

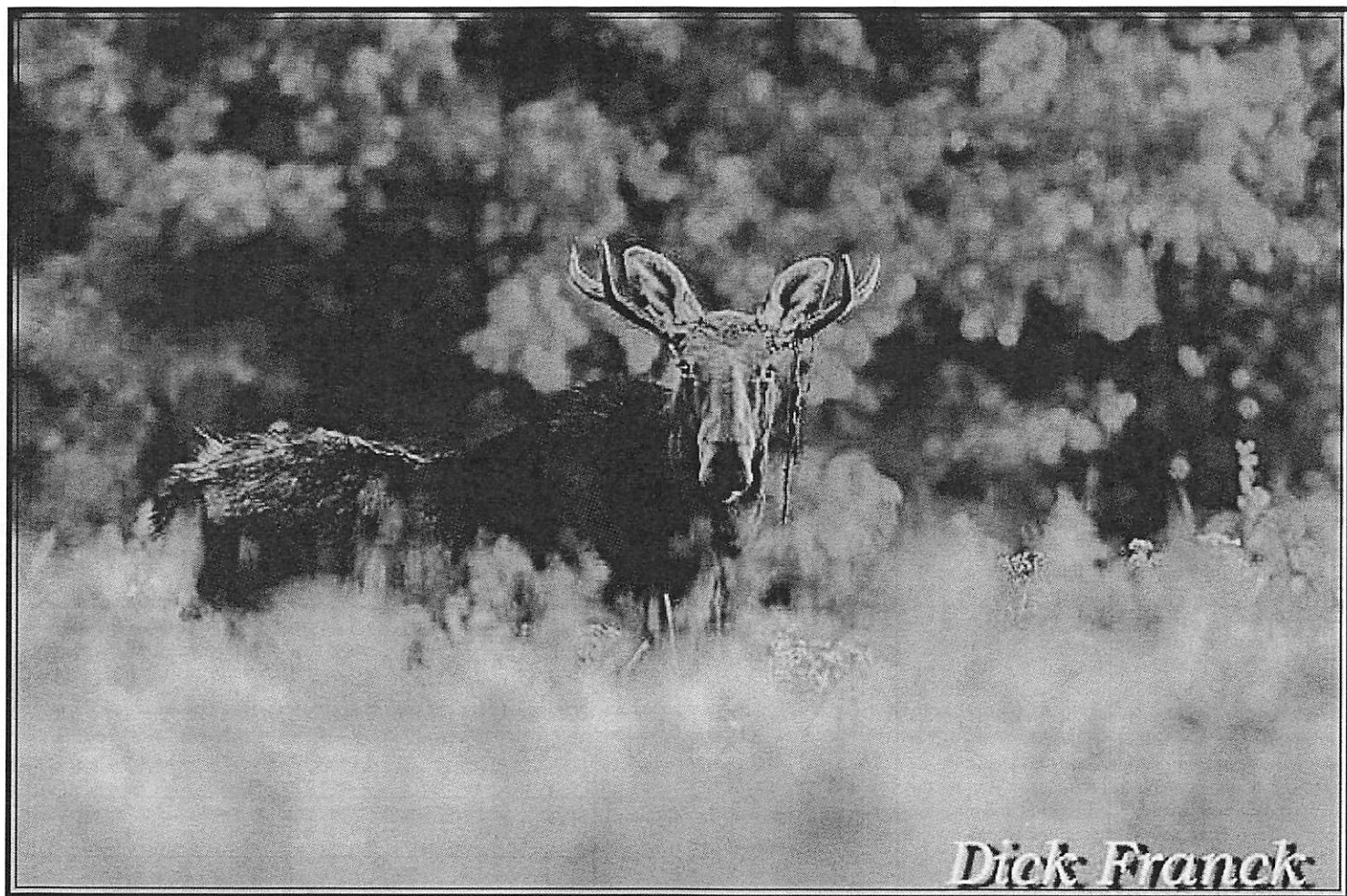
# *Le* FORUM



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

VOLUME 39, #3

FALL/AUTOMNE 2017



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**Maine's French Communities:**

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

other pertinent websites to check out -

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**Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002**

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

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

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

## Sommaire/Contents

<b>Lettres/Letters</b> .....3, 4, 5, 24	A Photo Tour of the Former St-Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell MA: <i>Albert Marceau</i>
<b>L'État du ME</b> .....5-18	
From Maine to Thailand: <i>Roger Parent</i>	
La Pie Bavarde: <i>Marie-Anne Gauvin</i>	
Private Charles Bourget: <i>Paul Lessard</i>	
La Belle Chevelure De Laura: <i>Normand Beaupré</i>	
Les Souvenances du Moulin de Maurice Mercier et de Rose Coté: <i>Normand Beaupré</i>	
La Vache A Maillotte: <i>Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso</i>	
<b>L'État du VT</b> .....3	
Finding a Larger Canvas: <i>Partick Lacroix</i>	
<b>L'État du CT</b> .....16-18, 19, 26, 27, 35, 36, 43, 44	
Franco American Folktales: <i>Gérard Coulombe</i>	
A Father's Blessing on New Year's Day <i>Gérard Coulombe</i>	
Current Monthly Venue for the Mass in French: <i>Albert Marceau</i>	
<b>Poetry/Poésie</b> .....20-22	
<b>Books/</b>	
<b>Music</b> .....22-25	
<b>James Myall</b> .....32-34	A Trip Through "The Little World They Call Little Canada" Confronting the Klan in 1920s Maine
<b>Jeffrey LaGasse</b> .....37-42	A Preliminary Study Toward Determining the Utility of Reentry Programming for the Maine Department of Corrections
<b>Genealogy</b> .....33-38	The Gélinas Family: <i>Robert Bérubé</i> The Daigle Family: <i>Robert Chenard</i>

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*Le FORUM*

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## Lettres/ Letters

*Dear Le Forum,*

I am writing to inform you that my husband, Gregory White, passed away on June 11, 2016. As the Authorized Representative of his estate, I respectfully request that you remove his name from your membership and mailing list. He was an enthusiastic member of your organization, and I sincerely thank you in his name for the work that you do and for the great interest and pleasure your periodicals and his membership gave him.

*Thank You!*

*Mrs. Hunter M. White  
Dedham, MA*

*Dear Le Forum,*

Although I'm not Franco, I love your magazine. My apologies for being in arrears on payment. Please accept this check as back payment; as another year's subscription; and the rest a donation for your fine project!

*Best Wishes!*

*Lisa Hutchins  
Estes Park, CO*

*Dear Le Forum,*

As an alumna of the University of Maine, Orono, and a Franco-American, I have known about your publication for some time. However, I just came across it as I was looking at several websites from brochures that I picked up at the New England Regional Genealogical Conference. I was impressed. I specifically enjoyed George Findlen's article on Acadian food. I have my grandmother's cookbook and am always trying to replicate the tastes that came from her kitchen. So this article was of particular interest to me. If I may, I would like to submit an article or two to *Le Forum*, in the not too distant future, I have several ideas that have come from my extensive genealogical research.

Enclosed are my form and a check for a two year subscription to *Le Forum*.

I live in Pensacola, Florida, however, my heart lives in Maine. I am originally from Biddeford, and visit frequently as my family is still there. I have a new destination on my genealogical to do list and that is the Le Centre Franco-Américain, at UMaine, Orono.

Keep up the good work and I am looking forward to my subscription.

*Regards,*

*Jan Isosaari  
Pensacola, FL*

*Cher Le Forum,*

Grâce à votre annonce à la page 30, j'ai vu que je vous devais de l'argent. Ci-inclus vous allez trouver mon chèque pour me mettre au courant jusqu'à la fin de 2018.

Continuez votre bon travail. J'aime tous vos articles, mais j'ai surtout apprécié l'article de Simon Couillard, « Les batailleurs--Enquête d'un Québécois sur la diaspora franco-américaine ». Comme M. Couillard, j'ai voyagé dans les territoires de la Louisiane. Outre quelques noms français et le nom de certaines tribus comme les Gros-Ventres et les Perce-nez il n'y reste plus grand-chose. C'est dommage, c'est comme ça. La vie s'adapte aux besoins quotidiens.

Je souhaite une bonne continuation à vous Lisa Michaud et à votre équipe pour nous garder au courant de ce qui reste de notre culture.

*Très amicalement,*

*Xavier de la Prade  
Petaluma, CA*

*(More letters on page 24)*

# Finding a Larger Canvas: Franco-Americans' Enduring Significance

*by Patrick Lacroix*

How knowledgeable are you of Franco-American history? That you are reading *Le Forum* suggests an awareness of at least its basic outline. But what about your fellow Americans, or your fellow Canadians—how conversant are they? Unfortunately, many Americans of French descent know little about their heritage; it is even more problematic that a great proportion of historians and history teachers on both sides of the border overlook Franco-Americans. This suggests that now, perhaps more than ever, it is imperative that we elicit general interest in our field, both in and out of the classroom.

Since the publication of the most recent survey of Franco-American history, in 2004, few monographs with Franco-Americans as their principal subjects have ap-

peared. But in the intervening time, at least seventeen master's and doctoral theses have been completed and, every year, peer-reviewed journals carry articles with a focus on this very topic.<sup>1</sup> Thus, even if we recognize that scholarship on Franco-Americans has lost vigor since the now-fabled Institut français colloquia of the 1980s and 1990s, the field still has its specialists who are pushing the bounds of research. The latest biennial conference of the American Council for Quebec Studies, held last fall, makes this plain. If Franco-Americans remain on the margins of our historical consciousness as a society, the issue may be one of communication. A cursory look at this ethnic group in the context of American and Canadian history will underscore the magnitude of the

challenge still ahead.

Those of us who have taught U.S. history at the high school or college level are woefully aware of Franco-Americans' invisibility in standard, commercially available textbooks. But insofar as textbooks reflect the broader landscape of research, this should come as no surprise. Whereas the Irish, Germans, Italians, and other ethnic groups are favored examples, Franco-Americans are regularly omitted from survey works on immigration, acculturation, and related matters. The rare book on New England, or on a specific state's history, will often make passing but unsatisfactory references to the French-Canadian migrants and their descendants.

*(Continued on page 4)*



(Finding a Larger Canvas: Franco-Americans' Enduring Significance continued from page 3)

The field and sub-fields of Canadian history are—naturally, perhaps—more attentive to those who migrated to Canada than to those who left. But, no matter their perspective, historians of Quebec do typically recognize those emigrants who settled in the U.S. Northeast by the hundreds of thousands.<sup>2</sup> The demographic hemorrhage that shook the province transformed its social and economic landscape and elicited consternation, to put it mildly, among policymakers and social elites. Appropriately, this migration marked the historical record.<sup>3</sup>

But is the history of Franco-Americans really just an extension of Canadian history? There is a case to be made for it: in Little Canadas across New England, from Woonsocket to Waterville, the immigrants formed national parishes, spoke their native tongue and practiced their ancestral customs, read French-language newspapers, and patronized Canadian-owned businesses—as they had north of the border. The ethnic neighborhoods were, in fact, termed “colonies” at the time, a hint of the providential and quasi-imperial mission that certain elites assigned to these immigrants.

The francophone community built astride the Canada–U.S. border began to fracture in the 1910s and 1920s. But the exiled sons and daughters of Quebec were not entirely forgotten. Although less regularly, Quebec newspapers continued to carry items from Franco-American communities. From 1950 to 1956, *La Patrie*, a Montreal daily, carried Rosaire Dion-Lévesque's *Silhouettes franco-américaines*, a weekly column on illustrious francophones in the United States. Franco-Americans concerned about their *survivance* watched intently the hatching and tribulations of neo-nationalism and separatism in the “old country.” At the end of the century, as academic colloquia drew Quebec researchers to New England in great numbers, many were older Quebecers who still remembered visiting American cousins as children. At last, the Franco-American Monument dedicated by then-Premier Jean Charest and guests in Sillery, in 2008, seems to regard the *grande saignée* and its cultural legacy as extensions of Canadian or Quebec history.<sup>4</sup> The dedication ceremony, held in connection with the four-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec City, highlighted renewed willingness to view the emigrants not as traitors, but exporters of a

larger cultural universe. Recent events show that New England's Franco-American heritage has become the basis for closer relations between Northeastern states and Quebec.<sup>5</sup>

Alas, few histories of Quebec are so thorough as to describe the *fate* of the expatriates as they navigated their American setting—their circumstances once settled in the United States. Franco-American studies are, by their very nature, partly Quebec history, but historians of Quebec have in this respect offered Franco-Americans limited attention. It is hardly surprising. Even as scholars have analyzed the province's *américanité*, they have recognized that these expatriates and their descendants became *Franco-Americans*.

The question of whether Franco-American history properly belongs to Canadian or American national history may be unfair, for Franco-Americans very often fell under both designations. It was, after all, the assertion of community leaders in Little Canadas across New England, at the dawn of the twentieth century, that the immigrants could be proud and loyal American citizens while remaining faithful to the culture of their ancestors. Appropriately, transnational history has sought to do justice to these distinct but overlapping identities and to the porosity of political boundaries. This conceptual approach helps us explore linkages and phenomena that can easily remain hidden in the “either/or” of national history.

We can and should develop this transnational perspective to its fullest extent, as some historians have recently sought to do.<sup>6</sup> As teachers, however, we must still place our field within the bounds of national history, which remains the framework for most high school and college curricula. As scholars, we must still be attentive to the way we engage with other researchers—which sometimes means accepting their paradigms—when asserting the significance of Franco-American history. In this respect, two points deserve special mention.

I would first suggest that we take care not to overemphasize the uniqueness of Franco-Americans' experience. Their story is connected, for instance, to the realities of European immigration that John Bodnar has ably described. The French-Canadian diaspora fits neatly within a pattern of economic upheaval, tied to new capitalist practices and agricultural consolidation, that affected much of the Western world through the nineteenth century.<sup>7</sup> At the same time, their story is relevant in the context of a

larger continental history whose boundaries have been contested down to the present. Scholars of Franco-American history have ample opportunity to relate their findings to the transnational experience of Mexicans and other Hispanic peoples in the American Southwest.<sup>8</sup> In short, we can assert the relevance of our field by engaging more deeply in comparative history.

Second, Franco-Americans matter on a larger *tableau*. It often appears as though the late nineteenth-century ethnic ghetto has been replicated in research—scholars insulating themselves and addressing only fellow Francos or those working in the same field. But this perspective tends to take it as an essential premise that French-Canadian immigrants were invisible and on the margins of society, as though the points of intersection with the American mainstream (however defined) were long negligible. But the immigrants and their descendants were never invisible. They *disturbed* and *disrupted* the existing order of Quebec by leaving and that of New England by settling. And they *engaged*. They altered the landscape of culture, labor, politics, and religion in the U.S. Northeast, not to mention its urban geography. They were noticed and at times resented by other groups.<sup>9</sup> Having focused intently on mill life, family structures, the ethnic parish, the French-language newspaper, and mutual benefit societies, the scholarly community still has much to do to fully represent larger patterns of engagement with the host society.

No doubt, by addressing *Le Forum*, I am singing to the choir. In fact, there are superb teachers and scholars throughout New England and beyond—many of whom will read this—who understand the importance of bringing Franco-American studies into the classroom and engaging with non-academics. But I would insist particularly on the need to engage differently with other scholars in our research endeavors—or engage with different scholars. How often do we reach out to those who do not specialize in Franco-American history? Do we encourage comparative work, participate in more ecumenical conferences, or submit to publications where Franco-Americans would otherwise seldom appear? Here, “publish or perish” takes on new meaning. If we don't publish in these wider forums, our field and our historical subjects will disappear from view entirely—relegated to historical obscurity.

(Continued on page 5)

# From Maine to Thailand

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

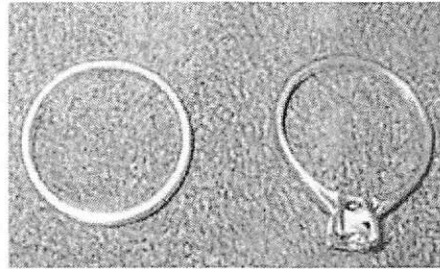
ED. NOTE: This is the fourteenth in a series of excerpts from a memoir written by Lille, Maine, native Roger Parent in 2004, tracing the first 24 years of his life, from his childhood in Acadian French-speaking northern Maine to the end of his service as a member of the first group of Peace Corps volunteers in Thailand. This article first appeared in "Echoes", No. 100 pages 38-39.

### *Smuggling the Rings*

The lines were long and the customs officers in their uniforms were taking their good old time, rummaging in suitcases, digging in carry-ons, and looking in handbags at the Honolulu airport. Maybe it was the slow tropical rhythm of the islands in 1963 – a rhythm I had grown to enjoy in Thailand – or maybe the officers were serious about nabbing people trying to avoid the tariff on jewelry bought cheap in Asia.

I had waited in many lines in Udorn: I had waited in a line to purchase rice; I had waited in another line to pay for the rice and I had waited in still another line for the rice to be bagged. I had waited for friends late for coffee and for students late for appointments. In America, time is not

to be wasted; in Thailand time is to be lived. I had learned to live time. I had learned to think about nothing; I had learned to be



*They fit into a watch pocket.*

more intimate with my surroundings; I had learned to be patient; and when my patience had been overcome by my American desire

to not waste time, I had given in and I had read many interesting books while waiting.

Still, I was antsy and fidgety. I was thinking about the diamond ring and wedding band in the watch pocket of my pants for which I didn't have the tariff money. I had bought the rings in Hong Kong for Rolande, an intelligent, warm, and sensual woman, for whom I had reconsidered more than once during the summer of 1961, my decision to join Peace Corps. We had met in a bar in Van Buren, Maine, between college graduation and Peace Corps, and we had fallen for each other immediately. By summer's end we were in love and didn't  
(Continued on page 6)

(Finding a Larger Canvas: Franco-Americans' Enduring Significance continued from page 4)

For more than a century, there has been ceaseless hand-wringing over the fate of Franco-Americans, especially with regard to the survival of their culture and language. Underlying this fear has been a sense of French-Canadian exceptionalism—that this group was not destined to be melted into the great American pot as the Irish, Germans, Italians were. I would not suggest that historiographical hand-wringing is necessary. But I would underscore the need to normalize Franco-Americans, eagerly placing them alongside other immigrant groups and asserting their equal significance in the arc of modern American history.

Patrick Lacroix, Ph.D., a native of Cowansville, Quebec, is a graduate of the University of New Hampshire and an instructor at Phillips Exeter Academy. He has authored numerous articles, including studies on Franco-Americans published in the *Catholic Historical Review* and the *Journal of the Gilded Age and Progressive Era*. His latest article, appearing in the *American Review of Canadian Studies*, analyzes Henry David Thoreau's writings on colonial-era Canada.

#### (Endnotes)

1 . This survey was Yves Roby's magisterial *Franco-Americans of New England: Dreams and Realities*, the translation of a French-language study published in Quebec in 2000. At least eight scholarly articles appeared in 2016; half of those appeared in *Quebec Studies*, which has become one of the preferred forums for specialists.

2 . I leave the matter of Acadian history and scholarship to those who may more expertly write on the subject. I also hasten to add that English Canada experienced a wave of emigration to the United States similar in size to Quebec's francophone exodus between 1870 and 1930. See Randy William Widdis, *With Scarcely a Ripple: Anglo-Canadian Migration into the United States and Western Canada, 1880-1920* (1998).

3 . The large-scale expatriation of French Canadians is noted in every major survey of Quebec history, not least as evidence of a long-term, structural economic transformation, but also for the domestic social and political consequences it entailed. This migratory movement is mentioned in the Quebec government's pedagogical guidelines for the province's high school curriculum. See Ministère de l'éducation et de l'enseignement supérieur du Québec, "Programme de formation de l'école québécoise: Histoire du Québec et du Canada, troisième et quatrième secondaire," <http://www1.education.gouv.qc.ca/sections/programmeFormation/secondaire2/medias/histoireQuebecCanada.pdf> (2017), 40, 42, 45-46.

4 . Albert J. Marceau, "The Three Franco-American Monuments in the Promenade Champlain, Quebec," *Le Forum*, 34, 4 (Spring 2010), 13-15.

5 . I have considered this issue in other venues. See Lacroix, "Histoire des Franco-Américains: nouvelle utilité, nouvelle efflorescence?" *HistoireEngagée.ca*, <http://histoireengagee.ca/?p=7258> (August 3, 2017), and "Why Was the Quebec Flag Flown at the Statehouse in Connecticut?" *History News Network*, <http://historynews-network.org/article/166428> (August 13, 2017).

6 . In regard to Franco-Americans, one of the most prominent examples is Yukari Takai's *Gendered Passages: French-Canadian Migration to Lowell, Massachusetts, 1900-1920* (2008).

7 . Bodnar, *The Transplanted: A History of Immigrants in Urban America* (1985). Bruno Ramirez has drawn on these connections in his *On the Move: French-Canadian and Italian Migrants in the North Atlantic Economy, 1860-1914* (1991).

8 . See George J. Sanchez, *Becoming Mexican American: Ethnicity, Culture, and Identity in Chicano Los Angeles, 1900-1945* (1993).

9 . See, in this regard, Mark Paul Richard, *Not a Catholic Nation: The Ku Klux Klan Confronts New England in the 1920s* (2015), which places Franco-Americans within a larger context of nativism and cultural chauvinism.



(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 5)

want to part, but the adventure of Peace Corps had pulled me to Thailand, and she had understood. Our love for each other, nurtured by a two-year flurry of letters between Van Buren and Udorn, had deepened and I was ready to ask her to marry me.

This was October 1963. Hawaii was my destination. I was on my way to help train volunteers at the Peace Corps Training Center in Hilo on the Big Island, and I would not be returning to Rolande in Maine until Christmas time. Going to Hawaii had not been my first idea of what to do after two years in Peace Corps. I had wanted to motorcycle with my friend, Art, across Asia to the Middle East African coast to Madagascar to visit Sister Abela—my mother's missionary cousin—then up to Europe for a ship to New York. I had also considered graduate studies, but when I was offered a job by the University of Hawaii to help train volunteers for Thailand, the Philippines, Malaysia and other countries in Southeast Asia, I jumped at the opportunity.

Truth is I had very little money to buy a motorcycle and six months of travel. All I had was the money set aside by Peace Corps—about \$60 for each month of service—so volunteers wouldn't fall on welfare after their return to the United States, or as Peace Corps put it, "to help the volunteer transition to a job or studies." I had already spent more than half the transition money on the rings and for stops in the Philippines, Hong Kong and Tokyo. I had barely enough left to pay my living expenses before my first paycheck, and none to spare for the tariff on the rings.

The line slowed down, and when it came to the tall blonde, early-30s lady in front of me, the officer seemed to get more meticulous about his work. He



Roger and  
Rolande in  
Hartford, 1965

scrutinized everything inside her three suitcases and bag she'd carried on the plane, then he said "Please empty your handbag on the table and remove your jacket."

Why? You didn't ask the man in front of me to take off his jacket?"

"It's my job lady. I have to check everything." He looked into the privates of her large handbag, then felt the lining of her jacket. A hint of a grin lit his face. His work paid off. He discovered a cache of fine jewelry in the lining of her jacket, and turned her over to his supervisor. He signaled me to move up. By then, I was barely maintaining my composure. Not only was I nervous about the rings, I was nervous about my nervousness, thinking he might see through the nonchalance I was faking.

Not declaring the rings at customs was just a small jump from smuggling cigarettes across the border into New Brunswick, Canada, which I did as a teenager. I would buy cigarettes at Lawrence's General Store in Lille where I worked (without Lawrence's knowledge), put the cartons in boxes, tie the boxes to a sled, pull it across the St. John river on two-foot ice, and sell them for a profit at a small store in Thibodeau. I would have a snack, drink a coke, and return home a little richer. When my parents got suspicious about my

spending and I wouldn't tell them about my smuggling, my brother Richard, told them. They must have speculated I was stealing money because when they learned the source of my extra cash, they were relieved.

I handed the officer my passport that had been stamped by authorities in Thailand, Hong Kong, the Philippines and Japan. "What were you doing in Southeast Asia?"

"I was a Peace Corps Volunteer teacher in Thailand."

He looked me over carefully and smiled. "Good Work." He waved me on. No rummaging in my suitcases, no checking the lining of my jacket, no emptying of my watch pocket. The magic aura of Peace Corps had protected my small smuggling crime.

*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.*

## LA PIE BAVARDE

Turkey, football, shopping! Marie-Anne Gauvin mentions them all in this not-always adulatory view of the Thanksgiving holiday.

À la prochaine...

Jacqueline Chamberland  
Blesso, Jline59@earthlink.net

(Continued on page 7)



(LA PIE BAVARDE continued from page 6)

Mots du jour

Être dindon de la farce	= être la victime, la dupe
Ensorceler	= captiver entièrement
Vider ses poches	= dépenser tout son argent
Balourd(e)	= personne maladroite sans délicatesse (en anglais= a loser!)
Facultatif	= avoir le choix, sans être obligatoire

A tous et à chacun:

Quand on pense! On est déjà rendu au mois de novembre! C'est le mois qui emmène la grande fête américaine "Thanksgiving Day" ou le Jour de l'Action de Grâces. Plusieurs semblent avoir oublié le vrai but de ce jour car ils l'appellent "Turkey Day". Ce sont eux les "Turkeys", non? Si vous voulez traduire ce sens de "Turkey" en français c'est balourd. Vous l'avez déjà entendu ce mot? Moi non plus. Alors je vais continuer ma petite rédaction en employant le mot dindon comme on le fait en anglais. D'accord?

Ce ne fut qu'en quittant la Vallée pour aller travailler chez les Yankees que j'ai commencé à comprendre l'importance de cette fête nationale pour les Américains. C'est encore plus important que Noël. D'abord, toute la grande fin de semaine y est impliquée.

Le tout commence le mercredi. Ceux qui ne sont pas sur la route pour se rendre au lieu de la réunion de famille sont à se préparer à recevoir les autres qui vont bientôt arriver. En ce qui concerne ce "Turkey Day", eh bien tous les dindons ont deux pattes mais il y en a qui ont des plumes. Puis d'une façon ou d'une autre ils se retrouveront tous, dindons ou non, à table au grand repas de jeudi.

Avant ou après le grand dîner il y a l'affaire très sérieuse du match de football, qu'il soit professionnel, universitaire ou d'une école secondaire. A part celles (ceux?) qui sont à besogner dans la cuisine les autres qui ne peuvent pas aller au match s'installent devant la télévision pour participer passivement aux grands matchs télévisés tout le long de la journée. La majorité de ces téléspectateurs sont comme ensorcelés devant l'écran avec un scotch ou une on dit une cannette de bière en main. (Au Canada, ça fait drôle à nos oreilles une boîte de bière, cris et des exclamations inattendues viennent interrompent la concentration des cuisinières quand un joueur réussit à donner un bon coup de pied à l'objet qui ressemble un peu à un dindon qui est resté trop longtemps dans le four!



Pendant toute cette longue fin de semaine les autobus, les trains et les avions débordent de passagers. La circulation sur les routes est incroyable. S'y aventurer est un peu devenir le dindon de la farce. Je m'y suis fait prendre une fois en route à partir de Hartford pour aller à Nashua au New Hampshire. Embouteillage après embouteillage, nous étions pare-choc contre pare-choc presque tout le long de la route. Un vrai jeu de touche-touche avec une voiture!

Le vendredi et le samedi on dirait que toute la population se rend aux centres d'achats. Là, c'est Noël qui règne plusieurs semaines avant son temps. Vous n'avez jamais vu autant de monde se lancer vers un seul endroit avec le même but de vider leurs poches. Si leur portefeuille est mince ils relèguent la marchandise en attendant les soldes. Les foules se bousculent. Remarquez bien qu'il y a le mot fou dans foule!

Une seule expérience d'un vendredi dans un centre commercial après "Thanksgiving" m'a guéri pour toujours. Oh, la, la". Moi qui n'aime pas les foules. Depuis, je m'arrange pour esquiver cette populace afolée. Mais chacun à son goût. Si vous aimez les foules vous ne pourrez pas trouver mieux dans ces centres que le vendredi qui suit le jeudi des dindons.

Votre pie bavarde,

Marie-Anne



# Pvt. Charles Bourget, A Franco-American Revolutionary War Patriot

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In the early 1970's, when I was a student at UMA studying History and Political Science, I had a workstudy job at the Maine State Museum where I was assigned the task of writing a descriptive sales handout for a child's cardboard cutout & assembly toy of Fort Western being sold in the State Museum gift shop. Despite the fact that I was a native of Augusta, no doubt the reason I was chosen for this task, I knew very little about Fort Western at that time. The assignment forced me to read everything I could quickly get my hands on to bring myself up to speed on the subject. One book that I found, *March to Quebec, Journals of the Members of Arnold's Expedition*, was a compilation by Kenneth Roberts of the journals written by several men who had been on the Arnold Expedition, which had used Fort Western as its staging area. It was in one of these journals that I ran across the name of "Charles Burget," who was the only man to sign up for the Arnold Expedition at Fort Western, but I didn't have time to dwell on it because I had an assignment to complete. I finished writing the descriptive piece, but the quick study process left me wondering who Charles Burget was. I instinctively

knew that this was not the way to spell the last name of a native of Canada because I, too, came from the same Franco-American heritage. I promised myself that one day I would look into who this Charles "Burget" actually was. Forty-five years passed, and when I retired from my employment I finally got around to fulfilling that promise. Here is what I found....

As often happened throughout American history to Franco-Americans as well as to other immigrants, we were sometimes asked to spell our last names for the English-speaking person who was taking down our information for any number of reasons. When not asked to spell it, there was the inevitable task of making a correction later on. Imagine if you were illiterate and unable to write your own name; who would correct the misspelled name then? How many times has this happened in the U.S. Census, as the countless examples that have been docu-

mented show what happened when a census taker in Maine's St. John Valley in the 1800's wrote down a family name phonetically by the way that it sounded to him? It was definitely possible to have the name spelled as Bushey instead of the correct Boucher, or Sear instead of Cyr, and so on. Many times, the person being recorded was illiterate and couldn't make the correction needed, and very soon after that the family had a new last name. Sometimes the French person would voluntarily Anglicize their name to remove

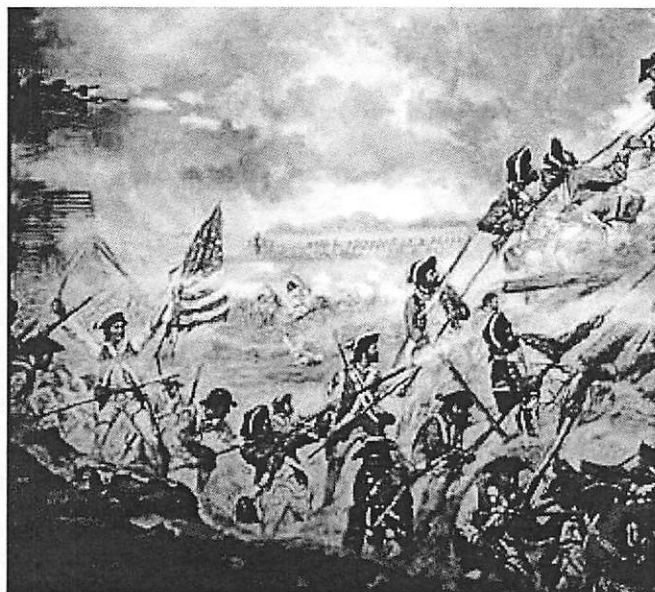
in Acadia for nearly 150 years. The British followed this by burning down many of the French families' original homesteads along the shores of the St. Lawrence River as they worked their way up the river until the day when the British were ultimately victorious over the French after the fall of Quebec City in 1759. The Treaty of Paris ended the hostilities in 1763. The French Canadians then became the subjects of the English Monarch, and the new British government had the task of overcoming the animosity they had created during the many wars that had been fought between the two nations.

It should be no surprise that the French inhabitants held some resentment toward their new ruling authority after the forced eviction of the Acadians and because the campaign of destruction had inflicted so much distress from the burning of so many family dwellings along the St. Lawrence River and in other rural areas of Canada. This path of destruction might have personally affected most of the French Canadians because the homes that were destroyed were in the areas of the earliest permanent settlements and most likely had been built by one

any potential reason for prejudice if they were engaged in some commercial activity with people who were not French, such as Bélanger becoming Baker, Bonenfant becoming Goodchild, or Beaudoin becoming Bowdoin, to name a few.

Now imagine going back to the 1700's, when America consisted of separate French and English colonies ruled by competing European royal families who were constantly at war with one another. Early on, the need for correctly spelling names from different cultures was rare because of the political separation between the two countries and their colonies, that is, until after the end of the French and Indian War in 1763, when Great Britain became the primary ruling power in North America. The French colonists had been thoroughly defeated in this war that saw a forced eviction of the Acadians in 1755 by the British Army from what had been their homeland

of their ancestors in the 1600's. The new masters from Great Britain attempted to overcome these prejudices by maintaining the French form of land title ownership and management, called "Seigneurie." In the Quebec Act of 1774, the British authorized the old form of French civil justice as well as granted the right to the French Canadians to continue to practice their Catholic religion. This concession did much to enlist the cooperation of the influential Catholic clergy into the fold. The British then proceeded to enlist their new citizens into local militias throughout the Province and among the rural French population to help defend the frontier. It was in this new English regime that was created after 1759 that Charles Bourget grew up in Quebec City, where he was born in March of 1753. It is also not surprising that this young man would later travel down the traditional Indian route by first going up the Chaudière  
*(Continued on page 9)*



*Pvt. Charles Bourget, A Franco-American Revolutionary War Patriot continued from page 8)*

River and then down the Kennebec River to get to Central Maine at the age of 22 in order to escape from his conquerors to find a new life in the lower colonies, since he was now capable of speaking passable English after living under British rule for 16 years. This was where I picked up the story of this young French Canadian man who, in September 1775, enlisted at Fort Western into the Colonial Army led by Colonel Benedict Arnold to return with the Bostonians to attack his hometown of Quebec City.

As I looked into Charles Bourget's military service, I expanded the search beyond the way that his name Charles Burget had been recorded in the 3rd New Hampshire (NH) Regiment rolls to include other phonetic spelling combinations as well as the correct spelling. The 3rd NH Regiment's service record pointed me to the Danbur Historical Society in Danbury, Connecticut, where I asked if they could find out anything about a Charles Bourget, Burget, Burgette, or any other phonetic spellings of that last name, to go along with the 3rd NH Regiment rolls because this unit had wintered in Danbury, and if they could also find any references to Fort Western in their search. Within a day, the researcher provided me with a copy of the U.S. Military Pension Application filed in 1818 by a Charles Burzett. This 18-page Pension Application proved without a doubt that this was the same man because it contained three facts: (1) it identified Fort Western as the place of his initial enlistment; (2) it stated that he was illiterate and his signature was an "X" below his name that had been written by the clerk who processed the application; and (3) his age was noted to be 65 in 1818. This single document proved: (A) the time and place of his initial enlistment; (B) that he couldn't have corrected the misspelling of his name because he was illiterate; and (C) that his age on the application agreed with a birth record I had found, which confirmed that Charles Bourget was born in 1753 in Quebec City, and therefore his age would have been calculated to be 65 in 1818.

***"...a French Lad, Inlisted, at Fort Western,..."***

Captain Henry Dearborn I penned these words into his journal regarding events

that had occurred in the region called Sartigan, along the Chaudière River in Quebec to describe Charles "Burget," a member of his company in the Arnold Expedition that left Fort Western on September 27, 1775, to travel north up the Kennebec River and through the Maine wilderness to attack Quebec City. Captain Dearborn was 24 years old during the March to Quebec. He had been trained as a physician before he enlisted in the army in April 1775, immediately after the Battles of Concord and Lexington. It is my theory that Henry Dearborn was extremely fortunate to have Charles Bourget, the "French Lad," as he called him, assigned to his unit at Fort Western because it was Bourget's relationship to the native French population in the village of St. Joseph (now known as St. Joseph-de-Beauce) on the Chaudière River that most likely contributed to saving Dearborn's life after he came down with pneumonia while crossing the Height of Land. Dearborn and the two men named Charles, Bourget and Hilton, from his company were permitted to stay at St. Joseph for nearly four weeks while he recuperated from his illness until they finally left to rejoin their unit at Quebec City in the first week of December.

The text of Dearborn's reconstructed "official" journal entry from Sartigan reads (beginning Nov. 5):

*"...at evening Charles Hilton, and Charles Burget, a French Lad, Inlisted, at Fort Western, who was a native of Canady, Came back for me with Two Horses, we Stay'd here all night.*

*"6 I hir'd an Indian to Carry me down the River, 9 Miles to one Sonsosees, a Frenchmans, one of Charles Burgets relations, where I hir'd Lodgings and took my Bed Immediately, I was this time in a High fever..."*

The inclusion of the names of the soldiers was highly unusual for a contemporary military journal that was being kept during the time the event was unfolding because it could have fallen into the hands of the enemy and placed those people named at great risk of being discovered. Therefore, it can be concluded that the "official" journal entry was not written at the time the events happened. According to the accounts of the day, it is a fact that Henry Dearborn needed to reconstruct his entire journal for the March to Quebec later in his life in order to complete his official papers that were going to be

deposited with the Massachusetts Historical Society Archives for posterity because the original document was missing. Since the journal was being reconstructed many years after the event, Dearborn took the liberty of giving credit to those men whose efforts led to saving his life during the time he spent at St. Joseph. He accurately listed the names of the two men from his own unit, but I was unable to find a relative of Charles Bourget by the name of Sonsosees (Sansoucie?) living in St. Joseph at that time. I believe that Dearborn either forgot the person's name or he was still protecting the real person against further retribution for colluding with the enemy.

One fact that I found helps to explain my theory. In the summer of 1776, several men in the Canadian militia along the Chaudière River were removed from their posts for their failure to defend their villages against the invading American Army<sup>2</sup>. One such man was the captain of the militia in the village of St. Joseph. His name was François Malo Lessard. The removal also included his son François, who had served as a lieutenant under his father's command. The act of removal from command in the militia was a public affair followed by the townspeople being once again required to recite the loyalty oath to the English King as they had done in 1760. I believe that François Malo Lessard may have provided the help that Dearborn required, either directly or indirectly, because he was the second cousin of Charles Bourget. According to his birth record, Charles Bourget's mother was a Lessard and François Malo Lessard may have been "one of Charles Burgets relations" that Dearborn referred to in his journal entry. I suspect that François Malo Lessard's passivity toward defending his post from the invasion may have been motivated by the fact that his boyhood home at Ste. Anne-de-Beaupré on the St. Lawrence River had been burned to the ground by the British in 1759. He would have therefore volunteered to find or to provide lodgings to Dearborn when he was asked to do so by his cousin. In the book *Voices from a Wilderness Expedition, The Journals and Men of Benedict Arnold's Expedition to Quebec in 1775*, author Stephen Darley cites what he calls the original missing journal written by a Captain Durben -- note how closely the name resembles Dearborn -- that was found in a historical collection of the library at the University of Glasgow in Scotland. This jour-

*(Continued on page 10)*

*Pvt. Charles Bourget, A Franco-American Revolutionary War Patriot continued from page 9)*

nal's daily entries closely correspond to the ones in the "official" reconstructed Dearborn journal, but this original journal does not include names as found in the later version. Also discovered among these documents was a prisoner roll that identifies a prisoner called Charles Burzett, age 23. This is yet another misspelling of the Bourget name by a different person who this time was a Scottish guard. The age, however, correctly coincides with Bourget's age in 1776 and early 1777. The U.S. Military Pension records correctly calculate that Charles Burzett (Bourget) would have been 22 years old when he enlisted in the Continental Army at Fort Western on the Kennebec River in the Province of Maine in September 1775 to join the Arnold Expedition. After four weeks at St. Joseph, Dearborn writes that he, Charles Bourget, and Charles Hilton continued down the Chaudière River to Quebec City in the first week of December. Bourget then participated in the unsuccessful Battle of Quebec on December 31, 1775, where he and 30 other soldiers from his unit were captured, including Dearborn. Nearly all of the 3723 who were taken prisoner that day, from the approximately 600 men who had successfully reached Quebec out of the 1,100 who had originally set out on the expedition from Fort Western, were eventually released by mid-1777. Three men had escaped and retraced their path back down the Kennebec River to Fort Western. After Bourget's prisoner exchange in 1777, he was returned to Albany where he re-enlisted for three more years to continue to serve with the 3rd NH Regiment under then Lieutenant Colonel Henry Dearborn.

During the time when Charles Bourget, as his name was spelled in their roles, remained a member of the 3rd NH Regiment, he was among those who spent the bitter winter of 1777-1778 at Valley Forge, where the Colonials drilled for six months to finally become a professional military force. He then fought in the Battle of Monmouth in New Jersey in June 1778. His regiment endured another grueling winter in 1778-1779 at Redding and at Danbury in Connecticut. He was again at Danbury in the winter of 1779-1780 with the 3rd NH Regiment. It was here that Bourget reenlisted for another three years on January 31, 1780. This time he re-enlisted with the elite 2nd Continental Light Dragoons (2LD) based in Wethers-

field, Connecticut. The 2LD was the first cavalry regiment to be commissioned by the Continental Congress under the command of Colonel Elisha Sheldon.

Under Major Benjamin Tallmadge, a portion of the 2LD became General George Washington's bodyguards and also operated a network of spies that transmitted secret messages for General Washington in and around New York City. In September and October of 1780, another group from the 2LD guarded Major John André, the British spy who was captured shortly after he had colluded with General Benedict Arnold, in their attempt to compromise the fort at West Point by purchasing the plans for the fort from Arnold. The 2LD guarded Major André from his capture on September 23, 1780, throughout his court-martial trial and up to the day of his execution on October 2, 1780. Later a contingent from the 2LD was at the Battle of Yorktown, where the British surrender eventually led to the end of the war, culminating in the Treaty of Paris. Unfortunately, it is difficult to know exactly where Charles Burzett, as his name was written by this time, served because most of the records for the highly secretive 2LD unit were quickly destroyed shortly after the action they described was completed in order to protect the identities of the parties who were involved. After serving in the Continental Army for nearly eight years, Bourget was honorably discharged at the end of the war, in July 1783.

Charles Bourget never rose above the rank of private, probably due to his lack of education, but he enlisted three different times and served honorably for nearly the entire duration of the Revolutionary War. He served with the 3rd NH Regiment in the Battle of Quebec in 1775, the Battle of Saratoga in 1777, and the Battle of Monmouth in 1778, among others, as well as being present at Valley Forge in 1777-1778; and he also served with the elite 2nd Continental Light Dragoons between 1780 and 1783. In addition to his service record, being held as a prisoner-of-war for more than a year after his capture in the Battle of Quebec may not have made him famous, but it certainly does make him a true American Patriot. His anonymity for all these years was in part the result of the loss of his true name because it had been misspelled so many different times and ways, as found on his military pension application, on the prisoner-of-war roll, and on the muster rolls of all the different units in which he served. The best proof

of his value as a soldier came when Major Benjamin Tallmadge, a noted member of General George Washington's inner circle of officers, submitted a handwritten affidavit for the pension application to attest to Charles Burzett's military service with the 2nd Continental Light Dragoons. According to the current Commander of the 2nd Continental Light Dragoons reenactment company, Sal Tarantino, Major Tallmadge rarely provided such a document, and when he did it was only for a man he knew well and with whom he had a personal connection. After the war, Charles Burzett settled down on a farm in the town of German, New York. He was married in 1803 to his wife, Eunice, and he passed away in 1825.

1 After the war, Dearborn settled in Gardiner, Maine, a few miles downriver from Fort Western. He was elected to two terms in the U.S. House of Representatives from Massachusetts. He rose to the rank of General in the Army and was appointed Secretary of War by President Thomas Jefferson, a position he held for the entire War of 1812. President James Madison named him Minister to Portugal.

2 Quebec During the American Invasion, 1775-1776. The Journal of Francois Baby, Gabriel Taschereau & Jenkin Williams

3 From Journal of Captain Simeon Thayer; 383 prisoners are listed by name in Voices from a Wilderness Expedition. The Journals and Men of Benedict Arnold's Expedition to Quebec in 1775 by Stephen Darley.

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## LA BELLE CHEVELURE DE LAURA

[Cette histoire qui fait partie de mes souvenirs à propos de ma grand-mère, Laura Simard Beaupré, est tirée de ma dernière œuvre pas encore publiée. J'ai élaboré les faits actuels pour donner à cette histoire une tournure tant soit peu imaginée. Je dois dire que ma grand-mère a actuellement eu une coupe de ses longs cheveux vers la soixantaine.]

Elle était assise dans un gros vieux fauteuil de cuir marron au Salon de Beauté Chez Claudette sur la rue Simard, et puis elle commença à penser en elle-même qu'est-ce qu'elle faisait là. Pourquoi était-elle dans un salon de beauté? Pourquoi se laissait-elle faire, elle et sa belle et longue chevelure qu'elle avait tant aimée et conservée pendant des années? Se laisser faire par une étrangère par-dessus le marché. Celle-ci allait lui couper sa belle chevelure. « Mon Dieu! »

La jeune femme portait un sarrau vert pâle, et elle était en frais de défaire la toque de Laura. Il en sorti une longue et belle chevelure grise couleur d'acier. Laura ne s'était jamais fait couper les cheveux depuis sa tendre enfance. Jamais! Peut-être elle s'était fait rafraîchir les cheveux par sa mère, mais jamais coupé par quelqu'un d'autre. Jamais de sa vie, et Laura venait d'avoir soixante-sept ans. La belle chevelure de Laura fut de longue date sa marque de femme, sa marque de distinction, pour ainsi dire. Sa sœur, Louise, tout en grandissant avait les cheveux roux, et puis elle avait retenu la douce couleur d'une rousse jusqu'à ses années de vieillesse. Quant à la couleur des cheveux de Laura, elle fut d'un châtain obscur, une couleur pas aussi vive que celle des cheveux de Louise, mais une couleur remarquable pour une jeune fille devenue femme. On sait bien, les cheveux de Laura avait grisonné dans la cinquantaine, mais tous et chacun avaient passé la remarque que la belle chevelure longue de Laura lui allait tellement bien même dans sa soixantaine avancée. On disait même qu'en dépit de porter ses cheveux en une toque parce que c'était plus propre et plus convenable à sa tâche de mère et de pourvoyeuse, elle paraissait belle femme. Et puis, Laura aimait bien se regarder dans la glace de sa chambre lorsqu'elle se préparait pour se mettre au lit, car elle aimait sa belle chevelure longue qui lui tombait jusqu'aux fesses. Combien de fois ses petits-enfants lui avaient demandé de défaire sa toque juste pour examiner ses longs cheveux de femme, les cheveux de mémère

B. Ils avaient toujours admiré les longs et beaux cheveux de grand-mère lorsqu'ils tombaient derrière elle comme une boule de laine qu'on laisse tomber par terre. « Oh, mémère » avaient-ils beau dire à la vue d'une telle cascade de chevelure déferlant dans son dos. Laura avait toujours porté ses cheveux longs, et sa mère avait-elle passé des heures à les brosser, car elle ne voulait, sans aucun



*Mes grands-parents, George et Laura*

doute, que les autres écoliers ne rient d'elle, Laura, surtout lorsqu'elle paraissait un peu échevelée. Les cheveux châtain de Laura ressemblaient à la brunante d'automne alors que le ciel lui enlève encore de ses vestiges de couleurs resplendissantes, rosâtre tirant sur le rouge mêlé d'éclisses orange. Plus tard, elle commença à porter de jolis peignes dans une chevelure rehaussée afin de se trouver plus présentable pour une occasion tout à fait spéciale telle un anniversaire ou une fête en famille. Puis, elle s'était achetée de très beaux peignes en écaille-de-tortue pour son mariage avec Georges. Maintenant avec cinq enfants et diverses tâches quotidiennes, Laura avait commencé à porter ses cheveux en toque derrière sa tête. Elle n'avait donc pas le temps de se bâdrer[se déranger] avec sa chevelure comme elle l'avait jadis fait, mais elle jouissait bien d'une chevelure longue, sa marque de femme, s'était-elle

dite à maintes reprises.

Cependant, tout d'un coup, elle se mit à se rendre compte qu'elle allait se séparer de ses longues mèches de cheveux. Sa nuque allait être exposée pour de bon. C'est vrai qu'avec la toque, elle avait révélé sa nuque, mais le soir avant de se coucher, elle brossait ordinairement ses long cheveux en se regardant dans la glace où elle pouvait admirer sa belle chevelure, car elle ne sentait plus la nuque nue parce qu'elle voyait bien ses longs cheveux qui avaient déferlé tout le long de son dos. Et puis, elle aimait bien cette femme à la belle et longue chevelure. Ce n'était pas qu'elle se sentait obligée ni même poussée de se faire couper les cheveux, mais sa fille, Lina Marie, l'avait convaincue après d'interminables supplications de sa part. La fille voulait donc que sa mère se fasse couper les cheveux afin d'adopter une nouvelle coiffure, plus moderne et plus à la mode. Elle l'avait rassurée que prendre soin d'une chevelure longue exigeait beaucoup de soin et d'effort en plus du temps requis, mais qu'une nouvelle coiffure, plus en vogue, la ferait paraître moins démodée, surtout pour une femme dans la plénitude de la vie. Mais, elle s'était dite que c'était précisément pour des raisons de propreté et d'apparence qu'elle avait tressé ses long cheveux gris, et puis elle les avait contournés en une toque afin de paraître plus propre et plus à la mode des femmes de son âge. Après tout, elle était convaincue qu'elle avait épargné une belle somme d'argent toutes ces années passées en ne fréquentant pas les salons de beauté, et qu'elle en épargnerait encore au futur. Cependant, sa fille ne croyait pas dans les arguments de sa mère vis-à-vis de sa longue chevelure grise. Néanmoins, Lina Marie croyait qu'une toque pour une femme dans sa soixantaine, comme sa mère, la faisait paraître plus vieille que son âge, une vraie mémère. « Je suis une grand-maman » affirmait Laura à sa fille. « Mais tu n'as pas besoin de paraître comme une, » fut la réponse de Lina Marie. « À quoi une grand-mère doit-elle ressembler? » murmura Laura. Pourquoi les gens aiment-ils étiqueter les autres avec des marques ou des noms qui les font sentir hors de place ou hors du commun? Pourquoi aiment-ils façonner les autres à leur propre image? Ne réalisent-ils pas que tous et chacun nous avons nos propres valeurs, nos propres accidents physiques et culturels que l'on veut préserver avant qu'ils ne disparaissent ou nous soient arrachés? Ce fut toutes les pensées qui trottaient dans la tête

(Suite page 12)

*(LA BELLE CHEVELURE DE LAURA suite de page 11)*

de Laura assise dans le vieux fauteuil. « Je sais bien, » dit-elle en elle-même, « qu'une personne doit s'adapter aux changements, et je ne suis pas stupide à ce sujet. Je ne tomberai pas en mille morceaux à cause de ça. C'est pour cela que les choses vraiment importantes dans la vie nous aident à tolérer mieux les changements qui viennent subrepticement nous frapper. Ce sont ces choses-là, les choses importantes, et pour moi c'est ma longue et précieuse chevelure, qui font ce que je suis, moi, Laura. À mon avis, ces choses-là ne peuvent jamais changer, car ce serait comme me dire qu'un oiseau doit changer son chant ou qu'une branche de lilas doit changer de couleur juste pour plaire aux déboires du temps et des changements. »

En attendant la coiffeuse, Laura toucha de ses doigts la frange de ses longs cheveux tombés sur ses genoux. Ses pensées retournèrent en arrière où elle découvrit la chute du temps qui avait emporté à la dérive ses souvenirs tout comme la marée montante avait emporté les épaves.

Laura se remémora des sorties à la plage où le sable fin et doux avait resté collé entre ses orteils, et elle l'avait balayé de sa main droite. Une fois chaussée, elle était partie pour sa demeure sur la rue Simard. Combien de fois avait-elle fait ces sorties souvent accompagnée de son amie, Félicité Marcoux. Elle se souvint le temps de sa jeunesse, un temps de joie et de travail assidu alors qu'il y avait des moments de fainéantise. Elle entrevoyait parmi ces souvenirs le beau verger de pommes de son grand-père Simard qui fut un des pionniers canadiens de la communauté francophone. Ce fut son nom de fille, Simard. Nom de pionnier, nom foncièrement québécois. Oui, elle était de souche de la patrie des ancêtres venus de la Normandie en France et maintenant transplantée aux États-Unis. Son père fut un tailleur de pierre et il s'était écarté de la filature où travaillaient la plupart des immigrants en Nouvelle-Angleterre. La mère de Laura dont les descendants furent les Cadorette de Roberval, était mère de famille, pourvoyeuse, cuisinière d'une excellente réputation, paroissienne renommée pour ses oeuvres de charité, et modiste de chapeaux de femme. Laura était fière de ses parents, fière de ses ancêtres dont l'histoire fut propagée en famille lors des veillées où les gens, amis et parents, échangeaient chacun des bouts de souvenirs de famille. Toute cette histoire de son héritage recueillie ici et là et répétée

de bouche à oreille fut gravée dans son coeur pour jamais ne s'effacer.

Laura n'avait jamais oublié les années de sa jeunesse alors qu'elle jouissait des beaux jours entrelacés de petites joies et de revers qu'elle n'avait pas anticipés dans sa jeune vie, mais qui venait lui rappeler que chaque jour apportait sa peine. Elle se souvenait surtout des transitions dans sa vie alors que la beauté maladroite de la puberté s'adoucissait vers l'âge de quatorze ans tout en se transformant en grâce et charme de la jeune fille grandette. Elle avait donc appris de couler doucement comme l'eau de la rivière à chaque stage de sa croissance, et ainsi reconnaître son sentiment inné de la beauté fragile mais stable alors que sa belle et longue chevelure était devenue le symbole et l'assurance de cette beauté qui était sienne. Trop de gens, surtout les hommes âgés

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*C'est pour cela que  
les choses vraiment im-  
portantes dans la vie nous  
aident à tolérer mieux les  
changements...*

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et les curés de paroisses, osèrent prévenir les jeunes filles de ne pas s'attacher trop aux airs mondains et surtout à la beauté frivole des apparences physiques du corps. Cependant, Laura ne portait pas respect à leur manière de voir les choses car elle s'était souvent dite que la beauté est le don de Dieu et non des hommes dont la pensée est trop souvent rétrécie. Ses cheveux, cette belle et longue chevelure, avec volume et ondes lui était devenu le garanti de sa beauté en tant que fille. Elle pouvait faire n'importe quoi avec ses cheveux si souples et si faciles à coiffer que ce soit une coiffe à la mode d'une jeune mannequin dans un magazine qu'elle avait découverte chez son amie, Gilberte, ou tout simplement la chevelure bien peignée et tirée par en arrière. Ses cheveux châains étaient épais, riches en couleur, et luisant comme la crinière d'une jument. Cette chevelure fut la marque frappante dont plusieurs gens, surtout son père, remarquaient avec sollicitude. Son père l'avait appelée depuis qu'elle était tout jeune, sa belle jument. Même sa soeur, Louise, l'appelait ainsi car elle aimait la taquiner. Laura avait interprété ce sobriquet pour dire qu'elle, Laura, était aussi libre qu'une jument sauvage dans

un champ ouvert, et aussi frappante par la crinière luisante et châaine d'une jument caracolant dans la splendeur ensoleillée de la journée naissante. Laura aimait ses cheveux, et puis elle s'était achetée un beau peigne en écaille rutilante à la clarté du jour pour enjoliver sa chevelure que sa maman trouvait une perte d'argent, du gaspillage, avait-elle dit. À l'âge de quinze ans lors d'une séance de pose avec le photographe, Lemire, elle avait choisi de peigner ses cheveux à l'arrière fermement mais pas trop serrés pour amoindrir ses belles ondes souples et la résilience naturelle de ses cheveux. Elle avait attaché un ruban mince bleu marin avec une fine bordure de bleu ciel en forme de noeud à boucles, et elle l'avait épinglé modestement derrière ses cheveux afin de mettre en valeur son costume qui ressemblait à celui d'un marin à large col. Suspendue par un ruban étroit autour de son cou, une montre en or, Elgin, sur laquelle il y avait une gravure, en quelque sorte un cor de chasse avec des enjolivements de petites spirales sur chaque côté. C'était une montre de femme et de demoiselle que les jolies créatures portaient tout près de leur sein. Attachée à un anneau tout près du bouton de remonte, était divulguée une chaînette au bout de laquelle tombait un tout petit sifflet tout comme un petit cor en miniature [J'ai la belle montre de ma grand-mère que tante Lena m'a confiée comme souvenir]. Laura aimait sa montre parce qu'elle lui convenait bien, jeune grandette qu'elle était devenue. Elle se voyait comme une demoiselle qui méritait d'être estimée par les autres, déjà sûre de soi et confiante d'elle-même. La mère de Laura s'était vite aperçue la lueur de satisfaction de soi dans l'oeil de sa fille, et se rendit compte que sa fille avait soudain grandi sans qu'elle ne s'en aperçoive.

Laura avait trois frères et une soeur. Elle s'appelait Louise. Les jeunes frères, Henry, George, et William avaient les cheveux assez communs pour des jeunes hommes, mais pas du tout semblables aux cheveux de leur soeur, Laura. Quant à Louise, elle avait les cheveux roux clairs mais très, très fins et difficiles à coiffer. Louise disait qu'avec cette chevelure, elle paraissait comme une poupée bon marché. Elle enviait tant la chevelure de Laura. Aussi, la mère et le père avaient des cheveux sans grand éclat, tout à fait mats, plats et absolument ternes. Alors, d'où venaient les cheveux de Laura se demandaient la parenté et les gens qui la connaissaient. Personne ne pouvait

*(Suite page 13)*

(LA BELLE CHEVELURE DE LAURA suite de page 12)

dire de qui Laura tenait. Le père avait parlé de la possibilité du côté de sa famille à lui, surtout de sa mère, Sophie, qui avait les cheveux d'un châtain brûlé, mais elle les gardait toujours bien serrés autour de sa tête et l'on ne pouvait voir seulement le faible teint rougeâtre de ses cheveux.

Laura aimait entendre parler de sa grand-mère, de ses tantes et ses oncles, de ses cousins et cousines de Saint-Hyacinthe au Canada, alors qu'elle ne les avait jamais visités. Le père n'avait pas de voiture et puis, pour le train, ça coûtait trop cher pour une petite famille telle la famille de Simard sur la côte, comme on le disait. Les moyens étaient très restreints. Cependant, Laura appréciait le fait qu'elle appartenait à une grande famille qui s'étendait des États-Unis jusqu'au Canada. Elle savait bien qu'elle était différente des autres dans le voisinage, Irlandais, Polonais, Grecs, Yankees qui se trouvaient, eux aussi, descendants des immigrants. Elle apprit à propos de sa parenté canadienne lorsqu'on défrichait la famille le dimanche après-midi ensemble dans la grande cuisine où était rassemblés parents et amis. C'est là, tout en écoutant parler, qu'elle apprenait les noms de la parenté canadienne ainsi que les noms des villes et villages où ces gens restaient tels Sainte-Christine, Victoriaville, Roxton Falls et autres.

Laura fut élevée enfant du devoir et de la bonne conduite. Elle n'était ni rebelle ni récalcitrante. Comme tout enfant de sa génération, elle suivait fidèlement les dictées des règles préétablies depuis des années par ses ancêtres telles la bienséance, la modestie, le respect pour les plus vieux, et le respect pour les valeurs culturelles de son ethnie. Elle apprit aussi que tous ces gens qui venaient du Canada et d'autre part, étaient venus en Nouvelle-Angleterre afin de chercher du travail, et ils en avaient trouvé en grande partie à la filature. Laura avait reçu une éducation bien élémentaire, assez de français et d'anglais pour écrire correctement, assez de mathématiques pour conter dans sa tête, et un peu d'histoire, de géographie, et de catéchisme. Elle avait appris le bon sens et le savoir-faire chez elle avec des parents qui, disait-on, savaient vivre.

Le père de Laura était tailleur de pierre et il travaillait dans la petite carrière locale où l'on taillait le granit. Les pierres, une fois taillées, allaient au chantier de construction et surtout pour les églises ainsi que les beaux édifices de commerce. Le père de Laura fut

considéré fiable et bon travaillant. Aussi, il appartenait un grand verger de pommes légué de son père que jalousaient ceux qui n'avaient ni terrain ni de beaux fruits à cultiver. Et puis il, savait venir en aide aux autres lorsqu'ils en avaient de besoin. C'était un homme compatissant. Il faisait la charité aux gens dépourvus de bien des choses nécessaires sans que les autres s'en aperçoivent. Maintes familles s'étaient tirées des déboires de sérieuses difficultés financières, mais il y en avait encore qui tiraient le diable par la queue, comme on le disait chez nous. La mère de Laura venait souvent soulager ces difficultés par sa main-d'oeuvre ou par ses petits dons de quelques sous ou de mets faits à la maison. Laura s'était aperçue des gestes charitables de ses parents, et elle admirait leurs démarches envers les voisins qui étaient dans le besoin. La mère de Laura était

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*Laura aimait entendre parler de sa grand-mère, de ses tantes et ses oncles, de ses cousins et cousines de Saint-Hyacinthe au Canada,*

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bonne pourvoyeuse et elle accomplissait avec zèle toutes les petites tâches qu'exigeait le rôle d'une bonne maman: elle cousait et confectionnait des habits pour ses enfants, elle faisait la lessive de chaque jour, elle frottait le vieux poêle noir jusqu'à ce qu'il luise de netteté, et puis elle faisait tout pour rendre le pas de la vie familiale sain et bon. Le ménage était fait chaque semaine en plus des deux grands ménages du printemps et de l'automne. La propreté était donc une des valeurs héritée des ancêtres.

Laura avait rencontré son futur mari lors d'une promenade du dimanche en ville avec ses deux amies, Gilberte et Félicité. Elle venait d'avoir dix-sept ans. Le jeune homme s'appelait Georges, et lui aussi demeurait sur la côte. Elle l'avait trouvé de son goût, ce jeune homme qui lui aussi venait de la même souche québécoise. Il était émigré de Beloeil à l'âge de treize ans avec sa famille, et dès qu'il fut établi dans une demeure sur la côte pas trop loin de la filature qu'on désignait le « moulin », il s'était trouvé un emploi par le moyen que favorisaient tous les immigrants sans travail, le contact des amis ou de la parenté. Il fut ce qu'on appelait

en anglais un bobbin boy, un pourvoyeur de bobines. Plus tard, on l'avait promu au rang des fileurs. Il voulait, à tout prix, devenir un arrangeur de métier, un travail qui payait un salaire beaucoup plus élevé.

Après plusieurs fréquentations sous l'oeil vigilant de la mère et l'approbation douteuse de son père, Laura s'était fiancée avec Georges. Six mois plus tard, un beau lundi matin, Laura et Georges se rendirent à l'église irlandaise, Saint Mary, car il n'y avait pas encore de paroisse franco-américaine où l'on parlerait le français, et ils échangèrent les vœux de mariage avec un célébrant qui faisait tout effort de parler français, mais avec un accent fort irlandais avec la langue tordue. Bien avant ses nocces, Laura avait mis de longues heures à mesurer et ensuite couper le tissu pour sa longue jupe de velours noir. Elle avait cousu les morceaux et puis elle avait fini la jupe en y mettant des boutons et en faisant des boutonnieres. Ensuite, elle avait cherché dans les magasins en ville, la blouse exacte qu'elle avait tant désirée et contemplée dans ses rêves de femme, une blouse Gibson Girl avec des manches à gigot et un corsage plissé avec des petits rubans ci et là. Elle paraissait belle et à la mode avec sa belle blouse neuve. Cependant, son habillement ne suffisait pas à sa beauté de femme. C'était sa coiffe, sa belle et longue chevelure montée sur sa tête avec ce que les gens de chez nous appelaient « coches », ces ondes naturelles qui lui donnait son air de belle femme et la bienséance royale que les gens appréciaient. Les gens passaient la remarque que Laura avait l'allure d'une princesse. Laura pouvait s'imaginer dans son oeil intérieur la photo de nocces, lui assis sur une chaise dont le haut est découpé et orné de dentelle de bois, elle debout derrière lui à sa droite, la main sur son épaule fière comme un paon.

Par la suite, ils s'étaient trouvés un loyer sur la rue Maple, car ils rêvaient que plus tard ils auraient leur propre maison sur la côte près de la famille Simard. Rester en famille était le grand rêve sinon un besoin ou un engagement d'appartenir. On était venu de si loin et avec tant de rêves pour une vie nouvelle, et qui exigeait une adaptation parfois pénible dans un milieu anglophone, qu'on cherchait, à tout prix, de rester ensemble. On avait même formé ce que les gens appelaient des « Petits Canadas » où la langue du jour fut définitivement le français de chez nous.

Georges avait l'air d'un bel homme  
(Suite page 14)

(LA BELLE CHEVELURE DE LAURA suite de page 13)

avec son costume de serge bleu foncé, sa chemise blanche, sa cravate en noeud papillon, ses bottines bien cirées, et sa moustache qui lui donnait l'apparence d'un monsieur bien établi dans son confort d'homme. Malheureusement, Georges avait perdu sa mère tout juste après sa famille avait émigré de Beloeil, et s'était installée en Nouvelle-Angleterre où plusieurs de leurs anciens compatriotes avaient, eux aussi, quitté les rangs et les terres pour se trouver un emploi. Georges n'avait pas la main de femme pour le renipper, mais ses soeurs lui servaient de soutien moral.

Laura avait vite pris la routine de la maison et comme sa mère, elle suivait les dictées des valeurs acquises en tant que Franco-Américaine. Plus tard, les enfants se mirent à paraître au sein de la famille de Georges et Laura. Il y eu en premier lieu l'aîné, René, aux gros yeux bruns, ensuite Robert aux cheveux châains ondulés, puis Blanche au teint des roses, Conrad aux cheveux noirs, et Raymond, le petit gaillard. Ensuite vint la cadette, Lina Marie, une enfant intelligente dont les cheveux étaient noirs comme le poêle, disait-on, et sans vie. Les cheveux de la jeune fille étaient devenus le constant chagrin et de la mère et de la fille car rien, absolument rien ne pouvait céder à la misère que présentait cette chevelure pouilleuse, comme l'appelait la maman. Laura devint tellement désespérée face à cette horrible tâche de peigner et de coiffer une telle tête qu'elle se décida, quand Lina Marie devint écolière, de lui couper les cheveux en balai. Lina Marie haïssait cette coupe de cheveux, mais il fallait bien qu'elle la tolère, car c'était fait. Capté sur une photo prise au quatrième grade, la jeune fille en costume écolier noir avec un large col en plastron blanc, est posée avec sa chevelure en balai. La jeune fille n'a pas le sourire sur les lèvres. Elle a l'air maussade, la mine déconfitée même. Au grand désarroi de la maman, pas un de ses enfants n'avait la belle chevelure de la mère, pas un.

Laura se souvint lorsque sa chevelure avait la touche de la soie et du satin lisse. Mais ce qu'elle se souvenait le plus c'était comment fière elle était de sa belle et longue chevelure toute sa vie. Elle se disait qu'elle avait quelque chose que les autres n'avaient pas et ne pouvaient même pas acheter. Aucune quantité de potions, de crème ou de lotions ne pouvaient garantir la lueur et la souplesse de cheveux

que la chevelure de Laura possédait. C'était un don du Bon Dieu, car c'était comme ça qu'elle le voyait. Certaines souvenirs de Laura avaient perdu leur pleine résonance avec le temps, mais les souvenirs de ses beaux cheveux n'avaient jamais perdu leur éclat. Et alors, pourquoi allait-elle faire couper ses longs cheveux? Quel bénéfice allait-elle gagner? Après tout, sa fierté de femme dépendait sinon exclusivement mais en grande partie de sa belle et longue chevelure. Elle en était convaincue. Mais alors, pourquoi se laisser faire comme ça dans un salon de beauté? Malheur, ce fut trop tard pour changer d'avis; ils étaient déjà coupés, car ils gisaient sur le plancher, sans vie et sans plus d'appartenance.

Soudain, Laura fut secouée de sa

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*Laura se souvint lorsque sa chevelure avait la touche de la soie et du satin lisse.*

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rêverie par le retour de la jeune coiffeuse qui voulait vérifier si les cheveux de Laura étaient assez secs après un long shampooing. Laura retomba dans sa rêverie lorsque la coiffeuse la quitta. Le bruit de la sècheuse la conduisit dans une jonglerie qui lui rappela de sa grand-mère Delphine qui avait vécu avec eux pour un bout de temps jusqu'à ce qu'elle repartit pour le Canada parce qu'elle s'ennuyait de son village et ses voisins. Grand-maman était une femme non seulement de souche québécoise mais une personne vraiment attachée à son territoire natal, et elle y resterait jusqu'à sa mort. Un jour, Laura irait visiter sa grand-mère pour lui dire qu'elle comprenait son attachement et son mode de vie. Et puis, elle lui dirait comment elle l'aimait malgré les distances.

Soudain la sècheuse fut éteinte et Laura sortit de sa rêverie. Laura regarda tout autour d'elle afin d'apercevoir une figure familière. Puis, elle aperçut Lina Marie qui lui dit, « Vous allez voir, 'man comment jolie y vont vous mettre une fois qu'y auront fini avec vous. » La coiffeuse conduisit Laura dans une autre pièce, la fit asseoir et commença à lui peigner les cheveux. Elle coiffa les cheveux courts de Laura avec des coups de peigne adroits et agiles alors que la coiffeuse parlait à Lina Marie de choses banales. Laura n'aimait pas ces choses-là, car elle n'avait pas l'accoutumance des

parlottes [parlage] inutiles. Elle trouvait le temps long, et puis elle avait hâte de s'en aller de là. Qu'est-ce qu'elle avait gagné avec tout ce temps perdu, se demanda-t-elle. Laura s'aperçut dans le miroir et son profil lui causa un tremblement de nerfs, car elle voyait bien qu'elle avait vraiment perdu ses beaux cheveux longs. Elle sentait qu'elle avait perdu une partie d'elle-même. « Cette femme-là, ce n'est pas moi, » se dit-elle, « ce n'est pas moi du tout. »

La pièce sentait de produits chimiques qui envahissaient l'odorat de Laura assez pour lui faire dire qu'elle avait besoin d'air frais. « Il commence à faire chaud ici-dans, » dit-elle à Lina Marie. « Allons-nous-en. » « Okay, ma chère, » lui dit Claudette la coiffeuse, « Aimez-vous vos nouveaux cheveux courts? » Laura lui répondit, « Faut croire que je vivrai avec. » Lina Marie lui dit à son tour, « Est-ce que ce n'est pas beaucoup mieux cette coiffure qui est à la mode? Vous n'aurez pas besoin de passer des heures à peigner vos longues mèches grises. Tout ce que vous ferez dorénavant c'est de venir ici au salon de beauté pour rafraîchir votre coiffe. N'est-ce pas beaucoup mieux ça? » Lina Marie quitta sa chaise et vint au-devant de sa mère.

Laura chercha son portefeuille et l'ayant trouvé, paya la coiffeuse. En sortant du salon elle capta son profil dans le miroir et dit à sa fille, « Partons d'ici avant que je tombe sans connaissance. » Comme elle sortait, elle frappa de son pied le pas de la porte et elle sentit sa nuque dénudée comme si tout son corps se sentait ainsi. Elle dit à sa fille qu'elle aurait du temps dur à s'ajuster à cette nouvelle coiffure. Ce n'était pas la coiffure autant que la perte de sa belle et longue chevelure qui avait été depuis longtemps sa marque de femme. Lina Marie lui dit qu'elle s'adapterait vite à ce changement, car elle bénéficierait de cette coupe de cheveux parce qu'elle n'aurait pas besoin de perdre du temps avec une chevelure d'un temps passé. « C'est du vieux, 'man, » lui dit Lina Marie, « c'est le temps de vivre dans le présent et d'être vraiment à la mode. » Les yeux de Laura s'ajustèrent à la vive clarté de l'après-midi alors qu'elle croisait la chaussée pour se rendre de l'autre côté de la rue. Elle aperçut des jeunes filles qui jouaient sur le trottoir, et elle reconnut Aline la fille de 'Ti-Pite Letourneau. Elle avait de longs cheveux d'un blond roux qui luisaient au soleil bienveillant. Les jeunes filles riaient et s'amusaient. Laura s'arrêta et regarda atten-

(Suite page 16)



# Les Souvenances du Moulin de Maurice Mercier et de Rose Coté

[À la fin du dernier volet des souvenances des moulins et des shoe shops, j'avais demandé aux lecteurs et lectrices de me contacter si ils voulaient partager leurs expériences de travail avec les lecteurs du Courier. Et bien, en voici deux, Maurice Mercier et la mère de Rose Hill. Celle-ci m'a contacté afin de me raconter les expériences de sa mère au moulin, la Pepperell de Biddeford. Madame Rose Coté, maintenant défunte.]

Je me suis assis avec Maurice Mercier il y a quelque temps et j'ai pris des notes à propos de ses expériences de travail dont la plupart se passèrent au moulin, la Pepperell de Biddeford. Maurice est né à Biddeford en 1926 de parents américains. La mère est d'origine québécoise alors que le père venait du Massachusetts. Le jeune Maurice a passé quelques années à l'école Saint-André de Biddeford et ensuite à l'école Notre-Dame de Lourdes à Saco. Puisque la mère tomba gravement malade, on fit sortir le fils, Maurice, des bancs d'école afin d'aller travailler dans les filatures qu'on appelle les moulins. Il n'avait que 16 ans lorsqu'il entra à la Pepperell Mfg. Co. où il devint rovin' boy [une opération de filature avant les bobines et les fileuses]. Il travaillait dans le 15-3, me dit-il,

et il rencontra plusieurs personnes et se fit des amis. Il y passa 15 ans comme rovin' boy avant d'être transféré au département d'expédition, au début comme auxiliaire à tout faire et ensuite comme contremaître. Il l'a fait pour deux ans et demi. Ensuite, Maurice est allé chez Morningstar à Kennebunk où il continua la tâche de contremaître d'expédition pour cinq ans. En général, on trouva Maurice un bon travailleur, vaillant, consciencieux et fidèle à son travail.

Entre temps, Maurice trouva sa belle et fidèle épouse, Thérèse Larivière, au moulin. C'était une "remplisseuse de batteries." Le mariage eut lieu en 1943 à l'Église Saint-André de Biddeford, et Monseigneur Arthur Décary fut l'officiant. Il faut dire que Maurice et Thérèse viennent de célébrer leur 70<sup>me</sup> anniversaire de mariage en avril de

cette année. Ils ont eu neuf enfants: Maurice Jr., Ralph, Annette, Priscilla, Lucille, Lorraine, Raymond, Diane, et Ronald. Deux de leurs enfants sont décédés, Ralph, un vétéran de la Guerre du Vietnam, et sa sœur Lorraine. Le couple a plus de 55 petits enfants.

Maurice fut toute sa vie un débrouil-



lard et se trouva plusieurs travaux à temps perdu telle, la cueillette de pommes chez Snell's à Bar Mills, la surveillance des enfants d'école aux croisières, agent de police, et entraîneur pour la ligue de Babe Ruth. Lorsque je lui ai demandé si lui et sa femme avaient déjà voyagé, il me répondit, une fois seulement en Floride pour visiter leur fils, Ralph. Maurice et Thérèse sont bien attachés à leur demeure sur la rue Douglas à Saco. Quoique les deux se servent d'une marchette, ils paraissent en bonne forme et maintiennent une lucidité d'esprit assez rare pour leur âge. Avant de quitter mon interlocuteur, il me dit de sa femme, "C'est une sainte, vous savez." Je le crois bien car elle m'apparaît comme une femme bien patiente, fidèle à son devoir d'épouse et mère, et bonne travaillante toute sa vie. Tous deux

sont de fiers citoyens franco-américains que les années n'ont pas terni l'éclat de leur appartenance à une tradition de bon labeur et de fidélité à leur foi en Dieu et en eux-mêmes.

Quant à Mme Coté, née Rose Soucy, c'est sa fille, Rose Hill, qui m'a écrit pour me donner des précisions à propos de sa mère. Sa mère venait de Saco; elle fut née en 1917. Son père est mort lorsqu'elle était encore tout jeune. Sa mère eut une crise de nerfs et c'est alors que les cinq enfants furent mis aux dépens de l'État. Rose Soucy Coté, paraît-il, a toujours connu du temps dur dans sa vie. Elle se maria et eut deux enfants. Son mari travailla au moulin dans le département de la carde. Rose suivit son mari au moulin et devint tisserande [une "weaveuse"] en 1945. Voici les mots de sa fille, Rose, et je vous les donne en traduction: Elle travailla pendant la grève au moulin et c'était un temps difficile pour la famille. Comme enfant, je me souviens d'aller à la salle du syndicat pour

prendre un repas. Nous avons été heureux lorsque la grève se termina parce que les fèves qu'on nous servait n'étaient pas trop bonnes. En ce temps-là, les familles vivaient de paie en paie et c'était difficile pour tous et chacun d'épargner un seul sou. Si jamais il y avait une sainte sur la terre ce fut ma mère. La seule raison pour laquelle elle travaillait au moulin ce fut pour nous créer une meilleure vie, nous ses enfants. Elle travaillait

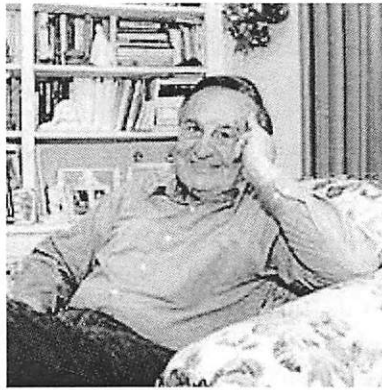
le troisième poste et dormait très peu. En été, elle fut accablée par la chaleur. Les amis avaient raison d'appeler le moulin une usine d'exploités. Elle aimait bien ses amies-tisserandes mais elle fut vexée lorsque les arrangeurs de métiers n'arrangeaient pas les métiers à temps. Aussi fort qu'elle ne travailla, les "boss" exigeaient toujours plus d'elle. Les navettes furent un danger constant accepté par les travailleuses et c'était une chose terrifiante que d'apercevoir une d'elle laisser le métier et voler en l'air. Un soir, une navette partit du métier et frappa ma mère sur la tempe droite. Il n'y avait pas d'hôpital pour lui venir en aide. Elle alla à la station des gardes-malades où on la conseilla d'aller chez elle après la relève et de ne pas dormir pour un jour entier de peur d'une

(Suite page 16)

(LA BELLE CHEVELURE DE LAURA suite de page 14)

tivement cette fille qu'on appelait « la belle jument. » Elle se rappelait lorsqu'elle-même avait sa belle et longue chevelure châtain, souvenir qu'elle garderait pour toujours en elle. Lina Marie l'interpella et lui dit, « Come on 'ma, we have things to do. » « Tu vas me parler en anglais astheure? » lui répondit Laura un peu troublée et même choquée de se faire adresser en anglais, la langue des Irlandais et des Protestants, se dit-elle. « Oui, j'm'en viens, prends ton temps. Sais-tu Lina Marie, je pensais à quelque chose juste-là. » « Quoi, 'man? » « J'pensais à quelque chose d'étrange. » « Ben, disez-le-moi. Gardez pas ça en dedans de vous. » « Savais-tu qu'ils rasaient la tête des femmes pendant la dernière Grande Guerre? » « Quelle chose étrange de me parler de ça aujourd'hui. » « C'était pour les mortifier et les remplir de honte. » « Qu'est-ce que ça à faire avec nous autres? » « Ben, la cousine de ta grand-mère, y'ont coupé les cheveux et pis y'ont rasé la tête juste pour l'humilier. C'est arrivé en France dans un tout petit village en Normandie. Juste parce qu'on l'accusait d'avoir collaboré avec les Boches, les ennemis du peuple français. » « Quelle chose horrible de faire ça à une des leurs. » « Oui, ma mère nous racontait cette histoire lorsque nous étions jeunes. Pauvre arrière cousine, elle n'avait rien fait pour être blâmée de trahison. C'était juste une rancune de la part de quelques femmes. » « Je suis certaine que ses cheveux ont poussé plus tard. » « Oui, mais c'est ce qui reste après un

tel viol. C'est ça qui dure pour n'en plus finir. » « Faut pas se faire de la peine pour rien, 'man. » « C'est pas la peine, c'est la perte d'un morceau de nous-mêmes, un morceau de notre héritage itou. » « Là, 'man, je vous comprends pas. » « Non, tu comprendras jamais. Allons-nous-en. »



*Normand Beaupré est né dans l'État du Maine en Nouvelle-Angleterre où il grandit comme Francophone, et plus tard, devient écrivain bilingue. Il a passé plus de trente ans dans l'enseignement universitaire. Il est présentement Professeur Émérite à l'Université de la Nouvelle-Angleterre au Maine. Il a beaucoup voyagé en Europe, au Mexique, et en Amérique du Sud. Il est l'auteur de vingt-deux œuvres publiées en français et en anglais. Sa dernière œuvre est un roman basé sur la vie artistique de Rosa Bonheur. Il fut décoré par le gouvernement de France alors qu'on lui décerna une médaille avec le rang d'Officier dans l'Ordre des Arts et Lettres en 2008.*

(Les Souvenirs du Moulin de Maurice Mercier et de Rose Coté suite de page 15)

commotion cérébrale. Je me souviens de la voir assise sur une chaise et je la réveillais à toutes les heures pour vérifier qu'elle allait bien. Je savais bien qu'elle avait des douleurs mais elle ne s'est jamais plainte. Elle ne voulait pas me causer de la peine. Avant même que la couleur de son oeil meurtri bleu ne changea, elle retourna au travail. Rarement elle prenait du temps libre de son travail car elle avait peur de son «boss» et ce qu'il lui dirait si elle venait à manquer à sa tâche. Elle a toujours travaillé fort et avec fierté. Chaque année, elle anticipait les vacances annuelles et le 4 juillet, vacances de 5 jours seulement. Lorsqu'advint le temps de la retraite à 62 ans, ma pauvre mère avait les deux jambes et les deux pieds «sans connaissance» comme on le disait en

ce temps-là, épuisée d'avoir passé 8 heures de relève après relève sur les deux pieds sans prendre un arrêt de repos car elle ne fumait pas et n'osait pas arrêter pour rien. À sa retraite on lui donna une petite pension de \$28 par mois. Peu de remerciements pour un travail dur bien accompli.

Il m'incombe de dire ici que ces deux femmes, Madame Mercier et Madame Coté, furent de vraies modèles de Franco-Américaines totalement dévouées à leur tâches de bonnes travailleuses, épouses, mères, et toujours fidèles aux exigences de leur quotidien. Elles me frappent comme bien d'autres femmes francos par leur intelligence souvent non reconnue, par leur assiduité, et par tout ce qu'elles ont su accomplir dans leur vie. Pour moi, elles sont vraiment des femmes-modèles enracinées dans leur devoir et leur fierté culturelle. Malheureusement, elle n'ont pas pu jouir des maintes opportunités

## A Franco American Folktale

By  
Gérard Coulombe

One of my professors at the University of Maine happened to have been our neighbor in the "South Apartments." These were rentals reserved for married staff and students

The South Apartments were recognizable to veterans as barrack type housing, nothing fancy. There were two types of buildings. One type was a one-floor barrack, consisting of sixteen apartments, eight on each side, for a total of sixteen apartments. There were two of these.

The other type was a double decker unit with 8 apartments per building. There were 2 front doors per unit, with a doorway on each side of the entrance landing and a stairway to the second floor with two doors, one on each side of the second floor landing. The units on each side had a common back entrance and exit with each first floor apartment having back door access to a landing and stairs that led outdoors to the yard running between barracks, each row of the barracks fronted a street and another set of barracks opposite each other. Each yard had T posts from which hung clotheslines  
(Continued on page 18)

garnies par leurs descendantes qui elles ont, aujourd'hui, de meilleures occasions de travail et de mode de vie libéré de la servitude accablante du moulin d'autrefois.

Mon grand-père Beaupré a aussi travaillé au moulin à Biddeford. Il est venu de Beloeil au Québec avec sa famille, il n'avait que 13 ans. Plus tard, il travailla comme arrangeur de métiers, un emploi tant désiré de presque tous les travailleurs au moulin car c'en était un qui rapportait un beau salaire. Cette "job" demandait une bonne tête et une habileté hors pair avec la machinerie. Je conserve encore sa boîte d'arrangeur de métiers avec une courroie par laquelle l'arrangeur traînait sa boîte à tout. J'ai même découvert une souricière pour capter les souris du moulin dans un petit coin de sa boîte.

# LA VACHE A MAILLOTTE

(Originally Published in the St. John Valley Times, October 11, 1995)

**JACQUELINE CHAMBERLAND  
BLESSO**

Mike: Good morning, Madame Francine. I hope I'm not late for my Valley French Lesson.

Francine: Ah, bonjour Michel. Tu es juste à temps. J'ai pensé qu'aujourd'hui il serait intéressant d'étudier une chansonnette que tous les jeunes enfants de la Vallée entonnaient autrefois quand ils parlaient français.

- What's it about?

- Il s'agit d'une vache -

*La Vache à Maillotte*

*Elle est morte, la vache à Maillotte;*

*Elle est morte, la tête dans le potte;  
Son service était pas très long;  
Ça brailliaient comme des cochons.*

- It sounds like a nursery rhyme.

- C'est exactement ça.

- What did the cow have her head in? What's a potte?

- Un pot en français standard, et prononcé potte dans la Vallée, est un récipient pour les liquides, soit une marmite pour faire de la soupe ou bien, surtout dans la Vallée, un pot de chambre qu'autrefois on mettait sous le lit pendant la nuit avant l'invention de la toilette.

- You mean the cow died with her head in a chamber pot?

- On peut l'interpréter comme ça. Si elle est morte avec la tête dans une marmite, on pourrait en faire une soup; si dans un pot de chambre, elle a eu une mauvaise fin, la pauvre.

- Well, getting your head cooked in a soup pot is no picnic either. What does brailler mean?

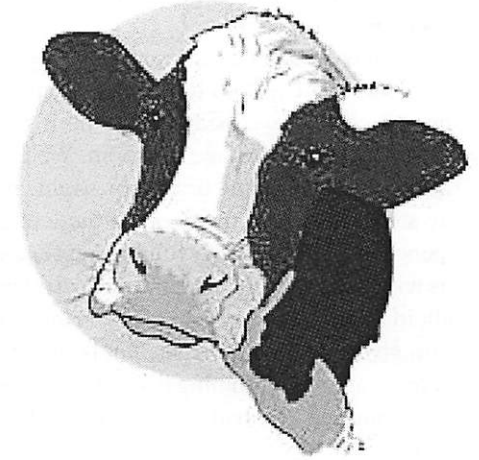
- Ça veut dire pleurer. Brailler est le verb utiliser dans la Vallée pour tous les pleurs. En langue standard on l'utilise pour les pleurs d'enfants ou les pleurs bruyants.

- I see. It's different from standard French. Although I can understand but I can't speak French, I would not understand these words, and I certainly would not make much sense of this verse without your explanation.

- Le français de la Vallée n'est pas si différent de la langue métropolitaine. Après quelques temps tu n'auras pas de difficulté à comprendre parce que tu es de bon coeur. Je sais que tu ne commettras pas la sottise de croire que les gens de la Vallée parlent un français inférieure, comme beaucoup de gens qui apprennent le français pour la première fois, et qu'on a soumis à ce lavage de cerveaux de supériorité de la langue standard. A part les anglicismes (et on doit dire que les métropolitains, eux, utilisent un bon nombre d'anglicismes), notre langue est bien fondée sur la langue apportée de la France au nouveau monde par nos ancêtres à partir de 1604, et transmis pour la plupart oralement jusqu'à nos jours à travers les quatre derniers siècles. Brailler sort du verbe braire du moyen français au 13e siècle, tandis que pleurer vient de plorer au 10e siècle qui a été extrait du latin plorare. Tous les deux comprenaient l'idée de crier ou de se lamenter.

- I see. Brailler and pleurer were both used; but while pleurer has become part of standard French, brailler has survived in the Valley to refer to all crying, and in France to refer only to noisy or childish crying. Here you have preserved the all-encompassing meaning of the verb "brailler." What does the ça at the beginning of the first line mean? I thought ça was an abbreviation of the demonstrative pronoun "cela."

- Tu as raison. Mais on peut aussi utiliser "ça" de façon familière ou bien péjorative comme pronom personnel.



c'est à dire pour désigner des personnes. Par exemple, ça mangeaient, ça couraient ou, comme dans notre chansonnette, ça braillaient.

- I noticed that "était pas" was used without the "ne" instead of n'était pas."

- Le "ne" est superflu dans la Vallée. On l'utilise rarement dans la négation. Au lieu de "Je n'ai pas d'argent," on dit "J'ai pas d'argent." En France, c'est à la mode d'éviter le "ne" dans la langue parler. Après tout, les Français se dépêchent autant que nous, et le "ne" encombre et empêche la fluidité. Le "pas" suffit pour indiquer la négation. Tu vois que notre langue est en vogue depuis longtemps. Dans le développement de la langue, le "ne" a précédé le "pas." Au 13e siècle, on utilisait le "pas" mais le "ne" dominait. Arrivé au 15e siècle, c'est le "pas" qui "a pris le dessus" comme on dit. Ici on a gardé le "pas" et on s'est débarrassé du "ne."

- Madame Francine, you said, in referring to the children of the Valley, that they "used to speak French." If they aren't speaking French, what's going to happen to Valley French?

- Le français pourrait disparaître dans la prochaine génération si on ne prend pas de mesures draconiennes pour l'encourager et le relever.

- But, the Valley has a unique culture very much attached to the language. What happens to the culture when the language is gone?

- Comme tu peux voir par l'explication de notre leçon, si la langue est éteinte, (Suite page 18)



(A Franco-American Folktale continued from page 16)

for the wives to hang the laundry.

First and second floor outside apartment each had two bedrooms. The inside apartments each had one bedroom. We had the inside apartment, first floor, right, up the steps, inside, to the door on the left. It opened to the kitchen. My folklore professor, his wife and son had the first floor apartment adjoining ours. It was up the steps on the left, through the door on the right. Our bedrooms were, in a sense, adjoining bedrooms. Their bathroom and our bathroom were back to back.

Sandy Ives was my professor's name. I do not know that he had taught anywhere else before coming to Maine. I do know that he was young, and he was not, probably, any older than I was when he started teaching, although I think he had taught somewhere else before coming to Maine. I was a veteran. His specialty was not specifically English, although he taught some. In the ensuing years he started teaching folklore because that was his strength and forte, and he was, at the time, long into collecting folk material, stories and songs, from lumberjacks working in Maine and the Maritime Provinces. Sandy [As neighbors, I had permission to call him Sandy.] had grants to go on field trips on summer breaks. He took along recording equipment to amass tales and songs from those woodsmen who had something to share.

Sandy's folklore course might have been the first, truly, folklore course offered by the University. His course was one of my electives for my graduate program. Sandy had to have had an ulterior motive when he suggested to the chairman that he teach the course. He intended to continue his research by tapping the reservoir of folk tales known to students electing the course; as many in the class were familiar with the tales, most certainly, and had to have to have had parents, grandparents, relatives and friends with a sense of the folklore that was their heritage, having grown up at a time when folk ways and stories still had been central to their daily lives. Certainly they had to have heard first hand or had repeated, themselves, all those stories they had heard.

An on-going course assignment for the semester was to collect as many stories that we could gather from our neighbors, relatives, and parents to share. Of the stories that I collected from locals and neighbors, all in the Franco-American vain, most were

told in French, or, as some people will say, the Canadian vernacular. They were stories about lumberjacks, flying canoes, churchyards, devils, and spirits—all things magical.

I cannot say that my entire hometown was French-Canadian because, I guessed, it was not. A majority seemed to me to be French speaking. If the high school athletic coach and History teacher was the only one who spoke only in English, English speaking folks had to be in a minority because that's the way it felt to me. I had to search for new friends who spoke only English. I could not say that today. Hardly anyone speaks French, only, today, certainly among the relatives. The majority speak only English even as they come from parents who themselves spoke very little English prior to the 1950's.

In the last sixty years, my sisters' children, and mine, now, speak only English. Their children would not know that their parents spoke French at one time; although they knew that their mère and père still spoke French all the time when they were alone with each other. As I have stated before, the community we lived in conducted business in French even if the business owners were not French. The clerk in the hardware store spoke it. The butcher spoke it; the milkman spoke it; the priests spoke it; the funeral director spoke it; the lady who collected the rent spoke it; the fishmonger spoke it; the iceman spoke it; during the war, the junkman who bought cigarette foil, balls of string, cardboard, tin cans and other metals spoke it.

To fulfill my assignment, I visited with my parents, spoke to my mother and father, and to the neighbors I knew well to ask them to recall any stories from their childhood. And almost everyone had a tale for me that I could add to the collection I was amassing. In this way, having let loose some twenty or so members of the folklore class to collect folk stories known to their parents, relatives and their neighbors, Sandy Ives had sources other than the Maine woodsmen and those from the Maritime Provinces. His students were source collectors of materials to scrutinize, to categorize and classify. Invention and miracle cohabited the tales. One of my favorites has to do with the notions of disobedience, dancing, and the devil. A folktale has one or all of the following characteristics: reluctance: the teller will tell you that, for one reason or another, he really does not like or want to tell the story. Truthfulness:

The teller will say, whether you believe him/her or not, the story is true, as it was told to him/her. At the conclusion of the story, there are admonitions of one kind or another and a confirming admonition from the storyteller following an honest retelling. A folktale, other than those that contain fantasy, has to have verisimilitude or irrefutable attribution—as in: "my grandmother told me. I heard it first from my mother.

"What I am going to tell you is true. I heard it from my mom who before the telling admonished me to retell it just as I had heard it in her own words; otherwise, I will be telling a lie punishable by Satan himself. My mother told it to me, and I never forgot (Continued on page 19)

(LA VACHE A MAILLOTTE suite de page 17)

*qui pourra comprendre le sens, le charme et la signification de notre chanson? Quelques sociologists soutiennent l'idée qu'une culture peut survivre sans sa langue. Mais, c'est une question de qualité. Penses-tu que dans une autre génération, si la langue disparaît, on pourra vraiment comprendre "La Vache à Maillotte" et nos poèmes, chansons, complaintes, histoires et écrits si on ne connaît pas la langue de la Vallée?*

- A lot of meaning and significance will be lost. I can see that it's crucial to try to preserve the language. Otherwise, it's loss will have a very big effect on Valley culture. I suspect that it will also have an economic impact. People who have left consider the Valley the cradle of their culture and language. If this unique language fades away, and then eventually the culture disappears, what then is going to attract people to the Valley.

- *Exactement. Les gens pourront chanter les chansons, réciter les poèmes et raconter les histoires, mais la plupart du sens sera perdu. Ce phénomène a déjà commencé.*

- So, it's important not only to preserve the culture, but its especially important to try to preserve the language.

- *Tu as appris une très bonne leçon aujourd'hui Michel. Au revoir. A la prochaine.*

- See you next week, Madame Francine.



(A Franco-American Folktale continued from page 18)

it just as I am telling you.

"Two sisters who lived on a farm with their elderly parents outside of Warwick, Province of Québec, very much wanted to go dancing. Their parents recognizing the sinfulness of dancing at any place other than at a soiree sponsored by the local parish, absolutely forbade their daughters to attend. So the two girls, in their late teens, worked very hard to set aside the temptation surrounding the announcement of a very special Harvest Dance at a country barn in the neighboring parish. But the two were overwhelmed by the need to attend, but prayerfully used supplication for help from their guardian angels to overcome them or to put aside the terrible urges. But prayer and even demand proved fruitless and, over time, overwhelming. They were going to go dancing.

On the night that the dance was to take place, the sisters executed their plan as best they could. It would not be easy. They would tell their parents that they were going to bed early. They would don their best dresses and shoes, and wait until their parents had gone to bed; this being farming country, neighbors lived far apart, and there was little to do by lamplight because of the darkness coming early in the season. They even climbed into bed and pulled the covers over their heads.

The girls left through their second floor bedroom window and quickly walked to the end of their farm road and started walking down the dirt road to the next town, doing their best to use the moonlight to save themselves from tripping because of holes in the rutted road, preferring to walk in the middle, grassy portion.

As they walked along, they realized how probably stupid the plan was, being that they had a long way to go, but as suspected, someone came along the only main road in a cabriolet drawn by a grey, spirited horse. The young man holding the reins stopped his horse at a short distance, probably having spied the two young ladies on the side of the road, by moonlight, they were quite visible. He asked, politely, where they were going, and they told him that they were going to the next parish to attend the dance at the barn that served as a dance hall on many celebratory occasions.

"Well," said the young man all dressed in black with a freshly pressed white shirt shining in the moonlight. "You girls are in luck. Get aboard; I happen to be going to the dance myself. I will be only to happy to be

your escort." As the girls got aboard with the help of the pleasant young man, they noticed that although he was wearing gloves as he helped them, his hands were quite hot for the season. His eyebrows were darker than the shade of the reins he had left knotted to the seat's ironworks. As soon as they were seated he took up the reins in one hand and the whip in the other, and sooner than they had imagined the time it would take, they were at the lantern-lit dancehall barn set back in a large field where other conveyances had brought the musicians and partygoers for the evenings festivities. The band was playing a fast jig. There was a lot of fiddling going on. The girls went inside while their driver went about finding a place to tie his horse by the long row of water troughs by the

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*...the two girls, in their late teens, worked very hard to set aside the temptation surrounding the announcement of a very special Harvest Dance...*

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barn fencing.

The girls sashayed inside enjoying the music and the chance to dance, as the men, young and old, spied the new girls and promenaded around hoping to seize the opportunity to engage in a quadrille with one or both of the girls. Soon, the handsome young man dressed in black and still wearing his black gloves joined the group where older ladies and gents sat or stood clapping hands and swaying or tapping their feet to the tempo of the fiddle, accordion, spoons or washboard. When asked, the girls took turns dancing along to the sound of the music in jig time, the pace moving faster and faster. It occurred to the girls that their young man's hands were very hot, a good thing he wore gloves one thought as she let go his hand and allowed him to hold her waist as he helped her to lift and jump and swing around in the crook of an arm, left and right.

One of the old grand 'meres holding a wailing baby in her arms struggled to make him happy by bouncing up and down on one foot and then another; as she stomped her feet and swayed from side to side, the baby only cried the louder. Fiercely, the old woman danced shaking the infant to and fro. It occurred to her that the problem was one she well knew. The devil was present somewhere among the merry makers, stomping to

the music, clapping to the beat of the spoon-man who was chortling like a vanguard of a hundred roosters presaging the rise of dawn.

She hurried to the barn door where the local vieux garcon stood alert for the sign of trouble and told him that she feared the devil himself was among the revelers and he should hurry up to the vestry to summon the prêtre. Sensing that it was time to go if they were to get home before their parents awoke to find them missing, the girls left the dance and made their way to the country road intent upon returning home in good time. Suddenly, they heard the trot of a horse fast approaching them. It was the young man in black who offered them a ride home. As it would help them by getting them home faster than they could walk, the girls took advantage of the young man's good offer and help to board the buggy. They sat down and grabbed the bench seat to hold on, the young man whipped at his horse and they took off at a fast canter before he got it to move at a gallop through the still night air.

The girls sensed a danger. The grey horse's speed frightened them. One sister slid her hand inside her frock's pocket to get hold of her rosary beads, and prayed one Hail Mary after another as fast as she felt the pace of the horse go. It seemed to the two of them that if the horse moved faster, the buggy would take flight they were going so fast.

And as they held on to that thought, they found themselves bouncing out of the buggy to hit the ground almost as if nothing had happened. The cart, the young man in black, and the grey horse had disappeared. The girls, speechless, made their way back home, climbed up the ladder and through the window. And soon their mother was banging at the door and telling them it was time to get up if they were going to church. Their father would not wait very long and would leave without them. When the parents and later the community of worshippers saw the girls all were astonished because the girls' hair had turned white. Altogether the parents and girls hurried to church not only to attend the service but also to enquire of the priest, what punishment had befallen their daughters.

This is a true story. The two girls continued to attend church. For many years, parishioners could attest to the veracity of this story. The children of God are attended by personal guardian angels. The children of Satan are attended by personal devils that lead us into temptation.

## POETRY/POÉSIE...

### To Kerouac, With Regret

You could have been a saint, Jack.  
You grasped too eagerly, too  
Indiscriminately at all  
The powers of infinity  
Raging in your soul.

You longed for oneness with the world —  
For ecstasy, enlightenment,  
Experience of what creation  
Holds and has the power to  
Impart to hungry souls.

Aspiring Catholic mystic, you clung  
Fiercely to Christ even as  
You sought for Buddhist light to  
Shine on what was given you  
In Lowell's French churches:

Saint Jeanne d'Arc, Louis de France,  
Saint Jean Baptiste, the grotto on  
The river — yes, the grotto of Lourdes,  
With Mary promising Bernadette  
A happiness not of earth.

But you snatched heedlessly  
At quick routes to bliss: nirvana  
Drawn from drink, the hazy glow  
Or fierce charge of pills or weed,  
Untethered, random sex

Entrapping, dulling your eager heart  
Even as you prayed — depressed,  
Confused, despairing — to live what you  
So fervently desired: a kindness  
World-embracing and hard.

But oneness with divinity  
Exacts a price: long years of  
Choice, restraint, self-sacrifice —  
No circumventions from the bottle,  
Easy coupling, drugs.



You couldn't have it all, Jack.  
You knew that — and still you tried.  
And in the end your life stalled  
And foundered as you grimly, sadly  
Drank yourself to death.

You could have been a saint, Jack —  
And still may be as God works  
With you throughout eternity  
To purify the heart that longed  
To see and taste and touch.

'Ti Jean, Lowell's child, grandson of  
Québec, American yet French,  
Divided and in conflict with  
Yourself, rest now in peace —  
Toujours reste-toi en paix.

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### To Raymond Chandonnet

Kind man, repository of the stories,  
Sayings, lifestyle of a world near gone,  
You left too suddenly — though aging warned  
That soon a time might come for us to mourn.

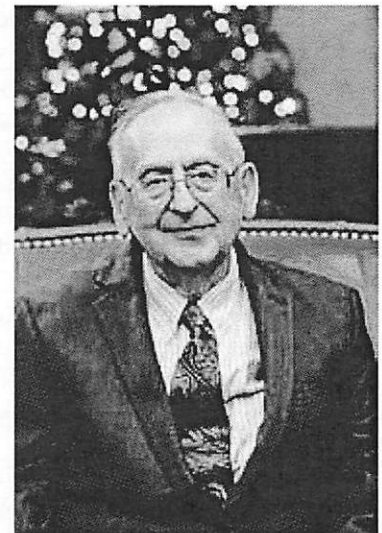
You kept your Franco world alive with memory,  
Gentle humor, wry recital, tales  
Vividly recounted, and heartfelt,  
Touching, sacred, or funny song.

Ten years younger than Kerouac —  
Another son of Lowell — you trod the streets  
He trod, shared churches, shops, and schools, and spoke  
The French of *belle Québec* as he would do.

But you mapped a different route: long life,  
Large family, devoted wife, community,  
And work to pay the family's bills — amid  
The *bonhomie* of Lowell's *Canayens*.

And always there was God, alive and filtered  
Through the hearts and minds of those formed  
By French Canada — the mothers, fathers,  
Aunts and uncles, grandparents, priests, and nuns.

The French and Latin of your church pierced  
Your heart, and though you'd later sing God's praise  
In English, the deepest wellsprings of your soul  
Remained within a pre-English world.



April 3, 1933 - August 20, 2017

God dwells in every person, time, and place —  
Refracted through the prism of specific  
Faces, minds, cultures, ways of being —  
Within specific moments and communities.

*Cher frère* Raymond, your face reflected God's  
Goodness — *son aimant visage* — present  
In the life and ways of your French Lowell —  
*Ton beau pays, ton propre héritage.*

© 2017, Suzanne Beebe

# POETRY/POÉSIE...

## Homecoming

### Heaven is where the heart is; Yvette goes home

She's striding through the pasture towards the farmhouse.  
 She sees smoke curling from the chimney.  
 Her brother's driving cows to the barn for milking.  
 Two horses, tails switching, are drinking from the trough.  
 A tangle of cars is parked along the road.

Now, she spots pickups, an old station wagon, cars.  
 Over there, that's Roland's— the one he courted her in.  
 Friends from the New England Box Company and  
 Fowler's Nursing Home drove the two next to it.  
 She doesn't recognize the snazzy red convertible.  
 She'd love to take that one out for a spin.

Are there pies cooling on the window sill?  
 Does she smell pork roasts, corn, and bouilli? \*  
 She sees her old skis made from cast-off tires.  
 Someone's tied a big red ribbon 'round them  
 and leaned them against the back steps.  
 She loved skiing when the first snows came.

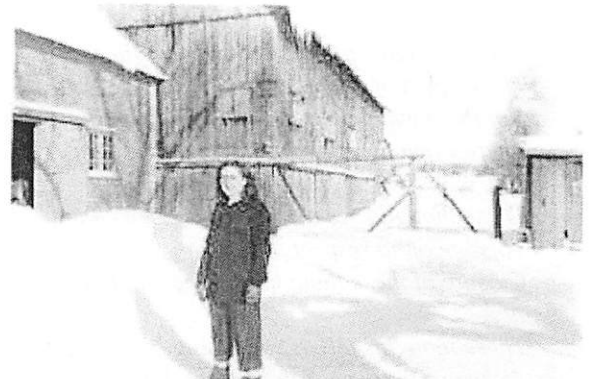
Through the half-open door, she hears laughter, jokes,  
 and story-telling. Someone's tuning a fiddle.  
 "What's all this?" She wonders. Smiling,  
 she rushes up the stairs like a young girl.  
 As she bursts into the house, everyone shouts  
 "Surprise! Everybody's here!" She's home.

—Margaret Langford

#### Homecoming after a life well lived

Yvette Daneault (October 26, 1921-December 25, 2015) grew up on a farm in Hardwick, Vermont. Life wasn't easy, but "Many hands make the work go light." She and her thirteen brothers and sisters all pitched in. Yvette remembered those times fondly. What if, as she left us, she found herself walking towards the old farmhouse where relatives, friends, and acquaintances from all the decades of her life had gathered for her homecoming party?

\*Here, a summer stew made with beef and vegetables. Some use just green beans and a little onion.



## La Mort Pathétique

Il était grand chez-nous  
 Et aussi partout  
 Un homme tout jeune encore  
 Tout pareil comme l'aurore.

Aujourd'hui mon coeur pleure  
 Car il y a quelques heures  
 Mon Président est mort.

Je pense à sa jeunesse  
 L'exigeant sans cesse  
 De toujours labourer  
 Pour pouvoir continuer.

Aujourd'hui mon coeur pleure  
 Car il y a quelques heures  
 Mon Président est mort.

Je ne vois que son image  
 Tout seul comme un grand mage  
 Ses rêves et ses demains  
 Voler par un assissin.

—Ronald G. Héroux



## POETRY/POÉSIE...

### These Thoughts

*Getting of age these thoughts we get, can be scary.  
Making decisions about these thoughts, can be scary.  
What do we think we can actually accomplish, by these Thoughts?*

*Not much, except to be in control of one's self  
Not much except to figure a way out  
A way out of this life.*

*This life some of us endure can be heartless  
Can be painful, pretty shaky at times.  
When these thoughts come into our minds  
And make us want to do things that are not right.*

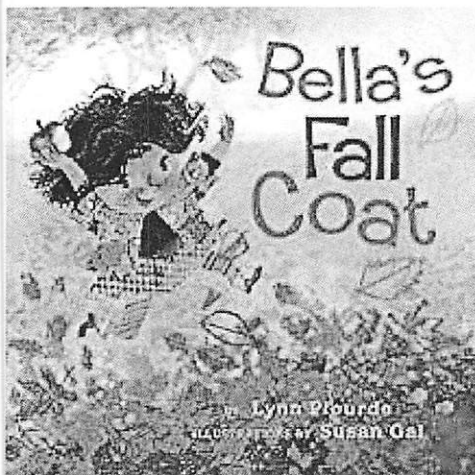
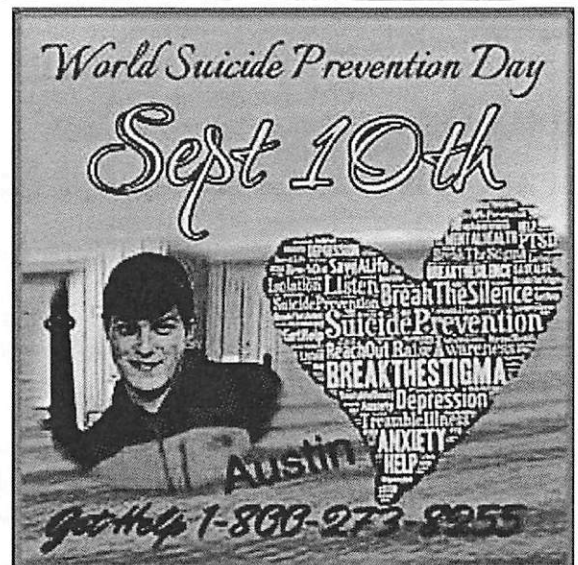
*These thoughts are mighty scary at times  
The respect of the other is not there  
Not there when their is more then two in present  
There when there is but the two in presence.*

*These thoughts we ask, of the sudden change  
This life of no respect in depth  
Closure of these thoughts can be mindful*

*These thoughts tell us something is not right  
Wake up everyone, before these thoughts  
Lead to Suicide!*

— Linda Ouellette Michaud

*I'm Austin West's Aunt. I am a published Poet. This Poem was Published in the book of **The International Who's Who in Poetry**. In hopes this poem will benefit all whom are in suicidal thoughts!*



### Bella's Fall Coat by Lynn Plourde (Author), Susan Gal (Illustrator)

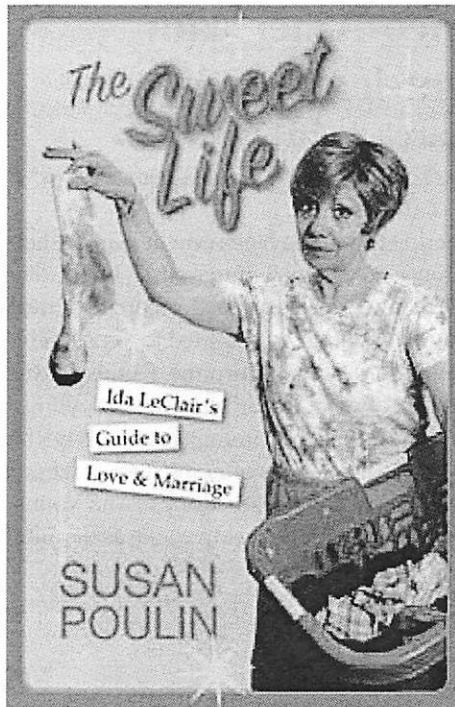
Hardcover  
\$9.44

Bella loves the sights and sounds of fall--the crinkle-crackle of fallen leaves, the crunch of crisp, red apples, the honking and flapping of migrating geese. She wants the season to last forever. She also wants her fall coat--the one her Grams made especially for her--to last forever. But the coat is worn-out and too small. . . . With a snip and a whir, Grams makes sure Bella will be warm when the first snowflakes fall. And Bella finds a perfect use for her old favorite coat--on the first snowman of the season.

[https://www.amazon.com/Bellas-Fall-Coat-Lynn-Plourde/dp/1484726979/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1507229109&sr=1-1&keywords=Plourde](https://www.amazon.com/Bellas-Fall-Coat-Lynn-Plourde/dp/1484726979/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1507229109&sr=1-1&keywords=Plourde)



# BOOKS/ LIVRES.



## The Sweet Life

Ida LeClair's Guide to Love and Marriage

Written by Susan Poulin

Softcover, 200 pages, Humor, Fiction

ISBN: 978-1-939017-95-6

\$16.95

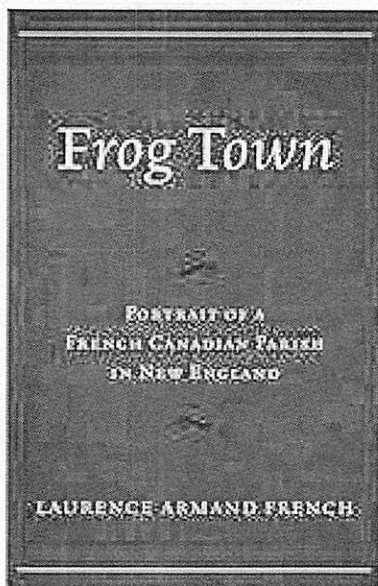
### About this Book:

Susan Poulin, the "funniest woman in Maine," is back from *Finding Your Inner Moose* to show us all how to keep all our relationships sweet, simple, and easy. In *The Sweet Life*, Poulin (through her popular alter-ego and stage character Ida LeClair) offers a fresh view on love, marriage, and dating through a combination of sassy stories and serious advice. Whip-smart yet down-to-earth, the book strikes the perfect balance between humorous and heartfelt. Reading *The Sweet Life* feels like talking to an old friend—one with great advice, plenty of experience, and a few great recipes to boot.

### About this Author: Susan Poulin

Writer and performer Susan Poulin is the author of *The Sweet Life* and *Finding Your Inner Moose: Ida LeClair's Guide to Livin' the Good Life*, as well as ten plays, five of which feature her alter ego, LeClair. The first of these, 1997's *"Ida: Woman Who Runs With the Moose"* was awarded the Seacoast Media Group's Spotlight on the Arts Award for Best Play and Best Actress. *Moose* was followed in 2005 by *"Ida's Havin' a Yard Sale!"*, for which Susan received SMG's Best Original Script and Best Actress award, and *"A Very Ida Christmas"* in 2008 (nominated for SMG's Best Original Script). Susan also writes the popular Maine humor blog and podcast, "Just Ask Ida." Since her debut, Ida has entertained thousands of people from Maine to Minneapolis with her unique brand of wit and wisdom. Her sense of humor simply knows no bounds.

<https://www.islandportpress.com>



## Frog Town

Portrait of a French Canadian Parish in New England

by Laurence Armand French

*Frog Town* describes in detail a French Canadian parish that was unique due to the high density of both Acadian and Quebecois settlers that were situated in a Yankee stronghold of Puritan stock. This demography provided for a volatile history that accentuated the inter-ethnic/sectarian conflicts of the time.

In this book, Laurence Armand French discusses the work, language, and social activities of the working-class French Canadians during the changing times that transformed them from French Canadians to Franco-Americans. French also articulates the current double-standard of justice within

New Hampshire with details of actual cases, presented alongside their circumstances and judicial outcomes, to offer a thorough depiction of the community of Frog Town.

UPA; July 2014

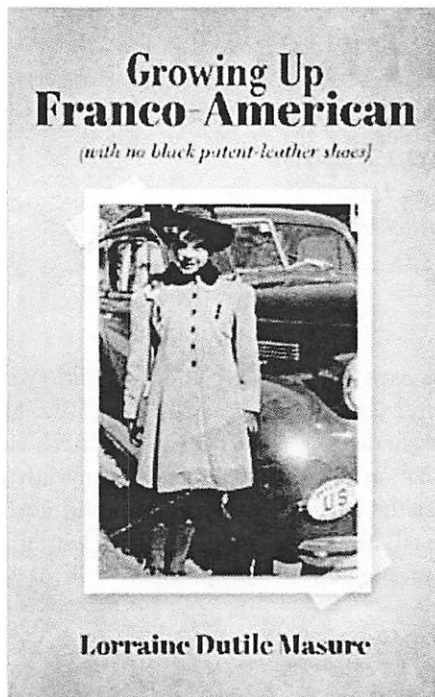
310 pages; ISBN 9780761863847

Read online, or download in secure EPUB or secure PDF format

Title: Frog Town

Author: Laurence Armand French

<https://www.ebooks.com/1734038/frog-town/french-laurence-armand/>



## Growing Up Franco-American: (with no black patent-leather shoes)

Paperback – March 1, 2017

*by Lorraine Dutile Masure (Author)*

Intended for all, *Growing Up Franco-American (with no black patent leather shoes)* is the intriguing story of courageous grandparent and parent immigrants who, at once, heartily embraced their new country, the United States, yet remained inherently true to many of their cherished Old World cultural traditions -- all as transmitted to, an perceived by -- one of their first-generation American children, author Lorraine Dutile Masure. Acting as a cultural tour guide, she here tells stories of what it was really like growing up with a rich Franco herit [https://images-na.ssl-images-amazon.com/images/I/51E4gRum-5pL.\\_SX331\\_BO1\\_204\\_203\\_200\\_.jpg](https://images-na.ssl-images-amazon.com/images/I/51E4gRum-5pL._SX331_BO1_204_203_200_.jpg) age across multiple venues of home, family, church, school, and other settings. Seniors also will see themselves in her stories. And younger people will be amazed at how quaint life was not so long ago. Informative and, as the author

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Paperback

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<https://www.amazon.com/Growing-Up-Franco-American-black-patent-leather/dp/1542679664>



*Lettres/Letters continued  
from page 3...*

*Lisa,*

Thank you so much for providing me with this piece. I must say that I am somewhat flabbergasted to see my work formatted in such a professional manner. Your layout does nothing but add credibility to my words and I thank you for that. I never expected to ever have anything that I did published in such a fine way. Hopefully the story of Charles Bourget will do justice to the service he provided to our country. I only wish that I could have found more information about his service while he was with the Second Light Dragoons. I'll have to settle for the fact that the current leader of the reenactment group was impressed when I told him that Major Benjamin Tallmadge provided an affidavit for Bourget's pension application. He said that it was rare for Major Tallmadge to have done that, and only if he knew the man personally. It's little consolation not knowing how Bourget might have played a role in the war. I recently watched several episodes of the AMC network's TV series called "TURN: Washington's Spies" that featured the characters of Gen. Washington

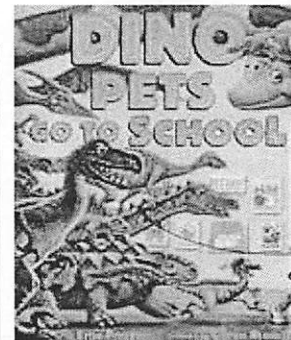
and Maj. Tallmadge and it made me wonder if Bourget might have rubbed shoulders with these men.

I'm very happy with the way you have handled my submission. Maybe it will inspire another person like me to do some research to uncover yet another forgotten Franco-American Patriot whose name may have slipped through the cracks of time. Now that I know where to look I may yet continue to see what else I might learn about my distant relative. I just heard back from the Valley Forge Society and my evidence has been accepted to add Charles Bourget's name to their Wall of Honor as a participant during the winter of 1777-1778.

In response to your question, my presentation at the Arnold Historical Society went very well and they also accepted my research to be able to add Charles' name to their rolls.

I couldn't be more pleased with the way your layout looks and the way everything has turned out. When will the Fall issue of "Le Forum" be released?

**Paul Lessard**  
**Belgrade, ME**  
[plessard@roadrunner.com](mailto:plessard@roadrunner.com)



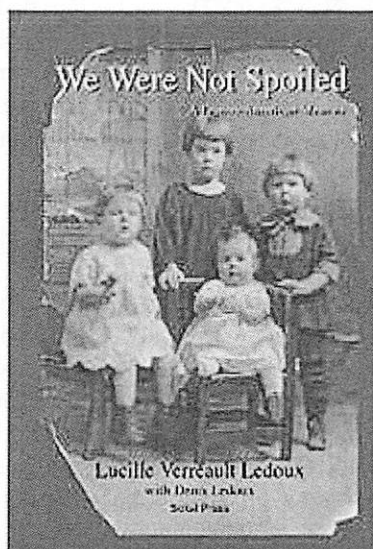
*by Lynn Plourde  
Illustrated  
by Gideon Kendall*

I brought a dino for a pet,  
the SPIKIEST dino I could get.  
At recess time we played a game.  
Our soccer ball was not the same.

But then the loudest dino is not the best choice either for Pet Day at school. After its introduction, the classroom needed reconstruction. The widest dino collapses the cafeteria bench and sends food flying. Finally, the teacher gives the boy one more chance. What's the last dino he takes to school? Will that one work? Or maybe dinos just aren't the best pets to take to school. They'll have to find something else to do instead. But what? Find out about their after-school activity plus learn "dino facts" in the back of the book about the tallest, smartest, youngest dinos and more!

## BOOKS/

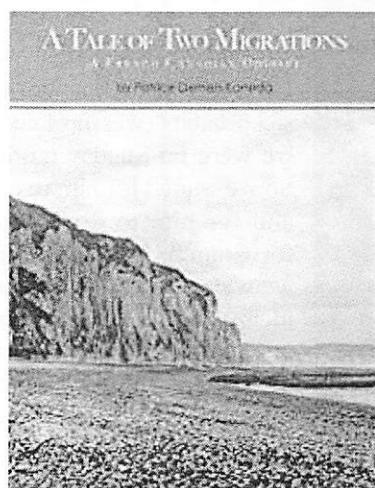
## LIVRES.

**We Were Not Spoiled:****A Franco-American Memoir****by Lucille Verreault Ledoux (Author)**

*We Were Not Spoiled* chronicles the life of Lucille Verreault Ledoux, a Mainer born in 1921. Born and raised in Lewiston, her life is typical of many Franco-Americans of her generation and, as such, is an important addition to our understanding of Maine's ethnically diverse communities in the last century.

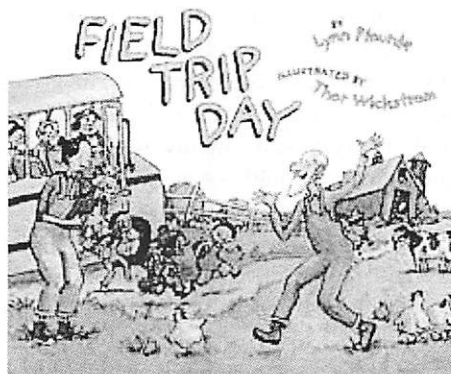
This is a book of often overlooked details, of information thought to be marginal and so too frequently lost to students of history. A basic function of memoir is to give witness to a time and a way of life gone by and this book succeeds well at this function. *We Were Not Spoiled* is full of period photos drawn from family collections and is generously endowed with endnotes to enhance the significance of the text for historical reference.

<https://www.amazon.com/We-Were-Not-Spoiled-Franco-American/dp/1493772465>

**A Tale of Two Migrations:****A French Canadian Odyssey****by Patrice Demers Kaneda (Author)**

*A French Canadian Odyssey*...Between 1840 and 1930 millions of people passed through Ellis Island to New York from the countries of Europe, but what do we know of the descendants of the 10,000 original settlers of Nouvelle France, French Canada, who walked, came on horseback, or train and made their way to New England and to a new life during the same period? In this adventurous tale, Pat Demers Kaneda finds her family, real and imagined, in 17th century France and brings them across the sea to North America where they face hardship and unimagined challenges and leaves them in New England in the 1950's to face a new decade. If you are one of the descendants of the Quebecois, this is your story. It is one more piece of the American mosaic.

<https://www.amazon.com/Tale-Two-Migrations-Canadian-Odyssey/dp/1478713364>

**Field Trip Day****by Lynn Plourde****Illustrated by Thor Wickstrom**

*It was Field Trip Day.*

*Everyone in Mrs. Shepherd's class was anxious to visit a farm, especially . . .*

*Juan Dore-Nomad.*

*Juan knew that some of his best learning didn't always happen at school, but during adventures out in the real world.*

Farmer Fandangle's Organic Environmentally Friendly Farm is a grand adventure for Mrs. Shepherd's class. The only problem is the chaperones keep doing headcounts and coming up with the number 22, but there are TWENTY-THREE students in Mrs. Shepherd's class! Who's missing? You guessed it—Juan! He just can't help himself as he wanders off to see what the cows eat so they can give organic milk and to find the source of power for the henhouse contraptions (windmills!). At the end of the farm field trip, it's not Juan who's missing, but two of Farmer Fandangle's calves! Where could they be? Can anyone find them?

<http://lynnplourde.com/index.php/books?bid=28>



# A Father's Blessing on New Year's Day

by  
**G rard Coulombe**  
*Fairfield, CT*

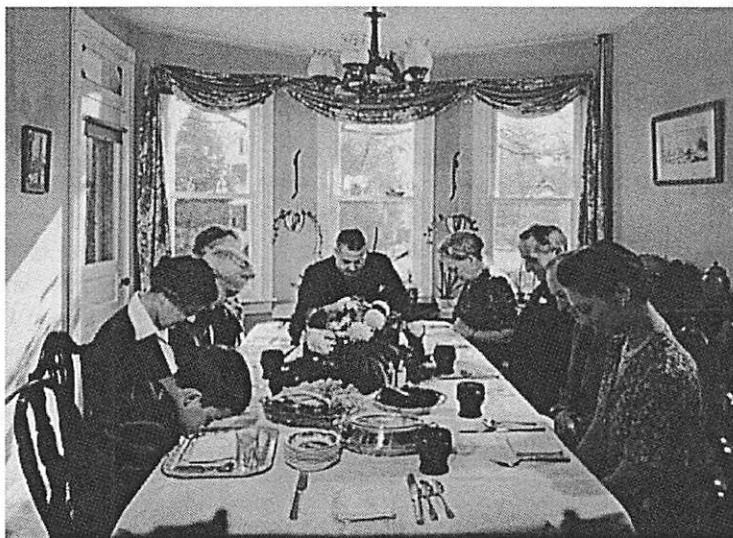
While some people just love New Year's Day, I never did. I did not enjoy Christmas any better. By "Christmas," I mean the secular meaning of "Christmas," as in a holiday celebrating our ability in this country to reward those who have been good, particularly, the children. Although, to a greater or inversely lesser degree, the gift of giving largely depends on who you are and the likely possibility of getting, in your Christmas stocking, a piece of coal or a deluxe sampler of drugstore chocolates.

At that moment, I thought that what one got was a measure of affordability. [I recalled much later, as a first year teacher, one of my students who came to the house on Long Island to say to me that if I were to give her and "A" she would be forever grateful because she would get a new convertible from her dad for the effort she had put into her classwork. It was both shocking to me and educational for me to learn from a student about what mattered to her.

Christmas for me was never the happy event anticipated by so many, and, as I recall, less anticipated by those who expected that Santa would bring the gift that one always wanted but never got. The depression, the fact of it, and the psychological aspect of it that weighed on me, because of the disappointment that attended us, as it became internalized and lasted for many years of false expectations when the gift was never the one to satisfy, or the one that was to last and last. Growing up is supposed to correct the loss and remedy the supposed everlasting pain of having been denied while so many others in the neighborhood were so richly rewarded, or so I thought, with the gift they had always wanted. The truth is that their expectations were never any more rewarded than mine. We were miserably unhappy with

our status in life.

So, I mentally skipped over Christmas. It would never be what I had originally expected, that involved a certain satisfaction, that my parents had known and remembered what I always wanted but never got me at Christmas; My mother gave me hugs and kisses for my knowing that they could never afford to give me what they could not afford to give, for the weekly paycheck earned barely covered their weekly expenses. At one point in my childhood, I knew the difference between those who received and those who did not. I was comfortable knowing that because of who we were, God would not only give us, but also everybody else like us, the love he distributed to those whose families could not afford that which only money could buy. So, as I always managed a job as a youth, I looked in the four



"five and dimes" on Main Street for what I thought was the most beautiful framed art that I could afford, a pastoral of sorts that I thought mother might hang on the living room wall. She did.

So, I fully understood Christmas for what it was, a good meal at my mother's sister's house. After we had eaten a breakfast of buttered toast and scrambled eggs with nectarines on the side, prepared by mother, we walked ahead of our parents to our aunt and uncle's house a few miles up country where our uncle waited for us to arrive in the chicken shed to preside at the execution of the two birds we got to select. I don't know what effect watching had on my sisters, but I knew full well the way of chickens we chose lost their heads on the hardwood block where our uncle did all his chopping. Swat, plunk and bang, off with the heads and a quick run around the shed while they bled to death, the two chickens,

one after the other. Then, he put each in a pail of boiling water, pulled them out, hung them up with a ready wire by the legs and we joined him, if we wanted to, in plucking the feathers.

New Year's Day, or *Le Jour de L'An*, \*quickly followed an always-disappointing Christmas. We would again go to our aunt and uncle's house in the country, but first there was to be a ceremony all of our own that we all had to experience. That was to kneel to receive our father's blessing. [Father, to me, was never dad. He was always father. I recall why dad was never dad. Father had been an actor and I think he had chosen a part that he always played, that of the aloof principal in a family who was distant and officious, as if he were forever playing the part in one of his many roles as an actor, that of the stern father and husband

who always kept his distance by remaining in character all of his life.

Most of the time, "notre P re," true to his work and sleep habits, was up later than we were on Sunday mornings. So we waited for him to get up, and for him to dress himself for Church. We were waiting; we were attending together, but more than likely, I was serving mass as one of the altar boys at the eleven o'clock service on this day of obligation. Before we could leave, we had to wait

on father on the holy day morning of New Year's Day.

New Year's Day has lost its cachet in the Church. It has lost all of its religious and familial relationship with the Holy Family. In those earlier days, we were already dressed, and we waited in feverish anticipation for our father to decide it was time to officiate, ceremoniously in giving us his blessings. Our father's benediction, individually, began with my mother, but not ritually so. It could not wait. We were all anxious to get it done with.

It might have happened earlier in the day had he gotten up, but as a man who worked the second shift all of his life, he had to sleep late on a day off. For my father, it was obligatory, just as much as going to church on a Sunday or on a Holy Day of Obligation. Only when he had gotten out of bed, dressed, had had his breakfast be-

*(Continued on page 27)*



*(A Father's Blessing on New Year's Day  
continued from page 26)*

fore leaving the house to attend church "en famille," as a family, did he think we were due to be anointed for another year. I don't believe for one minute that his little drama was anything but a little drama in which he played the major role.

We might have left for Mass on New Year's Day before he had had us kneel before him, each of us had to take a turn at what I thought was a punitive exercise. To kneel before him was the dutiful thing to do. We were scarred, reluctant, but dutiful. We took our turn to ask for his blessing. He received each one of us individually. As the oldest, I went first; he gave each one of us his blessing, or not. We could not have foretold or bet on the outcome. It was possible that he might withhold his blessing. It happened.

Father's benediction was old Canadian tradition. In turn, and as the eldest, I followed mother, and knelt at my father's feet, whereupon, he would raise his cupped hands overhead to bring them down on my head in benediction. But first came an accounting of our plusses, heavy with minuses, from the past year.

He focused on the negative. I disliked,

probably, "hated" is the better choice of words. During the whole process, one that felt very long, but, actually, the whole interviews or blessing was very short.

The whole process, principally because I felt he played the person he was all year long, he who held the accounts, and he who did not hesitate to recall the long list of negatives, did proceed in a plodding but serious and officious voice. Perhaps my sisters would have recalled these experiences differently had I asked them some years later. But, I never did, speak of this to them or to my mother, who, I think, suffered, privately, through this traditional review of one's sins. I never asked my friends if they experienced anything like it or something similar.

All I know is that following Mass we walked crosstown to visit my grandfather, before whom we knelt, in turn, unprompted, to ask for his blessing. Grandpa, without ever hesitating, freely gave us his blessing, there was no review, just a simple and heartfelt blessing upon us all principally because he was never the actor; he was just true to a joyous heart. He had outlived his blind wife, and the two of them had buried four of their children.

I never knew my paternal grandparents. I only remember seeing the older men

in their long white beards standing in front of what might have been my grandfather's shoe shop.

• New Year's Day like Christmas Day was a holy day of obligation of the Catholic Church, which meant that attending mass, was obligatory. Attending "le Réveillon" was an old tradition of French Catholics. It took place following mass on Christmas Eve and/or New Year's Eve and involved a feast of eating delicacies of all sorts after midnight mass; it also involved serving Pork Pie or "Paté en Croûte" or "tourtière," as we Franco Americans called the pork pie that my wife still makes, as she learned to make it from her mother with some modifications. Some years into a job, we had all been invited to contribute to the librarian who joined a French teacher in making a dish to celebrate the Christmas holidays. I asked my wife to make a traditional pork pie or tourtière that I took to school. The principal had many laudatory comments meant for those who had contributed, with one exception. He wondered aloud, "What's that shit meat pie? Some snickering and giggling later, I promised myself that from then on, he would be treated as an enemy who would never know sabotage like that which he would experience.

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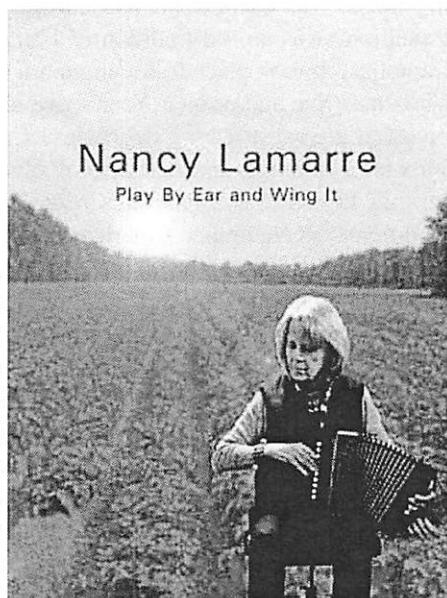
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# Music/Musique



Nancy's love of Acadian French music and the accordion has reinvigorated her. She loves to entertain her audience, relishes seeing their feet tapping, and takes pride in knowing that she is keeping the tradition alive.

Regardless of the setting, Nancy has always loved to make people smile, always found a way to make others feel better about themselves and to forget their daily worries. Playing the accordion has been a natural extension of her personality allowing her to breathe a little love into the community she has called home for the last four decades.

"I'm pretty excited about my new CD--some of them are coming in this afternoon, if you would like to order a copy! Upbeat music that will bring you joy, this is traditional music that I learned when I was young and I recorded this music on my French accordion to preserve the Franco-American Tradition!"

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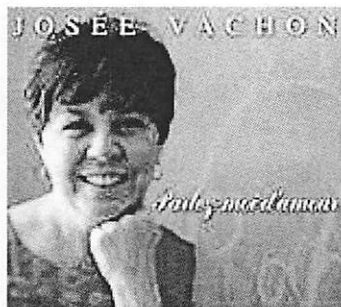
## Josée Vachon

**Franco-American Singer  
French-Canadian Rhythm & Songs**

Born in Québec and raised in Maine, Josée Vachon has been sharing her Franco-American upbringing for over 25 years through traditional and contemporary folksongs from Québec and Acadia and through her own compositions.

Though she often entertained at family gatherings, she began singing publicly with the support of the Franco-American Center at the University of Maine, where she discovered others who shared her rich heritage. After receiving her BA in Romance Languages in 1984, she continued to perform, quickly gaining recognition as a new Franco-American voice through early performances at state festivals in Maine and at schools and parish soirées.

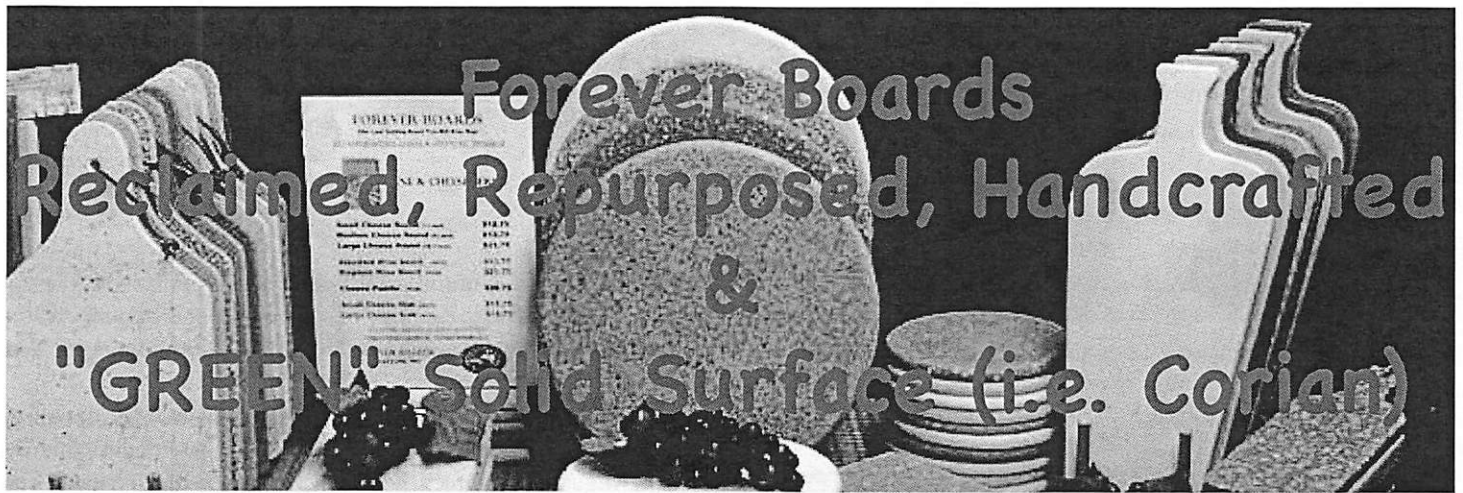
In 1999 she received the National Culture through the Arts Award from NYSAFLT, the New York State Association of Foreign Language Teachers, and was inducted into the French-Canadian Hall of Fame Class of 2007 for the American-French Genealogical Society.



<http://joseevachon.com/index.php>

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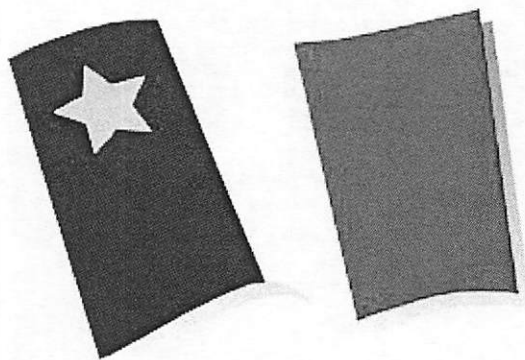
Unlike traditional cutting boards, a Forever Board is nonporous, therefore No Bacteria, No Cross Contamination, No Stain, No Odor.

- \* All that is necessary for day-to-day care of a Forever Board is washing with hot soapy water or in a dishwasher. Bleach may be used but it is not a necessity since a Forever Board is nonporous. The non-skid feet are dishwasher safe!
- \* When oils, whether plant or animal based, adhere to your board simply use a degreaser such as Dawn dish soap. Place full strength on the oil spot, let sit approximately 30 minutes, then rub with a scouring pad. Then wash as usual with hot soapy water or in the dishwasher.
- \* The Forever Board is knife-friendly, the board is "softer" than the knife blade - the ideal surface for knives! With an 80 grit sandpaper & an orbital sander you are able to refresh the workable surface over & over again! The color & pattern will remain the same!
- \* The Forever Board can be chilled before serving cold food items (cheese, fruit, sushi, shrimp, etc.)
- \* A Forever Board may be used as a trivet, for items up to 400F (excluding cast iron pots & pans). It is NOT a cooking stone, Please DO NOT put in any type of oven!

4 Boards in 1: Cutting, Serving, Pastry & Trivet  
Nonporous-No Bacteria, No Cross Contamination, No Stain, No Odor!  
Knife Friendly & Dishwasher Safe!

Contact us  
John Dumond & Cheryl Harvey  
1-603-938-2737  
Email: [foreverboardsnh@gmail.com](mailto:foreverboardsnh@gmail.com)  
We can be found on Facebook: Foreverboards

[www.foreverboards.com/](http://www.foreverboards.com/) (Is under construction)



# Acadian Soirée... a success!

The Bangor Knights of Columbus, with generous support from the University of Maine Franco-American Centre, held their second annual Acadian Soirée on Saturday, September 23rd, from 5:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. at the Anah Shrine Temple.



*La Famille LeBlanc*

La Famille LeBlanc, a high-energy band from Livermore Falls, performed at the event. The family has played at Franco American festivals in Augusta, Biddeford, Madawaska, Waterville and many other areas of Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont and Canada for nearly 25 years. They played traditional French music and one could not help but head to the dance floor!

One can't have a soirée without food! There was plenty of it! Traditional Acadian dishes were served, including patates fricassées, tourtières, Chicken Stew, Pot-En-Pot, ployes, molasses cookies, whoopie pies and more!

Delicious food coupled with lively music and a room filled with wonderful people made for an enjoyable evening! *Quelle joie de vivre!*

Accolades to the Bangor Knights of Columbus, Michael Soucy, Patricia Marquis (decorator) and the many others who helped make the evening a success!

Proceeds from the event provided a scholarship to All Saints Catholic School in Bangor and to benefit Knights of Columbus charitable efforts.



September 23, 2017  
ANAH SHRINE HALL  
104 BROADWAY, BANGOR, MAINE

## Acadian Soirée

THE BANGOR KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, in cooperation with the University of Maine Franco-American Centre, presents a night of traditional Acadian food, music, and dance.

**La Famille LeBlanc**  
Musical Entertainment

**Patates Fricassées**  
Tourtière  
Chicken Stew  
Pot-En-Pot  
Ployes  
Molasses Cookies  
Whoopie Pies

**For Tickets Please Call:**  
Michael Soucy 207-648-5533 or Patricia Marquis 207-754-4151



# FRANCO-AMERICAN LITERATURE: PAST TO PRESENT

Lecture by

Sr. Mary Carmel Therriault,

Author of *La Littérature Française de la Nouvelle Angleterre*

First appeared in *Le FAROG FORUM*, April, page 9, 1976

by Claire Boulduc

A long time ago, before the new Woman's Movement, and before the new Liberations of various kinds, I had a teacher who influenced above all others. This teacher is a woman - but more than any label can encompass - a person, full blown, developed, genteel and intelligent.

I remember Sr. Carmel in her office (she was President of the College I attended) books in front of her, papers stacked neatly, taking a moment to smell some favorite flowers - yellow roses; or taking the time to speak with her kitten: the formidable Princess; or taking the time to introduce me to the novels of Marie-Claire Blais. On other occasions she had the unpleasant tasks of notifying me of a family accident, or of telling me to clean up my act. This is the same Sr. Carmel who put together a fine Woman's College and held it together during its first ten years of life.

Business woman, literary figure, teacher, disciplinarian, friend, a religious, most of all - a kindly, intelligent presence who infused the college with gentleness and a kind of "peasant" wisdom. (I hesitate to use the word peasant for a woman who has her Doctorate from Laval University...) Yet, it's true. Sr. Carmel is from Lille - une Acadienne qui me parlait de la Vallée, qui me parlait français, qui me parlait personne à personne...même quand j'avais fait un coup.

So, it is with a combination of respect and love that I set the announcement of Sr. Carmel's lecture, and I invite you to come meet her and share the joy of having her on campus.

My father always said: "Sr. Carmel? C'est QUELQU'UN!" Come meet this quelqu'un.

*Claire*



Sister Mary Carmel (Alma) was born on March 19, 1904. Sister was the daughter of Patrick Therriault (an Aroostook County Commissioner) and Zelig Morneau. She had one brother, Edmond.

From 1954-1956, Sister Mary Carmel Therriault was Dean of St. Joseph's College; she was president from 1956-1967. In the late 1960s, she helped begin the religious retirement program in Maine.-For Love of Mercy by Mary Raymond Higgins RSM (1995). Sister Mary passed away on Nov. 15, 1979.

## The Sister Mary Carmel Scholarship Fund

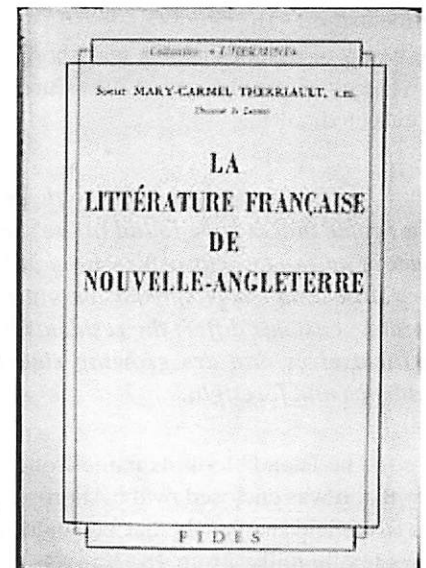
Help us in honoring the memory of an extraordinary woman, a Sister of Mercy who had a great impact upon our lives as students at Saint Joseph's College — Sister Mary Carmel Therriault. Sr. Mary Carmel served as the College's first President when it moved to the Sebago Lake property. Without her determined and pioneering spirit, the now vibrant 105-year-old St. Joseph's College quite probably would not exist.

From long ago conversations with Sister Mary Carmel, I recall how proud she was to have been a daughter of Aroostook County, in her parlance, "The County", one of Maine's most beautiful but economically distressed regions. As a native of Grand Isle, Maine, she had profound feelings for the young and aging in the regions of Aroostook and Central Maine, people that she served

as principal of John Baptist High School in Bangor and Superior of Our Lady of Mercy Convent in Eagle Lake.

To celebrate the 50th Reunion of the Class of 1967 and to honor Sister Mary Carmel's legacy, a scholarship has been endowed in her name. The Sister Mary Carmel Scholarship Fund will benefit the very best of St. Joseph's College students - young women and men who demonstrate academic merit, financial need, and public service to the people and institutions of Maine, especially those from "The County."

To participate please contact Joanne Bean, VP and Chief Advancement Officer at [jbean@sjcme.edu](mailto:jbean@sjcme.edu) — 207-893-7891 or give online at [https://kappa/sjcme.edu/cc\\_Forms/IAOF/iaogift](https://kappa/sjcme.edu/cc_Forms/IAOF/iaogift)



# A Trip Through “The Little World They Call Little Canada”

August 8, 2017

Lewiston-Auburn, Maine

By James Myall

*Eight years ago, a barren tongue of land of half a dozen acres or so...today peopled with from 1,200 to 2,000 people, according to how you estimate, with almost 200 tenement houses... And yet they talk of Western booms.*

The growth of Lewiston’s “Little Canada” district was as rapid and astounding to those who witnessed it, as it seems to us today. In 1891, the Lewiston Saturday Journal took its readers through a tour of the newest section of Maine’s leading manufacturing city. In the matter of just a few years, the part of the city known as “the island” had been transformed. In the words of the Journal, the neighborhood now being referred to as “Little Canada” represented



*Canal Workers, Lewiston, date unknown. The Maine Central Railroad bridge is in the background. Images: USM Franco-American Collection / Maine Memory Network.*

ever, one of the city’s less desirable neighborhoods. It was just a little upriver from the “Gas Patch,” an area around the Lewiston Gas Works, which had been settled by Irish immigrants partly because the foul-smelling gas made the area less attractive to others.

The *Journal* noted that the French Canadians shared more than just proximity with the Irish of a generation before. Just as the Irish had established “a fair sample of peasant life in Ireland” (complete with turf-walled houses, pigs, and

One of the things that distinguished Lewiston’s “Little Canada” from other immigrant neighborhoods in New England was that the houses were built by the immigrants themselves, not by the mill owners. While Little Canada does contain some “mill blocks,” the vast majority of French-Canadians lived in tenements built and owned by their compatriots.



*Mill housing, Canal Street, Lewiston, c1880. Image: USM Franco-American Collection / Maine Memory Network*

French Canadian women are “excellent cooks,” and all the newcomers are described as “quite fine musicians.” The article’s author describes supper with a Franco family, followed by a kitchen party – a scene that would be familiar to many Franco-Americans of today. The windows of the apartment “shake to the tune of something

like the Virginia Reel” – a nod to the common Celtic roots and influences of traditional French-Canadian and Appalachian country music.

The older Franco-Americans have a “head for business;” the young women are pretty and the young men, if “not all handsome,” have “a kind of manly look to them,” being “tall,” “strong,” and “square-jawed.” Aside from these romantic pictures of the new arrivals, the *Journal* offers some

*The most remarkable settlement of a people that is to be found in the same space of time in any city in New England... Very little English is spoken among the families; customs differ; the residents live by themselves and are growing rich by prudence and foresight.*

“The Island” took its name from the way that it was enclosed by the Androscoggin River and the canals that powered the city’s textile mills. From 1874, it was also the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway spur to Lewiston. The proximity of the neighborhood to the mills, where most French-Canadian immigrants worked, and the railroad, by which most arrived in the city, made the Island a convenient place for French Canadians to settle. It was also, how-



*Tancrel-Philippon Wedding, 24 River Street, Lewiston, 1897. The Tancrels owned the River Street property. Image: USM Franco-American Collection / Maine Memory Network.*

(Continued on page 33)



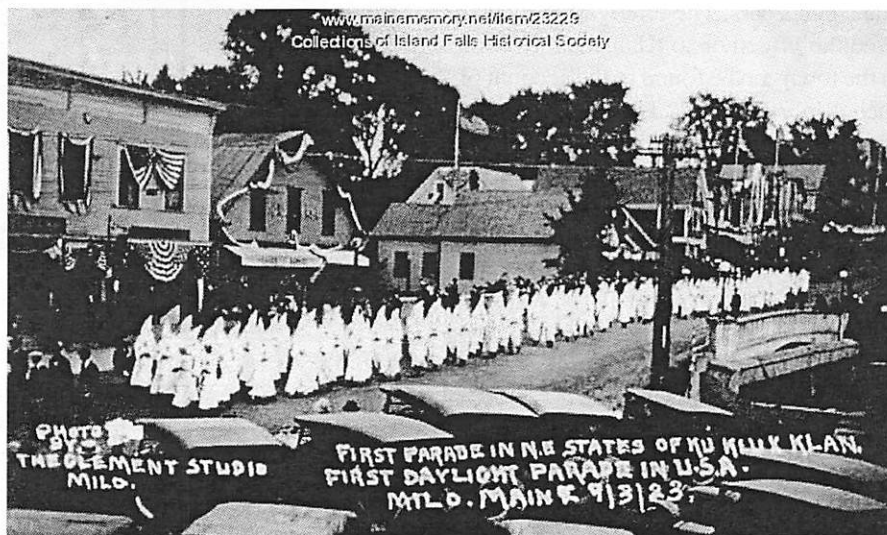
# Confronting the Klan in 1920s Maine

**August 14, 2017**

***Biddeford, Biddeford-Saco, Fairfield, Greenville, Jewish Americans, Ku Klux Klan, Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Organized Labor, Police, Politics, Waterville***

The history of Maine's brief, but intense, association with the Ku Klux Klan is becoming increasingly well-known. Along with a large portion of the country in the early 1920's, Maine was home to a Klan chapter with a significant membership, which held significant sway over local politics. While the Klan had its beginnings with former Confederate army officers in the South, and initially targeted African Americans in former Confederate States, by the 1920's, the "second Klan" had broadened its agenda of hate to include Jews, Catholics, and almost any immigrant. In Maine, from 1923-25, the KKK whipped up animosity against the state's significant Irish- and Franco-American populations, in particular.

What's less well covered is the resistance to the Klan and their divisive brand of politics by the groups they attacked. While the group had successes in eliminating Portland's directly-elected mayor, and a number of other local races, they never completely captured state politics, and their influence diminished rapidly after 1924. US Senator Owen Brewster, who was elected governor in that year, was often accused of courting the Klan vote, but this association has never been proven. Brewster certainly had a record of contesting the right of immigrants to vote, and the KKK itself endorsed his candidacy, but Brewster himself consistently denied being a Klansman, or supporting the group. That the KKK were not able to capitalize on their initial successes is credit to the efforts of Franco-Americans and others to stop them.



*Parade of the Ku Klux Klan in Milo Maine, September 3rd, 1923. Said to be the "first daylight parade in USA" – a sign of the group's confidence. Image: Island Falls Historical Society/Maine Memory Network.*

Franco-Americans were able to stymie Klan ambitions in several ways. In a limited number of communities, Franco-Americans actually had enough political clout to crack down on the organization from above. In Lewiston, for example, the KKK were denied use of the city hall for their meetings. That stood in stark contrast to the situation in majority-Yankee communities, where the group found a warmer reception. Just across the Androscoggin River in Auburn, the Klan met at city hall, to audiences that included members of the police

*(Continued on page 34)*

*(A Trip Through "The Little World They Call Little Canada" continued from page 32)*

interesting insights into daily life in Little Canada, such as the practice of boating on the Androscoggin by night, or the nugget that "very many of the younger generation speak English fluently, and read and write as well as the American boy or girl."



*Little Canada School, c1900. Image: USM Franco-American Collection / Maine Memory Network.*

The article confirms that nearly all the early arrivals to Lewiston were farmers – though some are described as "skilled mechanics and carpenters." Nearly all the French-Canadians in Lewiston lived in the neighborhood (along with "only six Irish families"), including the relatively well-paid store clerks who worked on Lisbon Street. By 1891, the newcomers had elected their first councilman, François "Frank" Pelletier, who recounted having known Louis Riel, the leader of the Northwest Rebellion, when they were both students at Terrebonne College.

All together, the Journal's depiction of Lewiston's new population is a far cry from the anti-immigrant sentiment that Franco-Americans would face in the 20th century, and the suspicion that many of today's immigrants labor under. It may have glossed over some prejudices and struggles of the time, but it demonstrates the same "free-hearted hospitality" towards the Franco-Americans that the Journal attributed as a characteristic of the French-Canadian arrivals.

<http://myall.bangordailynews.com/>

*(Confronting the Klan in  
1920s Maine continued from page 33)*

force, and which included sermons by local protestant clergy. When the Saco chapter of the KKK organized a Labor Day march in 1924, it was prevented from entering Biddeford by members of the city's police force and fire department. Again, the difference between the two communities could not be more stark. While Biddeford's city government stood firmly against the Klan, the Biddeford Weekly Journal reported that the several leading Klansmen were bold enough to march without masks, and that

***“Well-known Saco citizens on horseback rode along the streets ahead of the parade and kept the crowds in line and special [constables] paraded through the crowd with drawn clubs.”***

The Saco event very nearly ended in violence. One Biddeford police officer drew his revolver, but no shots were fired. In a surreal twist that demonstrates the Maine Klan's fusion of bigotry and polite society, the parade culminated in an anti-Semitic and racist speech by a speaker from New Hampshire, after which, the Journal reported, “a fiery cross blazed forth and later the Klansmen returned to city hall and had more light refreshments.”

Labor unions also fought back against the KKK, and sought to organize the very immigrant workers the Klan demonized. On February 2, the KKK tried to evict an organizing group of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) in Greenville. About forty Klansmen went to the boarding house where IWW delegates were staying, and tried to intimidate them into leaving town. In response, the IWW called in its local members – who were mostly woodsmen – for a show of support. On the sub-zero night of February 4, nearly 175 union members, many of whom were Franco-Americans, marched in Greenville to oppose the KKK. IWW leader Bob Pease accused the Klan of working with the lumber companies, town selectmen, and the local YMCA to try to oppose the unionization of lumber workers.

Sometimes, however, Franco-Americans did not have the protection of local governments or the strength of labor unions to help them. A July 1st gathering of Klansmen in Fairfield (just south of the Franco-American stronghold of Waterville) was disrupted by unnamed local “youth” who threw stones at the Klansmen's cars. The brief gathering was broken up by about 200 locals, who far outnumbered the fifteen or so Klansmen. No-one was injured, but a sign of the KKK's prominence in the town can be found in the account of the incident found in the Waterville Morning Sentinel of July 3rd, 1924. The injured Klansmen included “a local businessman” and at least one individual known to the police chief.

Franco-Americans and other minority groups are often depicted solely as victims of racism and discrimination. Not to acknowledge the steps these groups took to oppose bigotry is a mistake that undervalues their agency, and contributions to their own struggles. One of the lessons of the rise and fall of the KKK in Maine is that racism and hatred can be opposed when we stand up together and fight back.

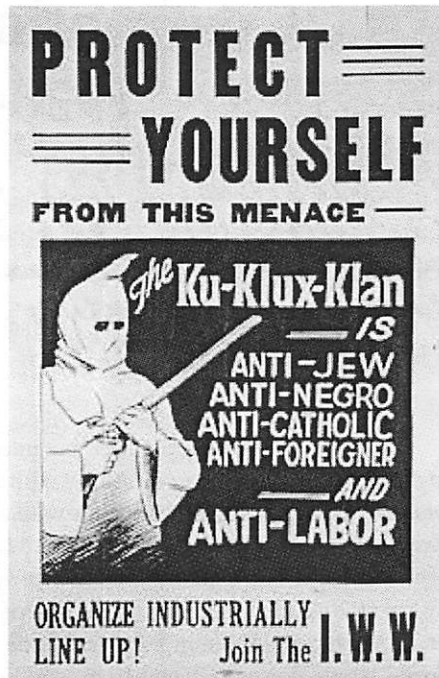
## A Photo Tour of the Former St-Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell, Massachusetts

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

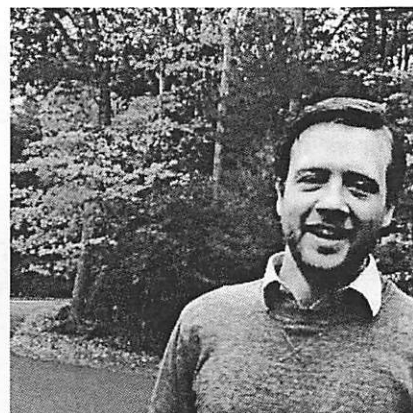
On Wednesday, June 21, 2017, the fourth day of Franco-American Week 2017 in Lowell, Massachusetts, the former St-Jean-Baptiste Church was open to the public from 3:00 to 7:30PM. The schedule for Franco-American Week published a description of the day's events: “Rediscover

St. Jean-Baptiste Church, 741 Merrimack Street, Lowell, MA. No elevator. Tour the Romanesque Revival St. Jean-Baptiste Church built in 1890 as the first French-Canadian Church in Lowell. While the Archdiocese [of Boston] removed its pews, [and] many of the stained-glass windows, and other religious items when it closed in 2004[.]

*(Continued on page 35)*



*Anti-KKK poster by the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), 1921.*



*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.*



# Current Monthly Venue for the Mass in French at St. Augustine's Church in Hartford

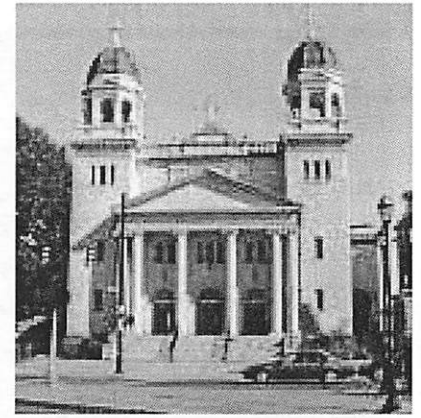
*By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.*

The Pastor of St. Augustine Church in Hartford, Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, celebrated the Mass in French on Sunday, October 1, 2017, beginning at 7:45AM. The Mass was attended by thirteen people, all of whom were former parishioners of Ste-Anne/Immaculate Conception Church in Hartford, which has its last Mass in French on Sunday, June 29, 2017. The people who were at the French Mass were: Lorena Dutelle, the altar server, Jean Foley the cantor (who brought his son to the Mass), Albert Marceau the lector, Patrick Labrie, Jean Agba (who brought his three sons to the Mass), Ghislain Larochelle and his wife, and Aline Maras and her daughter. Your reporter, Albert Marceau, has known the cited parishioners at Ste-Anne's Church in Hartford since he officially became a member of the parish in August 1996, except the two men from Togo – Jean Folley and Jean Agba – both of whom came to the parish with their families sometime after 2006.

The readings for the day were for the 26th Sunday in Ordinary Time, Year A, which are Ezekiel 18:25-28, Psalm 24: 4-9,

Philippians 2:1-11, and Matthew 21:28-32. The readings were printed on 8 ½ by 11 inch paper, and were taken from the website of the Association Épiscopale Liturgique pour les pays Francophones, [www.aelf.org](http://www.aelf.org). The petitions, la prière universelle, were taken from the website Vie liturgique, [www.vieliturgique.ca](http://www.vieliturgique.ca).

Near the end of the French Mass, Fr. Walsh announced that there would be two more Masses in French, on the first Sunday of the following two months. Lorena Dutelle and your reporter was surprised by the announcement, because your reporter overheard Fr. Walsh say to a longtime parishioner of St. Augustine's Church, Mrs. Aline Wysocki, during the parish breakfast after the 9AM English Mass on Sunday, September 24, 2017, that the target number of attendees at the French Mass should be 50 people. Although your reporter realized that the number was more than double the number of attendees at the French Mass at Ste-Anne's in Hartford, which ranged from 18 to 23 for years, the target number spoken by Fr. Walsh is one-half the target number



that Archbishop Blair cited during a talk that he gave at St. Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield on Tuesday, October 20, 2015, where he said that every Sunday Mass in Archdiocese should have 100 people in attendance. After the French Mass, Fr. Walsh said that it will take time to build a regular community at the French Mass, and so, he will allow it to continue for two more monthly Masses.

The next two Masses in French will be held on Sunday, November 5, which is the 31st Sunday in Ordinary Time, Year A, and Sunday, December 3, which is the First Sunday of Advent, Year B. The time of each of the French Masses will start at 7:45 AM, at St. Augustine Church on 10 Campfield Avenue in Hartford, Connecticut.

The website for St. Augustine Church in Hartford is <http://www.staugustinehtfd.org/>, and the telephone number for the church is (860)-522-7128.

*(A Photo Tour of the Former St-Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell, Massachusetts continued from page 34)*

the circular, elaborately designed stained-glass window still towers over a third-level balcony with [the] organ pipes still in place. Come see this beautiful church." It should be noted that the common architectural term for the: "the circular, elaborately designed stained-glass window" is the rose window.

The former Church of St. Jean Baptiste in Lowell is now the property of TMI Property Management and Development, and one can read on its website about the former church, which it mislabels as a "cathedral" that: "TMI Property Management & Development provides high quality residential and commercial properties. Our former St. Jean Baptiste Church property is one of our newest commercial venues. We are currently assessing community interest in restoring this magnificent historic land-

mark and converting it into Lowell's most majestic cathedral for all functions." The exact meaning of the word "cathedral" is a church where a bishop has his chair, which is a sign of his authority within the Catholic Church, and can be found in the sanctuary of a given cathedral. The same is true for Orthodox Christian cathedrals. The word "cathedral" is from the Greek word for "chair," which has the connotation of a seat of authority. The website that TMI Property Management and Development maintains for the former church is: [www.lowellshistoriccathedral.com/](http://www.lowellshistoriccathedral.com/).

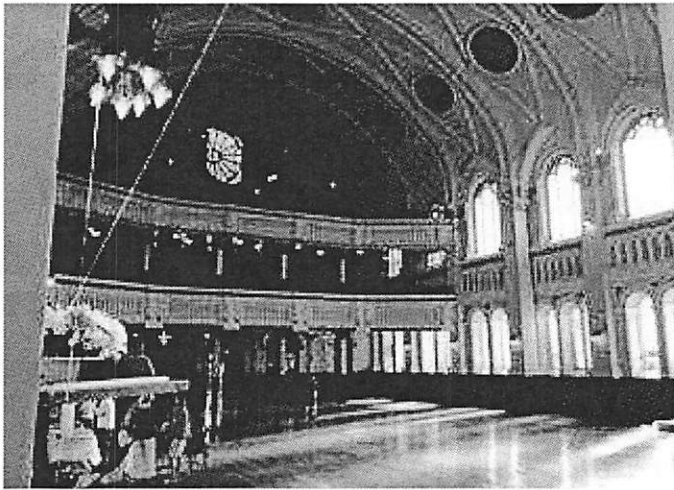
The following photographs were taken by John Kobuszewski of Lynn, Mass., and Susy Carnevale of Lowell, Mass., with their cellphones, and the images were sent by e-mail to your reporter. The photos and the captions should give the reader a sense of the size of once beautiful interior of the former St. Jean Baptiste Church in Lowell.



*St. Jean-Baptiste Church,  
Lowell, MA*

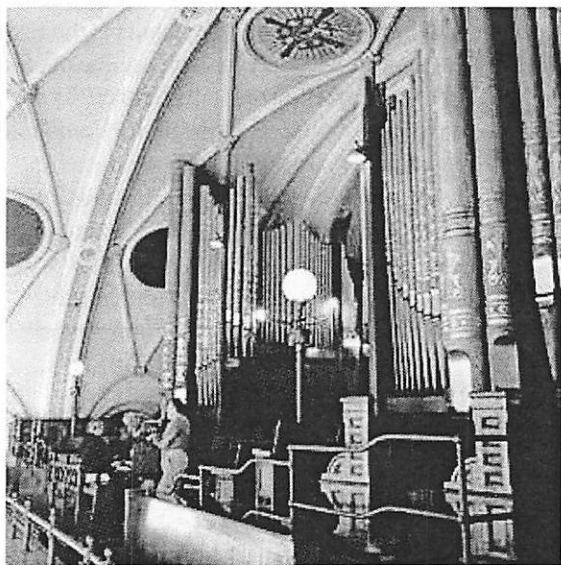
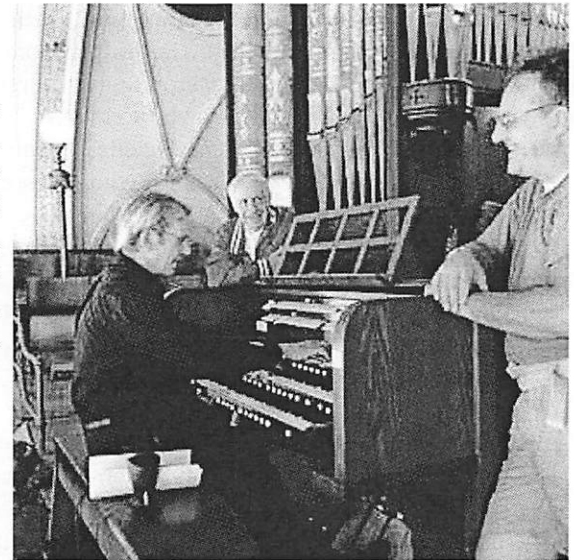
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(A Photo Tour of the Former St-Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell, Massachusetts continued from page 35)



John Kobuszewski captured an image that truly shows that all the large stained-glass windows were removed from the church, and that the rose window has remained in the church. In the photo on the right are some people, where there were tables that had a photo display of the former parish, as well as information about Franco-American Week, and travel brochures for the Province of Quebec. One table had information about St. Joseph's Shrine in Lowell, which is linked historically to the Parish of St. Jean Baptiste in Lowell, and copies of a DVD were sold at the table, entitled St. Joseph the Worker Shrine 1956-2016 produced by the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

Although the schedule for Franco-American Week gave the impression that there were formal, guided tours of the former church, the tours were self-guided. So, D. Michel Michaud, Roger Lacerte, John Kobuszewski, and your reporter decided to go to the choir loft, and examine the organ, an idea that originated with Michel Michaud. On the spur of the moment, John Kobuszewski decided to take a photo, and told Michel sit at the organ. Hence, he pretended to play the organ, which was not connected to the pipes, and there was no electricity connected to the organ. Roger Lacerte is seen in the blue jacket, and your reporter is standing on the right, in an olive drab shirt, and khaki shorts.



A few minutes later, John Kobuszewski decided to take another photo, but further away from the organ. In the later photo, the viewer gets a sense of how large the organ truly is, for your reporter is five feet, eleven inches, yet dwarfed by the organ pipes. The seating capacity of the choir loft was greater than 150 persons, for on Sun. Feb. 28, 1915, when the church was rededicated, the organist Louis Napoleon Guilbault sat at the very same organ, and conducted the parish choir of 150 voices for the Mass of St. Cecilia that was composed by Charles Gounod in 1855. Rev. Richard Santerre wrote about the event on pages 177-8 in his parish history, entitled: Saint Jean Baptiste Parish and the Franco-Americans of Lowell, Massachusetts 1868-1968: With an epilogue "From the Centennial to the Present," (2013).

Soon, a friend of Roger Lacerte joined the party in the choir loft, Susy Carnevale, and she took the next photo with her cellphone, where the backs of the heads of John Kobuszewski and Michel Michaud can be seen on the left, which also gives a sense of the length of the pipes. Notice the ornamental paint on the pipes, and beautiful woodwork. Michel Michaud, who is the organist at St. Joseph Church in Lynn, Mass., told your reporter that the pipes are simply operated by wind, and if one were to remove a pipe from the hooks on the wall, and blow through it, it would make the same pitch as if it were blown by the organ system.

(Continued on page 43)

# A Preliminary Study Toward Determining the Utility of Reentry Programming for the Maine Department of Corrections

*by Jeffrey LaGasse*

The Council of State Governments Justice Center recently observed that “today, there is widespread agreement that [state] government has a responsibility to ensure that when people are released to the community from jail or prison, they are less likely to reoffend than they were at the start of their sentence” (“Making People’s Transition,” 2017). The National Reentry Resource Center (NRCC) of the U.S. Department of Justice’s Bureau of Justice Assistance notes that efforts to reduce recidivism need to be grounded in the ability to accurately and consistently collect and analyze corrections data (“Reducing Recidivism,” 2017), so that states are well-positioned to respond quickly and effectively to recidivism trends. But, according to staff at Maine’s Muskie School of Public Service, the Maine Statistical Analysis Center (MSAC) has never done comprehensive research on recidivism in the Maine Department of Corrections’ (DOC’s) adult offender population. According to MSAC’s Senior Research Associate George Shaler, “Future research is contingent on DOC’s interest and funding ability” (Shaler, 2017). The purpose of this study is to survey and evaluate various sources of reentry data to determine the efficacy of reentry in reducing recidivism, improving public safety, and saving taxpayer dollars by preparing offenders to be productive members of society. Preliminary reentry data gathered in this study may also help persuade the Maine DOC of (1) The urgent need for reliable baseline data and tracking of the recidivism rate in Maine, among several key outcomes metrics; and (2) The need for a feasibility study to determine whether reentry investments in Maine might yield significant benefits like those reported in other states.

## **Description of Current Situation & Identification of Need**

The vast majority of offenders sentenced in Maine will eventually undergo the process of reentry into society. The central issue is whether or not they will be prepared to do so successfully. Many citizens believe

that incarceration is a vital tool to support public safety. But when incarceration is used mostly to warehouse offenders, public safety will ultimately be deleteriously affected, because many of these offenders leave prison ill-prepared and impoverished. Criminal behavior often results, as suggested in a 2014 Bangor Daily News article in which Maine Coastal Regional Reentry Center (MCRRC) Program Manager Jerome Weiner stated that 70 percent of released prisoners from Maine’s prisons return to prison within three years (Curtis, 2014). A 2015 MCRRC study notes that two-thirds of recidivists fail within their first year of release (Story and

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*To date, all states that have implemented reentry programs have succeeded to various degrees in improving public safety through reduced recidivism.*

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Gallant, 2015). Maine Department of Corrections (MDOC) Associate Commissioner Ryan Thornell has stated that the MDOC releases approximately 1200 prisoners per year (Thornell, 2017). Using these figures, we can expect that within three years, about 840 of the individuals released from prison across the state will re-offend—creating victims, burdening the court system and costing Maine taxpayers an average of \$45,000 per year for every year of incarceration (Curtis, 2014). And of these 840 recidivists, about 560 of them reoffended within the first year. The benefits of improved reentry are clear, but what reentry programming and services work?

To date, all states that have implemented reentry programs have succeeded to various degrees in improving public safety through reduced recidivism. Nationally, reentry programs are achieving favorable results in providing preparation for successful reintegration to the benefit of offenders and their communities. For instance:

- The Texas Department of Corrections Justice implemented a large-scale reentry program in 2011. The department’s current director, Bryan Collier, recently described how “[r]ather than build[ing] new prisons,” the “state chose to invest in treatment and diversion alternatives.” To date, “These investments have helped to reduce technical revocations from parole and probation and have provided additional treatment capacity, resulting in a reduction of our prison population by 10,000 people. These approaches – along with others – continue to pay dividends: We have closed four prisons since 2011 and plan to close four more this summer [2017]” (“Reducing Recidivism,” 2017).

- Rick Raemisch, Executive Director of the Colorado DOC, which has seen re-incarceration rates for new crimes drop by 23 percent between 2006 and 2015, states that “Public safety is a fundamental responsibility of government.... In Colorado, we recognize that reducing recidivism is an essential part of our broader efforts to keep communities safe” (Reducing Recidivism, 2017).

- In Georgia, the violent crime rate has declined by 21 percent in the past 12 years. Georgia’s Supreme Court Justice Michael Boggs says, “Georgia’s approach to running its criminal justice system is becoming more driven by where the data and research points us. We’re focused on tracking and driving down our recidivism rate.... The results have been a safer state, fewer people in prison, and reduced costs to taxpayers” (Reducing Recidivism, 2017).

- Michigan now enjoys a 20 percent decline in its three year recidivism rate. Heidi Washington, the Director of Corrections, says, “Thanks to our focus on offender success, we improved and expanded job training and education programs for people in prison while giving them the support services they need in the community to ensure a safe transition and long-term self-sufficiency” (Reducing Recidivism, 2017).

*(Continued on page 38)*



*(A Preliminary Study Toward Determining the Utility of Reentry Programming for the Maine Department of Corrections continued from page 37)*

• Currently, the Virginia DOC enjoys the second lowest recidivism rate in the nation among 38 states that measure recidivism similarly. Thousands of corrections professionals have been trained to support positive and compassionate change for those in their care. The Virginia DOC believes that it is only through successful reentry that true public safety is realized (Richeson, 2014).

The utility of such programs is clear, not only for improving public safety, but also in assisting Departments of Corrections meet fiscal obligations to taxpayers. Evidence continues to build that well-structured reentry programs are effective tools in reducing recidivism, improving public safety and reducing victimization, while freeing up taxpayer dollars.

Within Maine, several promising small-scale reentry programs have been piloted. The Cumberland County Sheriff's Department's "Project Reentry" was a two-year pilot program launched in 2014 with grant funding through the Department of Justice Second Chance Act. Project Reentry assisted adult offenders with co-occurring substance abuse and mental health disorders (Project Reentry, 2014). The goal of the program was to reduce recidivism rates in offenders with co-occurring disorders by offering integrated and need-matched treatment. The two-year project provided programming at the jail, enrolling participants in evidence-based programs, such as peer support and mentoring services. Project Reentry's unique design provided case management targeted to individual offenders. It also included a multi-provider, in-jail treatment program to create continuity of services, to ease reentry shock. Cognitive Behavioral Therapy began at the jail and continued when offenders were released. Participants experienced up to 300 hours of CBT and were supported by a wealth of community services, including substance abuse and mental health treatment, domestic violence support, NA and AA, vocational services and pharmacological medication services. The Sheriff's Department collaborated with no fewer than seven community organizations in effectively providing necessary services (Project Reentry, 2014).

A second pilot reentry program of note is the Maine Coastal Regional Reentry Center (MCRRC).

In January of 2010, the MCRRC opened its doors in Belfast to accept prisoners for reentry programming who were deemed "high risk" for recidivism (Restorative Justice Project, Community Reentry Program, 2015). In 2015 Scott Story and Cheryl Gallant of the Waldo County Sheriff's Office published *Breaking the Cycle: Reducing Recidivism through Risk Reduction*, a five-year study to determine MCRRC's program effectiveness. While noting that the MCRRC sample is small (only 32 slots for residents are available for this program and over the range of the five-year study, just 126 participants contributed data to the recidivism analysis), the study concluded that the overall recidivism rate for residents who successfully completed the program is 31 percent, and that "the beneficial impact of providing treatments, services, and interventions within a correctional setting actually extends beyond the correctional environment and into the communities that are served, contributing to increased public safety and reduced recidivism, which outweighs the associated costs" (Story and Gallant, 2015).

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*Within Maine, several promising small-scale reentry programs have been piloted.*

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Being the only adult (male) reentry program in Maine with over seven years of operation, MCRRC is a model for studying the utility of expanding reentry services throughout the Maine Department of Corrections (DOC). The Maine DOC is in the enviable position of having the resources and experience to provide reentry services for an individual's entire period of incarceration, and to potentially offer support services for years post-release through its Probation and Parole Department. If the Maine DOC successfully scaled and implemented a reentry programming on the MCRRC model, then, realizing comparable results, only approximately 375 offenders released annually would likely reoffend over a three-year period, as compared to the current 840. At \$45,000 per person per year, initial savings to taxpayers would tally \$21 million dollars.

Significantly, whether a crime is committed or a technical probation violation occurs, victims are often created in the

offender's own family. The absence of a loved one to prison imposes unimaginable burdens on the people who rely on them. So, for every prisoner that the DOC successfully reintegrates into society through effective reentry programming, there is at least one less victim.

Furthermore, the 2015 study of the MCRCC estimates that a comprehensive reentry program might reduce overall recidivism in adult male prisoners in Maine by 55 percent (Story and Gallant, 2015). Dropping the current estimated rate of recidivism of 70% by more than half would free up additional millions of dollars that could be reallocated to implement a reentry program, which in turn would compound savings. Conceivably, in the long term, well-structured, comprehensive reentry programs could reverse the 25 percent increase in prison population that Maine experienced in the past 25 years. Like Texas, Maine could eventually close instead of build prisons. This scenario supports the proposed utility of well-structured reentry programming and lends urgency to the need to determine to what degree expanding reentry statewide is warranted.

#### ***Reentry Defined & Described in Detail***

The United States Congressional Research Service (CRS), a division of the Library of Congress, provides research services for the U.S. Senate and the House of Representatives. In a 2015 abstract prepared for members of Congress, the CRS defines reentry as "all activities and programming conducted to prepare offenders to return safely to the community and to live as law abiding citizens" (James, 2015). The CRS further defines reentry as three-phase programming that ideally begins as soon as an offender is sentenced to a Department of Corrections (James, 2015). The first phase occurs in the prison setting and, to be most effective, should include elements that lay a foundation upon which community reentry programs can build. The second phase begins when participants transition to the community, and the third phase provides support services and aftercare once the program is completed, reducing the likelihood of failure. In detail:

#### ***Phase One Reentry Programs***

Impact of Crime Program: These classes are important to laying a foundation to reentry because they educate offenders to understand the impact of crime on victims, (Continued on page 39)



(A Preliminary Study Toward Determining the Utility of Reentry Programming for the Maine Department of Corrections continued from page 38)

communities and family members. These classes also provide a forum for victims to express their feelings directly to the offenders who caused them harm.

**Restorative Justice:** Restorative Justice works together with communities and offenders to bring to bear restorative practices to help resolve conflict, via conversations, conflict mediation and community building efforts, to increase peace and reduce disconnection in a community. Facilitated conversations ask and answer the following questions: Who has been harmed? How have they been harmed? What needs did that create? How can things be set right again?

**Cognitive Behavioral Therapy (CBT):** CBT programs should be available in all phases of reentry. Unprepared offenders are the ones who routinely recidivate, and are typically victims of their own thinking. CBT can lead offenders out of the trap of self-defeating criminal thinking, to change the way they perceive themselves and others. Jack Bush, a co-developer of the CBT program, *Thinking for a Change*, describes how, five years after the Red Onion Supermax in Virginia, a place reserved for the most difficult offenders first turned to CBT and began providing an array of cognitive treatment programs, Red Onion's administration saw a 78 percent reduction in incidence reports, a 91 percent reduction in offender grievances and a 68 percent reduction in the use of solitary confinement, strong evidence that even a Supermax can successfully lead offenders toward reentry and a law-abiding life in the community. Also, Canadian researchers have recently established that cognitive behavioral therapy programs, when administered professionally at high standards, can reduce recidivism by 25 to 35 percent (Bush, 2016). The Maine State Prison currently provides *Thinking for a Change* classes. These CBT classes are taught by caseworkers, for offenders. The courses are about 30 hours long. By comparison, at the Cumberland County Jail, offenders with co-occurring mental and substance abuse disorders participating in Project Reentry were exposed to 300 hours of CBT (Project Reentry, 2014). Since offenders at Maine State Prison are usually sentenced to more time than county jail prisoners, longer exposure to CBT programs could yield even better results.

**Mental Health Issues and Remediation:** The National Reentry Resource Center (NRRC) reports that 17 percent of people admitted to jails and prisons in the United States are diagnosed as mentally ill, and that the incidence of serious mental illness is two to four times higher among prisoners than it is in the free world. Research tabulated in 2010 by the National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse at Columbia University (CASA Columbia) found that nearly one-third of U.S. offenders have a mental health disorder. A quarter of offenders with mental health problems have had three or more prior incarcerations, a substantially higher recidivism rate than that of offenders without mental health issues (Behind Bars II, p.26). Over 70 percent of offenders with serious mental illness have a substance abuse disorder, increasing the likelihood of reentry failures (NRRC, 2016). Co-occurrence of mental health and substance abuse disorders suggests that DOC resources should be concentrated in this area to resolve this prevalent problem—just how prevalent is to be determined by future research, to provide quantitative metrics for evaluating a well-structured reentry program.

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*Cognitive Behavioral Therapy (CBT): CBT programs should be available in all phases of reentry.*

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**Substance Abuse Issues and Remediation:** In 2010, after analyzing data from 11 federal sources and after having reviewed nearly 650 articles and publications regarding substance abuse in America's prison population, CASA Columbia reported that more than 80 percent of crimes committed by offenders involved either alcohol or illicit drugs, or both; that only 11 percent of offenders receive any substance abuse treatment during their incarceration; and that over a five-year period about 80 percent of offenders recidivate. The CASA Columbia report concluded that if all eligible offenders received comprehensive substance abuse treatment and aftercare, the investment would break even in a year if just over ten percent of treated offenders, when released, remained substance free, crime free and employed (Behind Bars II, 2010). The State of Maine has been hit particularly hard by

the nation's opioid epidemic. Anecdotal evidence suggests that residential treatment centers simply cannot cope with the increase in demand for substance abuse treatment. Bed space is at a premium and waiting lists are long. Maine's prisons do not have that problem, as there is a bunk for every addict—what is needed is the treatment.

**Vocational Training:** According to a National Reentry Resource Center fact sheet, a large three-state recidivism study found that less than half of released offenders secured a job upon release (NRRC, 2016). In 2015 Governor Rick Snyder of Michigan specifically called for better vocational training in prisons to target the needs of Michigan employers ("A Special Message," 2015), recognizing that quality vocational training is a vital element in preparing offenders for successful reentry. Models for successful vocational training during incarceration exist. In Washington State, the DOC established an Offender Workforce Development program, dedicated solely to preparing offenders for post-release employment by partnering with the business community to prepare offenders to meet the specific needs of employers, and where offenders work toward earning Certificates of Proficiency, documenting skills acquisition and helping career centers place certificate holders in appropriate jobs upon release (Banning, 2016). California has sanctioned the state's vocational institutes to partner with DOC administrators to provide training to offenders.

**Gainful Employment While Incarcerated:** The National Reentry Resource Center, in collaboration with the Urban Institute, after collating research from many sources, reports that "a majority of the research found that offenders who participated in prison industries have lower rates of recidivism" (James, 2016). When offenders can collect regular checks, they can assist their families financially, pay for the phone calls to help maintain strong family contacts and most importantly, save sufficient funds to purchase or secure what they need upon release, such as a reliable vehicle, an apartment or the resources and support to obtain a job. From the time the new Maine State Prison in Warren opened in February of 2002, it has maintained an unemployment rate of around 75 percent. Under current management, gainful employment is slowly increasing.

**Hi-Set Program:** These programs provide the degree needed for transitioning (Continued on page 40)

*(A Preliminary Study Toward Determining the Utility of Reentry Programming for the Maine Department of Corrections continued from page 39)*

to higher education, including vocational training. According to the National Reentry Resource Center, two in five offenders lack a high school diploma or its equivalent. Maine State Prison in particular is making strides in educating offenders who lack high school diplomas. In the three years since the Hi-Set program's inception, 71 students have achieved certification, an improvement over prior years, but still representing a fraction of the men needing certification.

**College Program:** A 2013 RAND Corporation Study showed that participation in higher education (including vocational training) results in a reduction in recidivism of over 40 percent. The same study claims that for every dollar invested in higher education, taxpayers can expect a return on investment of between \$4 and \$5 (Chen, 2015). A June 2017 Prison Legal News article reprinted from The Wall Street Journal states that a study revealed that only two percent of New York State prisoners who earned college degrees prior to release returned to prison with new felony charges, results so impressive that in June of 2016, the Manhattan District Attorney's Office agreed to allocate \$7.5 million in bank forfeiture funds to college programs in state prisons (New York, 2017). Currently at Maine State Prison, about 3.5 percent of the prison population is enrolled in a college program administered by the University of Maine at Augusta. It should be noted that since the inception of the college program about ten years ago, the majority of higher education costs were borne by the Sunshine Lady Foundation. As of 2016, federal Second Chance Pell Grants have also supported prison pilot programs, including at the Maine State Prison.

#### ***Phase Two Reentry Programs***

**Certificates of Employability:** Over one-third of states across the country have instituted Certificates of Employability (COA) to assist offenders in securing employment upon release. The purpose of a COA is to provide the offender the documentation needed to show employers that he or she successfully participated in rehabilitation programs. In some states, Superior Courts issue COAs after evaluating an applicant's rehabilitative efforts; in other states, the DOC itself issues the certificates, subject to conditions such as the prisoner successfully completing a career

and technical education course, receiving no major write-ups for misconduct in the some period prior to release or no more than three minor write-ups in the same time period, and scoring well in a national network readiness certification program or alternative job skills assessment (e.g. Michigan Act 359 of 2014).

**Housing:** Housing is a fundamental necessity for ex-offenders reentering society. But the stigma of a criminal record often interferes with an ex-offender's ability to secure a place to live. E.g., in a 2007 survey of over 600 rental property owners in Akron, Ohio, two-thirds said they would not rent to a person with a criminal record (Clark, L.M., 2007). Such obstacles for ex-offenders reveal the need for community transitional housing.

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### *Certificates of Employability: Over one-third of states across the country have instituted Certificates of Employability (COA) to assist offenders in securing employment upon release.*

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**Mentoring Programs:** Mentoring Programs are crucial in assisting ex-offenders with reentry challenges. Experienced citizens can help individuals lacking job experience shape their attitudes and workplace behaviors to increase their chances in getting and keeping a job. They can also help ex-offenders with job applications and interviews, while providing tips on how to dress and communicate in the work environment. Well established community members can also be a link to a broad array of support services, including child care referrals, legal assistance, housing placement, substance abuse treatment, medical and mental health services, domestic violence counseling, parenting skills and other services. Mentors can be particularly useful in helping ex-offenders adjust to the many technological challenges that pervade modern society. A caring citizen can assist an ex-offender to successfully reintegrate into society or simply be available to listen with a sympathetic ear. Most importantly, mentor support can have a positive impact on reentry, by providing an ex-offender someone to turn to for help, instead of possibly turning to crime.

**Family Support Programs:** In Novem-

ber 2013, the New York Housing Authority launched the Family Pilot Reentry Program with the goal of reunifying formerly incarcerated individuals with their families. The Vera Institute of Justice, working with the Housing Authority to analyze results, found that reuniting ex-offenders with family provided stability in securing housing and employment, yielding lower recidivism rates than in cohorts who did not participate in family reunification programs ("Coming Home," 2016).

**Life Skills Program:** This program prepares offenders to tap into community resources in Phases Two and Three. Program components include setting and achieving reasonable goals, identifying social boundaries, nurturing family relationships, and communicating effectively. Life skills programs teach offenders how to fill out job applications, create resumes, cover letters, thank-you notes, etc., and concomitant job interview skills, appropriate work dress and behavior and how to achieve good employment results with a felony record. Life skills programs also teach participants how to avail themselves of community resources, including mastering banking services, establishing credit, dealing with probation, shopping, taxes, transportation and even volunteerism. Life skills provides basic knowledge to offenders in an effort to reduce recidivism by helping with successful reentry.

#### ***Phase Three Reentry Programs:***

Phase Three programs provide support and aftercare designed to assist ex-offenders permanently reintegrate into their communities. To avoid or reduce the chances of relapse, Phase Three programming includes attendance at Alcoholics or Narcotics Anonymous meetings, and/or out-patient CBT therapy, if deemed necessary for successful reentry. Other ongoing mental health counseling services are to be provided, with an emphasis on pharmacological services, when necessary. Assistance to ex-offenders for obtaining medical insurance is crucial, either through employers or Medicaid, to dramatically help address healthcare issues compounded by the prison experience. Opportunities for continued volunteerism should be provided and encouraged, to help ex-offenders become valued and integral members of their communities. Phase Three aftercare also includes continuing relationships with mentors. Mentors can help ex-offenders find and secure permanent housing, connect with other existing com-

*(Continued on page 41)*

*(A Preliminary Study Toward Determining the Utility of Reentry Programming for the Maine Department of Corrections continued from page 40)*

munity resources to increase the likelihood of successful reentry, and maintain open dialogue with employers and career centers, assuring the best possible outcomes on the job and in the community.

#### ***Suggested Program Participation Guidelines***

In a well-structured reentry program implemented statewide by the Maine Department of Corrections (DOC), case-workers evaluate each individual at the beginning of his/her sentence and identify the behaviors bringing the person to prison. Assessment tools such as the Level of Service Inventory-Revised (LSI-R) identify the risk levels for recidivism in new arrivals. Programs are then specifically tailored to reduce those risks. Once triggers to criminality are identified, individuals are required to participate in evidence-based programs to help them understand why the criminal behaviors exist and how to prevent them. Cognitive Behavioral Therapy is provided throughout the duration of an individual's sentence. Enrollment is also required in relevant classes addressing substance abuse problems, sexual deviancy, domestic violence, parenting issues, etc. (It should be noted here that, at Maine State Prison (MSP), two offenders graduated from its college program with certification in substance abuse treatment. They now serve as recovery coaches, to good effect. Men who have experienced addiction are often best suited to help other addicts meet the challenges raised by substance abuse. Recognizing that therapeutic communities provide the best results for recovering addicts, these recovery coaches have proposed to the DOC that MSP be re-established as a recovery community. Recent meetings between the recovery coaches and prison staff are paving the way to creating the MSP's first recovery living area.) To participate in reentry programs, individuals must maintain excellent institutional work and behavior records.

Prerequisite to participating in reintegration processes, initial reentry programming provides a solid foundation upon which offenders can build. By identifying causes and impacts of criminality, as well as providing the means to divest themselves of criminal thinking, Restorative Justice and Impact of Crime programs create dialogue between victims and offenders and help

offenders recognize how their actions have affected communities and victims, with the goal of forming peaceful resolutions. On a case-by-case basis, individuals are encouraged to work with victims' rights organizations, to recognize the harm caused by their criminal behavior, to work diligently to correct that behavior, and, most importantly, to make amends with victims. Individuals are expected to participate in education by completing the Hi-Set program to earn a high school equivalency diploma, and continuing their education through college programs or vocational training when available. (Note: Using existing prison infrastructure at MSP, offenders could currently provide, assist in providing or participate in evening vocational training in such fields as electrical, culinary arts, plumbing, woodworking (carpentry), upholstery, welding, computer programming (coding), greenhousing, landscaping, farming, recycling, masonry, etc. Also, the DOC might pursue partnership with the Department of Education's Career and Technical Education program to provide increased vocational-technical training.)

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#### ***Assessment tools such as the Level of Service Inventory-Revised (LSI-R) identify the risk levels for recidivism in new arrivals.***

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Once an individual has met criteria to be a participant in reentry programming, the reintegration process begins. Participants transition to minimum-security status upon meeting eligibility requirements with a well-developed community reentry plan proposal. Reentry plan proposals require participants to provide a place of employment, housing, and other community resources based on need. Prior to reentry into the community, program participants are assigned a case manager through Probation and Parole. Working with the case manager, the participant meets with all relevant human resources, including family, potential employers and landlords. When a participant's reentry plan proposal has been firmly established and all required support resources confirmed, he or she becomes eligible for reentry into the community. Participants are expected to attend support programs in the community to develop successful life skills and avoid criminal behavior. Participants

are also expected to perform a minimum of five hours of community service per week, depending on age and medical factors, and maintain excellent work and behavior evaluations throughout the duration of program participation. Evaluation and supervision of participants are conducted by the DOC Probation and Parole until and possibly beyond completion of sentence.

#### ***Funding Sources for Start-Up Reentry Programs***

In April of 2008, the federal Second Chance Act (P.L. 100-199) was passed into law. This act provides grants in several areas that qualify as reentry programming, funding both DOC and community based programs within three-phase reentry as defined by the Congressional Research Service (Jams, 2015). The act requires corrections applicants to create a comprehensive reentry plan with the goal of reducing recidivism by 50 percent over a five year period, a challenge that our DOC is capable of meeting.

In 2015 the US Department of Justice announced 78 new Second Chance Act grantees. Among the new awards were five \$3 million Statewide Recidivism grants awarded to Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Vermont (Dept. of Justice, 2015). As of 2017, 20 states are recipients of the grant program in which state corrections agencies develop strategic plans to reduce statewide recidivism rates. The states with the strongest plans are chosen to receive funding to execute those plans. Maine is fully capable to compete for Second Chance Act funding to establish a well-structured reentry program designed to improve public safety.

The Second Chance Act is not the only source of grant money available for reentry programs. The National Adult and Juvenile Offenders Reentry Resource Center provides grants to organizations that educate, train, and provide technical assistance to states to disseminate information and best practices in offender reentry (James, 2015). The Congressional Research Service lists numerous federal grant sources to assist reentry providers with substance abuse and mental health treatment, job training, education, mentoring programs, housing services and reentry research (James, 2015).

#### ***Recommendations for Next Steps***

- The Criminal Justice and Public Safety (CJPS) Committee of the Maine Legislature should commission criminology experts at the Muskie School of Public Ser-

*(Continued on page 42)*

(A Preliminary Study Toward Determining the Utility of Reentry Programming for the Maine Department of Corrections continued from page 41)

vice's Maine Statistical Analysis Center to work with the DOC to track recidivism rates in order to establish an accurate benchmark.

- The CJPS Committee and the Department of Corrections (DOC) should consider sanctioning a feasibility study by experts outside of the DOC to ascertain the merits and benefits of implementing a comprehensive statewide reentry program.

- Anticipating positive results of the feasibility study, the CJPS committee should create an independent Reentry Council with the purpose of harnessing federal, state and community resources to provide relevant research and support to assist the DOC in implementing reentry to make Maine communities safer. The Reentry Council would assist the DOC in realizing its obligation to Maine taxpayers by helping the department transform offenders into law-abiding, productive citizens.

- The Reentry Council should be authorized to assist prison administrators in continuing to transform prison culture, helping managers embrace and promote progressive changes that are yielding positive results across the country. Oversight by the Reentry Council would assist the DOC in initiating needed changes in institutional culture, to achieve the best possible reentry outcomes by developing a correctional workforce that understands, embraces, and applies the latest reentry research to improve public safety through reduced recidivism.

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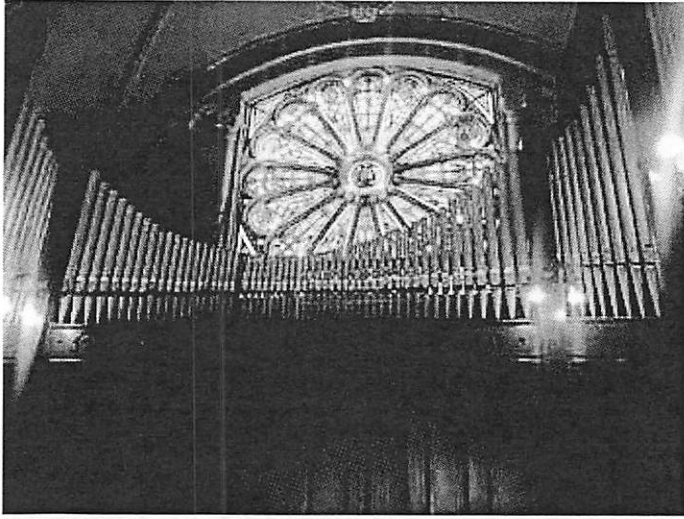
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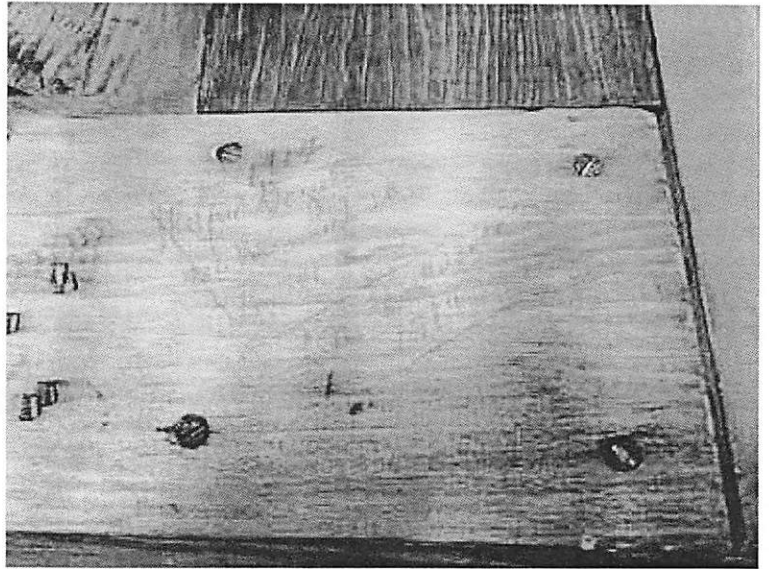
**24 HOUR FIRE &  
WATER RESTORATION**



(A Photo Tour of the Former St-Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell, Massachusetts continued from page 35)



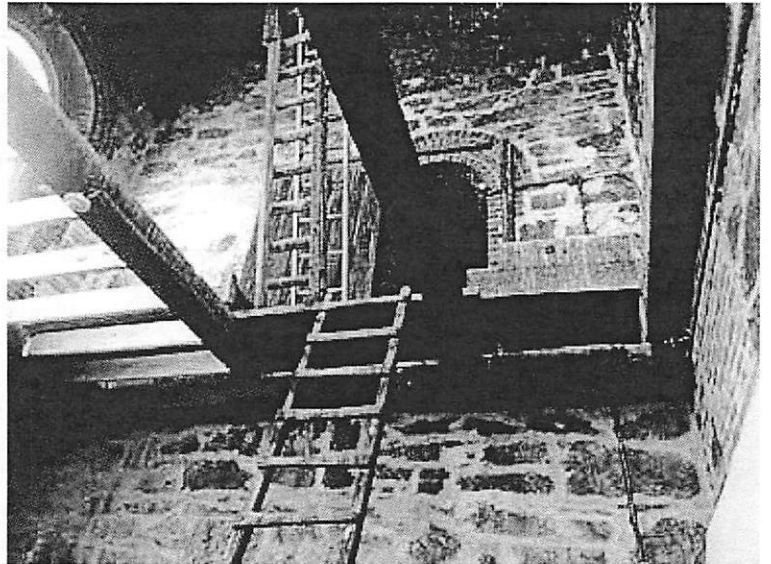
Susy Carnevale took a photo of the smaller pipes in the choir loft, which also has an image of the rose window, and the carving in the woodwork "Ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam," which is Latin for: "For the greater glory of God." Notice in the rose window that there is a mixture of Classical and Christian symbols, the Greek lyre symbolizing music, with motifs of the Cross, and images of the fleur-de-lys.



Susy Carnevale found some graffiti written by Louis Napoleon Guilbault in 1914, on the woodwork among the organ pipes in a hidden area where only the organist and repairmen would go for maintenance on the organ system. Notice the first name appears as "Wilfrid Degiel, [unclear number] Merrimack St. Lowell, Mass." Then there is a line, and the abbreviated name "L.N. Guilbault 1914." Louis Napoleon Guilbault was the organist at St. Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell from 1912 to 1920.

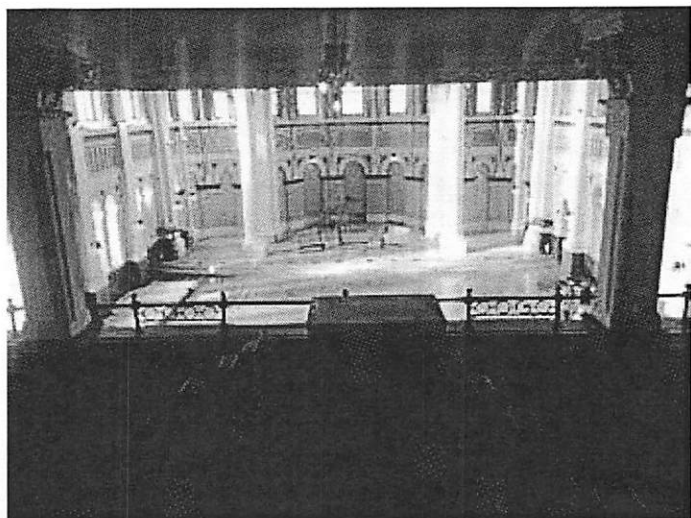


Susy Carnevale took a photo of Roger Lacerte on a ladder that leads to the upper reaches of the bell tower. He did not go any further than shown in the photo, but in the next photo, the viewer can see the network of ladders that truly leads to the upper reaches of the bell tower.



Susy Carnevale took the photo of the network of ladders in the bell tower. Michel Michaud joked that it looked like a scene from the classic film from 1939, *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame*, starring Charles Laughton as Quasimodo.

(Continued on page 44)

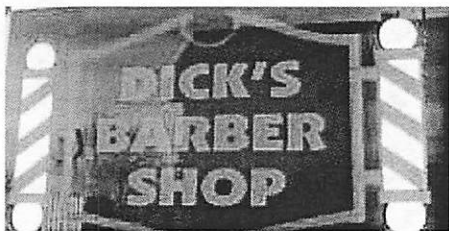


Susy Carnevale took a photo of the former sanctuary of the church, from the second level of pews in the balcony, one floor below the choir loft and the organ. Where the six wooden benches are in the photo, was once the location of the freestanding altar, which came into use with the Novus Ordo Rite of the Mass. Notice there is a staircase railing at the back of the sanctuary, which was likely in back of the old, pre-Vatican Two altar. The said staircase leads to the sacristy, which is in the basement of the church.



Susy Carnevale took a photo of the pews in the second level balcony, one floor below the choir loft. In the photo, the viewer has an idea how the pews looked in the church, as well as part of a stained-glass window in the background.

After the former St. Jean-Baptiste Church was closed to the public for the day, Albert Marceau, Michel Michaud and Roger Lacerte ate at a nearby diner, Brothers Pizza on 688 Merrimack Street in Lowell. The diner has the most ordinary decorations, but good food. John Kobuszewski took the photo of the three, while they stood in the doorway of the diner, and so, closes the photo tour of the former St. Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell.



Dick was born and brought up on a farm in Cyr Plantation, in Northern, Maine, and was the second youngest of 14 kids. When Dick was in high school, he decided he wanted to go to Barber School, because he had 3 older Brothers and it would be a while before he could get his own place. So when he graduated in 1958, he was 17 years old and went to barber school for 9 months in Lewiston. After Dick graduated from barber school he went to go work for this barber who was sick in our home town of Van Buren. Then he opened up his own Barber Shop in Lewiston where he was a barber for 15 years. Then in 1988 Dick moved down to Orono and bought a barbershop where he is currently barbering to this day, at the

age of 77. Next May he will be celebrating **60 years** of barbering! He finds pleasure in meeting people, being with people and satisfying people so that they will come back. His enjoyment is being with his family, traveling and working outdoors in his flower gardens.

**6 Mill St Ste 3,  
Orono, Maine 04473  
Phone: (207) 866-7510  
Open:  
6:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.**

# The Gélinas family: Pioneers of Yamachiche

by Robert Bérubé

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/>

When I was about 10 years old, my paternal grandmother, Lucienda Fréchette, talked to me about her ancestors who grew up on the shores of the Saint-Lawrence River. I listened to her stories and once she mentioned the village of Yamachiche. I had found that name very strange and that name remained in my memories. Imagine my surprise when several years later, I discovered that some of the pioneers were my grandmother's ancestors.

Jean Gélinas son of Étienne Gélinas (Gelineau) and Huguette Robert was born around 1646, in Saint-Eutrope, in Char-ente-Maritime. He arrived in New France around 1658 with his father Étienne Gélinas.

On October 17, 1667, he married Françoise Charsmesnil, in Cap-de-la-Madeleine. She is the daughter of Robert Charsmesnil and Marie Denise.

Even if their lives deserve to be talked about, I do not want to talk about Jean, Françoise, or their parents, but rather about three of their sons!

Jean Gélinas and Françoise are the parents of the following children:

Name	Birth	Marriage	Death	Spouse
Étienne 2 Gélinas	1668 Cap-de-la-Madeleine	8 november 1701 Trois-Rivières	26 september 1720 Trois-Rivières	Marguerite Benoit Laforest
Jean Baptiste Bellemare	1670	8 november 1700 Île d'Orléans	8, 9 march 1746 Yamachiche	Jeanne Boissonneau St-Onge
Benjamin	1672		1681	
Pierre Lacourse	1674	2 june 1704 Cap-de-la-Madeleine	11 may 1731 Yamachiche	Madeleine Bourbeau
Françoise	1676		1681	
Anne	12 september 1678 Trois-Rivières	21 january 1702 Trois-Rivières	After 1714	Pierre Rocheleau Morisseau
Marguerite	19 july 1683 Trois-Rivières	1 september 1707 Trois-Rivières	Between 1728 and 1740	Pierre Dureau Potvin

I speak of these three men and their wives because the six are my ancestors, the six are the first pioneers of Yamachiche and the six left descendants with different names!

The custom of this family and neighbors at that time was that the eldest son bore the surname of his father, and the other sons chose a different name, and added it to the surname. Over time these "dit-names" replaced the patronymic. The children of Étienne are Gélinas, those of Jean-Baptiste are Bellemare and those of Pierre are Lacourse! Families were numerous and this prevented confusion. Each son became the strain of a distinct and separate family. One must understand the rules regarding dispensations of marriage because the marriages between cousins become very complicated!

The wife of Étienne 2 Gélinas, Marguerite Benoit (Laforest) is the daughter of Gabriel Benoit and Marie Anne Guedon. She was born about 1679, in Cap-de-la-Madeleine. She is not the daughter of Pierre Benoit and Françoise Lamontagne as stated by some.

Étienne 2	1668 Cap-de-la-Madeleine	8 november 1701 Trois-Rivières	26 september 1720 Trois-Rivières	Marguerite Benoit Laforest
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Étienne 2 and Marguerite Benoit (Laforest) are parents of the following children:

Name	Birth	Marriage	Death	Spouse
Jean 2 Baptiste Gélinas	10 september 1702 Trois-Rivières		1 november 1702 Trois-Rivières	
Étienne 3 Gélinas	8 october 1704 Trois-Rivières	4 feb. 1737 Cap-de-la-Madeleine	11 june 1766 Yamachiche	Marie Josephe Crevier Bellerive
Pierre 2 Gélinas	19 september 1706 Trois-Rivières	14 jan. 1731 Yamachiche	7 décembre 1774 Yamachiche	Geneviève Carbonneau (Provençal)
Marie	14 september 1708 Trois-Rivières	26 november 1731 Yamachiche	14 april 1752 Yamachiche	Alexis Carbonneau (Provençal)
Josephe	10 october 1710 Yamachiche	5 feb. 1733 Rivière-du-Loup (Louisville)	25 feb. 1765 Yamachiche	François Grenier

(Continued on page 46)





(The Gélinas family: *Pioneers of Yamachiche* continued from page 45)

Joseph	10 october 1710 Yamachiche	5 feb. 1733 Rivière-du- Loup (Louiseville)	25 feb. 1765 Yamachiche	François Grenier
Françoise	7, 14 feb. 1713 Trois-Rivières		16, 17 aug. 1715 Rivière- du-Loup (Louiseville)	
Antoine	5 march 1715 Rivière-du- Loup (Louiseville)	23 november 1744 Yamachiche	21 november 1786 Yamachiche	Louise Lesieur Desaulniers
Alexis	15 may 1717 Rivière-du- Loup (Louiseville)	17 feb. 1744 Yamachiche	30 july 1752 Yamachiche	Catherine Lesieur Desaulniers
Françoise	1719	27 november 1741	10 feb. 1751 Maskinongé	Antoine Courchesne

Jeanne Boissonneau dit St-Onge, the wife of Jean-Baptiste Gélinas (Bellemare) is the daughter of Vincent Boissonneau (St-Onge) and Anne Colin. She was born on January 23, 1672, at Sainte Famille de l'Île-d'Orléans.

Jean Baptiste Bellemare	1670	8 november 1700 Île d'Orléans	8, 9 march 1746 Yamachiche	Jeanne Boissonneau St-Onge
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Jean-Baptiste and Jeanne Boissonneau are the parents of the following children:

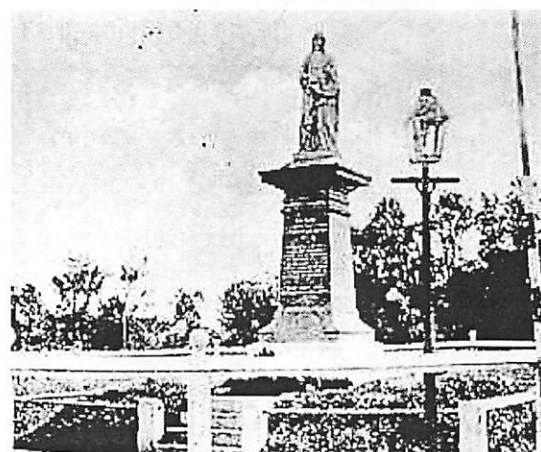
Name	Birth	Marriage	Death	Spouse
Maurice	31 aug. 1701 Trois-Rivières	11 october 1723 Trois- Rivières	30 april 1777 Yamachiche	Charlotte Bergeron
Pierre	15 november 1702 Trois- Rivières	17 jan. 1734 Yamachiche	18 july 1778 Yamachiche	Angélique Vacher Lacerte
Jean	3 march 1705 Trois-Rivières		3 september 1715 Rivière- du-Loup (Louiseville)	
Charles	17 jan. 1706 Trois-Rivières b 8 march 1706	29 july 1740 Rivière-du- Loup (Louiseville)	7 may 1778 Yamachiche	Anne Blais
Joseph	26 june 1708 Trois-Rivières		12 jan. 1791 Yamachiche	
Madeleine	20 may 1709 Trois-Rivières			
Étienne 4	16 jan. 1710 Trois-Rivières b 16	14 feb. 1735 Yamachiche	11, 12 jan. 1782 Yamachiche	Françoise Sévigny Lalieu
Marie Françoise	19 october 1711 b. 11 décembre 1711 Trois- Rivières	10 july 1747 Yamachiche	28 feb. 1789 Yamachiche	Alexis Vacher Lacerte
Jean-Baptiste	Before 1712	30 may 1746 Yamachiche	9 may 1798 Yamachiche	Françoise Lesieur Desaulniers
Charlotte	8 march 1714 Trois-Rivières			

As for their two sons Jean and Jean-Baptiste, some historians say that Jean married Françoise Lesieur Desaulniers which is false. He died unmarried and it was his brother Jean-Baptiste who married Françoise.

Also, some say that Françoise and Marie are twins. In reality, there is only one person Marie Françoise.



The wife of Pierre Gélinas dit La-course, Madeleine Bourbeau, was born around 1686 and is the daughter of Pierre Bourbeau and Marie Anne Besnard Bourjoly. Madeleine is the granddaughter of René Besnard Bourjoly, the sorcerer of Montréal whom I spoke about in: <https://robertberubeblog.wordpress.com/2017/03/23/1657-rene-besnard-dit-bourjoly-un-sorcier-dans-la-famille-a-sorcier-in-the-family/>



(Continued on page 47)

(The Gélinas family: Pioneers of Yamachiche continued from page 46)

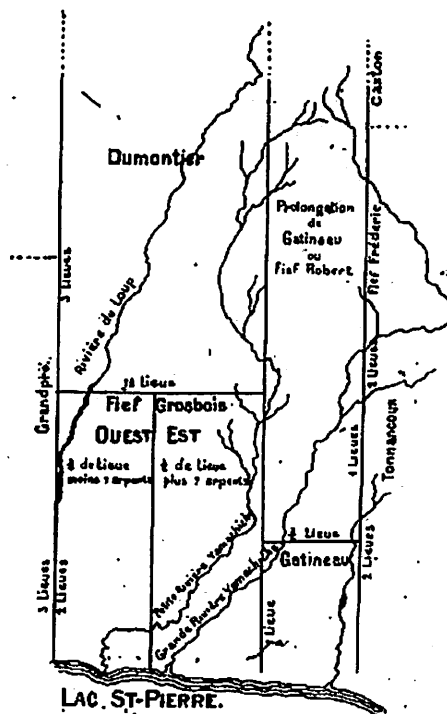
Pierre Lacourse	1674	2 june 1704 Cap-de-la- Madeleine	11 may 1731 Yamachiche	Madeleine Bourbeau
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Pierre Gélinas dit Lacourse and Madeleine Bourbeau are parents of the following:

Name	Birth	Marriage	Death	Spouse
Joseph	19 march 1707 Trois-Rivières			
Madeleine	1709	7 jan. 1736 Yamachiche	16 november 1794 Maskinongé	René Lemire Gonneville
Françoise	28 march 1711 Trois-Rivières			
Jacques	29 décembre 1712 Trois- Rivières	5 feb. 1743 Kaskaskia		Jeanne Bienvenue
Michel	30 avril 1715 Rivière-du- Loup (Louiseville)	7 jan. 1740 Yamachiche	Between 1755 and 1763	Anne Héroux
		4 feb. 1743 Île Dupas Berthier		Noëlle Carpentier
		18 june 1758 Berthier		Josephite Beaugrand
Alexis	2 june 1717 Trois-Rivières	2 november 1739	19 march 1792 Maskinongé	Marguerite Faucault Courchesne
Jean-Baptiste	22 november 1719 Trois- Rivières	7 jan. 1741 Yamachiche	14 may 1781 Yamachiche	Joseph Vacher Lacerte
Joseph	19 november 1721 Trois- Rivières	13 aug. 1743 Yamachiche	18 june 1772 Yamachiche	Joseph Lesieur Desaulniers
		7 november 1757 Yamachiche		Ignace Langlois

It is suspected that Joseph and Françoise Gélinas dit Lacourse died at an early age. However, we have no evidence to attest to this. What is certain is that when Madeleine Bourbeau died, Madeleine, the oldest was only thirteen and the baby Joseph was only a year old. This means that she was survived by six young children (perhaps eight). When Pierre Gélinas dit Lacourse died, the ages of the orphans varied between 22 and 9 years. (Maybe 24 years old, if Joseph was alive).

In 1672, Jean Talon officially granted Pierre Boucher, the Seigneurie de Grosbois, by an act of sale. In 1693, Pierre Boucher separated his 'fief' (land) by yielding Grosbois West to his son. On September 12, 1699, Pierre Boucher ceded the Gatineau land to his brother-in-law Nicolas Gatineau.



Pierre Gélinas dit Lacourse becomes an "engagé- ouest" on September 1, 1693. He had a second contract on May 25, 1695.

On August 4, 1701, the Treaty of the Great Peace of Montréal put an end to the wars between New France and 39 Amerindian nations. The establishment of new communities, trade and expeditions of discoveries could resume!

On July 8, 1702, Pierre Boucher sold to his nephews Charles Lesieur and Julien Lesieur the Grosbois Est property. According to N. Caron in his "Histoire de la Paroisse d'Yamachiche," the dimensions were "three quarters of a league and seven arpents in front, two leagues deep, to be taken at seven arpents above the Grande Rivière, the sum of eight hundred pounds, current currency".

1703: Arrival of Étienne Gélinas and Marguerite Benoît (Laforest), Jean-Baptiste Gélinas dit Bellemare and Jeanne Boissonneau (St-Onge) and their two babies Maurice and Pierre Bellemare and Pierre Gélinas! Pierre was still single. They are three brothers, two wives and two babies, who came from Cap-de-la-Madeleine. They are the first land clearers. Charles Lesieur arrived only a few months after them. Given that their brother Benjamin Gélinas died around 1681, he is not part of the group!

Some of the new settlers settled at two different locations, Petite Rivière and Grande Rivière. The Petite Rivière Range extends each side of the Petite Rivière Yamachiche. The first inhabitant of the Petite Rivière is Étienne Gélinas. He was far from the other inhabitants, and he had surrounded his house with a palisade of cedar piles, probably to protect himself against the Iroquois whom he still feared, according to some historians. According to Caron: "This first house was twenty-five feet long and seventeen wide, and was covered with planks."

On October 8, 1704: Étienne, son of Étienne Gélinas and Marguerite Benoist was the first child to be born at Yamachiche on October 8, 1704. Since there was neither parish priest nor chapel, he was "ondoyé" (given conditional baptism) and then baptized at home on October 19, by the missionary Récollet, Simeon Dupont. However, the information is written in the Trois-Rivières registers.

(Continued on page 48)

214 LES PREMIERS ENFANTS NÉS À YAMACHICHE

## CHAPITRE XII.

LES PREMIERS ENFANTS NÉS À YAMACHICHE

*Extrait des actes de baptême des registres des Trois-Rivières.*

1704.

Etienne Gélinas.

Ce jourd'hui, 19 octobre de l'an 1704, a été baptisé par moy, Etienne Gélinas, à la maison d'Oymachiche, sous condition, ondoyé en cas de nécessité par Pierre Gélinas et né le 8 du même mois, fils d'Etienne Gélinas et de Marguerite Benoit, ses père et mère, Pierre Rochelleau dit Monruisseau pour parrain et la maraine Charlotte Rivar. En foy de quoy j'ai signé, les jour et an que dessus.

fr. SIMÉON DUPONT,  
Récollet-Miss.

LES PREMIERS ENFANTS NÉS À YAMACHICHE 215

1705.

Jean-Baptiste Gélinas.

Ce jourd'hui 3<sup>me</sup> mars de l'an 1705, a été baptisé en la paroisse d'Yamachiche, sous condition, par moy sousigné, Jean-Baptiste Gélinas, ondoyé par un séculier, à la maison, fils de Jean-Baptiste Gélinas et de Jeanne Boissonneau, ses père et mère, qui n'en ont pour parrain Jean Gélinas, pour maraine Anne Collin, et Marie-Françoise Benoit l'a tenu par commission pour elle. En foy de quoy j'ai signé, le jour et an que dessus.

fr. SIMÉON DUPONT,  
Récollet missionnaire.

1706.

Charles Gélinas.

Ce jourd'hui 5<sup>me</sup> mars de l'an 1706, ont été suppléées les cérémonies baptismales par moy sousigné à Charles Gélinas, né le 17<sup>me</sup> de janvier de la même année et ondoyé le même jour en la maison, en cas de nécessité, fils de

March 3, 1705: The second baby born at Yamachiche was the cousin of Étienne and his name was Jean-Baptiste. He was the son of Jean Baptiste Gélinas dit Bellemare and Jeanne Boissonneau. Jean-Baptiste had also been "ondoyé". R. Bellemare in "Les bases de l'histoire d'Yamachiche 1703-1903" explains and proves that almost all children born before the construction of the chapel, therefore, between 1702 and 1711 and others born between 1711 and 1722, date of the creation of the parish of Sainte-Anne-de-Yamachiche were "ondoyé" at home, to be later baptized by a missionary from Trois-Rivières or Rivière-du-Loup (Louiseville). These baptisms ensured that the children were baptized before the official baptism. The documents say that the children were baptized at home and also gives us proof that the three Gélinas brothers, their wives and their children were in Yamachiche as early as 1703.

216 LES PREMIERS ENFANTS NÉS À YAMACHICHE

Jean-Baptiste Gélinas dit Bellemare et de Jeanne Boissonneau, ses père et mère, le parrain a été Charles LeSieur, seigneur de la grande rivière d'Yamachiche, et la maraine Magdeleine Bourbeau. En foy de quoy j'ai signé, les jour et an que dessus.

fr. SIMÉON DUPONT,  
Récollet missionnaire.

1708.

Pierre Gélinas.

Ce vingtième septembre de l'année 1708 a été baptisé par moy sousigné, Prêtre Récollet faisant les fonctions curiales de la paroisse de Notre-Dame de la ville des Trois-Rivières, Pierre, né du 19<sup>me</sup> du même mois et an, fils d'Etienne Gélinas et de Marguerite Benoit de la seigneurie de St-Lambert, les parrain et maraine, St Pierre Mouette, madame Grandpré, ténué.

fr. PIERRE LEFRIEUR,

218 LES PREMIERS ENFANTS NÉS À YAMACHICHE

né le 26<sup>me</sup> de juin de la même année, ondoyé en cas de nécessité par M. Péreau, habitant de la seigneurie de Bécancour, fils de Jean-Baptiste (Gélinas) et de Jeanne Boissonneau, habitant de la petite rivière d'Yamachiche; le parrain a été Pierre Hérou dit Bourgainville, habitant de cette rivière, la maraine Marie Magdeleine Viol, femme de Simon La Bétel, habitant de la grande rivière d'Yamachiche. En foy de quoy j'ai signé les jour et an que dessus.

fr. SIMÉON DUPONT,  
Rec. Miss.

Dans la famille LeSieur, durant le même espace de temps, il y a deux baptêmes enregistrés aux registres paroissiaux des Trois-Rivières. Nous les publions textuellement, et nous prions le lecteur de bien remarquer que, ni dans l'un ni dans l'autre, il n'est fait mention d'Yamachiche, si ce n'est dans le titre du seigneur Charles LeSieur.

The first neighbor to settle after the Gélinas, according to the registers is our ancestor Pierre Héroux. It happens in 1705. The researchers have not yet found the act of concession of the land.

The first pages of the register reveal the names of the following ancestors: Jacques Blaye (Blais), husband of Angélique Cartier, Mathieu Milet, husband of Geneviève Banhiar, Jean Charles Vacher dit Laserte, husband of Claire Bergeron and Étienne Lamy, husband of Marguerite Blaye, Julien Rivard dit Laglanderie, husband of Catherine Cailloux and Joseph Rivard dit Dufresne (Bellefeuille), husband of Marie Françoise Lesieur. Names in bold are our ancestors! These pioneers and pioneers have established great families!

In 1706, there were seven families in Yamachiche. These are the families of Jean-Baptiste Gélinas (Bellemare) and Jeanne Boissonneau (St-Onge); Étienne Gélinas and Marguerite Benoit (Laforest), Pierre Gélinas (Lacourse) and Madeleine Bourneau; Pierre Héroux dit Bourgainville and Françoise Benoit (Laforest); Jean Boissonneau (St-Onge); Charles Vacher (Lacerte) and Claire Bergeron Mathieu Milet and Geneviève Banhiar.

During the years 1709 to 1723 there does not seem to be much progress in the Grosbois fief. Étienne Gélinas died in 1720, his widow Marguerite Benoît (Laforest), Jean-Baptiste Gélinas (Bellemare) and Jeanne Boissonneau (St-Onge) still live on the small river while Pierre Gélinas (Lacourse) moved to the Lesieur domain. His wife Madeleine Bourbeau died in 1722.

In 1711, a wooden chapel was built on the domain of the seigneur Julien Lesieur. The Récollet Siméon Dupont chose Sainte-Anne as the name of the parish.



(Continued on page 49)



(The Gélins family: Pioneers of Yamachiche continued from page 48)



On July 13, 1717, Jean Gélins, the father of the three brothers Gélins gave all his possessions to his son Étienne and his daughter-in-law Marguerite Benoît, when he decided to finish his last days at Yamachiche. We assume that he died soon after. It would also appear that his wife Françoise de Char-menil also died around 1717.

On September 26, 1720, the pioneer of Yamachiche Étienne 2 Gélins died.

In 1722, the parish of Sainte-Anne d'Yamachiche was created. Chérubin Deniau, Recollet, assumed responsibility between 1722 and 1728.

On July 14, 1722, Marie Madeleine Bourbeau died. She is survived by her husband Pierre Gélins (Lacourse) and many young children.

Because of the statement of facts made by Louis Boucher, Sieur de Grandpré and Grosbois-ouest in 1723, we learn that Yamachiche comprised about 20 families and 100 people. This information can be found in "Bases de l'histoire de Yamachiche" by Raphael Bellemare. In addition, Bellemare created a document that reveals that the widow and heirs of Étienne Gélins, Marguerite Benoît (Laforest), own a house, a barn, another building and 12 acres of land located in the western part of Grosbois.

Jean-Baptiste Gélins (Bellemare) and Jeanne Boissonneau (St-Onge) live on the eastern part of the fief and they have a house, a barn, another building and 12 arpents of land.

We also learn that the sons of Étienne Gélins and Marguerite Benoît (Laforest)

#### FIEF DE GROSHOIS.

Propriétaires.	Maisons.	Granges.	Autres bâtiments.	Arpents de terre labourable.
<b>PARTIE OUEST.</b>				
Etienne Gélins, veuve et héritiers.....	1	1	1	12
Pierre Héron dit Bourgainville.....	1	1	1	12
J.-B. Gélins dit Bellemare.....	1	1	1	12
<b>PARTIE EST.</b>				
Charles LeSieur, seigneur.....	1	2	2	12
Julien LeSieur, veuve et héritiers.....	1	1	1	12
J.-B. Gastineau, (un arrière-héritier) et Louis Gastineau.....	1	1	...	12
Augustin LeSieur.....	1	1	...	12
Julien Laglanderie.....	1	1	...	5
Jean-Baptiste LeSieur.....	1	1	1	12
Joseph LeSieur.....	1	1	1	12
Antoine LeSieur.....	1	1	1	12
François LaGlanderie.....	1	...	1	3
Michel Rivard.....	1	...	...	5
<b>NORD-EST DE LA PETITE RIVIÈRE.</b>				
Joseph Rivard.....	...	...	...	2
Pierre Gélins.....	1	1	...	12
Jacques Bled.....	1	1	1	12
Jean Bourgainville.....	1	1	...	3
Etienne Gélins.....	...	...	...	2
<b>SUD-OUEST DE LA PETITE RIVIÈRE.</b>				
Maurice Bellemare.....	...	...	...	4
Joseph Colle.....	...	...	...	1
Chs LeVacher dit Lacerte.....	1	1	1	8
Mathieu Millet.....	1	1	1	11
Ph. Cochon dit Lavardière, veuve et héritiers.....	1	...	...	4
Pierre Bellemare.....	...	...	...	2
Jean Bled.....	1	...	...	4
Pierre Gélins.....	...	...	...	1
	20	17	14	197

named Pierre Gélins and Étienne Gélins also have lands and so do their cousins Maurice Bellemare and Pierre Bellemare.

In 1724 a stone church replaces the original chapel.

The public road linking the Yamachiche lands to those of Pointe-du-Lac and Louiseville was built in 1725. It was also the year of construction of the Gélins Bridge to allow the crossing of the Petite Rivière Yamachiche.

Pierre Gélins dit Bellemare becomes an "engagé ouest" from April 25, 1726 to June 26, 1728.

On May 11, 1731, the pioneer Pierre Gélins dit Lacourse died.

On March 8, 1746, the death of Jean-Baptiste Gélins dit Bellemare, Pioneer of Yamachiche occurs. The burial is the next day.

On 28 January 1750, Marguerite Benoît, widow of Étienne 2 Gélins and pioneer in Yamachiche, dies.

I discovered a bizarre situation that I can not explain, concerning the family of Marie Gélins daughter of Étienne 2 Gélins and Marguerite Benoît (Laforest). Her son Alexis Carbonneau died on April 5, 1752, she (Marie Gélins) on April 14, 1752 and her spouse Alexis Carbonneau, on April 29, 1752.

On August 9, 1754, aged 85 and widow of Jean-Baptiste Gélins (Bellemare), Jeanne Marie Boissonneau dit St-Onge pioneer, had an agreement with her sons Maurice, Pierre, Étienne, and Jean-Baptiste, and her son-in-law Alexis Lacerte, who is married to Marie Charlotte Bellemare. On December 27, 1757, she died. Jeanne Marie is the last of the six pioneers who founded Yamachiche.

Here are my three branches of Gélins: the Gélins, the Bellemare and the Lacourse.

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

**DAIGLE  
(Deag\*)**

**FAMILY #1**

Olivier Daigle (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.

Olive

(b.1879 Fort Kent)

48D	Jean-Baptiste	14 Apr	1891	Louise/Léonie Cyr (Magloire Cyr & Olive Cyr)	Madawaska	48L
48E1	Barthélemy Rémi, 22 "Remmie"	19 Sep 10 Oct	1904 1910	Anne "Edna" Cyr Audélie Després, 16 (Marcel Després & Esther St.Germain)	Ft.Kent Wallagrass	48M 48N
48E2	Aurôre	28 Apr	1903	Béloni Daigle (#24F3)	Ft.Kent	
48F	Marie	21 Nov	1910	William Normand	Waterville(SFS)	
48G1	Raphael "Ralph" (b.1883 Kingman)	03 Mar	1908	Myrtle Bishop (b.1896 Springfield)(Charles Bishop, b.Orono & _ Wooster b.Cherryfield)	Kingman 48P1	
	Mark-L. "Mack" (b.1890 Kingman)	27 Dec	1920	Marcia-Ellen Gibb Kingman 48P2 (b.1898 Montana)(Edmond Gibb & Abbie-Ellen Sudbury !)		
	Elie (Hilaire) (b.1892 Kingman)	25 Nov	1915	Lillian-B. Doane (Edwin Doane & Debora Ogden)	Old Town	48P3
48G2	Hélène	14 Jul	1920	Edmond Daigle (#48L2)	Daigle, Me.	
48H1	Julie-Anna Ida	07 Feb 14 Jan	1921 1934	Mark Violette Alden Littlefield	Frenchville Lewiston(SPP)	
48H2	Joseph	29 May	1943	M.-Aurôre Lizotte	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
48J	Gertrude Émile	12 Apr 03 Nov	1920 1921	Joseph-L. Labonté Rose-A. Laferrière	Wallagrass(St.Jos.) Ft.Kent 48Q	
	Yvonne	25 Feb	1922	Albert Voisine	Wallagrass (to Wtvl.)	
	Alvine	19__		Magloire Caron	NB !	
48K	Yvette-L. 1m.	18 Oct	1941	Renaud Doyon	Waterville(SH)	
	" 2m.	03 Aug	1966	Louis-J. Gurney (Gagné)	Waterville(SFS)	
	Ida	14 Feb	1942	Adjutor-John Breton	Waterville(SH)	
	Henri-T.	06 Apr	1942	Lena Dubé	Eagle Lake ARCH	48R1
48L	Edmond/Edouard	14 Jul	1920	Hélène Daigle (#48G)	Daigle, Me.	48R2
48M	Alphena-J. Anne-M.	09 Apr 28 Jan	1934 1935	Lawrence-S. Randall Gédéon Ouellette	Skowhegan(NDL) Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Louis-Valérien	08 Jun	1935	Thérèse Rossignol	Waterville(ND)	48S1
	Edwin 30 Apr	1937		Anita Cyr	Waterville(SFS)	48S2
	Aldéric-J.	14 Sep	1940	Fedora-Berthe Ouellet	Waterville(ND)	48S3
	Thérèse	11 Apr	1953	Auguste Fortin	Waterville(ND)	
48N	Edwidge	05 Apr	1937	Réginald G. Michaud	Eagle Lake	
	Adrien	18 Jun	1947	Violette Blanchette	Waterville(SFS)	
48P1	Lillianne (b.1917) Charles-David (b.20-7-1911 (Passadumkeag) Lawrence (b.1915) George-Andrew (b.5-1-1916 Old Town) Ralph-Raphael (b.6-2-1917 Old Town) Florence-Myrtle (b.18-4-1920 Old Town) Pauline-Jeanette (b.20-4-1921 Old Town) Herbert (b.1923) Marion (1924)	20 May	1939	Clarence Binette	Old Town(St.Jos.)	

(Continued on page 51)

(Daigle Family continued from page 50)

Robert (b.1930)					
48P2	Rose-Anne (b.1924 ME)	13 Sep	1941	Arthur-J. Allain	Madison(St.Seb.)
	David (b.1921 ME)	24 Dec	1946	Pauline Grenier	Madison(St.Seb.)
	Alfred-M. (b.1926 ME)	07 Apr	1947	Phyllis Hébert	Madison(St.Seb.)
	Bennie-E. (b.1925 ME)	26 Jun	1948	Loretta Leblanc	Madison(St.Seb.)
	Claude-W.	18 Aug	1951	Lena Théborge	Madison(St.Seb.)
	Fletcher-John (b.1929 ME)	23 Feb	1952	Helen May Gaffrey	Madison(St.Seb.)
	Vallair-F.	17 Dec	1955	Janet Safford	Madison(St.Seb.) 48S4
48P3	Edwin (b.3-2-1919 Passadumkeag)				
48Q	Thérèse	17 Aug	1948	Henry Chassé	Ft.Kent(St.Ls.)
48R1	Maxine-M.	__ Jun	1966	Lawrence-J. Bourgoin	Maine
48R2	Jeanne	31 May	1948	Gérard Lamontagne	Lewiston(SPP)
48S1	Évangeline	14 Jul	1956	Edouard Chamberland	Waterville(ND)
	Léon-R. 1m.	09 Aug	1958	Pauline Verville	Waterville(ND) 48T
	" 2m.	before	1980	Linda Wood	Waterville !
	Jeanne-M.	28 Jul	1962	Wilfred-Ronald Rafuse	Waterville(ND)
	Rita-M. 1m.	03 Aug	1963	Paul-Émile Gagnon	Waterville(ND)
	" 2m.	19__		Harold Shaw	
	Lillianne-M.	19 Feb	1966	Roger-Emerly Caret	Waterville(ND)
	Donald	17 Feb	1968	Susan-Hope Roy	Waterville(ND)
	Yvette	19 Oct	1973	Richard Lake	Waterville(ND)
	Alice	1972		Richard Carson	Waterville(JOP)
48S2	Edwin-Donald	15 Jul	1961	Theresa-Agnes Poulin	Waterville(ND)
	Yvette-Edna	23 Feb	1963	Robert-Milton Leary	Waterville(ND)
	Raymond-Alb.	28 Aug	1970	Pearl-M. Alley	Waterville(ND)
48S3	Lucille-M.	25 Jun	1966	Felix M. Zelenkewich	Winslow(SJB)
	Joseph-Roland	19__		Carole	MA
	Ing	19__		Lenny	Ferrara MA
48S4	Dim-Mary	25 Oct	1974	Peter-J. Willette(Ouellet)	Skowhegan(NDL)
	Laurie	07 Oct	1978	Joël Violette	Skowhegan(NDL)
48T	Elizabeth	19__		Edgar Perdomo	California
	Annette	01 Sep	1978	Mark Follansbee	No.Vassalboro
	Carolyn	circa	1982	Timothy Reifer	Hawaii
50A	Hilaire	17 May	1874	Anaïse LeBrun	Frenchville 50C
50B	Willie	11 Nov	1907	Alexina Daigle	Frenchville 50D
50C	Philomène	1m.	18__	____ Bouchard	
"	2m.	06 Jul	1901	David Daigle (#48C)	Winn, ME

(Lindore Daigle &amp; Lucie Cyr)

	Laura-M. (b.19-8-1879 St.Hilaire)	07 Jul	1901	Denis Daigle	Frenchville
	Félix-Hilaire, 27 (b.Daigle, ME)	22 Apr	1919	(Lindore Daigle & Lucie Cyr) Elizabeth Goben, 35	Caribou
	Willie	08 Feb	1921	(b.Paspébiac - widow )(William Lorvell & Rosalie Leblanc) Céline Dumais	Daigle, Me. 50E
50D	Lse.-Augustine	02 Jul	1945	Phil.-Arthur Poulin	Augusta(St.Aug.)
50E	Roland-Élie	05 Sep	1949	Eugénie-Yvette Roux	Lewiston(HF)
53A	Onésime	09 Nov	1879	Léa Martin	Lille 53C
	Euphémie	02 Mar	1897	Vital Dumont	Grand Isle
53B	Théodule	13 Oct	1888	Catherine Cyr	St.David, Me. 53D
	Delphine	06 Nov	1889	Onésime Cyr	St.David, Me.
	Élise	25 Oct	1892	Denis Albert	Madawaska
	Rémi	18 Jun	1895	Exilia/Zithe Doucet	Lille, Me.53E
	Anne	14 Apr	1896	Alexis Beaulieu	St.David, Me.
	Séverine	02 Oct	1899	Vital Beaulieu	St.David, Me.
	Modeste	01 Jul	1901	Ubaldo Cyr	St.David, Me.

(See next issue for more on the Daigle Family)





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### THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

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

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

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

#### **MISSION**

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

### LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

Le Bureau des Affaires franco-américaines de l'Ur Maine fut fondé en 1972 par des étudiants et des bénévoles de la communauté franco-américaine. Cela devint par conséquent le Centre Franco-Américain.

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

Étant donné l'absence presque totale d'une base de connaissance à l'intérieur même de l'Université, le Centre Franco-Américain a essayé de développer des moyens pour rendre cette population, son identité, ses contributions et son histoire visible sur et en-dehors du campus à travers des séminaires, des ateliers, des conférences et des efforts médiatiques — imprimé et électronique.

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

#### **OBJECTIFS:**

- 1 – D'être l'avocat du Fait Franco-Américain à l'Université du Maine, dans l'État du Maine et dans la région.
- 2 – D'offrir des véhicules d'expression affective et cognitive d'une voix franco-américaine effective, collective, authentique et diversifiée.
- 3 – De stimuler le développement des offres de programmes académiques et non-académiques à l'Université du Maine et dans l'État du Maine, relatant l'histoire et l'expérience de la vie de ce groupe ethnique.
- 4 – D'assister et de supporter les Franco-Américains dans l'actualisation de leur langue et de leur culture dans l'avancement de leurs carrières, de l'accomplissement de leur personne et de leur contribution créative à la société.
- 5 – D'assister et d'offrir du support dans la création et l'implémentation d'un concept de pluralisme qui value, valide et reflète effectivement et cognitivement le fait dans le Maine et ailleurs en Amérique du Nord.
- 6 – D'assister dans la création et la publication de la connaissance à propos d'une ressource importante du Maine — la riche diversité

# *Le* FORUM



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

*Un Joyeux Noël et une Bonne et Heureuse Nouvelle Année!*

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*Dick Franck*

## **Websites:**

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

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

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

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

## **Maine's French Communities:**

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

other pertinent websites to check out -

**Les Français d'Amérique / French In America**

**Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002**

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

**Franco-American Women's Institute:**

<http://www.fawi.net>





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

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

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

## Sommaire/Contents

<b>Lettres/Letters</b> .....	3-5, 17	<b>L'État du CT</b> .....	12-18, 31-33
<b>L'État du ME</b> .....	5-31	The Greyhound Proposal	
Les bébites de mon enfance:		An Immersive Experience	
Les couleurs de mon enfance:		<b>Gérard Coulombe</b>	
<b>Norman Beaupré</b>		Ste-Anne's Church in Hartford:	
"La Pie Bavarde": Marie-Anne Gauvin		A Brief Guide to Celebrate the Holidays:	
Edith Chassé Chamberland (1874-1953)		<b>Albert Marceau</b>	
<b>Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso</b>		<b>James Myall</b> .....	32-34
Irish French Fries:		LePage's Comments Remind Us that Civil	
Fr. Antoine Gosselin:		Rights History Isn't Just Blue and Grey	
Fr. Dionne: <b>Guy Dubay</b>		110 Years Ago, Maine's Economy Was	
From Martha's Memoirs:		Powered by Immigrants	
<b>Martha Cyr Genest</b>		<b>Genealogy</b> .....	33-38
Biographical Sketch: Sister Renée Caron		Une menterie historique:	
<b>Sr. Sharon Leavitt, S.C.I.M.</b>		<b>Robert Bérubé</b>	
<b>Submitted by Michael Guignard</b>		The Daigle Family: <b>Robert Chenard</b>	
History of the Railroads: <b>Brian Lajoie</b>		<b>Yves Chartrand</b> .....	34-35
Rivers Through the Wilderness, the		Till we meet again, I hope	
Forgotten Thoroughfare: <b>Denise Larson</b>		Ce n'est qu'un Au revoir, j'espère	
Remembrance Day: <b>Gary Pelletier</b>		<b>Books/Livres</b> .....	32-33, 38-39
Raquiem for Albert Glaude:		<b>Films</b> .....	40-41
<b>Ray Luc Levasseur</b>		Crown of Maine: Acadian Traditions	
<b>L'État de Louisiane</b> .....	12	Tonya Shevenell: The Home Road	
Les Quatre Saisons de Danté Hébert:		<b>Poetry/Poésie</b> .....	42
Printemps Maïs Tendre		<b>Recipes</b> .....	43
<b>John François</b>		<b>Coin des jeunes</b> .....	44
<b>L'État du VT</b> .....	41		
Movie Review: The Home Road			
<b>Partick Lacroix</b>			

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## Lettres/ Letters

(See page 17 for more letters...)

*Some comments on the essay by Patrick L. Lacroix, Ph. D.  
(Le Forum, Vol. 39 #3, Pages 3-4)*

### FINDING A LARGER CANVAS: FRANCO-AMERICANS' ENDURING SIGNIFICANCE

*By Gérard Coulombe*

*Note: my comments appear under each paragraph heading. I use the lead word, phrase or sentence from the paragraphs in the original piece to share my views*

#### **"How knowledgeable are you..."**

My view of the Franco American Significance is greater than the basic outline.

#### **"Since the publication..."**

Perhaps, there is no larger canvas for the Franco American experience than that which exists; if there is, what could it be?

#### **"Those of us who have taught..."**

We fellow Americans may not care much about our particular ethnic origins, although, friends, including teachers of high school French were curious about my Franco American experience.

*Note:* My wife and I are Franco Americans. Our children were aware and decided not to extend their knowledge of our experiences. Although, I'll wager they heard their mother and I talk about our own Franco American experiences. As a result, they have held views of it, or they may have discussed it in private, shared opinions on their status and shared experiences with other ethnic groups. My wife is more likely than I to have knowledge of this. None of our children and grandchildren speaks French. We offered to teach them. They chose not to learn. None of the grandchildren speak French. School offered Spanish. Personally, I taught English in Port Washington N. Y. and administered schools at the secondary level in Darien Ct.

In the past, educators with whom I shared Franco-American experiences were pleased that I had and some even confessed to having had Franco American experiences of their own.

I am not familiar with the scholarship alluded to by the author. I do recall having received a letter some years back from a New Hampshire priest, also a Coulombe, inviting all named "Coulombe" to a celebratory gathering of the Coulombe clan that was to be held on L'Île d'Orléans to mark the arrival of the first one named Coulombe to arrive in Québec. In my exuberance over the priest's letter, I decided to share it with a highly respected teacher of French on our

staff because I knew her well and I thought that she would appreciate reading it. Perhaps, I was insensitive when she returned the letter with this observation: "The writer left out the accent marks. Thank you." She turned and walked away. That was all she said!

As to the magnitude of scholarship in Franco-American studies, will it ever matter to anyone outside Academia? Having been educated, early on by Canadian and Franco-American nuns and religious brothers of two orders, I recall not only the discipline, but also, the never stated but implied message, that our presence in Maine was transitional because we were returning to "notre patrie," perhaps, in the distant future. For us in our own Canadian schools, a daily repeated theme that few of us understood in elementary schools before World War Two is that we were being prepared for a return to the homeland. At the time, our education was totally French Canadian and Catholic in experience and orientation. We started school with "Oh, Canada" and ended, possibly, with a pledge of allegiance.

As a public secondary school administrator, I knew of no textbook or course where the emphasis was placed upon anything other than the general historical and political significance attached to standard history or to issues in American history, general or political. To my knowledge little specificity about anything other than that which was historical was ever among the chief topics discussed in our textbooks. There are exceptions but few or hardly any were ever developed or mentioned in passing [experience limited to New York and Connecticut].

I have no personal knowledge of History as studied in Québec. I do have some knowledge from relatives that my dad and I visited. Generally, I know why my grandparents and some French Canadian relatives settled in Maine. In my case it was either that

they were seeking employment or upward mobility, which was, as I recall, earning a few cents more per hour.

As for "Little Canada," here and there across the New England States and elsewhere about the country, I know that there were institutions. I know what these were. Because my dad was active, I knew a great deal more than my contemporaries about the religious disputes between French Canadian Catholics and the Irish hierarchy in Maine because my dad was part of the dialogue. I also know of the importance of money and status of managerial or office workers vs. hourly wage workers, tenants vs. landlords.

Addressing the choir on the nature of native chants is not that bad of an idea. From the perspective of graduate study and papers relative to Franco-Americans in the States there is still much to do. I am reminded of a friend who specialized in folklore and of how hard he worked collecting whenever he had a chance to spend time in the field. Perhaps that is what one must do to fish out of the pond the very special trophies that remain. So it will be an academic endeavor. However in secondary public education throughout the country, delving into popular culture and mystery will continue to remain available, even as the years fly by. Here and there, pockets of cultures past remain along with folk stories that are not that old. It ought to be up to local schoolteachers to engage their students in the job of historical retrieval, one generation at a time, before la souvenance, memory, totally evaporates.

To my knowledge, as a participant in the evolution of most Franco Americans in one city in Maine, one with which I am most familiar due to growing up in the community, having experienced Biddeford in the past while still having relatives in Biddeford, I would argue that there has not been any "hand-wringing" over the fate of the disappearing Franco American, particularly, in Biddeford, or of our culture and language. On the contrary, we Franco Americans, saw ourselves as being gradually integrated, in ways both pleasant and unpleasant. Much of it has to do with age and the ever growing and general American inculturalization de choix.

#### **"The field and sub-fields of Canadian history..."**

The historical record in Canada following the arrival of the first generation to settle mattered little to us here, although as children of Canadian immigrants to Maine,

(Continued on page 4)

**(FINDING A LARGER CANVAS:  
FRANCO-AMERICANS' ENDURING  
SIGNIFICANCE continued from page 3)**

we had some knowledge of those left behind. Some Canadian relatives, uncles, cousins, and some friends visited. There was something else about the family that I knew but never, fully, understood as determined by the visits that we took as a family to so-called relatives of our dad's. Our dad seemed to have relatives not only in Canada, but also in just about every Franco-American town, Lewiston and Waterville, in particular. Although I got to know some relatives well for one reason or another, neither my mom nor I fully understood these relationships—were they of blood? Acquaintanceship? No one seemed to care. It was all of a generational nature, --unfathomable, as far as I was concerned.

**"But is the history of Franco-American really just an extension..."**

Franco-American history is not and has never been just an extension of Canadian history. It is so that Canadian life had to be adapted to American life. How could it have been otherwise? They had in their possession what they knew—their language, religion, idiosyncrasies, and their stories, some had useless as well as useful skills. My dad's father came over as a cobbler; I guess my dad went from the farm, perhaps, to the jobs provided by the textile mills.

Also, as much as my father might have intended to return to Canada at some point, his parents came to the States, and, so, he stayed. But three of his brothers remained in Canada and a sister had married an with her husband moved to Hartford, Connecticut. It is fair to say that from generation to generation in the States, we grew up learning how we were to shape our lives as Americans in service of American, not Canadian norms, experience and language.

**"The francophone community..."**

I am somewhat familiar with French Canada. My dad and I travelled to Canada by train from Lewiston, Maine, and so I became familiar with a few aspects of the Québec life, for I had cousins there. Also, as one who had spent time listening and observing, I took away a little bit of knowledge of "Canada" from observations of my own. Those helped me to form a few opinions of my own regarding my status as a Franco American. There was never to be the repatriation that my dad thought there would be, some day. I'm sure he knew that when he died.

In addition, on some Saturday or

Sunday nights, when my dad sat by the radio after supper to listen to radio Canada from Montréal, I pulled up a chair and sat next to him to listen to "Un Home et Son Péché," a favorite of his. Go figure.

**"Alas..."**

It is not surprising to me that Québec acquired a diminishing interest in the very people who had abandoned Québec for a better life in Maine. Later, when in my early teens, working Old Orchard at a time when it might have been well known as Little Québec, before most pulled up stakes and moved down to Florida, there was no love lost between those visiting or relocating to the States and those of us who had come before.

Increasingly, unless we were related, fewer and fewer from the Province of Québec cared for us "dans les États." Some from the Provinces thought that we cousins, although somehow related, even as we felt more and more unrelated, possibly, and, possibly, even more known unknowns that we were out to pull the wool over their eyes, possibly, worse, that we were out to cheat them, our natural cousins. Such, we thought, grew the suspicions of our beloved cousins. There came a time when the best thing to have on a visit to Old Orchard was to stay away from them, and they from us, because they or we were ingrates. Frankly, a Quebecois was hard to love.

**"The question..."**

There always was a tension between those Franco-Americans who had money, who thought they had money and those who knew they didn't have any or knew well that life, theirs, and that of their families, depended on employment, on wages earned by the week, and not on education or advancement, but necessary to purchase, daily, groceries on the tab or to pay rent by the week. For our people, it was never about the future. It was always the now and then. Some of the children were never to finish school. But an 8th grade education was better than a third grade one. They would end up working in the mills. It was a future more firmly desired than the one that required school attendance, until the age of 16 when 16 permitted leaving school to enter the mills. The children of those who had went to college. Those of us who didn't might have desired a religious vocation. Some of us were chosen, some others prayed hard for an answer to their prayers. In those days, one's education very much depended upon a calling from God the Father, probably through the intercession of Mary, the mother of Jesus. Her intercession

had to have been paramount in many lives.

**"We can and should ..."**

Franco American History may be of dwindling interest now that those of us whose memories still hold strong and memorable attachments to the past, almost all, due to personal recollections of our Franco-American experiences, will soon enough end, as we die off. I do not know who will keep the flame going. Maybe, it will be teachers like Lacroix and his colleagues. My children have little or no memories of the kind that I still recall at age 86. Personally, I still recall who these people will be. Certainly not my children's children. They are having a hard enough time just knowing who they are.

**I would first suggest..."**

Those Franco-Americans, particularly those originating from lower Québec who still live their lives as Franco-Americans in transition, are special people because they never lost the faith. While some still hold to tradition, "*la foi et la patrie*," others have either lost one or the other, and many more have lost both, having "moved on." It is for these people as it was for our neighborhood, not so many years ago, when we knew, visited, helped and celebrated each other. Our children and our grandchildren now know little or nothing of family tradition. Although, some may love *tourtière* better than I do—taste, however is not necessarily, if at all, traditional. I'm only saying that mine have changed.

Second, Franco-Americans matter on a larger tableau." I agree, we French Canadian Americans were never invisible. "Like everyone else, we suffered from and had our own bows from which we fired our own arrows. The existing order disrupted us and we, in time, disrupted the existing order. The latter didn't like it any better than we did. I don't even know that they took any joy in doing us in, either. It might just might as much to do with a matter of maintaining the status quo, plain and simple; It might just as well have been simple annoyance with a particular form of pestilence.

**No doubt, by addressing Le Forum..."**

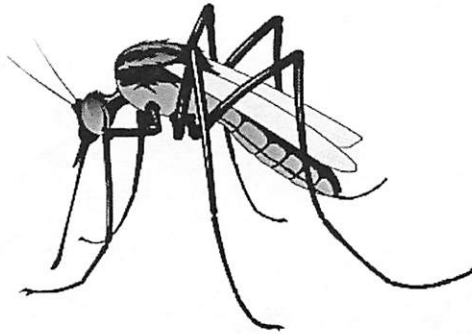
To be honest, I enjoy being a member of an academic study group. Having read this piece, I am not sure that we Franco-Americans are understood by academics. for all that I know, there are still many stories to be told. To this day, I do not know that our group has been the subject of study in public and parochial schools, none of which today  
(Continued on page 5)

# Les bêtes de mon enfance

Les "bébites" ou les insectes et même les petites bêtes sont connues par tous et chacun même de nos jours. Je crois bien que c'est un terme d'enfant produit par les mamans et les papas afin de communiquer à leurs enfants l'essence de la simplicité de la parole tout comme "bobo", "quenoël", "caca", "pipi", "bédaine", "dodo", "bélles", etc. La grande personne se mettait au niveau du petit enfant afin de tenter de se faire comprendre quoique l'enfant aurait compris le parler du grand monde si on le lui avait communiqué en pleine franchise. Mais, on a pris l'habitude des mamans et des papas d'antan, surtout les mamans, d'utiliser des mots de ce que j'appellerais des mots "bébé." Plus que notre langue disparaît au cours de années, plus les petits trésors de la langue tels ces mots enfantins disparaissent eux aussi. Je le crois bien. Cependant, il y a des mots tels "mémère" et "pépère" qui ont survécu. Peut-être on utilise plus le terme anglais "bugs" avec nos petits, je n'en sais pas.

Quoique soit le cas, les "bébites" de mon enfance existaient et ils existent encore au moins dans la mémoire achalandée de toutes sortes de choses du passé. Pour moi, ces choses sont réelles et vives. Il y en a plusieurs parmi vous mes lecteurs/lectrices qui me demandent comment je fais pour me rappeler de tout ça. Et bien, je dois avoir une mémoire du diable ou une mémoire de chien comme le disent les nôtres. A force d'y penser, ça vient. Quant aux "bébites" de mon enfance, voilà ce dont je me rappelle. En premier lieu, il y a les "maringouins", ces moustiques, ces verraces de "bébites" qui viennent en été nous piquer la chair et laisser des petites boursouffles rouges qui

nous démangent à n'en plus finir. Je me souviens que j'étais au Brésil au Bom Pastor chez les religieuses du Bon Pasteur et Irma Priscilla qui m'avait invité d'aller passer quelques semaines avec elles. On m'avait donné la chambre de l'aumônier et pendant la nuit il y avait de grosses "bébites" qui m'avaient rongé la peau et j'avais senti la



démangeaison pendant des jours de temps. Soeur Priscille m'avait dit que les religieuses dormaient avec le drap pardessus la tête afin de s'esquiver de la morsure de ces "bébites". Un peu plus tard elle a acheté des moustiquaires pour cette chambre, m'a-t-elle dit.

Il y avait aussi les gros bourdons qui venaient menacer ceux qui osaient les approcher ou les taquiner avec des pailles ou des petits bâtons. En plus, il y avait les mouches ordinaires et les mouches à cheval. Celles-ci étaient féroces avec leurs dards et puis elles étaient grosses, les mouches à cheval. Il y avait aussi les puces, les poux, les punaises, et les autres infestations qui faisaient horreur aux mamans qui n'en voulaient pas de cette avarie de mauvaises "bébites" ni dans le lit ni dans les cheveux. Il y avait aussi

les "criquettes" [les grillons], les "mouches à feu" [les lucioles], les très petites "bébites" rouges, les coccinelles, et autres qui ne nous hantaient pas car nous n'en n'avions aucunement peur. Il ne faudrait pas oublier les "frémilles" ou fourmis qui venaient empestier la nourriture hors des placards et à l'air, comme on le dit chez nous. Quant aux abeilles, on les laissait tranquilles car elles nous confectionnaient du miel après tout. Il y en a qui même de nos jours ont peur des "bébites" mais qui n'ont pas peur des chiens ou autres bêtes plus grosses. Il faudrait croire que les "bébites" apportent une certaine crainte ou un dégoût pour ceux et celles qui ont grandi avec ça. Je leur dirais à ces gens-là que toutes bêtes et toutes "bébites" sont les créatures du Bon Dieu.

Enfin, il existe des expressions avec le terme "bébête" telles, avoir des bébêtes dans la tête pour dire que quelqu'un est un peu fou; être en bébête pour signifier être fâché, et l'expression "en bébête" pour dire "beaucoup." "Bébête" reste encore collé dans ma tête souvent rêveuse et vagabonde. Ah, les souvenirs de mon enfance, elles m'apportent toutes sortes de "bêtises" qui tournent en petites joies d'une mémoire laissée à elle-même.

*Norman Beaupré est natif de Biddeford et il a enseigné plus de trente ans à l'Université de la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Son doctorat vient de l'Université Brown. Le Docteur Beaupré a beaucoup voyagé en France et ailleurs en plus d'avoir pris deux congés sabbatiques à Paris. Il est l'auteur de vingt et un livres publiés en français et en anglais. Sa dernière oeuvre s'intitule, "Souvenirs d'une Enfance Francophone Rêveuse", un recueil d'une trentaine de contes et d'histoires qui sortent de son imagination active.*

(FINDING A LARGER CANVAS:

FRANCO-AMERICANS' ENDURING SIGNIFICANCE continued from page 4)

are "Franco," as a term might have suggested, at one time, Catholic, not secular. In my day, we were an innovative category.

But I understand what they, these academics in the field, are up against. Their field is narrow, and the opportunities narrow until they disappear when our kind dwindles to the level of zero even as family names remain alive and well.

**"For more than a century..."**

They came from Québec down to Maine. Most of all, they came to find work;

some jugged between here and there and back again, stayed and married, travelled back and forth over the Fourth of July, mainly for the time they were out of the mills. They brought what they had with them that they owned, maybe a carpetbag full of long underwear, galoshes, and their religion. Before they grew their own, priests, brothers and nuns came from there to teach in their schools in whatever city or town with a river big enough to power a big mill. They learned new trades, they had to fight the bosses for what they earned, won and lost, mostly.

It took a while before they concluded that survival depended more than they had bargained on total assimilation. They stayed, fought in a sense, and waited for time to allow their children's total assimilation.

It worked for the most part. Who is left among the originals now? Count the

R.C. churches in Biddeford; the mills? What are they now? Where have settler children and grandchildren gone?

A new, abridged, and recently published history of Biddeford, hardly mentions Franco Americans. It is what it is, *passé*.



## Les couleurs de mon enfance

Un aspect de mon enfance qui dure longtemps dans ma mémoire ce sont les couleurs. Lorsque l'oeil a été frappé par la vivacité des couleurs, surtout dans l'essor de la jeunesse, bien, il se développe chez l'enfant qui grandit, tout un arc-en-ciel gravé dans une mémoire sensibilisée par l'attrait du beau et du voyant. Qu'est-ce que la vie serait sans couleurs? Blanc et noir, c'est tout, tout comme les vieux films du passé. Sans couleurs c'est sans imagination et sans habileté de voir les choses telles qu'elles sont dans une nature prodigieuse de toutes sortes de couleurs. L'enfant est très sensible aux couleurs. Du moins, moi, je l'étais. Tout en grandissant, j'étais attiré par les couleurs vives de mon environnement. L'enfant aime les couleurs qui lui sont inculquées en vertu de ses sens et de son penchant vers l'éblouissement de tout ce qui est de couleur. Moi, je l'étais et je continue de l'être même dans la maturité de l'âge.

Je viens de terminer un recueil de contes et d'histoires intitulé, "Souvenances d'une Enfance Francophone Rêveuse" dans lequel se trouve l'histoire du "Ballon viné." Viné n'est pas du français standardisé, c'est plutôt la couleur pourpre. Chez nous nous disons viné. Ceci faisait partie de notre parler à nous Franco-Américains. Quant à "pourpre" cela n'existait que dans les dictionnaires ou dans la langue des gens éduqués qui l'avaient appris d'une manière ou d'une autre. "Pourpre" c'était pour ceux et celles qui parlaient "bien." Cependant, "viné" nous appartenait et nous nous servions à plein jour de ce terme si bien connu et apprécié. Je dis dans mon histoire du ballon viné que le viné fut une couleur favorite surtout des plus âgés alors que je grandissais. Un beau chapeau viné, un manteau viné, des gants vinés, un beau ruban viné, et n'importe quel vêtement de la couleur viné furent portés avec fierté et un sens d'appartenance à la collectivité franco-américaine qui se voulait fière et indépendante des modes passantes.

Je le sais bien que pas tout le monde aimait la couleur viné. Il y en avait qui lui préférait d'autres couleurs plus vives et

plus attrayantes, surtout les jeunes. Mais, la couleur viné semblait attirer les dames plus données aux couleurs moins vives et plus adoucies telles le mauve, le lilas, le brun et le beige, et, on sait bien, le viné. Le viné se



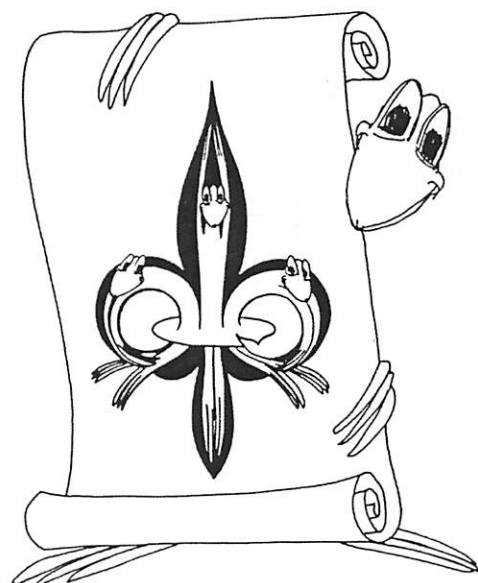
portait surtout en automne et en hiver. C'était une couleur frappante aux yeux de ceux et celles qui aimaient la couleur entre prune ou pourpre que nous appelons viné. Ceci se dit en anglais purple et parfois plum. Mais viné, tout le monde connaissait cette couleur. Excepté les hommes qui ne portaient guère attention aux couleurs, surtout le viné. Très souvent le mari demandait à sa femme de lui choisir une cravate ou même une chemise, un pantalon, des chaussettes, parfois des chaussures qui étaient propres à porter, et qui "matchaient" comme on le disait chez nous. Plusieurs hommes n'avaient pas le sens des couleurs et surtout l'harmonie des couleurs. Alors, il leur fallait une femme pour les "r'nipper" comme on disait chez nous.

Quant à moi et mes goûts de couleurs et d'harmonie de couleurs, j'ai toujours aimé le rouge, rouge écarlate, rouge voyant, le vert et son adhérent, le bleu vert, ainsi que le viné. J'aime les autres couleurs, mais je préfère celles-ci. J'aime bien le rose d'une belle fleur et le bleu ciel de l'azur. L'arc-en-ciel me plaît beaucoup surtout après avoir contemplé l'arc complet au Brésil lors de mon voyage dans le désert avec Soeur Priscille s.c.i.m. il y a plusieurs années de ça. Je ne l'ai jamais perdu de mon oeil intérieur. Tout jeune j'admirais les couleurs des vêtements de ma mère, surtout ses robes, car elle était fière, ma mère. Elle aimait les couleurs

voyantes, joyeuses, et vives. Les couleurs foncées et mates lui étaient ahurissantes. Je me souviens d'une de ses robes qu'elle portait sur une photo prise lorsque je n'avais que deux ans, je crois. Nous étions en promenade chez une des soeurs de ma mère à Augusta, rue Monroe. Ma mère portait une robe qui tirait sur le brun, et ce qui m'attirait la vue c'était le col qui me paraissait comme un col de clown en accordéon de toutes sortes de couleurs qui s'harmonisaient bien avec sa robe brunâtre. Je conserve encore la photo prise sur le gazon chez tante Mina. Elle s'appelait Hermina Hubert Drouin. Elle était bonne cuisinière, bonne modiste et bonne travaillante. Elle allait jusqu'à joindre son mari à la chasse de chevreuils dans les bois du nord du Maine. Elle était hasardeuse, tante Mina, et douée de l'entrain d'une fermière québécoise, car elle a vu jour au Canada tout comme les onze premiers enfants Hubert. Ma mère fut la treizième. Ah, les souvenances d'antan qui m'apportent les couleurs de ma jeunesse!

Quant au viné, et bien cette couleur n'a jamais cessé d'aménager mon imagination et mon intérêt. Même aujourd'hui la couleur viné stimule en moi des associations telles les cerises mûres que l'on appelait les cerises au vin de la couleur vinée, les pruneaux

(Suite page 7)

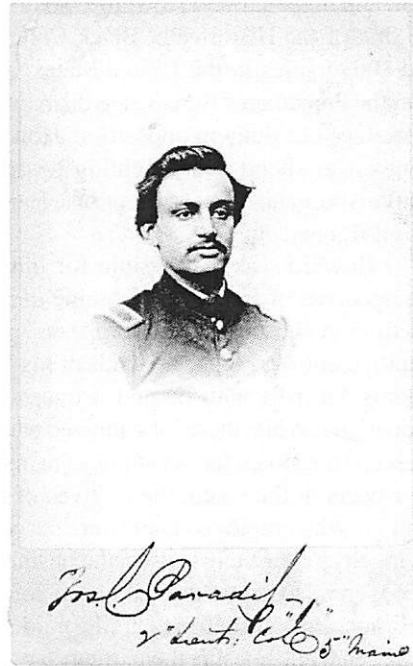


# LePage's Comments Remind Us that Civil Rights History Isn't Just Blue and Grey

August 29, 2017 African-Americans, Civil War, Ku Klux Klan, Language, Maine, Politics

By James Myall

Maine Governor Paul LePage once again made national headlines for his defense of President Trump – and by extension, of confederate monuments – when he claimed that 7,600 Mainers fought for the Confederacy. That unsubstantiated claim appears to be off by a magnitude of several hundred, since the known number of Maine Copperheads is around 30. The governor was clearly attempting to justify the revisionist myth that the Civil War was not fought over slavery, and opponents were quick to point out that more than 70,000 Mainers fought for the Union – the highest per-capita enlistment rate of any Northern State. Mainers are justifiably proud of their state's abolitionist history, but it's all too easy to point to the state's contribution to the Civil War, and assume that Maine's historical legacy is one of simple racial advancement. Indeed, LePage himself has made similar arguments, saying that Congressman John Lewis, a Black Civil Rights Activist, should “thank Republicans” for ending slavery. The historical reality is much more complex than that.



Joseph-Caleb Paradis, 1864.  
Image: Maine State Archives.

Many Mainers did fight, and die, in the Civil War motivated by their desire to end slavery. Some, like French Canadian Caleb

Paradis, even came to Maine from Canada to enlist. Paradis's comrades described him as being motivated by “a spirit sensitively alive to the maintenance of right, when he saw the attempts of ambitious men to extend the borders of slavery he sought the states, that he might add his influence and work in the cause of liberty.” Before the war, Colby College graduate Elijah Lovejoy became an abolitionist martyr when he was shot during an attack on his printer's shop in Illinois. Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, written at Bowdoin College, became a rallying cry for abolitionists, of which Maine had many. William Ladd of Minot was one such who spoke out vocally against slavery, and many nameless others contributed to the underground railroad and its role in Maine.

Yet at the same time, even many of these abolitionists were initially wary of confrontation with the South. Governor Israel Washburn, a Republican, who denounced slavery as a foundational evil in an 1861 address to the state legislature admitted in the same speech that Republicans weren't seeking too “interfere” in southern law, and voiced his hope that war could be avoided. When Washburn again addressed the legislature in June, to ask for an appropriation of money and the activation of the militia after President Lincoln's call for volunteers against the Confederacy, he made no mention of the evil institution, but focused instead on the treason committed against the country.

(Continued on page 8)

(Les couleurs de mon enfance suite de page 6)

mûris sur la branche qui avaient donc cette belle couleur alors que ces fruits luisaient en plein soleil, et les beaux paysages au coucher du soleil alors que les couleurs changent du brillant au plus douces et tendres couleurs de la brunante parfois avec des éclats du viné. J'aimais m'asseoir dans l'herbe lorsque j'étais jeune pour admirer les couchers du soleil jusqu'à ce que maman m'appelle pour rentrer chez nous et me préparer pour la nuit. Les couleurs que je venais d'admirer restaient collées dans ma vision intérieure et je tombais endormi avec le doux couloir de couleurs menant à l'infini absorbées par la vue et calquées à mon cerveau d'enfant.

Je me souviens que la voisine, Madame D. de la côte aimait dire à son mari, Frank, qu'elle n'aimait pas les couleurs trop pâles car elle les trouvait sans vie, sans éclat.

C'est pour cela que tous les murs de sa maison à l'intérieur étaient d'une couleur foncée et parfois sombre. Les voisins et les parents la trouvait un peu étrange, Rose-Éva. C'est comme cela qu'elle s'appelait. Il y avait tant de femme chez nous lorsque je grandissais qui avaient deux prénoms tels Marie-Ange, Marie-Thérèse, Rose-Alba, Rose-Hélène, etc. Moi, l'enfant aux couleurs, j'associais ces noms avec les couleurs qui me venaient à l'idée. Pour moi Marie-Ange c'était la couleur des anges, le rose angélique; Marie-Thérèse, c'était la couleur verte des prairies; Rose-Alba, fut la couleur viné parce que cette dame était vieille; Rose-Hélène, la couleur bleu d'un ciel sans nuages car Rose-Hélène avait toujours le beau sourire aux lèvres. Alors, les couleurs m'ont toujours inspiré d'une manière ou d'une autre, et stimulé mon imagination qui souvent était rêveuse. Quelle est donc votre couleur de jeunesse?

A-t-elle changé? Et vous les hommes qui vous hasardez de lire mes rubriques, êtes-vous sensibles aux couleurs ou vous vous en foutez bien? Et vous tous mes lecteurs/lectrices, aimez-vous le viné?

Norman Beaupré est natif de Biddeford et il a enseigné plus de trente ans à l'Université de la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Son doctorat vient de l'Université Brown. Le Docteur Beaupré a beaucoup voyagé en France et ailleurs en plus d'avoir pris deux congés sabbatiques à Paris. Il est l'auteur de vingt livres publiés en français et en anglais. Il est rendu à la finition de sa dernière oeuvre, "Souvenances d'une Enfance Francophone Rêveuse", un recueil d'une trentaine de contes et d'histoires qui sortent de son imagination active.



*(LePage's Comments Remind Us that Civil Rights History Isn't Just Blue and Grey continued from page 7)*



*Child's "slave cloth" sleeveless jacket and pants, unknown maker, Louisiana, 1850s. Cotton; hand spun and woven. Image: National Trust for Historic Preservation.*

Was Washburn hesitant to alienate some of Maine's powerful industrial interests? Like the whole country, the economy of Maine relied on slavery, in the form of cotton exports from the south. The industrialization of Maine had flourished in the decade before the civil war, especially with the establishment of numerous textile mills that turned slave-picked cotton into cloth. Some industrialists, like the Cabot family who financed Brunswick's mill, even inherited fortunes made in the Atlantic slave trade. The Bates mill in Lewiston stockpiled southern cotton in the 1850s, a move that allowed it to profit from the war when it was able to be one of a select few producers of uniforms for the Union army. Other mills, like the Pepperell Company of Biddeford, profited on both sides of the ledger. The Pepperell Company's "Rock River" line of cloth, named for the Saco River, was originally sold to plantation owners to make inexpensive but tough clothing for slaves.

Even Maine's best-known civil war heroes were not necessarily fully committed to racial equality. Joshua Chamberlain, the hero of Gettysburg is also admired for his gesture of respect for the Confederate troops at Appomattox, during the surrender that officially ended the conflict. Today, that gesture is often held up as a righteous display of reconciliation. But as Bowdoin College History Professor Patrick Rael notes, Chamberlain's "chivalry" at Appomattox portended a lack of commitment by

many on the Union side towards the hard work or Reconstruction following the war. Chamberlain not only revealed himself to be a moderate in the treatment of former Confederates, but he would go on to defend southern states' rights to restrict government to "their best minds" (i.e. white ones).

Chamberlain's colleague-in-arms, General Oliver Otis Howard of Leeds, Maine, was a major figure of the Reconstruction effort. He headed the Freedman's Bureau, and helped found Howard University, the first of the Historically Black Colleges and Universities in the United States. Yet after the Freedman's Bureau was dismantled in the face of Southern opposition, Howard went on to spend years fighting to drive Native Americans onto reservations. Hardly a civil rights icon.

Howard was responsible for directing hundreds of freedmen to Maine during his time at the bureau, finding them paid employment working for friends of his like Adams Merrill, who owned a quarry in Brownville. While these jobs allowed blacks to escape the tenant farmer status of many of their peers in the south, the motives of the Mainers who employed them were suspect. As much as charitable causes, the businessmen were also grateful for a cheap source of labor, and sometimes underpaid the freedmen while housing them in substandard conditions. One third of Merrill's workers died of pneumonia after a Maine winter in their uninsulated homes the company had provided. The rest fled Maine by 1879.

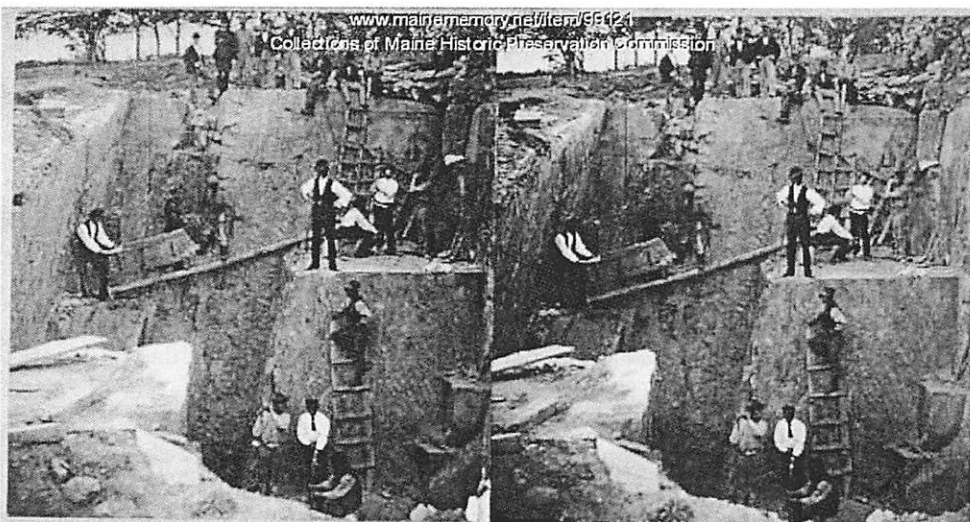
Maine has some prominent examples of historic black spaces, but these are themselves the results of discrimination and segregation as n Maine results of segrega-

tion. The Abyssinian Meeting House in Portland, the oldest surviving black church in Maine, and the third-oldest in the United States, was founded precisely because black parishioners, in their own words, treated like second-class citizens at the existing churches. The story of Malaga island, and the state-mandated eviction of the community there, has become better known in recent years, but the colony's very existence, in an isolated and impoverished spot, is a prime example of segregation.

For most of its existence, Maine has not had a vibrant African-American community nor indeed any community of color as we would identify it today. Nonetheless, Maine's Republican party, which had initially been active in the cause of Black suffrage nationally, devoted efforts to persecuting immigrants locally, especially Catholics.

James G. Blaine was Speaker of the US House of Representatives during a critical period of Reconstruction. Yet he would emerge as leader of the dismissively-titled "half-breed" faction of the Republicans in the 1880s, less radical than the "Stalwart" faction. Like Chamberlain, Blaine was advocated for leniency for former Confederate officials and veterans. While Blaine was a consistent defender of black suffrage, he was also a notoriously cynical politician, and it's hard to tell how much he was motivated by moral imperatives, or the desire for more Republican voters in the South. In a similar vein, his name became synonymous with a series of anti-Catholic laws aimed at codifying a separation of church and state, but which became a dog whistle for protestant voter against Catholic immigrants.

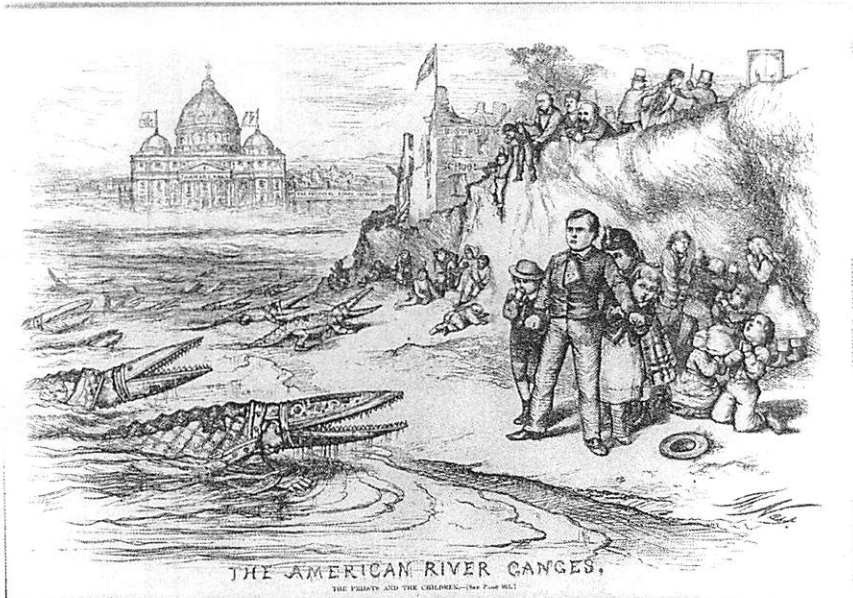
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*African-American workers at the Merrill Quarry, Brownville, Maine, 1868. Stereoscope. Image: Maine Memory Network/Maine Historical Society.*



*(LePage's Comments Remind Us that Civil Rights History Isn't Just Blue and Grey continued from page 8)*



*"The American River Ganges," an anti-Catholic cartoon by Thomas Nast that appeared in Harper's Weekly in 1871. A protestant minister defends American school children against Catholic bishops depicted as alligators. An American public school is depicted as a fort on the beach, while in the distance, Tammany Hall, the well-known New York Irish political society, flies the Papal flag.*

Even before the Civil War, Maine had undertaken a series of anti-immigrant measures, many of which were supported by the same politicians who supported the abolition of slavery. In 1855, under its first Republican governor and a Republican majority in the House, Maine passed a series of laws, which barred any state courts from naturalizing non-citizens (thereby restricting citizenship applications to federal courts), made new citizens register to vote at least three months before an election; and restricted the participation of those who were not native-born Americans in militia companies. Portland Mayor Neal Dow became the father of Prohibition in Maine and the United States, a law that was predicated partly on anti-immigrant stereotypes, and which resulted in disproportionate arrests of Franco-American and other Catholic residents.

In the 1890s, as Southern states were adopting "Jim Crow" laws to prevent African-Americans from voting, Maine adopted at least one custom from that period, the literacy test, designed to prevent immigrants, especially Franco-Americans, from voting. This effort was accompanied by local campaigns to overturn election results, or prevent Franco-American voters from registering. In this context, it's unsurprising that Maine would be a hotbed of Klan activity in

the 1920s. The literacy requirement would not be repealed by Maine voters until it was struck down by the courts as a violation of the 1964 voting rights act.

What are we to make of these contradictions? It would be wrong to conclude that every historical character is a villain, or that each was as bad as the other. There were clear lines in the debate over slavery. As early as 1688, Americans (the Quaker community of Germantown, Pennsylvania) had petitioned against the practice, asking "what thing in the world can be done worse towards us?" Jefferson's first draft of the Declaration of Independence tried to pin the crime of slavery on King George, calling it a "cruel war against human nature itself" and an "assemblage of horrors," words that southern delegates to the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia presumably had struck out. By 1861, the United States was one of just a handful of Western nations not to have abolished the institution of slavery. The states which chose to secede over the issue of slavery, and labelled the institution the "cornerstone" of their new Republic, knew full well that they were acting in defiance of the moral consensus of the day. We should feel free to judge their character accordingly.

But we should also be willing to hold ourselves to higher standards than even the

"heroes" of the past. Most historical figures do indeed fall short by modern standards. Men who were abolitionists saw no contradiction in being anti-immigrant, or disputing the necessity of black suffrage. Ordinary Mainers (like all Americans) benefited from the slave economy, and the low-wage work of immigrants. The lessons that should be drawn are to push ourselves further, not to give up on progress half-won, and to recognize the need to fight prejudice and discrimination on multiple fronts.



**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.*

<http://myall.bangordailynews.com/>



# 100 Years Ago, Maine's Economy Was Powered by Immigrants

September 18, 2017 Logging, Maine

By James Myall

In 1910, Maine was at the peak of an immigration wave that was providing crucial labor for its biggest industries. The US Census of that year found that 16% of Maine's population, or one in eight residents, were immigrants. That's a far greater share than today, when less than 3% of the state's population was born abroad. In fact, the diversity of the Maine of 1910 more closely resembles the populations of New York or Florida today. And just as immigrants today provide a critical source of workers for key industries in those states, Maine's biggest industries a century ago depended on immigrant labor.

Understanding the extent of this phenomenon is made possible by a demographic project from the University of Minnesota, the Integrated Public Use Microdata Series (IPUMS), which provides harmonized data from various censuses, stretching back as far as 1850 in the United States. For some years, the project provides sample data (from 1 to 10% of all records), but for an increasing number of censuses, data is available for every recorded individual. In 1910, the census enumerated more than 750,000 residents, and IPUMS allows users to download and analyze a plethora of information on each person, including their place of birth and occupation.

Contemporary reports by the US Census Bureau estimated that Maine's manufacturing industries produced \$176 million of goods in 1909 (more than \$4.4 billion in today's money). Two-thirds of that output came from just four sectors – paper and wood pulp; lumber and timber; textiles; and footwear. Analysis of the IPUMS data show that each sector was heavily dependent on immigrant – and often Franco-American – workers. In the two most productive industries, paper and textiles, nearly half of the workforce was born abroad.

These data confirm the long-held narrative that Franco-Americans and other immigrants powered the industrial revolution in Maine, and elsewhere in New England. But they also reveal just how crucial these workers were to the Maine economy in 1910. Without this supply of labor from abroad, it's hard to imagine how any of these industries would have operated at the same level.

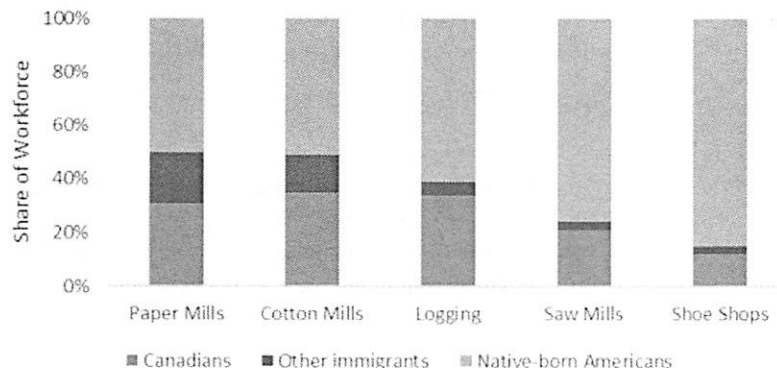
The data also show that Franco-Americans and other immigrants were a strong presence in other sectors of the economy, some less well-known than the textile and paper mills. Despite the effects of the industrial revolution, Maine still had a strong agrarian economy in 1910. While the size of this sector was less precisely estimated, re-



Winding Room Workers, Cabot Mill, Brunswick, 1925.

Image: Pejepscot Historical Society / Maine Memory Network.

## In 1910, Maine's Largest Industries Relied on Immigrant Labor



Source: US Census 1910 and IPUMS. Author's analysis.

### THE MAINE HAYMAKERS.

Large Numbers of Canadians Helping the Farmer—Their Buckboards.

[Special Correspondence of Lewiston Journal.]  
NEW PORTLAND, July 26th.

New Portland village is headquarters for the Frenchmen who are haying hereabouts. They congregate in large numbers every Sabbath, and the rattle of their rude buckboards and their mother tongue make a noisy Sunday here. It would be impossible to secure the hay crop without the assistance of the Frenchmen, who come across the line annually in large numbers. The average price paid them per month is about thirty dollars. Quite a per cent. of the money they earn is expended here in the purchase of goods to carry back to Canada,—such as clothing, boots and shoes, harnesses, agricultural implements and other articles, making their annual visit a very desirable one in every sense.

Lewiston Evening Journal, July 29, 1885.

(Continued on page 11)

*(100 Years Ago, Maine's Economy Was Powered by Immigrants continued from page 10)*

ports at the time put its value at \$60 million, more than the textile and paper industries combined. More Mainers were working as farmers than any other single occupation, and while the majority of them were native-born Americans, one in nine (11%) farmers was still born abroad. In the later 19th century, thousands of New England farmers had headed West, and newspaper accounts noted that their abandoned farms were increasingly being revived by Franco-Americans and other new arrivals.

Just as today, the immigrants of a century ago also did much of the manual work that native-born Americans preferred not to do. The 1910 census shows disproportionate numbers of immigrants working on the railroads, as construction workers, and as "general laborers" – who would work on short term projects as needed, from clearing canals and laying roadbeds to working in the shipyards on seasonally on Maine's farms. Some of the earliest Franco-Americans in Maine arrived in the 1840s and 50s in this role, and many had occupied the same position in Québec. The 1910 census shows that this itinerant and intermittent form of work was still a way of life for many.

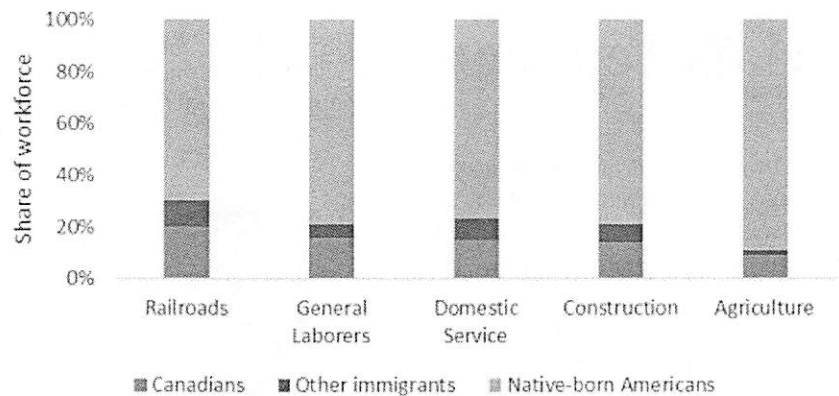
1910 marked the high point of immigration to Maine for several reasons. At the national level, the first comprehensive immigration laws were soon enacted, greatly restricting the flow of new workers from Europe (though they did not apply to arrivals from the Americas). The 1920s saw a rising tide of anti-immigrant sentiment that made Maine a more hostile place for Franco-Americans, and the Great Depression then made the US a far less attractive destination for immigrants. By the time the United States was experiencing its post-war recovery, the political and economic dynamics of Canada, and Quebec in particular, were shifting to provide more opportunities for French Canadians, and less incentive to leave for the US. As a result, the foreign-born population of Maine dropped to half its size by 1950, and reached its present historic low by the 1980s.

We can learn from this history. Maine's economy was most vibrant when it had a growing supply of workers, facilitated by a steady stream of arrivals from Canada, Europe, and elsewhere. Today, Maine faces many of the same demographic challenges as in the 19th century. Employers are struggling

to find workers, the population is aging at an alarming rate, and school districts are wrestling with the impacts of declining

enrollment numbers. In overcoming these current challenges, Maine could draw many lessons from its past successes.

### Immigrants Also Played a Key Role in Other Sectors

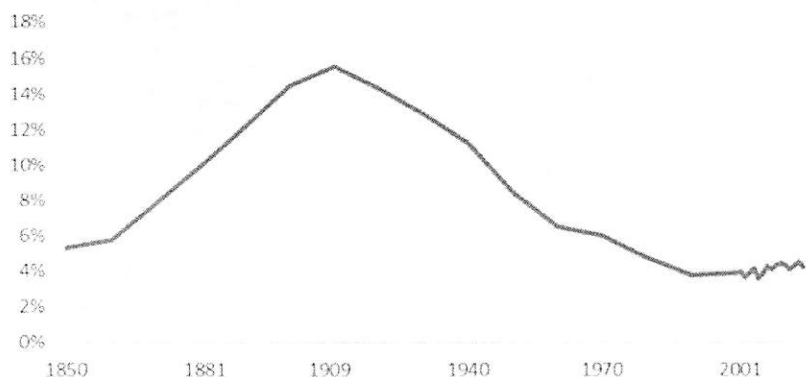


Source: US Census 1910 and IPUMS. Author's analysis.



Canal workers, Lewiston's Little Canada, date unknown. Image: University of Southern Maine / Maine Memory Network

### Maine's Foreign-Born Population Peaked in 1910, and Declined Swiftly Thereafter



Source: US Census 1850-2000, American Community Survey 2001-15 and IPUMS. Author's analysis.



# Les Quatre Saisons de Danté Hébert *par* *John François* Printemps Maïs Tendre

Un beau jour dans juin, quand le soleil brillait clair, Danté Hébert fouillait des fossés dans son clos de maïs avec sa sheuve pour mieux égoutter sa terre. Le mince et le fier Cajun se trouvait bien satisfait avec sa récolte parce que le maïs était grand avec beaucoup d'épis. Et quand Émilie, sa chère femme, est arrivée avec de l'eau à boire, il lui a dit, "Regarde, ma chère 'tite crêpe, comment pleins les épis commencent à être! On pourra bien vite manger du bon maïs tendre, ain?"

Émilie pensait que Danté était le meilleur récolteur dans toute la communauté de l'Anse Chaoui, sauf peut-être pour Valsin Boudreau, leur voisin. Mais naturellement, elle lui aurait jamais dit ça. "Ouay, donc!" sa 'tite crêpe dit. "Je peux pas espérer." Mais, elle était bien tracassée, parce que Valsin venait de passer. "Mon cher, il faut que je te dis que Valsin est venu ce matin, et il nous a laissé une douzaine d'épis de maïs tendre. Il dit que le sien est déjà paré à manger."

Danté, de sa part, était bien étonné. "Quoi? Mais, je comprends pas. J'ai planté

mon maïs une semaine avant lui. Le sien peut pas être déjà paré. T'en as dérobés pour voir?"

"Non, mon cher," Émilie dit, "pas encore." Mais elle avait menti. Elle avait dérobé deux épis, et les avait trouvés parfaits, juste bons à griller.

"Bien sûr," Danté dit avec le commencement d'une grosse colère, "Valsin les a cassés trop de bonne heure. C'est pas la première fois qu'il essaye, de sa maudite



manière, de te faire croire que t'as pas marié le meilleur homme!"

Émilie pensait que la compétition et la jalouserie de Danté était rendue hors de raison. C'était une affaire qui avait commencé quand les deux la courtaient, quand elle était toujours jeune fille. Valsin se foutait souvent de Danté, et elle aimait pas ça. Alors, elle avait décidé de marier le mince

et le fier Danté Hébert plutôt que le gros et le canaille Valsin Boudreau. L'année passée, par exemple, Valsin les avait amené du maïs tendre avant que le leur était prêt à manger. Pauvre Danté avait pris ça dur, même comme un affront à sa virilité, si tu veux croire. Alors, cette année-ci, Danté avait fait sûr de planter son maïs avant Valsin. Il avait gardé un oeil sur les activités de son voisin, et bien de bonne heure en mars, il avait planté. Quelques jours après ça, il avait vu Valsin dans son clos après plantait le sien.

Émilie guettait Danté appuyé sur sa sheuve, son front tout froncé. "Peut-être," Danté dit, "il a pris ce maïs d'une autre place, et il essaye de nous embêter. Mais, on va voir, ain? Espère que je rentre quand j'aurai fini ici!"

Émilie a partie chez eux, en pensant beaucoup dur quoi faire. Même si c'était le maïs à Valsin ou non, ç'aurait juste commencé du train. Elle aurait pas dû dire rien. Elle aurait fait mieux à donner les épis à Boudin, leur chère truie. Une fois, par exemple, Danté avait voulu prendre son fusil à deux coups pour effaroucher la vieille vache à Valsin qui avait rentré dans son clos de maïs. Danté faisait serment que Valsin avait fait exprès de la lâcher de sa savane. Merci Bon Dieu qu'elle l'avait arrêté.

Asteur, en sortant du clos, Émilie a eu une idée. Faisant sûr que Danté pouvait pas la voir, elle a cassé une douzaine d'épis et les a mis dans son tablier et s'est dépêchée pour la maison. Une fois là, elle a pris le sac de maïs que Valsin avait laissé et elle l'a vidé  
(Suite de page 13)

## A Greyhound Proposal *By* *Gérard Coulombe*

Upon my discharge from the military with the Korean G.I. Bill available to me, I had already decided to attend college. Where I would attend depended on where the girl I thought of as my girlfriend would be willing to go. Also, I had not even asked her to marry me. I had already been thinking of North Dakota because the cost of a college education there appeared to me to be least expensive.

This is the truth. I had never planned to marry French or Catholic. It was an escape plan of sorts that I had dreamed up

to separate myself from mythic over large imaginings that being Franco-American was something so other worldly, that not being one had its advantages.



My intended was a hometown girl whom I had known even as she and I had attended the same Catholic high school, but on separate sides of a real dividing wall with the girls on one side and the boys on the other. Since I was of a different parish, I had

never met her while we were both attending the same school and that the enrollment on our side was near fifty boys in the senior class made up of two sections or two classes.

While I was away, she had had a job in the secretary pool of a machine shop in Biddeford. Having also aspired to higher education, she had chosen nursing as a career and been enrolled on scholarship at Saint Mary's School of Nursing in Lewiston. Upon graduation, she was employed by the hospital and was using her salary to pay off student loans.

I did ask in a phone call to Saint Mary's student housing after I had received permission from the nun-in-charge-of-nursing for permission to speak to my student nurse girlfriend. I had always found "sister" agreeable. My girlfriend would not travel to North Dakota so that we could attend college there. With that out of the way, I would  
(Continued on page 13)

*(A Greyhound Proposal continued from page 12)*

attend the University of Maine following a short summer work interim in the Pepperell blanket folding department. Then the time came to travel to Orono to enroll.

The semester proceeded with its up and downs. Although I thought of myself as suitable for electronics, the fact that I had spent a good part of my enlistment attending some form or another of Radar school, that did not make me good at math. I was good at memorizing schematics and at understanding color codes and symbols to differentiate one type of electronic component from another, and I understood, generally, how systems worked. So, I changed majors rather than wallow in oblivion.

By the start of the second semester, I had changed majors. I was also interested in marrying my girlfriend. The first year ended with a decision on taking a job. My roommate, Buddy, and I would room together at his mother's house in his home town, and we would also work together for a small construction company. The two of us started our summer work program with jobs working with a two-bag cement mixer from which we turned out foundation mix for a house building job that the boss had. Then, we were assigned to a construction job on off U.S. Rout 2, west of Rumford. The job involved demolishing a bridge over a small stream crossing the lower end of the road to Andover, Maine. While on the job, my college roommate and I decided to live on the job in a two-man tent on the left side of the road meandering north. We thought that living on the job would save us the time traveling to and from the job and would allow us some time to enjoy the outdoors.

On the first and only "week-end" trip home, in reality, to use my sister's washing machine so that I could wash my muddy, sweaty clothes, Buddy dropped me off in Lewiston where my girlfriend had finished her RN at Saint Mary's Hospital and had started working off the money she had been granted to finish off her program.

From there the two of us took the Greyhound Bus to Biddeford and home. It was already dark when I proposed to her on the bus. We would tell our relatives. Find a priest to marry us, look for an apartment in Bangor before the start of my sophomore year, when I would return to school in the fall. That gave us just under two months to get ready.

On Saturday, before returning to the

job, I gave my fiancé a ring. Later that same afternoon, an aunt of her's, the daughter of her Grandfather's second wife, following the death of his first, and other relatives came to the house, a huge, white duplex with swings hanging from the attic beams. The earlier mentioned aunt had worked as a maid in the Catskills and had been married to a Jewish piano tuner before he passed away, as I earlier mentioned, Aunt Angie had been first to arrive. My intended ran to her aunt, saying, "Look at the ring he gave me." The aunt took her niece's hand, pulled it up to her good eye to better see the ring on her ring finger, examined it and said, "Oh, dear, what a lovely zircon." I thought it a compliment, but my wife to be knew the difference secreted in her aunt's words.

We learned together from the monsignors heading up the parishes that we thought we still belonged to that, one, they did not know us, and two, we were not on the parish roles, having both been away for several years—five for me and three for her, and three, we would need to be instructed in the sacrament of marriage to be married after being re-enrolled in the parish registers.

That would have been a problem for our parents because neither my parents nor my relatives had cars, and my betrothed's parents were not about to travel the distance. It was probably all about distance. Time and loss of wages involved were always, for them, a matter for discussion. My solution, eventually, was to visit the Newman Chapel at the University to speak to the Newman Chaplain about our circumstances. With not much ado about anything at all, he agreed to marry us; all that he needed to know was the date. We set a date on the visit spot and told him we would be back with the names of the best man and that of the person who would give the bride away. The date was set for the Saturday before the start of school. The priest agreed. And it was done.

In a week, I was back at the University to register, find an apartment off campus because we were too late to qualify for a campus apartment in faculty and married student housing, and to complete the arrangements to be married. I had lined up for best man a guy from my hometown who was a Marine Corps veteran attending the University and a friend who with Roger lived in a house they rented off campus. Roger was the guy with whom I had started first grade back then when we both lived near the Bradbury Street School. He quickly agreed to give the bride

*(Continued on page 14)*

*(Les Quatre Saisons de Danté Hébert suite de page 12)*

sous la galerie. Après ça, elle a mis le maïs qu'elle avait cassé dans le même sac et l'a remis sur la galerie.

Pas longtemps après, Danté rentre, toujours en colère. "Où son maïs?" il demande, ses yeux éclatants.

"Dans le sac sur la galerie," Émilie dit, en tordant les mains.

"Viens, on va voir quel espèce de maïs c'est ça!" Il va sur la galerie, vide le sac, et dérobe trois épis. "Ha! Juste comme je croyais! Ils sont pas parés à manger. J'ai envie de lui ramener."

Émilie commence à plaider. "Oh, mon cher, quitte ça aller. Ça va juste faire du train. Allons donner le maïs à Boudin, plutôt, et oublier tout ça."

Danté l'a regardé avec les yeux méfiant. "Vas-tu essayer de nous embêter, et tu me demandes d'oublier ça?"

Émilie lui prend la main. "Coute, j'ai une confession à faire. Aujourd'hui, quand je t'ai apporté de l'eau, j'ai ramassé des épis sur le dernier rang, le rang qui attrape le plus de soleil. Ces épis-là sont plus gros que les autres, et j'en ai cassés une douzaine. Je voulais te surprendre avec du bon maïs tendre à soir, ton maïs tendre à toi."

"Émilie! Quelle 'tite diablesse! Alors, où est mon maïs?"

Sa 'tite diablesse a sauté par terre et s'est mise à quatre pattes. "Je les ai mis ici, dans un tas sous la galerie, où ils pouvaient rester frais. Gardez donc!"

Danté prend un épi et le dérobe. "Émilie! Je peux dire que celui-ci est parfait. Hô ouay, on va manger ça à soir, ma chère 'tite poule." Danté regarde avec dédain le tas sur la galerie. "Tu veux pas que je lui ramène les siens?"

Sa chère 'tite poule s'est mise à rire. "Pourquoi, Danté? Regarde donc comment ça fait de la peine. Ses épis sont si petits, et pas mûrs encore."

Danté a sauté sur la galerie et il a pris à coups de pieds le tas de maïs qu'il croyait appartenir à Valsin. Quand les épis étaient épaillés dans toute la cour, il a pris un grand souffle.

*"Là, je me sens mieux!"*

(A Greyhound Proposal continued from page 13)

away. The Newman Chaplain was agreeable to both because he knew them from Chapel.

There was one more item on my agenda, and that was to arrange a reception to follow the wedding at the Bangor House. It was early; we were a small party; we had asked for lobster bisque for an entrée; we were to be provided with a small wedding cake, salad and coffee. I paid for the nuptial breakfast and for my wife-to-be's debt to the nursing school with the money I had saved from my summer job. The latter added to the sum of three hundred dollars. It would have taken her several months to work that off. I was not waiting for the nursing school's sister superior to ruminate on it. She gave me a price for my fiancé's freedom from indentureship, and I gave her cash in exchange for a release from service for debt.

The chaplain married us. I wore a tux. She wore a short, pink dress. We gathered in Bangor. Father gave a blessing. We ate breakfast. The lobster was a treat even if there was more bisque than lobster. But that is what I had ordered from the menu. I was not all that well informed about good food. My summer diet had been abundantly conservative--Dinty Moore Beef Stew, hot dogs and beans, an occasional steak and lots of string beans with some baked potatoes from the surrounding coals.

We spent the noon hour and part of the afternoon at our apartment in Bangor at the back of a single family home for which I was to pay by the week. We drank beer. Ate leftovers from marital luncheon, and talked a lot with our friends. And then they left us. We changed separately. Friday afternoon, all day Saturday and Sunday, until I had to go to the market to return bottles for the change to take the bus to the university Monday morning to attend my first class, we were free for a time, for, I would be, pretty much, broke until such time as the GI Bill checks started coming in following my enrollment

for the sophomore year.

I had often told myself that I would not marry French and Catholic. I do not know what specific objections I had held on either score. I grew up speaking French as my primary language. It was the language spoken in my neighborhood if not of the whole town. More people spoke French at home; all right, we spoke Québec French or Mainiac French. Or, if one wants to be particular, we spoke a derivative French, one spoken by adults and the children in Maine. As an aside, when my father visited us on Long Island, New York, for the 1964 World's Fair, he did not speak to the children, in French or English. Our children never did want to speak French, so their grandfather did not speak to them. My father could be a stubborn man, a man stuck within his customs. But the point is that in our hometown, business was conducted, for the most part in French; if a businessman wanted to make a sale, that is. As kids, most of us ran around town, and our language of play and commerce was French. I pledged that if were to bring a girl home to introduce to my parents, she would only speak English. The first time that I brought a girl home to introduce to my parents, she was a blond bombshell from Kennebunk. From my viewpoint, she was unlike any other girlfriend. A terrific girl, she was. My father smiled when I introduced her and then resumed reading his paper. Only my mother spoke to her in her own, halting English, but, at least, my mom made the effort, made herself understood, told the guest that she didn't speak very good English, and I appreciated that.

Once married, having entertained half a dozen or so guests for the afternoon following the wedding and in celebration, including my college friends and maybe two of my wife's nursing school classmates, and her hometown "best friend" being present, we spent the hours remaining of the day testing our endurance for each other.

On Monday morning, I counted the

change from my bottle returns. With it, I had enough for the bus to Orono and back if I brought my own lunch, which I had to do because we had no money. At this juncture in our marriage I learned an important life lesson: One never, ever slices lettuce. I was to shred it! I knew then as I know now, although I have grown old enough to ignore the dictum. Being told that one never slices the lettuce when one's own mother always sliced the lettuce is one of those forewarnings. I sensed it. Marriage had its ways of doing things. My wife's first critique of the way I did things set the stage for years of jousting over complex and nonsensical things.

My first goal as a provider was to register with the University housing office for married student housing. The gentleman in charge was a retired US Army Major who ran roughshod over the office. Everything had to go through him. He was the one to decide who got an apartment as they became available. As Veterans, we were given preference, but that as was as far as it went.

To my surprise I got what I wished for, a call from the housing office. I was told of an available apartment in a one story sixteen unit, eight back to back, building. There were two of those, in line, on the back farm road exit to the macadam highway headed to Bangor, south or north to Old Town.

So, we moved into our one room apartment, one of sixteen in the building, as I have said. We were #12, away from the road, fronting the larger eight apartment double-deckers. Each apartment had one entrance/exit. What one would call a double-double hung window faced the galleria wall and rooftop overhang that ran the length of the building. It was about 12 feet from the front door to the back of the unit. Behind the wall opposite the front door was the shower. To the right was a convertible bed and couch on which we slept. The shower

(Continued on page 15)

## "La Pie Bavarde"

In December of 1999, Marie-Anne Gauvin, "La Pie Bavarde", in a pique of longing for summer, wrote about the lovely fruit to be picked in the St. John Valley, all the while being mindful of the approaching holidays. While we are celebrating, we can all look forward to "les fraises et les framboises" of warmer days.



Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso

(Suite page 15)



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### Mots du jour:

|                                                                  |                                                              |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| Tenir quelque chose pour acquis = To take something for granted. |                                                              |
| Tamias                                                           | = Chipmunk, called <i>un suisse</i> in the Valley.           |
| Chaudière                                                        | = Pail, the French dictionaries call a pail <i>un seau</i> . |
| Entre-temps                                                      | = Meanwhile                                                  |

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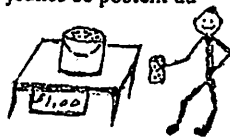
### A tous et à chacun:

Déjà nous commençons à penser aux fêtes qui approchent. Ceux et celles qui se sont approvisionnés de petits fruits sauvages pendant l'été vont assurément préparer des desserts fruités pour accompagner les autres bons mets du temps des fêtes.

Ahl Les fraises et les framboises de chez nous sont spéciales. Les petites fraises des champs sont très répandues par ici. Si vous êtes bon ramasseurs ou bonnes ramasseuses vous équeutez vos fraises en les ramassant. C'est chose tenu pour acquis. Le mari anglophone d'une petite cousine au Connecticut a une ferme PICK YOUR OWN et quand il m'a vue cueillir ses grosses fraises cultivées il a ri en disant, "All you French people hull your berries in the field." Je l'avais fait tout bonnement par habitude mais son commentaire m'a fait réfléchir. Encore une différence de chez nous! J'ai essayé de lui faire comprendre qu'on équeute les fraises de champ en les ramassant parce qu'elles sont petites et que l'habitude nous reste. Imaginez-vous donc de toutes repasser vos petites fraises à la maison pour enlever la queue de chacune. Elles seraient écrasées en confiture.

Les framboises *asteures*. Les framboises, c'est des framboises, pas vrai? Oui, mais savez-vous pourquoi hors de notre région les gens ne ramassent point de framboises sauvages? Une collègue au Connecticut me racontait que chez elle à Indiana les cotonniers des framboises sauvages avaient de grandes épines plus grandes que celles des rosiers. Je l'a croyais à peine. Puis un jour nous étions allées à un restaurant et autour du parking il y avait des framboisiers. Je me suis avancée pour cueillir une framboise et j'ai sursauté. Ma foi du "bon-vice", comme disait une cousine, il y avait des épines de deux à trois pouces. On aurait cru que c'était un arbuste d'aubépines (hawthorn bush). Alors, vous voyez que nos framboises sont des plus faciles à cueillir pourvu que les guêpes nous laissent tranquille. On peut s'approcher des cotonniers sans s'estropier!

Au mois d'août nous avons les noisettes le long des bois. C'est à nous d'aller les cueillir avant les écureuils et les tamias (suisse). Dans le conté d'Aroostook, connaissez-vous des anglophones qui vont aux noisettes? Ceux que j'ai connus ne savaient même pas ce que c'était des noisettes. Quand nous avons une année de bonne récolte de noisettes dans la Vallée les jeunes se postent au bord des routes pour les vendre aux verres. Si vous considérez que le jeune est allé les ramasser, qu'il a dû les battre pour amollir la pelure piquante puis enlevé cette pelure avant de pouvoir récupérer la noisette, il ou elle gagne bien son argent.



J'en oublie probablement ou j'en saute comme les bleuets. J'ai découvert après ma retraite des cerises à grappe le long d'un chemin de campagne. J'ai goûté, elles étaient bonnes. La semaine suivante j'y suis retournée avec une petite chaudière (un seau) mais entre-temps il avait gelé. Je n'avais jamais mangé de si bonnes cerises. Attendez après une ou deux gelées avant d'aller aux cerises. Elles seront noires, juteuses et délicieuses. Vous aurez les dents et la langue noires et la bouche épaisse, tellement que vous pouvez vous étouffer si vous en manger trop. C'est pourquoi on les appelle chokecherries en anglais. Avec ces cerises vous pouvez faire de la gelée ou du vin.

Voilà comment l'environnement a contribué beaucoup à la richesse de notre héritage. Je vous souhaite tous de passer de belles fêtes. Amusez-vous bien.

Votre pie bavarde,

Marie-Anne



(A Greyhound Proposal continued from page 14)

was sheet metal painted black. In front of the front wall windows, by the entrance, was the kitchen/work-study table. As to the back wall, there was, in addition to bathroom/shower, the kitchen counter. There were cloth curtains hanging from a wire strung from end to end of the 1" by 12" closet capping board. On the counter there was a double hotplate with a collapsible oven in which or on which we could prepare meals. A sizable space heater stood on the wall opposite the bathroom. It burned coal as long as the coal was not frozen into big ice chunks of it. We had two straight back chairs at the dining/study table where I worked on homework. We had a lamp on the table and a floor lamp by the chair, and a wall lamp over the couch so we could read sitting or lying down. The floors were made of wood. The walls were sheetrock on four by four studs. In winter, the pipes were subject to freezing. That's why there were no doors on kitchen cabinets or under the counter.

My wife had taken a job at Bangor Hospital because she could walk from the apartment to the hospital. Now, she had to take the bus to work in Bangor. So she was the one commuting. She worked in the pediatric ward of the hospital, a job she did not like because her training choices did not conform to the department's childcare techniques. Perhaps she did not like the hospital work and soon found a job working for an obstetrician from whom she learned the use of hypnosis in delivery and learned to teach it to patients who wished to use hypnosis, as she had used the practice herself to give birth to our children.

Our move to campus had been to save money for rent and the commute. Living in campus housing that was reasonably priced saved us a lot. Rent for a "furnished" apartment was very affordable. We also paid per pieces to furnish the apartment: Chairs, table, couch, and refrigerator were priced reasonably by the month, all due when Uncle Sam started paying us. Almost all couples in these apartments intended to get with child as soon as possible in order to apply for larger quarters. It's only a guess. The 36 unit total apartments in the two, one-story buildings were known on campus as Fertile Valley.

# Irish French Fries

**Guy Dubay**  
*Madawaska, Maine*

Irish French Fries: In 1781 Thomas Kennedy (1760-1801) a native of Ireland married Euphrosine Bouchard in Kamouraska, QC. That made his children 1/2 French. In 1781 Thomas Kennedy, Jr. (1788-1856) married Catherine Amiot. That made his children 3/4 French.

In 1843 in Rivière-du-Loup Thomas Kennedy III (1816-1888) married Nathalie Michaud. Their children then became 7/8th French. In 1871 Thomas Kennedy IV (1847-1917) married another lady also named Nathalie Michaud in St. François, N.B. making their Children 15/16th French.

Oscar Kennedy (1879-1974) married Virginie Morin in 1898 having then children who were 31/32 French. Oscar's son Ernest Kennedy (1909-1981) married Alphena Collin giving us children who were 63/64th part French. That's 98.45% French.

An Irish surname? Absolutely and as late as the 1911 N.B. census the family is still identified the family as Irish, but the pedigree chart is filled 98% with French names.

Some of the women in the pedigree are Euphrosine Bouchard whose mother was Joesette Saucier; Catherine Amiot whose mother was Madeleine Prevost; Nathalie Michaud

whose Mother was Anastasie Viel. The other Nathalie Michaud whose mother was Zoé Nadeau; Virginie Morin whose mother was Zithée Nadeau and Alphonsine Collin whose Mother was Marie Lang. Now each of these grandmothers named also had granmothers and great grand mothers unnamed here.. But do I see any other Irish name in the list here given. That's a dozen French names to grapple with the on Irish name.

That is to say, we do not undervalue our Irish roots but assimilation works both ways. The French may pick up Irish values, but the Irish may adopt French practices. Cherchez-la-femme -search out the women. Those women taught their children the Our Father in French and "Ainsi-soit il" (So be it instead of "Amen").

## An Immersive Experience

by  
**Gérard Coulombe**

As youngsters, we had the choice of using our ears with which to listen to the radio where adventures of various sorts ran supreme from *The Lone Ranger* to *The Shadow Knows*. As we grew older, we also had the choice of using both our ears and eyes to watch and listen to movies and later to attend Saturday afternoon feature length films, including cartoons, approved for viewing, and screened for our entertainment, like *Captains Courageous* and the cartoon, *Popeye the Sailor*.

As a bilingual youngster, I could also listen to Montreal stations, one of which featured a French-Canadian soap opera called, *Un Homme et Son Péché*. In many ways, listening to the on-going story line was much like eavesdropping on a penitent on the other side of the confessional, as one knelt waiting with the shutter closed to block out the priest's head in profile, while being able to hear the penitent on the other side who couldn't modulate his voice, as he recited all of his venial sins, and worked up to the mortal sins, as father probed with his questions before giving absolution and assigning penance.

The radio was a tabletop Cathedral Philco, "cathedral" because of its shape, pointed like that of a church window or façade. The value of radio in the 1930's,

other than the obvious one, was that it forced us to focus our minds and therefore taught us to listen. How else could we imagine a radio script setting of *The Shadow Knows*? How were we to respond to The Lone Ranger and his mighty horse, Silver, without a highly developed capacity to stage the events we habitually listened to and saw in our mind's eye?

For many years during my childhood, the "Shadow" character had me dreaming that, without being seen by anyone, I could levitate in a room without anyone present, knowing I was there, because I was pres-



ent but unseen, and I could listen as they conversed one with another. I valued this superpower, as I dreamt and imagined its possibilities.

Legion of Decency screenings took place on Saturday afternoons in "La Salle Paroissiale," which in this case was the basement of "l'Église Saint André." The church is now forever closed. It has been decommissioned, but as far as I know, there was no ceremony officially noting the occasion. Today's parishes are shrinking so that, as there were three Catholic churches in

town when I was growing up, there is only one active church today. The school we attended standing to the rear of the church was given over to senior housing. The convent that housed the teaching sisters is still standing. The building that housed the teaching brothers was demolished many years ago.

My sisters and I started attending movies, "les vues animées," at the parish hall at least once a month. It was a noisy experience, always filled with kids like us. We were mostly of elementary school age. The biggest moneymaker other than the dime it cost for attending was the bags of popcorn sold. In this way, the Catholic way of enjoying the movies was for the parish a blessed fundraiser.

In our parish, the weekly church bulletin listed the movies being shown at local theatres and their ratings. Going to the movies to see films on the index as banned for being morally objectionable virtually meant that we were committing a mortal sin every time we went to the movies, and, therefore, we had to avoid viewing these movies at a cost to our immortal souls for willfully going to the movie house to see them. In a city whose population was mostly objectionable, a fair number of those purchasing a ticket for a double feature, cartoons, coming attractions had to have been committing mortal sin, but I never judged.

My friend Normand loved to go to the movies and I loved going too. It cost a nickel when we started going to the movies. When movie theatres started charging a dime, it became a tricky job to beg our moms for the needed dime. Getting a nickel out of  
(Continued on page 17)

(An Immersive Experience continued from page 16)

my mother was easier than getting a dime. I was older than my sisters, but not by much. Thirty cents a week to go to the movies was a lot of money. My parents did not go. My parents visited relatives together and with us kids when we were toddlers. Hard as it is to believe, my mother never went to the movies. If she ever did, she never said. She could always be persuaded to give us the change for my two sisters when of age and I to attend. Persuasion involved dragging on to her apron strings, as she went about her business because she never stopped for us, we had to follow her, had to drag her to a stop, to beg, whimper, cry, and promise never to ask again because it would be the last time for whatever reason, ever. "C'est vrais, ça."

I know that our mother saved her dimes not only to pay the rent, but also to purchase from her cousin, "Monsieur Poirier" who worked for Rawleigh Products, going door to door, and from whom she bought the few beauty essentials she needed.

There was only one time that I recall mother ever talking our father into going to the movies with me; although, it was with reluctance that that he agreed to go to the Central Theatre with me where I could get him in, free, to see the re-release of *Gone with the Wind*. He found Clark Gable's character a feckless fraud.

There were two theatres available to us, initially. The City Theatre located in the center of downtown Biddeford was in City Hall with its clock tower topped by an open bell tower with a cupola. I remember listening to Wendell Willkie as he spoke to the assembled citizens of Biddeford from a podium on an elevated platform in front of the Union Soldier monument in City Hall Plaza. The good thing about the City Theatre is that it was at the core of the building with the front entrance at sidewalk level on Main Street. The climb up the several flights of stairs to the main floor gave us shelter from the elements whenever crowds assembled, lining up to purchase their tickets to attend a movie.

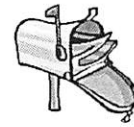
Saturday was usually a double feature day and included a Tom Mix Western, which was in the main the reason for attending. Of course a complete bill included "the news of the day, coming attractions, a serial, a cartoon, and, at the time I started attending, the Saturday afternoon bill included a vaudeville act of some kind. For the price, the bill of entertainment was well worth it.

We kids, boys and girls, sat in the balcony, center aisle, below the projection booth. We were there long enough to grow into relationships with the girls and they with us. Smooching in the balcony while eating popcorn or a favorite candy bar, a Needham, which we bought at the candy store adjacent to the Thatcher Hotel entrance became a weekly event, one worth looking forward to. As we grew as kids, the occasions of sin just kept growing and growing. I don't know that many boys understood that smooching with a girl we liked and who liked us was anything more than an occasion for sin. We might confess going to the movies but never thought of smooching as a mortal sin that we had to reveal. As far as sex was concerned, we were innocents.

But most pastors and curates kept reminding us as they stood in the pulpit to preach that the movies were the shortcut to eternal damnation. I don't have any idea how other kids thought of the admonition to avoid movies at all cost with the possible exception of those shown in the church basement. Evidently my sisters and I when older and all the kids I knew and their parents hadn't quite signed on to the pledge as much as moms had to the "blue buttons" or "bouton bleu" that married women pledged to in order to keep their husbands away from "drink." My mom was convinced that joining alone would save our dad from the alcohol which he bought on Saturday afternoons and hid from her by pouring the contents of a bottle of brandy into a clean, empty bottle of turpentine. My brother-in-law on one occasion [on the occasion of my dad passing] took one bottle from the stash out of the closet in the shed and chocked on it when he took a swig—thereby convincing mother that her husband, Felix, might have had too much to drink from time to time, but he had never had a secret stash in the shed.

In grammar school, Monday morning was a time for spiritual self-examination. The principal was responsible for our education and for the state of our immortal souls. It was his job to provide us with a well-rounded education as well as with an opportunity to save our immortal souls. Therefore, we stood in class and awaited the sound of the public address system to come to life when his voice came over the speakers in our classrooms. He led us in reciting the Our Father and a Hail Mary; he read the day's announcements and called us boys who had gone to the movies to report to the office.

(Continued on page 18)



## Lettres/ Letters

Dear Le Forum,

As a contributor to *Le Forum*, I wish to thank the editor, *Lisa Desjardins Michaud*. Miss Michaud's devotion to the publication encompasses nearly all aspects of the publishing process. She is the Editor-in-Chief, etc. From my reading of the tasks for which she is accountable, those of editor, technical expert, researcher, communicator, secretary, odd job specialist, and all other small acts that she must perform to put the magazines in the hands of readers, are tasks that entail all aspects of the magazine's transition from start to finish. For all this, I am thankful for all she does and more for her devotion to a most worthwhile project.

Thanks to the publication's readers for the magazine's survivance.

Sincerely,

*Gérard, Pierre, Guy Coulombe  
Fairfield, CT*

Note: I wish to purchase subscriptions for a library and son. Included is a check to cover charges and expenses—the balance is a contribution to be used as the editor sees fit.

**IF LE FORUM WOULD  
CEASE TO EXIST....  
WOULD YOU MISS IT?**

**PLEASE CONSIDER A  
MONETARY DONATION  
OR SUBMISSION TO HELP  
KEEP "OUR VOICE" ALIVE!**

**THANK YOU FOR YOUR  
CONTINUED SUPPORT!**





(An Immersive Experience continued from page 17)

I suppose one could lie or rather choose not to concede having attended. But I was one of the boys who felt obliged to admit to having seen a movie over the weekend.

Those of us conceding guilt raised our arm in surrender so that our teacher could count hands and then excuse us to go to the principal's office where we lined up in the hallway in front of the principal who stood outside of his office with a strap in his hand. We were asked, in turn, "Gerard, did you go to the movies?" Those of us lined up, said, "Yes! Reverend Brother Armand." Whereupon the principal said, "Show your hand!" Then he struck us across the palm of the hand with a short razor strop.

I never forgot that the slap of the strop striking the flat of the hand hurt. But it was either the strop or the everlasting fires of purgatory or hell. But it did not stop me from seeing the double bill of a Tom Mix and Charlie Chan the following week.

Meanwhile, there was another movie house in the adjoining town across the Saco River that occupied us boys and also cost

a dime for the double feature; the cost of admission included a serial, cartoon, travelogue, and coming attractions. At least one feature was a Western involving one of my favorite cowboy stars, Hopalong Cassidy or Gene Autry. The line outside the Mutual in Saco was very long if we got there late. We had to get there early to get in line so that we could still run down the aisle to the front row, which was our favorite place to sit. We liked it so much that we stayed for the second showing of the cowboy feature.

I grew up to love the movies. I worked different jobs while I attended Catholic schools, and the most consistent job I held throughout my adolescent and teen years was that of an usher. Two of my all-time favorite films were *The Razor's Edge* because it was a Maugham classic and *Duel in the Sun* because Gregory Peck starred and I always thought that it was the last movie I was to see as an usher. For that film I stood behind the screen to watch the movie because there was a long overture before the title and credits came on screen. I also wanted to sense the power of being at the cinema. As an aside, I confess that I loved Jennifer Jones. She was so beautiful

in *The Song of Bernadette* and so sultry in *Duel in the Sun*.

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*Note: There were bakery products available all over town. As kids in the Clifford Park neighborhood, we were familiar with the baker who baked from his "patisserie" in the basement of the four-floor flat he lived in on upper Clifford Street near Pool.*

*I only guess that he lived on the first floor. But early Saturday mornings when, as six to nine year old kids going to play war games in the park where we searched, actually to look at, closely, for new and old quarried, left over, oddly piled blocks of granite with a lot of green, moist and thick patches of lichen on shards of broken, odd pieces of branches and granite amidst the little ponds, we would stop by the driveway and sneak up to the racks and steal, maybe lift, a chocolate covered napoleon or two, and we licked at the thick quarter inch chocolate frosting that topped the rectangular piece.*

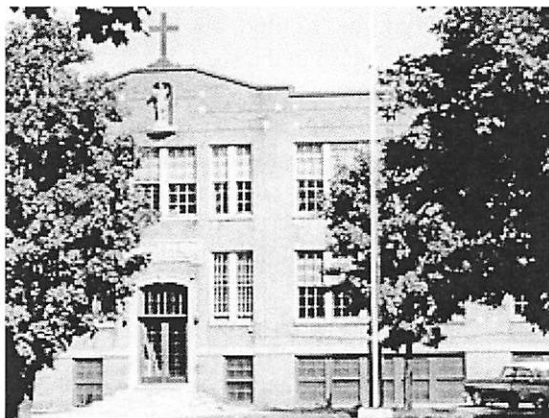
## From MARTHA'S MEMOIRS **SCHOOLING**

*by Martha Cyr Genest  
Van Buren, ME*

Education: Our Mother and Grandmother gave us our first education. As we often mentioned, we were taught to love God which gave us a sound upbringing, both spiritual and for the world. We were taught at home to respect authority, from the maid to our teachers, priests and fellow men. If our parents were not at home, the hired girl or our Grandmother Michaud, a good Irish Mémère, would look after us.

My sisters, Cecile, Marie and I went to the old convent which was on the hill across from Bridge Street where Leon Rossignol's home is now. It was started in 1891 by the Good Shepherd Sisters of Quebec. I was not five when I started school in 1899. It was a long walk to town. My Father would hitch a team of horses to a large wagon in spring and fall. In the winter it was a lovely old sleigh with plenty of fur robes and shawls. We would gather all the children along the way. To me it was one big project that helped so many who did

not have transportation. I used to sit with Dad as he was afraid I would get lost with the others since I was so small. We were proud of being farmers and riding with Dad and old Shep.



I followed the regular curriculum. Being so small, I caught all the germs that came around and plentiful at the time; small pox, measles, mumps and even others not in



style now. We brought our lunch, which usually was a couple of plogues (buckwheat pancakes) with good home made butter rolled around a piece of "boudin" (blood) sausage, beef or other meat. We always had homemade bread with "creton" (special meat loaf) in winter. Mother made those so good. In the large classroom was an old potbelly stove. We took turns warming our lunch. Some would toast their bread, a few would have doughnuts they would warm up. We kept our ginger bread for the afternoon recess.

If it was stormy, sometimes we had to wait for my Dad or the hired man to pick us up. In those days, I do not remember that we were kept after school too often, as we had to ride together. The teacher probably  
(Continued on page 19)

(Schooling continued from page 18)

did not know of after school punishment. What we had was the good old ruler on the hands or sometimes on the legs. No one complained, then, we took it all in, not even telling tales after school. We always had so much fun riding back, Shep would run along and bark. Sometimes we would stop at the Post Office. The mail was not delivered then. We did not get much mail. Sometimes, there would be an almanac for Grandpa or Mother would get a post card from one of her brothers out West.

By 1901 the Academy on the hill had become too small. A new school and Convent for the nuns were built on upper Main Street. It opened its doors February 1902. We went to school at 8AM, a short recess at 10 and home for dinner at 11:30. We were back for classes at 1PM and out at 3:35. Those who were quarter boarders had a snack of nice slices of homemade bread covered with butter and molasses. Those were prepared in the morning and the molasses had really gone into the bread. This was a good nourishing treat with milk. We went to the chapel, then supervised studies until 5:45 or sometimes later. We went to school for three days, then we had Thursday off. We had a half day on Saturday.

I wish I could describe the following in such a way that in the year 2000, the students could visualize schooling of 1900. Our sisters at the convent were expert in French and English, they were our friends. On of the superiors when I went to school was Mère Marie-Ange. She was so graceful, and her diction was so soft and lady like. When she coached us for a play or to get an honor, we really felt we knew how to act and really felt like ladies. The prizes we won then were beautiful books. I still have one of these books I won for catechism, I treasure it. Some times there was a gold or bronze medal or a crown of laurel to be awarded. To me this was such a rich heritage, I often reminisce of those days when I was young. We had so may nice plays. I used to love to dress as a mammy, we would burn cork and use it to blacken our face and dress in all

kinds of costumes. We also had lovely musicals, most of us were good singers, we took piano lessons and were there when needed.

I have just found out that my sister, Anne has a box in her attic with one of the paintings I made when I was 13. I had really worked hard at it. I am planning to have it at the Arts and Craft Fair in Caribou at the end of October. I can not believe that after 69 years, I can still see Mother Marie de l'Espérance, one of the teachers trying to make a class of teenagers. That word was not in style then, we were young ladies. Some of us were running after those better instructed than we were in the stages of life. To this day I do not dare talk about sex because in our dictionary it said; distinction between male and female. Now one is almost shocked

Philomene Larourche, To this day I still have chills down my spine. The next day sister came in class and called for me. She looked at me twice and said "ma pauvre Marthe", my poor Marthe, I can not even think that you had stooped so low as to do this awful thing to me, and she raved on so that I felt pretty cheap. I had to write on the blackboard my apologies to the whole class. It was left there for two days. I shall never forget that. Some 60 years later, I was teaching at the High School, and one girl who had really been naughty would not even excuse herself. Well, I hope she does not regret her little tantrum as many years as I did mine. I still do. Dear sister died some years ago, I can still see the name Larouche in front of me. That name is taboo in my mind.

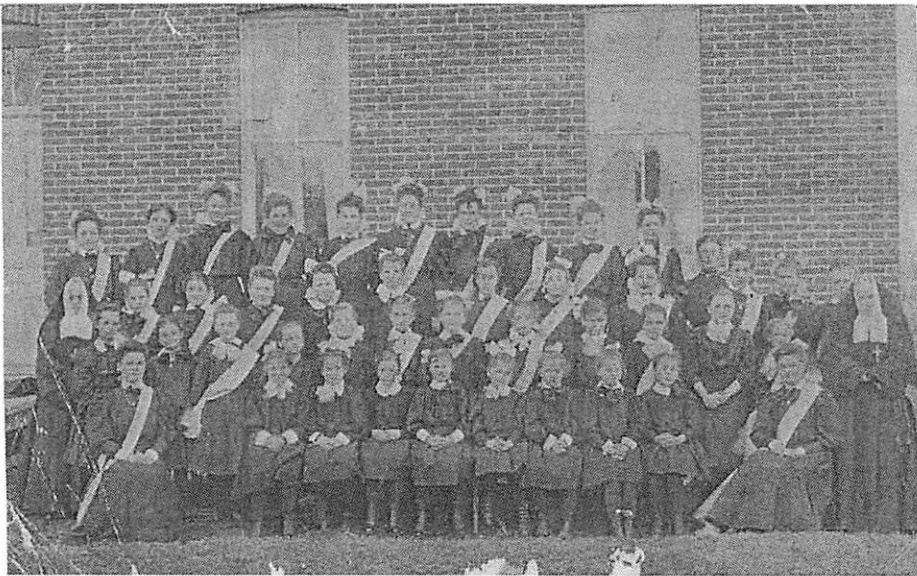
The church, school and homes were all heated with wood. My Father would sell "bois de corde", meaning wood cut according to the needs of the people for furnace or stove. My Father was a man who could write his name on a potato barrel and read in his prayer book with large script, but he excelled in math. He taught me at a very young age how to measure cord wood.

That extra money paid for the extras we studied at school; music,

piano, or organ at the time, oil painting. I took commercial courses, shorthand and typing were not included, we had to pay for those. We had to take those courses after school or Thursday. We had school on Saturday. My Dad was always so considerate about all we wanted to study, even if it meant he had to go in the lumber camps during the winter to earn money he could not earn in Van Buren. The sisters also taught us different needlework and painting.

School days, school days, dear old golden rule days. We really made the best of all that was offered to us. Seeing the short hours children are in school now, makes me wonder how they can cram so much in so short of a time.

Many things passed from 1907-1911, but the best was that I graduated with honor with my diploma in Commercial Courses. Wish I could find it, as through the years I lost a few of my treasures. I still have one of my prizes of catechism, "Les Fêtes du (Continued on page 20)



what they give for a definition. Any way we were all out for fun.

One of our best places to play at school was to make some kind of a hiding place in the wood pile and have a post office for our letters. When we were younger we were the mail carriers for the older girls to their boy friends at the College across the street. They too had their cache under a big pine tree near my Grandfather's hill. Many graduates from both the Convent and the College when they talk about their Alma Mater always mentioned the nice walks they took or the good times they had sliding on my Cyr Hill.

Just now I feel we were really cheated as we could not even ask a sister her name. Some of us had been in the library alone and ransacked the place and finally found the book with the names of the Sisters. One day not long after that I had a French letter to write and my best friend and teacher was Soeur St-François de Paul, her name was



(Schooling continued from page 19)

Monument Laval". I had won this prize coming before all the Classical Course graduates. I am still proud of that, and it made my parents feel that religion classes had been put before anything else. This was June 21, 1911. What a long summer it seemed to me. My Father and Mother had decided that as small as I was, I should not work in a store or an office and should take a post graduate course in September. The following is to show you, that "poor little misery" I really was not.

Reliving the scenes of 40 years ago, takes me back to graduation time, and the famous class of 1924, who were burned out of school a few weeks before graduation and were tickled blue to be able to walk up to St-Mary's Hill and finish their senior year.

Photos taken then are not much different than now, 1964 graduates; the 1924 girls also ran up the hill in the snow, and always seem to gang, as you do so well now. One wonders if the girls now do shake the dust cloths out of the window, like we did in 1910-11 and like also did in 1923-24. Girls are not so much different than they were some 50 years ago. So girls cheer up, if some of us oldsters seem to give you a cold stare some morning when going o church. Maybe if we had had a vestibule then, we may have lingered too...and would relive this now while searching our attic.

Talking about Sacred Heart High School, the writer has just received a thank you note from the Charles Lacroix family from Quebec City about the note written on a paper with a photo Sacred Heart High School on the cover. Mr. Lacroix was then operating the mill at Notre Dame, known as the Madawaska Lumber Co. and Mr. Jos Delisle of town and Mr. Lacroix had the contract to build the new school. I quote; "Ça

m'a fait plaisir de recevoir votre lettre, je remarque que la petite statue que les bonnes soeurs m'avaient fait acheter, pour l'école



du Sacre Coeur est encore la. Vous savez, ça venait d'Italie et elle coutait un peu plus

chère que la bonne Soeur avait fait semblant de dire, quant elle l'avait demandée. Elle était très smart." (I was plaecased to receive your letter, I noticed that the small statue that the good sisters had me buy for Sacred Heart is still there. You know, it came from Italy and was a lot more expensive than the good sister made it appear when she asked for it. She was really smart.)

As a Senior Service Corps Member at Borderview Nursing Home I have met some of the friends of years ago, especially M.J.M. from Frenchville. He was a boarder but was older than I, and we went over the dear Convent days. It makes me feel so young at heart to know that so many of these gals were still living I am not talking of the boys because at the time, we were not to talk to the College friends except in certain occasions when we were introduced and all this stuff. What I could write about these few minutes, when we would run to the window and wave at them. The College students had Wednesday and Saturday afternoons off. They always went for a walk with a PRE-FECT (teacher's aide) that is what I mean in the Cyr Hill write up. We had many nice walks with some dear old friends and many times through the years I have met someone who brought back the past.

At the opening of the Senior Center September 1st, a Gentleman and 2 ladies came to shake hands with me, he said I came to St-Mary's in 1917...well I was off the run for St-Mary's boys, but I answered "Your Father was Mr. Harvey of St-Francis, I was the lumber office gal who used to go there and pay the river mill men. Your Dad was one of the bosses. It does strike one funny after 60 years and even 65 Years to look at some on e right in the eye and feel like saying is your Father still around. This is what I mean by saying...it is so good to remember and reminisce.

## EDITH CHASSÉ CHAMBERLAND (1874-1953)

*Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso*

(Published in the St. John Valley Times June 21, 1995)

Des cheveux de neige ondulés croisent en diagonal la gauche du front intelligent pour s'enrouler dans un chignon toujours en place. Je vois des yeux bleus dans ce beau visage de lait écrémé de ma grand-mère

paternelle, avec mes yeux de sept ans quand elle nous a gardé, mon frère aîné, Ronald, et moi, pendant que "les sauvages" amenait un nouveau né chez nos parents. Cette septuagénnaire, la matriarch des Chamberland,

était plutôt grande et robuste.

Edith Chassé, à Philias (Philouse) Charles Chassé et Marguerite Pelletier, soeur de Fortunat, Henri, Willie, Siméon, Flavie Dubé, Modeste Toussaint, Déline Bossé, Hélène Coté, Marie Eveline Cyr, Clara Marquis et Elise Michaud, à 17 ans, a épousé Beloni Chamberland, âgé de 26 ans, à Ste. Agathe le 21 mai, 1891. De 19 à 45 ans, Edith a donné naissance à 12 enfants. Rosaire, le cadet, avait 10 ans à la mort de Beloni en 1929. Edith a élevé les derniers. Le clan compte 86 petits-enfants: Belone en a eu 14; Joseph 8; Fortuna; Olivier 9; (Suite page 21)



(EDITH CHASSÉ CHAMBERLAND  
(1874-1953) suite de page 20)

Siméon 11; Eva Albert Corriveau 2; Catherine Marquis 8; Yvonne Ouellette 11; Gérard 7; Raoul 6; Roseanna (Rosette) Saucier 4; et Rosaire 9. Ils ont aussi engendré de familles nombreuses. Sauf pour une autre branche, tous les Chamberland de la Vallée Saint-Jean ont du Chassé.

Edith et Belone ont cultivé la terre et ont élevé leur famille au deuxième rang des concessions de Ste. Agathe sans aide d'éducation formelle. Belone souffrait d'attaques d'épilepsie. On lui faisait respirer du camphre quand il subissait une crise. Ils ont construit une maison "au bord" (près du lac) en 1928 et ils ont vendu la terre à Siméon (Belone II, Joseph, Olivier, Yvonne et Raoul ont aussi cultivé la terre et élevé des bétails). Belone y a survécu une seule année. Dans cette même maison, Gérard a entrepris le commerce d'épicerie en 1934, ce qui a grandi et diversifié et que son fils, James, a continué au même endroit sous le nom de *Chamberland Building Supplies*. Gérard allait en trainee chez Alfred Soucy à Fort Kent pour acheter des produits. Mère aidait à vendre des seaux de 20 livres de beurre d'arachide, de la farine, du riz et du sucre qui arrivaient dans des sacs de 100 livres,

des fèves dans des sacs de 125 livres et du vinaigre, du lard salé et de la mélasse dans des tonneaux. Gérard a épousé Eva Guerrette en 1937. Mère, Rosaire, Raoul, Rosette (la fondatrice de Rosette's Restaurant à Frenchville) habitait le "bord d'en avant" et Gérard et Eva le "bord d'en arrière." En 1947, après que Rosaire, Raoul et Rosette



EDITH CHASSE CHAMBERLAND

avait quitté la maison, et à l'augmentation de la famille de Gérard, Edith a pris un petit appartement auprès de Raoul qui avait épousé Imelda Sirois en 1939. Mère Edith y est décédée en 1953.

"Derrière chez mon père" et ma

grand-mère on élevait des poulets, des cochons et des vaches dans le poulailler et dans la petite étable. On barattait la crème en beurre, cuisait de la bouette [nourriture pour les cochons et les vaches] et ravitaillait les animaux avec des patates. On tondait les moutons. Edith cardait la laine, la filait sur son rouet, et la tournait en verge sur le dévidoir; elle tissait des couvertures sur son métier et elle tricotait des mitaines et des bas. Son remède pour dormir était une ponce [goutte] de brandy à l'eau chaude sucrée. Ronald, se souvient de sa douceur et de son imperturbabilité. J'ai demandé à mon père, Gérard, si elle était sévère. "Non, mais on l'écoutait quand elle parlait." Elle était douée d'une belle voix, et elle chantait dans les veillées.

De Sebastien Chassé et d'Elizabeth Grandmaitre de Besançon, par la branche d'Edith et de Belone, les Chassé-Chamberland se sont répandus au bout du monde. En 1986, 500 sont venus à la réunion des Chamberland à Ste. Agathe d'à travers l'Amérique du nord, et même d'Angleterre et du Japon. On a installé un monument en pierre et on a planté 13 pommiers en commémoration de chaque membre de la famille à l'endroit de la première maison au deuxième rang.

## Fr. Antoine Gosselin

Fr. Antoine Gosselin, First Pastor of St. Bruno in Van Buren.

Few people ever realize today that it was a Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick who got the St. Bruno mission in present day Van Buren its first pastor.

Lets back up a moment to the American Revolution.

David S. Cook writes at p. 83 of his book, "Above the Gravel Bar: The Indian Canoe Routes of Maine:

"During the war, the British and the Americans both courted the Malecite as potential allies. The British stationed on the lower St. John, actively sought an alliance with this tribe, which they hoped would give them political control of the area. The Americans, in the person of (Col.) Allen, sought to keep them neutral. Allen realized the stakes were control of the eastern wilderness."

Now let us move on a generation to 1838 the year Fr. Gosselin accepted the St. Bruno pastorship with responsibility for the Indian missions of Tobique, Woodstock and Medoctec, N.B.

It was the year of the Papineau Insurrection in Quebec, and Sir John Harvey, Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick had a similar concern: preventing the St. John River Indians from thinking "à la



Américaine" like the Penobscot Indians of Old Town had begun to think in terms of their relationship with the State of Maine.

Since 1810 the Province of New

Brunswick had paid an annual stipend of £50. for Catholic Missionary services to the St. John River Indians. The government there considered this a wise Investment owing to the fact that since the Quebec Act of 1774, the British had good relations with the Catholic episcopacy in Québec which gained for New Brunswick a pacifying influence on the Malecite indians of the St. John River.

Pastors of St. Basile made an annual trek down river to the Indian missions to carry out that service. But by 1835 when Rev. Antoine Langevin came into the St. Basile parish, the Parish had sufficiently grown in size and population as to keep the pastor there full time. Fr. Langevin had no time for the down river trek.

Come the Papineau Insurrection, Sir John Harvey felt a dire need to renew the Catholic missionary services to his St. John River Indians as he spoke of the Malicites in his communications with the Bishop of Québec.

Three times, Sir John wrote to the Bishop making such a request. The Bishop had replied that he could not immediately provide an assistant to Fr. Langevin immediately since there was a shortage of priests in (Continued on page 22)

(Fr. Antoine Gosselin continued from page 21)

their Diocese of Québec. But Sir John was insistant, even to the point of boarding a Ship at St. John and traveling all the way up the St. Lawrence to meet personally with the Bishop when the Bishop was on his tour of the diocese and then at Kamouraska.

Fr. Gosselin had served as a missionary in the Gaspé region where he had learned English since the Robins of the Isle of Jersey ran the fishing industry there, hiring many Acadians as fishermen.. He had later been appointed Founding Pastor of the parish of St. Agnes de Charlevoix, but Fr. was a timid person and he had run into the brashness of some of the Québécois parishioners there. He had even asked the bishop for a transfer to a different parish.

Eventually the Bishop wrote to Fr. Gosselin, asking him if he was fluent in English. Service in the St. John River area of New Brunswick require a pastor who could deal directly with the government of New Brunswick which supplied that stipend for

missionary service to the Indians.

When Father Gosselin relied affirmatively to the Bishop question regarding fluency in English the bishop. He then offered Fr. Gosselin the assitant curate assignment in Fr. Langevins area.

The Bishop wrote to Governor Harvey telling him, I have found you a missionary priest. One may not be originally impressed in meeting the man since he is a very timid person, but he is well educated and if given a chance he will deliver the needed service.

I read into that a startling difference between Fr. Dionne's active engagement in American political affairs as opposed to Fr. Gosselin reluctance to getting so directly involved.

In 1847 when Bishop John Bernard Fitzpatrick visited the two priests, he had told both to get their church wardens to deed the parish properties (in Maine) to the Bishop of Boston. Fr. Dionne acted promptly and the Ste. Luce Trustee's deed to the Bishop of Boston got recorded immediately that year. But the St. Bruno parish deed to the Bishop

of Boston only got recorded in 1852. The difference may lie in Fr. Gosselin's direct ties with New Brunswick authorities. Fr. Dionne had no such link with the New Brunswick Government furnishing an annual stipend to the pastor of Indian service. Fr. Dionne would later communicate directly in personal letters with the Governor of Maine. We have no such record in Fr. Gosselin's case.

Father Dionne had "du front Québécois" which allowed to jump right in between the Whigs and the Democrat impacting on the life of his parishioners in the rear settlement lots as we've described in a previous letter.

When push came to shove at St. Bruno, Fr. Gosselin left the parish 1852 for a safe parish in southeastern New Brunswick, serving the Acadians in the area but well under the cover of his familiarity with New Brunswick government.

### *Guy Dubay Madawaska, Maine*

## Fr. Dionne

Some back ground to Father Dionne's Politics may be necessary. In 1847 James C. Madigan wrote to Rt. Rev. John Bernard Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston saying in part, "Fr. Dionne is my confessor". There's more to the letter which will surface later, but for the present here is a bit of stage setting.

In 1831 the State of Maine incorporated the town of Madawaska. Edward Kavanaugh and Irish Catholic and a Democrat from Newcastle, Me (Damariscota) brought the warrant for the first Town meeting held outside of Pierre Lizotte's home in August of that year. Lizotte had some concern as to the legitimacy of this gathering so he did not let the residents enter his house for the meeting. The weather was fine and the meeting was held outdoors. In the next month Kavanaugh saw himself elected to the U.S. Congress.

Of course, British authorities challenged this incorporation of the town of Madawaska of some 4000 square miles from present day Hamlin to St. Francis, Me., and from Grand Falls to Connors, N.B. The 1840 U.S. Census takes notes of residents on both sides of the river. The present Maine side of the Town has residents located in "Madawaska South, while N.B. residents are listed in the "Madawaska North" section of that federal record.

The Democrats of Maine had sent the

State Militia to the Fish River area where Fort Jarvis was erected. In 1841 Governor Edward Kent, a Whig, replaced the Democrat Governor John Fairfield. When Federal troops were sent to replace the State Militia on the Fish River, the Whigs arrived in the St. John Valley and Fort Jarvis was renamed Fort Kent. Regardless of the prior incorporation of the town of Madawaska the Whigs at Fish River got the State of Maine to Organize Hancock Plantation as an electoral district for their area.

The Democrats bounced back. John Fairfield back in the governorship opted to allow himself to be named to fill a vacancy to one of Maine's U.S. Senate seats. Edward Kavanaugh, president of the Maine Senate moved into the governor's office. The Clerk of the state Senate at the time was a fellow parishioner of Edward Kavanaugh, James C. Madigan, Irish Catholic and Democrat. St. Patrick's at New castle today has the oldest still standing Catholic Church building in New England. The relevance in citing the religion of these politician will surface later in the Know-Nothing phase of Fr. Dionne's experience in Maine politics.

The international boundary having been set by the Treaty of Washington of 1842, Acting governor Kavanaugh sent James C. Madigan, Esq. to go up to the Madawaska Territory to organize a municipal government up there. Madigan helped to organize Van Buren Plantation with Jo-

seph Cyr, Paul Cyr and Belonie Violette as members of the board of Assessors of that plantation covering what is Now, Hamlin, Cyr Plantation, Van Buren and the easterly half of Grand Isle. Democrat, of course he suggested the plantation be named after Democrat President Martin Van Buren. Madigan of course had to grandfather the Hancock Plantation organization, so from 1844 to 1859 the St. John Valley has a municipal organization of three multiple township plantations.

Madigan next helped to organize Madawaska Plantation with Firmin Cyr, Regis "Bonhomme" Daigle and Sylvain Daigle as assessors of that new plantation covering what is now Frenchville, St. Agatha, Madawaska and the westerly half of Grand Isle.

In 1846 the officials of Madawaska Plantation sent a letter to Bishop Fenwick of Boston asking for permission to build a chapel "In the middle of the Plantation. The Bishop must have smiled when he received the letter since letter writer mis-spelled the Bishops name and addressed him as "The Bishop of Bangor" But look at it this way, from the point of view of Madawaska, Boston or Bangor, what's the difference? It's all "from away" anyway!.

The Residents of Madawaska gave as their reasons for wanted a chapel on the southerly side of the river as, "spring ice flow sometimes prevents us from crossing (Continued on page 23)

(Fr. Dionne continued from page 22)

the river at the time we need to perform our Easter Duties, but they also played the American card, saying "In case of a war with Great Britain we need a chapel on our side of the boundary."

Well Bishop Fenwick approved of the move but he died about a month later. Msgr. Antoine Langevin, pastor of St. Basile was not altogether pleased with the proposal. But in the next Summer, the Rt. Rev. John Bernard Fitzpatrick, Bishop Fenwick's successor personally came to the St. John Valley to study the situation. He visited with all three missionaries here at the time, Fr. Antoine Gosselin at St. Bruno in Van Buren Plantation, Fr. Henri Dionne at Ste. Luce in Madawaska Plantation and of course Fr. Antoine Langevin at St. Basile, N.B.. In the bishops' travel Journal we read, "Saturday, Crossed the St. John river and traveled by the worst road imaginable to St. Lucy".

Fitzpatrick advised both Frs. Gosselin and Dionne to have the church wardens assign the parish properties to the Bishop of Boston.. Fr. Dionne acted promptly and the deed is record at the Register that year but Fr. Gosselin hesitated. One of his church wardens, Joseph Cyr was reluctant. Cyr even sold his homestead in present day Keegan, Maine to his brother and moved to St. Leonard, N.B. where we find him listed in the N.B. census of 1851. The church wardens of St. Bruno eventually signed the deed without Joseph Cyr's signature and the deed got recorded in 1852, the year Fr. Gosselin left St. Bruno for a new assignment among the Acadians in the south eastern portion of the province of New Brunswick.

After visiting Fr. Dionne, the Bishop went up to Fort Kent to see James C. Madigan. Both came back down river, picked up Fr. Dionne and canoed down to Little Falls (Edmundston, N.B. today) to Hon. John Francis Rice's place, where the magistrate, Rice laid out a banquet feast and invited Fr. Langevin to the gathering. There the three Irishmen, good Catholics all, bent the good Pastor's ear and Fr. Langevin reluctantly allowed the chapel erection plan to go on. Legend has it that some suggested that the mission be called Notre-Dame de La Paix (Our Lady of Peace) Some is supposed to have said that it might more aptly be called (Notre Dame the La Chicane). Of course the official name today is Notre Dame du Mont-Carmel.

Madigan's association with Fr. Dionne very likely opened the door to Fr. Dionne's

inclination toward Democratic politics. He had been sent to the area in 1841 by the Bishop of Quebec as an assistant to Fr. Langevin. To get him out of his hair, Fr. Langevin had sent Fr. Dionne to the Ste. Luce mission up river. Both the mission sites of St. Bruno had been bought in 1826 by Fr. Sirois, then pastor of St. Basile who had deeded the properties to the Bishop of Quebec.. When the Treaty of Washington set that mission in Maine, the mission became a parish in 1843 with Fr. Dionne as its first pastor.

In Hancock Plantation where Madigan had taken up residence, Col. David Page, a Whig received appointments as U.S. Post Master at Fort Kent and Deputy Collector of U.S. Customs. Upon the departure of the Federal troops, Col. Page received title to the "Government Lot" on the Fish River. But Major William Dickey got title to the barracks of Fort Kent. Dickey, a Democrat from the same area as Kavanaugh and Madigan became the head honcho in Democratic politics here. {Father Dionne befriended him and Dickey even wrote a complementary letter on Fr. Dionne's work in setting up "An Academy" in this community. The letter appears in of all places, in a Woodstock, N.B. newspaper. Fr. Dionne's affinity for Democratic politics becomes evident in his letters to Governor Hubbard in 1853.

In 1851 Maine had passed the first Prohibition Act ever passed in the State of Maine. In the next election we find a third party candidate running on the "Anti-Maine Law" ticket, that is on an anti-prohibition ticket. When Anson P. Morrill, the land Agent opted to run for governor on the "Maine Law" and "Know Nothing" ticket, that he is for the prohibition law.

This race resulted in the inability of any candidate winning a clear majority of votes, then require. We've already noted that the election went to the State Legislature and the Whig Candidate succeeded the Democrat incumbent, John Hubbard with whom Fr. Dionne had written two letters in French. Fr. Dionne had spoken positively of Rep. Joseph Nadeau, Democrat of Fort Kent and Rep Isaac Tabor, Democrat of Houlton, but spoke negatively in regard to Rep. Pattee of Fort Fairfield, no good word regarding Col. Page of Fort Kent. On the request for assistance in the back settlement road plans (asking for \$600 on the matter) he cites a surveyor Mr. (Isaac) Small and the land agent, Anson P. Morrill and William H. McCrillis of Bangor on the Stumpage fee question discussed earlier.

The history of the Know-Nothing impact on the St. John Valley and on the life of Fr. Henri Dionne in particular is a Story waiting to be told. Our rear lot roads (Les Chemin des Concessions) came about as a concession of the State of Maine to the Free Soil movement of that time. Fr. Dionne took the part of the homesteaders over that of the Lumber Barons. When the claptrap of Know-Nothingism reached into Madawaska Plantation, Fr. Dionne's health began to fail.

In 1858 Major William Dickey ran for the sole Aroostook County State Senate seat. Reports in the Aroostook Pioneer show Dickey carrying a plurality of votes but the Republicans challenged the result and the entire vote of the three Plantations" Van Buren, Madawaska and Hancock were thrown out of the count following an investigation by the State Senate. The election went to the legislature and the Republican legislature chose John McCloskey, republican of Houlton to fill the State Senate seat.

In the investigations the plantation clerks had complained of the plantations being so large that they did not know all the voters. The state figure, "We'll take care of that: We'll set up single township plantations. So Township 18 range 5 became Dionne Plantation, T. 18 R. 4 became the new reduced in size Madawaska Plantation, and T. 18 R. 3 (parts of which had been in Madawaska Plantation and in Van Buren Plantation became Grant Isle Plantation. Paul Cyr who went down to Augusta as State Rep. from Van Buren Plantation game back from Augusta as State Rep from Grant Isle Plantation and his homestead had not budged one inch.

Isn't it like in politics that after we criticize a man for his Democratic politics, the Republicans would "honor" the good priest" by naming the new plantation after him. His health was broken and he left the parish and died in Quebec at the age of 47 in 1861.

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



## Biographical Sketch

# Sister Renée Caron

## (Sister St. Marcella)

August 30, 1917 - October 6, 2011

*Submitted by Michael Guignard*

*Written by Sr. Sharon Leavitt, S.C.I.M.*

Sister Renée Caron's (Sister St. Marcella) life on earth began on August 30, 1917, in the city of Lawrence, Massachusetts. The register at St. Anne Church in that city reads that on August 31, 1917, Renée became God's loving child in baptism and was given the name Marie Renée Marcelle. The Reverend Father Charles Leflem, S.M. officiated at her baptism. Present were her godparents, Miss Albertine Vanasse and Mr. Joseph Voisine.

Her mother and father emigrated from Canada when they were nine and ten years old respectively. Her mother, Angéline Valcourt, was born in Notre-Dame-du-Lac and her father, Carl Caron, came from Trois-Rivières, Québec.

Renée was the youngest of the family of nine. She had three sisters: Marguerite, Theresa and Madeleine and five brothers: Lionel, Gerard, Raymond, Armand, who was a Marist Priest, and Joseph, her closest brother.

Her Aunt Marguerite Valcourt, her mother's only sister, lived in the same house with her grandmother Aglaée Valcourt. These two had a great influence on the young life of Renée who lost her mother to illness and surgery when she was only fourteen years old. At an early age, Renée learned the way to St. Anne Church where she loved to attend daily Mass and pay visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

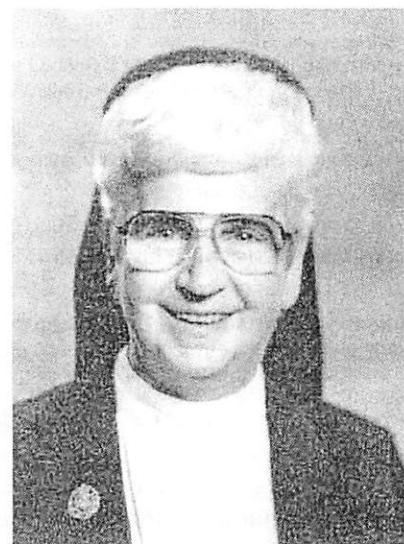
Renée's most cherished memories are from her warm and loving family life where the gospel had a primary place. Its influence on their daily lives was rewarding. Renée's mother and father were a couple whose qualities complimented each other. They were people who were happy in a simple home. This happiness communicated itself to each of their loving children. Angéline and Carl Caron bequeathed treasures of faith to their family: courage in times of misfortune; an abandonment to Divine Providence; a loving ambience of warmth in the home, hands extended to each other, hands of faith,

hands in prayer. Renée fondly remembers kneeling with her parents with the family to pray. Their example, encouragement, and gently reminders affirmed their children. They learned that God is ever approachable and that He is ever with us as a loving Father. Prayer was important and God's Will could be recognized in daily events. They were taught about loving service to one another, to neighbors and to the Church. Dad was an usher and a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Mother shared her sewing and colling skills in the neighborhood. They reminded their children that love is merely a word until we act upon it. This was the legacy left to their children.

One spring day when Renée came home from school, she found her mother pacing back and forth in front of their grocery store. She was beautiful to behold with her lovely white hair set in a French roll and her spotless white apron wrapped around her motherly figure. Renée was able to detect a preoccupied, sad look on her mother's face. Getting in step with her mother, they continued walking back and forth. Finally, Renée asked the reason for mother's worried look. Her mother replied "Things are what they are and not what I would like them to be." She was telling her young daughter that she must accept what could not be changed. Within a few days, she would undergo major surgery. It was not long after this encounter that her dear mother passed away.

Renée attended St. Joseph grammar school and high school in Lawrence, Massachusetts. She was an outstanding student. She graduated from high school in 1936. During her high school years she was deeply touched by the kindness and devotion of the Good Shepherd Sisters who were her teachers. This example of love and goodness coupled with the example of her parents, her attendance at daily Mass and her reception of Holy Communion all graced her with the call to religious life.

Sister Renée embarked on her journey



with the Lord who pursued His beloved. She entered the postulate on August 25, 1937. In August of 1938 she became a novice and prepared for the consecrated life of a Good Shepherd Sister. Then, on August 15, 1939, Sister St. Marcella made her profession, pronouncing the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience as a Good Shepherd Sister of Québec.

*"O Lord you have enticed me,  
and I was enticed;  
You have overpowered me  
and you have prevailed."  
(Jer 20:7-9)*

Sister Renée studied at St. Joseph College in Windham, Maine and earned her B.S. in Education. Later, she studied at Boston College and earned her M.S. degree in Education, specializing in Administration.

For many years she taught in Grand Isle, in Old Town, and in Van Buren, Maine, where she later became principal of the grammar school and Sacred Heart High School. She was then assigned to St. Anne High School in Lawrence, Mass., for four years and then was appointed principal of St. Joseph High School in Biddeford, Maine. The dedication of the Yearbook of St. Louis High in 1965, speaks highly of the respect and admiration of the student body. It follows:

*"Sister Renée commands the respect of the faculty and students alike by her efficiency and her progressive outlook on education. She envisions her central task as that of sharing responsibilities to advance human freedom, initiative and leadership, especially in the field of religious endeavors. Many latent ability has been brought to light under her instigation and persistent efforts."*

*(Continued on page 25)*

(Sister Renée Caron (Sister St. Marcella continued from page 24)

It was after these assignments that she was named on the Provincial Council with the role of Supervisor of Studies. During this time she also served as Supervisor of the Diocesan High Schools under the supervision of Msgr. Armand Cyr, Superintendent. During this time Sister was also named Secretary of the New England National Catholic Association of Secondary Schools. After serving two years, she was appointed Chairwoman of this same association.

In 1975, Sister Renée was called upon by the General Superior to Québec to become the bilingual secretary to the Apostolic Nuncio of Haiti and the Antilles. His Excellency Msgr. Luigi Conti was Nuncio at this time. During her four-year stay in Haiti, she was stationed in Port-au-Prince at the Nunciature.

Upon her return to the United States, Sister Renée worked at St. Anne Home in Methuen, Massachusetts, and then in Old Town and South Portland, Maine. Her last community was at Marie Fitzbach Convent in Biddeford, Maine. From here, she volunteered to work with Hospice, at the food pantry and with the lonely home bound. Renée shared, "I know now that my life has been planned, prepared and presided over by a God whose love continues to urge me on...this is what I celebrate after 64 years of religious life...a lived experience of God's faithful love! My heart leaps with gratitude and joy!"

At this stage of life, Sister Renée's health continued to decline and she resigned herself to transfer to Good Shepherd Pavilion where she continued to live fully every moment of her life of prayer, dedication and edification to everyone there until the call of the Beloved beckoned her to her heavenly reward.

In 1967, Sister Renée was asked to speak of her vocation to a group of college freshmen at Husson College in Bangor, Maine. This address, beautifully summarizes her vocation and life of dedication and love. It follows:

*I can truthfully and sincerely say that we in my community are truly happy religious. I cannot say that in my life I have not met with difficulties, trials, lonesomeness*

*and even crises. Yet, I do not remember ever having given the thought of taking back what I deliberately and joyfully gave to Christ on my profession day. God's strength and grace saw me through it all.*

*Mine has been a strong faith and this is thanks to God's special graces to me given at baptism, nurtured in a Christian home, deepened by spiritual readings, meditations, Mass in my life, the Blessed Mother and my vows to God.*

*As a young religious I set my goals: wanting, and this with determination, to develop solid and wholesome attitudes as*

*but I call it sheer joy in Serving Christ in others. 3) My love for people especially those who make up my religious family and where I received the strength needed because I always felt that they too were here for the same purpose—to give everything to Christ in order to serve.*

*No matter what we do or even if we go "where the action is" requires that we not come empty-handed. This brings me to one of my favorite topics a genuine prayer life. A prayer life that culminates in a deep relationship with Christ. One of the obstacles to prayer is our fear of being honest and open, of being ourselves and acknowledging and accepting our very real gifts and limitations, our unwillingness to share self, to take the risk and to let go, to trust others and to allow God's transforming action to take place in us.*

*I have often pondered and prayed for positive attitudes and a wholesome philosophy of life. I wanted to develop an optimistic, refreshing outlook on life. I greatly desired this because I wanted a full life of friendship with Christ, not a haphazard or aimless goal. I knew I was desirous of following in the footsteps of Christ and our Foundress, Mother Mary of the Sacred Heart. Having drawn up my own philosophy of life, I found great inspiration in a number of valiant, dedicated, generous women with whom I share community.*

Sister Renée's last entry was entitled "Testimonies and Thanksgiving" and follows:

*I count among the most significant events the fact that I have "realized" religious life, the effect prayer and community life have on the people whose lives I touch either in formal ministry or in connection with all who come*

*to visit, gifting me with their presence or other special remembrances. I have learned the depth of God's fidelity to me and that is always an eternal discovery and eternal growth.*

*In my many years of religious life, I realized that I continue to learn, to believe, to trust God. I have experienced the presence of Jesus and long to walk with Him and for Him. His call has brought me to this particular way of journeying and my gratitude is as endless as is my desire to live it well. (Continued on page 26)*



We the Seniors of 1965 gratefully dedicate our Yearbook to Sister St. Marcella, Principal of St. Joseph High School for the past five years. Sister commands the respect of faculty and students alike by her efficiency and by her progressive outlook on education. She envisions her central task as that of sharing responsibilities to advance human freedom, initiative and leadership, especially in the field of religious endeavors. Many a latent ability has been brought to light under her tutelage and persistent efforts. May our 1965 Yearbook reflect some of our potentialities and may be a tribute to our Principal.

*well as a good philosophy of life. I looked around for true warm and understanding friendships, models of sisters who inspired me and gave me courage to do likewise in their endeavors to follow Christ.*

*Motivating forces which I wanted to strive for: 1) To love Christ, really love Him and fill myself with his compelling love so that through me, He may be found and loved a wee bit more. 2) The desire to give of myself wholeheartedly to others, to serve the Church and this with genuine giving. I suppose today we would call this witnessing*

Sister Renée Caron (Sister St. Marcella )  
continued from page 25)

God called me into existence and I go through life celebrating life and hope. I am a pilgrim journeying toward a goal where I continue to discover life and love. To love, to give love, and life...this is my hope, my destiny and I return to God from whom I came. Love is all that matters for He is love. "My soul has the glory of bearing the image of God and of being a sigh from His heart so full of love."

I truly believe that my prayer life now flows from the total person that I am and there is no longer a separation between prayer and life. Prayer has become a way of life—a response and an attitude toward living. I can face the despair, the discouragement, the lonely days to come

by listening to my hear and responding to it. By reflecting on my hopes and dreams, joys and sorrows, accomplishments failures, I can find my true self and the God who lives within me. God and I have walked together through a half century and more of mystery and discovery, not without struggles. We have walked together in Love. May His Name be praised now and forever.

A later entry from Sister Renée refers to death and its impact on her life. It reads:

I am a person in love with life and living it to the full. At present, on the eve of my eternal life, I have come to grips with the term **death**. Death to me has taken on a new face, one revealing Life—a life that is changed, a continuum of life and the fulfillment of life. This revelation gives me life here and now because I am experiencing this Life within me like never before. **The**

**kingdom is here!** A favorite reminder which keeps me powerfully focused, alive and brimming with Life is:

**O my soul, you have  
the glory of being  
the image of God, of being a sigh  
from His heart so full of life!**

Sister Renée Caron's long and fruitful life drew to a close at St. Joseph Convent on October 6, 2011.

Her Mass of Christian Burial took place on October 10, 2011 at St. Joseph Convent. The Celebrant and Homilist was our Chaplain, Father Normand Richard. Concelebrants were Fathers Ron Labarre, Roland Lajoie, S.M., and Paul Plante.

## History of the Railroads

(N.D.L.R. This article first appeared in *REVUE de la Société historique du Madawaska*)

by **Brian Lajoie, Van Buren, ME**

(The two individuals interviewed for this article were Mr. Edwin Parent, born in 1924, and Mr. John Lajoie, born in 1928. Both men were extremely useful sources of information).

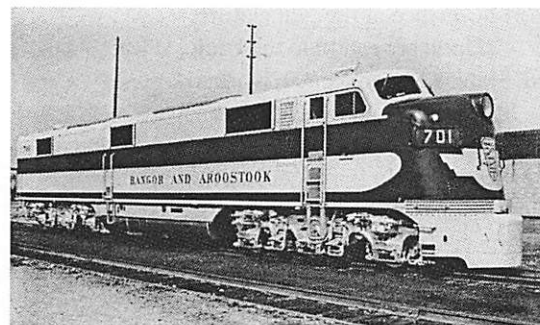
The construction of the railroads in northern Maine meant many hardships for the people involved. Large gangs of Italians were the first groups of individuals who helped build the railroad tracks. Steam engines were the first modes of power for the railroads. The passenger trains were an important link of communication as well as transport for the area. As time went on, pullman cars, baggage, dining, lounge and mail cars were added in the 1930's. The name given to two important passenger trains were the "Aroostook Flyer" and the "Gin" train. Mail was processed and sorted as the train traveled from one town to the next. In Van Buren, there were to southbound trains leaving at 7:00 a.m., and 3:00 p.m. The two northbound trains would arrive at 12:00 noon, and 11:00 p.m. On special occasions and holidays there would be extra trains added. Diesel engines eventually replaced the steam engines which marked the end of a great era. The only major mishap involving the railroads in the Van Buren area was when the 11:00 p.m. passenger train derailed about

two miles south of Van Buren. This happened in the 1950's when passenger trains were eliminated.

One of the major reasons for the railroad to be built in this area was to service the lumber mills, farmer, and merchants. Ice cream from Bangor was even brought in to supply the local hotels. The freight trains that hauled potatoes to the Boston and New York markets were called "The North Star" by railroad people and the people in the area named it "The Potato Special".

The international railroad bridge between Van Buren and St. Leonard is unique in the fact that it is the only international railroad bridge in northern Maine. It was and will continue to play an important role in the international trade between the U.S.A. and Canada.

In conclusion, it is important to note that as the railroad presence diminished in our area, so did the town lose a bit of themselves in the process. Railroads do indeed play an important role in the economic activity and prosperity of a region.



The Bangor & Aroostook (or "BAR," the road's official reporting marks to avoid confusion with the Boston & Albany) was tucked away in the upper fringes of Maine, connecting the coastal ports of Bangor and Searsport with the border of New Brunswick in the state's vast northern emptiness. Interchange with the Canadian National was carried out at St. Leonard via Van Buren, Maine. The BAR's principal trains, the Potatoland Special and Aroostook Flyer, were launched in the 1930s and ran the entire length of the railroad's system from Bangor to Van Buren. At its southern terminus (Bangor) connections were made with the Maine Central where travelers could continue journeying southward if they so chose. The 230-mile corridor could be completed in about 6 1/2 hours.

**NORTHERN MAINE'S NAME TRAINS...**

*The*  
**AROOSTOOK FLYER**  
*and the*  
**POTATOLAND SPECIAL**





# Rivers Through the Wilderness, the Forgotten Thoroughfare

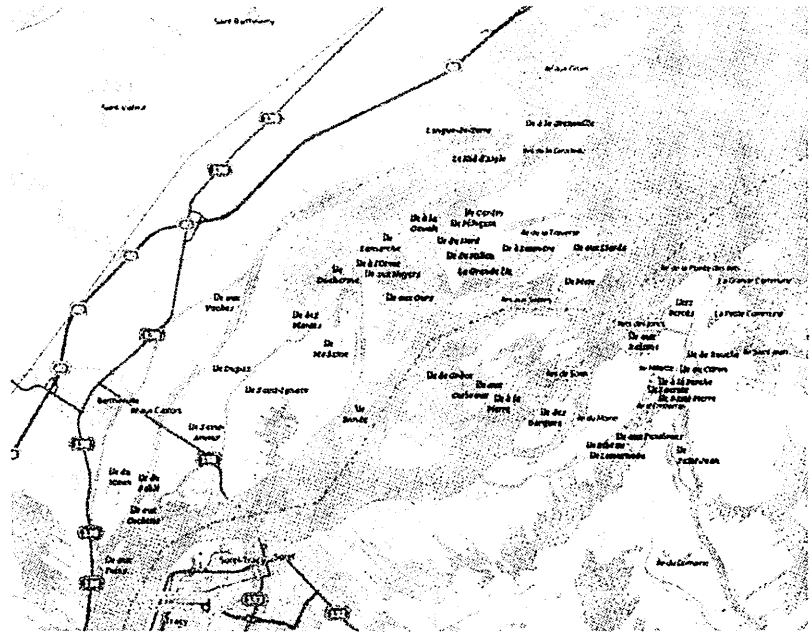
by Denise R. Larson

The transnational history concept discussed in Patrick Lacroix's "Finding a Larger Canvas: Franco-Americans' Enduring Significance" (*Le Forum*, Fall/Automne 2017) is exceptionally applicable to transportation methods of the early to mid-nineteenth century in northern Maine and southern Canada, which were more alike than Maine and southern New England were. Mainers and Canadians were in the same boat—a canoe to be exact. The two were in the same topographical region but in different countries.

When Maine Governor William King and his Executive Council hired Major Joseph Treat to survey the land and waterways of central and northern Maine along the Penobscot and St. John rivers, Treat knew he'd need a guide, a canoe, and a couple of paddles. The extremely limited road system that existed in Maine in 1820 ended in Howland, just north of Bangor. Beyond that settlement, the surveyors would encounter only wilderness paths and seasonal Indian camps until they reached the Acadian settlement on the St. John River.

Treat requested that Captain John Holyoke accompany him, and he also hired Lieutenant Governor John Neptune as his guide. Neptune was the second chief of the Penobscot tribe and knew the region well. He provided a new birchbark canoe and a paddle, both for \$10, and agreed to the pay rate of \$1 a day. With the invaluable help provided by Neptune, Treat made note of canoe portages, falls, rips, and obstructions in the rivers during the autumn survey. In the 1820s, the Penobscots still practiced a migratory lifestyle that took them to various places according to season for fishing and hunting, so travel by canoe and the best way to do so was of great importance to them. Treat wisely made use of Neptune's knowledge and skills on river and stream.

At Madawaska, the survey crew found that the Maliseet people had placed their wigwams among the Acadian cabins on both sides of the Madawaska River in an



Archipelago Lac St. Pierre in the St. Lawrence River (Courtesy of Wiki Commons)

area that is now Madawaska, Maine, and Edmundston, New Brunswick. The Acadians had arrived shortly after Madawaska's founding circa 1785 by the half brothers Pierre Duperré and Pierre Lizotte from Kamouraska. (The progenitor of the Duperré family was Michel Dupere, a soldier in the Quebec garrison in 1686 and later a cooper.) The brothers facilitated the procurement of land concessions by the Acadians from the British.

Madawaska's importance in a boundary dispute with British North America (Canada was still a colony of Great Britain) centered on its location at the junction of the St. John and Madawaska rivers, the latter of which flowed from Lac Témiscouata. An Indian portage joined the lake with the the St. Lawrence at Rivière-du-Loup. Travelers could continue on the St. Lawrence to Kamouraska and Quebec City, creating a line of communication across the northwest arm of New Brunswick, which became a province in 1784 after Nova Scotia was inundated in 1783 with English-speaking Loyalists from the newly established United States.

By the end of the 55-day, 500-mile survey, Neptune had earned \$65, Treat had made expenditures totaling \$359.75, and the governor had gained valuable information about what was at stake in the border dispute. The governor and council were well armed with information about the availability of timber, its transportation to mills, and the possibility of settlement in the north woods when debating the boundary question, which eventually was settled by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842.

Using the results of Treat's survey, once land became available, settlements sprung up at the junction of a good stand of pine and a waterway strong enough to carry the wood to a mill town, where a swift stream produced energy to power saws that milled logs into lumber for shipment aboard vessels that more times than not were built in the mill town for the lumber trade, which was a leading Maine industry, along with shipbuilding.

## Water Travel Was the Way of Life

Five years after Treat's survey, 1825, a census was taken of the inhabitants of the islands in the archipelago Lac St. Pierre on the St. Lawrence River in the parish of Sorel in Richelieu County, Quebec Province. The archipelago is a cluster of tree-covered islands where the water expanse widens and the Richelieu River joins the St. Lawrence. While life on an island in contemporary times means wonderful views and fresh air but also an eye on ferry schedules and worries about reliable and expensive electricity, the people who lived on islands in the archipelago had no such concerns.

There was plenty of wood on the islands to cut for construction of barns and houses and for fuel to heat them. The soil cleared for crops was loamy and rich as it received an annual fertilization of silt and nutrients during the spring floods. Transportation was not a problem—everyone used boats to carry people back and forth and extra produce to market towns.

(Continued on page 28)

*(Rivers Through the Wilderness, the Forgotten Thoroughfare continued from page 27)*

Inventories of household goods of island families of the area often listed a canoe but no carriage or saddle. The river was their road. The fur-trading companies, Northwest Company and Hudson's Bay Company, preferred to hire young men from the islands in Sorel parish to paddle canoes and deliver furs from remote western posts to Montreal and other shipping ports.

Who were these hard-working, clever people? Not surprisingly, most were young couples, some with large families; others were two generations of a family. Though Library and Archives Canada states on its website that the 1825 census was taken from June 20 to September 20, the microfilm of the census schedules for Sorel parish is clearly marked "November." Perhaps it took a while for the enumerator to find someone to ferry him around the islands to collect the data. His handwriting on the schedules is at times very difficult to decipher. Perhaps he was addled by the trip.

On Isle de Grace, there are sixteen heads of household. Only one is single. The families range from just two members, a married couple, to eleven members. There are three Lavallé families and the Rageotte families, pere et fils. There is a total of seventy-two persons living on the island, with twenty-two younger than six years old.

Isle St. Pierre has one family in residence, the Contard (?) family, with seven in the household. Isle aux Ours boasted three families, that of Pierre St. Martin with ten members; Jean Cote, six; and Michel Bergeron, four. Isle Ronde was populated by the families of Antonin Robechan, seven members; and Augustine Frommae (?), two members. On Isle St. Ignace there are twelve families for a total population of 59, with seven younger than six years old. Four families have the surname Godsen. Isle Madame has fifteen families with a total of ninety-three persons with twenty-nine younger than age six.

Living on the two islands of St. Ignace and Madame are five Bellard families in residence, some dit LaTour, others LaFour (but that could have been a misunderstanding or miscommunication with the enumerator). There were also two Guevremont families. The novelist Germaine Guevremont set her novel *The Outlander* in the archipelago of Lake St. Pierre. She wrote about four-masted ships and steamers going up the St. Law-

rence to Montreal, of daily life on the islands, giving details such as watching ducks on the lake and in the buckwheat stubble. Her characters, the people who live on the islands in Lac St. Pierre, travel by boat and canoe, clear the forest along the shoreline, build houses and barns and sheds, and know their neighbors, many of whom are family relations.

Today the archipelago is predominately a nature preserve. There are a few settlements. The leading occupations are farming and grazing livestock. Present-day houses of residents are built on pilings to avoid damage by the spring floods. A major flood in 1865 carried away dozens of houses and barns. The population, which was approximately a thousand in 1861, took about thirty years to rebound and now numbers about twenty-five hundred. Transportation is by barge, boat, ferry, or across a bridge to the mainland. The region is the habitation site of hundreds of species of birds.



*Germaine Guèvremont*

#### Road Building Was Slow and Expensive

The 1820s was a remarkable era both in Maine and the provinces of Lower Canada. Society was on the cusp of revolutionary changes in methods of transportation. Water transport was the common means of travel. Roads were so bad in Maine that travelers from Boston to points north of Portland had to go by horseback or risk having to dismantle a carriage or wagon and carry the parts, as well as the baggage, across a particularly rough stretch and reassemble everything on the other end, as reported by a man taking his new bride to Bath. Travel was a little better in Quebec Province. In 1812, coach service was offered between Quebec City and Montreal six days a week. The coach was pulled by four horses, and the fair was about \$12. By 1820, corduroy roads were being built to aid land travel and increase market trade. They were constructed of logs

laid perpendicular to the roadway in wet, low spots to prevent the wheels of vehicles from being stuck in mud. A traveler in 1832 complained that corduroy roads caused him to bounce up and down so much on his seat that his breeches were sure to wear out.

When the U.S. government wanted to take a stand and rattle some sabres over the disputed northern boundary with British North America, it stationed seven infantry companies at Hancock Barracks in Houlton and started the cutting of a military road to Bangor in 1828. It was finished in 1832, linking the edge of civilization to the most remote U.S. government post in the Northeast. At stake was a vast supply of standing timber that was claimed by both governments. Gradually the road was widened and improved, becoming a vital link for travel and commerce.

#### Canals Were A Raging Fad that Soon Faded

Canals were all the rage as the best and modern way to improve transportation from about 1800 to 1850. Canals were expensive to build, often requiring creative financing such as lotteries, subscriptions, and a bank's capital investment. In Maine, the canal from Thomas Pond to Sebago Lake and the Fore River to Westbrook and its mills was nearly sixteen miles long in a run of thirty-eight miles. It handled a hundred and fifty barge-like boats and featured a two-lane towpath for horses.

Water transportation had been greatly improved with the construction of canals that connected lakes and major waterways, but the construction of canals fell by the wayside when rails were laid for trains to connect major and minor cities. The opening of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad in 1850 in Oxford County and many other railroads throughout the region in quick succession tolled the end of the popularity and economy of canals.

#### Life Away from a River Was Exceptionally Rough

From 1830 to 1850, famine and social upheaval drove millions of people to emigrate from the British Isles to British North America. It was an era in which land ownership defined a successful person, someone with a future. Without land, a person could not vote, serve on a jury, or be a magistrate. A man without land could not

*(Continued on page 29)*

(*Rivers Through the Wilderness, the Forgotten Thoroughfare continued from page 28*)

hunt to provide fresh meat and fowl for his family. He had to use precious resources to buy food. The majority of the landless but adventuresome from Great Britain went to the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence River area, and western United States, avoiding the already populated East Coast. Among those hopeful emigrants was Susanna Moodie, a young wife, mother, and author. She wrote of her experiences in *Roughing It in the Bush*; or, *Life in Canada*.

Twelve years after Treat's survey, the Moodies traveled along the great St. Lawrence River in search of land for a homestead. Woefully unprepared and with no guide to help them judge good land from bad, they had a hard time of it.

Arriving at Quebec City during the start of a cholera epidemic in 1832, Susanna had to stay on board but described in great detail and glowing terms the diversity of islands in the "splendid river," the deep and clear St. Lawrence. Some islands were wooded, while others were partially cleared and had white-washed structures on them. On seeing it for the first time and from aboard ship, she favorably compared Quebec City with Edinburgh, which she considered to be a vision of beauty. Sailing on to Montreal, Susanna was disappointed in its lack of "grandeur" and filthy streets, especially at a time of "pestilence."

Mrs. Moodie was not unlike the filles de roi who had arrived in Quebec a century and a half earlier. Like many of them, she was a city girl in total ignorance of the hardships of "life in the bush," which is what she called pioneering in the deep, dark, undisturbed forests of Canada. She was accustomed to having servants and socializing with the genteel middle class of England. The cultural shock was tremendous. She bitterly regarded her family's immigration as banishment from civilization to a prison of rough work and poverty, the unrelenting forest of Canada being the walls of that enclosure. She saw no transitional space from the civilization of the city to the crude isolation of the deep woods. A system of roads connecting settlements and the development of a suburbia had not yet happened. On their lot of land carved from the wilderness, working in the kitchen garden and putting a crude fence around it was more work than she as a gentlewoman ever expected to do and forced her to be braver than she could

have imagined. Their subsistence farm was so deep in the backcountry of Ontario that their five-year-old son had never seen a village. When they finally left their cabin and emerged from the forest into a town, their oldest son asked how all the houses had come to meet in one place.

Upon relocating to Belleville (in south-central Ontario), the family encountered a plank road that ran to one of the mills. Susanna found out that to construct such a road, the passageway of about twelve feet wide was graded with a ditch on each side. Squared timber called "scantling" was placed along each edge of the bed as a frame and covered with soil. Pine planks, each about three inches thick, were laid on the framing and pinned into it with wooden pins. For a double-wide road, a third scantling ran up the center and the ends of planks were pinned to it. At the time, the typical dirt road consisted of potholes and mud or potholes and dust.

Susanna Moodie had emerged from the woods after eight years, in 1840, a more self-assured and self-sufficient young woman who no longer placed high importance on what other people thought of or said about her. She was confident in her own worth and abilities. She went on to have a career in writing and is called one of the grandmothers of Canadian literature. *Roughing It in the Bush* was published in 1852.

#### Some Sought Out a Challenge

A foil to Mrs. Moodie's unwilling immigration to the bush is the life experience of Louisa Dickinson Rich as described in her book, *We Took to the Woods*. Writing a century after Moodie, Rich, fleeing the disillusionment of post-war society, enthusiastically abandoned city life for the simple life near Umbagog Lake in Maine. The only road was a dirt path from the cabin to the dam that her husband maintained for a timber company. She wrote of the hardships as challenges and the isolation as insulation from a world that has gone mad with war, profit, and lost morals.

#### Forever Moving Forward

Whatever the motivation, the nineteenth-century men and women who traveled the rivers and ventured into the woods of northern Maine and southern Canada came to realize the potential of the wilderness but also the tenacity of Mother Nature to preserve her creation against small but

determined mortals who forced their way over hers but only as long as they stayed vigilant. How quickly a woods clearing or a tote road reverts to wilderness once again is well understood by Mainers and Canadians alike. But the rivers and streams continue to run through the forest. From them we can glimpse the beauty and new potential of the landscape, just as Treat and Neptune did nearly two hundred years ago.

*Denise R. Larson lives in the greater Bangor metropolitan area and writes about history and genealogy. She is also the author of several novels recently published on iBooks.*

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# Remembrance Day

(N.D.L.R. Materials, photos provided by the Ste-Agathe Historical Society, Terry Ouellette. Writing, research provided by the late Gary Pelletier (2008) to the Franco-American Centre.)

by Gary Pelletier

A Remembrance Day, honoring Denis Daigle (1889-1933) and Renaud Franck (1907-1927). The Day was held at the Ste-Agathe Historical Society's Preservation Center. To Honor these two Game Wardens for putting their lives and safety on the line to protect the Fish and Wildlife. They worked in an era when people thought that it was their given right to kill and catch everything they saw in the fields, streams and forests.

One must not forget that these trying times were during the depression years and this also brought out the worst in poachers. These two men were sons of the St. John Valley and dedicated their lives to protect our natural resources.

Eighty years after their passing, much has been forgotten and old records are hard to come by. Both of these men fell through the cracks of time and history. They were French, and from the Valley, all traits of the era that was not recognized by the Southern administration of the time.

Most new and young wardens would not know men of years ago that worked in this field. The Warden service started in the 1880's. It got more serious in the mid 1890's and again throughout the depression years. Wardens were alone all the time and were the only law in town. By the 1920's a new patch was on a Warden uniform and it depicted a single tree. The phrase came about-a Warden behind a tree.

## Renaud Franck

Renaud Franck was the son of Donat Franck, a Warden, and one of four Franck's that were Wardens. This in itself was a landmark for a family to have so many protecting the natural resources of this great State. I find this family and one other that had a family tradition of wardens. The second one came into the picture some forty years later. That family had five Wardens. Three were born in Sinclair with St. Agatha roots. Parent's and Grandparent's were from St. Agatha. It is and was not uncommon to have two and three that were Wardens from a family but four and five from two different

eras and from the same locale is uncommon.

Donat Franck, was a Warden in Oxbow and a newspaper article dated July 1939 depicted him and a William (Sleepy) Atkins, of Portage, caught two people violating the Fish and Game laws and these two spent 30 days in the crowbar hotel in Houlton. A stiff fine for any poachers with an over the limit violation. It appears the judge was an avid outdoors man or that he felt a message should be sent to the poachers.

James Franck Sr., resigned in early 1927. In an interview with Mrs. Franck of Van Buren on Acadian History, she states



that Donat Franck was warden until 1929 or so. Not long after his son drowned Mr. Franck quit the Service and went to Skowhegan.

Donat Franck Jr. was a warden for a short time in the late 20's. He left with his Dad.

Renaud Franck, was hired by his Dad, Donat to monitor Square Lake fishing activity. He drowned within this short period as a part time deputy warden.

In these early days of Fish and Game enforcement Wardens and Deputy Wardens were hired on as help at certain times of the year to assist them in capturing poachers that were involved in illegal activity for the pursuit of killing game, some as trade and others for family. Their pay as a part time



Warden came from the Warden that hired them and would put in an expense account after the period he was needed to assist in these law enforcement ventures. These are found in the archives in the Commissioner's Reports in Augusta.

It was not uncommon to hire men under 21 years of age in these days as they were young, able and determined to be a law enforcement officer.

## Denis Daigle

Denis Daigle was the son of Octave and Olive (Nadeau) Daigle.

Denis was a Warden for several years and worked the Stockholm, Caribou District by foot in these early days. In these days of yesteryear as a Warden it was not uncommon to be gone on patrol for several days or weeks.

As one looks at the span in years, there is not any difference as to the job of a Warden. He had to walk, summer, spring, winter and fall. No communications, airplanes or boats with motors. No back up or any assistance of any kind. Warden was on his own day and night. In these years and until the late forties nothing much changed from the 1880 era of Warden Service.

Denis monitored from Cross Lake to the Canadian border at Limestone, a straight distance of 40 plus miles.

Denis patrolled the area that at that time poaching activity was great. Most of the people that broke the Fish and Game laws did so with dogs. He patrolled the lumber camps as the camps would have a deer slayer to get the meat for the lumbermen. Denis worked alone and on a cold winter day was found in a trappers camp in the Stockholm area.

Several different versions were talked about but all came to the same conclusion, he was found frozen in a trapper's camp. He (Continued on page 31)

(Remembrance Day continued from page 30)

apparently was found two days after he had passed away. It was said that he died from a heart attack.

Two men were held for two days and released after being questioned. Two days to be held for anything is a long time. One must remember that no autopsy was made, no doctor was present and Mr. Daigle was on duty as it was a 24/7, 365 days job. When these Wardens left their residence they were working. No days off or holidays were granted or vacations.

This era puts us in the depression era when dogs were being used to kill deer. It was a silent way to kill deer as many trained dogs to chase deer and not bark.

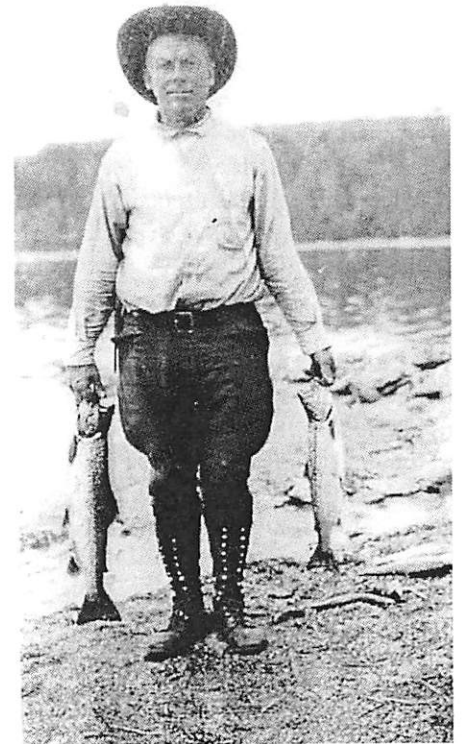
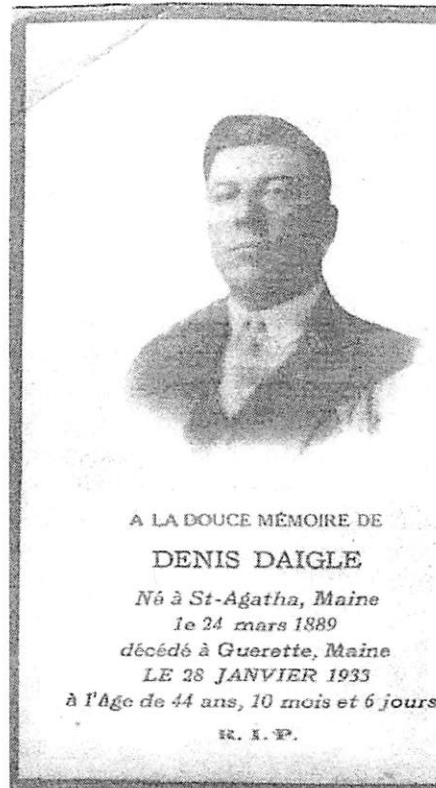
Newspaper articles dated 1933 of the Bangor Daily News addresses these dog-deer issues of the time. The headliner was Why Deer Are Scarce, Correspondent Flays Senseless Slaying by Merciless Killers and Bloodthirsty Dogs.

The article refers to the Madawaska Lake and Square Lake areas. The same are Denis Daigle was working. Makes one wonder about the incident.

The Commissioner's report of 1895 also refers to the dogs as vicious killers, silent and deadly.

Denis had a nephew, Donat Daigle and he also was a Warden for a short period of time during WWII.

Was Denis perhaps murdered? A question left unanswered...



Check out the Game Warden's website:  
<http://www.maine.gov/ifw/warden-service/fallen-heroes-honor-roll.html>

*Fallen heroes: Renaud Franck and Denis Daigle are not mentioned.*

## Ste-Anne's Church in Hartford Likely Will Be Sold in the Future; Monthly Mass in French at St. Augustine's Church Likely to Continue

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

Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, the Pastor of St. Augustine Church in Hartford wrote in the weekly bulletin of St. Augustine's Church in Hartford for the week of November 5, 2017 that property of Ste-Anne/Immaculate Conception Church will be sold by the Archdiocese of Hartford sometime in the future. The following two paragraphs are his own words from the weekly bulletin:

"On June 29th, the Parishes of St. Anne-Immaculate Conception and St. Augustine were merged by the Archdiocese. We have just completed the legal requirements of this merger. This included the Certificate of Consents of Merger, amending the Certificate of Origin of both parishes,

restating the Certificate of Incorporation, and notifying the Connecticut Secretary of the State. We also had to notify the Internal Revenue Service, the Connecticut Department of Revenue Service, and the State Bureau of Labor."

"People have asked me what will happen with St. Anne-Immaculate Conception Church. Eventually, the Archdiocese of Hartford will sell the property. The Archdiocese has already sold the former St. Michael's Church here in Hartford and is in the process of selling various properties throughout Hartford, New Haven and Litchfield Counties."

It should be noted that the Parish of



St. Anne-Immaculate Conception had been bridged with the Parish of St. Augustine since Sunday, March 4, 2012, when Rev. José Mercado, who had been the Pastor of

(Continued on page 32)

*(Ste-Anne's Church in Hartford Likely Will Be Sold in the Future;  
Monthly Mass in French at St. Augustine's Church Likely to Continue  
continued from page 31)*

St. Augustine Parish, became also the Pastor of St. Anne-Immaculate Conception Parish. Rev. Mercado said his first Sunday Mass at St. Anne-Immaculate Conception Church at 8:30AM on Sunday, March 11, 2012, the scheduled time for the French Mass, but he said the ordinary, the Gospel, and the homily of the Mass in English, while the first and second readings, the psalm, and the petitions were said in French by the lector, Albert Marceau, and the opening, communion and closing hymns were sung in French by the cantor, Jean Folly-Kakabi. The said format was the standard means the French Mass was said at St. Anne-Immaculate Conception Church from Sunday, March 11, 2012 to Sunday, June 25, 2017. Rev. Mercado remained the Pastor of both parishes until Thursday, June 29, 2017, when he was transferred to the newly created Parish of St. John XXIII, which comprises of the former parishes of St. Louis, St. Lawrence and St. Paul in West Haven.

### The Mass in French at St. Augustine's Church in Hartford

Rev. Walsh has said the Mass in

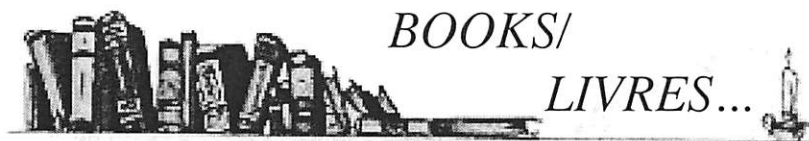
French at St. Augustine's Church in Hartford on the first Sundays of October, November and December 2017, at 7:45AM. The liturgical calendar for each of the Sundays were: October 1 (the 26th Sunday in Ordinary Time, Year A); November 5 (the 31st Sunday in Ordinary Time, Year A); and December 3 (the First Sunday in Advent, Year B). Rev. Walsh has said the entire ordinary of the Mass and the Gospel in French, while he has always given the homily in English. The first and second readings, the psalm, and the petitions were said in French by the lector, Albert Marceau. The opening, communion and closing hymns were sung in French by the cantor, Jean Folly-Kakabi, with the exception of the French Mass on Sunday, November 5 when he and his family were in Frankfurt, Germany for the wedding of his nephew.

Each of the three French Masses consisted of roughly a dozen Francophone former parishioners of Ste-Anne-de-Hartford, plus three or four Hispanic parishioners from St. Augustine who attended because it was the first Mass on Sunday, at 7:45AM. The Francophone parishioners were: Extraordinary Eucharistic Minister Lorena Dutelle

of South Windsor, Lector Albert Marceau of Newington, Cantor Jean Folly-Kakabi of Hartford, Usher Patrick Labrie of Hartford, Jean and Solange Agba and their three sons of Hartford, Ghislain and Rita Larochelle of East Hartford, and Aline Maras and her daughter of Hartford. One of the hymns that was sung for the First Sunday of Advent was "Venez divin Messie." Before Rev. Walsh gave the final blessing at the close of the Mass on December 3, he gave the pleasant news that he hoped to see all of us on the first Sunday in January 2018, which will be the Feast of the Epiphany. After the Mass, Rev. Walsh wished each of us individually a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, which was each of the former parishioners of Ste-Anne wished to one another.

Some of the hymns that will be sung for the Feast of the Epiphany are: "Il est né, le Divin Enfant," "Viens, peuple fidèle," and "Marche des Rois Mages."

So, readers of *Le Forum* are invited to attend the French Mass at St. Augustine Church on 10 Campfield Avenue in Hartford, Conn., at 7:45AM on Sunday, January 7, 2018. The website for St. Augustine Church in Hartford is <http://www.staugustinehtfd.org/>, and the telephone number for the church is (860)-522-7128.



BOOKS/

LIVRES...

## A Brief Guide to Celebrate the Holidays with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

The National Materials Development Center for French, abbreviated as NMDC, published numerous books on Franco-American Literature and Culture that are largely forgotten today. In particular, it published a nine-volume set of Franco-American literature entitled: *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*. The general editor of the series was Richard Santerre, who received his doctorate from Boston College in 1974, and the title of his dissertation is: *Le Roman Franco-Américain en Nouvelle-Angleterre, 1878-1943*. The nine-volume set was published in 1981, and it contains writings from 29 Franco-American authors. Unfortunately,

the nine-volume set does not have a comprehensive index to the prose and poetry of the 29 authors, which makes the anthology extremely difficult to use if the reader wishes to find a sample of prose or poetry on a given topic, such as La Survivance, or la fête de St-Jean-Baptiste. After I completed my master's degree in history from Central Connecticut State University, I decided to work on creating an index to the nine-volume set of Franco-American literature, and I hope to publish it within a year, as a supplement to a future edition of *Le Forum*.

Since Christmas and New Year's Day are featured in the current issue of *Le Forum*, I suggested to Lisa Michaud that I could

write a sample of my index to the *Anthologie* on the same topic, and she agreed that it was a good idea.

### The Franco-American Authors

Honoré Beaugrand, (1848-1906), the author of the first Franco-American novel: *Jeanne la fileuse. Épisode de l'émigration franco-canadienne aux États-Unis* (Fall River, Massachusetts, 1878), wrote a short story about New Year's Day, entitled: « Le fantôme de l'avare : Légende du jour d l'an, » which is found on pages 69-76 of the first volume of the *Anthologie*.

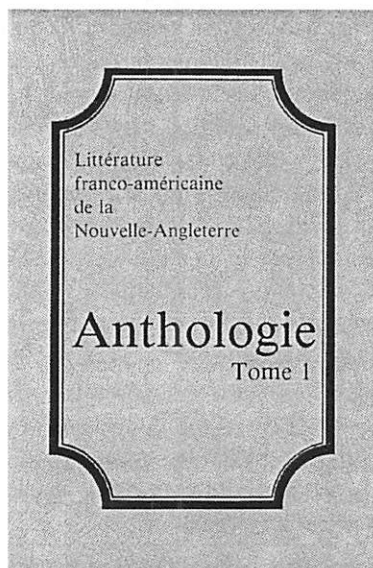
Louis Dantin, the nom de plume of Eugène Seers (1865-1945), the author of the Franco-American novel *Les enfances de Fanny* (Montréal, 1969), wrote a short story about Christmas, entitled « Le Noël de Caroline, » which is found on pages 34-43 of the ninth volume of the *Anthologie*. He also wrote a poem about Christmas, entitled « Noël intime, » found on pages 56-57 of the said volume. He also wrote a poem about the winter season, entitled « Soleil d'hiver, » found on pages 54-55 of the said volume.

(Continued on page 33)



(A Brief Guide to Celebrate the Holidays with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 32)

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque, the nom de plume of Leo-Albert Lévesque (1900-1974), the author of several books of poetry and author of *Silhouettes Franco-Américains* (Manchester, N.H., 1957), wrote a poem about Christmas, entitled: « L'éternel Noël : à ma mère, » found on page 251 of the ninth volume of the *Anthologie*. He also



wrote three poems about winter: « Neige, » on page 181, « La forêt en hiver, » on page 182, and « Pluie de janvier, » on page 186 of the said volume.

Anna Duval-Thibault, (1862-1951), the author of the Franco-American novel *Les Deux Testaments, Esquisse de Mœurs-Canadiennes* (Fall River, Massachusetts, 1888), wrote two short stories about Christmas, both of which are found in the second volume of the *Anthologie*. The title of one is: « Une première veillée de Noël aux États-Unis : Peinture de mœurs canadiennes, » found on pages 200-204, and the other is « Une tournée de l'Enfant Jésus : Conte de Noël, » found on pages 205-210 of the said volume. She also wrote a poem about New Year's Day, entitled « Le nouvel an, » which is found on page 242 of the said volume.

Dr. Joseph-Amédée Girouard (1865-1938), the author of the book of poetry, *Au fil de la vie. Recueil de poesies*, (Lewiston, Maine, 1909), wrote a poem about snow, entitled « La neige, » which is found on page 12 of the

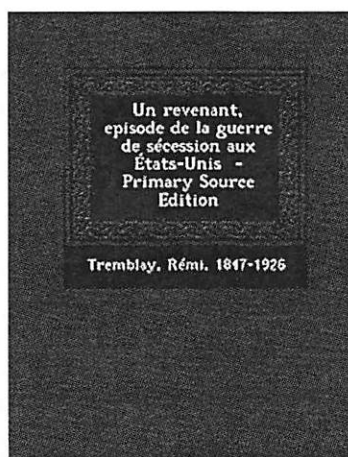
fourth volume of the *Anthologie*.

Adélard Lambert, (1867-1946), the author of the Franco-American novel *L'Innocent Victime* (serialized in *Le Droit* of Ottawa, Canada, September 1936), wrote a short story about Christmas within an unpublished manuscript, *Souvenir d'enfance*, entitled: « Une fête de Noël d'un vieux soldat, » which is found on pages 18-26 of the seventh volume of the *Anthologie*.

R.P. Louis-Alphonse Nolin, omi (1849-1936), wrote a poem about Christmas, entitled: « Bethléem, » which is found on page 69 of the seventh volume of the *Anthologie*.

Corinne Rocheleau-Rouleau (1881-1963), the author of the biography, *Hors de sa prison, extraordinaire histoire de Ludvine Lachance, l'infirme des infirmes, sourde muette et aveugle*, (Montréal, 1928), wrote a three-act play entitled: « Les fêtes chez l'habitant, » which is found on pages 187-241 of the fifth volume of the *Anthologie*. Of the nine Franco-American authors who are cited in the article, Corinne Rocheleau-Rouleau wrote the most comprehensive piece of literature that encompasses how three generations of a Franco-American family celebrated the holidays from Christmas to New Year's Day through dialogue and songs.

Rémi Tremblay, (1847-1926), the author of the Franco-American novel, *Un Revenant: Episode de la Guerre du Secession*, (Montréal, 1884) wrote a poem about winter, entitled: « Un nuit de décembre : Sonnet, » which is found on page 273 of the volume of the *Anthologie*. He also wrote the lyrics to a song about New Year's Day, entitled « Le jour de l'an, » which is found on pages 277-278 of the said volume, but the melody and accompaniment is from another song, entitled « De la valse des adieux »



NOTHING WENT TO WASTE  
in grandmother's kitchen  
by  
Betty A. LAUSIER Lindsay

### The Franco-American Foods for Christmas

The NMDC published a cookbook in 1983 entitled *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspillé dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère* by Betty A. Lausier Lindsay. The cookbook is not specifically written for recipes for the holidays, but it does have several recipes for pastries and cakes that were served at Christmas, and has surprising details of family costumes for the holidays, such as the Christmas dinner was often cooked chicken with vegetables.

### How to Purchase the Books

The easiest means to purchase copies of the *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre* as well as *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspillé dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère* would be to contact the Franco-American book vendor, Roger Lacerte, the owner of La Librairie

Populaire, 18 rue Orange, Manchester, NH 03104-6060. His business phone number is (603)-669-3788, and his a business e-mail address is: libpopulaire@yahoo.com.

## Till we meet again, I hope

It had to happen because she was near her 90<sup>th</sup> birthday and she had been battling cancer for several years. But it doesn't make it any easier. I knew Marjorie Gautreau-Allen for 17 years. At first, I knew she might exist, then I met her by chance in Vermont and well, as they say, the rest is history. She became the type of person, as Ty Cobb reportedly said after the death of the great Babe Ruth, that you hope we might be able to meet again, some day.

For over 20 years, I've been researching the lives and careers of baseball players of French descent. At one point, I decided to set my sights on Walter Paul (Doc) Gautreau after learning from a former major leaguer in Québec that the Cambridge native was still able to speak French as late as the 1950's.

After four games with Philadelphia, Gautreau played the rest of his major league career with the Boston Braves. He married in 1926 in Boston and in 1927, Marjorie

was born. I have to add that from 1929 to 1933, Doc played for the Montréal Royals, the same team Jackie Robinson played for in 1946.

Anyway, when I started my baseball research in the mid-90's, the chance of ever meeting Marjorie was unrealistic. Then, I got lucky. Tom Simon, a lawyer from Burlington, invited me to write the story about a French-speaking Vermont pitcher in his book 'Green Mountain Boys of Summer'. He invited me again, this time to attend the book's launching in the summer of 2000 in Montpelier.

I got a lot more than I expected. Also included in the weekend's festivities was a reunion of players from a former minor league. On Saturday morning, a meeting was scheduled in a high school auditorium type of room. I was walking in the area between the lower and upper decks of the room. A baseball-research friend was following me. I noticed a small woman seated on the left, in the first row of the room's upper deck. Next to her was a much taller man. She had a name tag, as most of us did. The name on the tag was 'Marjorie Gautreau-Allen'. I walked a

few more steps and had to stop.

My friend behind me bumped me. What are you doing, he said in French. I can't believe what I just saw, I answered. I backed up a few steps and asked the lady if, by any chance, she was the daughter of Doc Gautreau. Yes, was her initial answer. Who are you, she asked me. Listen, do I have to talk to you, I replied.

Turns out, and I was already aware of that, that Doc Gautreau managed the Saranac Lake team in that league from 1936 to 1939. Marjorie was at the reunion since she grew up under the eyes of many people from the league, being aged 8 to 12 at the time.

Later that day, we sat down and she showed me all the stuff she had with her. Turns out again that she had been researching the career of her father, who died in 1970, for many years. Because she had never really learned to speak French, she didn't have much about the family's stay in Montréal as she was little at the time. On the other end, that was my focus from the start.

So we pooled our resources and, except for the year 1935, we ended up knowing (Continued on page 35)

## Ce n'est qu'un Au revoir, j'espère

Ça devait arriver parce qu'elle était près de son 90<sup>e</sup> anniversaire de naissance et parce qu'elle avait combattu le cancer depuis plusieurs années. Mais ça ne rend pas la chose plus facile. Je connaissais Marjorie Gautreau-Allen depuis 17 ans. Au début, je savais qu'elle pouvait exister, puis je l'ai rencontré par chance au Vermont et, comme on dit, le reste a suivi. Elle est devenue le genre de personne, comme Ty Cobb aurait apparemment dit après la mort du célèbre Babe Ruth, qu'on souhaite pouvoir rencontrer à nouveau, un jour.

Depuis plus de 20 ans, j'ai fait des recherches sur la vie et la carrière de joueurs de baseball d'origine francophone. À un moment donné, j'ai décidé de me concentrer sur Walter Paul (Doc) Gautreau après avoir appris d'un ancien joueur québécois des majeures que le natif de Cambridge était toujours capable de parler français aussi tard que durant les années 1950.

Après quatre matchs avec Philadelphie, Gautreau a joué le reste de sa carrière

dans les majeures avec les Braves de Boston. Il s'est marié en 1926 à Boston et en 1927, Marjorie est née. Je dois ajouter que de 1929 à 1933, Doc a joué pour les Royaux de Montréal, la même équipe pour laquelle Jackie Robinson a joué en 1946.

De toute façon, quand j'ai commencé mes recherches sur le baseball, la probabilité de rencontrer Marjorie était vraiment impensable. Puis, j'ai été chanceux. Tom Simon, un avocat de Burlington, m'a invité à écrire l'histoire d'un lanceur parlant français du Vermont dans son livre 'Green Mountain Boys of Summer'. Il m'a invité de nouveau, cette fois pour assister au lancement du livre à l'été de 2000 à Montpelier.

J'en ai eu plus que je m'attendais. Faisant également partie des événements de la fin de semaine, il y avait les retrouvailles de joueurs d'une ancienne ligue mineure. Le samedi matin, une rencontre était prévue dans une salle du genre auditorium d'école secondaire. Je marchais dans l'espace entre les parties inférieure et supérieure de la salle. Un ami chercheur de baseball me suivait. J'ai remarqué une petite femme assise sur la gauche, dans la première rangée de la partie supérieure de la salle. À côté d'elle, il y avait un homme beaucoup plus grand. Elle avait une étiquette de nom, comme la plupart d'entre nous. Le nom sur l'étiquette était <<Marjorie Gautreau-Allen>>. J'ai marché

quelques pas de plus et je me suis arrêté.

L'ami derrière est entré en collision avec moi. Qu'est-ce que tu fais, a-t-il dit en français. Je ne peux pas croire ce que je viens de voir, ai-je répondu. J'ai reculé de quelques pas et j'ai demandé à la dame si, par chance, elle était la fille de Doc Gautreau. Oui, a été sa réponse initiale. Qui êtes-vous, m'a-t-elle demandé. Écoutez, faut vraiment que je vous parle, a été ma réponse.

Il se trouve, et j'étais déjà au courant, que Doc Gautreau avait dirigé l'équipe de Saranac Lake dans la ligue de 1936 à 1939. Marjorie était aux retrouvailles parce qu'elle avait grandi sous les yeux de plusieurs personnes de la ligue, de l'âge de 8 à 12 ans.

Plus tard cette journée-là, nous nous sommes assis et elle m'a montré tout ce qu'elle avait avec elle. Il se trouve qu'elle avait fait des recherches sur la carrière de son père, mort en 1970, depuis plusieurs années. Parce qu'elle n'avait jamais vraiment appris à parler français, elle n'avait pas grand chose sur le séjour de la famille à Montréal, elle était petite à l'époque. De mon côté, c'était ma priorité depuis le début.

Nous avons mis nos ressources en commun et, sauf pour l'année 1935, nous avons fini par déterminer exactement partout où Doc avait joué. Des années plus tard, j'ai découvert où Doc avait joué en 1935 en (suite page 35)

*(Till we meet again, I hope continued from page 34)*

almost exactly where Doc Gautreau played. Years later, I found out where Doc Gautreau played in 1935 reading a French paper from Montréal. But she didn't remember.

My relationship with her and her husband Bill went further than baseball research. For years, we exchanged letters and e-mails, a new system with which Marjorie became very good at since she was doing a lot of research about her father's genealogy. The couple actually went to retrace her father's acadian roots in New Brunswick, a province in Canada.

Anyway, Marjorie mentioned to me that I should come down and pay them a visit in Clinton, Maryland. Since I was going to turn 50 on January 31, 2011, I decided to make a bucket list trip. One place I really wanted to go was Baltimore, to visit a number of baseball things such as the Babe Ruth birthplace since he was born on February 6. But I also could see on the map that Clinton was not that far from Baltimore.

One sunny morning in February, I left Baltimore and first drove to Washington to see the stadium of the Nationals since that's

where the Montréal Expos, my childhood team, moved after the 2004 season. Then, without telling Marjorie and Bill, I moved on to Clinton and the street where Marjorie and Bill have lived for a long time.

As I parked the car, in front of the house, I could see a small vehicle facing me in their driveway near the sidewalk with a woman being at the wheel. I got out of the car, recognized her, walked to her window and just said Hi. Can I help you, she said. Then she focused on my car license plate from Ontario, looked at me and looked at the license plate again. Yves, she asked, is that you? I certainly am, I said. Then she got out of the car in a hurry. She was similar to her father, who was barely over five-foot tall, and I am close to six feet, but she started hugging me like I don't remember having been hugged like that before or since. You made it, she kept saying over and over. From a distance, I could see her husband Bill walking back the dogs, and the dogs and Bill wondering what was going on!

We spent an enjoyable rest of the day and she made me promise to come back in the summer to go to a baseball game at Camden Yards. She didn't have to ask me

*(Ce n'est qu'un Au revoir, j'espère suite de page 34)*

lisant un journal en français de Montréal. Elle ne s'en souvenait pas.

Ma relation avec elle et son mari Bill a dépassé la recherche sur le baseball. Pendant des années, nous avons échangé des lettres et des courriels, un nouveau système avec lequel Marjorie est devenue très bonne parce qu'elle faisait beaucoup de recherches sur la généalogie de son père. Le couple est d'ailleurs allé remonter les racines acadiennes de son père au Nouveau-Brunswick, une province du Canada.

De toute manière, Marjorie m'a mentionné que je devrais leur faire une visite à Clinton dans le Maryland. Comme j'allais avoir 50 ans le 31 janvier 2011, j'ai décidé de faire le genre de voyage avec plein de choses jamais faites auparavant. Un endroit où je voulais vraiment aller était Baltimore pour visiter plusieurs endroits de baseball comme le lieu de naissance de Babe Ruth, né le 6 février. Mais je pouvais aussi voir sur la carte que Clinton n'était pas vraiment loin de Baltimore.

Un matin ensoleillé de février, j'ai quitté Baltimore et me suis d'abord rendu à Washington voir le stade des Nationals

parce que c'est là que les Expos de Montréal, l'équipe de mon enfance, avait déménagé après la saison 2004. Puis, sans le dire à Marjorie et Bill, j'ai mis le cap sur Clinton et sur la rue où Marjorie et Bill ont habité depuis longtemps.

Alors que je stationnais l'auto, en avant de leur maison, je pouvais voir un petit véhicule me faisant face dans leur entrée de cour, près du trottoir. Une femme était au volant. J'ai débarqué de mon auto, j'ai reconnu la conductrice, j'ai marché jusqu'à sa fenêtre et j'ai simplement dit Bonjour. Est-ce que je peux vous aider, m'a-t-elle dit. Puis elle a remarqué ma plaque d'immatriculation de l'Ontario, m'a regardé et a regardé de nouveau la plaque. Yves, a-t-elle demandé, est-ce que c'est toi? Bien oui, ai-je répondu. Puis elle est descendue de son véhicule en vitesse. Elle était semblable à son père, qui mesurait un peu plus de cinq pieds, et je mesure près de six pieds, mais elle a commencé à me serrer tellement que je ne me souviens pas de l'avoir été comme ça avant ou depuis. Tu l'as fait, a-t-elle répété plusieurs fois. À distance, je pouvais voir son époux Bill en train de faire marcher les chiens, et les chiens et Bill se demandant ce qui se passait!

Le reste de la journée a été agréable et elle m'a fait promettre que je reviendrais

twice! I was back and this time, we spent an enjoyable evening, yapping about baseball and all kinds of things with Bill joining the conversation at times. They had to leave before the end of the game. Shortly after, a man, who had been seated behind us and was attending the game because the Boston Red Sox were playing the Orioles, told me he couldn't help but had listened all night about all the interesting stuff we had been talking about. I told him Marjorie was the daughter of a former major leaguer from Boston. Turns out he was from Holyoke and was the high school coach of Mark Wohlers, the one-time closer of the Atlanta Braves.

Marjorie and I had many more of these conversations with Bill. I returned in 2012, 2013, 2014 and 2015 to attend baseball games, but also spent Christmas with them *(Continued on page 36)*



à l'été pour un match de baseball à Camden Yards. Elle n'a pas eu besoin de me le dire deux fois! J'étais de retour et cette fois, nous avons passé une soirée agréable à jacasser sur le baseball et sur plein d'autres choses avec Bill qui se joignait parfois à la conversation. Ils ont dû quitter avant la fin du match. Peu après, un homme, qui était assis derrière nous et était au match parce que les Red Sox de Boston jouaient contre les Orioles, m'a dit qu'il n'avait pu s'empêcher d'écouter tout ce que nous avions raconté d'intéressant. Je lui ai mentionné que Marjorie était la fille d'un ancien joueur des majeures de Boston. Il se trouve que l'homme était de Holyoke et qu'il avait été l'instructeur à l'école secondaire de Mark Wohlers, un releveur des Braves d'Atlanta.

Marjorie et moi avons eu plusieurs autres de ces conversations avec Bill. Je suis retourné en 2012, 2013, 2014 et 2015 pour des matchs de baseball, mais j'ai aussi passé Noël avec eux en 2014 et 2015. Ils *(suite page 36)*



*(Till we meet again, I hope continued from page 35)*

in 2014 and 2015. They not only took me out for Christmas brunch but in 2014, they took me to the September 11 Memorial at the Pentagon. A female neighbour had died in the building, from the plane crash, and her husband later died of a broken heart, Marjorie said.

Everytime I visited them, they took me around to show me their favorite eating places, introducing me to people at the same time, and also to talk about their involvement in the Neighbourhood Watch program. Almost everytime we sat in the living room, somebody would ring the door, people of all ages, to visit.

I couldn't go for Christmas in 2016

*(Ce n'est qu'un Au revoir, j'espère suite de page 34)*

m'ont non seulement amené à un brunch de Noël, mais en 2014, ils m'ont aussi amené au Memorial du 11 septembre au Pentagon. Une voisine était décédée dans l'édifice, suite à l'écrasement d'avion, et son mari est mort d'un cœur brisé, selon Marjorie.

Chaque fois que je les ai visités, ils m'ont promené à leurs endroits favoris pour manger, me présentant à des gens par la même occasion, et aussi pour me parler de leur implication dans le programme de Surveillance de quartier. Presque chaque fois où nous étions assis dans le salon, quelqu'un sonnait à la porte, des gens de tous âges, pour visiter.

Je n'ai pas pu y aller à Noël en 2016 et je prévoyais y aller au début de 2017 mais

and was planning to go early in 2017 but health issues restrained my travelling for a while. And now she's gone, physically, so no more hugs and 'Thinking of you' e-mails. Life goes on, I guess. While alive, she kept writing and talking about the blessings in her life, her long-time partnership with Bill, her sons, her grandchildren, how well she was treated at the hospital. I can't even remember one negative thing she said and we actually talked about subjects such as politics and religion.

We had so many laughs. In one of her last e-mails, she talked about all that hair on the face of Washington Nationals outfielder Jayson Werth. I made her laugh when I replied that with the amount of money he's been making, his wife must really like kiss-

des questions de santé ont restreint mes déplacements à ce moment. Et maintenant elle est partie, physiquement, donc plus d'accoules et de courriels <<Je pense à toi>>. La vie continue, j'imagine. Encore vivante, elle continuait à écrire et à parler de tous les bienfaits dans sa vie, son partenariat de longue date avec Bill, ses fils, ses petits-enfants, le traitement qu'elle recevait à l'hôpital. Je ne peux pas me souvenir de l'avoir entendu dire une chose négative et nous avons parlé de sujets comme la politique et la religion.

Nous avons tellement ri. Dans un de ses derniers courriels, elle a parlé de tous ces poils qui couvrent le visage du voltigeur Jayson Werth des Nationals de Washington. Je l'ai fait rire quand j'ai répondu qu'avec la quantité d'argent qu'il faisait, sa femme devait vraiment aimer lui embrasser le vi-

ing his face like that!

Wherever she is now, I hope it is a nice living room to one day eventually welcome Bill and the dogs. And I hope I will be able again to visit. Through my years of baseball research, a handful of people never wanted to meet me, while others were nice enough to meet me in order for me to fill some blanks.

One thing is for sure, for me there has been only one Marjorie Gautreau-Allen. I will never forget her energy and warmth for a total stranger from Canada. Au revoir, Mademoiselle Gautreau, et à bientôt, peut-être!

***Yves, your friend  
from Ottawa***

sage comme ça!

Où qu'elle soit maintenant, j'espère qu'elle est dans un salon pour éventuellement accueillir Bill et les chiens. Et j'espère pouvoir y faire encore une visite. À travers mes années de recherche sur le baseball, quelques personnes n'ont pas voulu me rencontrer, tandis que d'autres ont été assez gentilles de m'aider à remplir ce qui me manquait.

Une chose est sûre, pour moi il n'y a eu qu'une seule Marjorie Gautreau-Allen. Je n'oublierai jamais son énergie et sa chaleur pour un étranger du Canada. Au revoir, Mademoiselle Gautreau, et à bientôt, peut-être!

***Yves, votre ami  
d'Ottawa***

## Requiem for Albert Glaude

*Behind every great fortune lies a great crime.*

--Honoree de Balzac

**Ray Luc Levasseur**

*December/2017*

Le Forum's summer/2017 issue published my short story, STONES. The story is autobiographical fiction. Truth is I was one of the boys depicted in the story and we did smash the windows of a dormant textile mill in the Springvale section of Sanford, Maine. As a 9 year old I felt abandoned mills were a curse on those of us who lived in their shadows. Sixty-one years later I still feel this way.

Shortly after STONES June publication, the real-life story of Sanford's aban-

doned mills continued to play out when the five-story, long idle, Stenton Trust Mill was torched and gutted to its miserable core. The building was initially owned and operated as part of the Goodall mill empire until the town was left punch-drunk by the termination of nearly 4,000 jobs in the early 1950's.

A spin-off of Goodall, Seamloc Carpet Company then occupied the building prior to Stenton. It was at Seamloc that 18 year old Albert Glaude was killed in 1965. Al was asphyxiated when a machine's rollers crushed

his chest. Al wasn't the only one to die in those mills but he was the only one that was my friend and classmate. We were both descended from French-Canadian immigrants drawn to the original mills. In 1964-1965 we both worked on machines for outfits that occupied former Goodall buildings while awaiting our fate with the Vietnam draft. I worked just around the corner from Al at Eastern Plastics Corp and his death left me wondering which was the greater threat to my life – war or factory work.

No one was prosecuted or punished for the death of Albert Glaude.

However, the powers-that-be wasted no time in charging three children with the Stenton mill fire. Two 13 and one 12-year old were charged with felony arson and confined at Long Creek juvenile prison. I find it profoundly disturbing that we still jail *(Continued on page 37)*

*(Requiem for Albert Glaude continued from page 36)*

children this age, be it for status (non-criminal) or criminal offenses. America's race to the top as the world's largest prison system employs the use of prisons and criminal justice mechanisms as a front-line response to social problems, from poverty and racism to mental illness and drug addiction.

Mill and factory owners in Sanford made big money. Albert Glaude, and others killed on the job were sacrificial lambs for profit. Waterways near the mill and factories were thoroughly polluted, as was the very ground these buildings stand on. (The EPA removed barrels of hazardous wastes from the Stenton mill site 7 years ago but there's plenty more there in the form of lead and asbestos). The labor force was squeezed to work more hours for less money. Work was often the tedious, mind-numbing sort (my job at Eastern Plastics most certainly was). And when Franco-Americans first broke into the workforce they suffered discrimination in job assignments and were the first to be laid off.

The Goodall mill owners are considered the patron saints of Sanford by some. I'm not one of them. I can't see how those who exploit others for profit, then abandon them, should be idolized. While Goodall continued to press workers for less wages and more productivity, i.e. more speed-up, investment bankers gained a foothold in the Goodall empire. And then came the union busting Burlington Industries which bought a controlling interest in Goodall. After assuring the people of Sanford that the Goodall mills would remain in Sanford, Burlington proceeded to strip those same mills of its newest and best machinery and sent it to its southern mills. That was the kiss of death that left almost 4,000 Sanford workers jobless.

There are not only lessons in this, there are crimes.

The charred hulk of the Stenton mill is a monument to what happens in the wake of misuse, abuse and abandonment. Prior to the fire the Stenton buildings (there are two) were riddled with smashed windows and attracted adventurous kids, skateboarding teens and anyone seeking temporary shelter from the elements. There are still many "French" in the neighborhoods surrounding the Stenton mill living in small apartment

buildings and single family homes as well as subsidized housing. Also in the shadow of Stenton is what's been called "ground zero of Sanford's heroin epidemic." If you've got a good arm you can throw a stone from ground zero and smash a Stenton window. Drug abuse is up in Sanford, along with foreclosures, joblessness and the high school drop out rate. Needless to say, the average household income is down.

Ain't the first time a Sanford neighborhood has got a bad rap. In 1971 the Sanford Tribune editorialized in favor of an urban renewal project referring to the neighborhood I grew up in as a "Hideous wasteland that lies between Main street and the river." So they obtained the funds and bulldozed much of the neighborhood. There's now an empty lot where I lived with my family. There's condos where a textile mill stood. Main street now looks like the homogenized main



drag in thousands of other urban renewals. But, hey, its got a Rite Aid.

After smoke cleared from the Stenton fire the town tried to identify and locate the current owner of the building. The task was like following the paper trail of a fugitive from justice. Every bank and other "institution" that once owned Stenton claimed no current connection to the property. The last owner of record was Gateway LLC whose chief executive was tracked to the gambling mecca of Reno, Nevada. He also denied any current connection to the Stenton mill. As a Limited Liability Company Gateway's members cannot be held personally liable for the companies debts and liabilities. That's a sweet arrangement that allows Gateway to walk away from removing the fire's debris and its toxic wastes. It also enables it to avoid paying \$157,521.72 in unpaid property taxes, any fees and interest attached to this debt, and any liens on the property. In other words – no accountability.

No surprise that Gateway was located in a gambling mecca because with its LLC protection in was running a Three-Card Monte con on the town of Sanford, where the dealer always wins and the conned always loses.

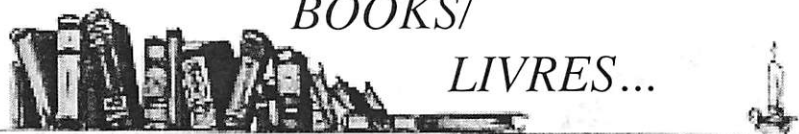
Meantime, the boys were being held fully accountable. They were released from prison on July 5 and placed under house arrest. At court appearances in October and November they admitted to "criminal mischief" for starting the Stenton fire. Each was sentenced to one year probation under very strict conditions. The felony arson charge was continued with the judge retaining authority to adjudicate the charge should he be dissatisfied with the boys conduct while on probation. Restitution was not part of the sentences because the boys families don't have the money.

Following the sentences the District Attorney (prosecutor) emphasized that the boys were being held "accountable" for their crime, and will be under "constant supervision." She also suggested that probation could also include involvement in the "restorative justice" process.

In theory, restorative justice looks to be an improvement over the current criminal justice system based on punishment and retribution. Restorative justice too emphasizes "accountability" but goes beyond punishment to address and repair the harm caused to individuals and community by a law breaker. The problem in this case is that if these boys are subjected to the restorative justice process as currently practiced they will be the only ones held accountable. Missing from the process would be the Goodall family, their surrogates, banks, financial investors, Seamloc, Stenton, Gateway LLC, and any other profit driven entity connected to the Stenton buildings that caused harm to individuals and community.

Indeed, to get at the real harm done by the aforementioned would require transformative justice which takes some restorative justice principles and infuses it with social justice. In a more just world we'd hold Goodall to Gateway accountable and squeeze them for reparations for the harm they've inflicted on others. Transformative justice might entail removing the statue of mill emperor Thomas Goodall from near the town square and replacing it with a  
(Continued on page 38)

# BOOKS/ LIVRES...



## LUCIENNE LA SIMPLE D'ESPRIT

par Norman Beaupré



### LUCIENNE LA SIMPLE D'ESPRIT

Normand Beaupré

Voilà l'histoire de trois générations québécoises qui aboutit à l'émigration aux États-Unis en Nouvelle-Angleterre. Elle est tissée d'aventures et d'événements assez frappants pour susciter l'intérêt de ceux et celles qui jouissent des effets de la passion d'amour, de l'attachement à un héritage vibrant, du défi de l'émigration, du chagrin de la mort, en plus du bouleversement d'une jeune femme hantée par ses incapacités intellectuelles et qui est connue sous la l'appellation de Lucienne, la simple d'esprit.

Son histoire nous emmène au centre des filatures en Nouvelle-Angleterre où oeuvrent ces émigrés, souvent appelés les travailleurs de moulins. Cousue dans cette aventure est l'histoire de Célie et son amant algonquin, Timiskamengo, ainsi que l'histoire de Héloïse Lanouette Charbonneau, la

femme qui a du "casque" et de l'entrain. Sa fille, Lucienne, découvre, malgré ses limites intellectuelles dites d'arriération, qu'elle a des dons de la guérisseuse. Lucienne devient la femme qui, en dépit de ses challenges, se voit femme entière et mûre dans une communauté en gestation façonnée d'émigrés de la descendance des colons pur-laine telle les Lanouette de Batiscan au Québec.

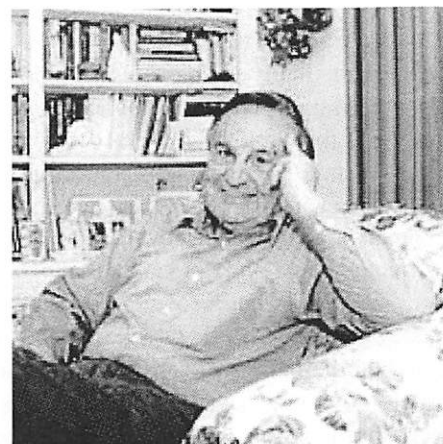
Plus qu'un roman, c'est une page de la réalité historique qui nous révèle les défis et les luttes, ainsi que les accomplissements et les succès d'un peuple d'émigrés qui devient à la longue les Franco-Américains.

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ISBN 978-1-64151-165-0 Hard Cover

Format: 6 x 9 in - 229 pages

Language: French



Normand Beaupré est né dans l'État du Maine en Nouvelle-Angleterre où il grandit comme Francophone, et plus tard, devient écrivain bilingue. Il a passé plus de trente ans dans l'enseignement universitaire. Il est présentement Professeur Émérite à l'Université de la Nouvelle-Angleterre au Maine. Il a beaucoup voyagé en Europe, au Mexique, et en Amérique du Sud. Il est l'auteur de vingt-deux oeuvres publiées en français et en anglais. Sa dernière oeuvre est un roman basé sur la vie artistique de Rosa Bonheur. Il fut décoré par le gouvernement de France alors qu'on lui décerna une médaille avec le rang d'Officier dans l'Ordre des Arts et Lettres en 2008.

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[https://www.amazon.com/Lucienne-Simple-DEsprit-Normand-Beaupre/dp/1641511613/ref=sr\\_1\\_2?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1513048219&sr=1-2](https://www.amazon.com/Lucienne-Simple-DEsprit-Normand-Beaupre/dp/1641511613/ref=sr_1_2?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1513048219&sr=1-2)

*(Requiem for Albert Glaude continued from page 37)*

statue honoring Albert Glaude and all the men, women and children who labored in Sanford's mills.

Mill backwash continued into the 21st century when Tennford Weaving Company terminated its workforce of over 100, closed its doors and skedaddled south in 2001. One of those terminated was my mother. None who lost their jobs received their promised severance pay. Located in an old Goodall building, Tennford was a couple blocks from Stenton.

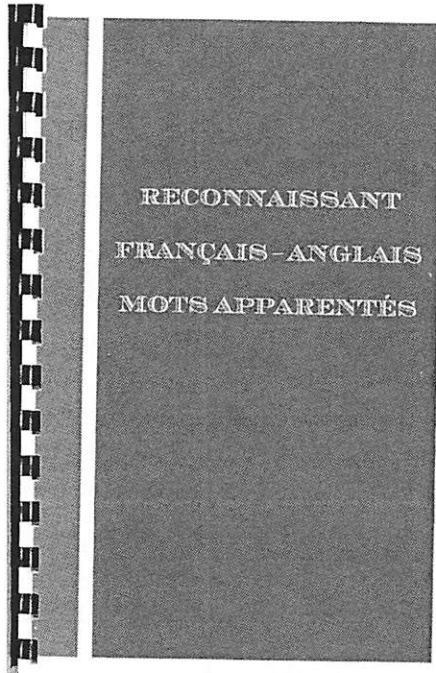
My uncle, a life-long resident of Sanford, told me a couple years ago that a good barometer of Sanford's economic health can be determined by watching the commuter traffic each morning from the town square. It's mostly outward bound towards the jobs that Sanford lacks.

The story of Albert Glaude, abandonment, neglect, and the punishment of 12 and 13-year olds is not unique to Sanford. We see it in communities from West Virginia to Michigan. While every ethnic group, race and gender is impacted, the common denominator is class. It is workers who make

the greatest sacrifices and endure the most pain while the profit-makers continue to short-change us as they deflect any attempts to hold them accountable.

Sanford officials are already talking "redevelopment" of the Stenton mill property once they obtain funding and the debris and hazardous materials are removed. All it took to get them to do what should have been done decades before was 3 adventurous boys with a pack of matches. Perhaps the boys should receive a public service award rather than punishment and a criminal record.





For those among you who are not geographically aware that Maine borders the provinces of Québec and New Brunswick, whose heritage most of whom reverts to Normandy, France.

The states of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont all border this French Canadian province, Québec and consequently these three states now consist of 40% French descendants and from that, the state of Maine is 50%.

I have recently relocated to the capitol city of Augusta, Maine from Winslow, Maine. I am amazed that there are so many French descendants that are living in Augusta and also the governor is a French descendant.

This booklet that I am marketing is an excellent tool to augment and improve ones French language.

There are more than 3000 cognates in our French/English language. Here is an example.

J'ai aussi produit plusieurs livres français ayant des couvertures françaises et aussi les pages d'instructions. Si les élèves avaient une copie française de ce livre, ils seraient en mesure de cultiver et d'acquérir une meilleure récolte.

**Note:** If you choose to do group purchasing on a single purchase order, the cost will drop to \$15.00 each.

## *L'intérieur du capot avant*

Compilé par M. Trefflé Jacques Lessard.

Originaire d'une famille francophone, le français était la seule langue parlée dans notre maison. Tout le quartier ne parlait que le français aussi. J'ai assisté à une école paroissiale qui a enseigné les séances du matin en anglais et en français dans l'après-midi. En finissant la 8e année, J'ai assisté à une école publique jusqu'à l'obtention du diplôme.

J'ai également recherché mon ancêtre qui a navigué de Chambois Normandie à la Nouvelle-France (maintenant appelé Québec) au début des années 1600.

Je me suis toujours demandé quand j'étais un jeune étudiant, combien de mots ont la même orthographe et les mêmes significations dans les deux langues. Cela m'a incité à rechercher des Cognates (Mots Apparentés) français-anglais communs.

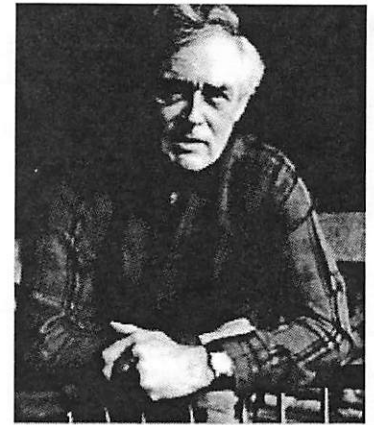
Je suis étonné que tant de personnes anglaises et de français ne réalisent pas ce potentiel. Cette liste d'anglophones est incroyablement longue. Si vous pensiez que l'apprentissage du vocabulaire français était difficile, commencez par cette liste et vous serez étonné.

Après avoir obtenu mon diplôme de l'école secondaire, je suis entré dans un apprentissage de machine-outil de quatre ans et je suis devenu certifié.

### **Sujet: Mots Apparentés**

Dans notre langue Française - Anglaise il y a beaucoup de mots apparentés.

Ce livre aidera certainement les francophones parlant français à améliorer leur vocabulaire et leurs aptitudes à écrire. Les accents dictent seulement la prononciation.



## Études françaises, francophones et québécoises

**Voici:** Je réponds toujours aux gens qui me disent qu'ils ne connaissent pas la langue française et qu'ils connaissent déjà beaucoup de mots. J'explique que tous les mots anglais qui se terminent par un (tion) ou (sion) sont épelés et signifient exactement la même chose dans les deux langues et ils sont surpris.

**Exemple:** attention, admission, confusion, permission, fabrication, accélération, coordination, etc. etc. etc.

**TREFFLÉ LESSARD**  
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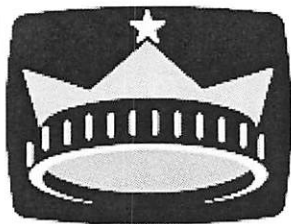
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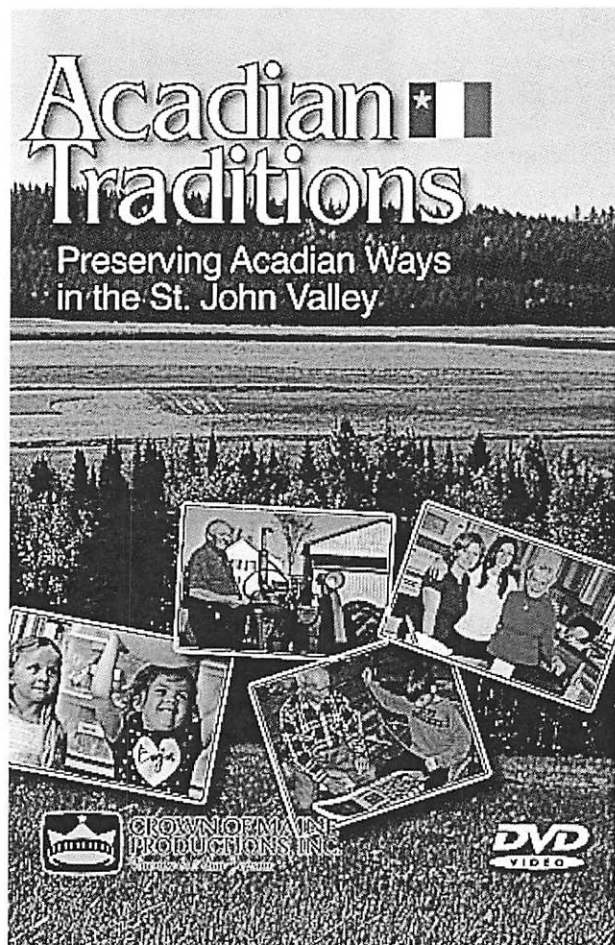
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Amount Due → \$			



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They are filmed in the beautiful St. John Valley with its forests, fields and slow flowing river.

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The included two-hour DVD features the sights and sounds of the Congrès mondial acadien 2014 / World Acadian Congress.

Enjoy the festivities of this joyful phenomenon that took place

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## Movie Review Revue de film

### *The Home Road*, directed by Tonya Shevenell (Home Ice Productions, 2017)

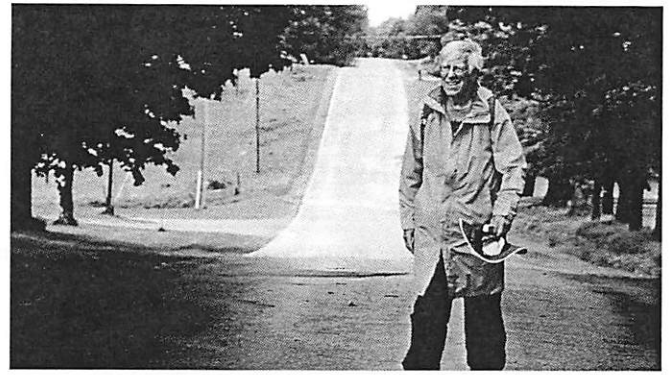
On a cool, cloudy morning in May 2015, 74-year-old Ray Shevenell set out from Compton, Quebec, determined to reach Biddeford, Maine—some 200 miles away—on foot.

As Ray's daughter Tonya reminds us in a newly-released film, if the idea sounds absurd, it still wasn't quite original. In the spring of 1845, Israel Shevenell (1826-1912), Ray's great-great-grandfather, had himself made the trek from the Eastern Townships to southern Maine. Israel had been a young man with an idea; he became the first French Canadian in Biddeford. Ere long, he persuaded his parents and siblings to join him.

Tonya Shevenell's *The Home Road* chronicles Ray's journey over the course of thirteen days. It is a story that the filmmaker continually enriches with her father's past and with the aspirations of generations before him. Its challenges are rendered in

images from remote parts of New Hampshire and Maine. What secret self-doubt, we are left to wonder, might have animated Israel's mind in these wilds, while stubbornness forced him forward? The trials of the Ray's trek, even with modern conveniences, should elicit admiration but also temper our inclination to romanticize the old "pioneer days."

Beyond its cinematic qualities, as Tonya Shevenell's first production, *The Home Road* shines for its sincerity. It is a touching homage to family, an unadorned tale of adventure, and a statement about unexpected twists in the road—the ones Ray faced in his walk to Maine, but also the figurative bends that made this story possible. Appearances by Franco-American history writers James Myall and David Vermette add valuable context along the way. If questions linger at the end, it is not that the director fails to do justice to the past. Rather, more research



*Ray Shevenell on the road*  
(Photo used with permission)

is needed on French-Canadian migration prior to the Civil War. How exceptional was Israel?

In a different sense, Ray and Tonya are exceptional and opportunities to view the film remain. Screening events were held last summer and fall; additional dates have been set for March and April. Encouraged by this first foray, the director expects to release a book on lessons drawn from the trek and has begun work on a second documentary, which highlights stories from Maine's past.

Information on the movie and the journey behind it is available on an accompanying website, <http://www.thehomeroad.com/>.

— **Patrick Lacroix**

### THE HOME ROAD

A FILM BY  
TONYA SHEVENELL



#### THE HOME ROAD - DOCUMENTARY FILM

*A 74-year-old Maine man retraces the journey of his pioneering, 19-year-old great-great-grandfather, who left his home in Canada in 1845.*

The Home Road is inspired by the coming-of-age story of my great-great-grandfather, Israel Shevenell. I wish I could talk to the 19-year old who set out on foot April 1st, 1845, headed southeast from his home in Compton, Quebec; crossed the border; trudged through lingering winter snow in New Hampshire's White Mountains and deep mud in the Saco Valley; and arrived at his destination of Biddeford, Maine two weeks later. He earned \$8 a week as a brick maker in this booming coastal town; it was steady work and more money than he could make farming at home. He walked back to Quebec that fall and convinced his family to move to Biddeford with him. Israel became the city's first permanent French-Canadian settler; contributed to its growth and changed the course of Shevenell family history. In 2015, my father, Ray Shevenell, celebrated the 170th anniversary of this pioneering trek by retracing Israel's journey, walking the nearly 200 miles from Compton, Quebec to Biddeford, Maine.

This walk is the foundation for The Home Road documentary film. Layered over this adventure are narrations, interviews, archive photos and film, and stories; exploring the themes of migration, movement and "home".

*All Home Ice Productions and Malibu Maine orders are personally fulfilled by Tonya or Matt, so please feel free to contact us or say hello at [tonya@homeiceproductions.com](mailto:tonya@homeiceproductions.com) or [matt@homeiceproductions.com](mailto:matt@homeiceproductions.com) or call 207-400-0231.*

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## POÉSIE/POETRY

### Still Life

### With Champagne and Wine Bottles

Daneault/ Leblanc/ Fournier relatives and Le Forum readers:  
may your post-party moments be as joyous as mine. . .

Next-to-last guests linger by the steps  
deaf to their friends' horns honking.  
Voices plead "You, in the pickup.  
Back out! Then, the clean-up crew  
departs muttering: "So much left to do . . ."

But I, admiring the half-cleared space—  
wadded cloths, bottles, plates all askew—  
with camera in hand, seek the right shot.  
What shall I leave? discard? arrange?

Musing, I place foie gras, and dips,  
on a gaudy plate with crackers.  
Something's lacking; I fill a flute  
from a lingering champagne bottle.

Suddenly, a thought: The City of Lights—  
with its artists, writers, musicians.  
If the right film invites me, I'll go there tonight.  
Let me see ...Voilà! **Midnight in Paris.**



*Sketch of Margaret Langford  
by Ernie Hébert*

Dozing, I find myself in the past  
partying with famous revelers.  
While Eliot and Stein both peruse my verse,  
Dali makes an odd sketch of my clutter.

Now, will we dine at Chez Maxim  
where the blasé elite often gather?  
Then, wind up our night at the Moulin Rouge  
with Lautrec, La Goulue, and the cancan?

As we drink, eat, dance, and cavort,  
my muse whispers she's very inspired.  
When we sleep at last, we'll dream the still life—  
proudly poised—awaiting its photo.

*Margaret S. Langford*

*(écrit après lecture du Forum, Vol. 39 #2, Sumer/été 2017, parution "le reportage  
chez les Cannucks" m'a inspiré, voici une petite création spontanée)*

### LE Clou d'Amerique

quand je suis né là-bas dans ma campagne, au bout des chemins creux,  
dans une maison rude et simple, là où vivaient des gens heureux,  
ma mère sur mon berceau s'est penchée, et dans ma main elle a glissé,  
Un objet petit mais dur, aux angles arrondis, la pointe bien acérée.

C'était un petit clou, beau et fier et raide comme le bon droit François  
Qui glissait entre mes doigts, mais qui en silence s'attachait fort à moi  
Elle me dit mon enfant écoute ces mots et grave les à jamais dans ta mémoire  
Car ce clou, est rempli de ta culture, de ton identité de tous tes liens et ton savoir.

Garde le sur ton cœur, tiens le bien au chaud l'hiver, partage avec lui tes bonheurs  
Dis lui tes peines, dis lui tes espoirs, dis lui aussi tes rages, il est ton tuteur  
fonce dans la vie, sans jamais le lâcher, et ton clou bien à toi, il te faut l'enfoncer  
partout où tu iras, n'enfoncer que le tien, oublies celui des autres, surtout des étrangers.

ET quand tu vieilliras, au soir de ton chemin, transmet le aux enfants qui mènent leur destin  
dis leur que sans ce clou, leur vie, ne serait plus rien, qu'un tas de chimères, ou de machins  
que leurs ancêtres français, fondateurs du pays, doivent par leurs gestes revivre en permanence  
et qu'ainsi pur toujours aux soleil d'Amérique, une flamme Franco éclaire nos silences.

— *Michel Lacaux 17.07.17*

### Québec

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

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

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

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

— *Adrienne  
Pelletier LePage*

# Recípes/Recettes

(N.D.L.R. since the Spring issue of *Le Forum* will be out after Mardi Gras, I thought of printing this recipe in this issue.)

## King Cake with Cream Cheese Cinnamon Filling

*Submitted by Danielle Laliberte Beaupré*

- 2 - 8 oz. cans of reduced fat crescent rolls
- 4 oz. reduced fat cream cheese
- 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1/3 cup light brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon round cinnamon

Preheat oven to 350°F. Coat a 10" round pizza pan with nonstick cooking spray. Separate crescent rolls at perforations into 16 slices. Place slices around prepared pan with points in the center.

About halfway down from the points, press seams of individual rolls together to form a joined circle of rolls. In a mixing bowl, beat cream cheese, confectioner's sugar and vanilla until creamy. Spread on dough in the center where seams have been pressed together.

In another small bowl, combine batter, brown sugar, and cinnamon mix with a fork until crumbly. Sprinkle over cream cheese. Fold dough points over filling, then fold bottom of triangle over points, forming a circular roll like a king cake. The filling should be completely covered by the crescent rolls at this point.

Bake for about 20-25 minutes or until golden brown. Cool slightly and drizzle with colored Mardi Gras Icing.



## Mardi Gras Icing

- 1 cup confectioner's sugar
- 1-2 tablespoons skim milk
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract
- yellow, green, red and blue food coloring

In a small bowl, combine all ingredients except food coloring. Divide mixture into 3 bowls. In first bowl, add a few drops of yellow food coloring. In second bowl add a few drops of green food coloring. In third bowl add equal drops of red and blue food coloring to create a purple. Drizzle over baked cake.

## History of King Cakes

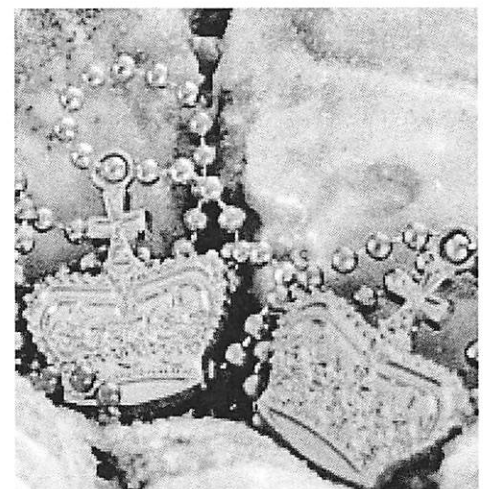
Epiphany, celebrated in European countries, marks the coming of the wise men who brought gifts to the Christ Child. Epiphany is also called Little Christmas on the Twelfth Night, and is celebrated twelve nights after Christmas. People from all of the world celebrate Epiphany by exchanging gifts and feasting. A very popular custom that is still celebrated is the making of the "King's Cake" which represents the three kings who brought gifts. A plastic baby is baked inside the King Cake, and the tradition is whoever receives the baby in their piece of cake must buy the next King Cake or throw the next party. King Cakes are made of a cinnamon filled dough in the shape of a hollow circle. The cake is topped with a delicious glazed topping and then sprinkled with colored sugar. The three colors of the sugar are Purple (representing Justice), Green (representing Faith) and Gold (representing Power). Today the King Cakes are baked with a wide assortment of fillings inside the cake. King Cake is the preferred

dessert and snack in New Orleans during Mardi Gras. Hundreds of thousands of King Cakes are eaten in New Orleans during the Carnival season.

Many are shipped throughout the U.S. for those displaced New Orleanians longing for a taste of Mardi Gras. In fact, a Mardi Gras party wouldn't be a Mardi Gras party without a King Cake.

You might be wondering, "Why on earth would a plastic baby be inside of a cake?" Well, the baking of King Cakes is a tradition in New Orleans that begins on King's Day, at the start of the Mardi Gras season. A tiny baby, just like the ones you see here, is baked into the cake. The person whose piece of cake contains the baby furnishes the King Cake for the next party (which are usually held once a week on Sundays until Fat Tuesday.) However, when celebrating Mardi Gras out of town, most people regard the person who 'got the baby' as the King or Queen of the party being held. Either way, it is a tasty way to spend an afternoon, and we promise you'll love it, too! A new idea that has recently

grown in popularity at children's parties is to serve cupcakes decorated like regular kingcakes and put a baby in each one. That way, every child will experience the thrill of finding the baby!



*Mardi Gras  
Feb. 13, 2018*



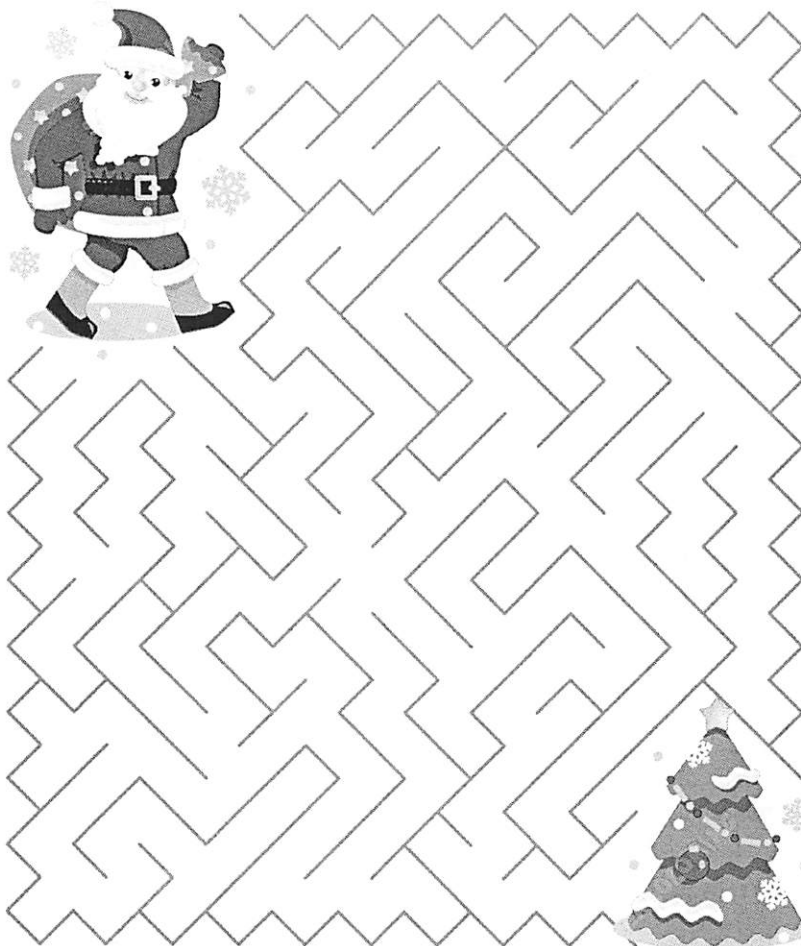
## Coin des jeunes...

### Douce nuit

Douce nuit, sainte nuit!  
Dans les cieux ! L'astre luit.  
Le mystère annoncé s'accomplit  
Cet enfant sur la paille endormi,  
C'est l'amour infini!  
C'est l'amour infini!

Saint enfant, doux agneau!  
Qu'il est grand! Qu'il est beau!  
Entendez résonner les pipeaux  
Des bergers conduisant leurs troupeaux  
Vers son humble berceau!  
Vers son humble berceau

C'est vers nous qu'il accourt,  
En un don sans retour!  
De ce monde ignorant de l'amour,  
Où commence aujourd'hui son séjour,  
Qu'il soit Roi pour toujours!  
Qu'il soit Roi pour toujours!

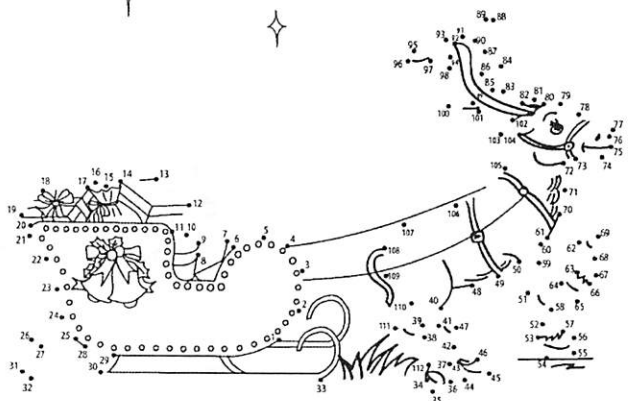


### Silent Night

Silent night, holy night!  
All is calm, all is bright.  
Round yon Virgin, Mother and Child.  
Holy infant so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace

Silent night, holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight.  
Glories stream from heaven afar  
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,  
Christ the Savior is born!  
Christ the Savior is born

Silent night, holy night!  
Son of God love's pure light.  
Radiant beams from Thy holy face  
With dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth  
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth





# Une menterie historique!

DECEMBER 12, 2017

par Robert Bérubé



Lorsque j'étais très jeune nous faisions une distinction entre une menterie et un mensonge. Un mensonge c'était le mot utilisé par et pour les religieuses lorsque quelqu'un ne disait pas la vérité et une menterie c'était la parole utilisée pour toutes les autres personnes. Si on ajoutait le qualificatif de grosse, petite, maudite, ou de (insérer un sacre) de menterie cela augmentait ou diminuait la sévérité du vocable. Aujourd'hui, je veux corriger une menterie historique!

Dans son dictionnaire généalogique et dans "À travers les registres", en 1886, Cyprien Tanguay raconte une histoire au sujet d'une Jeanne Baillargeon et ce raconter a été répété par plusieurs. Certains l'ont transformé, il y en a d'autres qui se disputent car il y a deux jeunes femmes nommées Jeanne Baillargeon qui sont nées dans la même période de temps.

Les deux Jeanne Baillargeon sont mes ancêtres donc, je vous parle d'elles aujourd'hui.

En citant Marie de l'Incarnation, Tanguay raconte que les Iroquois avaient massacré plusieurs familles françaises et ils avaient capturé plusieurs prisonniers y compris une jeune fille âgée d'environ neuf ans qu'il nomme Jeanne Baillargeon. La citation de Tanguay est rattachée à Jeanne Baillargeon fille de Jean Baillargeon et de Marguerite Guillebourday dans son dictionnaire. Dans "À travers les registres", il note "qu'elle avait été enlevée en 1655, et était âgée de quatre ans seulement". Ce qui veut dire que la prisonnière est née en 1651. Plusieurs personnes disent que Tanguay s'est trompé et que la Jeanne Baillargeon de l'histoire est la fille de Mathurin Baillargeon et de Marie Métayer.

Tanguay continue son récit en affir-

mant que la jeune prisonnière s'était adaptée à la culture et à la vie des Haudenosaunee (Iroquois). Quelques années plus tard, selon Marie de l'Incarnation, Monsieur de Tracy avait obtenu le retour de prisonniers français. Marie Guyart, (Marie de l'Incarnation) avait rédigé le suivant: (selon Tanguay)

*« Elle fut emmenée dans leur pays où elle demeura près de neuf ans ! Elle se plût tellement aux coutumes de ces sauvages qu'elle était résolue de passer avec eux le reste de sa vie. M. de Tracy ayant obligé cette nation à rendre tous les Français qu'ils tenaient captifs, elle se retira dans les bois de crainte de retourner en son pays. Lorsqu'elle se croyait en assurance, une religieuse lui apparût et la menaça de la châtier si elle ne retournait pas avec les Français. La crainte la fit sortir du bois et se joindre aux autres captifs que l'on mettait en liberté. À son retour, M. de Tracy lui donna cinquante écus pour se marier ; mais il voulut qu'elle fût premièrement mise aux Ursulines pour reprendre l'esprit du christianisme, qui s'était fort affaibli parmi les Iroquois. Quand elle vit le tableau de la mère Marie de Saint-Joseph, elle s'écria : Ah, c'est celle-là qui m'a parlé, et elle avait le même habit. »*

Donc, si elle a été prisonnière pendant neuf ans, elle aurait été âgée de 13 ans à son retour si nous utilisons les données de Tanguay. (1668-1670)

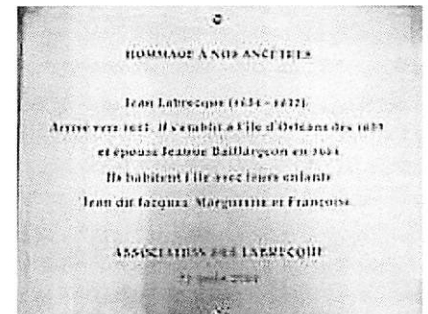
Il faut admettre que cette histoire est extraordinaire et que pour des croyants fervents, il est très intéressant d'avoir un miracle qui figure dans l'arbre généalogique. Ce qui expliquerait en partie pourquoi certaines familles Baillargeon se sont disputées dans le passé afin que leur Jeanne soit la source de la vision.

Même si aujourd'hui certains pensent que les récits de Marie de l'Incarnation figurent plutôt dans l'imaginaire et le fantastique, il faut comprendre qu'à ce temps et même dans un passé assez rapproché les gens croyaient beaucoup à ces manifestations. Les livres d'histoire sont remplis d'événements légendaires hors du commun ayant comme fonction la moralité et le catholicisme. Même si les faits sont inexacts ce qui comptait c'était la piété et la foi!

Donc, voici une courte biographie de nos deux Jeanne Baillargeon: (A) et (B)

## Jeanne Baillargeon (A)

**Jeanne Baillargeon** fille de Jean Baillargeon et de Marguerite Guillebourday est née le 4 mai 1651. Elle a été baptisée le 7 mai 1651 à Québec. Le 28 novembre 1664, elle épousa **Jean Labrecque** fils de **Jacques Labrecque** et de **Jeanne Baron**, à Château-Richer. Jean est né le 30 août 1634 à Saint-Jacques de Dieppe. Jean est décédé le 31 juillet 1673 à Tadoussac. Il s'était noyé à Chicoutimi. Jeanne trouva Pierre Brulon comme conjoint en deuxième nocces, le 1 novembre 1674 à Sainte-Famille de l'Île d'Orléans. Pierre décéda le 8 janvier 1678. et elle devient l'épouse d'Antoine Mondain, le 3 février 1681 à Saint-Laurent de l'Île d'Orléans. Antoine est décédé le 16 octobre 1707 et Jeanne est décédée le 19 août 1729 et elle a été enterrée le lendemain, à Québec.



Jeanne (A) Baillargeon et Jean Labrecque sont parents des enfants suivants:

Nom	Naissance	Mariage	Décès	Conjoint(e)
Jacques	12 août 1667 Québec	16 novembre 1693 Saint-Laurent I.O.	23 novembre 1749 Saint-Laurent I.O.	Marguerite Paquet Lavallée
Marguerite	1669	26 février 1691 Saint-Pierre I.O.	19 octobre 1748 Saint-Laurent I.O.	Antoine Godbout
Françoise	8 juin 1673 Sainte-Famille I.O.	10 juillet 1736 Saint-Pierre I.O.	27 décembre 1736 Saint-Laurent I.O.	François Gosselin

(suite page 46)

Jeanne Baillargeon fille de **Mathurin Baillargeon** et de **Marie Métayer** est née et a été baptisée le 5 novembre 1654 à Trois-Rivières. Le 16 juin 1669, elle épousa **Paul Hus**, au Cap-de-la-Madeleine. Paul est le fils de Léonard Hus et de Marguerite Lefan et il est né le 16 février 1645 à Petite Couronne Montigny, Rouen. Jeanne (B) est décédée le 19 août 1733 et elle a été enterrée le lendemain à Sorel. Paul Hus est décédé le 20 mars 1734 à Sorel.

Jeanne Baillargeon et Paul Hus sont parents des enfants suivants:

Jeanne (A) Baillargeon et Pierre Brulon sont parents des enfants suivants:

Nom	Naissance	Mariage	Décès	Conjoint(e)
Antoine	14 octobre 1675 Sainte- Famille I.O.		6 juin 1697 Québec	
Catherine	4 juin 1678 Sainte-Famille I.O.	9 février 1699 Saint-Pierre I.O	19 juin 1706 Saint-Laurent I.O	François Noël

Jeanne (A) Baillargeon et Antoine Mondain sont parents des enfants suivants:

Nom	Naissance	Mariage	Décès	Conjoint(e)
Louise	30 novembre 1681 Saint- Laurent I.O		27 août 1686 Saint-Pierre I.O	
Geneviève	19 mars 1684 Saint-Laurent I.O	5 avril 1709 Québec	1 juin 1723 Montréal	Pierre Payment Larivière
Pierre	24 avril 1686  Saint-Pierre I.O	9 janvier 1710 Québec	15 décembre 1717 Québec	Gabrielle Devin
Jean	10 août 1688  Saint-Pierre I.O		15 août 1704 Québec	
Claude	15 août 1691  Saint-Pierre I.O			
Charlotte	5 février 1695  Saint-Pierre I.O	8 janvier 1714 Québec	17 décembre 1763 Québec	Pierre Dierce Beaulieu
Charlotte	5 février 1695  Saint-Pierre I.O	8 janvier 1714 Québec	17 décembre 1763 Québec	Pierre Dierce Beaulieu
Anonyme	15 septembre 1697 Saint- Pierre I.O.		15 septembre 1697 Saint- Pierre I.O	
Michel	21 avril 1699  Saint-Pierre I.O.		23 janvier 1750 Saint- Roch-des- Aulnaies	



Donc, laquelle des deux Jeanne Baillargeon est l'observatrice du phantasme? La réponse est aucune d'entre elles.

Il existe un autre document qui raconte cette histoire et c'est le livre: "Les Ursulines de Québec" aux Editions Darveau (1863).

Dans la section intitulée "Deux captives ramenées des cinq-cantons par le Marquis de Tracy—Iroquoises aux Ursulines" nous apprenons l'histoire de deux jeunes filles françaises qui avaient été enlevées lors de leur enfance et qu'elles avaient été ramenées avec un grand nombre de prisonniers de guerre. Elles avaient été rachetées et ramenées au pays par le Marquis de Tracy qui les fit entrer au pensionnat. Elles avaient vécu dans le territoire Iroquois aujourd'hui dans l'État de New York. Les renseignements suivants ont été repérés par les religieuses: "Le 28 mai 1666, sont entrées Marie M. Bourgerie, âgée de quinze ans, et Anne Baillargeon, âgée de dix-huit ans, qui avaient été prises par les Iroquois et ramenées au pays par nos troupes..."

Les auteurs répètent l'histoire de la jeune Baillargeon y compris l'histoire de l'apparition.

Donc, les deux Jeanne Baillargeon ne sont pas les garantes de la manifestation. Cependant, Anne Baillargeon est la soeur d'une des Jeanne. Anne est la fille de Mathurin Baillargeon et de Marie Métayer. Elle n'est pas notre ancêtre. Anne Baillargeon est née le 19 novembre 1651, à Trois-Rivières. Elle épousa Jean Bolton (Polton) vers 1667?, au Cap-de-la-Madeleine. Elle épousa Jacques Duguay en secondes noces, le 29 avril 1709, à Trois-Rivières. Elle est décédée le 8 mars 1722 à Trois-Rivières. Il semblerait qu'Anne n'a pas eu d'enfants.

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

#### 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.

53C	Edouard	14 Nov	1917	Emilia Soucy	Lille (Grand-Isle)	53F
53D	Laura	13 Jun	1910	Donat Bossé	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Joséphine	19 Jan	1914	Wilfrid Letendre	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Thomas	29 Jun	1920	Bernadette-Ange Beaudoin	Augusta(St.Aug.)	53G
	Odile	07 May	1923	Jules-J. Jolicoeur	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Euchariste-J.	08 Mar	1924	M.-Clémentine Lessard	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Lucie	01 Jun	1925	Napoléon-E. Poulin	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
53E	Olivine	05 Oct	1918	Wilfrid Letendre (widower of Joséphine Daigle)	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
53F	Élise-M.	07 Oct	1942	Conrad Rivard	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
53G	Lionel-Viateur	15 May	1944	Jeanne'd'Arc Arbour	Augusta(St.Aug.)	53H
	Lucille-M.	19 Apr	1950	Paul-Émile Bilodeau	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
53H	Arlene	13 Jul	1963	Gary-N., Towle	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Dolores Im.	15 Apr	1967	Charles-E. Harriman	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	"2m.	11 Dec	1970	Ronald Pushard	Augusta(civil)	
	"rev.	11 Sep	1971	"	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
61A	George	28 Nov	1946	Ida Simard	Lewiston(HC)	
74A	Denis	01 Aug	1908	Amanda Bouchard	Wallagrass 74B	
74B	Arthur	02 Apr	1934	Rose-Emma Moreau	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Paul	27 Jun	1936	Armande Bisailon	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Réginald	19 Apr	1947	Annette Grégoire	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
75A	David	12 Apr	1920	Laura Lajoie	Van Buren 75B	
	Hippolite-Simon	27 Jun	1921	Willina Hébert	Frenchville 75C	
75B	Joseph-L.	04 Jun	1945	Lucie Michaud	Lewiston(SPP)	
75C	Alda	01 Jul	1948	Glorio Marchand	Lewiston(HC)	
85A	Rose-Délina	28 Nov	1942	Sylvio-J. Morin	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
88A	Rita	23 Dec	1935	Wilfrid Tardif	Lewiston(SPP)	
96A	Cletus	19 20 May	1908	Éva Bernier, 20	Fitchburg, MA	96B
	(b.1889 Fitchburg, MA)			(b.Holyoke, MA)(Louis Bernier & Atta Allard)		
96B	Arthur-James	28 Dec	1935	Éva-M. Leblanc	Madison(St.Seb.)	96C
	"	2m.24 Nov	1938	Phyllis-Eliz. Martin	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Lester	10 May	1941	Jeannette Morrow	Madison(St.Seb.)	96D
	Lorraine	13 Aug	1945	Gérald Bearor(Bérard)	Madison(St.Seb.)	
	Harrison	26 Jun	1947	Theresa Bearor(Bérard)	Madison(St.Seb.)	96E
96C	Jacqueline-R.	07 Jul	1956	Norman Cowan	Madison(St.Seb.)	
96D	Rowena-Ann	03 Sep	1960	Lawrence Leclair	Madison(St.Seb.)	
	Gloria-Francis	21 Aug	1965	David-Walter Johnson	Madison(St.Seb.)	
96E	Susan-M.	29 Jun	1968	Paul-R. Friend	Madison(St.Seb.)	

(Une menterie historique! suite de page 46)

Voici les descendants de mes deux Jeanne jusqu'à moi.

Jeanne (A): fille de Jean Baillargeon et de  
Marguerite Guillebourday

Jeanne (B) fille de Mathurin Baillargeon et  
de Marie Métayer

Francoise Labrecque

Louis Hus

Genviève Gosselin

Marie Anne Hus

Jacques 3 Bouffard

Joseph François Baribeau

Madeleine Bouffard

Madeleine Baribeau

Élisabeth Gaudette

Marguerite Bélanger

Joseph Chenette

Antoine Paquin

Fernande Marion

Joseph Paquin

Thomas Marion

Olive Paquin

Huguette Marion

Luciend Fréchette

Robert Bérubé

Eugène Bérubé

Robert Bérubé





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### THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

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

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

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

#### MISSION

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

### LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

Le Bureau des Affaires franco-américaines de l'Université du Maine fut fondé en 1972 par des étudiants et des bénévoles de la communauté franco-américaine. Cela devint par conséquent le Centre Franco-Américain.

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

Étant donné l'absence presque totale d'une base de connaissances à l'intérieur même de l'Université, le Centre Franco-Américain s'est efforcé d'essayer de développer des moyens pour rendre cette population, son identité, ses contributions et son histoire visible sur et en-dehors du campus à travers des séminaires, des ateliers, des conférences et des efforts médiatiques — imprimé et électronique.

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

#### OBJECTIVES:

- 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 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