, Conn.



On the evening of Tuesday, March 28, 2017, over 30 people testified before the Worcester City Council to save the building of Notre-Dame des Canadiens from demolition. Among the people who gave reasons to save the former church was a Catholic religious who argued that the former church could be saved and used as a non-sectarian peace center. The last three people to make a statement before the city council were Dr. Georges-Andre Lussier, Roger Lacerte and your reporter, Albert Marceau, each members of the Société Historique Franco-Américaine. Dr. Lussier remarked on how Notre-Dame des Canadiens was instrumental in his own life, the life of his family, and that he had his children baptized in the Church. Roger Lacerte gave a testimony based in French literature, in particular, Victor Hugo's popular novel, Notre-Dame de Paris, which is better known in English as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Hugo wrote the novel to save the building of Notre-Dame de Paris, for in the 1830s, the city leaders of Paris had the idea of Urban Renewal, to tear down the old, and put up the new, a point the he made during his statement before the city council. Albert Marceau, your reporter, the only person from Connecticut to testify before the city council, gave a testimony rooted on how the Mark Twain House in Hartford was saved from demolition. In the 1920s, the Mark Twain House was almost demolished in order to build a gas station, but a group of preservationists purchased the property, and subdivided sections of the mansion and rented the sections as apartments. For the next decades, the preservationists continued to rent sections of the mansion as apartments until it was able to restore it as a museum. In the early 1970s, the Mark Twain House opened as a museum, and today, it is a cultural landmark in the City of Hartford. Likewise, Notre-Dame des Canadiens could be purchased by a group of preservationists in order to save it from demolition, who rent for one purpose for decades, and then restore at a future date for another purpose.

After the Worcester City Council closed its session of testimonies, which was supposed to last from 7 to 8 P.M., but lasted to about 9:15PM, numerous supporters to save Notre-Dame des Canadiens walked from the City Hall to the sidewalk near the former church, and held signs to save the former church from demolition in order to build a hotel. Your reporter brought his own signs, which he gave to other people, among whom was Roger Lacerte. The sign was two-sided, and the first side posed a question: "A Church has Souls, A Hotel has Occupants. Which Would You Save??" The second side had the answer: "Save Notre-Dame des Canadiens!!!" The public demonstration did not attract a large audience, as it was at night, and in a drenching rain, as can be seen in the two photographs provided by Valerie Ostrander, the Office Manager at Preservation Worcester.

The group, Preservation Worcester continues the struggle to save Notre-Dame des Canadiens from the wrecking-ball and you can visit their website, www.preservationworcester.org, and sign their petition.



Valerie Ostrander, the Office Manager at Preservation Worcester, provided the two photographs of the public demonstration to save Notre-Dame des Canadiens on the night of Tues. March 28, 2017. The former church is not demolished, but it is still not safe from the wrecking ball. The latest information about the building can be found on the website, www.preservationworcester.org.

Lucie LeBlanc Consentino, Acadian Genealogist, Will Speak to the FCGSC at October Meeting

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

Lucie LeBlanc Consentino, a leading Acadian genealogist, will speak at the Fall General Membership Meeting of the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut that will be held on Sat. Oct. 14, 2017, in the hall of the United Congregational Church, 45 Tolland Green, Tolland, Conn. She is scheduled to speak at 1:30PM, and her presentation will last about two hours, and it will be followed by a question and answer period. Attendance to the talk will be free to members of the FCGSC, but non-members will be charged $5.00 for admission.

The Fall General Membership Meeting of the FCGSC is scheduled to begin at 12 noon, and it will last for about an hour. The meeting will include the election of officers, a treasurer's report, and possibly a vote on a revision of the society's bylaws. The current President, Maryanne LeGrow, cannot run for re-election, as she filled two terms of the office. The rest of the entire Executive Board, which serves two-year terms and elected in the odd year, is due for election. The five other offices of the Executive Board that can run for re-election are: Vice-President Ernest LaLiberte, Recording Secretary Susan L. Griffiths, Treasurer Mark Purdue, Library Directory Germaine Hoffman, plus the vacancy of the office of Corresponding Secretary.

It should be noted that Maryanne LeGrow was re-elected as President in October 2015 without a Vice-President, which was not a problem until the health of her husband, Ralph LeGrow, began to decline in 2016 due to cancer. (He appeared in good health at the society's 35th anniversary party that was held on Nov. 11, 2016, but he died of cancer on April 24, 2017.) Hence to fill the need for a chairperson at board meetings, Ernest LaLiberte, who was formerly the President of the FCGSC from 2010 to 2014, moved from being a director to the Vice-President, and he opened the Spring General Membership Meeting that was held on Sat. April 22, 2017, but the act of presiding over the said meeting was completed by Treasurer Mark Purdue. Mark Purdue, himself, became the Treasurer at the board meeting that was held on Tues. Jan. 3, 2017 after the former Treasurer, Leo Roy, resigned as of the board meeting on Dec. 5, 2016 due to reasons of his health. Lastly, Corresponding Secretary Jean Fredette resigned her office as of the board meeting of March 7, 2017, she and her husband, Richard Fredette, a director who was elected in an even-year, resigned both of their offices due to difficulty of driving at night.

Readers of *Le Forum* may recall that former President Sue Paquette was re-elected on Oct. 17, 2009, but she resigned her office one year later, and so Ernest LaLiberte was elected from the floor as President at the Fall GMM on Oct. 16, 2010 to finish her term of office. One year later, the Board of the FCGSC forgot the special election, as well as the clause in the bylaws dated Oct. 16, 2010, Art. X, Sec. 4 that clearly states: "Executive officers shall hold office for a term of two years beginning in each odd-numbered year, and shall take office upon installation." Ernest LaLiberte was re-elected at the Fall GMM in October 2012, and the practice of even-year elections for the President was corrected when Maryanne LeGrow was elected President of the FCGSC for one year, on Oct. 18, 2014. The following year, Maryanne was re-elected as President at the Fall GMM that was held on Oct. 17, 2015 because there was no other candidate for the office.

There will be further information about the Fall General Membership Meeting of the FCGSC that will be held on Sat. Oct. 14, 2017, as well as the guest speaker, Lucie LeBlanc Consentino, on the website: www.fcgsc.org.

The First Official French-Canadian-American Day in Hartford, Conn., June 24, 2014

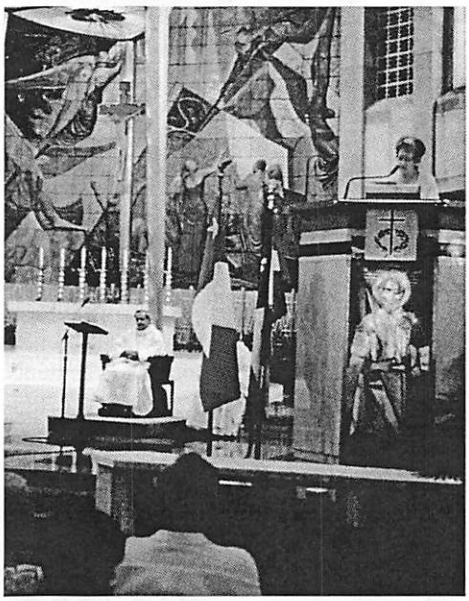
By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

The first legally recognized French-Canadian-American Day in the State of Connecticut was celebrated on Tuesday, June 24, 2014 at two events in Hartford. The first event began at 10AM at St. Joseph's Cathedral on 140 Farmington Avenue for the Mass in French for the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, the patron saint of the French-Canadian people. After the Mass, the second set of events was held at the State Capitol on 210 Capitol Avenue that consisted of speeches, a flag-raising ceremony, patriotic songs, as well as French-Canadian folk and country music, and light refreshments. The celebration at the State Capitol ended around 2:30PM.

Fr. Alvin Leblanc, the Pastor of St. Ann Parish in Bristol, was the main celebrant of the Mass, assisted by Fr. Robert J. Rousseau, the Administrator of Holy Family Parish in Enfield. Although Deacon Gaspard D. LeBlanc of St. Anne Shrine in Waterbury was scheduled to serve at the Mass, he did not appear due to reasons of his health. Fr. Leblanc did not attend the festivities at the Capitol as it was necessary for him to return to work at the Office of the Metropolitan Tribunal at St. Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield. Fr. Rousseau went to the Capitol and his invocation started the second set of activities.

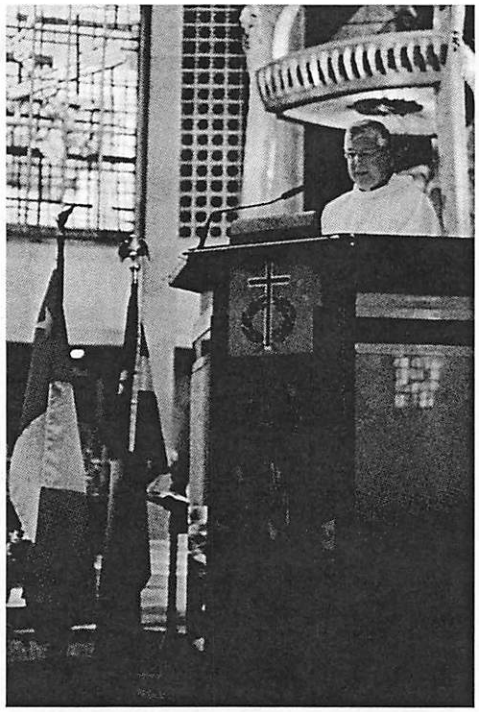
(Continued on page 20)

(The First Official French-Canadian-American Day in Hartford, Conn., June 24, 2014, continued from page 19)

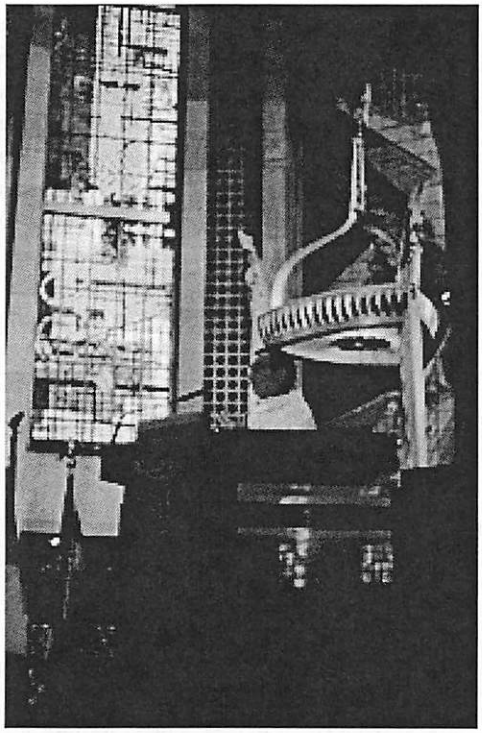


Marie Turcotte of Bristol, Conn., reads one of the Scriptural passages from the podium during the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist at St. Joseph's Cathedral on June 24, 2014. Notice on the extreme left is Fr. Robert J. Rousseau in the presider's chair, and then the flags of Acadia and Quebec to the left of the podium. ***Photo by Marceau.***

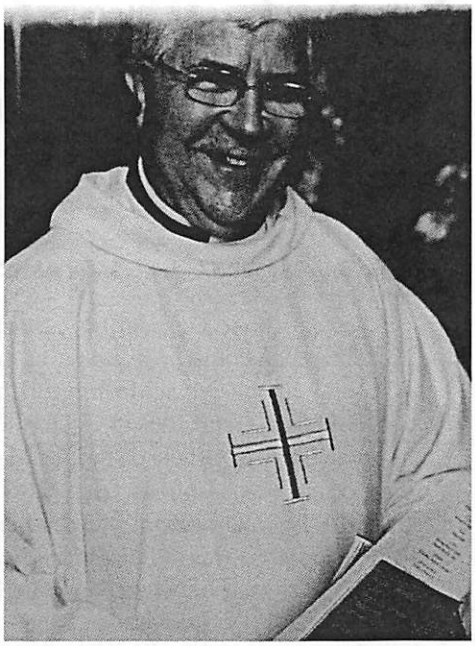
Louise Fauteux, a professional soprano, was the cantor for the Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral on June 24, 2014. ***Photo by Marceau.***



Fr. Alvin Leblanc gives a homily from the podium at St. Joseph's Cathedral, June 24, 2014. ***Photo by Marceau.***



Fr. Robert J. Rousseau gives the homily in French from the podium at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Hartford, for the Nativity of the St. Jean the Baptist, June 24, 2014. ***Photo by Marceau.***



Fr. Alvin Leblanc smiles in the foyer of St. Joseph's Cathedral after the Mass in French for the Feast of St. John the Baptist for French-Canadian-American Day, June 24, 2014. ***Photo by Marceau****, at the beginning of a new role of Kodak 400 speed film, in his Pentax P3 camera.*

Joseph Gadbois, formerly of Union-St-Jean-Baptiste in Woonsocket, R.I., and currently the Vice-President of Fraternal Outreach at Catholic Financial Life in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in a crowd in the foyer of St. Joseph's Cathedral, June 24, 2014. ***Photo by Marceau.***

It should be noted that due to the three-year gap between the time of the published report, and the day of the event, St. Ann Parish in Bristol will be combined with St. Anthony Parish in Bristol, in June 2017. The two former parishes will form the new Parish of St. Frances de Sales, and the two churches will remain open. The current Pastor of St. Anthony's Parish is Fr. Alphonso Fontana, and he will become the Pastor of St. Frances de Sales. Meanwhile, Fr. Alvin LeBlanc will become the Pastor of

(Continued on page 21)

(The First Official French-Canadian-American Day in Hartford, Conn., June 24, 2014 continued from page 20)

the Parish of St. Timothy in West Hartford on Saturday, July 8, 2017.

Fr. Rousseau gives the invocation that began the events of French-Canadian-American Day at the State Capitol in Hartford, June 24, 2014. To his right is Helene Lebrecque and to his left is State Rep. Russ Morin. ***Photo by Marceau***

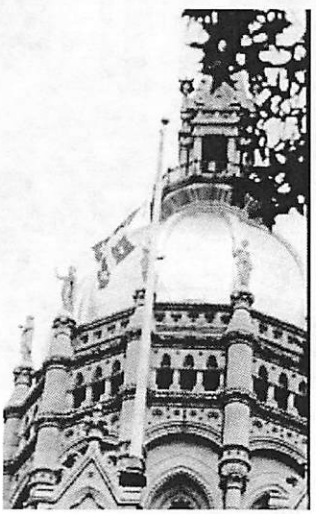
Lieu. Gov. Nancy Wyman gives an address during French-Canadian-American Day on the grounds of the Conn. State Capitol, June 24, 2014. Notice Helene Labrecque, State Rep. Russ Morin, and State Sen. Gary Lebeau to her right. ***Photo by Marceau.***

State Sen. Gary Lebeau gives an address the crowd during French-Canadian-American Day on the grounds of the Conn. State Capitol, June 24, 2014. Notice to his right are Helene Labrecque, with a handful of small Quebec flags, and State Rep. Russ Morin. ***Photo by Marceau.***

Gov. Dannel P. Malloy, who signed the bill into law that recognized French-Canadian-American Day, was scheduled to speak at the Capitol, but he did not make an appearance, and he was represented by Lieu. Gov. Nancy Wyman. State Sen. Gary LeBeau and State Rep. Russ Morin both spoke to the crowd on the grounds of the Capitol because they sponsored the bill in their houses of the Connecticut General Assembly.

Josée Vachon sang the unofficial anthem of the Province of Quebec, "Gens du pays" composed by Gilles Vigneault and Gaston Rochon in 1975, as the Quebec flag was raised on the State Capitol. (For the sake of comparison, there are at least two unofficial anthems of the United States, "America the Beautiful" composed by Katherine Lee Bates and Samuel A. Ward in 1910, and "This Land is Your Land" composed by Woody Gutherie in 1940.) She also sang "Mon village" by Ferdinand Rochon in remembrance of the first anniversary of the train-derailment that caused an oil spill and massive fire that resulted in the deaths of 47 people in Lac Mégantic, Quebec on July 6, 2013.

Josée Vachon sings "Gens du Pays" as the Quebec flag is raised on the Connecticut State Capitol in Hartford, June 24, 2014. Notice that Josée Vachon faces the audience, while the audience, including the people behind her, such as Odette Manning, Helene Labrecque and State Sen. Gary Lebeau, are facing up and towards the State Capitol.



The Quebec flag as it is raised on the Connecticut State Capitol, Hartford, Tues. June 24, 2014, while Josée Vachon sings "Gens du Pays." ***Photo by Marceau.***

Josée Vachon receives applause from State Rep. Russ Morin during her performance at the Conn. State Capitol, June 24, 2014. Notice in the background, Daniel Boucher speaking with Camille Richard. ***Photo by Marceau.***

Josée Vachon receives an applause from her audience at the end of her performance. The woman on the extreme left and in front of the television camera wearing a blue dress and a white sweater and sunglasses is Odette Manning, the sister of Helene Labrecque. Helen Labrecque herself is waving a couple of Quebec flags. In the background in the blue shirt and yellow tie is Daniel Boucher, talking with Camille Richard, while Michel Grenier apparently is listening to their conversation, and looking at Josée Vachon. Then, on the right of the podium is State Rep. Russ Morin to the left of Josée Vachon, also applauding. ***Photo by Marceau.***

Helene Labrecque is interviewed by WTIC-TV, Channel 61, Fox News in Hartford, Conn., for the first French-Canadian-American Day, June 24, 2014. ***Photo by Marceau.*** *(Continued on page 22)*

(The First Official French-Canadian-American Day in Hartford, Conn., June 24, 2014 continued from page 21)

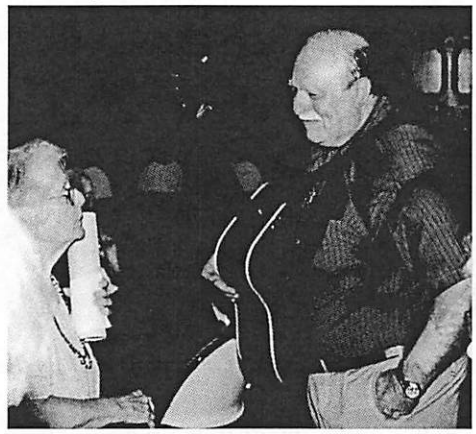
The light refreshments were served in the west atrium of the State Capitol by many of the same volunteers that one would see at Daniel Boucher's Sugar House Parties.

Helene Labrecque was the lead coordinator for the preparation of the celebrations, and in the weeks before the event, she estimated that there would be a minimum of 400 people in attendance. Hence, in the publicity in the newsletters of the French-Canadian clubs in Connecticut, like the June 2014 issue of The Maple Leaflet of the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut, she asked people to register online through the website Survey Monkey, so she could report the number of attendees to the Refreshment Committee and the Capitol Police. Also through the website, she was able to answer individual questions quickly via e-mail. She also chartered buses with five stops across Connecticut, roughly along U.S. Route 6, and the list of the five stops and the women in charge of them were: Danielson and Willimantic (Susan A. Griffiths), New Britain (Gilda Murray), Bristol (Diane Gregoire), and Waterbury (Françoise Ouellette and Jeanne LaPrade).

There were two curious ideas that were often spoken by undisclosed officers in various organizations during the preparations for the first French-Canadian-American Day in Connecticut. The first curious idea was that the then future celebration would be the only such celebration on a large scale, and not to happen again, despite the reality that the holiday was now legally recognized. The second curious idea was that all aspects of the celebration were supposed to be, quote-unquote, "Connecticut Only," without reference to French-Canadian organizations outside of the State of Connecticut. The first curious idea gave the organizations greater impetuous to work hard in order to organize people to go to the event. The second curious idea was and is intrinsically illogical, and one example would suffice, the performance by Josée Vachon, who was not, and is not, a resident of the State of Connecticut.

Daniel Boucher was the coordinator for the food, the music and musicians, accoutrements, and venues. On the last point, he organized one set of musicians to play in the near the East Atrium on the main floor, while another set of musicians were assigned a room on the second floor, so that the two sets of musicians could perform at the same time, but not interfere with each other's performance. For the accoutrements, he was to request additional tables and chairs, hence he assigned two tables for an information exhibit, which aided your reporter, Albert Marceau, in the problem of the "Connecticut Only" table, and a second table for brochures for French-Canadian organizations, archives, et cetera, outside of Connecticut.

Daniel Boucher, fiddle, Ken Karpowicz, accordion, and Reynold Pelletier, guitar, perform some traditional French-Canadian folk music on the main floor of the Connecticut State Capitol, June 24, 2014. ***Photo by Marceau.***



Michel Grenier of Willimantic, guitarist, speaks with a woman after his performance on the second floor of the Connecticut State Capitol, June 24, 2014. ***Photo by Marceau.***

Camille Richard of Willimantic sings during a performance on the second floor of the Connecticut State Capitol, June 24, 2014. ***Photo by Marceau.***

The two information tables about the French-Canadian-Americans were in the North Lobby of the State Capitol, where there were additional speeches given to an audience of over 200 people. One table was about the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut that had brochures about the FCGSC, flyers for introductory classes held by the FCGSC, as well as an assortment of past newsletters, The Maple Leaflet, all information that anyone could take for their own education. Although your reporter set-up the table before the French Mass at the Cathedral, because he resides the closest to Hartford of all the members of the board of the FCGSC, it was manned by Germaine Hoffman, the Library Director of the FCGSC, who cheerfully answered questions posed to her. Your reporter also set-up the second table before the French Mass at the Cathedral, and it had information about other Franco-American organizations aside from the FCGSC. One brochure was about Rev. Eusèbe Ménard, o.f.m. (1916-1987) of Montreal, who founded the religious order, the Missionaries of the Holy Apostles, and who founded Holy Apostles College and Seminary in Cromwell, Conn., little known facts about Franco-American history which are mentioned in Robert Rumilly's Histoire des Franco-Americains. In the weeks before the celebration, your reporter contacted other Franco-American historical, cultural and genealogical societies, most of which sent brochures to him for distribution at the French-Canadian-American Day in Hartford. The second table had brochures for the American-Canadian Genealogical Society, based in Manchester, N.H., the American-French Genealogical Society, based in Woonsocket, R.I., the Société Historique Franco-Américaine, based in Manchester, N.H., and the Museum of Work and Culture in Woonsocket, R.I. (It should be noted that only the Museum of Work and Culture had professionally printed card-stock brochures in color and in English and in French.) There were photocopies of a brochure that was produced in the mid-1990s by the French Institute on the campus of Assumption College in Worcester, Mass., that listed its catalog of books and monographs. Also, there were copies of the newsletter of the French Institute, Institute Français Nouvelles, dated Fall 2012-Spring 2013. There were flyers for the ACA/Lambert Franco-American Collection, which is at the Geisel Library at St. Anselm College in Manchester, N.H. There were

(Continued on page 23)

SOUVENIRS D'UNE TANTE

Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso

[Originally published in the St. John Valley Times in 1993 in French, and the Ste-Agathe Historical Society Newsletter in 1999 in English]

Tante Maria, Papineau, Ida Roy, Ti-pou-ti-out, Roger Paradis, Eddy Wabby – ces noms disparates sont faufilés dans l'étoffe de la Vallée St. Jean par un fil commun.

Tante Maria, Papineau, Ida Roy, Ti-pou-ti-out, Roger Paradis, Eddy Wabby – these disparate names are woven into the fabric of the St. John Valley by a common thread.

Maria Rose Délima Bossé Chamberland (1903-1986) de Ste-Agathe et son époux, mon oncle Olivier Chamberland, ont élevé neuf enfants. Tante Maria a rempli ses 83 ans de maintes entreprises ainsi que la composition de poésie. Ida Roy (la nièce de Jules Marquis, un des derniers propriétaires de la maison historique à Ste-Agathe) est bien connue dans la Vallée comme l'interprète célèbre à travers la Nouvelle Anglettere de chansons et de complaintes. Ida raconte que Roger Paradis, folkloriste et historien à l'Université du Maine à Fort Kent, lui avait confié un des poèmes de Maria, et lui avait demandé de le mettre à la musique.

Maria Rose Délima Bossé Chamberland (1903-1986) from Ste- Agathe and her husband, uncle Olivier Chamberland, raised nine children. Tante Maria filled her 83 years with a multitude of enterprises including the composition of poetry. Ida Roy (the niece of Jules Marquis, one of the last owners of the Historical House in Ste-Agathe) is well known in the Valley as the celebrated performer throughout New England of songs and complaintes. Ida tells us that Roger Paradis, professor at the University of Maine at Fort Kent, had given her one of Maria's poems to set to music.

Ida et Maria, ces deux trésors de la Montage Platte de Ste-Agathe, étaient déjà associées par le métier de grands nombres de femmes de la Vallée de la première moitié du siècle – le crochetage [que les français métropolitains appèllent travail au crochet]. L'assiduité au travail des gens de la Vallée est bien connue; ils sont toujours occupés. Le soin des enfants, le travail à la ferme et le travail domestique terminé, ces dames, notées pour leur compétence dans le travail à la main, crochetaient pour augmenter les revenus de la famille. Elles confectionaient, en tons pastels de bleu, rose, jaune, vert et blanc, garnis de rubans, des ensembles de bébés (capuche, chandail, chausons) pour des compagnies de la Nouvelle Angleterre qui ensuite les vendaient pour parer les bébés américains. Tante Maria, qui appelait son entreprise Oliver's, ramassait l'ouvrage, l'envoyait à la compagnie et payait les crocheteuses. Après sa retraite, Ida Roy, une des crocheteuses, l'a remplacée comme intermédiaire. Ida chantait les chansons apprisent de son père pendant les veillées d'autrefois dans les concessions de Ste-Agathe. Maintenant, quand elle ne parcourt pas les routes aux festivals folkloriques, elle habite à Van Buren où elle collectionne et enregistre des chansons françaises qui, au dernier compte, dépassent 5,000.

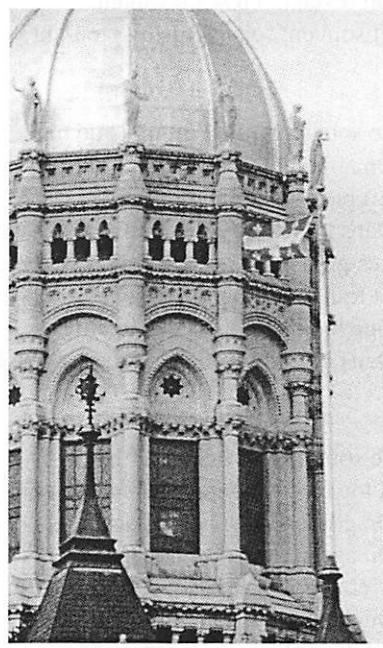
Ida and Maria, these two treasures from the concessions on Flat Mountain in Ste-Agathe, had already been associated in the craft shared by a number of women in the Valley during the first half of this century - crocheting. The industriousness of Valley folks is well known. Having finished taking care of the children, the farm chores and household work, these women, noted for their handiwork, would crochet to augment the family income. They created ribbon-trimmed baby ensembles (hat, sweater, booties) in pastel tones of blue, pink, yellow, green and white for New England companies to sell to dress the babies of America. Tante Maria, who named her enterprise Oliver's, would pick up the work, send it to the company and

(Continued on (suite) page 24)

(The First Official French-Canadian-American Day in Hartford, Conn., June 24, 2014 continued from page 22)

brochures for a Franco-American social club in New York State, named La Fédération franco-américaine du New York in Schagticoke, N.Y. Your reporter who had copies of a four-page list of Franco-American organizations throughout New England. Also, your reporter had on the second information table a two-page, one sheet flyer for the Missa Formae Extraordinariae for 2014, which had a liturgical calendar on one side, and a list of eleven churches in Connecticut and Massachusetts where the rite is practiced. Your reporter contacted Lisa Michaud of the Franco-American Center at the University of Maine at Orono weeks before the event, and she provided to him a few assorted past copies of Le Forum. She also sent booklets for the Congrès Mondial Acadien 2014 as well as copies of an audio tour map of Beau Lake, which is representative of the Acadian people today, in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Quebec, and the State of Maine. Lastly, there was also a brochure of the 2012 Catalog of CDs by Josée Vachon.

In conclusion, the first celebration of French-Canadian-American Day in Hartford was a success in terms of participation, cultural events with the musical performances, and the dissemination of information about the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut in particular, as well as numerous other French-Canadian organizations, genealogical societies and archival libraries. In a telephone interview with Daniel Boucher on June 15, 2017, he remembered that Helene Labrecque and her group of volunteers organized seven or eight chartered busses for people to attend the events at the Cathedral of St. Joseph and at the Connecticut State Capitol. He told your reporter that 630 people attended the events, and he noted that the Capitol Police told him that it was the largest attendance of a special event of any ethnic group at the State Capitol in recent memory.



The Quebec flag flies on the Connecticut State Capitol, June 24, 2014. ***Photo by Marceau*** *taken from the steps of the Connecticut State Library, with a telephoto lens on his Pentax P3, 400 speed Kodak film.*

(SOUVENIRS D'UNE TANTE continued from (suite de) page 23)

pay the workers. On Maria's retirement, Ida Roy, who also crocheted, replaced her as the agent. Ida sings the songs she learned from her father at the veillées (house parties) in the old days. Now, when not on the road to various folklore festivals, she lives in Van Buren where she collects and records French songs which, at last count, numbered more than 5,000.

Les voilà, encore une fois, réunies par le gentil air d'Ida joint au poème de Maria que celle-là a enregistré pour sa collection et que celle-ci, retirée à Wisdom House à Madawaska pendant ses dernières années, aimait chanter pour les autres retraités.

Here they are once again reunited in Ida's air (taped for her collection) joined to Maria's poem (which she liked to sing to other retirees in her later years after her own retirement at Wisdom House).

SOUVENIRS D'ENFANCE

1
Te souviens-tu de notre enfance
De ces beaux jours pleins d'espérances
Quand les pieds nus, le nez au vent
Marchant dans la poussière du chemin
On s'en allait tout en chantant
En se tenant main dans la main
On revenait en se chicanant
Et souvent fois même en pleurant

2
Te souviens-tu qu'au mois de mai
On aimait aller prier
Au pied de l'autel de Marie
Dans la petite école au mur gris
Les grands-mères disaient le chapelet
Et tout ensemble on chantait
Que la Sainte-Vierge était aimée
Dans ces beaux jours du temps passé

3
Te souviens-tu pendant l'hiver
A tous les soirs quand il faisait noir
On glissait dans la côte des pins
On agaçait tous les passants
C'était pas si drôle le lendemain
Quand on le disait à nos parents
Il fallait aller s'excuser
Et promettre de ne plus recommencer

4
Te souviens-tu du temps de Noël
Oh que les fêtes étaient donc belles
Allant à la messe de minuit
Dans un traineau de chevaux gris
Nos rires et nos chants enfantins
Se faisaient entendre de loin
Quant on regardait les étoiles
Tout en chantant le Jingle Bells

5
Te souviens-tu de Ti-pou-ti-out
Le Papineau des grandes routes
Qui parcourait tous les chemins
Toujours en demandant son pain
Il était la terreur des enfants
Pourtant il n'était pas méchant
Quand on le voyait arriver
En pleurant on allait se cacher

6
Tous ces beaux jours sont bien lointains
Ce sont des souvenirs d'enfants
Mais, on aime bien les rappeler
Toutes ces bonnes choses du temps passé
Quant on le dit à nos petits-enfants
Ils nous regardent en souriant
Ils trouvaient ça drôle, mais ça ne fait rien
Quand ils seront grands, ils pourront pas n'en dire autant

Ce poème bien construit d'un vocabulaire directe et franc développe une idée centrale dans chaque huitain. Du point de vue culturel, la deuxième strophe, qui parle des prières à l'autel "Dans la petite école au murs gris" met en evidence la situation educationelle de l'époque à Ste.-Agathe menée dans les petites écoles grises déjà en existence avant la construction de nouvelles petites écoles rouges en 1927. Les écoles grises n'existent plus, mais on peut voire la dernière des petites écoles rouges à l'ouest de la Route 162 arrivée presqu'a Frenchville. Les petites écoles avaient beaucoup d'importance pour Maria parce qu'elle y avait assisté comme étudiante dans les concessions de la Montagne Platte, et plus tard comme enseignante dans l'école près de chez Gilbert Martin. Ses enfants allaient à une autre petite école qu'on a remplacée par la résidence de Jerome Chamberland. On l'a déplacée dans la consolidation des écoles pour fonder la Montfort School.

This well-constructed poem with its direct and frank vocabulary develops a central idea in each octave. From a cultural point of view, the second stanza, which refers to "la petite école au mur gris," highlights the educational situation of the era in Ste-Agathe in the little gray schoolhouses in existence before the construction of red schoolhouses in 1927. The gray schoolhouses are gone, but one of the little red schoolhouses still stands on the west side of Route 162 near Frenchville. The one-room schoolhouses were very much a part of Maria's life as she had attended one in grammar school in the concessions, and had later taught in another close to the Gilbert Martin residence. Her children went to yet another which stood in place of the Jerome Chamberland residence, and which was removed during the consolidation of the schools to create Montfort School.

"Que la Sainte Vierge était aimée" témoigne de la grande dévotion ste-agathienne à la Vierge. Tous les soirs du mois de mai, les gens se rendaient à l'église; ou bien s'ils habitaient trop loin, ils se rassemblaient soit dans les petites écoles ou bien dans les maisons les plus grandes, pour célébrer les dévotions mariales. Dans la quatrième strophe, tante Maria marque l'importance des aspects religieux et séculiers de la fête principale de Noël célébrée à la messe de minuit et réunie au chant de Jingle Bells.

"Que la Sainte Vierge était aimée" speaks to the Ste-Agathan love of the Virgin as seen in the Marian devotions. Every evening during the month of May, the devout would make their way to church; or if they lived too far away, as in the concessions, they would assemble either in the schoolhouses or in one of the larger residences to take part in the devotions. In the fourth stanza, Tante Maria calls attention to both the religious and secular aspects of the principal holiday of Christmas celebrated at midnight mass together with the carol Jingle Bells.

Réçemment, on se demande des questions sur l'authenticité des aspects du 17e siècle de la langue de la Vallèe. La rime de Bells avec étoiles soulève l'évolution phonétique de la pronunciation de la diphtongue oi. Dans la Vallée on prononce étwèl pour étoiles, ce qui correspond à la prononciation du début du 16e siècle en France. Deux autres prononciations se sont dévelopées pendant ce siècle: è et wa. Le è survi dans la Vallée comme dans la pronun-

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(SOUVENIRS D'UNE TANTE continued from (suite de) page 24)

ciation de droite (drèt), tandis que le wa du parler actuel metropolitain est peut entendu du coté américain de la Valée. Le wé, comme dans toi (twé), de l'ancien français qui existe couramment dans la Vallée, sort d'avant le 13e siècle. En France, même après le grand effort de standardisation de la langue au 17e siècle, le wé a persisté jusqu'au 18e siècle. Les immigrants français, déjà arrivés au nouveau monde au début du 17e siècle ont continué les autres prononciations apportés avec eu de wé, è et wè comme dans toi (twé), droite (drèt) et étoile (étwèl). Cela montre une petite exemple des maintes éléments de la langue de la Vallée qui sortent de l'ancien français et du moyen français.

Questions on the authenticity of the 17th-century aspects of the language of the Valley have arisen recently. The rhyming of Bells with étoiles shows the phonetic evolution of the prononciation of the diphthong oi. In the Valley étoiles is pronounced étwèl which corresponds to its pronunciation in France at the beginning of the 16th century. Two other pronunciations of the diphthong developed during this century: è and wa. The è survives in the Valley as in the pronunciation for droite (drèt), while the wa, which developed later and which is the modern standard French pronunciation is not often heard on the American side of the Valley. The wé, as in toi (twé), currently in use in the Valley, is a pronunciation from old French from before the 13th century. In France, even after the drastic efforts to standardize the language in the 17th century, the wé persisted into the 18th century. Our immigrant ancestors, having already arrived in the New World at the beginning of the 17th century, continued the pronunciation of wé, è and wè as in toi (twé), droite (drèt) and étoile (étwèl) which they brought with them. The wa had not become a part of their experience. This illustrates only one small example of the many elements of Valley French which come from Old French and Middle French.

On pourrait se demander si bells et étoiles se prètent à une bonne rime (les rimes se font alternativement ou consecutivement) parce qu'on ne prononce pas les /s/ finals en français, tandis qu'on les prononce en anglais. Dans la Vallée, on avait la tendance d'aussi laisser tomber les /s/ finals en anglais, donc Jingle Bells était souvent prononcé Jingle Bell. Etant donné que les /l/ anglais étaient souvent prononcés comme les /l/ français, la rime de tante Maria de Bells (bel) et de étoiles (étwèl) arrive à une rime suffisante.

One could ask if bells and étoiles lend themselves to rhyming (the lines rhyme alternately or consecutively) since the final /s/ in French is not pronounced while it is in English. In the Valley, there was also a tendency to drop the final /s/ from English words; and thus Bells could be pronounced Bell. Given that the English /l/ was also often pronounced like the French /l/, Tante Maria's rhyme of Bells (bel) and étoiles (étwèl) arrives at a rime suffisante (rhyming of two elements).

Pour ceux qui s'intéressent à la géographie, "la côte des pins" de la troisième strophe est située du coté sud de Mountain Road à peu près un demi-mille de la Route 162, un peu plus loin que le Lakeview Restaurant. Malheureusement, le bocage de pins n'existe plus. On voit aussi que les enfants, même s'ils se chicanaient et agaçaient d'autres comme font typiquement les enfants, devaient être responsables pour leur conduite et s'excuser quand ils avaient tort.

For those who are interested in geography, "la côte des pins" of the third stanza is situated on the south side of Mountain Road about half a mile from Route 162, a little further than the Lakeview Restaurant. Unfortunately, the stand of pines no longer exists. Also, the children, if they quarreled or teased and annoyed others, as children are wont to do, were responsible for their behavior and had to apologize.

De la cinquième strophe du poème de Tante Maria sort un personnage légendaire dans la Vallée au début du siècle. C'est Papineau. Ce surnom, qui signifie quelqu'un d'intelligence moyenne, on l'avait donné à un célibataire barbu, un Alexis Pelletier, qu'on pense originaire de Daigle et qui mendiait à travers la Vallée, même jusqu'a Caribou et même au delà. Ce quêteux tremblait et boitait de l'infirmité d'une jambe croche qui rendait nécéssaire l'utilisation d'une canne. Tante Maria mentionne aussi son autre sobriquet, Ti-pou-ti-out, une déformation de sa façon d'addresser les enfants de "ti-petiot" ou "ti-petiote" qui signifie un petit enfant.

A legendary character in the Valley at the beginning of the century emerges from the fifth stanza. He was Papineau, meaning someone of middling intelligence, a sobriquet given to a bearded bachelor who trembled named Alexis Pelletier from Daigle. An infirm with a crooked leg who had to utilize a cane, he was a beggar throughout the Valley all the way to Caribou and beyond. Tante Maria also mentions his other nickname, Ti-pou-ti-out, a deformation of his way of addressing children as "ti-petiot," or "ti-petiote" in the feminine, which means a small child.

Papineau portait la reputation de "gros mangeux" (mangeur en metropolitain]. Il ne pouvait pas se rassasier. On dit qu'il pouvait manger quatre douzaine d'oeufs puis une couple de tarte et des saucisses. On dit aussi qu'il quêtait de la viande pour vendre pour se faire de l'argent; qu'il était safre [glouton]; qu'il mangeait à se rendre malade; et qu'après avoir mangé une char [grande quantité] chez un voisin, il se rendait chez un autre voisin et mangeait un autre repas chez le deuxième, le troisième et même le quatrième, d'ou vient le dicton de la Vallée: "Tu manges comme un Papineau." On l'avertissait: "Papineau, ne mange pas le bol ou l'assiette."

Papineau had acquired the reputation of a hearty eater. He could not be sated. It is said that he could eat four dozen eggs and a couple of pies and sausages. It is also said that he would beg for meat to sell so he could have some money; that he was gluttonous; and that after having eaten huge quantities at someone's house, he would go to the neighbor and eat another meal, and then a third meal at the next neighbor and even a fourth, from whence comes the saying in the Valley: "You eat like a Papineau". People would warn him: "Papineau, don't eat the bowl or the plate."

Les gens de la Vallée sont reconnus pour leur générosité. La plupart l'invitait à table avec la famille et permettait qu'il se couche à bas [sur le plancher] ou dans la grange parce qu'il etait pouilleux. Il couchait dans la batterie [le plancher de la grange] ou dans la tasserie [la partie de la grange ou l'on met le foin, la paille et les grains] et on le couvrait de robe [fourrure utilisée comme couverture] de cariole [traineau à lame tiré par un cheval]. On lui ordonnait de laisser sa pipe et ses allumettes à la maison, parce

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(SOUVENIRS D'UNE TANTE continued from (suite de) page 25)

qu'on avait peur du feu dans le foin.

Known for their generosity, most Valley folks would invite him to the table with the family and would let him sleep on the floor or in the barn because he had picked up lice from his travels. He would sleep on the floor of the barn or in the part of the barn where grain and straw are kept. He would be covered with a fur utilized as a covering in a horse-drawn sleigh. He was instructed to leave his pipe and his matches in the house for fear of setting fire to the hay.

Excentrique, mais sans malice, Papineau lisait les feuilles de thé. Les enfants l'agouçaient [taquinaient], et en représailles et pour qu'ils le laissent tranquille, il leur faisait de mauvais souhaits et leur racontait des histoires de géants pour les épeurer [effrayer]. On dit qu'il essayait de les poigner [attraper], qu'il était verrat [fripon] et qu'il faisait mourir les animaux avec ses souhaits. Il essayait de se défendre contre leurs injures en les appellant des petits paourds [lourds], et il ouvrait son couteau et faisait semblant de "partir après les enfant," afin que ceux-ci lui fiche la paix. De là venait "la terreur" des enfants mentionée dans la cinquième strophe. Mais, ceux qui le connaissaient bien, comme Tante Maria, savaient qu'il "n'était pas méchant."

Excentric but harmless, Papineau would read tealeaves. The children would tease him; and in order to get even and to get them to leave him alone, he would wish them bad luck and would tell them stories of giants in order to scare them. It is said that he would try to catch them, that he was mischievous, and that he could make the animals die from wishing them bad luck. He would try to ward off the children's insults by calling them little oafs, and would open his pocketknife and pretend to run after them so that they would not bother him. From these incidents came "la terreur" of the children mentioned in the fifth stanza. But those who knew him well, like Tante Maria, understood that he was not a bad person.

Champion tireur de poignet, on raconte que personne ne pouvait casser Papineau sauf pour un nommé Eddy Wabby de Fort Kent. Sa vie, c'était marcher. Il avait de la misère; il ne pouvait pas gagner sa vie et les gens avaient pitié de lui. Il faisait du pouce, et pendant un hiver il avait suivi les comis voyageurs en chemin de fer jusqu'a Bangor. Essayant de gagner son pain de la même façon dans cet environement hostile auprès de gens qui ne le connaissaient pas, on l'a amené à l'asile ou il est resté jusqu'au printemps. Dès son retour dans la Vallée, il a recommencé sa quête, et de là il est passé dans la légende. Les gens les plus agés se souviennent tous de lui, et ils racontent des histoires de Papineau.

Champion arm wrestler, apparently Eddy Wabby from Fort Kent was the only one who could break him. His life was walking. He would hitchhike, and during one winter he had followed some salesmen on the train all the way to Bangor. Trying to earn his bread in the same manner in a hostile environment where people did not know him, he was brought to the asylum where he stayed until spring. Once again he returned to his quest. He has since passed into the legend of the Valley. The older residents remember him and all have stories to tell about him.

"PAPINEAU"
Photo courtesy of the Madawaska Historical Society

La première strophe montre la gamme d'émotions passagères et la fraternité des enfants en mouvement, voilés par la "poussière" du temps et vue en perpective par le mechanism du "chemin." Le dernier vers se termine en commentaire humoriste sur les relations entre les générations. Les strophes sont séparées en deux par l'air d'Ida qui se répète après quatre vers. Comme le poème, l'air n'a pas de refrain. Cette versification abonde d'optimisme et, comme on a vu, de notations ethnographiques et linguistiques.

The first stanza shows the gamut of transient emotions and the fraternity of the children in motion, dimmed by the dust of time and seen in perspective by the mechanism of the road. The last line of the poem ends in a humoristic comment on intergenerational relations. The stanzas are separated by Ida's air repeated after four lines. Like the poem, the air does not have a refrain. These verses abound with optimism and, as we have seen, with ethnographic and linguistic notations.

TANTE MARIA

Maria, la fille de Joseph O. Bossé et Anne Dubé, et la soeur de Philippe [le First Selectman à Ste-Agathe, donc en charge du village, pendant les années '30], pensionnait au couvent des Filles de la Sagesse pendant ses années de high school. Elle a suivi les cours d'école normale à Lewiston pour devenir institutrice diplomée. Le 7 juillet 1925, elle a épousé mon oncle Olivier Chamberland à l'église de Ste-Agathe. De leurs neufs enfants, Jean Paul est décédé en 1984. Les gens de la Vallée connaissent son épouse, Berthile (Bea). Trois autres sont restés à Ste. Agathe: Joel et son épouse, Marie-Mae, sont les parents de trois fils et grand-parents de six petits-fils; Robert (Bob) époux de Viola, Selectman et candidat récent pour représentant à la législature; et Bernadette, son portrait d'enfant immortalisé dans la publication de Stewart Doty, Acadian Hard Times, et épouse de Samuel Michaud, les deux maintenant retirés de leurs entreprises - Michaud Funeral Home et Michaud Furniture. Les cinq autres demeurent à Connecticut: Rock travaille à Plainville; Geralda, qui était infirmière, fait sa retraite auprès de ses enfants et petits-enfants; Jacqueline, mère de cinq filles, qui comprend des jumelles (les jumeaux se montrent à travers les générations de cette lignée); Rachel, retirée de sa carrière d'affaires, mère de quatre et grand-mère de cinq; et Marie-Claire, épouse de Roderick Cormier et mère de deux enfants.

Maria, the daughter of Joseph O. Bossé and Anne Dubé, and the sister of Philippe (a First Selectman in Ste-Agathe, therefore the manager of the village, during the '30s), was a boarder at the convent of the Daughters of Wisdon during her high school years. She went to Normal School in Lewiston to receive her teaching certificate. On July 7, 1925, she married my

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(SOUVENIRS D'UNE TANTE continued from (suite de) page 26)

uncle Olivier at the Ste-Agathe Church. Of their nine children, Jean-Paul died in 1984. Valley folks know his wife, Berthile (Bea). Three others stayed in Ste-Agathe: Joel and his wife, Marie-Mae, are the parents of three sons and grand-parents of six; Robert (Bob) married to Viola, Selectman and recent candidate for representative to the legislature; and Bernadette, her childhood photo immortalized in Stewart Doty's publication, Acadian Hard Times, and married to Samuel Michaud, both now retired from their enterprises - Michaud Funeral Home and Michaud Furniture. Five others live in Connecticut: Rock works in Plainville; Geralda, who was a nurse, is retired near her children and grand-children; Jacqueline, the mother of five girls including twins (twins are very much a part of this line through the generations); Rachel, retired from her business career, is the mother of four and grand-mother of five; and Marie-Claire, married to Roderick Cormier and mother of two.

un nombre d'années, elle était en charge des linges et des vêtements liturgiques. Sociale, elle aimait rendre visite à sa parenté et ses amis; elle aimait jouer aux cartes. Une de ses compositions, "C'est aujourd'hui la fête d'une maman bien aimée," a été chantée par ma mère, Eva, pour célébrer l'anniversaire de leur belle-mère, Edith Chassé Chamberland. Après la mort d'Olivier, à sa retraite, elle organisait des veillées de cartes, de bavardages et de chants pour "faire grouiller les gens." Tante Maria, elle, avait toujours organisé, et elle avait toujours "grouilleé." Pour cette raison, on connait mieux l'époque et certaines gens qu'elle a tissés dans sa poésie pour nous montrer une tranche de la vie dans la tapisserie de la Vallée.

Maria was an enterpreneur. In addition to the crocheting, her family established a dairy farm. She undertook research into Chamberland genealogy in turn prompting my interest in genealogy. She taught night school, the depression-era literacy program. Intelligent, not at all shy, but very pious, she worked in the Daughters of Wisdom laundry. Bernadette tells us that she liked

Maria Chamberland Family Photo (Circa 1950's), (Courtesy of the Ste. Agathe Historical Society).

Maria aimait les entreprises. En plus du crochetage, sa famille a établi une ferme laitière. Pendant sa vie, Tante Maria a entamé des recherches généalogiques, dont sa recherche sur les Chamberland a provoqué mon intéret généalogique. Elle a enseigné à l'école du soir, le programme d'alphabétisation pendant la dépression. Intelligente, sans gêne et très pieuse, elle a travaillé à la buanderie des Filles de la Sagesse. Bernadette raconte qu'elle aimait tout ce qui touchait à la vie religieuse. Pour

everything to do with religious life. For many years, she was in charge of the altar linens and liturgical garments at the church. Sociable, she liked to visit family and friends and liked to play cards. One of her compositions, "C'est aujourd'hui la fête d'une maman bien aimée," was sung by the author's mother, Eva, to celebrate the birthday of their mother-in-law, Edith Chassé Chamberland. After Olivier's death, at her retirement home, she would organize evenings of card games, conversation and song to get people moving. Tante Maria had always organized and had always moved. Consequently, we know the era and some of the people who were part of it because she wove them into the tapestry of her poem to create a picture of life in the Valley.

(Chez Dean: An amazing gourmet kitchen, PLUS meals on wheels continued from page 3)

than any of the rest of us ever knew. And that knowledgeable approach made people listen and believe. It made it easier for us Franco-Americans to get a well-defined spot on the North America map, instead of staying in that place under the carpet where the dominant group kept trying to sweep us.

But "Chez Dean" is closed. Its master chef and master scholar and master listener, Dean Louder, passed away in early May. And that saddens me immensely. Whatever shall we do? Where will we go for our nourishment?

I did get a chance to see him one last time, thanks to his latest Meals on Wheels tour. He stopped by the "Rencontre" of Franco-American creatives that was held during the last weekend in April at the University of Maine in Orono. At the Franco-American Centre of course. He brought us his newest and latest. Delicious. After the event, he even used his last blog to give others throughout the Americas a taste of the weekend.

I'm positive the "Meals on Wheels" tour hasn't ended. Still going great guns up there. But I will sure as hell miss that great cooking down here. I tell ya, I'd give anything for just a spoonful of that gumbo right now.

Bon voyage et bonne tournée, mon ami.

— Grégoire Chabot

Ca me fait tellement de peine d'apprendre le décès de Dean Louder. I remember him fondly, how he welcomed us in his home for a Quebec Carnival weekend when we were students at FAROG, so supportive of our creative works as Franco-Americans. I remember how fun it was when he also brought a group of Laval students to Orono. It was an amazing night of singing and sharing traditions.

I'll always keep a warm memory of his warmth and dedication.

— Josée Vachon

Save The Date...

Josée Vachon

August 13, 2017
Franco-American Centre Franco-Américain
Crossland Hall
University of ME, Orono, ME

2pm
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Email: Lisam@maine.edu
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(Donations are accepted)

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Susan Poulin

Monday, September 18

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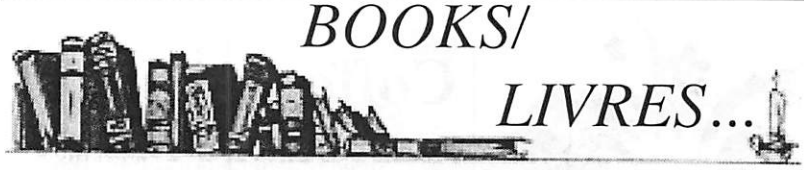
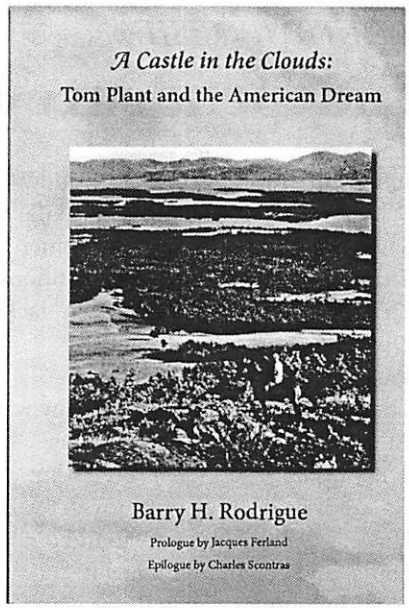


A Castle in the Clouds: Tom Plant and the American Dream

Written by Barry H. Rodrigue



The story of Tom Plant (1859-1941) gives us a gritty, real-life view of the American dream. Born into a poor French-Canadian family in Bath, Maine on the eve of the Civil War, he began his career as a boy laborer, cutting ice on the Kennebec River. Tom then became a union shoe-maker in the "shoe capital of the world", in Massachusetts, financing his first workshop with a baseball wager. He went on to pioneer new trends in American business and to build the world's largest shoe factory. An inventor, his name became front-page news in the *New York Times* during a fight with the most notorious monopoly in the United States. A celebrated outdoorsman, he laid out a vast estate on the shores of Lake Winnipesaukee, as well as a retirement home for workers in his hometown. An advocate of the progressive movement, Tom Plant spoke for a new, pragmatic America, one based on fairness in the workplace, conservation of nature, plural heritage, and global harmony. His d'enouement was as surprising as his triumph.

Biography
Paperback, 6" x 9", 288 pages
ISBN: 978-0-9915427-0-3

Barry Rodrigue is a geographer, archeologist and historian, whose fieldwork focuses on the Canadian-American borderlands. He seeks to better understand humanity's place in the world by positioning local and regional studies in global frameworks. An active scholar in the fields of Big History, he serves as International Coordinator for the International Big History Association and is a research professor at the Eurasian Center for Macrohistory & System Forecasting (Russian Academy of Sciences).

Marie-Line Morin

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1.	**The Greatest Love of All** – Linda Creed and Michael Masser	4:49
2.	**O Sole Mio** Giovanni Capurro and Eduardo di Capua	4:39
3.	**L'Hymne à l'amour** Edith Piaf and Marguerite Monnot	3:25
4.	**Ah! Non credea mirarti** *(La Sonnambula)* Vincenzo Bellini	4:07
5.	**Addio del passato** *(La Traviata)* Giuseppe Verdi	2:41
6.	**The Prayer** duet with Nathalie Ahyi-Amendah David Foster and Carol Bayer Sager	4:39
7.	**Bring Him Home** Claude-Michel Schönberg, Alain Boublil and Jean-Marc Natel (based on Victor Hugo's novel)	3:43
8.	**You'll Never Walk Alone** (Carousel) Rogers & Hammerstein	3:17
9.	**Bridge Over Troubled Water** Paul Simon	4:08
10.	**Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring** *(Cantata 147)* J.S. Bach	3:06
11.	**Panis Angelicus** St. Thomas Aquinas and Cesar Franck	3:13
12.	**Ave Maria** Charles Gounod and J.S. Bach	3:01
13.	**Amazing Grace** John Newton	3:42
14.	**You Raise Me Up** Rolf Lovland and Brendan Graham	3:30

Marie-Line Morin, Soprano Vocalist, started vocal lessons with Maestro Jules Gallfi, Paris, 2006, and completed with Dominique Labedz, Milford, MA, 2013. Ph.D. in Pastoral Counseling, Loyola University, MD, 1997, Professor, Laval University, QC, Psychoanalyst, Social Worker, Psychotherapist (with individual, couples, families).

Pianists: Larry Thibodeau, songs 1, 3, 6, & 8 to 14; **Lila Bailey,** songs 2 & 7; **Nathalie Ahyi-Amendah** (also vocalist), songs 4 & 5

Publisher: Marie-Line Morin Ph.D., recorded by ClarkCreative Recording Studio, Amherst, NH.

POETRY/POÉSIE...

Independence Day

June 19th causes me to sit in wonder
Why it's not the most recognized day for blacks in summer
Sadly more recognized the Hummer
Than notice the silence of the cannons-
That changed the circumstances blacks were living under
On that hot humid day in Texas
We consider it a blessing
The day that blacks found out they were free - to keep you from guessing
At work the boss wasn't expecting
School is out - so there is no testing
As children, we took great joy in the celebration
However, when the slaves found out imagine their elation
Smiles and congratulations
The Almighty receiving heaps of praises in tearful adulation
On that day, we drank red soda pop-
For some reason we treated it as the only flavor they got
Barbecue grills smoking for blocks
Girls playing hopscotch
Everywhere the sound of firecracker pops
Juneteenth I had my first taste of hops
My first taste of cannabis tops
When I couldn't stop laughing my mom became furious
She told my Uncle if it wasn't for him, I wouldn't be curious
It had been a long time since he seen her so serious
June 19th, is the date of the appointment of the first black Supreme Court Judge
Brown vs. the board of education gave him the nudge
While some say that June 19th wasn't the actual day blacks were set free
Unceremoniously the significance of the actual date has faded into obscurity
It should be a date known and celebrated down to the very last American
The status of a primate was erased from the African
As an adult, I strive to tell all I see
That Juneteenth is Independence Day to me.

— Joseph Jackson

(Joseph Jackson is the Coordinator of the Maine Prisoner Advocacy Coalition and Program Facilitator for Maine Inside Out.)

Coffee at Dusk*

Siege of Petersburg—July, 1864
No rebel rifle fire yet
No calls from parapet to trench.
Just dusty, tired men
drinking the day's last coffee
by flickering flames.
Soon boot-kicked sand
will snuff the tell-tale embers.
What orders for the night - -
haul powder to the magazine - -
munitions through the trenches - -
Day's duty's done; night's not begun- -
no rest for weary soldiers
in their waiting tents.
An eerie whistle overhead:
the bomb bursts; fragments kill one,
cover three with sand,
scatter fire, kettle, fuel.
The magazine explodes,
showers dirt on fleeing men.
Day's last coffee for three friends.
For the fourth—last coffee - - ever.

*Here Eugène, the young hero of Tremblay's **Un Revenant** (English title: **One Came Back**,) reacts as Tremblay himself did when he served in the 14th Regular United States Infantry. Twenty years later, when he pens **One Came Back**, Tremblay reports this incident as a journalist would. Without emotion, he relates the events as they unfold.

— Margaret Langford

LES FLEURS D ACADIE

de Michel LACAUX

Il existe en Acadie, une fleur de paradis
Fière et belle et si jolie, qu'elle est entrée dans ma vie
Et c'est de sa beauté, qu'à vous parler j'ai envie.

Son parfum de miel et lait, me sourit quand elle paraît
Et c'est dans la chemisée, de ses pétales étalés
Que j'aime à lui sourire, aux aurores empourprées.

Ces fleurs portent en elles, l'espoir de l'Acadie,
Elles nos sœurs, nos mères, nos compagnes et nos amies,
Ces belles fleurs là , sont les femmes d'Acadie.

Elles ont souvent porté, le poids des solitudes
Mais n'ont jamais avoué, aucune turpitude
Courage, Amour, bonté, donner c'est l'habitude ;

Celui qui en veut une, devra s'il la désire,
Porter respect, justice, et ces mots les lui dire
Enveloppés d'amour, et toujours les reluire

Va donc belle fleur en tes jardins secrets
Illumine de tes joies, le monde que t'a crée
L'Acadie sera sauvée, viens t'en vite procréer.

(FACT CHECK continued from page 3)

Maya and the Book of Everything. Though I haven't personally read the novel, the excerpt most certainly made the audience want to pursue reading through to the end. As entertainment during the lunch break, Greg Chabot performed two sketches featuring Jean Arrache in French and in English. His monologues described different aspects of the Franco-American experience, such as the language and the inevitable changes in our *Petits-Canadas*. Dani Beaupré presented a selection of poems from her coming chapbook that will be published under the auspices of the Franco-American Centre itself. Raymond Pelletier, a retired professor of UMaine, presented some recent research concerning his family. He has dedicated a good amount of time the last few years to honor the memory of his brother who passed in the Korean War in 1951. Rather miraculously, he was able to locate the remains of his brother and bury them in Arlington cemetery in December of last year. Paul Paré presented an excerpt from a novel in progress. As a journalist and now as a novelist, Paré continues to grow the Franco-American literary corpus.

A number of UMaine students were also present. They presented a wide variety of poems and *témoignages*. Their presence added a fresh perspective on the Franco-American experience. A pre-law student, Mitch Roberge, presented a pastiche of "Speak White" by Michèle Lalonde. As with other pastiches of the poem, such as "Speak Red", Roberge was able to tap the emotion and power of the original in order to express his feelings about the Franco reality.

David Vermette who publishes the franco blog (frenchnorthamerica.blogspot.com), gave a brief presentation about his upcoming book. This new history of Franco-Americans written in English, is geared toward the general public, not like many of its predecessors that were written for a more scholarly readership. *A Distinct Alien Race: A Social History of Franco-Americans* will be publish with Baraka Books in 2018. This will be an interesting addition to the Franco-American historiography. Mr. Vermette was present with his sister Joan Vermette, a cultural advocate for Franco-Americans.

From the Boston area, Steven Riel, a poet having published a number of books, presented some of his works in progress to the delight of the participants. Riel published his first full-length collection, *Fellow Odd Fellow*, with Trio House Press in 2014.

Lastly, from North of the border there were a few participants including myself, Marie-Line Morin and Dean Louder. I was able to follow up on the research that I presented at last years gathering. While this event focuses on the present state of Franco-American literature and culture, I like to present some of my findings from our collective past and the writings of our Franco ancestors. Marie-Line Morin, a

David Vermette

pastoral counsellor currently working at Université Laval, came to present her work with singing therapy. She sang a wonderful rendition of Ave Maria.

Dean Louder et le rêve de la Franco-Amérique

Dean Louder gave quite a riveting presentation, a great follow-up to last year. At Walpole in 2016, Louder started his presentation with a quote from Zachary Richard that has haunted me ever since: "l'isolement est plus fort que la fraternité." The solution to this isolation is unity among our ranks. However, unity is a limited resource among Franco-Americans, with so many borders (interstate and international) and so many differences of opinion; Francos of have trouble getting together. Louder's presentation in 2017, like those of years past, spoke of Franco-American unity and what can be accomplished when we work together. Louder told a story about the Franco-American Centre and the *F.A.R.O.G. Forum*. Though I am not the storyteller that he was, I feel the need to give an outline of this anecdote that shows just how Dean Louder, in his way, was able to unite Franco-Americans from across the map. In the 80's upon receiving a copy of the *Forum*, Dean Louder noticed a letter to the editor from Kent Bone (Beaulne) from the Ozarks in Missouri. Louder searched tirelessly for this francophile in midwest to find out his story. Dean Louder and Kent Beaulne (who contributed to the last edition of the *Forum*)became good friends. Beaulne even visited the Capitale-Nationale where Louder has resided since becoming a professor in the Geography department at Université Laval. This story and the nostalgia shared with the participants of the event touched the hearts and minds of all those present Franco-American or not.

Steven Riel

Though I only met Dean Louder on two occasions, I know he was truly an extraordinary man. He travelled the continent from sea to shining sea exploring a plethora of little pockets of Franco-Amériquains, as he called them. May 9th, 2017, Dean Louder passed away suddenly at 74 years old. He will be sorely missed by all the French-Canadian descendants across the US and Canada that had the chance to meet him. If we can learn anything from the life and work of Dean Louder, I think ***unity*** is an overarching theme. The task is daunting, but if we were able to work closer together, the Franco-American community might just be a little less invisible in the US and in Canada.

Samuel Samson et sa culture "francméricaine"

In 2012, Samuel Samson, native of Québec City, wrote *Quelle Amérique française?* a sociopolitical essay and a great vision into the thoughts of a young *Québécois* on French America. Samson, in order to explain the current state of French America, gives regional portraits of the 13 provinces

(Continued on page 32)

(FACT CHECK continued from page 31)

and territories followed by sketches of the First Nations peoples and Franco-Americans. In his mention of Franco-Americans, Samson expresses his preference for the term "Franco-Étatsunien". French America is already littered with so many cacophonous labels, why add another? The essay, a brief summary of sorts, dedicates one page to the Francos of New England. Samson has what we could call a "traditional" view of the Francos d'en bas. He states that the Franco-Americans of New England " sealed their fate and threw themselves to the wolves wanting to progressively integrate themselves into the rest of American (étatunienne) society. So, they chose to assimilate, yet even today, despite the choices of their ancestors, a quarter of New-England identifies as French Canadian, though butt a small fraction still speaks French." I am not sure that the Francos of today or of yesteryear would much like that comment. The great defenders of Franco-American culture like Adolphe Robert and Wilfrid Beaulieu did "not go gentle into that good night", if the night has come at all!

At the time samson published this essay he was but 18 years old. So when he writes that "aucun politicen étatunien n'état issue de leur rang (no politicians were among their ranks)", we can chalk that up to an *error de jeunesse*. I am sure that Félix Gatineau of Southbridge, Josaphat Benoît of Manchester, and Aram Pothier of Rhode Island would take no offense. Samson writes his essay with two major concerns : language and religion. Two parts of Franco-American culture whose place of priority has eroded with time. He repeats the same talking points of so many other *Québécois:* the assimilation of the Franco-Americans and the great loss to Quebec and French America. Can a culture be reduced to its language and its religion? Nevertheless, Samson feels the same sense of loneliness as me, Dean Louder, Zachary Richard and so many other Franco-Amériquains. Samson finds that Franco-America " no longer has any project or direction and its unity ended at the same time that the Catholic church lost its power in French America and the reorientation of the General state of French Canada in 1967." This is a fact. His solution: the *Movement Francméricain* (yet another cacophony to add to our collection), a noble effort, unfortunately DOA. If there is to be unity among Francos it must first start with our institutions. We don't often realize all of the organizations that are at our disposal. These organizations have all sorts of purposes, whether it be social/*communautaire* (Clubs Richelieu, Franco-American centers in Manchester and Lewiston), academic (Franco-American Centre at UMaine), archival (French Institute in Worcester and Franco-American Collection in Lewiston), or genealogical (American-French Genealogical Society in Woonsocket and The American-Canadian Genealogical Society in Manchester). Despite the diversity of these groups, sitting at the same table and moving in a common direction would propel our ethnic group into the future and preserve our sacred past.

Notre-Dame-des-Canadiens

Worcester, the second largest city in New England, is home to one of the most beautiful Franco-American churches, Notre-Dame-des-Canadiens, (to name but a few: Ste-Anne in Fall-River, MA, Ste-Marie in Manchester, NH, and St-Pierre and St-Paul in Lewiston) Unfortunately, developers in the city of Worcester would like to see this towering testament to the height of the Franco-American ethnic group torn down, destroyed, demolished! This representation of Franco-American accomplishment in their *pays d'accueil* (new country) could be used for a variety of new purposes. A great number of churches in Quebec City have been transformed into libraries and cultural centers, uses noble of these magnificent structures. If we band together to save this church as Franco-Americans from all over, we have a real chance in winning this battle. In our present state, Franco-Americans are ants scurrying around trying to save bits and pieces of our culture, easily squashed into oblivion. Together, we could be a big ferocious bear defending, continuing our cultural heritage. Who doesn't notice a bear!

1. Did you know Mary Travers otherwise known as La Bolduc spent a year (1921) in Springfield, MA with her sister-in-law working in the mills as so many other French Canadians.

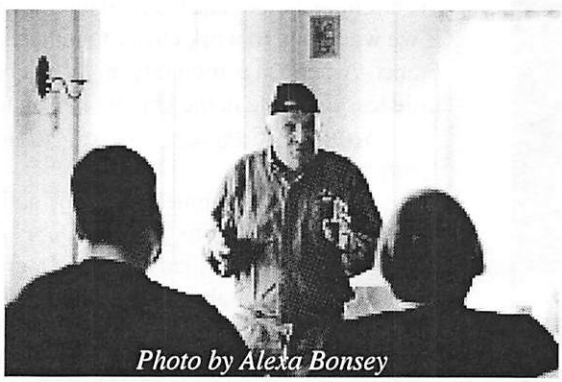
2. Did you know New England was home to over 300 french language newspapers, among those papers are Le Travailleur (Worcester), L'Étoile (Lowell), L'Indépendant (Fall River), Le Messager (Lewiston) and L'Avenir National (Manchester).

3. Did you know la Saint-Jean-Baptiste, or St. John the Baptist day, was a holiday celebrated by ALL French Canadians and their diaspora (excluding Acadians). It was only in 1977 that la St-Jean became the national holiday of the province Quebec (including their anglophone populations).

4. Did you know that Josaphat Benoît, a Franco-American, served more terms as Manchester's mayor than any other in the city's history.

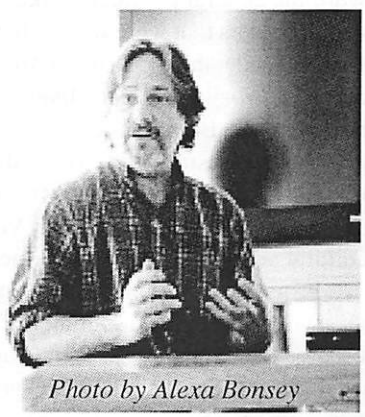
Questions, comments, facts or current events?

Contact me at joshua.barriere.1@gmail.com



Grégoire Chabot

Kat Dubois



Joe Arsenault

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

Les Familles Daigle

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.

DAIGLE
(Deag*)

FAMILY #1

Olivier Daigre (and **Daigle**), born in 1643 in France, died in Acadia, married circa 1666 at Port Royal (today, Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia) to Marie **Gaudet**, daughter of Denis Gaudet and Martine Gauthier of France and Port Royal. Olivier arrived in Acadia around 1663. His ancestors are believed to have originated from d'Aigre in the ancient province of Saintonge, France.

	Octave	02 Jul	1894	Elizabeth Violette	Ft.Kent	24L
24F3	Dominique	16 May	1886	Philomène Daigle	Frenchville	
	(b.1864 ME)					
	Alcime	08 Aug	1887	Eugénie Ouellette	Frenchville	24M1
	(b.1861 ME)					
	Antoine	03 Sep	1890	Malvina Guy	Frenchville	
	Hilaire	07 Oct	1896	Philomène Martin	Frenchville	24M2
	(b.1871 ME)					
	David, 26	20 Nov	1898	Anne Soucie, 19	Ft.Fairfield	24M3
	(b.1872 ME)	(b.1877 Grand Falls)(Firmin Soucie & Talie Pelletier)				
	Béloni	28 Apr	1903	Aurôre Daigle (#48D)	Ft.Kent	24M4
	(b.1874 ME)					
	Denis	30 Apr	1903	Eugénie Ouellette	Frenchville	
	(b.1866 ME)	(widow of Alcime Daigle)				
24G1	Hector	02 Apr	1894	Agnès Nadeau	St.Hilaire, NB	24P
24G2	Onésime	04 Feb	1901	Alice Cyr, 20	Madawaska, ME	
	(b.12-12-1876 St.Hilaire, NB)			(Cyr Cyr & Seconde Cyr)		
24H	Lézime					
	(b.15-5-1866 Van Buren)					
	Joseph					
	(b.19-6-1868 Van Buren)					
	David					
	(b.3-3-1870 Van Buren)					
24J1	Victorien	04 Jul	1909	Julie Bouchard	Frenchville	24Q
24J2	Joseph-L.	01 Nov	1915	Éva CloutierLewiston(SPP)		
24K1	Arthur	17 Jun	1912	Égline Boutot	Ft.Kent	24R
24K2	Marie	17 Jul	1893	Adolphe Bouchard	Ft.Kent	
				(Damase Bouchard & Georgiana Dupéré)		
24L	Omer	18 Apr	1922	Éva Guérette-Dumont	Ft.Kent	24S1
	Wilfrid	10 Jun	1924	Alphonsine "Rose" Pelletier	Ft.Kent	24S2
24M1	Alphée,	24 26 Nov	1917	Laura Cyr, 18St.Agathe, Me.		24T
	(b.1893 Ft.Kent)	(b.1899 St.Agathe)(Joseph Cyr & Agnès Pelletier)				
24M2	Jeannette	17 Jul	1928	Abel Maheu Frenchville (to Wtvl.)		
24M3	Vinal	27 Jan	1940	Albina-R.-A. Belle (Lebel)	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
24M4	Loretta-C.	21 Jun	1932	Donat-L. Michaud	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Berthe	09 Nov	1936	Lauréat Ducharme	Lewiston(SPP)	
24P	Émile-H.	28 Apr	1925	Léona Marquis	St.Hilaire, NB	24U
24Q	Aurôre	26 Apr	1939	Albert Vincent	Lewiston(SPP)	
24R	Décarie-J.	10 May	1947	Viola-Bella Lebel	Brunswick(SJB)	24V
24S1	Maurice	03 May	1943	Yvette Vermette	Lewiston(SPP)	24W
	Laurence	11 May	1943	Anita-Diane Bergeron	Auburn(St.Louis)	
	Priscilla	28 May	1945	Albert Veilleux	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Robert-R.	24 Apr	1954	Claire-B. Chicoine	Auburn(St.Louis)	
	Vernon	18 May	1957	Jacqueline Levasseur	Lewiston(HC)	
	Pauline	31 Jan	1959	Charles Gagnon	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Stanley	11 Jun	1960	Lucille Pépin	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Albert-J.	06 Jul	1963	Rosemary Alvernaz	Lewiston(St.Jos.)	
	Marilyn	17 Aug	1963	Armand Gagnon	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
24S2	Jeanne	14 Jun	1947	Roger Fontaine	Lewiston(SPP)	
24T	Joseph-F.	20 Jan	1940	Julienne CyrLewiston(SPP)		
	Carl	26 May	1945	Angéline Chamberland	Lewiston(St.Mary)	24X
24U	Pauline-Yvonne	21 Jun	1954	Paul-Jérôme Hallée	Pittsfield(St.Agnes)	
24V	Ronald	12 Oct	1974	Carmelle Fortier	Lewiston(HC)	
24W	Shirley-L.	31 Aug	1963	Raymond-P. Paradis	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Claudette-S.	17 Aug	1968	Normand Heutz	Lewiston(SPP)	
24X	James-R.	19 Feb	1966	Doris-T. Roy	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Joan	31 May	1969	Wayne Hesketh	Lewiston(HF)	
32A	Amanda	13 Feb	1882	Joseph Paré	Waterville(SFS)	
	(b.6-1-1866 St.François, Beauce)					
	Virginie "Jenny"	28 Jun	1882	Charles Rodrigue	Fairfield	
"	"	25 Aug	1883	" "	Waterville(SFS)	
	Joséphine-M.	circa	1888	Isaac Goudreau	Maine ?	
	(b.28-4-1871 St.François)					
	François*	03 Jan	1892	Marie Clair (Auclair)	Waterville(SFS)	32B

(Continued on page 34)

(Daigle Family continued from page 33)

	(b.9-7-1868 St.François) *as Frank Dague	(b.Jul 1874 ME)(Philippe Claire & Hélène Boulet b.Mar 1832 Q.))						
	Joseph,	20	19 Jan	1895	Olive Baker, 16	Foxcroft		
	"Joseph Deag"	**b.July 1875 St.François**			**(b.Dec 1877**	**Greenville, ME)(John Baker & Josie Butler)**		
32B	Sadie-M. 1m.	29 May	1917	Joseph-B. Thibodeau		Dover-Foxcroft		
		(Ambroise Thibodeau & Célina-M. Léger)						
	" 2m.	29 Mar	1927	Dr.Napo.-Gédéon Bernard		Waterville(NP)		
	(b.17-1-1899 Foxcroft)							
	Éva-M., 19	28 Jun	1920	Charles-Ed. Côté, 21		Waterville(SFS)		
	(b.Wtvl)	(b.Wtvl)(Edw. Coté & Vict. Busque)				div. 1923 rem. 1926		
	Vina							
	(b.Sep 1893 Foxcroft)							
	Josie							
	(b.Jul 1896 Foxcroft)							
	Frank							
	(b.11-5-1897 Foxcroft)							
	Philippe-Ed.	17 Oct	1927	Lorette-Emma Roy		Waterville(ND)		
	Jos.-Alfred*	29 Oct	1927	M.-Anna Pooler(Poulin)		Dexter(St.Ann)		32C
	(b.13-8-1905 Waterville)							
32C	Jos.-Alfred		____	Helen _____		Connecticut		
48A	Jean-Baptiste	27 Jun	1864	Arthémise Leclerc		Frenchville		48E1
	(b.Fort Kent)	(b.Edmundston, NB) [dit Francoeur]						
	Denis	03 Jul	1882	Modeste Chassé		Frenchville		48E2
48B	Prudent							
	(b.1852)							
	Arthur	26 Nov	1878	Louise-Elis. Thibodeau		Frenchville		
	(b.1854)							
	Flavie							
	(b.1857)							
	Egline	12 Apr	1890	Joseph Leclerc		St.Agatha, ME		
	Dydime	01 Oct	1888	Edith Pinette		Ft.Kent		
	Rémi							
	(b.1858)							
	Delina 1m.	02 Jul	1888	Georges Lang		Ft.Kent		
	" 2m.	24 Oct	1892	Octave Laférrière		Ft.Kent		
	(b.1859)							
	Julie	12 Jul	1884	Joseph Ouellette		Ft.Kent		
	(b.1861)							
	Maxime 1m.	27 Jun	1887	Marie Michaud		Ft.Kent		48F
	" 2m.	22 May	1889	Amanda Plourde		Frenchville		
	(b.1862)							
	Désiré							
	(b.1866)							
	Modeste	04 Sep	1893	Joseph Ouellette		Ft.Kent		
48C	David 1m.	circa	1879	Debora Levesque-Bishop		Kingman ?		48G1
		(b.1847 Canada - d.<1901)						
	" 46 2m.	06 Jul	1901	Philomène Daigle, age? NB		Winn, ME		
	(b.1854 ? Fort Kent - d.>1922)			(wid. of ___ Bouchard)(Hilaire Daigle & Anais Lebrun)				see #50A
	(son of Lindor Daigle & Lucy Cyr)							
	François-Régis	10 Jun	1889	Marguerite Coulombe		Ft.Kent		48G2
	(b.1865 Fort Kent)							
	Euphémie	08 Jun	1890	Vital Pelletier		Frenchville		
	(b.1862 Fort Kent)							
	Jean-Baptiste	12 Feb	1893	Olive Pelletier		Frenchville		48H1
	" 2m.	28 Nov	1895	Salomée Madore		St.Hilaire, NB		48H2
	(b.1867 Fort Kent)							
	Flavie	10 Apr	1893	Pea Pelletier		Frenchville		
	(b.1873 Fort Kent)							
	Honoré	08 Jul	1898	Alice Roy-Desjardins		Frenchville		
	(b.Thomas ?1871 Fort Kent)							
	Firmin	01 May	1893	Marie Roy-Desjardins		Frenchville		
	(b.1869 Fort Kent)							
	Alcime	13 Aug	1894	Marie Levesque		Ft.Kent		48J
	Denis 1m.		189_	Amanda Pelletier				
	" 2m.	07 Jul	1901	Laura Daigle		Frenchville		
		(b.19-8-1879 St.Hilaire, NB)(Hilaire & Anais LeBrun)						
	" 3m.	26 Apr	1920	Jeanne Chatagonon		St.Agathe, ME		
	(b.1877 Fort Kent)	(Hilaire Daigle & Anaïs LeBrun)						
	Modeste	05 Feb	1900	François Martin		Frenchville		
	Trefflé	12 Apr	1904	Georgiana Grondin		St.Jacques,Md,NB		48K
	Maxime	02 Mar	1908	M.-Délia Daigle		Daigle, ME		
	(b.1875 Fort Kent)	(b3-6-1882 St.Hilaire, NB)(Hilaire Daigle & Anaïs LeBrun)						

(See next issue for more on the Daigle Family)

ROBERT BÉRUBÉ GÉNÉALOGIE ET AUTRES HISTOIRES
Genealogy and other stories....

Jacques Hertel et Nicolas Marsolet: Coureurs de bois.

JUNE 22, 2017

Jacques Hertel (1603-1651)

Jacques Hertel de la Fresnière est le fils de Nicolas Hertel et de Jeanne Miriot. Il est né à Fécamp, en Normandie. Nous ne connaissons pas sa date de naissance mais certains prétendent qu'il serait né en 1603. Recruté par Samuel de Champlain, il arrive à Québec en 1626, en tant que soldat. Nous n'avons aucune preuve de ce fait, ce qui pousse certains à avancer qu'il était peut-être au pays dès 1615.

Lors de l'occupation anglaise des frères Kirke, de 1629 à 1632, Jacques Hertel vivait avec les Algonquins. En 1633, avec l'aide des tribus amérindiennes, Jacques Hertel apporte aux colons un secours essentiel à la survie des Français vivant sur les côtes du Saint-Laurent. Il rend d'importants services dans ses relations entre les Français et les Autochtones en tant qu'interprète et médiateur. Il a aussi été truchement pour les Jésuites en 1633.

Jacques Hertel, 1er colon trifluvien.

Sans doute pour le gratifier de sa collaboration, la Compagnie des Cent-Associés, lui octroya le 16 décembre 1633 une terre de 200 arpents à Trois-Rivières. Jacques Hertel fut un des premiers habitants et colon de Trois-Rivières. Le 5 avril 1644, Jacques de La Ferté, abbé de Sainte Madeleine, lui concède une terre connue sous le nom de fief Hertel. De 1647 à 1648, Jacques Hertel est syndic des «Habitants».

Le 23 août 1641, il épousa Marie Marguerie fille de François Marguerie, père et de Marthe Romain de la paroisse Saint-Vincent de Rouen en Normandie. Elle était la soeur de son camarade qui était aussi interprète, François Marguerie, époux de Louise Cloutier.

Jacques et Marie eurent les enfants suivants:

François baptisé le 3 juillet 1642
Madeleine née le 2 septembre 1645
Marguerite née le 26 août 1649

Il habite à Trois-Rivières avant même la fondation de cette communauté, et ce jusqu'à sa mort. Il décède accidentellement le 10 (ou le 14) août 1651.

Dans l'histoire du Québec, on connaît aussi son nom par l'un des premiers inventaires de biens qui fut dressé après son décès et qui témoignent des usages des habitants de la Nouvelle-France dans les premières années d'existence de la colonie.

Son fils Joseph François Hertel est reconnu comme un héros de la colonie.

En 1652, sa veuve Marie Marguerite épousa Quentin Moral de Saint-Quentin. Marie décède et est inhumée le 26 novembre 1700.

Nous descendons deux fois de Jacques Hertel à cause de sa fille, Madeleine.

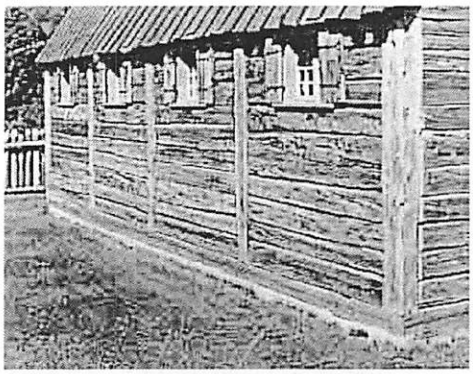
Jacques Hertel (1603-1651)
Madeleine Hertel (1645-1677)
Françoise Pinard (1664-1743)
Catherine Giguère (Despins) (1693-1757)
Pierre Auger (Lemaître) (1728-1794)
Joseph Auger (Lemaître) (1777-1858)
Benjamin Auger (Lemaître) (1819-1806)
Louise Auger (Lemaître) (1850-1911)
Joseph 2 Hermidas Fréchette (1874-1942)
Lucinda Fréchette (1899-1969)
Eugène Bérubé (1926-1992)
Robert Bérubé
Jacques Hertel (1603-1651)
Madeleine Hertel (1645-1677)
Françoise Pinard (1664-1743)
Catherine Giguère (Despins) (1693-1757)
Madeleine Auger (Lemaître) (1726-1767)
Charles Choret (1753-1824)
Félicité Choret (1786-1865)
Zéphinrin Fréchette (1813-1911)
Joseph 1 Fréchette (1846-1916)
Joseph 2 Hermidas Fréchette (1874-1942)
Lucinda Fréchette (1899-1969)
Eugène Bérubé (1926-1992)
Robert Bérubé
Nicolas Marsolet (1601-1677)

Nicolas Marsolet dit Saint-Agnan, fils de Nicolas Marsolet et de Marguerite de Planes, est né et a été baptisé à Saint-Pierre-le-Potier de Rouen en Normandie, le 7 février 1601.

Il épousa Marie Le Barbier, fille d'Henri Barbier et de Marie Le Vilain, à

(Suite page 36)

(Jacques Hertel et Nicolas Marsolet: Coureurs de bois. Jacques Hertel and Nicolas Marsolet: Coureurs de Bois. suite de page 35)



Reproduction de la cabane au poste de traite de Tadoussac. Nicolas Marsolet a vécu ici pendant de nombreuses années.

Saint-Sauveur de Rouen, le 26 mars 1637.

Il est issu d'une famille protestante. Le culte protestant étant interdit en 1568, ses grand- parents paternels Nicolas Marsolet et Laurence Griffon se sont converties au catholicisme. Suite au massacre de la Saint-Barthélemy les 27 et 28 août 1572, plusieurs protestants se marient à l'église catholique. Nicolas est donc, baptisé à l'église catholique.

Selon un écrit de Samuel de Champlain en 1619, Nicolas Marsolet serait arrivé en Nouvelle-France vers 1613. Au cours de l'année 1613, Champlain entreprend un séjour au Canada et il remonte la rivière Outaouais jusqu'à l'île aux Allumettes, en pays algonquin. En 1619, il avait déclaré qu'il avait conduit en Nouvelle-France, Étienne Brûlé, Nicolas Marsolet et Pierre Raye. Certains historiens avancent que Nicolas serait arrivé en 1608. Le commentaire écrit de Champlain en 1619 et l'âge probable de sept ans, de Nicolas Marsolet, affaiblissent de beaucoup, cette hypothèse. Nicolas passe ses premières années en Nouvelle-France dans la région de l'Île aux Allumettes et nous savons qu'il était à Tadoussac en 1623 et 1624, chez les Montagnais de la vallée du Saguenay. Au poste de traite de Tadoussac, il connaissait les Européens qui négociaient avec les Montagnais dans le commerce de la traite de fourrures.

Lors de ses premières années au pays, Nicolas apprend deux langues autochtones, l'algonquin et le montagnais. Étant jeune, il semble avoir maitrisé ces langues autochtones assez rapidement et il devient truchement, ce que nous appelons aujourd'hui un interprète.

Nicolas Marsolet pratique la traite des fourrures à Tadoussac, à Québec, à Trois-Rivières et dans les villages des Algonquins de l'Outaouais. Il adopte le mode de vie des Autochtones et il demeure méfiant envers les autorités. Seul, le jésuite Charles Lalemant a su gagner sa confiance

Dès 1623, Champlain lui confie une position de plus grandes responsabilités. Nicolas Marsolet voyage au cœur de plusieurs nations amérindiennes de la Nouvelle-France et il fut exposé à d'autres langues indigènes. Sa mission première demeurait toujours les Montagnais et le poste de traite de Tadoussac.

Il se pourrait, selon certains historiens que Nicolas soit le truchement qui, durant l'hiver de 1625 et 1626, retenu par une pleurésie, est demeuré chez les Jésuites de Québec. Ce serait à ce moment où il aurait partagé ses connaissances des langues amérindiennes avec le père Charles Lalemant.

En 1626, il traverse l'Atlantique et repasse en France, car il était à Paris en mars 1627. Il revient en Nouvelle France durant l'été de la même année.

À la fin de l'été 1629, lorsque les frères Kirke prennent possession de Québec, une grande partie des Français, y compris Champlain, s'embarquent pour la France. Quelques familles et presque tous les truchements, y compris Nicolas Marsolet restent et ils continuent d'exercer leur métier de truchements au bénéfice des Anglais et des Amérindiens jusqu'au retour des Français, en 1632.

Certains accusateurs affirment que Marsolet et les autres truchements qui sont restés et habitent avec les Amérindiens, dans la plus grande liberté, étaient constamment à la recherche de gros profits. En 1629, Champlain, accuse Nicolas Marsolet et Étienne Brûlé de: " demeurer sans religion, mangeant chair Vendredy & Samedy, de se licencier en des desbauches & libertinages désordonnées et surtout d'avoir, par amour du lucre, trahy leur Roy & vendu leur patrie en se mettant au service des Anglais".

À un autre moment, Champlain ajoute: "(Olivier) Le Baillif n'est pas le seul traître. Il a comme complice deux interprètes, Étienne Brûlé et Nicolas Marsolet. Je les avais envoyé il y a 15 ans vivre chez les Hurons et chez les Montagnais pour apprendre leur langue. À cette époque, je considérais Étienne Brulé comme mon propre fils."

Monument dédié à Étienne Brûlé et les Coureurs de bois à Penetanguishene, Ontario.

Lors des préparations concernant son exil, Champlain voulait amener avec lui en France, deux filles adoptives, d'origine amérindienne nommée, Charité et Espérance. Une troisième fille, du nom de Foi avait décidé de demeurer en Amérique du Nord. Les Anglais ne savaient pas trop s'ils devaient laisser les jeunes Amérindiennes quitter le pays. Nicolas Marsolet a tenté d'empêcher ces filles, de quitter la Nouvelle-France sous prétexte que les Amérindiens ne désiraient pas les voir partir. Champlain et les filles l'ont accusé de mentir et l'ont considéré comme paria! David Kirke ordonna que les deux filles restent, malgré leurs supplications et leurs larmes.

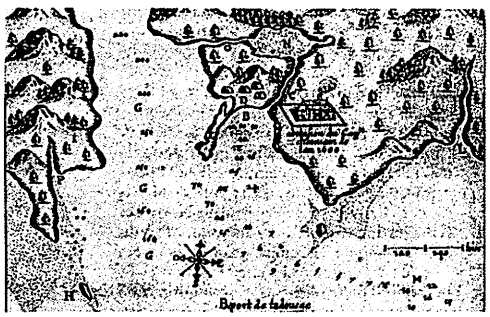
Les Français revinrent en 1632. Certains historiens affirment que Marsolet changea de nouveau d'allégeance. À cette époque, les traîtres étaient pendus. Aucun des truchements, y compris Nicolas a été puni. Si Champlain ne le considère pas comme un traitre à être pendu, pourquoi certains historiens persistent-ils à le traiter d'infâme et de traitre? De plus, quelques années plus tard Nicolas a été récompensé par

(suite page 37)

(Jacques Hertel et Nicolas Marsolet: Coureurs de bois. Jacques Hertel and Nicolas Marsolet: Coureurs de Bois. suite de page 36)

l'octroi de terrains. Difficile à comprendre ce raisonnement.

En 1632, il est en poste à Tadoussac. Il fait la traite avec les Montagnais et les autres nations indiennes comme si de rien n'était. On le surnomme même : «le petit roi de Tadoussac».



Nicolas Marsolet fait un séjour de trois ans et demi en France, de 1633 à 1637, durant lequel il règle des questions de succession et il épousa Marie Barbier. Ensuite, Nicolas Marsolet décide de s'établir de façon définitive en Nouvelle-France et de fonder une famille. Il semble avoir accepté de participer à la colonisation.

Nicolas Marsolet et Marie Barbier sont parents de 10 enfants.

Nom	Naissance	Mariage	Décès	Conjoint
Marie	22 fév. 1638 Québec	30 avril 1652 Québec	24 nov. 1711 Montréal	Mathieu d'Amours
Louise	17 mai 1640 Québec	20 oct. 1653 Québec	18 jan. 1712 Québec	Jean Lemire
Joseph	31 mai 1642 Québec			
Geneviève	10 août 1664 Québec	4 sept. 1662 Québec	17 déc. 1702 Neuville	Michel Guyon Du Rouvray
Madeleine	27 sept. 1646 Québec	4 sept. 1662 Québec	5 mai 1734 Beauport	François Guyon (Despres Dion)
Louis	30 sept. 1648 Québec			
Jean	20 avril 1651 Québec	19 fév. 1680	6 mars 1715 Québec	Marguerite Couture
Anne	10 juin 1653 Québec			
Élisabeth	29 sept. 1655 Québec			
Marie	20 juillet 1661 France		27 fév. 1677 Québec	

rivent en Nouvelle-France en 1637, et le 6 octobre de la même année, Nicolas prend possession de la seigneurie de Bellechasse. Trois ans plus tard, le 20 novembre 1640, il achète de René Maheu une terre au coteau Sainte-Geneviève. De nombreuses autres acquisitions de propriétés suivront par la suite dans la région de Québec et de Trois-Rivières. Vers 1642, il devient commis des Cent-Associés, et il poursuit son métier d'interprète. Propriétaire tour à tour de nombreux fiefs, il s'intéresse d'abord et avant tout au commerce des fourrures. En 1643, la Relation des Jésuites parle de Nicolas Marsolet comme un collaborateur précieux des missionnaires. Intéressant!

Marsolet avait reçu de l'abbé de La Ferté, le 5 avril 1644, les prairies Marsolet, un arrière-fief d'une demi-lieue de front par deux de profondeur, dans la seigneurie du Cap-de-la-Madeleine. En janvier 1646, Nicolas participe avec René Robineau à la rébellion des "petits habitants" qui étaient des paysans propriétaires contre ceux qui avaient "les charges et les offices" à la Communauté des Habitants. .

Il était en mauvais termes avec les dirigeants de la Communauté des Habitants, et il désapprouvait le luxe! Il fit partie d'un mouvement de protestation et de soulèvement qui a été vite réprimé par le gouverneur, Marsolet dut se fier à ses propres ressources pour mener à bien ses entreprises commerciales. Nicolas s'était rendu compte que les riches profits de la traite des pelleteries allaient gonfler les coffres de France, sans aider les résidents de la colonie.

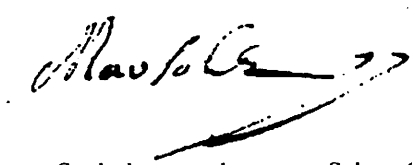
Nicolas Marsolet comme plusieurs coureurs de bois, se méfiait des missionnaires et des administrateurs et il redoutait leur influence. Ce qui explique pourquoi il n'a jamais voulu enseigner aux autres ce qu'il savait de la langue algonquine, malgré les demandes insistantes des missionnaires. En 1633 le jésuite Paul Le Jeune écrit: "En tant d'années qu'on a esté en ces païs, on n'a jamais rien pu tirer de l'interprète ou truchement nommé Marsolet, qui pour excuse disoit qu'il avoit juré qu'il ne donneroit rien du langage des Sauvages à qui que ce fût. Seul, le « Père Charles Lallement le gagna ».

En 1647 il est propriétaire d'une barque qu'il utilisait dans ses voyages de traite à Tadoussac. Il reçoit de la Compagnie de la Nouvelle-France, le 16 avril 1647, une étendue de terre, dans une partie de la future seigneurie de Gentilly, qu'il vend en 1671. Il possède également 71 arpents, au coteau Sainte-Geneviève, accordé par la Compagnie des Cent Associés le 29 mars 1649.

Louis d'Ailleboust lui concède également 16 arpents sur la rivière Saint-Charles, le 10 février 1651. Marsolet possède aussi deux autres terres : une, de 71 arpents au coteau Sainte-Geneviève, accordés par la Compagnie de la Nouvelle-France, le 29 mars 1649, et une deuxième de 16 arpents sur la rivière Saint-Charles, concédés par Louis d'Ailleboust, le 10 février 1651.

Peu de temps avant 1660, Nicolas Marsolet met fin à ses courses vers Tadoussac et ses activités de traite pour se consacrer à ses affaires à Québec. À l'occasion il sert encore d'interprète. Au début des années 1660, il tient boutique à Québec. En 1664, dans la même boutique il aurait vendu du vin, à 25s. le pot malgré les arrêts du conseil. Entièrement dévoué à son commerce Nicolas n'exploite pas les nombreuses concessions dont il est bénéficiaire.

Le 21 avril 1664, Nicolas est toujours à l'œuvre comme truchement, car le 27 août 1664, le Conseil du roi ordonnait qu'une somme de cinquante livres soit remise au sieur Nicolas Marsolet pour ses services d'interprète du mois d'avril. Il traduisait lors du procès du viol de Marthe Hubert, épouse de Lafontaine, de l'île d'Orléans, par Robert Haché, un Amérindien.



Seule la terre du coteau Sainte-Geneviève fut mise en culture et cette terre est surtout exploitée par des fermiers. Notre coureur des bois n'est pas fermier, mais plutôt commerçant de nature. Ses goûts le portèrent sur l'eau; il fut pilote du Saint-Laurent et surtout trafiquant de pelleteries, qu'il allait chercher à Tadoussac où il était très connu et estimé.

(suite page 38)

(Jacques Hertel et Nicolas Marsolet: Coureurs de bois. Jacques Hertel and Nicolas Marsolet: Coureurs de Bois. suite de page 37)

En 1669, il vendit sa Seigneurie de St-Aignan à Michel Pelletier. En 1672 , il obtint une concession sur la rivière du Chêne. Il avait vendu sa maison et une partie de Bellechasse et Nicolas et son épouse s'installèrent aux "Prairies Marsolet".

C'est là qu'il décéda le 15 mai 1677.

Sa veuve Marie, épousa Denis Le Maistre le 8 mai 1681. Elle est inhumée à Québec le 21 février 1688.

Nicolas Marsolet fut un truchement, un coureur de bois, un commis à la traite, reconnu, un maître de barque prospère, un seigneur. Il fut un homme d'aventure, courageux et travaillant. il contribua grandement à bâtir la Nouvelle-France.

Les Marsolet d'aujourd'hui, sont les descendants de Louise, fille de Nicolas, Louise et épouse de Jean Lemire. Ils ont eu seize enfants, dont deux fils, Jean-François et Jean-Baptiste, qui ont adopté le surnom de Marsolet.

Nous sommes les descendants de Nicolas Marsolet à cause de ses filles Marie et Louise.

Nicolas Marsolet (1601-1677)
Louise Marsolet (1640-1712)
Joseph Lemire (1662-1703)
Jeanne (Louise) Lemire (1691-1767)
Jean Robert Choret (1726-1794)
Charles Choret (1753-1824)
Félicité Choret (1786-1865)
Zéphinrin Fréchette (1813-1911)
Joseph 1 Fréchette (1846-1916)
Joseph 2 Hermidas Fréchette (1874-1942)
Lucinda Fréchette (1899-1969)
Eugène Bérubé (1926-1992)
Robert Bérubé
Nicolas Marsolet (1601-1677)
Marie Marsolet (1638-1711)
Charles Courberon (Damours) (1662-1716)
René-Louis Courberon (Damours) (1705-1759)
Jean Baptiste Courberon (Damours) (1758-1830)
Scholastique Courberon (Damours) (1795-1861)
Clarisse St-Pierre (1832-1916)
Alexandre Bérubé, père (1856-1944)
Alexandre Bérubé, fils (1882-1969)
Eugène Bérubé (1926-1992)
Robert Bérubé

Bucksport's first Franco Americans Were Patriots, Rebels and, Above All, Persistent. *(May 2, 2017)*

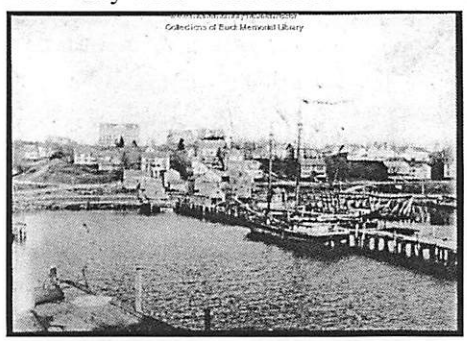
By James Myall

In several histories of the Catholic church in Bucksport, Maine, the tradition is maintained that the earliest members of that faith to settle in the town came from Quebec around 1835 – a distance of 200 miles – on foot. Remarkable as this is, the backstories of some of these families may be even more interesting.

About a dozen French Canadian families, primarily from the Beauce region of Quebec, came to the town between 1830 and 1850. Why they chose to come to Bucksport, which even then was a fairly small settlement on the coast of Maine, is unclear. The town did experience something of a population boom in this period, growing from 1700 inhabitants in 1820 to 3400 by 1850, but making such a long journey along a barely maintained road through the uplands of western Maine could not have been easy. On their arrival, the Canadiens would have found themselves virtually the only foreigners in Bucksport, and the only Catholics in a town that, as a condition of its founding in the 1790s, had been peopled strictly by protestants.

But like other early French-Canadian communities in Maine, they persevered. According to the historical tradition, the women of the community taught catechism to the children, and families made trips back to their hometowns for baptisms and weddings. Eventually, visiting priests from Bangor, Ellsworth and Winterport would serve the growing number of parishioners in the town, until they got their own parish in 1890. Nearly all of the early Franco-American families spoke only French, and church records in Quebec confirm the tradition that almost none could read or write in any language. One member of the community, recorded in the histories as "Judge Bushnow" for his literacy, acted as translator for the others. The first masses were said in his house.

Bucksport in this era was a shipbuilding town, and the construction of Fort Knox in 1844 provided some other employment opportunities. The Franco Americans in town appear solely as laborers on the early censuses, although some of their children became fisherman, ship's carpenters, and mariners. Nearly all had been farmers in Canada, and are examples of the wave of emigration that flowed from ,Eastern Quebec into Maine and other places as desperate men looked for work – any work – elsewhere.



Bucksport Waterfront, c1860. Image via Buck Memorial Library/Maine Memory Network.

But a few of the founding families' back stories offer other compelling reasons to leave Canada in the late 1830s. In 1837 and 1838, two uprisings challenged British authority in its colonies of Upper and Lower Canada (Ontario and Quebec). In Lower Canada, this rebellion was largely comprised on French Canadians and is known as the Patriote Uprising. At least one of the Bucksport families is strongly associated with

(Continued on page 39)

(Bucksport's first Franco Americans Were Patriots, Rebels and, Above All, Persistent. continued from page 38)

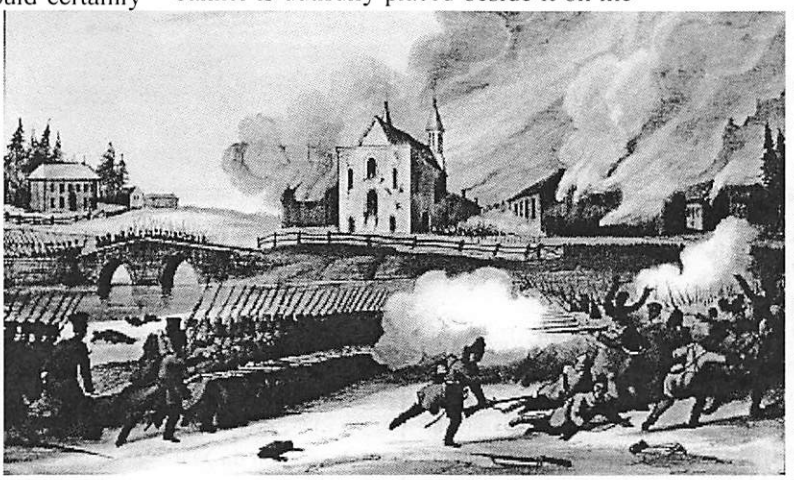
Boissonault was not the only one of the emigrés with an interesting past, though he was the most closely associated with the Patriote cause. Zacharie Bolduc, another early member of the community, was also a veteran of 1812 [7]. In fact, Bolduc was one of the veterans who received a land grant in Quebec's Eastern Townships in 1830 [8]. Just a few years later, however, Bolduc and his wife and children had left Canada for Bucksport. Although they would certainly not be the only family to have received land that turned out to be unfarmable, the timing of their departure may be significant. The Bolducs were one family that came back to their home parish (Saint-Joseph-de-Beauce) to have their children baptized. The records of that parish show that the family left after the burial of their daughter Sophie on the 21st of February 1838 [9], but before their son Thomas was born on the 24th of March the same year. [10] Patriote Robert Nelson had attempted to launch an invasion of Lower Canada from Vermont on the 28th of February, 1838. Their first return trip, which saw 3 of their children, including Thomas, baptized was not until 1843, after the first amnesty for participants in the uprising.

Like Boissonault, the Bolducs chose to stay in Bucksport, as did other families.

Those who did had their names anglicized and, encouraged by the lack of literacy among the population, the new names and spellings stuck. Bolduc became Bulduc, the Poulins became Poolers, and the Doyons, Dyers. Some took translations of their French names – like the Boisvins, who became Drinkwines. The French Canadian heritage of these early settlers faded to the extent that in the program for Bucksport's 250th anniversary, the authors are uncertain even about the term "French Canadian," which appears in quotation marks. On the other hand, when the community finally did gain a parish, it was named for the French Saint Vincent de Paul, and the cornerstone of the church building was laid on July 14, 1890 – Bastille Day.

At least some of the second generation of Bucksport's Franco Americans embraced their identity as Americans. Naturalization petitions for some,survive [11], and a number served their new country in war. Joseph Dyer (Doyon); Frank Pooler (François Poulin) and Charles Prue (Proulx) all served in the Maine infantry in the US Civil war, [12] while Joseph "Depray" (Dupuis) became a member of the US navy in 1857 [13].

The complicated nature of identity in this community is perhaps summed up best by the legacy of the elder Bolduc. While Zacharie Bolduc's headstone in the cemetery of St Vincent de Paul in Bucksport notes that he was "a soldier of 1812," a Star-Spangled banner is dutifully placed beside it on memorial day, unaware that the veteran buried there actually fought under the Union Jack repelling the American invasion of Canada, and later likely fought for greater representative government against the soldiers of the British crown carrying the same flag



Battle of Saint-Eustache, lithograph, Charles Beauclark, c1839. Image via Wikimedia commons.

.With much gratitude to the members of the "Acadian and French-Canadian Genealogy and History" Facebook group who assisted in tracking down many of these individuals.

Also to Gilles Laporte's excellent database of Patriote leaders and members of the uprising, 1837.qc.ca

Notes:

[1] Qubec parish records for Saint-François-de-la-Rivière-du-Sud, April 5, 1806. Online via ancestry.com

[2] Notarial records between Hubert Boissonault and a number of other parties survivive – quittance with Michel Guilmet, notarized by Augustin Larue, Oct 17, 1827; obligation with Messieurs Patterson et Compagnie, 16 July, 1832, notarized by Augustin Larue; obligation with Jérôme Paré, 19 May, 1832, notarized by Fabien Ouellet; 26 Nov 1833, obligation with "N Boissonnault," notarized by Edward Gluckmayer. Indexes may be viewed online at the Bibliotheques et Archives Nationale sde Québec.

[3] Census of Canada, 1831, Parish of Saint Vallier, county of Hereford.

[4] See "Officers of the British Forces in Canada during the War of 1812-15," L. Homfray Irving, 1908.

[5] United States Census, 1840, Bucksport.

[6] "Report of the Resident Physician of the Quebec Lunatic Asylum, for the Year Ending the 31st December, 1866" in Sessional Papers of the Dominion of Canada, Volume 1, Issue 8.

[7] Private Carie Bolduc, in Captain Lepichon's Company, 1st Battalion of the Embodied Militia of Canada. Muster rolls of the Battallion, September 1814-Jan 1815. Viewable online at Libraries and Archives Canada.

[8] Land Petitions of Lower Canada, Zacharie Bolduc, 100 acres in the Township of Tring, granted 1830, confirmed 1839.

[9] Qubec parish records for Saint-François-de-Beauce (Beauceville), 21st February, 1838. Online via ancestry.com

[10] Qubec parish records for Saint-George-de-Beauce, July 20th, 1843. Online via ancestry.com

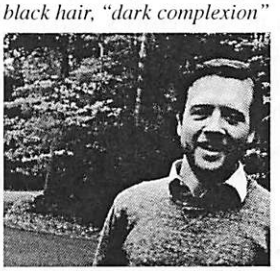
[11] For example, Philip Doyer (son of Philippe Doyon). Petition filed 6th Sept 1876 at Bangor, Maine. He attested to coming to the United States in 1836, aged 9.

[12] Joseph Dyer (b 1846), received a military headstone as a civil War veteran. Died Jul 24 1909. Private, 14th Me infantry;

Frank Pooler served in the 16th Me, K Company. He was admitted to the Soldier's Home at Togus, Maine, in 1900 with Peripheral/[...] of alcoholism. He was discharged Dec 9 1863 at Alexandria VA;

Charles Prue enlisted 21 Aug 1862, age 19. Enlisted in Company G, Maine 18th Infantry Regiment on 21 Aug 1862.Mustered out on 19 Dec 1862. Transferred to Company G, Maine 1st Heavy Artillery Regiment on 19 Dec 1862.Mustered out on 19 May 1864 at Spotsylvania Court House, VA.

[13] Joseph "Depra" (b1831 at Bucksport), enlisted in the "naval rendezvous" at Boston, Feb 3, 1857. No prior service. 26 yo, no occupation. 5'5 ½", hazel eyes, black hair, "dark complexion"



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:
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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'Univ Maine fut fondé en 1972 par des étudiants et des bénévo communauté franco-américaine. Cela devint par conséquent Franco-Américain.

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

Étant donné l'absence presque totale d'une base de con à l'intérieur même de l'Université, le Centre Franco-Américain d'essayer de développer des moyens pour rendre cette popul identité, ses contributions et son histoire visible sur et en-c campus à travers des séminaires, des ateliers, des conférence 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