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

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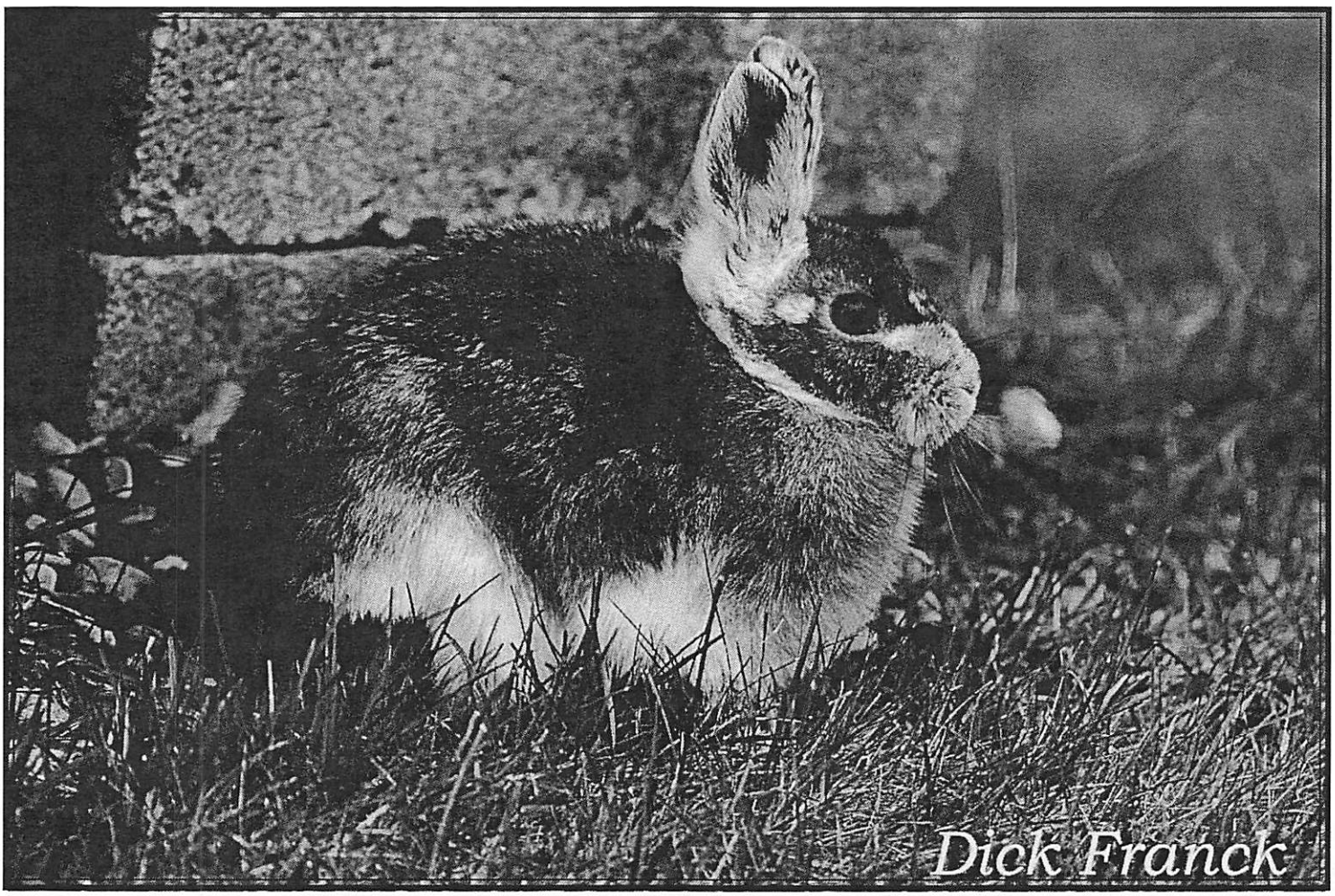

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Maine's French Communities:

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

other pertinent websites to check out -

Les Français d'Amérique / French In America

Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002

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

Franco-American Women's Institute:

http://www.fawi.net

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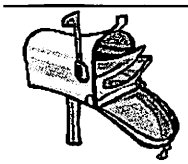

Lettres/ Letters

Letter to the Editor
From: Gérard Coulombe
Fairfield, Connecticut
gcoulombe92@gmail.com
Le Forum

A Few comments on James Myall's excellent article, "Le Page's Comments Remind Us that Civil rights History Isn't Just Blue and Grey."

Myall's piece is subtitled " African Americans, Civil War, Ku Klux Klan, Language, Maine, Politics.

The fact of the matter is that Myall's piece is particularly informative because I am, fully, Franco American, although I hardly ever speak French, anymore. My wife and I may share comments in brief exchanges, particularly, when we want to keep other members of the family out of the conversational loop, but whenever we speak French, when alone, on occasion, our exchanges are usually brief and about some private matter whenever we wish to express our real feelings about a matter.

Back to Myall's excellent piece—He provides a Franco-American reader like me with an often-missing context for some of my feelings about growing up Franco-American in Maine. *

Whenever I read about Maine's Governor Le Page, I am reminded that in growing up in Maine, I met what I thought were either "dumb Frenchmen," or limited Frenchmen, particularly among the men. The women, I thoutht, at the time, were much more forward thinking and intellectually minded than were many of the men. Le Page could have been a standard bearer for a Franco American affirmation; instead, he became an old foghorn. I address the instance of the Le Page because Myall talks, briefly, about the Governor.

In other matters, for some of us boys growing up in Maine, it was our eagerness to join the workforce and to think of education as some kind of wasteland in which we would only gather time in some kind of mental jail that would prevent us from advancing in the employment melodrama, in particular. So many of my friends thought that school deprived many of us of the opportunities to get a jump- start which would have helped us out of the poverty that many of our parents had had to and continued to work through life for very little in wages, not in any amount that would have helped our parents to afford a home of their own or a share of the status that was only nearly available to them and their French speaking kin. Those Franco Americans with money and because of it, had opportunities that higher education provided in medicine, law, and commerce. Franco Americans who owned buildings and the rentals in them were the rent collectors. The rent they collected kept them out of poverty, veritably, benefiting their families. Did I envy them? Yes I did. For, I recall the lady who sat at our dinner table waiting for my mother to gather the rent from her savings accounts distributed in the various places in the kitchen where she hid it. These people had no concept of the tension they created in a household waiting for their cash payments.

Historically, I know that most Franco-Americans in Maine communities went in force to find employment in the textile mills that hired them to work the machines that fabricated the cloth used for whatever, from bedding to clothing and, later, parachutes and tents. Surely, our forefathers came for the work available and for the opportunities that might have gotten them out of the doldrums. If men like my father, who necessarily and silently worked hard to keep us out of poverty, learned before they died that their children would increase in health, wealth and stature, far beyond their imaginings, they would have felt the wonder of it all. Their sacrifices would have felt worthwhile. My mom lived to appreciate it. My father felt somewhat confused by it. I never was sure that he understood the nature of it all. While he never had a home that he could call his own, perhaps his parents did before they came South to Maine from Canada, they were still, when they came, like all others of their kin, immigrants. And were they not all one of a kind with the bones and mind to endure. While my parents never owned a home, all three of us, their children, do, and so do our own children and, for some, their children. And that's the history of Franco Americans in America. I would say, all of us are fully American and French in name only if we have that in our children, at all.

To be both French and Catholic was anathema in Maine and most likely elsewhere, in the States and particularly, where our ancestors gathered in droves, often, like cattle their pens, as our ancestors were in localities at the center of which there was a church steeple and a cross and where the Angelus rang or tolled for the dead in the community.

The start of the Second World War ended any dream that might still have been viable as reported in Maine's French Language newspapers, that of ever returning to "la patrie." The foregoing view is mine. I do not know if it historically fits the pattern, the one around which I once imagined that our French Catholic education goals were all about—which was to return or, at least, at the very least, to establish permanent roots here as living breathing Franco-Americans, bilingual, in America. That was not to be. None of my children, grandchildren speak French or understand it as my wife and I. None of the nieces and nephews speak it; none of their children and their children's children either. French long ago disappeared from whatever memory French speaking families might have had of it. That is the way of evolution.

Throughout my youth, I often thought that our being French-Canadian, and our ancestry, had much more in common with being "black" in Maine than in being white. [I know there is no comparison, but at the time, I thought the idea of it was apt.] There seemed to be, no, there was a pervasive distinction, openly made, between us Franco Americans, by our language, religion, cultural heritage and the social contributions, we were making to the advancement of the overall culture that seemed at odds with the dominant culture and that seemed to me inappropriate and disarmingly other-worldly.

I left Maine because, having been denied a college education by those institutions that my parents adhered to, I found status in the GI Bill and in the college education that I believed we French, who did not have the money, merited. And, for that, I am deeply grateful.

All to say that I found Mr. Myall's piece to be one that filled some of the gaps in my education as a Franco-American who grew up to earn a master's degree in English, much to the astonishment of the Head of the Department.

It is a remarkable surprise to me that I did not become aware of the other Franco-American population, the one upstate, until I met some of the nursing students from those counties who attended Saint Mary's School of Nursing in Lewiston, Maine.

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The Early Years In Maine— Between Rising and Leaving

*From: Leaving Maine**

By
Gérard Coulombe
Born: Biddeford, 1931

I wonder whatever made me think that I was going to be a writer. If I hadn't taken the step, I would have continued as a "bobbin boy" at the Bates or, most probably, I might have become a union organizer, for I think I had the nerve for it. If, in growing up, I could have developed the smarts to become somebody in one of the shops in my hometown, I would have done so, but I also lacked the smarts to think that way, so well ingrained was the simple idea that it was meant that I work in one of the mills, if and when I ever left grammar school. Many of my grammar school classmates did just that, wait out their lives in grammar school, until they attained the age of sixteen or even earlier, and then, at that magic age, entered the work force, more than likely, at a job in one of the mills, just as their dads had done, out of necessity, for survival sake.

Not only did my parents never own a house, they never owned a car. We rented. All of us in the family walked. No one ever got a driver's license while we lived at home. I know for certain that neither my dad nor my mother ever did. It was for a lack of money that they never owned a car. It was not for a lack of nerve or ambition. Ambition is limited for a lack of money. In those days, it was only a few dollar bills and nickel and dime coins. When it became necessary for my dad to transport us, or his visiting brothers, somewhere, he would rent a car and driver. We never lived in a house of our own or owned a car of our own. We certainly did not miss not having a garage. We managed quite well with the shed, no matter how deep or narrow it was, as long as the oil tank fit in and there was enough space for our dad to have a small workbench.

I was all of twenty something when I bought my first car. I was married with children by then. But, as a high school student I had known little about banking. The mill where I worked, as a junior in high school, gave us cash in an envelope when we completed a week's work. I walked home with the envelope in my coat pocket with thoughts of handing it to my mother when I got home, but, with father having beaten me home from his midnight shift, when I was just getting home from work. I simply kept the envelope in my pocket and said my, "Bonsoir" to him and went to bed. Few words were ever exchanged with my father, for he was always a "silent man."

The following morning, out of bed and dressed for my long walk to Saint Louis High School, I left the apartment in time to get there for the start of class. It was as I was closing the kitchen door to the shed and before I was opening the porch door that "Maman" extended a hand, forcing me to reach into my pant pocket to place the pay envelope, that I had meant to give her, into her opened hand. I was glad to see her fingers close over the pay envelope and see it slide into her apron pocket for safekeeping. I knew, as I had always known, that she very much appreciated my willingness to freely give her my pay in support of her household needs, for she knew, that, whatever work I did after school, I did in lieu of homework, for, although I would always maintain that I was doing well in school, even though I wasn't--in chemistry or math--the other subjects, English, French, History, and Religion, were easy. The latter, simply, required a reading, while the former, the more difficult subjects, required serious thinking and time, a luxury I did not have.

Certainly, in the late nineteen-forties, there would have been time to engage in more satisfying work in town than having to work at one of the textile mills. There were the Pepperell Mills in Biddeford or the Bates Textile Mill, next City over, on Saco Island. At one time or another, I worked for short periods at both.

As a kid, I had also worked as a corner grocery-store clerk, dispensing ice cream cones, as a dishwasher at an Old Orchard Beach Hotel, as an automatic potato machine operator for a French fry stand. The popular stand was a must stop for the fries, with choice of salt and vinegar. The stand was a popular stop for those going to or coming from the arcade and bandstand at the far end of the Old Orchard Beach Pier. I also had a job as a milkman, working the running boards of the truck-bed with a rack of bottles of milk in hand, leaping off the boards of the Thidodeau truck on the way to a delivery, as an usher and candy stand candy and popcorn re-order boy at the Central Theatre in Biddeford, now the Police station. Turning sixteen, finally, while a junior in high school, I joined the second shift big boys as a bobbin boy at the Bates Mill because my father was in hospital, very ill.

But there were really no prospect that I knew about for an 18 year old who was unwilling to commit to the mills, as our parents had, with humidity involved so the thread would not break, and the late shift that I was unwilling to work. There was the Saco Lowell that had a school for select high school graduates who wanted to learn the machining trades, for "the Shop," as the Saco Lowell was known. It was in the business of manufacturing the machinery used in mills as far away as Egypt. Some of the graduates traveled to shops here and abroad to repair Saco Lowell spinning and weaving machinery, but I had no knowledge of these opportunities because my father did not work at the shop.

As it was, shortly after graduating from high school, I spontaneously left my hometown of Biddeford to join the military just as the Korean War was going to start, although my friend, Gerard Beaudoin and I, maybe the papers, hadn't heard of imminent war. Upon disembarking from a new recruit train in Texas, our group of new recruits was told that a war had started.

In between my birth in 1931 in Biddeford, Maine and my leaving Biddeford, Maine, in 1950 after graduating from high school, there had been another time when I had announced to my parents that I was leaving my hometown and, in particular, the family, to join a novitiate in Winthrop, Maine, south of Augusta. It was before the War, and I had finished sixth grade when I left home, having decided that I was to become a member of the religious, teaching order, Brothers of the Sacred Heart, or "Les Frères du Sacré Coeur." "Not to worry!" For me, it was an enriching opportunity. I think it pleased my dad more than my mother. My dad had a brother who, at the time, was a still a working member of the order. He was the "portlier" at a collège in

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Victoriaville, Québec. He had the advantage of opening the door for everyone. I know, for once upon a time, he opened the door for my father and I, after we had rung the doorbell.

A "novitiate" at the time was a training school for boys twelve years of age and older who were preparing to join a holy order. Mine was that of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, out of Québec, a French Order. The age for admission has increased substantially. But, at the time, in Maine, with the exception of the "big cities," towns and villages were still, in my imagination, small like Winthrop. They were rural, hill filled, verdant, rising, hilly, fir tree-filled countryside or, snow layered, with undulating, cupcake slopes and plunging grades laced with clumped patches of trees before one's view reached the barrier green forests.

The countryside, throughout, had spawned streams, rivers and bodies of water, in particular, it had spawned bogs and brooks, creeks and falls, headwaters and inlets, islands, and islets, and some waters flowed into some of my favorites, ponds and lakes. Winthrop was an eye opener. Coming from a textile town, I had never known such beauty as what I saw with my brothers hiking the trails and woods, the contours of lakes and crossings, of rock-filled streams in summer, and, in winter, the clutch of us in our cassocks, boots and heavy, rough cotton jackets walking as an inline column on a frozen lake upon which we saw ski planes landing, taxiing, and, without stopping, hearing the sound of engines revving-up, seeing them take off, again, climbing and turning over fisherman out ice-fishing outside their shacks on Maranacook Lake, one of two mean-sized sister lakes squeezing Winthrop, as if it were sitting in the narrow jaws of a most powerful vise.

As a first year novice, I was halfway through classes and accompanying spiritual exercises required of novices to complete their middle school education before proceeding to higher education. Late in the first term, I happened to be attending classes, when I started suffering form pronounced physical trauma as a result of painful spasms caused by an undetermined physical problem. It was the result of sudden loud bangs such as the one caused by a lifted desktop that was accidently allowed to fall freely in place, resulting in a big bang sound. The sound from the banging desk had me jumping up, out of my chair from behind my desk, to stretch my right leg out because of the pain the "bang" sound that was holding my body rigid to endure a run of spasms radiating through my leg.

The pain and, perhaps, embarrassment were such that I have never forgotten that incidental crisis in my life. The accident in the classroom at the novitiate was, most likely, the cause that turned my young life around.

I ended up in the infirmary on the main house second floor until examined by a local doctor and attended by one of the Brothers, who was all things, cook, farmer, horticulturist, and maker of good apple juice, cider, and apple jack. Eventually, with recurrence of the problem, the local physician called and recommended hospitalization. I was taken to the Catholic Hospital in Lewiston where the Brothers had a school and where I could continue both as a patient and a member of the order, as I was their responsibility. My parents did not visit during my stay because without an automobile, they simply could not. They could not afford the cost of a rental car and driver. I stayed in hospital for what seemed a great many weeks before a doctor came along who knew something about the disease and its treatment: Immobilized bed rest to allow the head of the femur to heal.

The rest of the term was spent in hospital. It seemed like a long stay in-hospital. It was a long time for a boy with nothing to do but read, watch and observe the constant comings and goings, and, frequently visitors and doctors going about, to and fro, and patients come and go. It was, what seemed, a very long time achieving full recovery. I unexpectedly returned to the Winthrop Novitiate. The problem I had had, sending me to hospital, had fully resolved itself, or so it seemed to my doctor.

A long time after the nature of my medical situation was discovered, I was feeling sharp pain, and this time I often fell to the ice, pain radiating from my right hip causing me to collapse on the ice the first winter, playing hockey, because of my pre-existing condition. Later still, diagnosed with "Leggs-Calve-Perthes" Disease, a deterioration of the femur and head of the hipbone, there had to be more in-house determination about my stay as well as about my future. This time, the order would not send me to hospital. The Director of novices would send me home.

So, my life had suddenly taken another turn. I did not return to continue on a course that would have had me become a Brother of the Sacred Heart. Instead, I had time to consider my alternative which had me, so obviously, continue my education. The following year I would enter high school, having skipped ninth grade.

Two consequential circumstances defined who my parents, my two sisters and I were, as residents of Biddeford. First, we were Canadian [Franco-Americans, if naturalized or born in the States], or because of where our ancestors came from in Canada. We were from that part of Québec, North of Maine and South of the Saint Lawrence River, known as the Saint Lawrence Valley. Our grandparents, to improve their standard of living, had come south, into Maine, as farmers or artisans, to seek employment in the textile mills. My grandfather Coulombe had been a shoemaker and continued his vocation in Biddeford on what I believe was Lower Foss Street, at the, corner lower Main Street, opposite the Pepperell's fortress-like walls.

They all brought their "baggage" with them; literally what possessions they could carry, including their mainstay religion, Catholicism, and all its attributes. In particular, some brought with them an intention to return to their land of birth, Canada, but as families grew and opportunities decreased faster than they might have in Canada due to poor farming conditions, they came to value more what they had in the States than What opportunities they might have found in returning to their land of birth. To return might have brought more uncertain times. That, for a while, persisted in helping them to maintain their faith, language, manners, thinking and ambitions for their families, although the latter grew more complicated the longer they stayed, in the time of my parents, the aim of returning to Canada, or founding a permanent community of Franco Americans, here, in their adopted land, would soon be absorbed by the longings and changes, incrementally taking place all around them.

If "les Canadiens," or Franco-Americans, were not to voluntarily assimilate, time, education and more education for the children, would solve the problem, and at some time, along the way, many family groups would decide that it was only natural that they were Americans. As Americans, no longer "Franco-Americans in name, they were to gradually assimilate. They established roots to a point at which there was never to be any more thought among us of ever going back. My father might have died dreaming—not my mother. We had never really felt their memories and desires,

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although when we travelled with our parents to Canada, we might have understood better where our dad was coming from. But we were, entirely, of another harbor, another land, altogether. We had never been Canadian. We were already, totally American.

My dad's father and mother, had come down from Québec, perhaps with my dad's sister; my mother's father, named Joseph Coutu, had come down from somewhere in Canada, ending up in New Hampshire before he arrived in Biddeford, whereupon he married the only child of a Franco-American couple. All had brought with them culture, language, and religion to surround themselves with, while their extended families grew in Maine and elsewhere in New England.

Many bought homes of their own, for they were in the States to stay. Thus encouraged by their own progress in property and earnings, they and their descendants stayed. World War II closed the deal between the immigrant Franco Americans and their country when opportunity, better living, better wages, better opportunities, better choices with a little money to spare, better alternatives, all around, became available to all new and older immigrants.

And still much later there was Jean-Louis Lebris de Kérouac and other French Canadians born, in the year, 1922, in Massachusetts. Who was this kid, seemingly born on the wild side? He was Franco-American. Growing up, I did not learn about him until I was in graduate school.

As time in the mills wore on, local mills and the women and men who worked in them were affected by mercantile events worldwide. The actual work in the mills had never held any promise of a permanent job. There were those who, at first agitated for a raise and were fired, and, later, there were those who joined a union and they were laid off, and then, when productivity increased because war and with foreign demands after these wars, the demand on our productivity and products increased even more; as more products and greater demand increased, textile mill workers got raise increments. But these raises were slow in coming, even in good times. Workers, although steady and self-reliant, there was never enough in the paycheck of those who stayed in the mills to render them self-sufficient. As time and demand made the market highly profitable for manufactures, employees felt that raises would last only as long as the need for their products continued to exist.

Of course, international recovery after the wars meant better and even more production here than abroad. However, the brakes were on. Textile manufacturing slowed to a whistle stop and other nations, with increasing populations and industrialization returned to manufacturing, adapting to and adapting in-country manufacturing to meet their own needs and to sell abroad. Our markets for textile goods collapsed and our industries started moving abroad where textile production had shifted from subsistence manufacturing to include major export manufacturing at costs that better accommodated American and other designers but at the expense of generations of American workers. This event forever affected the lives of textile mill workers here in the States and, particularly, here in Maine. There was not one Maine textile mill that was not affected. My niece's husband closed the last mill in Biddeford and he and his employees, reduced to a few employees, compared to the old days, was out of a job. Biddeford and "Factory Island" mill buildings became the living ghosts of a lively, noisy, bygone era.

Our ancestors, as had others in different industries, lost their living as they were forced off mill floors and the like happened all over our country. All this simply to say: My father as did others wanted me to work at an honorable job in the textile mill that had kept on going, although fitfully, on and off for over forty years. Had I gone into the mills and not followed my wish for a better education, my life might have ended, not without some despair, on the factory spinning room floor. When my dad stopped working, he was so tired that he was never the same again.

On Cutts Street, Biddeford, Maine, there were a few friends. We lived on the second floor, which my grandfather had turned into an apartment for our small family of five. He might have converted the second floor of his duplex to accommodate his eldest son, who, I think, now, was probably still married at the time. I don't' know when the two married or when she died, actually. I remember the cemetery plot he had with his wife, her name on the step-up in the granite type surround there was on the plot with a step engraved with the family name on the step up to the plot. But in later years, it seemed to me, when I last looked for it, to have disappeared. It's important to note that my mother's view of her marriage was that they, my Mom and Dad, had taken the late train in getting married. That weighed on her for a great many years, well until I left home because, after I left, I knew less than I ever had about the family.

When I was in the Service, following high school, mail came from my mother, but it was infrequent. She was busy with the two girls. And father still worked second shift, and he continued to work the dismal second shift until he retired, exhausted and unprepared for an alternate life after retirement. He had great talents as a fixer-upper, but for him, the small repair shop around the corner, downtown, had yet to be invented; he was far too exhausted. I know that for a certainty. For sure, he could not have afforded the rent on a shop, even as low as it might have been for the year and place. When he retired, my dad had already suffered and recovered several times with long struggles with meningitis. There were months, many months when I was a junior in high school when father had had to be hospitalized. That's when I did both attended high school as a junior, and worked second shift myself. My schoolwork suffered as a result.

When my sisters and I were born we were living with my grandparents. Living with them was an adventure in age, culture, space, and developing preferences. My mother was living with her parents, essentially. The upstairs made no difference. My grandparents had inherited another family, smaller than theirs, but too young for their age; although from my point of view, my grandfather was all there was, as far as I was concerned because he was my friend as well as my grandfather, and he raised me while my mother raised the girls while my father was employed by the WPA and was gone for at least twelve hours a day.

If our mother, Clara, had had a peaceful relationship with her sister, our Aunt Éva, before mother married, and had their relationship grown through the years, life in our family might have been more expansive. [Éva had been mother's bridesmaid.]

As it was, through the years, their estrangement was both difficult and unpleasant for our family life, which might certainly have been better because there would have been more visits to our grandparents throughout the years that followed our leaving grandfather's where all of mother's, siblings were born.

For many, many years, I had not

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learned how many there had really been. They seemed to come out of the grave, which some did. All of mother's older and younger sisters and two brothers had been born when she married. Had the two sisters managed to share peace rather than fights, we might have all enjoyed life and relationships more fully, had the frequent quarrels between the two been resolved before our mother left home. Obviously, nothing happened that might have changed that. I never knew whether it was just that our aunt was more quarrelsome than protective of her role as housekeeper and caregiver for our grandparents, particularly, our grandmother who had been blind most of her life.

The years my mother had the family in her parents' house, relationships were raucous. They had to have been tortuous for Mom because, as I listened to almost all conversations and most chicanery and laments bouncing off the walls, it was very clear that my aunt and mom were at odds over how to raise children. Maybe that is how it all started.

Since my aunt had never, never married, in order as to take care of her parents, it was not until the year before I left home, the second time, that there was any attempt on my mother's part to tolerate her sister Éva, in our parents' apartment on Freeman Street. The rent was in the other French parish on Freeman Street, perhaps too far for my aunt to walk. She either had little money before she sold the house after our grandfather died. And she had never visited the rent we had on Bradbury Street, before Dad had moved us once again--this time, to get away from the Irish. Our dad had learned to dislike them at work. Of course, our father never spoke English at home, so, for a long time, I never knew more than what I believed. That our father and mother spoke only French at home. Mom spoke English with a strong accent. My Dad never spoke anything, but French—Canadian, though it was. Whenever he spoke, he was eloquent if not grandiose.

It is not to say that there were fewer or more Irish in Saint Joseph's Parish than there were in Saint Mary's Parish. But anyone could have easily been confused by the fact that there were more Irish named people, and some Irish speaking ones as well, living in the area around Saint Joseph's Church, situated on lower Elm Street, near Main, than were living around the Irish Church further down where a mix of French Canadians lived as well on "mixed origin" street blocks. "Dommage!" What did it ever matter? I never knew, really.

For my dad, it was an abominable thing that the English speaking Irish had the better jobs in the mill, got to be bosses, while he, who had worked to improve for all of his working life over the years to that moment--master, and developer, that he was, without recognition for the improvements he continued to make to his machine, a type that he had made altogether his to improve with major developmental changes going to the manufacturer. At the time, it was probably common practice. But for him, there was no defense of the practice because the company and manufacturers of the machine got all of the benefits while all he got were, temporary—no income, layoffs.

I had had a great time living on Bradbury Street, unsupervised. There was a Bradbury Public School on our block, no more than two hundred feet down the street. I don't believe any French Catholics attended school there. No. We attended Saint Joseph's Elementary, many blocks away, almost across town for us elementary school first graders. There was Emery Elementary on our Street where the Irish kids of that particular neighborhood also attended school. There was also public grammar and a high school in town.

A Catholic order of French nuns taught elementary, grammar schools and high school for girls. Girls and boys were separated in elementary, grammar and high school. When I was in high school, the girls had one side and we, boys, had the other, a wall separated us. Saint Emery's had its own grammar school adjacent to its own church. I don't know what kind of people taught the Irish kids. They often caused mischief wherever they lived, played or were schooled. [Today, I'm sure that I am making this up." Fighting was always an Irish game, no matter the game.

I did not always have a great time living on Bradbury Street. There were times when we were taunted, principally because families in the neighborhood were Irish, and in the majority, and we, French, were in the minority. My fault, perhaps, because I was unaccustomed to find myself playing with youngsters who only spoke English. Maybe they spoke Irish. I did not know. It was also hard because I did not understand what they shouted at me when they pitched a bat, handle first to pick sides. When I took a side, I noticed that I never managed to catch it near the top of the bat handle. The bat often slipped through and out of my right hand. Therefore, I ended up being on the side sure to lose a game. That's why I never liked the way they picked kids to play on their side. I never stopped to think what they thought about me. They always shouted. And they never understood what I said, either. I was a looser at street, stick baseball.

Bradbury Street's unfinished extension was a jump across South Street where South crosses Bradbury. The short extension stopped at a roadblock of a rock-faced hill. The hill in heavy winter snow provided imperfect but thrilling sledding. The unfinished portion, where it climbed a rocky, precipitous face that had been jackhammered into a wide path to climb, preparatory to reducing and leveling it to pave, was, in winter, a hill with a challenge for kids with a sled.

With our pilot crammed into a snowsuit on his tummy, with his snow-shoed feet acting both as rudder and brake prepared to take off from the top as his bombardier with a bag of snowballs, ran from behind for momentum once he got on, slid the bottom of his snowshoes onto the sled's runners. Propelled by the forward momentum of the bombardier, the craft took off in a sudden leap forward and moved as fast as forward thrust permitted downhill at an increasingly faster pace, unless a collision with an opponent's Irish team would send one or the other crashing into snow accumulation in front of the snow sled's path.

Thus refreshed by the snow that had entered the neck of our snowsuits. We picked up our sled, turned around and climbed to the top to start all over again. In imagining aerial combat in the snow, we never missed anything, including going home to mother for sled repairs or for a crewmember to be patched up. As I recall, the worst of these accidents, involving a need for medical attention, was the time that two sliding slats accidently caught my penis in between them. As my mother calmly said at the time, "Phew! Mon petit! Tu n'a pas perdue ton bijou," she said in French, and applied Mercurochrome to the bleeding gem.

The Fourth of July was explosive on Bradbury Street. Fireworks were filled the front windows of the newsvendor just around the corner on South. All kinds of explosive devices were available, the most popular were the kind that ones that did not need to be lit. They came in a box filled with sawdust and were spherical, the size

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of nickel and one needed to do to set the off was to throw them to the ground were they exploded on impact.

We were so flush in fireworks that we could afford to light a string of them and throw them where we thought it safe for them to land. Some were short fused, so that they were just coming down in an arc when they exploded in the air-one long and linked fuse igniting a stick, one after another in a repetitive, exploding sound of emanating fire and smoke. We sent cans of all sizes up into the air; how high they went depended on the size of the firecracker we placed under the can with its fuse sticking out. Light the fuse, and in less than a second, it went, BANG, and up into the air, depending on the cant of the can. All varieties were dangerous not only to those setting the off but also to unwary or alert enough to be extra precautious in their environment around firecracker, no matter the size or purpose.

Following Christmas, there were Christmas trees to collect for the bonfires that were built and lit on George Washington's Birthday. The challenge for boys gathering them was to find a place safe not from fire, necessarily, but rom rival gangs of local kids gathering as many as they could for their own bonfires, even it meant stealing them from under the noses of rival groups in a competitive gathering to see who would have the largest fire in town. The plan also involved gathering tires, as many as could be found in backyards, mostly behind sheds or garages where they were saved to bank the soil in the garden where one's flowers often grew where there was little soil.

There was also Gerry Shaws' Woods, which we reached by walking the Boston and Maine tracks from behind our houses in the shoe shop area, three blocks West of Bradbury to and from the small spring filled pond in the woods was a hike. Our only way was made easy by walking the tracks down the line and cut right at a switch signal to follow a trail to the swimming hole. At the swimming hole under he tree, we dropped our coveralls but not our skivvies and climbed the tree leaning strongly over the water, walked out on a sturdy branch and jumped, feet first. All knew well enough that it was not at all that deep, Deep enough to go down to your nipples, but no deeper than that.

When my best friend and I started elementary school, first grade, we walked together only because our mothers had arranged it. Saint Joseph's Elementary was on Emery Street. We had Route One to cross, not an easy task. There were no crossing guards, and worst of all, we had to walk in front of what we considered to be a haunted house because all the many windows in this old Victorian were covered with stacks of **Biddeford Daily Journals.** Further more, we did not want to break anyone's back, so we were very careful to avoid the joints in the sidewalk. We had an altogether weird apologetic rhyme to recite for having accidently violated the rule before we running away.

First grade was also an occasion to become an altar boy. To join, I had to learn the server's responses to the priests prayers and invocations spoken during the Mass. My mother taught me by incremental repetition. I was still stumbling if I were not paying attention to the priest. Altar boys like me developed a tendency of speaking the responses aloud and fast, sometimes, too fast. There was one priest who had me start the longest ones over and over again. In those instances I was as embarrassed as I might have been, for it was usually during the earliest masses when I was hardly out of bed and awake.

In First Grade, I was chosen as the altar boy to serve the priest saying Mass at the convent adjacent to the grammar school. The convent's property was extremely large. The school itself was half a block long, well, almost, and the convent was wood instead of brick. But the convent was a huge estate-like nineteenth century building with the chapel at its far-end center. Walking to the convent to be the altar boy for six a.m. Mass was a frightening experience. Walking through the grounds had me running all the way to the manor house's portico at 5:45 a.m. The nun answering the door was huge in her habit, coifed as she was in her black headdress bordered by a narrow and pointed white wimple framing a huge, ruddy face. I stepped aside to allow her to close the door, and then she led me through the chapel doors to the side of the altar so I could don my cassock and surplice.

The summer that followed first grade, my father decided we should move to the parish that he had frequented when his parents joined him and other relatives who resided in Biddeford. My father's parents had long been dead by the time he married. Or I guessed they had been, for we knew nothing more than where they had lived, which was mentioned only once in passing by there going down Foss Street. And we had known where they were buried because we had visited the graves on Memorial Days to be reminded where their names were engraved on a man-made headstone in their own cemetery plot. These are no longer there.

If you were to drive through Biddeford, today, you might find driving or visiting easy. Drive from Five Points East to the Catholic cemetery on West Street. Anyone who has ever visited or stayed at Biddeford Pool or Granite Point would know the cemetery from driving by. Interesting to note about what's there is that ninety-nine percent of the names on the plaques, tombstones, and crosses are French names. Nearly all buried here are descendants of French Canadians whose ancestors came from France to Canada in the 1600's, individually, or families, or they travelled west into the lands beyond existing borders, as we had, often with their families. They and their descendants spread far and wide along the Saint Lawrence and far beyond, west, north and south of other river banks down other rivers and tributaries, up crossing the Great lakes and overland to the far reaches of the Great Northwest but many, too, significantly, crossed over, especially, to Maine's heartland and the shores south. Others had already been there, in the Provinces east of Québec. All they had to do was step over the border—at least those who would for life and living.

Saint André's Parish spread east and west along the south banks of the Saco River. Along the river's banks were built water powered textile mills, and there was shipbuilding below the falls along the River's edge, on both sides of the Saco. The mouth of the River was some seven or so miles down the Saco River as in flowed its snaky path along its curving banks, filling shallows and deep waters along the waterways with small islets spotted along the sides until the waters disgorged the full flow into Saco Bay and then into the channel where the waters flowed out to sea. At low tide, the Saco's waters having flowed out, in their timely fashion, according to an eternal plan, the receding waters near the islands and peninsula enclosing Biddeford Pool were left with the whole of the islands including their skirts, so that many water ways were almost bereft of moving waters, depending on tides, leaving some boats high and dry, while some others in pool waters in the circumspect pool remained safe from whatever might have been threatening.

There, in Biddeford, as kids who

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WORK IN SUSPENSION

By

Jim Bishop

(N.D.L.R. this submission first appeared in the Puckerbrush Review, VI, 1. Used with the author's permission.)

My father's teeth. He must have lost them in much the same way he lost his name — his real name that is, the one he was born to.

Daddy and Uncle Louis were about twelve on their first day of junior high. I try to imagine them that morning, more than the usual first-day nerves, knowing they would be crossing the bridge into town after five years in the island grammar school. My father feels the comb slightly off the line he would have made as my grandmother defines a part down through his hair. There is too much water in the comb — there is always too much water in the comb — and two fat drops splash down into his face. "Stay still. Stay still," his mother says in French — it sounds like "trahn-kill" — a bit more urgency in her voice than last year.

Their father long gone, I can't quite picture what they are wearing, how she would have kept them and their brothers and sisters — There were five — in food, much less clothes. The compulsory sweaters, I suppose, crudely darned at the elbows, and somehow white shirts for the first day. And their accents, far less pronounced than my grandmother's, than the islanders' of her generation. The d's for th's, the present tense constructions for past, the gratuitous pronouns: "When I come up dere, me, I... " The little "me's", always stuck somewhere in the middle of a sentence, or at the end. But most of that would have been ironed out of them by the time they were twelve.

Still, dirt poor, talking a little funny, and coming into a new school — it doesn't add up to a lot of confidence on their part. So I can understand how they would be too embarrassed to protest when the teacher took away their name, the one they had always thought was theirs anyway. But maybe that only held true on the island, they might have figured, when she told them their real name was White, the Anglo translation for LeBlanc. It's not hard to hear the sweet condescension in her voice as she had them write their new names at the top of a sheet of yellow lined paper. "Frederick White. Louis White. Yes, yes. That's right." Outside, a gorgeous September day, and they had just learned their first lesson of the new school year.

And amazingly enough, it stuck. I wonder if they even told memay about it when they got home. What was she going to do about it anyway, go down and give 'em hell in French? But of course, she had to find out eventually. And then? Was it anger she felt, looking at the front of Fred White's first-term report card? Or something more like a swift punch, a stun, before she looked away and put the card down on the kitchen table without opening it. More likely, by that time, she was just so imbued with the knowledge of her place on the bank of a river she could never enter, that it seemed their right, they who navigated the mainstream, not only to name the game but to name also any who would come to them, aspiring to play.

So that by the time I arrived, a laundered and approved name was vouchsafed me, along with the powder and the oil. And I never put it together as a kid, even though there was the evidence — my grandmother, living just across a small field bordering the river — staring me right in the face. Not once do I remember wondering why her surname was different from daddy's and mine. That was just the way it was, a given. As was it given that my father's teeth were not his own.

I would see them sometimes sitting in a saucer on the kitchen counter, or maybe in a glass of water. That unnatural pink of the gums, the sheer strange fact of them. Here, after all, were the innards of my father's mouth, sitting exposed on the kitchen counter, with a clock ticking hardly perceptibly from the other room and the light falling through the high kitchen windows onto exactly the same places and in the same patterns across the linoleum as if the glass or the saucer on the counter were just another dirty dish waiting to be washed by my mother when the sun touched just the right place on the floor. Here was my father's mouth; if I had wanted to, had dared to, I could have reached up, stuck my hand down into the water, which must have been quite clear actually, though my hand, my adult hand, even now at the thought of it, becomes slimy — and wrapped my small fingers around everything but the missing tongue of it. Had it right there in my hand.

But I never did. Maybe I was too good a little boy. Or lacked the imagination; or the balls. More likely, it was just another given that my father's teeth should sit that way on the kitchen counter in one slant of light or another. It was a given in the house that would largely be my world that my father's teeth would not always be in his head. Nor would my mother's, nor my grandmother's, nor, as I remember, any adult's in the larger household of my blood. What was given, more precisely, was a lack of givens, as such a simple word is usually understood. I learned that names and teeth were not a given after all. That just about anything could be lost or translated or uprooted or reproduced in some strange color by whoever was out

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frequently visited mother's long married sister and her lumberjack husband and five children in their late teens to mid twenties, whom I remember. Together with her brother-in-law, also a lumberjack who lived in the house they had built on a rural street around the corner from West Street, we often went to the pool in a lumber hauling truck with picket held sides. We all got into the back and stood holding to the sideboards as my uncle and his wife with his brother in the middle with the shift stick between his legs; my uncle drove down the old Pool Road to Hill's Beach where we unloaded along the beach road and walked down an access path to the beach where, at low tide, we dug for clams which we washed and put in the pot to steam over a driftwood fire close to the dry sand where our beach blankets lay as a carpet for us to gather on, mostly to chat in stories of past weeks lived and of things to come and news that was told as well as secrets revealed for as many times as these were worth reviving.

Meanwhile the war in Europe was raging, and the young men were unaware of the greater war to come, involving them.

Leaving Maine—an unpublished memoir written over three years for a class offered by the Fairfield, Connecticut, Library, taught by Louise Maccormack.

I am now at work on a book about how my wife and I helped raise our triplet grandchildren who are now going on twenty and attending different colleges.

(WORK IN SUSPENSION continued from page 9)

there in charge of such things. And that was that. And so long as I could go outside and the river rolled by without any name that mattered and I had the wild apple tree to sit in, what difference did it make, was I guess the way I received it all in what now seems, looking back, a wide-eyed and ongoing state of suspension.

* * *

Dad liked math, playing with numbers I mean, though he hadn't had much schooling in it. Every week he used to receive a union newspaper in the mail. It had his name, Frederick White, and our address printed on a gummed label in the corner of the front page. I remember, every issue would have some kind of numerical puzzle in it; you know, the kind of problem that asks you to figure where two trains would meet if one started in New York travelling at sixty miles an hour and the other from Boston averaging fifty, each starting at different specified times. I'm not sure how daddy managed to solve these; he'd never had even elementary algebra. But he seemed to have a knack for them. He'd work away with a stubby graphite pencil, using some combination of simple math, common sense, and trial-and-error, and eventually he'd come up with the solution. It gave him real satisfaction, you could tell.

As I got older, sometimes he'd read me the current problem, pausing to give each term of the hypothesis its proper weight: "Mary is half as old as John (pause); John is as old as Mary will be when John is one-and-a-half times her age (pause); how old are Mary and John now?" The final pause was most prolonged, and gave me plenty of time to register my genuine mystification (this was before I got to X's and Y's in school). Then my father would produce the answer. "Mary is five and John is ten. When Mary becomes ten, John will be fifteen — one-and-a-half times her age." Sure enough, his answer was incontrovertible, even I could see that. I remember the last time my father ever talked to me about a puzzle. I was in high school. No doubt he had been stumped at times before, but he'd never mentioned any of these to me. I think it was the subject of this particular puzzle that made it so difficult for him to let it go unsolved. It concerned baseball, one of his real passions.

He'd probably knocked himself out trying to solve it before he read it to me. The problem read, "A regulation baseball diamond is, in reality, a square with 90-foot sides. The pitcher's rubber is 60-feet-6-inches from home plate. If an imaginary line is drawn from first base to third base, will the pitcher's rubber be in front of or behind that line?" The worst of it was that my father damn well knew the answer. He knew from experience that the pitcher checking first base over his shoulder was slightly forward of the bag. He could feel the slight discrepancy in the angle from the pitcher's eye to the mitt of the first baseman. He knew this as any kid would who'd grown up swatting and chasing balls until it was too dark to really see them. He knew the answer, but he couldn't prove it. No numbers would come to his defense.

He didn't read me the problem this time — he seldom did by then — but he made a point of mentioning that there was a mistake in this week's puzzle, that they hadn't included enough information to solve it. This spoken quite casually as he laid the paper down on the table next to where I was sitting. Of course, I was immediately sucked in. You don't know, you don't really know,

He had certain phrases, spoken with almost the metric of verse "We shall See what We shall See"-

what urges take over in a moment like that. Maybe it was just the baseball thing that hooked me. Anyway, as soon as I saw the diamond as a square, those two right triangles jumped right out at me, and in a few minutes, using the Pythagorean Theorem, I had it solved. "Yes," I told my father, "the rubber is about (so many inches, or feet, I forget exactly now) forward of the line from first to third." As I demonstrated the proof, square of the hypotenuse and all, he said nothing. When I'd finished, he took the paper on which I'd worked it out and continued to stare at it for what seemed a long time. Finally, he shook his head, almost as if he had detected an error. Still he didn't say anything. Then he put the paper down and gave me just one little sidelong look as he walked away. "That's right," is all he said, "it's closer to home."

* * *

Daddy had his little store of charm. Little spurts of conviviality and pizzaz that would bubble out now and then in greetings and light banter when he was out "in public." I think "in public" meant away from the factory or home, the times he felt freer but strangely more obliged to assume a personality. He had certain phrases, spoken with almost the metric of verse--"We shall See what We shall See" — which suggested a more confident and willing engagement with the universe than my father most times gave out. Sometimes his "personality" moments got mixed up with his fumbling sense of propriety. Like when the two women with fur collars and heels came to the door one day. My father had heard the sound of their car on the gravel drive which led down to our house and had caught a peek at them through the curtains as they got out of their car. He stood behind the door, his back quite straight, waiting for the knock. When it came, he opened the door, and before the two women could introduce themselves, he said, "What is the object of your mission?" I think my father realized, in the awkward moment of silence before the women could collect themselves and respond, that he had miserably misfired.

* * *

It is his last year in the island school, which has not as many rooms as the years he has attended, so that first and second grades share a room, as do third and fourth, and fifth and sixth; only the "baby grade", as the older children call it, has its own room, where, looking just licked clean, the babies sit around low tables and color, and sometimes find cause to cry, and drink their half-pints of milk through straws at recess from glass bottles kept cold on the window ledge or the fire escape on winter mornings. If left too long, the milk freezes upward, popping the paper top off the bottle and rising in a perfectly cylindrical white column an inch above the lip.

In his last year in the island school, daddy still has his name and his own teeth, though one of the bottom ones has been chipped. It happened right here in fifth grade. Calvin, a stocky, square-faced boy, hauled off and socked my father right in the mouth as they sat at a table, supposedly sharing a map of the Malay Peninsula. My father, stunned, threw his hand up to his mouth and caught the chip just as he spit it out. I don't know if it was the shock of the unexpected punch or the sight of the chip in his hand that made him cry.

In the room was a framed reproduction of a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. An

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American flag hung from a thin wooden staff attached at a rather nice angle to the door frame. In this room, with its slate boards, black and dusty, not yet become green, and overseen by a wall clock without a red second hand, ticking still, not sweeping the hours down, my father got hit mid-morning I think it was — and he took it. Square in the mouth, and cried. And did not hit Calvin back. So, it makes me wonder all the more about what she said to me about daddy, years and years later. "He doesn't hit," she said, "but don't let him grab you. That's how he does it."

* * *

It is Friday night and I don't know that I am even born yet. Surely a Friday though, and on the jukebox a western song is playing. Not as odd as it seems that in Bill's tonight, here at the edge of the northern wilderness, a western song should be on the jukebox. A country song, I should say, speaking of heartache and lonely nights, lost love in a place without meridian. My mother and father are sitting with another couple I almost recognize. The four of them are squeezed into a wooden booth in a room much longer than it is wide. The lights in the room, appropriately dim, and the smokiness, seem in keeping with the drift of the song, whose words penetrate only in snatches.

I am surprised, and aroused slightly I admit, by the sight of my mother. Neither her petiteness nor the very proper cut of her five-and-dime white blouse distract from some very nice curves. Her complexion and her blueblack hair suggest maybe some Indian blood. But the gestures, the mobility of the face, are decidedly French-Canadian. You can see the others in the booth look to her to keep it rolling and are ready to laugh when she opens her mouth.

My father is wearing a white shirt open at the neck and a standard gray sport coat. A compact, well-knit man, not really young but short of middle age, whose laughter and body movements seem more residual, more "kept up", than truly spontaneous. But it is Friday night after all, and they are "out" together, and he has had a few beers. Something growing and darker in him can have been let go for now. And so my father laughs too, more than he ever would in daylight or on weeknights, I can tell.

I don't recognize him at first, the man who stops by the table to banter and enter in, but I am the son of my father, and right away I don't like him. He laughs in all the right places, but his eyes, when the conversation turns away from him, sneak hungry glances.

It comes back to me — the curly hair and a certain set of the shoulders — he is the man who will later father a moose-like, slack-jawed son, luckily years younger than myself. He is leaning into the table now, addressing my mother directly in what is meant to pass for playful — including my father every so often with a sidelong wink in his direction.

"I can tell a good dancer when I see one. I bet she' s a good one, hunh, Fred? Why don't you dance with her, Fred?" And again to my mother, "Doesn't he like to dance, him?"

The man across the table from my father seems to be trying to give my father a way to ignore the intruder. He keeps talking as if the other man were a temporary inconvenience they will just have to bear. My father is halfway going along with this but a small muscle in his jaw keeps flexing as if he is grinding something with his back teeth.

"Well, a woman like you... she should be dancing, right, Fred? I'm going to play a good song and I want to see you and Fred dancing now when I get back here."

The boys-will-be-boys tone of dismissal...

My mother is trying to laugh the whole thing away. As the man gets up to go to the jukebox, he turns back. "You get Fred ready now. If the old man won't dance, I'll have to dance with you myself."

As he moves toward the jukebox, my mother says something in French to the woman opposite her in the booth. It means something like, "I guess Emile (that's the name she uses) has had a few too many." The boys-will-beboys tone of dismissal is meant for my father to pick up on, but he doesn't turn his head in her direction; he is still chewing on something.

Even though my father and his friend both know they're only pretending to talk now, the subject has come round to the mill, not a Friday night subject. My father has apparently given up whatever pretense has kept this Friday night separate from whistles, bosses, and unfair numbers. The talk becomes spiked with obscenities, English and French. A different tone enters in. The women have no choice but to talk between themselves. I can't make out what they are saying, but there is the sense of filling in.

Which is when Emile arrives at the table. The trip has apparently caught up with him, too much sway in his swagger, but he's caught the jukebox in a down moment and pretty well times his entrance to coincide with the opening bars of his selection.

"I bought some Re-e-e-ed ROses for a Blueoooo LAdy / Sent them to the Sweetest gal in Town..."

"With his right palm, Emile is holding an invisible partner in tight to his chest and, bent forward at the waist, is swinging her around in his best mime of what, in my time, was broadly labeled Foxtrot on high school dance programs.

"Re-e-e-ed ROses," he is crooning into her invisible ear, his own eyes swooning shut. "Okay, blue lady," he says, still shuffling in a little half-circle at the edge of the booth, "on va dancer. Fred, lah, y'l est trop fatigué pour ca, unh Fred? Viens, viens, Eva. On vah y montrez comment faire ça. Ben vientanh! On n'peut paw danser sur Les fesses!"

My father has been chewing on whatever it was for too long. The word "fesses," or backside — but given the plural form in French, seeming to describe more than denote — is the toenail across the line my father needed. In one quick move he jerks himself out of the booth and onto his feet. Emile, who has probably not been clear all night whether he's wanted to fuck or fight, is caught with his jaw hanging open, his left arm still up there over his slightly cocked head, his right hand to his breast in what now seems an awkward salute. Just as he lowers his left arm and straightens himself, my father grips him around the bicep with his right hand. "We don't want you here. Get back where you were or get out."

My father's "where you were," said in a voice at the margin of control, sounds more like "where you came from" and carries with it some very dark insinuation.

For a long moment the abrupt silence in the bar overwhelms even the song from the jukebox, which must still be playing. Emile tries to pivot away from my father's grip but has neglected to plant his feet and almost falls into my father instead. Whether to catch his balance or to lock my father in his grasp, Emile's right arm moves to catch my father around the neck, but my father intercepts it and steps forward with all his weight, shoving Emile backward. Emile's feet can't catch up with his momentum, he lands flat on his ass ten feet down the aisle.

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Le Grenier des Souvenances de Norman Beaupré

"Où es-tu Marie-Ange, Marie-Ange?"

Souvent après trois ans et demi de rubriques avec le "Courier", je viens à m'apercevoir que les idées et les sujets pour mes écrits tarissent. Alors, il me faut faire un effort extraordinaire pour capter un sujet qui se liera bien à mes rubriques. Je viens de publier mon dernier livre, "Souvenances d'une Enfance Francophone Rêveuse" dans lequel je trouve maintes histoires qui conviennent à mes écrits de journaux. Alors, en voici une que je trouve intéressante et même un peu frisant l'humour. Elle s'intitule, "Où es-tu Marie-Ange, Marie-Ange?" La voici.

Marie-Ange est un nom souvent employé chez nous surtout dans les années après l'émigration de nos ancêtres canadiens-français. Ils ont sans doute emporté ce nom du Québec et ils l'ont plantés fermement et solidement aux États. Moi, j'ai connu Marie-Ange Demers, Marie-Ange Desruisseaux, Marie-Ange DesRoberts, Marie-Ange Lemelin, Marie-Ange Martel et plusieurs autres qui ne me viennent pas à l'idée. On sait bien que le nom simple de Marie fut utilisé dans presque tous les baptêmes des petites filles bébés. On disait que c'était pour honorer la Vierge Marie que l'on donnait le nom de Marie à toutes les petites filles baptisées. Pour les petits garçons c'était le nom de Joseph. Est-ce qu'on donnait le nom de la Vierge Marie à Marie-Ange? C'aurait été Marie Marie-Ange alors. Quelle répétition. D'ailleurs le nom de Marie-Ange avait les deux noms, celui de la Vierge et celui des anges. Un nom vraiment spirituel et transcendant, à mon avis. Les gens de ce temps-là voulaient tout probablement assurer le salut et le futur du bébé baptisé, surtout des petites baptisées avec le nom Marie-Ange.

Avec les années on a commencé à perdre le goût de ce nom parce qu'on avait maintenant les noms des "stars" du cinéma, des télé-romans, et des sports. On recherchait la renommée de ces vedettes afin d'effectuer un reflet sur l'enfant né en pleine modernité. Troy, Rock, Tab, Tammy, Sonya, Molly, et bien d'autres s'ajoutèrent aux noms longtemps employés ou bien ils remplacèrent les noms en décroissance. Marie-Ange en fut un de ces noms mis de côté pour un nom moins angélique et virginal. J'avais une amie qui s'appelait Marie-Ange et qui voulait changer de nom parce qu'elle ne voulait plus se faire appeler un nom "canuck", disait-elle. Pourtant sa mère lui disait que son nom venait de la souche canadienne et lui rappelait son héritage. Marie-Ange ne voulait pas entendre parler d'héritage. C'était vieux jeu, disait-elle. Sa mère tenta de la convaincre que son nom faisait partie de son identité et qu'elle perdrait non seulement son prénom français mais son âme qui était trempée dans la francophonie, une francophonie qui lui donnait la vertu et le sens d'être française d'origine et française dans son parler. Elle dit à sa mère qu'elle n'en voulait plus de cela, et qu'elle était américaine née aux États-Unis de l'Amérique du Nord. Marie-Ange, après plusieurs démarches de sa part, changea de prénom. Elle se faisait appeler dorénavant, Barbie, d'après la fameuse poupée aux vêtements multi-genres. Tous ses papiers officiels portaient le nom BARBIE à l'exception de son baptistère que le curé refusa de changer. Il lui dit qu'une fois baptisée, rien ne change surtout le nom donné en héritage par ses parents et son parrain et sa marraine. Il lui dit qu'il ne pouvait pas, il ne voulait pas réinventer un baptême accompli. Elle déchira son baptistère et se fia dorénavant sur le certificat de naissance issu de l'hôtel de ville de son village.

Combien de jeunes filles ne portent plus de noms français chez nous surtout des noms de saints en témoignage des patrons effectués dès la naissance. En tous cas, le nom de Marie-Ange est presque disparu chez nous. Peut-être un jour on redécouvrira l'importance de ce nom et son caractère de francité. On ne change pas de nom comme on ne change pas de peau, dis-je.

On apprend qu'une Marie-Ange a le caracatère d'une femme extrêmement agréable. Elle est enjouée, chaleureuse et drôle. Elle se fait appréciée de tous ceux qui croisent son chemin. La communication est son fort. Et puis, on ajoute que Marie-Ange est séduisante au naturel. Voilà quelques

(Suite page 13)

(WORK IN SUSPENSION continued from page 11)

My father and Emile seem equally stunned. For a moment they are frozen, my father standing there, Emile sitting, his legs fully outstretched in the aisle just staring at one another. Emile utters a curse in English. He struggles to right himself just as Bill makes it from behind the bar and steps in front of him. Two guys at the end of the bar swivel in and clamp on.

My father's friend — christ, my godfather — jumps up and stands in front of my father, who shows no sign of moving anyway. Bill, who has apparently had an eye on the proceedings all night, tells one of the men to get Emile's coat and escorts him to the door. My father sits down again in the booth. How do I know his legs are shaking, he's not letting on. My mother is leaning across the booth, trying to say something to him, but he's looking straight ahead, straight through. The man who will be my godfather does what he can think of to do. He turns to the bar and orders another round. He doesn't have to raise his voice to make himself heard. The song has stopped playing.

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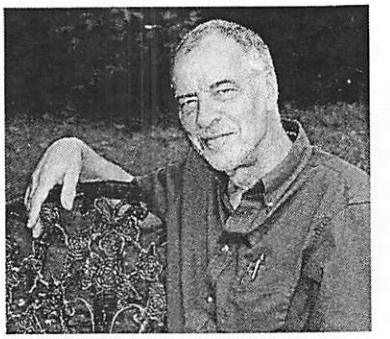


Jim Bishop Reads

Jim Bishop has published a book of his poetry, Mother Tongue (Contraband Press, 1975), a CD of his work, Jim Bishop Reads (Vox, 2006), see https://m-etropolis.com/blog/jim-bishop-reads-vox-audio/, and has edited and introduced a collection of essays by his former student Stephen King and his classmates at UMaine in the late '60s, Hearts in Suspension (University of Maine Press, 2016). He lives in Bangor, Maine, with his wife Joanna Young and their Golden Retriever puppy, Moxie.

COURIER # 66 Le Grenier des Souvenances de Norman Beaupré

La créativité dès mon bas âge

Plusieurs lecteurs/lectrices me demandent où je pêche toutes mes idées. Je leur dis que ça sort de ma mémoire et de mon imagination. Que toutes mes idées sont le sujet de souvenances mises en arrière de ma tête pour qu'elles, un jour, sortent afin de me munir de sujets pour mes écrits. Croyez-moi ou non, c'est le fait d'un écrivain comme moi qui se met à l'oeuvre pour écrire des textes ou des récits. Je pêche mes idées et ensuite mes écrits de mon réservoir d'expériences alors que je grandissais ici à Biddeford dans les années quarante. Ceci fait longtemps n'est-ce pas? Mes souvenirs sont quelques fois un peu "rouillés" mais ils semblent fort intéresser mes lecteurs/lectrices.

Je dois monter au début de mes expériences d'écrivain et de raconteur alors que je n'avais que huit ans, je crois. J'étais dans la classe de Soeur Dieudonnée au "bébé grade" à l'École Saint-André. La soeur nous avait donné comme travail de classe, un devoir par écrit et nous, les élèves, nous étions tous penchés sur nos cahiers et nous étions absorbés dans notre travail d'écolier. La salle de classe était tout à fait transis de silence. La religieuse passait dans toutes les allées silencieusement alors que le seul son fut le bruissement de sa longue soutane noire sur le plancher. Elle examinait de ses yeux guetteurs chaque cahier où était l'écriture de l'élève en train de faire son devoir. Chaque élève sentait bien sa présence tout près de lui, j'en suis sûr. Soudain, la soeur s'arrêta tout près de moi. Elle prit mon cahier, l'examina, et dit d'une haute voix,"Regardez ce beau cahier, c'est du Beaupré." Je fus un peu gêné de ses belles paroles à mon égard et surtout à l'égard de mon écriture. Ce n'était pas au sujet de la substance de mon écriture mais de l'écriture et la propreté de mon organisation en tant qu'écrivain. J'ai toujours été un enfant bien rangé et propre tout comme maman me l'avait montré, inculqué même dans mon être d'enfant. Dès l'âge où je savais mettre des lettres sur papier, je dois admettre que je ne savais pas être écrivain, qui veut dire, je ne savais pas composer. C'est plus tard que j'ai pris le tour de mettre mes idées sur papier.

Je ne sais pas qu'est-ce que c'est la créativité mais je sais bien qu'est-ce qu'elle fait chez moi. Elle m'autorise d'écrire, c'est-à-dire, de mettre mes idées sur papier [aujourd'hui c'est de mettre ces idées sur l'ordinateur], d'organiser ces idées et de les mettre assez bien rangées afin que les lecteurs/lectrices puissent en capter l'essence. La créativité exerce un don d'écrire et de se faire comprendre. Elle puise ses dons de l'imagination et surtout de l'âme même de l'écrivain, car je sens que ce talent vient de Dieu, le Grand Créateur et le Grand Écrivain suprême. En tant que Créateur, il inspire et puis il donne les talents d'imaginer et de créer à chacun de nous. Il suffit de les faire fructifier et de les nourrir par notre intelligence et notre persévérance. Un écrivain n'est pas né écrivain; il devient écrivain par son talent exercé de jour en jour. Je remercie Dieu à tous les jours de m'avoir donné mes talents. Je ne les ai pas gagnés de moi-même car ils me furent donnés gratuitement. La créativité elle aussi est donnée mais il faut bien la faire fructifier par le domaine de l'éducation et de l'aménagement de l'imagination qui elle sait répondre aux exigences de la créativité. C'est-à-dire, l'imagination grandit dans la pleine puissance de sa collaboration avec chaque talent et chaque vertue de s'établir en tant qu'être humain. Nous avons tous des talents et nous avons tous de l'imagination. Il suffit de les trouver au-dedans de nous car ils existent. C'est vrai que chacun d'entre nous nous en avons en différente mesure, mais ils existent. Il ne faut pas les cacher avec de la fausse humilité ou de la gêne. Le Bon Dieu Créateur ne voudait certainement pas que nous les éliminions ou de les faire mourir sous l'influence de la passivité ou de la négligence.

Je remonte donc au très début de ma carrière d'écrivain. La première fois que j'ai mis mes idées sur papier pour un autre, c'est la fois où j'ai pris l'essort de participer dans un petit concours pour le "Reader's Digest" au sujet des expériences vécues. C'était un court essai qui se portait sur mes expériences avec un militaire que j'avais connu dans la réserve. Je ne me rappelle pas de son nom. Il avait été rétrogradé de sergeant au grade de "Private" car on lui avait enlevé son rang mais pas sa fierté d'homme. Il était toujours joyeux et plein de vie. Je l'admirais beaucoup et j'ai donc voulu écrire à propos de lui. Mon entrée ou ma participation dans ce concours fut issue de ma volonté d'écrire et, on sait bien, de gagner une petite somme d 'argent. On rejeta mon essai mais on m'envoya une lettre me disant d'essayer encore puisque j'avais du talent. J'ai encore cette lettre qui date des années cinquante. J'ai refusé de laisser aller mon talent d'écrivain et avec les années je l'ai fait fructifier et par l'éducation et mes expériences vécues.

Mes expériences dans l'éducation continuèrent au niveau du secondaire au Juvénat des Frères du Sacré-Coeur de Winthrop, Maine. Nous étions affiliés à l'École secondaire Saint-Dom's de Lewiston d'où j'ai reçu mon diplôme en 1952. Je me souviens d'un essai/histoire que j'avais écrit dans une de mes classes d'anglais. J'avais choisi d'écrire sur la fable de La Fontaine ou d'Ésope à propos du lièvre et la tortue. J'ai voulu lui donner une version dramatique, genre d'histoire racontée par un observateur. J'ai fait parler les deux bêtes et je leur ai donné à chacun une vie. J'ai cru bon mon essai de donner de la vie à mes écrits. Si bien que mon confrère d'à côté de moi en classe m'a demandé de lire ce que j'avais écrit. Il trouva mon essai bien écrit et bien imaginé. Et puis, je reçus une très bonne note de mon professeur. Il y a eu un très long hiatus entre mes années du secondaire

(Suite page 14)

"Où es-tu Marie-Ange, Marie-Ange?" suite de page 12)

qualités qu'on observe d'elle. Beau caractère et belle personnalité. C'est dommage qu'il y en ait de moins en moins des Marie-Ange. Peut-être il faudrait en fabriquer d'une manière ou d'une autre. Où es-tu Marie-Ange, Marie-Ange? La Francophonie a besoin de toi et ton nom.

[Et bien mes lecteurs/lectrices, celle-ci est ma dernière rubrique après trois ans et demi de travail de journal populaire. Je vous souhaite la bonne aventure de la lecture en français et peut-être je vous reviendrai un jour. Merci de votre persévérance et de votre amabilité.] AUREVOIR!

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, "Souvenances d'une Enfance Francophone Rêveuse", un recueil d'une trentaine de contes et d'histoires qui sortent de son imagination active.

The Woman Who Persisted Against Maine's Political Machine

March 11, 2018Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Politics, Women

By James Myall

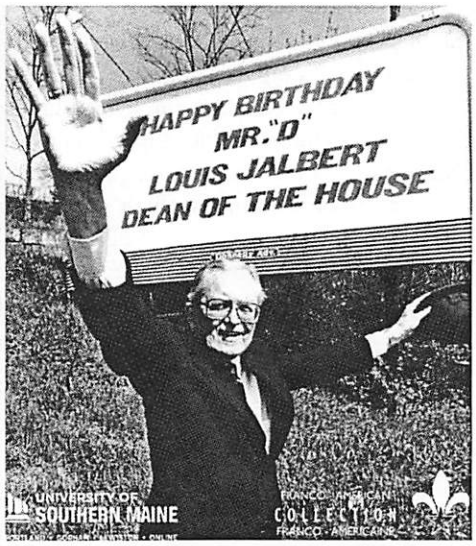
"I hear you're thinking of running for the House. I can tell you right now they you're not going to win. Now, if you're interested in politics, you should start by joining the County Democratic Women's Club. They're getting ready for a card party as a fund raiser. You can help them set the tables. That's where you start."

That was Georgette Bérubé's introduction to Maine state politics in 1970. Although women had been serving in the legislature ever since women gained the right to vote, her candidacy was still something of a novelty fifty years later. This was especially true in Lewiston's Democratic Party, which was dominated by men. A classic "good old boys club," as Bérubé herself described it. The city had never sent a woman to the state house before, and wouldn't elect a woman as mayor until Lillian Caron's bid in 1975.

Georgette Bérubé, 1981. Image: Maine Historical Society / Maine Memory Network

By the 1970s, Franco Americans dominated the Democratic Party in Lewiston, and the city was such a Democratic stronghold for most of the 20th century that the party ran city politics. In fact, Francos ran something of a political "machine" in Lewiston before WW2, in the mold of similar operations in Chicago, Boston, or New York. At least some of the exclusion of women was probably due to the fact that politicking took place in the male only Franco social clubs around town.

At the head of the party in Lewiston, and indeed the state, was Louis Jalbert, who had called Berube with the ominous message one evening. Such was Jalbert's political clout that he was known as "Mr Democrat." When he made "suggestions," party members took notice. In her autobiography, Bérubé alleged that the Lewiston machine was mobilized against her in that first run, with sheriff's deputies taking down lawn signs at dusk, and supportive businesses threatened with losing their licenses if they openly endorsed "that broad."



Louis Jalbert, ca. 1980. Image: University of Southern Maine, Franco-American Collection.

Georgette was not so easily dissuaded. As she later recalled, she wanted to "make policy, not coffee." In fact, part of what had spurred her to run in the first place was a feeling that some local politicians were either corrupt or negligent. Presumably this introduction from Jalbert only confirmed that suspicion.

What she lacked in support from local politicos ("what would a woman know about politics?" one told her) however, she gained at home. Her husband, Gerry, also received a call from Jalbert. He was told to "keep the little woman at home to take care of the kiddies." Instead, he told the veteran legislator to tell Georgette that to her face. He was sticking with his wife. Bérubé alleged that Jalbert tried to follow up on his threat years later by having Gerry fired from his job.

Gerry, along with Georgette's brother, Maurice, supported her throughout that first campaign, including replacing lawn signs as fast as her opponents could remove them. Her mother was more wary when told of Georgette's plans to run – "why would you want to do that? They're not honest people!" Georgette's father had died when she was young, but her experience with Maurice, of running the family business (Beauparlant's Furniture) may have contributed to her sense of self-confidence.

Undaunted by the overt hostility from the establishment, Bérubé ran a grassroots campaign, pressing the flesh with voters across the city (before 1978, Maine's cities and large towns elected multiple representatives at leave instead of by wards). Even gruff mill workers were won over by her earnest efforts. "Une femme? Pourquoi pas?" said one prospective voter. Georgette's campaigning paid off, and she finished third in the primary of 14 Democrats, enough to take her to the general election, where democrats were elected to all six of Lewiston's state house seats that year. Of the six Lewiston Democrats , Georgette finished first that November (besting Jalbert by a singe vote).

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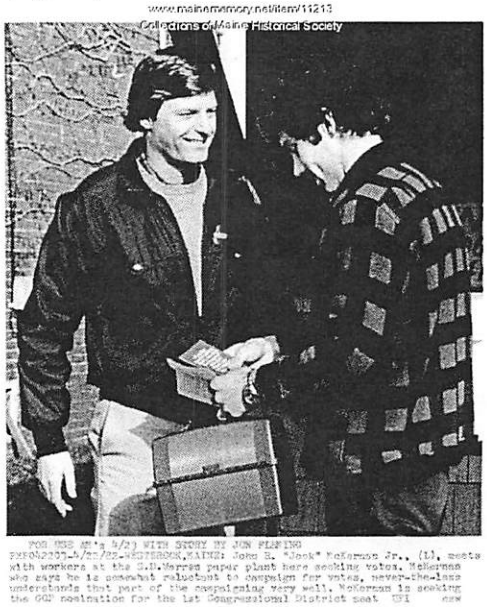
(La créativité dès mon bas âge suite de page 13)

et mes années universitaires. Je vous parlerai de cette transition et des mes écrits publiés dans le prochain numéro.

Le Grenier des Souvenances de Norman paraît toutes les deux semaines et ces articles sont basées sur les souvenirs de Norman Beaupré alors qu'il grandissait à Biddeford dans les années 1930 et 1940. Ils sont ancrés dans les expériences culturelles franco-américaines. Le Docteur Beaupré a son doctorat de l'Université Brown. Il a enseigné plus de trente ans à l'Université de la Nouvelle-Angleterre avant de prendre sa retraite en l'an 2000. Il a ensuite voyagé considérablement et a écrit des romans et d'autres livres en anglais et en français.

(The Woman Who Persisted Against Maine's Political Machine continued from page 14)



John McKernan canvassing paper workers in Westbrook, 1982. Image: Maine Historical Society/Maine Memory Network.

Likely encouraged by this popular mandate, Georgette built a reputation as an independently minded lawmaker in Augusta, breaking with her party on many issues. One of the first was the set of electoral reforms pushed by Republicans in 1972, which eliminated straight ticket voting via the "big box" system, abolished the at-large districts. Since both these mechanisms were thought to advantage Democrats, Georgette's crossing of party lines was a big deal. Nonetheless she saw it as a way to improve accountability for legislators. Likewise, she was one of few incumbents who openly supported the 1996 constitutional change to impose term limits on state representatives, even though it led to her being forced out.

Given her experiences in her first run for office, Georgette may have understood more than most the value of disrupting the established political order.

She would continue to make waves with unorthodox alliances. She was ostracized from the local party when she supported Republican Bill Cohen's successful 1978 effort to unseat the incumbent US Senator, Democrat Bill Hathaway. Not only did Berube endorse Cohen, she actively encouraged him to enter the race against her fellow Democrat with a press conference at her house! That earned her a primary challenge in her own district (which she easily saw off) and demands she be stripped of her committee chairmanship. Democratic House Speaker John Martin, however, defended her to his own caucus members.

The rebellious streak culminated with an unsuccessful 1982 primary challenge to incumbent Democratic Governor Joseph Brennan. Along with Republican Sherry Huber (who also lost her primary bid), Bérubé was the first woman to run for Governor of Maine.

Bérubé attributed her centrism to a combination of being genuinely open to working with Republicans and concern about what she saw as the leftward drift of her fellow Democrats. Looking back, she said she "felt that my party, the party of Roosevelt, Truman, and Kennedy, was bent on a more liberal course that the majority of enrolled Democrats wanted." Change, she thought, "must come from within." She was also a fiscal hawk, an outlook she attributed to her Franco-American background:

"They worked for a pittance in the textile mills, and yet they managed to accumulate real estate wealth simply by hard work. So as a result, they were conservative, fiscally conservative."

As chair of the legislature's audit committee, she oversaw efforts to trim government waste.

Her approach and philosophy certainly seemed to resonate with her constituents. Bérubé served 13 combined terms in the Maine house and senate, a record for any woman. (John Martin holds the all-time record, with more than 40 years of legislative service).

Bérubé's long career represented a shift in Maine state politics. When first elected, she was one of just 14 women at the state house. Today there are more than 60 (about a third of the total membership). As a centrist from Lewiston, she foreshadowed the city's drift away from being reliably Democratic. She also represents a similar trend among Franco-Americans statewide.

When Bérubé passed away in 2005, she was praised by leaders from across Maine's political spectrum, including Susan Collins, Mike Michaud, and John Baldacci. Not bad for the woman who, half a century earlier, had been told to stick to setting the table.

Sources: The bulk of the material for this piece comes from Georgette Bérubé's 2005 autobiography, Thank You, Georgette, part of which is reproduced in Voyages: A Franco-American Reader (Tilbury House: 2007). Bérubé also participated in a 1999 oral history interview housed Bates College.

Jackman – An International Town Built by (and for) Immigrants

January 25, 2018 Alcohol, Home, Jackman, Ku Klux Klan, Logging, Maine, Religion

By James Myall

The remote western Maine town of Jackman, has been in the headlines recently for some of the worst reasons. On Friday it was revealed that the towns new town manager held white supremacist and racist views. What makes this revelation particularly troubling is that Jackman, because of its status as a border community, has long been a destination for newcomers and immigrants.

From its very beginning, Jackman has been intricately connected with its neighbors in Canada. The first permanent settlers in the town followed the construction of the Old Canada Road from Augusta to Quebec City. Although the route had been in use for decades, perhaps centuries, previously (including by Native Americans), settlement along the road only followed it's formal laying out and clearing by the state of Maine and the colony of lower Canada in 1829.

The first inhabitants of Jackman – which was named for one of the captains to survey the road – eked out a living through hunting and timber harvesting but primarily taking advantage of the plantation's location along major new England-Canada "highway." As commerce grew along the new road, Jackman and the other communities on the road grew in size and importance.

Some of that commerce was illicit, including in alcohol during Maine's long dry period. The posting of a us customs agent at the border did little to stem this, as a newspaper reported in 1885:

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(Jackman – An International Town Built by (and for) Immigrants continued from page 15)

Pack peddlers and others, after traveling several miles in Maine can, on coming to the custom house, simply make a detour around the official residence and then keep on, unmolested.

The brazen flaunting of the regulations, in spirit, if not in law, is exemplified by the "line house" which straddles both sides of the border and was a haven for dubious characters and activities. It was first erected by a Mr Jones (described as a counterfeiter and rum-runner), but later operated by Amédé Rancourt and, after his death, by his widow Clementine. This flow of goods was inevitably company by the movement of people. The Old Canada Road was the route taken by all Maine's earliest Franco American immigrants. Although most of them made their way to larger towns, such as Skowhegan and Waterville, there are also signs that some French Canadians settled in Jackman in the early decades.

Jackman Line House, 1913 (Zilla Holden/Ruth Reed/Francomaine.org)

There were certainly a number of Canadian-born settlers among the town's early families, the majority of whom were originally of Irish and Catholic origin. Being a Catholic in the 19th century New England was not easy, not only were new arrivals often isolated from their home communities, but they also faced hostility and prejudice from some of their new neighbors in much the same way that Muslims are regarded by "right "today. The missionary journey of Moïse Fortier from Québec to this part of Maine in illustrates some of those challenges.

It's clear from Jackman's official histories, as well as unidentified newspaper articles, that Franco-American immigration to Jackman gathered pace with the boom in the lumbering industry in the region, shortly followed by the arrival of the railroad. Then, as today, many of the early migrants were seasonal workers came to Maine for the hay office early in the summer, would return to the back for the fall and be back again in the winter for the lumbering season:

These industrious people are now returning from their annual incursion into Maine in pursuit of employment in the hay fields. They strike at first for Waterville, as they say, and will not stop short of it. As the haying season recedes northward they work back along the road, reaching their homes by mid August, still in time to take care of their own hay crops.

The migrant worker life – then, as now was hard:

They come for a little money, and get not much, fifteen to twenty days being the average length of their employment here....But it costs them little or nothing to live on the way. They come over the border on buckboards, or rude wagons, drawn by one horse, with from three to five men on each, but they lighten the load by invariably walking up the hills. They patronize no hotels, bringing their food with them, camping by the roadside and turning their horses out to graze. They travel by night and throw themselves on the ground to sleep as the sun rises, that they may profit by its warmth.

1884

But despite their rough and ready appearance, journalists painted a favorable picture of the newcomers.

It is not unusual to see a family from four to eight children, fenced in, on the rear end of a buckboard, without hats or shoes, tugging away at a lump of maple sugar, with some oat bread sandwiched in, while their beloved parents occupy the front seat and each take their turn at wielding the lash. In this way they get rid of their only "surplus" in Canada and help to fill up the void in the hearts of our great and free loving people of the United States

1889

The arrival of the railroad through Jackman made this journey easier but it also want families to come anymore to settle on a permanent basis. As small town as it was (even at its height in the 1910's, the population of Jackman and the surrounding townships only consisted of some 1,500 people), Jackman even had its own designated "Little Canada" section. Peter Kiah (aka Thibodeau) was one of the first to build a house in that area, operating a boarding house sometimes called the "Franco-American House."

By 1892, the population of French Canadians and other Catholics in the region was large enough that a pastor was sent to establish a formal parish for the first time. Reverend Joseph Forest, a French Canadian, would be the community's curé until his death 48 years later. Due largely to Father Forest's efforts, the community rapidly solidified, building in a short succession a church (1893), a school (1914), and a convent (1907) for fifteen nuns of the Order of St. Joseph of Lyon, who were invited from

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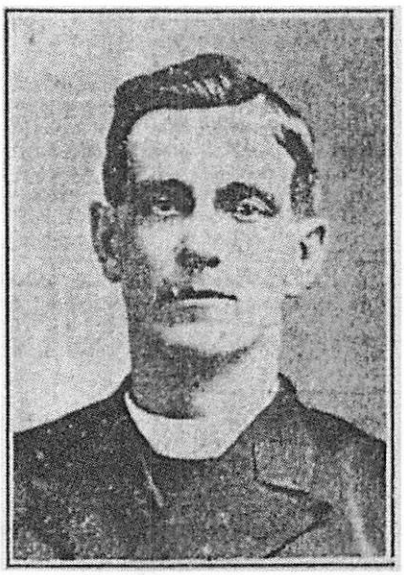
(Jackman – An International Town Built by (and for) Immigrants continued from page 16)

France. In 1952, the sisters even helped create a hospital for the town.

Relations between the town's Yankee and Franco populations were not necessarily easy. Plenty of anecdotal evidence and individual testimony points to scuffles and many of the same tensions as seen in other Maine towns, though written accounts are hard to come by. The influence of the Ku Klux Klan in nearby Greenville points to the area's troubled history.



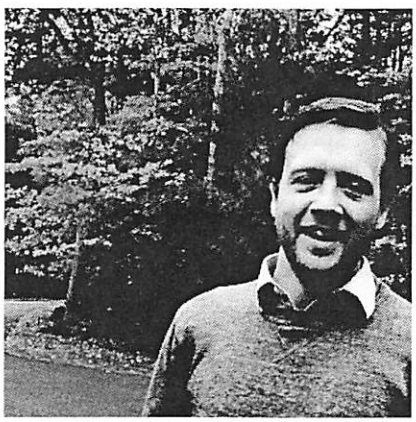
Father Joseph Forest, 1905. Image: La Presse (QC), June 6

Father Forest was also involved in the modernization of the town his role as president of Jackman Water Power and Light Company. While the involvement of the parish priest this might seem unusual to Americans, it was very much in the tradition of the curé's involvement in all matters of parish life in Quebec. In the days of New France, the priest had acted as joint landlord of the parish with the secular authority, the seigneur. Along with Father Forest, the officers of the company were all Franco-Americans, including Forest's younger brother, Arthur, who was also ordained, and served as Forest's vicar in the parish. The Water Company ran into trouble when it attempted to draw water from, and drain sewage to, the same body of water outside the town, leading to contamination of the water supply. The Maine Public Utilities Commission, investigating the problem, noted that Forest "did not create the plant for the purposes of profit but rather to the end that his people and the other people of Jackman might have a reasonably good supply of water for domestic and municipal use."

This long history still resonated today. Jackman, like the rest of Maine, is often wrongly described as "monocultural" or "homogeneous." By one measure, Maine is certainly the "whitest" state in the US. This surface measure, however, hides greater diversity, and plays into the hands of racists like the former town manager. According to the US Census, nearly half of Jackman's residents identify as French or French-Canadian; another one in five of Irish descent. To assume, as the "alt-right" likes to, that there's a distinction between "western" immigrants and "others" is no less accurate than the distinction between white and non-white, especially historically, as the experiences of Franco Americans shows.

The Town of Jackman its residents quickly denounced the white supremacist in their midst and fired him from this position of authority. For a town built on welcoming the unknown and building links across borders, you'd expect nothing less.

Sources: Most of the information for this article, including the unattributed newspaper articles, comes from The History of the Moose River Valley, published by the Jackman Bicentennial Book Committee in 1976.



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.

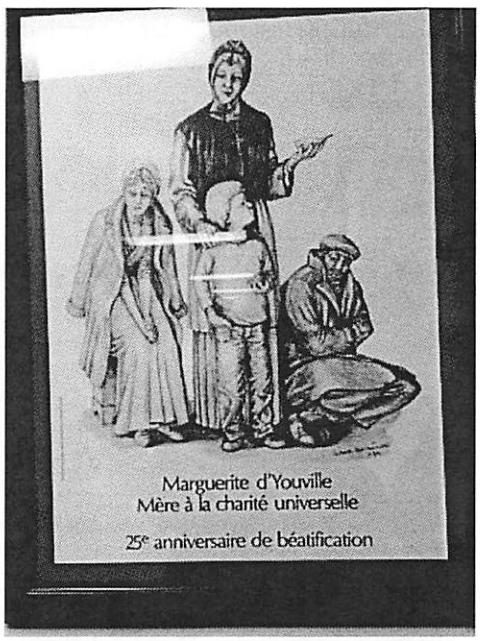
http://myall.bangordailynews.com/

Merci to Marguerite d'Youville and the Grey Nuns

January 6, 2018 Franco-American News and CultureAndroscoggin County, Grey Nuns

By Juliana L'Heureux

Visiting the d'Youville Pavilion located on the St. Mary's Medical Center campus in Lewiston, Maine, was pleasing opportunity to observe families who were visiting loved ones and friends, being well cared for at this facility, during the frigidly cold New Year's holiday.



Marguerite d'Youville commemorative poster located in the foyer of the d'Youville Pavillion of St. Mary's Medical Center

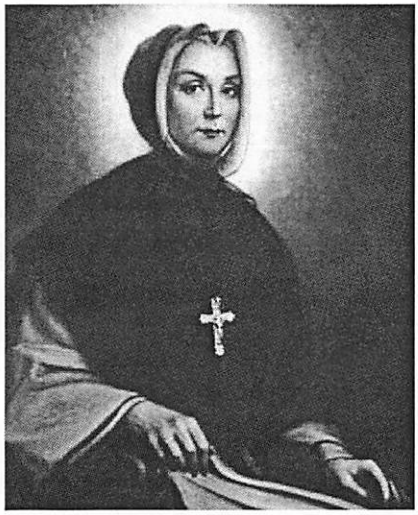
A friend was temporarily a patient at the St. Mary's d'Youville Pavillion, while receiving extended rehabilitation care, following orthopedic surgery. The visit raised a renewed awareness about the health facility's name. In fact, the "d'Youville", as it is locally called, is an important reminder about the compassionate contributions of the Grey Nuns and their founder, Saint Marguerite d'Youville, provided to the Lewiston and Auburn areas of Maine. They

(Continued on page 18)

(Merci to Marguerite d'Youville and the Grey Nuns continued from page 17)

were a French-Canadian religious order that dedicated their energies and resources to improving the well being of Androscoggin County's people, particularly for the 18th and 19th century immigrants, who came from Canada.

In the foyer of the health care center, a picture of Saint Marguerite d'Youville caught my eye. It was a commemoration poster, recognizing the 25 year anniversary of the beatification of Marguerite d'Youville. She was the foundress of the "Grey Nuns", the friendly name of the religious order formally named The Sisters of Charity of Montreal. It was their dedicated care for French Canadian immigrants and the people in the community that created St. Mary's Hospital, as well as other charitable institutions in Androscoggin County. Saint Marguerite d'Youville (1701-1777) was canonized by Pope John-Paul II in 1990, the first native-born Canadian to be declared a saint. In fact, the historic poster is a reminder about her journey toward canonization, when she was declared to be "blessed", one of the steps toward canonization..



Saint Marguerite d" Youville was canonized a saint in the Roman Catholic Church in 1990, by Pope John Paul II

Her biography describes how she was born Marie-Marguerite Dufrost de Lajemmerais in 1701, at Varennes, Quebec. Her father died when she was a young girl. Despite her family's poverty, at age 11 she was able to attend the Ursuline convent in Quebec City for two years, before returning home to teach her younger brothers and sisters. On August 12, 1722 at Notre-Dame Basilica in Montreal, she married François d'Youville, a bootlegger who sold liquor illegally to Indians in exchange for furs. They had six children before 1730, when her husband died. By age 30 she had suffered the loss of her father, husband and four of her six children, who died in infancy. Marguerite experienced a religious renewal during her marriage. She overcame many challenges to organize the religious sisters and to provide health care for all who needed help. Saint D'Youville's vision to provide health care for everyone, regardless of their ability to pay, is credited with giving rise to the Canadian health care system, as it provides universal coverage for all their nation's citizens today.

Lewiston's Franco-Americans recognize the Grey Nuns as the dedicated group of religious women who came to the area from Quebec in 1878, to provide charitable social services, health care and children's welfare programs. There was a need for these caring programs to be available to the thousands of French-Canadian immigrants who were moving to the Lewiston area, to find work in the area's mills.

A permanent exhibit about the history of the Grey Nuns and their services to the people of the Androscoggin County is open to the public at the Franco-American Heritage Center, on Cedar Street, in Lewiston.

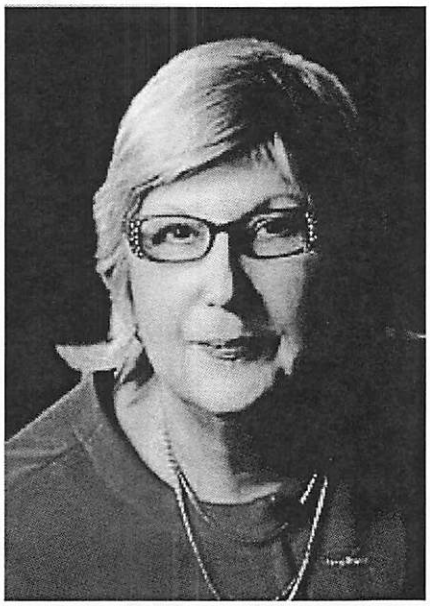
The first Grey Nuns arrived in Lewiston in 1878 at the behest of the Reverend Pierre Hevey, a Roman Catholic priest and native of Saint Hyacinth, Quebec, who saw the many dire needs of the local working poor, the majority of whom were from French-speaking from Canada. Although the first French-speaking immigrants to the industrial cities of Maine arrived in the 1860s, French-Canadians seeking work came in increasing waves from the 1880s until the 1930s, mostly via the Grand Trunk Railroad..

In 1878, Father Hevey saw the rising need to help people living in Lewiston's Little Canada, where the immigrants established French-speaking communities. He turned to the Sisters of Charity, of Saint Hyacinth, Québec for good reason. Marguerite d'Youville's own life experience as a fatherless child, a neglected wife, a widow and single mother supported the mission of the Sisters of Charity ~ to serve the poor in whatever way necessary.

In her lifetime, she worked with disabled soldiers, the elderly, the mentally ill, foundlings and orphans. When the Sisters of Charity of Saint Hyacinth, Québec accepted Father Hevey's request, they were willing to take on new tasks such as education, in addition to their work as sister-nurses. The Grey Nuns grew the institutions they founded as Lewiston's community developed.

Mary Rice-DeFosse is a Bates College professor and a Board member of the Franco-American Collection, a special archives located at the University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn College, in Lewiston. She researched the biographies of people who were helped by the Grey Nuns. Her interviews are taped in an audio-visual history of the Grey Nuns- "Les Soeurs Grises: Elles Son Venues-Elles Ont Servi", a documentary and oral history about the Sisters, available for viewing at the Franco exhibit, on Cedar Street.

Merci to Saint Marguerite d'Youville and the Sisters of Charity of Montreal and Saint Hyacinth!



About Juliana L'Heureux:

Juliana L'Heureux is a free lance writer who publishes news, blogs and articles about Franco-Americans and the French culture. She has written about the culture in weekly and bi-weekly articles, for the past 27 years.

http://francoamerican.bangordailynews.com/author/jlheureux/

Au revoir, Jerry

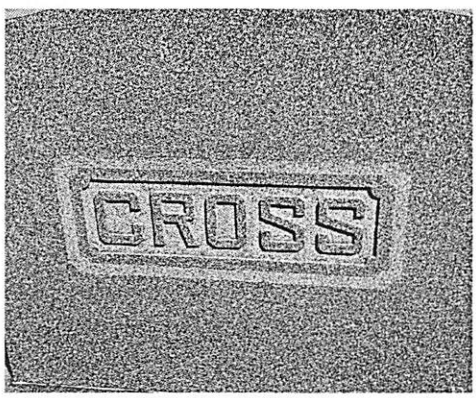
Patrick Lacroix

C'est par une sombre et froide journée de décembre que nous avons fait halte à Mountain View. Avec l'aide d'un bénévole qui tient aux affaires du cimetière, mon épouse et moi avions découvert le lieu d'inhumation de Jerry, un homme trépassé bien avant notre temps. Plusieurs générations nous séparent; il est pourtant devenu « mononc Jerry ». Voilà la pierre : avec ma *better half*, je me suis arrêté. Longtemps ignoré, puis oublié, enfin Jerry recevait des visiteurs. Enfin, à notre manière, nous communiions avec nos aïeux.

Ce qui nous est parvenu de la vie et de la mort de Jerry Cross est tragique—c'est ce qui nous a poussé à le trouver, comme si nous lui devions ce qu'il n'avait obtenu de son vivant ou encore à sa mort. Mais, avec lui, ce n'était pas simplement la découverte d'une responsabilité morale. Avec lui, nous avons découvert une tranche de la diaspora canadienne-française trop souvent occultée. L'histoire de ce personnage nous a permis d'aborder les zones liminales, aussi ignorées et oubliées, de la franco-américanité.

Jerry Cross, c'est d'abord Jérémie Lacroix, né à West Brome, dans les Cantons de l'Est, en 1855. Sa génération et celle qui la précède témoignent des débuts de la « grande saignée » : une première vague d'expatriation chez les Canadiens français. Au cours des années 1840, le nombre de Canadiens qui s'éloignent de leur écoumène ancestral, dans la vallée du Saint-Laurent, croît rapidement. Les Lacroix sont de ce nombre. Ils quittent les environs de Saint-Hyacinthe et de Sorel pour s'établir aux confins des seigneuries, à Saint-Césaire. Les parents de Jerry, Edouard et Zoé, sont parmi les premiers francophones à pousser cette frontière culturelle dans le sud des « Townships ». Bien avant la guerre de Sécession, l'écoumène s'étend aussi vers le sud, la frontière politique entre Canada et Etats-Unis ne pouvant contenir l'émigration. A sa naissance, quatre et peut-être cinq oncles paternels de Jerry habitent le Vermont.

Jeune homme, Jerry s'exile à son tour. Il quitte la ferme familiale pour œuvrer comme journalier et accumuler les moyens qui lui permettront de fonder son propre foyer. A l'âge de dix-neuf ans, en 1875, il épouse à St. Albans, au Vermont, Sophie Brosseau, native de l'endroit. Le comté de Franklin, occupant le nord-ouest de l'état, comprend une population canadienne substantielle dès 1850. C'est toujours le cas vingt ans une plus tard. En 1900, on retrouve les Lacroix à Lowell—mais non la *spindle city* du Massachusetts. Alors qu'une vaste chaîne migratoire lie les villes de la périphérie industrielle de Boston au Québec, la migration entre régions rurales connexes se poursuit : c'est à Lowell au Vermont que s'implantent Jerry et Sophie. Comme bien d'autres Canadiens français, ils poursuivent aux Etats-Unis la vocation agricole de leurs ancêtres. La famille est à Coventry, près de la pointe sud du lac Memphrémagog, en 1910. La fille aînée, Clara, veuve bien que toujours dans la trentaine, est revenue au bercail. Elle se fiancera à un homme de Newport au printemps suivant.



La famille se déplace encore. En 1917, Jerry vit auprès de son fils Fred à Killingly, dans le Connecticut. Chez les historiens, cette région est mieux connue pour l'affaire de Danielson, une confrontation entre les partisans de la survivance et l'évêque de Hartford. Dans les années 1890, l'élite franco-américaine de l'endroit milite pour un curé de sa nationalité et une plus large part pour l'enseignement en français à l'école catholique. Tout cela est bien loin de la vie étatsunienne des Lacroix, qui ne semblent pas hésiter à se dire La Cross ou Cross. Jerry a grandi dans le sud des Cantons de l'Est lorsque la population était encore à grande majorité anglo-saxonne; comme son épouse et ses enfants, il a baigné dans un environnement biculturel. Leur appartenance à l'Eglise catholique, cet autre champ de bataille des apôtres de la survivance, est également loin d'être zélée. Lorsque Clara marie Arthur Barbeau en 1911, c'est au *parsonage* de l'église congrégationaliste de Coventry. Sont-ils parmi les traîtres contre qui les élites québécoises ont tant fait couler leur encre? Avant la survivance, les Cross devait penser à leur survie, ce qui a dicté leurs choix. Et peut-être ont-ils préféré la vie aux Etats-Unis—ce n'étaient pas là des idéologues nationalistes et on le comprend en voyant leurs humbles circonstances.

En 1917, à la veille de l'entrée des Etats-Unis dans la Première Guerre mondiale, la législature du Connecticut autorise un recensement des ressources de l'état. Nous en retirons enfin un portrait de Jerry. Il est alors cultivateur qu'on dit âgé de 63 ans (62, en réalité); homme qui, de ses 5'7" et 150 livres, est de modeste stature. Il sait mener une équipe de chevaux, mais les machines à vapeur, la télégraphie, l'électricité et l'automobile sont toutes au-delà de son expérience. Fred, pour sa part, appartient à un nouveau monde : suite à la guerre, il sera ouvrier dans une filature. Eventuellement, il retournera au Vermont et reprendra son occupation agricole.

Jerry et son épouse (on doit croire qu'elle l'a accompagné au Connecticut) retournent dans le nord du Vermont probablement à l'automne 1917. C'est à ce moment qu'une fracture se produit. Sophie Cross quitte. Comment expliquer cette séparation du couple, après plus de quarante ans de mariage? Pour l'instant, l'histoire ne nous le dit. Madame Cross emménage auprès de la fille aînée et du gendre. Ils semblent habiter à Newport un certain temps. Dès 1921, ils sont dans la vallée du Saint-Laurent. Sophie décède à Saint-Lambert quelques années plus tard.

Et Jerry? Voilà l'aspect tragique. Seul et semblant avoir vieilli au-delà de ses jours, il emménage chez les Bousquet à Lowell. Le 6 juin 1918, il décide de son sort. Le *Burlington Free Press* rapporte les faits : « *Jerry Cross, aged about 70 years, committed suicide last Thursday morning by hanging himself . . . At breakfast he appeared as usual, going from the house, directly after the meal, to the barn, where he committed the deed* ». Il imite ainsi ce qu'un autre résident du village, Truman Lockwood, a fait six mois plus tôt, dans des circonstances très semblables. Le *Monitor*, publié à Barton, précise, « *being in poor health [Jerry Cross] became despondent and committed suicide Thursday . . . His family has been separated for some time and none of the near relatives were able to attend* ». C'est le ministre congrégationaliste qui voit à son inhumation.

Cent ans plus tard, que reste-t-il de Jerry Cross? Si la dernière année de son existence offre toujours de nombreuses

(Suite page 21)

He Went About Doing Good

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On upper Merrimack Street in Lowell, not far from the splendid city hall that stands at the edge of downtown, you will see a former church building that was once the home of the first French-Canadian parish outside the downtown area. In front of the church you will see a large statue of the parish's founding priest, Fr. André Garin. If you look closer, you will see engraved on the pedestal his dates of birth and death and the words "He went about doing good." And below those words you will see the words "Erected by the people of Lowell."

The two sentences are intimately connected, of course. While he lived, Fr. Garin did so much good for so many in Lowell that when he died, not only Catholics and others of Lowell's immigrant communities, but members of the city's Yankee establishment as well contributed to this memorial dedicated to one man's leadership and love.

André Garin was born in France in 1822, entered the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate in 1841, was sent as a missionary to Quebec in 1844, was ordained a priest there in 1845, and spent 13 years ministering to native peoples as far north as James Bay and as far east as the outer bank of Gulf St. Lawrence. Traveling much of the time by canoe, he encountered physical hardships and danger, mastered English and Cree, and helped write and publish devotional books and a catechism for use with the Cree people. In a subsequent five-year assignment at Plattsburgh, New York, he began to demonstrate his considerable skills in bringing people together— particularly French-speaking and English-speaking Catholics — to create Christian communities and institutions. Later, in Buffalo, he again proved masterful in establishing trust, reconciling divisions, and finding ways to get things done in pursuit of his goals and vision.

He was ready for Lowell — the city of ever-expanding textile mills and an ever-growing immigrant population to serve them. When Bishop John Williams of Boston asked the Oblates of Mary Immaculate for priests to serve the French-Canadian as well as Irish Catholics of Lowell, Fr. Garin was sent with a companion to begin this major mission of his life. In April of 1868 — 150 years ago this April — he arrived in the city to preach a mission for French Canadians at St. Patrick's, the historic Irish parish in Lowell's Acre neighborhood, and he never left.

What did he do for almost 30 years in Lowell? With contributions from the French-Canadian mill workers and their families, he bought a former Unitarian church building in downtown Lowell and began the first French-Canadian parish in the city: St. Joseph's. Negotiating legal and institutional obstacles of every kind, he purchased sufficient land and raised sufficient funds to supervise construction of Immaculate Conception church and its parish school on the east side of Merrimack St. for the mostly Irish Catholics living there. He added worship space to St. Joseph's, then formed a second French-Canadian parish, St. Jean Baptiste, and initiated construction of the church of that name where his statue now resides. He had already built schools for the French in the Little Canada neighborhood where St. Jean Baptiste was erected. He began mutual aid and insurance societies for the French Canadians, and purchased land for a cemetery in Chelmsford to receive their dead. He founded a church in the neighboring town of Billerica. He responded to requests for Oblate priests to preach missions throughout New England. And always, he was a pastor to his people, whether French-Canadian or not. (Disclosure: he presided at the wedding of my maternal grandmother's parents.)

Wherever he served, he won people over with kindness, respect, and an ability to see and respond to the other's point of view. Whatever his goal, he pursued it with energy and a refusal to be sidetracked, derailed, or discouraged. He is quoted as saying, "One must take the weather as it comes, the people as they are, and money when it is available..." He knew how to do all three and was loved for the charm with which he did it.

On the 50th anniversary of his entering the Oblates, a parade that included parish societies from throughout and beyond Lowell marched through the city in his honor. At his death in February of 1895, an estimated 30,000 people filed past his open casket at St. Jean Baptiste Church. On the day of his funeral, many of Lowell's businesses closed their doors, and the streets through which the funeral cortege passed were draped in black bunting. Archbishop Williams presided at

the funeral Mass, numerous clergy from as far away as Canada attended (as did the mayor of Lowell, its city council, and many of its wealthy and influential citizens), and almost all of Lowell's French Canadian citizens were there to say goodbye to their "Bon Père." The suggestion was floated that day that a statue be erected in his honor, and so it happened. A committee was formed; money was donated by Catholics and non-Catholics alike; and less than two years later, with its unveiling on October 22 of 1896, the statue stood proudly outside St. Jean Baptiste Church on upper Merrimack St.

It was a different time and a different city, of course. The ethnic groups of that day continue to fade away with the deaths of their elderly and the assimilation and moving away of their young. Newer ethnic groups have replaced them. St. Jean Baptiste parish no longer exists, its church building now converted for secular use. But Père Garin's statue remains, with its epigraph taken from the apostle Peter's description of Jesus in Acts 10:38: "He went about doing good."

Not a bad summary of any man's life anywhere, anytime.

Information in this article can be found in the books The Man Lowell Remembered (a translation and editing by Fr. Lucien Sawyer, OMI, of the book L'Inoubliable Fondateur, by Fr. Gaston Carriere, OMI) and Saint Jean Baptiste and the Franco-Americans of Lowell, Massachusetts, by Fr. Richard Santerre (translated from the French by Claire Quintal and Fr. Lucien Sawyer, OMI). Both books can be obtained by calling St. Joseph Shrine in Lowell at 978-458-6346.

To André-Marie Garin, Le Bon Père

You went about doing good — the
Monument inscription says so
Beneath the statue of you raised
So eagerly by citizens of Lowell:
Not just the French, not only Catholics,
But all those who watched you, year
After year for almost thirty years
Extend yourself to all — both rich
And poor — you'd come to love and know.

They saw the threadbare coat you wouldn't
Throw away. They heard the sermons
Preached with care to touch faint hearts.
They saw you tireless in planning,
Building, gathering funds to meet
The needs of people seeking new
Lives in a new land— not always
Welcomed by those who came before.

You served your Christ and gentle Mary,
Whose name you bore along with that
Of Andrew, the apostle, fervent
Missionary like yourself — you
Who served the Cree in Canada
For thirteen years, mastering
Their language and compiling books
Of prayer and teaching meant to feed
A new devotion and belief.

Born in France, you gave your life
To this New World, not looking back, but
Urging, welcoming, inviting —
With plans in hand — the people of
Your flock to live with faith the dreams
That brought them to this land and Lowell.
And they loved you for it, as the
The statue guarding Merrimack Street —
Outside the church you built — still shows.

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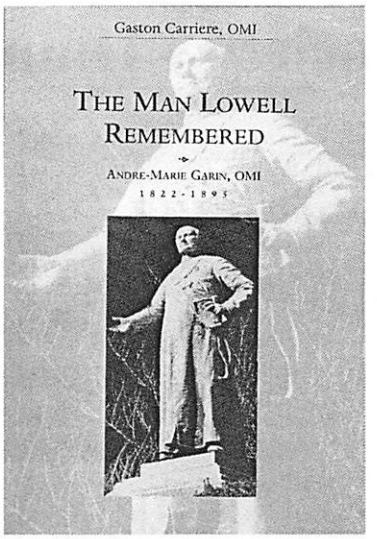
Street photo of former St. Jean Baptiste



(Au revoir, Jerry suite de page 19)

questions, si ses derniers mois invitent une réflexion plus émotionnelle qu'historique, ses circonstances permettent de reconsidérer une histoire franco-américaine, tant attachée aux Petits Canadas, aux filatures et aux combats ethniques. A l'instar de milliers de Franco-Américains, mon épouse, native de Nashua dont les ancêtres ont aussi œuvré à Lewiston, est héritière d'un univers historique bien connu. Avec Jerry, un jour de décembre, près de la rivière Missisquoi, nous nous sommes arrêtés pour reconnaître un récit bien différent.

Ce « mononc » nous met sur la piste d'une multiplicité d'expériences canadiennes aux Etats-Unis. Au début du vingtième siècle, des dizaines de milliers Franco-Américains vivent en milieu rural ou dans les petites villes éclipsées par les Nashua, Lewiston—et Lowell, *Massachusetts*. Il nous appartient de rendre justice à ces *forgotten francos*, sinon par compassion, alors dans l'intérêt d'un récit historique plus complet.

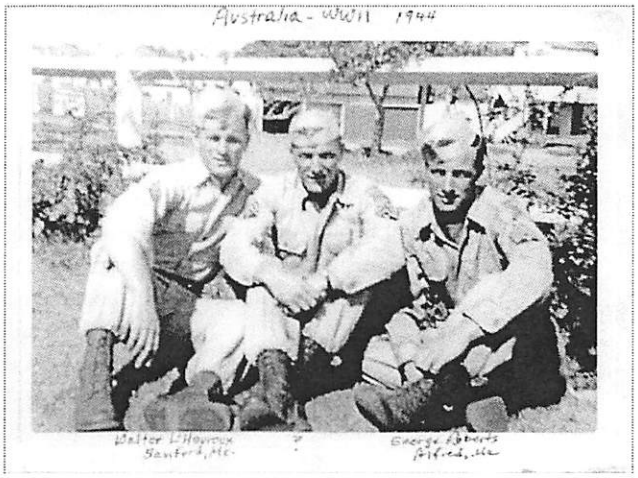
Patrick Lacroix, Ph.D., a native of Cowansville, Quebec, is a graduate of the University of New Hampshire and an instructor at Phillips Exeter Academy. He has authored numerous articles, including studies on Franco-Americans published in the Catholic Historical Review and the Journal of the Gilded Age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

Sanford-Springvale Historical Society ~ Humble Heroes

March 23, 2018 Franco-American News and CultureAnzio, Australia, Franco-American Veterans, Lloyd Clark, Maine Baseball Hall of Fame

By Juliana L'Heureux

SPRINGVALE, Me – Although thousands of Franco-American families sent their sons off to the military during World War II, very few sent five brothers, who fought on the Two Fronts of the War, in Europe and in the Pacific. In Springvale, I was invited to speak about one family.



Walter L'Heureux with George Roberts in Australia 1944

Walter L'Heureux served in the Pacific during World War II. He was stationed in Australia when this photograph was taken. Pictured on the right is his comrade George Roberts, who lives in Alfred Maine. Gratitude to his wife Gladys Roberts, for sending me this photograph.

Albert and Blanche L'Heureux of Sanford were Silver Star parents, five times. All five of their sons were at war at the same time, each serving in different places in Europe, the Pacific and other places. Robert and Henry received Purple Hearts for their war wounds in France and Italy. Henry, in particular, was engaged in hand to hand combat at the Battle of Anzio, during the Allied invasion of the beach head.

The Sanford-Springvale Historical Society hosted the presentation. The Society works in conjunction with the Sanford Historical Committee, to collect, preserve, and display artifacts, documents, records, photographs and other materials and objects of historical interest to the town.

Congratulations to Harland Eastman, Claire Auger, Paul Auger and all who are involved in bringing this familiar and historic building to life, with finesse. Indeed, Springvale's Main Street is enhanced by the Historical Society's successful preservation project! In the past, it was the Springvale Town Hall and then, when my sons were growing up in Sanford, the building was a wonderful place for kids to go to summer basketball camp. In other words, the Sanford-Springvale Historical Society has taken what's old and made it new again.

Today, the Sanford Springvale Historical Society is a completely renovated historic addition to the proud history of this special area of York County.

In anticipation of the 250 year celebration of the founding of Sanford and Springvale, the Historical Society is preparing a series of programs to be announced in support of other celebrations and events.

On March 15, I was honored to be the guest speaker at the public program to tell the L'Heureux veterans oral history. They are my husband's first cousins. In the interviews, conducted several years ago, the four surviving brothers (at the time, Robert, Walter, Arthur and Henry) spoke candidly about their front line World War II experiences. I was able to convey some of what they told me during the one hour Historical Society presentation. A fifth brother, Leo, had died before the interviews were conducted.

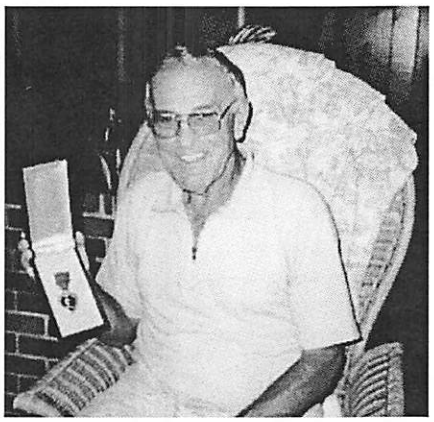
A copy of the slides used in this historical presentation are available at this public link here.

Previously, a blog describing the history of the L'Heureux brothers in World War II was posted on the Bangor Daily News bloggers page.

Learning about the Allied invasion of Anzio in January, 1944, was a lesson experienced, with the horror of the battle, told by Henry's account of the invasion.

With vivid recall, Henry's description of the landing was horrific. Indeed, the devastation he described in the oral history session was also chronicled in the historical account of the battle, "Anzio: Italy and the Battle for Rome – 1944", by Lloyd Clark.

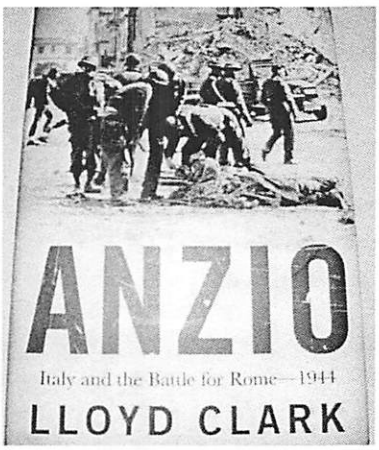
"In January 1944, about six months before D-Day, an Allied force of 36,000 soldiers launched one of the first attacks on continental Europe at Anzio, a city located about 35 miles South of Rome, on the Tyrrhenian Sea. The assault was conceived as the first step toward an eventual siege of Rome. Although the Allies captured the beach, the indecisive leadership of General John Lucas and his boss General Mark Clark, failed to break through the Nazi's formidable defenses and the advance stalled, completely."



Henry L'Heureux Purple Heart

Henry L'Heureux received a Purple Heart for wounds he endured at Anzio. His brother Robert also received a Purple Heart for wounds he received in France.

In fact, Henry was among the troops that were corralled by the Germans and held up for months, while the Nazi General Field Marshall Albert Kesselring's forces defended against the invasion. Miraculously, Henry survived, but nearly all of his comrades, at the time, were killed in the Anzio battle.



(Continued on page 23)

R'garde-moué donc ça

par Grégoire Chabot

J'l'ai vu l'autre jour. J'l'ai quasiment pas reconnu. C't'ait pas sa face qui avait changé.

Non.

J'ai ben su tout de suite en le voyant que c'tait lui. Mais toutes les autres affaires avaient changé ben mal. La façon qui parlait. La façon qui r'gardait alentour, La façon qui essayait de montrer qui était hip en dansant avec la musique. Toute ça, c'tait quèque chose qui avait appris en dehors.

Pi c't'a bière-là qui buvait. Ç'avait un drôle de nom pi une drôle de senteur pi un drôle de gout. Y voulait m'en acheter une. Ça aussi, c'tait différent. Y m'avait offert ça en faisant des gros gestes pi en parlant ben fort pi en m'appelant son vieil ami. Ça arrive souvent, ça, avec le monde qui reviennent d'en dehors. Y veulent montrer qui ont pas changé pi qui sont pareils comme nous autres. Ça fait qui veulent toujours nous payer quèque chose. « Ouais, ouais. R'garde comment que ch't'un bon gars, moué. »

Mais ça marche pas. On a vu qui était pu comme nous autres la minute qui a entré. Même après une douzaine de « Hay, t'en souviens-ti quand on a .... » On voyait ben qui voulait montrer qui était mieux que nous autres en essayant en même temps d'être un de nous autres. C'est pas comme ça que ça marche. Faut choisir. Un ou l'autre. Pas tous les deux. J'pense qui savait ça mais y a essayé quand même.

Ça me faisait d'la peine un peu parce que c'tait vraiment pas de sa faute. C'est ses parents qui l'ont envoyé à l'école en dehors en quèque part. J'pense pas qui savaient où c'est qui ça allait tout aboutir, c't'affaire-là. Lui non plus. Nous autres non plus. On le voyait quand y revenait en vacances. On se reconnaissait. On se parlait. Mais peu à peu, les choses ont commencé à changer. Pour nous autres, y devenait de plus en plus étrange et étranger. Après une secousse, on avait plus grand-chose à se dire, lui pi nous autres.

Tu me parles d'un choix. Pi qui c'est qui a mieux choisi dans tout c't'affaire-là ? Icit ? Là-bas ? En dehors ? En dedans ? Étrange ? Étranger ?

Quoi c'est que tu veux. La place ayoù c'est qu'on l'a envoyé lui enseignait du stuff qui pourrait jamais usé icit. L'algèbre ? La seule chose qu'on a besoin de conter nous autres c'est les heures qu'on travaille chaque semaine. La grammaire ? Pourquoi passer toute son temps à savoir comment ce qu'on dit quèque chose quand on a ainque besoin de le dire. L'histoire ? Des hommes morts peuvent-ti me montrer comment débloquer la toilette ? Pi y se demandait comment ça se faisait qu'on comprenait pas quoi c'est qui nous disait. Ça fait qui a fallu qui reste là-bas, yoù c'est qu'on le comprenait.

Y a disparu pendant longtemps. Pi pendant c'temps-là, nous autres, on a continué à rester icit pi à faire nos affaires d'icit pi à devenir « icit ». Quand j'l'ai vu l'autre jour, j'pense qui voulait essayer une dernière fois de reconnecter. Y aurait du savoir que ça marcherait pas. Qu'il y avait plus d'espace entre nous autres que jamais. Y a essayé quand même. Pi après ça, y est reparti.

Y pourra pu revenir. Y a pu de place pour lui icit. J'sais pas si la place qui avait icit quand y était jeune a disparu ou benon qu'a éte pris par un autre. J'sais ainque qu'a est pu icit.

Comme ça, on le verra pu. Y a perdu sa place. Pi c'est de valeur, j'trouve.

Mais c'est ça la vie. On se fait une place pi faut y rester. Nous autres, y a pas de place pour nous autres ayoù c'est qui va, notre ancien chum. On a choisi icit, nous autres. Pi on est devenu icit.

On aimerait ben penser qu'on peut aller n'importe où pi faire n'importe quoi, Mais comme j'ai dit, c'est pas comme ça que ça marche. Faut choisir. Un ou l'autre. Pas tous les deux. On choisit un, pi l'autre disparaît. Pi on devient celui qu'on a choisi.

Icit.

Avec ses moulins pi ses bières du matin pi ses karaoke country-western du mardi soir où un peut gagner cinquante piastres qui nous paie un rêve de dix minutes où tout s'étend à perte de vue. Avant qu'on se souvienne que la seule ouverture icit mène ainque à la messe de six heures pi au restaurant des Syriens sur la Temple St. qui nous sert d'la poutine quand on en veut.

Tu me parles d'un choix. Pi qui c'est qui a mieux choisi dans tout c't'affaire-là ? Icit ? Là-bas ? En dehors ? En dedans ? Étrange ? Étranger ?

Aucune maudite idée. No tengo la minor idea. Cerveza, por favor.

(Sanford-Springvale Historical Society ~ Humble Heroes continued from page 22)

Anzio Battle for Rome chronicled in detail by Lloyd Clark.

During the history interview, the brother Arthur, who served in the Pacific and Philippines said, "We prayed a lot".

After the war, Henry and Walter enjoyed playing semi-professional sports. Both of the men are recognized in the Maine Baseball Hall of Fame.

Since the interview, only Robert is alive. He attended the historical presentation with his youngest brother, Norman, who had been too young to be drafted during World War II.

All veterans give up their most productive and youthful years to serve with humble pride in our military. I can honestly say that I've never met a boastful veteran. This is especially true when describing the five brothers, sons of Albert and Blanche L'Heureux, of Sanford. Their family are among Sanford's Franco-American humble heroes. Thank you to Robert and Norman L'Heureux, for attending this program.

About Juliana L'Heureux:

Juliana L'Heureux is a free lance writer who publishes news, blogs and articles about Franco-Americans and the French culture. She has written about the culture in weekly and bi-weekly articles, for the past 27 years.

http://francoamerican.bangordailynews.com/author/jlheureux/

Well, would ya look at that

by Grégoire Chabot

I saw him the other day. Almost didn't recognize him. His face hadn't changed

Nope.

The minute I saw that face, I was pretty sure who it was. But everything else had changed. The way he talked, The way he looked around, The way he tried to be oh so cool when he danced. It was all from away.

And that beer he was drinking. Funny name, funny smell, even funnier taste. He said he'd buy me one. That was different, too. He was talking too loud and moving his arms all over the place and calling me ol' buddy as much as he could. That happens a lot with people from here who go away. They try to prove that they haven't changed and that they're just like us. So they always want to buy us something. "Sure, sure. Look at what a great guy I am. Still."

Doesn't work. We knew he wasn't just like us the minute he walked in. Even after dozens of "Hey, remember when the both of us ... " We knew he was trying to show he was better than us while he tried to be just like us. Doesn't work that way. You have to choose. One or the other. Not both at once. Pretty sure he knew that but thought it was worth a try.

I felt bad in a way. It wasn't really his fault. It was his folks who packed him off to school somewhere away. Don't think they realized what would come of it all. Neither did he. Neither did we. We'd see him every once in a while when came back for vacation. We'd recognize him. We'd talk. But little by little, things changed. He became stranger and a stranger to us as time wore on. After a while, we found nothing to say to each other.

What do you expect ? What they were teaching him there was stuff he could never use here. Algebra? The only thing we have to figure is our hours at the end of the week. Grammar? What's the use of knowing why we say things the way we say them when it's so much easier just to say them? History? Can a bunch of dead people show me how to fix a blocked up toilet? And he wondered why we couldn't understand what he was trying to tell us. So he decided to stay there where people did understand him.

How's that for a choice? And who made the right choice, the best choice after all that? Here? There? Inside ? Outside ? Strange ? Stranger still ?

He stayed out of sight for the longest time. And during that time, we stayed here, doing our here things, and turning ourselves into here. When I saw him the other day, I figured he trying one last time to reconnect. He should have known it wouldn't work. That there was more of a gap than ever between us. Even so, he tried. And then he left.

He won't be able to come back now. There's no place for him here any more. Don't know if the place we had for him when he was young disappeared or if it was taken by somebody else. All I know is that it's not here any more.

So we'll never see him again. He's lost his place. And that's too bad.

But that's life. You make a place for yourself somewhere for who knows what reason and that's where you stay. For us, there's no place for us where our "ol' buddy" is going to end up. We chose here. And we've become here,

I'm sure we'd like to think that we could go anywhere and do anything. But like I said, doesn't work that way. You have to choose. One or the other. Not both at once. You choose one and the other disappears. And we become our choice.

Here.

With its mills and its after graveyard shift beers and Tuesday night karaokes where you can win fifty bucks that buys a ten minute dream where everything opens up as far as the eye can see. Until you remember that the only thing that opens up here takes you to six o'clock mass and to the Lebanese restaurant on Temple St. that will serve you poutine whenever you want it

How's that for a choice? And who made the right choice, the best choice after all that? Here? There? Inside ? Outside ? Strange ? Stranger still ?

Damned if I know. No tengo la minor idea. *Prendre un p'tit coup c'est agréable. Prendre un p'tit coup, c'est doux. .*

Les Quatre Saisons de Danté Hébert

par John François

Été

Melon d'eau

Quand Danté Hébert a vu Valsin Boudreau dans son clos de melons le trois de juillet, il a vite grimpé dans le grenier de son hangar pour le guetter. Il connaissait bien quoi Valsin faisait. Il cherchait le plus gros melon d'eau qu'il pouvait trouver. Et tout d'un coup, il a vu Valsin se pencher pour examiner un gros melon barré vert.

"Aha!" Danté se dit, "ç'est ça le melon."

Tous les ans, Valsin cassait son plus gros melon pour l'apporter chez les Héberts. Danté savait que c'était une autre manière de dire à Émilie qu'elle avait pas marié le meilleur homme.

"Il va pas me faire ça encore cette année," Danté se disait tandis qu'il marquait bien la place où Valsin était.

Danté plantait des melons aussi, mais n'importe quoi qu'il essayait, ses melons étaient jamais aussi gros que ceux de Valsin. Et chaque quatre de juillet, quand Valsin arrivait avec son melon en traîneau, Danté aurait pu se mordre les fesses, à force qu'il s'enrageait.

Alors, ce soir-là, Danté dit à Émilie, "Chère catin, je crois que je vas aller essayer de nous tuer un chaoui. Demain, pour le quatre, on va faire un 'tit barbeque."

"Oh, j'aimerais ça beaucoup," sa chère catin dit. Elle aimait bien la viande de chaoui. Mais, elle aurait aimé plutôt manger de la viande de rat de bois, mais Danté aimait pas trop cette bétaille, parce qu'il connaissait bien les choses pourries que les rats de bois mangent. Alors, quand il faisait nuit, Danté a pris son fusil à deux coups, sa lampe de carbide, et son sac de chasse, et à la porte, il dit. "Reste pas debout pour moi, parce que je connais pas à quelle heure je reviens."

Quand Cousin Dud, son vieux chien de chasse, l'a vu avec le fusil, il a commencé à sauter et japper et faire les quatre cents coups pour aller à la chasse avec son maître. Mais Danté l'a vite renfermé dans hangar où il a aussi laissé son fusil et sa lumière. Il avait seulement besoin du sac de chasse pour ce qu'il avait à faire.

"Reste ici, Dud, et tais-toi!" il dit au chien, qui se plaignait.

Quand il a parti, il a fait comme s'il

(Suite page 25)

(Les Quatre Saisons de Danté Hébert suite de page 24)

s'en allait vers le bois, en tout cas qu'Émilie le guettait. Pas longtemps après ça, il a viré vers le clos de melons à Valsin. Il s'a caché dans les grandes herbes près de la barrière du clos. Quand il a vu la lumière s'éteindre chez son voisin, il a vite foncé dans le clos, a trouvé le melon que Valsin lui aurait apporté le lendemain et l'a mit dans son sac. Quand il est arrivé chez lui, Cousin Dud a commencé à hurler et se garocher contre la porte de l'hangar.

"Maudite carcasse de puces!" Danté a jurait. "S'il se tait pas, Émilie va sortir voir quoi y a." Au même temps, il a entendu Émilie sauter du lit. Alors, il s'est vite caché avec le melon sous la maison. Émilie a sorti sur la galerie en essayant de comprendre quoi c'est qu'il se passait avec le chien.

Elle a crié, "Qui est là?"

Dud a commencé à jappé plus fort, et à grafigné la porte.

"Mais, ça sonne comme si le chien est dans l'hangar," elle se dit. Émilie se dépêche pour voir, et quand elle ouvre la porte, Dud sort et a fait un 'beeline' pour la maison. C'est là qu'Émilie a vu le fusil et la lampe de carbide. "Mais, jamais de la vie," elle dit. "Danté a renfermé le chien, et là, pauv'e bête, il a oublié son fusil et sa lampe!"

Tout ce temps-là, Dud jappait sous la maison. Émilie a pris le fusil, et a avancé pour voir quoi le chien était derrière. Elle a entendu comme une tape, et le chien a lâché un petit cri et a sorti du dessous de la maison avec la queue entre les jambes.

"Quoi y'a, Dud? Quoi y'a eu?"

Et Dud, encouragé par les mots doux de sa maîtresse, a retourné sous la maison. Émilie s'est accroupie pour mieux voir quoi le chien était derrière. C'est là qu'elle a vu comme une grosse bêtaille avec une grosse tête ronde.

"Viens ici, Dud!" Émilie a crié en peur. Quand le chien a sorti, Émilie a pointé le fusil vers la grosse tête de la bêtaille, et en tremblant, elle a halé la gâchette. Au même temps, Danté a poussé un cri, mais c'était trop tard. Elle avait tiré.

Étonnée, elle dit, "Oh, Bon Dieu, je crois que j'ai tué quelqu'un!" Au même temps, Cousin Dud se retourne sous la maison.

"Pour l'amour de Dieu, Émilie!" Danté crie, "c'est moi!"

Émilie, plus étonnée que jamais, dit, "Danté?"

Faiblement, il dit, "Ouay."

"Mais quoi tu fais sous la maison?"

"Arrête. Laisse-moi sortir. Dud, arrête de me licher la figure!"

Quand il a sorti, Émilie a commencé à crier de nouveau. Elle pouvait voir que Danté était couvert de sang. "Oh, yé yaille! Oh, Bon Dieu! Je t'ai frappé! T'es couvert de sang!"

Danté se passe la main à la figure. "Non, je crois pas c'est du sang. C'est des morceaux de melon."

"Mais, jamais de la vie! Je connais pas quoi croire. Tu peux bien m'expliquer quoi tu fais sous la maison avec un melon?"

Danté a essayé d'expliquer le mieux q'il pouvait. Quand il a fini, Émilie dit, "T'as volé un des melons de Valsin? Mais, pourquoi? On a des melons. On a pas besoin de voler les siens."

"Je connais ça, mais guette, demain il va venir avec son melon, et je voulais lui montrer que les miens sont aussi gros que les siens. Tu comprends, asteur?"

Quand Valsin est arrivé en traineau le lendemain avec un de ses gros melons barrés verts, il a demandé si Danté avait tué quelque chose hier soir, parce qu'il avait entendu un coup de fusil autour de dix heures.

Émilie a pris la parole. "Non, c'était pas Danté qu'a tiré. C'était moi. J'ai trouvé une grosse bête puante sous la maison."

"Mais, Émilie," Valsin dit, "comment brave tu es. Mais, pourtant, je sens pas d'odeur de bête puante. C'était peut-être un chaoui? Et tu l'a tuée?"

"Non, j'ai manqué, mais peut-être tu peux sentir quelque chose d'autre. Je crois que je lui ai fait assez peur qu'il a fait caca!"

Valsin a commencer à rire, mais là, il voyait que Danté avait la mien très serieuse. "Alors," il dit, "hier soir, quelqu'un m'a volé un de mes plus gros melons. Danté, t'as pas peut-être vu quelqu'un dans mon clos?"

"Non," Danté dit, "mais, t'es chanceux quand même, juste un melon. Moi, les voleurs ont tous pris mes plus gros! Tout qui me reste sont les petits. Pourtant, j'en avais qui étaient plus gros que ton melon-là."

Émilie a rit. "Peut-être les voleurs, c'était des grosses bêtes puantes."

LA FRANCOPHONIE IN NASHUA 2018

by Dominique Boutaud

In 2018, La Francophonie (the French-speaking world) came to Nashua, New Hampshire and together they created a rich cultural experience worth sharing.

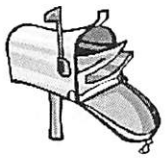
As we know, the French language is spoken in many countries around the world, and each has much to teach us about their culture. Over the past month, several events were held that attracted immigrants, francophiles and those who were simply curious to learn about and participate in those cultures.

Fittingly, the Francophonie program began with the ceremonial flag raising at City Hall. A number of public figures addressed the crowd that morning, including the Mayor of Nashua, Jim Donchess. Laurence Gagnon of the Quebec Delegation and Amandine Lebas from the French Consulate also spoke highlighting the importance of the French language and culture in New Hampshire. In the end, when event organizer and artist Dominique Boutaud rose to speak, she had a considerable list of people to thank for their help and participation.

All month, the Nashua Public Library displayed an installation of panels, which told the history of the Franco-American people starting from origins in Quebec. These powerful historical panels, originally from the "Oui Francos are still here" exhibit at the Castle in the Clouds, are the product of considerable work done by Jo-Ann Belanger and brought to Nashua by the Franco-American Centre of New Hampshire.

March also saw three separate open-to-the-public French conversation groups, including an extension of the Franco-Amer-

(Continued on page 33)



Lettres/ Letters

Dear Le Forum,

On March 12th, I, along with several other community members was fortunate enough to attend a gathering at the Franco Centre at the University of Maine. The gathering was for some visiting students of a French program from NYU accompanied by their professor and his assistant. The students came from places like Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, Tennessee and China, the places I can remember.

They were on an excursion to learn more about the Franco-American Heritage and their plans included interviewing members of the community. Their first stop before the Orono campus was in Lowell, Massachusetts a mill town built around the French who migrated from Canada. After a visit to Orono, stops were planned for Quebec City and Montreal before heading back to school.

The time spent at the Franco Centre included a presentation about a small island located in Old Town, Maine called French Island that was settled by French immigrants mostly from the Quebec region. The speaker, Amy (Bouchard) Morin was one of a group who interviewed families that lived there and produced a book of those interviews. People wanted to buy it, so the group put together the interviews along with the history of the island into a book called, "Nos Histoires de I'lle" [History and memories of French Island, Old Town, Maine]. The book sold out and still people wanted copies. To raise money to produce more copies a cookbook was produced called "Nos Histoires de I'lle livre de cuisine" [A Collection of Recipes from French Island in Old Town, Maine]. Authentic Franco recipes were copied from their mother's and grandmother's recipe boxes and organized by season. Amy also had a slide presentation with lots of pictures from the days of living on French Island and their families.

After this wonderful program, Lisa Desjardins Michaud served a wonderful meal of Acadian Chicken Stew, ployes, cookies, tea or coffee. Entertainment also was provided with fiddle playing by Lionel Doucette accompanied by Germaine Cormier on the piano. Then it was time for the interviews.

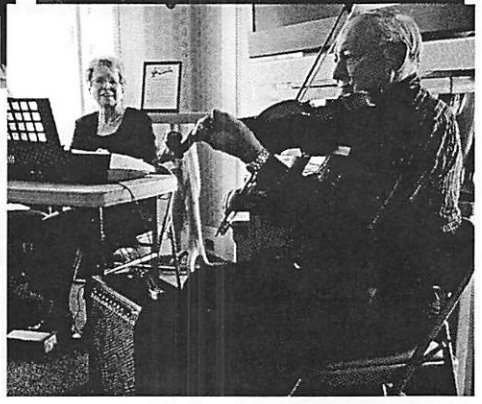
Despite the fact I lacked the ability to speak French it intrigued the students as to why. I grew up in a home with only one parent who could speak French at one time. During my father's growing up years French was only spoken in the home. Outside the home it was a stigma, it was bad enough having a French surname and being Catholic, but to speak French could get you into a lot of trouble. You see my father grew up during the time when the KKK (Ku Klux Klan) was active in the state of Maine, and they were here because they didn't like "French Catholics". It wasn't as bad for me but by then the French language from Quebec was considered a "slang" because the instructors were teaching Parisian French and that usually got me into trouble. The Catholic Church and school I attended had at one time been only for Irish Catholics, but slowly times were changing.

I was asked questions by several students but the one I was intrigued by was the young man from China. He spoke four languages and was not only curious about my Franco-American heritage, but of the fact my maternal side had been in Maine for 12 generations and I was very involved in my ancestry. He spoke to me about his ancestry and how it is passed down from generation to generation and I told him about my research into both my French and English sides and what a great collection we had here at the Franco Centre for researching our French roots. He was also interested in knowing about life in Maine and about getting to see Quebec City and I told him about places I had seen up there and hoped to see again.

As usual the time there ended way too soon and our guests needed to continue their journey, but what a great way for different generations to mingle together and discuss a common subject. I have learned so much since becoming a member of the Franco Centre, I can research and learn about my Franco-American roots, attend events and talk with the French students who attend the University of Maine. I hope the University realizes what an asset the Franco-American Centre is to the students and community.

Thank you Lisa Desjardins Michaud for organizing this fantastic event!

Debbie Roberge, Old Town, ME



A Special Friendship

by Martha Whitehouse
Hampden, ME

As a hospice volunteer in 2014, I was assigned to visit a hospice patient in her mid-nineties one day a week for a couple of hours. When I first met Kay, she was living with her son and daughter-in-law. Later, when her health needs increased, I had weekly visits with her at a comfortable assisted living residence nearby. Kay was legally blind by then, but she wasn't going to let that stop her. "I can still see shadows." Kay was outgoing, witty, fun to be with, and I learned much about life from her. I enjoyed those weekly visits with that lovable friend for well over a year before she died, and precious memories still make me smile four years later.

On one weekly visit to the assisted living residence, Kay confided to me that she wasn't exactly 'fitting in' with the other ladies who sat with her at their shared table in the dining room. The others would talk about their Maine childhoods, favorite recipes, especially seafood recipes, and the Boston Red Sox. Kay, on the other hand, spent her childhood in the Bronx, didn't much like their kind of fish, and loved her Yankees. So Kay was a bit lonely at mealtimes. But the person who concerned Kay the most was Bertie, who sat across the table from her. Bertie wasn't friendly or outgoing either, but Kay told me she also seemed disgruntled at times. Kay thought Bertie might really be unhappy, so she told me that she had lately been working at being Bertie's friend at mealtimes. She told me it hadn't been easy but, after a while, Bertie began to open up. She finally told Kay, "I used to speak French with my father and my sister, but that was a long time ago."

Kay finished her story by asking me, "Will you meet with Bertie to speak French with her since you can speak French?" I told her that my degree in 'classroom French' nearly fifty years earlier, followed by six months in France, would probably not be the best match for Bertie's Canadian French. Then I told her about a wonderful, caring friend of mine who, like Bertie, grew up in Maine speaking French. Kay immediately asked, "Would you please introduce her to Bertie? She needs a friend who can speak her French!" "Yes, I will see if she can come next week."

My friend Lisa met with Bertie, not just one time as I had requested, but on a weekly basis from then on. They spoke the French that Bertie remembered from long ago. For a long time, Bertie didn't know what to make of Lisa. "Why are you coming every week to see me?" It was almost as if she didn't believe that anyone but her own daughter could care about her.

Lisa continued to look forward to visits with this hesitant new friend. Little by little, those visits became important to Bertie, too. After a while, if Lisa missed a week, she'd hear from Bertie, "Where were you?" There was always a good reason why her new friend hadn't shown up, but the sad thing was that Bertie never gave Lisa her phone number so she could be reached. Was Bertie being cautious to avoid getting too close to someone only to lose that person, too? Lisa didn't know but she always respected Bertie's wishes and boundaries.

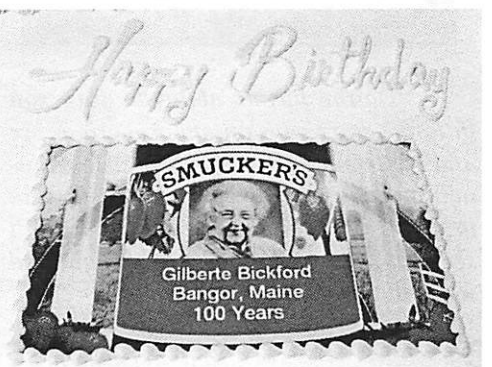
Their special friendship has lasted four years and continues to this day. Lisa excitably told me last week that Bertie would be 100 years old on March 15th, and that she had been invited to the birthday celebration by Bertie's daughter! I just happened to be watching the evening news on March 15th and was surprised to see that Bertie and her 100 year birthday milestone was being featured at the end of the 6 o'clock news on Channel 2! The very next day I got an email from Lisa, wanting to share the beautiful photo of the two of them at the party. Bertie was seated with a crown on her head, a corsage on her bodice and a celebratory birthday sash across her shoulder. Lisa was sitting next to her, smiling, with her arm across the back of Bertie's 'throne'.

Lisa and Bertie

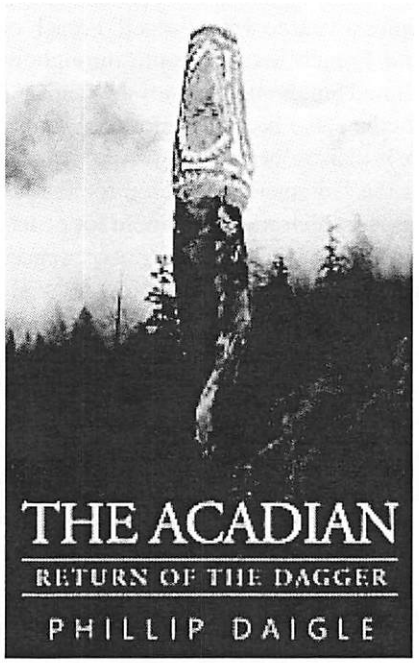
Bertie's forever friend, Lisa Desjardins Michaud, is the long-time Editor of *Le Forum,* which she pulls together, prints, and sends out (with help from some friends) four times a year to 1500 French, French origin and French loving people throughout the United States and beyond. I would add that she has also been the unofficial 'maitresse de la maison' at the Franco-American Center at the University of Maine for the last 22 years, which means a whole lot of us who have visited the Center have experienced her welcoming smile.

Lisa is advisor of the FAROG (Franco-American Resource Opportunity Group) student group as well as lead organizer for the Centre's community group when the university is in session. There are lots of films to be watched and other topics to discuss. She is quick to assist any and all who arrive at the door looking to trace their French ancestry. With the help of friends she has organized and set up a special French genealogical library of many volumes and resource materials. Lisa plans and carries out programs that include holiday parties, kitchen parties, visits from authors, genealogists, musicians, singers, dancers, visitors from Africa, raises funding for Centre initiatives and more that I'm probably just not remembering. Lisa is also great at planning day and overnight trips around Maine, and even into Quebec and New Brunswick. If there is a French program or celebration anywhere within driving distance, Lisa is game. You are always welcome at the Franco-American Center at the University of Maine if you are French, a little bit French, or not a bit French but you've heard it's a great place to visit.

And Lisa still has time for work, family, friends, church... and her dear friend Bertie!

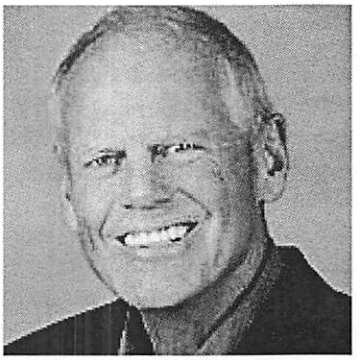


BOOKS/ LIVRES...



The Acadian - Return of the Dagger

by PHILLIP DAIGLE



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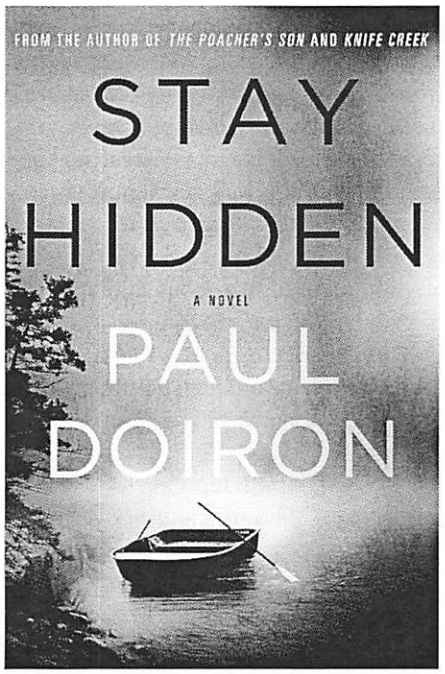

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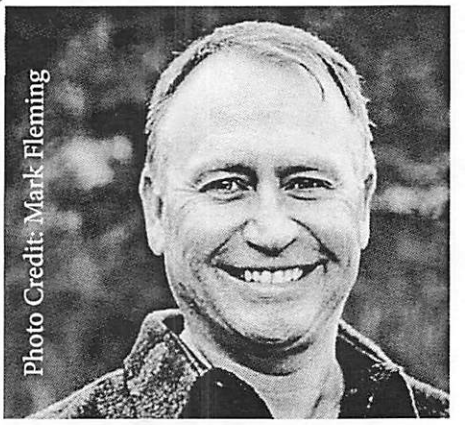

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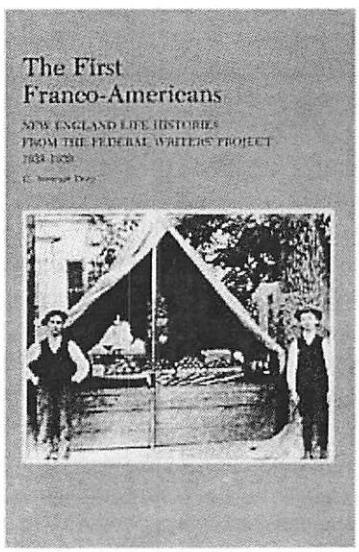
French-American immigration – five resource books

February 8, 2018 Franco-American News and CultureC. Stweard Doty, Federal Writers Project, Felix Albert, Francoise Furstenberg, University of Maine at Orono Press, Why They Came

By Juliana L'Heureux

C. Stewart Doty wrote in the introduction of *"The First Franco-Americans: New England Life Histories from the Federal Writers' Project 1930-1939"* (published in 1985, by University of Maine at Orono Press): "French speakers immigrated to New England from Quebec and Acadia (Nova Scotia). Surprisingly, we still know very little about their experiences in the new land. Thanks to census studies, we do have a good idea where these immigrants came from and where they settled." It's noteworthy to read how Doty dedicated this collected history, "For the Franco-American students of the University of Maine; that they might better know their heritage."

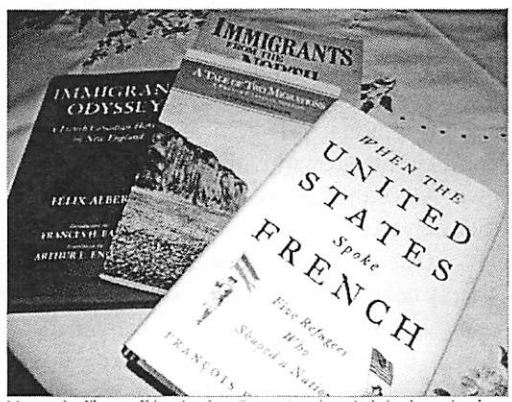


The First Franco-Americans- New England Life Histories from the Federal Writers Project 1938-1939

America's immigration news continues to be a trending topic, but the history about French-American immigration is seldom mentioned in the complex "great melting pot". A recent blog about "Why They Came", was a retrospective about the roots of Franco-American immigration, updated with information about our newest French-African immigrants.

Expert writings and lectures by the late Professor C. Stewart Doty (1928-2011), provided context about the impact of the Franco-American immigration experience. Nevertheless, the motivation for the French immigration waves, beginning with colonial settlements in Quebec and Nova Scotia, are usually written in French. Unfortunately, many are not widely read, unless they happen to be published in an English translation.

In my growing library, including dozens of books collected about the French in North America, I quickly pulled out five histories about French-American immigration and the influence the immigrants, some of them refugees, had on our nation's history.



My growing library of histories about Franco-Americans includes the stories about refugees and immigration.

As an original source reference, not reported through a third person, *"Immigrant Odyssey: A French-Canadian Habitant in New England"*, is the compelling history about the pride of one particular Franco-American immigrant named Félix Albert. It's also titled *"A bilingual edition of histoire d'un enfant pauvre"* (History of a poor child.) This memoir was originally written in the French vernacular, spoken by Hebert, when he told his story to the narrator. In The University of Maine Press edition, published in 1991, the history is translated into English, by Arthur L. Eno, Jr.

The importance of Hebert's memoir is explained in the book's introduction, written by Frances H. Early. *"Why is the life of Félix Albert important?"* In fact, his autobiography was almost lost to history, until it was discovered by a local historian Richard Santerre, in a Lowell, Mass, attic. It's a life history of about "plain people".

Although men and women who achieved greatness were often the subject of memoirs, the North American immigrants, the French-Canadians, almost never wrote their stories because most of them were, unfortunately, illiterate. Hebert told his memoir to an unknown scribe (probably a priest) in the context of the dire economic situation that existed in Quebec in the second half of the 19th century.

At the time of the immigration to the US from Quebec, the French-Canadian society was undergoing tremendous change. Its population experienced a demographic-agricultural crises of enormous proportions, as well as the beginnings of large-scale industrialization. Those developments brought about changes to older, rural-based economic, and social structures and values. As a result, an exodus of French-Canadians occurred. They were motivated to make the very difficult decision to leave their homes and families in Quebec, and start a new life in Maine and New England.

My "go to" book about French-Canadian immigration is *"Immigrants from the North"*, written by the students at the Hyde School in Bath, Maine, with an endorsement by Edmund S. Muskie, former Maine governor and Secretary of State for President Jimmy Carter. In this excellent and concise publication, the student authors learned how the French-Canadians were struggling to survive on their Quebec farms when the opportunity arose to find employment in New England's industrializing cities, during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Each well written chapter describes a segment of the French immigration history, including the assimilation of the culture into America's melting pot.

"A Tale of Two Migrations: A French Canadian Odyssey", by Patricia Demers Kaneda, is a family history written in fictional narrative. In the book's dedication, Kaneda writes, "...this book is dedicated to those who are gone but not forgotten". In the introduction, she adds, "If you are one of the over five million descendants of those original ten thousand (ie, immigrants) who settled

(Continued on page 37)

In Search of Lewiston Relatives of Napoleon Coulombe His Sons And, Possibly, the Grandchildren, also named, Coulombe

By

Gérard Coulombe

When I was twenty-two, intent on marrying the girl who would be my wife, she was a student at Saint Mary's School of Nursing, and, as I wanted to visit with her on occasion, on weekends, I did what I, as a veteran of the Air Force, had learned to do which was to find an economical place to stay on visits to Lewiston to visit her, preferably, at no cost to me. I had a construction job that summer, lived in a tent at the time, to save money which I did not have, but I dug into wet clay with a spade and slung a hammer to drive in a spike.

My parents were still living at the time, but I do not recall ever telling them, that I was taking advantage of a relative of my dad's. I recalled even after so many years, exactly where the gentleman and his wife lived. I supposed they were relatives because my dad, when he was an old young man, was in the habit of visiting "relatives' whose relationships were not always known to me, exactly. They were, in my mind, related, but my father never bothered to explain to me just exactly how these relations, who were always very welcoming people, were related, exactly.

And so, on one of those trips to Lewiston, I walked up a sidewalk for a very long walk from downtown Lewiston along a road toward which a place I hardly remembered knowing, except that my "relatives" lived in a house at the corner of a side street across which there stood a big Catholic Church and behind the church there was an equally big Catholic elementary school.

I found the house exactly where I thought it would be. I re-introduced myself. I was welcomed. And, however, related to me they were or might have been, they became my hosts and, I, their guest on those weekends when I could leave work on a bridge construction that summer to visit with my wife to be.

Both, Napoleon and his wife, whose name, I do not recall, were very generous. I did not have a car at the time. My girlfriend and I walked everywhere we went.

When I was young, I frequently forgot that I had younger siblings. I practically grew up with that feeling, which I think, in retrospect, might not have been uncommon for young boys, in those days, to grow up with the foreknowledge that it would be, more than likely, my future to grow up and then help support my parents and siblings as soon as I turned sixteen and could apply to work in the mills.

I do have two sisters who were younger; one, the oldest has passed, and the youngest, now in her early eighties, lives in Vermont--her home sandwiched between mountains. The older of my two sisters, Thérèse, was married to Raymond Collard, 86, of Biddeford. They had six children, all grown themselves; their children are adults with children of their own, and, now, even some of their children have married and have children of their own, but unlike our parents, all of them own their own homes. The younger of my sisters is named Julienne. She married Gérard Asselin, the latter a college graduate. Together, they had six children, all grown, with children of their own. All of the children have done well for themselves.

Our parents never owned a car. They simply never did. My father worked the second shift all his life, which practically made him an absent partner to my mother while he worked, in silence, nearly all his life and never forgot to say his prayers after midnight

Of the several trips I took, just me and my Dad, one was to Hartford on two occasions when my Canadian uncles were visiting, together, with my father in Biddeford, and I accompanied them in a rental car that my father paid for out of the little savings he had for this purpose, possibly. We went on those occasions to Hartford, Connecticut to visit my aunt, my father's sister and, of course, sister to all the other boys on the trip. She lived with her husband and son near the capitol building and across the street from a hospital. What I recall is that I was impressed by the fact that I had heard that my Uncle Bouthet had been gassed during the First World War. Their son later died in Iraq during World War II.

On other occasions, my dad would rent a car and driver; he would never take a bus, to Lewiston, Maine, where he had a cousin, uncle, whatever? All I knew is that we were related and that somehow, sometime, this Napoleon, as this was his name, had had some trouble with the law--something I was told by my mother I believe, for it is something my father would never have said. For, he was never that loquaciously interested in small talk.

My uncle, maybe my father's cousin, I do not know to this day, which one he was, and his wife had two sons. And as this was when the Second World War was going on, they were both on active duty in the Air Force.

One was aboard a B-24, newly constructed, on a flight to Hawaii. A member of the crew, I believe he was, maybe the radio operator. I am not certain of this, although I am in possession of the "accident" report prepared by those who did such things during the war. I know that his name is inscribed on a big board in San Francisco, a park, near the Golden Gate Bridge, listing the names of all those who went down at sea while ferrying or moving their aircraft toward deployment bases in the active Pacific Island War Zones. My wife and I happened to have read his name and said a prayer one day when we happened to be visiting San Francisco, having attended a conference in San Diego previously, and deciding that we should extend our vacation, we had to do so by train, traveling along the coast.

There was the first the Coulombe brother mentioned above, this sibling, also named Coulombe, of course, I do not recall his first name, was in the U. S. Army Air Force at the same time as was his brother. He was stationed in North Africa during WW II. I had learned this about but I had not heard of the other passing in the war.

(Continued on page 31)

From Quebec to Connecticut

by Julianne Mangin, March 30, 2018

Originally appeared in https://juliannemangin.com/2018/03/27/from-quebec-to-connecticut/

I have spent the last six years researching and writing about the five women in my family tree who were mentally ill and committed to state hospitals. Along the way, I learned that they were descended from French-Canadians who immigrated to the U.S. in the late nineteenth century. Throughout the preceding fifty-five years of my life, I knew very little about my Quebecois heritage.

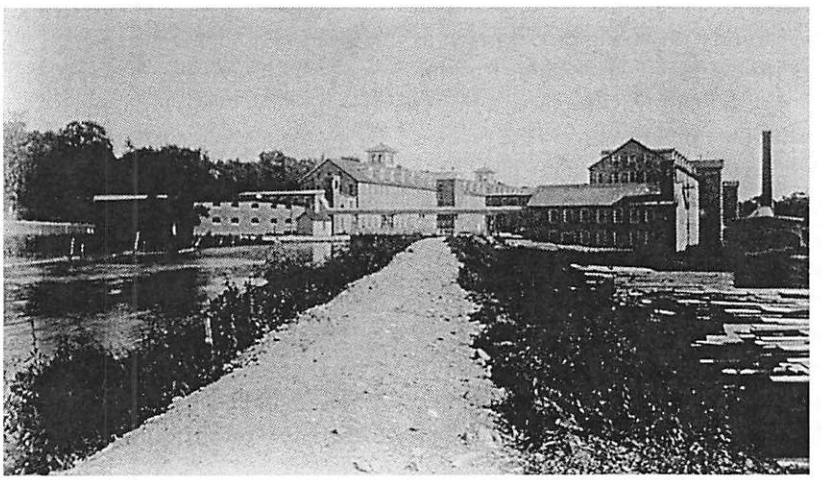
The Quinebaug Mill in Danielson, Connecticut is where several of my French-Canadian ancestors worked, after leaving their Quebec villages. These photos, from the collections of the Killingly Historical and Genealogical Society, offered me a window into what my great-grandparents' working lives were like.

My French-Canadian Heritage

It was no secret to me that my maternal grandmother, Beatrice, was of French-Canadian descent. She was born in Connecticut in 1901, but was surrounded by an extended family who had been born in Quebec and who maintained many of their French Catholic customs. Until I began researching the family tree, I didn't know much at all about her cultural heritage. This is not surprising, given the disintegration of my mother's family. While Mom was growing up, Beatrice was committed to Norwich State Hospital, diagnosed with schizophrenia. Mom was put in the county home because her Anglo-American father couldn't take care of her. No relative from her mother's family offered Mom a place in their home, effectively cutting her off from French-Canadian culture and traditions.

When I finally got around to tackling the family history, one of the first things I learned was why my French-Canadian ancestors ended up in Danielson, Connecticut. I had always thought that it was an individual decision on their part to leave Quebec. I was surprised to learn that they were swept up in a mass migration of French-Canadians who came to New England, mostly seeking work in textile mills -- 900,000 between 1840 and 1930.

These numbers represent a staggering population shift, one that was never mentioned in any American history course I ever took. This omission may have been more of a factor in my not knowing about my heritage than Mom's estrangement from her French-Canadian relatives. Writer and researcher David Vermette goes in great detail on this subject in his blog French North America, in particular his post entitled, "Why Are Franco-Americans So Invisible?" Among the several good points he made, is the fact that many Americans are indifferent to Canada, its culture, and its history.



Quinebaug Mill and canal, ca. 1901. Danielson, Connecticut. Courtesy Killingly Historical and Genealogical Society

My Immigrant Ancestors

In 1879, my great-great-parents, David and Rosalie Metthe immigrated to the

(Continued on page 32)

(In Search of Lewiston Relatives of Napoleon Coulombe His Sons And, Possibly, the Grandchildren, also named, Coulombe continued from page 30)

The second brother, named Coulombe, whose father was also Napoleon Coulombe, also served in the same war but had been stationed in either the African or European theatre [maybe both]. His job was also that of a radio operator and gunner, for so I read somewhere, and survived 50 missions. [This is a big number of missions to survive whose mission it was to fly aboard an aircraft, which missioned to fly low over enemy ground forces or installations.

Although designed as a bomber, the objective of this aircraft was to fly low in order to avoid radar and to hit enemy ground forces and their installations by surprise, bunkers, tanks, convoys, trains and the like. I thought or I might have just imagined that my cousin flew in a low flying, two engine attack bomber called the A-20 on a low-flying mission against ground, military targets.

But I thought that I read, when I came across a front-page piece of his death in a Lewiston paper when my "cousin" died some years ago, that he had actually flown as either a radio/operator, gunner, during the war, over European shores and against enemy land forces and not in Africa as I might have imagined the war as a young boy enthralled by the idea of flight in war at the time

All the while, when I was young watching the "Movietone News" at the movies deflate all aspects of war that I had ever imagined from the books had enjoyed looking paging through on visits to an aunt's house in the country. Maybe my relative, [so I have thought of him and his brother] flew crew on USAF aircrafts, the A-Two and the B 25, for all I know. In any case, 50 is a lot of missions for a survivor in a low flying aircraft against enemy ground forces, more than likely, targeting the aircraft that my cousin flew in as a crew member in the early and later years of the war was the enemy, then. His brother in a B-24, a jinxed fourengine high wing twin rudder bomber was a jinxed aircraft from its very beginning.

[I would appreciate hearing from readers familiar with this story about my relatives, such as it is. There was, I have heard, a front-page obit in one of the Lewiston Maine, newspapers. Descendants can also contact me by emailat gcoulombe92@gmail.com.]

(From Quebec to Connecticut continued from page 31)

U.S. They left the village of Saint-Sébastien for Danielson, Connecticut with two small children. One of them was my great-grandfather, Philippe.

In 1885, my other French-Canadian great-great grandparents, Pierre and Azilda Bonneau, left Quebec and settled in Danielson as well. They brought with them four young daughters, including Graziella, my great-grandmother.

Before they left Canada, the Metthe and Bonneau families had lived in rural villages not far from the U.S.-Vermont border. David was a farm worker and Pierre was a butcher. I think both of them would have been happy to stay in Quebec, were it not for an agricultural economic crisis that threatened their livelihoods and their families' well-being. They followed the stream of Quebecois to New England, hoping for a better life.

Graziella's Mental Breakdown

My great-grandmother Graziella was the first of my ancestors to be committed to Norwich State Hospital. As I learned more about the family history, I could see that she'd had to adapt to significant changes in her circumstances. She had come from an insular community populated by people sharing the same customs, language, and Roman Catholic faith. By the beginning of the twentieth century, however, she was living in Danielson, where Anglo-American customs prevailed, the predominant language was English, and many of their neighbors attended a Protestant church. Her ancestors had farmed in Quebec for decades, but at the end of the nineteenth century, she and her parents were in the U.S., working in a textile mill.

In 1899, Philippe Metthe married Graziella Bonneau, when they were in their early twenties. According to the 1900 U.S. Census, both of them worked in a textile mill, probably the Quinebaug Mill Company. If they were typical mill employees, they would have worked twelve- or thirteen-hour days, six days a week. If they were lucky, Saturday might have been only half-day, although a half-day in 1900 would almost be as long as what we would consider a full day of work in the twenty-first century.

Philippe Metthe worked as a spinner, tending the machines on which wool or cotton fibers were converted into thread. Dozens of whirling bobbins gathered up the thread under his watchful eye. Whenever a bobbin became full, Philippe would have to snatch it from the running machine and rapidly replace it with an empty one. Depending on the number of spinning machines he was responsible for at any one time, he might have had to rely on young boys known as "doffers" to exchange the bobbins for him. Once a new bobbin was in place, a doffer would start the thread on it, and the process would begin anew. Philippe may have been on his feet all day, except for his lunch break.

Meanwhile, his wife Graziella sat at a machine that knitted hosiery, hour after hour, performing the same repetitive motions to produce ordinary black socks. In the early twentieth century, immigrant workers such as Philippe and Graziella fueled the textile industry, and were rewarded with long hours, low pay, and the feeling that they were only nameless cogs in an enormous machine.

I don't know for sure why Graziella became mentally ill. Maybe she was emotionally ill-equipped to deal with the grind of working in a textile mill. Although she probably stopped working at the mill once she started having children, this may have caused her a different kind of stress. She gave birth five times in the space of seven years. She and Philippe were so poor that they had to move in with her parents. Pierre and Azilda had no room for their daughter's family in their small house. The only accommodations they could offer Graziella, Philippe, and the children was the shed in the backyard.

Philippe the Prodigal Father

There was another possible contribution to Graziella's deteriorating mental state: her husband Philippe was a rogue. By following up on clues in Graziella's patient record from Norwich State Hospital and by searching digital newspapers, I learn about some of his activities -- everything from his bowling scores, to his service on the board of the local Société Saint-Jean-Baptiste, to a scandal that caused him to be banished from my grandmother's young life.

All Mom had ever told me about my great-grandfather was that he had deserted his wife and children and returned to Canada. What really happened was much more complicated. How my French-Canadian family handled the difficulties they faced were kept secret from me, my mother, and

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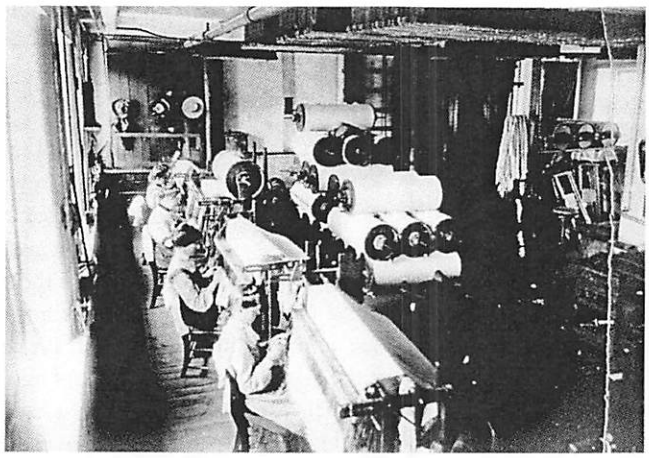
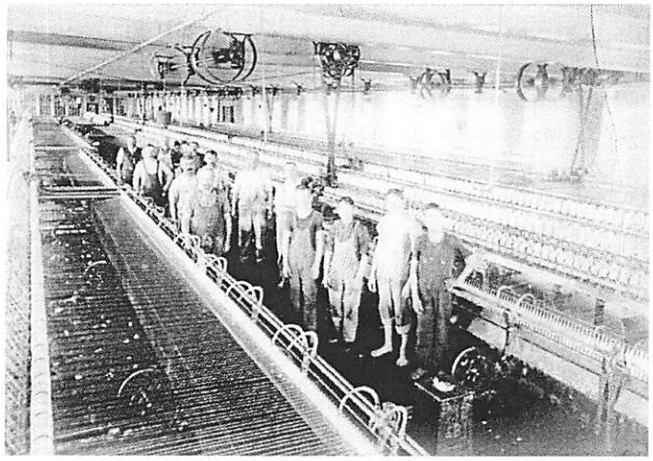


Women drawing in warp threads, Quinebaug Mill, ca. 1901. Danielson, Connecticut. Courtesy Killingly Historical and Genealogical Society



Spinners and overseer, Quinebaug Mill, ca. 1901. Danielson, Connecticut. Courtesy Killingly Historical and Genealogical Society

(LA FRANCOPHONIE IN NASHUA 2018 continued from page 25)

ican Centre's typically Manchester-based "Pret à Parler" and one by the "La Coterie" discussion group organized by Lee Caron. Here people were able to connect more personally and exchange ideas on a number of different subjects and enjoy some time together in French.

The Nashua Public Library also transformed itself into a French cinema for the month of the Francophonie. "Un Rêve Americain," a film in collaboration with Franco-Ontarian musician Damien Robitaille, took the audience along for a trip across the United States in a voyage of discovery for French-Canadian descendants in the places where they now live. "Le Choix de Theo" by Thomas Cauvin, a French man living in Louisiana, showed how people in Louisiana have tried to keep their French language over the years and the difficulties they've faced along the way.

The film series culminated with a very special screening of "Cassures." This movie by Cassandre Thrasybule, a Haitian woman living in New York, follows the paths and complex situation of a Haitian family that is separated, with some moving to the United States and others staying in Haiti. Supported by Garry Merveille from the Haitian consulate in Boston, the filmmaker herself was there in person to present her movie and respond to audience questions.

The capstone for the month was an event of diverse demonstrations, discussions, and music.

John Tousignant, executive director of the Franco-American Center of New Hampshire, acted as master of ceremonies. He took to a festively decorated stage of francophone flags, panels from local French clubs, baskets, an Eiffel tower, and a handmade birch bark canoe by historian and proud Franco-American Henri Vaillancourt.

M. Tousignant turned the group's focus to the upcoming generation of French speakers. He showed a collection of French student videos from the 2017 YouTube contest by the Euclide Gilbert French Language Foundation. French Teacher Susan Mead of Pelham Memorial School also read some of her students' thoughts about the French language to show how impassioned they are by the French language.

From there the group took an international tour.

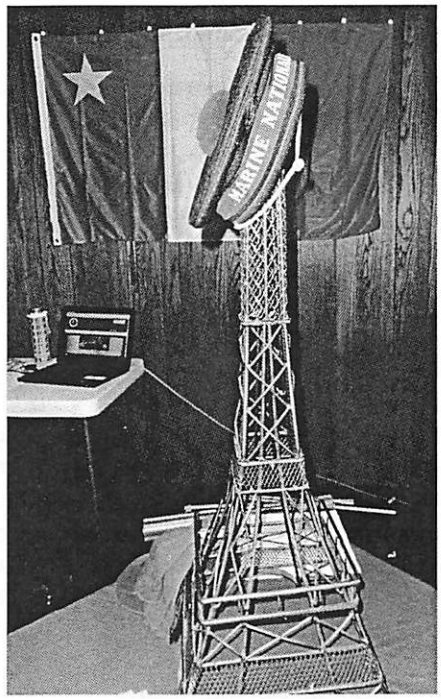
Marcel and Martine Rukema from the Congo sang, told stories and answered questions about their home country. Roger L'Heureux played the French and American national anthems on his accordion. Brazilians Sandra and Miles Regina Da Rocha Pratt explained the meaning of the Brazilian Flag and held a small soccer demonstration, Glenn Davison shared his knowledge of the kites of France and French Canada, complete with examples, demonstrations and lighted kites for night flying. Pascal D'Amboise, originally from Quebec, did a comedy routine, and local French radio personality Roger Lacerte discussed the history of people from Quebec living in New England.

To close the celebration, the talented Josée Vachon took the stage serenaded the crowd with beautiful music and energized the crowd with her signature combination guitar and clogging.

It was an eye-opening, fun, and inspiring day that is truly difficult to put into words.

The celebration of La Francophonie in Nashua was in many ways a renewed acknowledgement of that city's rich French history and the discovery of its vibrant French present. With the enthusiasm and joy we experienced, many are asking to participate next year, and we hope to have more countries involved, showing the very simple and interesting activities of daily life throughout La Francophonie.

Le mois de la Francophonie in Nashua was possible thanks to the support of the Mayor of Nashua, Jim Donchess; OneGreater Nashua; the Nashua Cultural Connection Committee; the Nashua Public Library; The Nashua Telegraph; Laurence Gagnon of the Quebec Delegation in Boston; Amandine Lebas, Deputy Consul General of France in Boston; M. Garry Merveille,Consul General of Haiti in Boston; The Franco-American Centre located in Manchester; the Nashua Richelieu Club; La Coterie; Roger Lacerte and his radio program "Chez Nous"; our volunteers. Most of all, it was made possible by the francophone and francophile people of New Hampshire and Massachusetts who made it a success.



(From Quebec to Connecticut continued from page 32)

my grandmother. Being kept in the dark about the family history had repercussions from my grandmother's generation down to mine. By writing the family saga, I not only reveal old secrets, but I show how their very existence affected the dynamics of my family. I also propose that exposing the family's past trauma is a way of ensuring that it does not carry on to future generations.

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A Brief Guide to Celebrate Lent and Easter with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

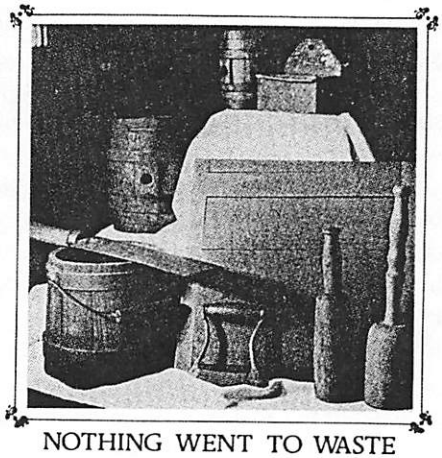
The natural season of Spring and the Catholic liturgical seasons of Lent and Easter are the subjects of my second installment of Franco-American literature and culture, as published by the National Materials Development Center for French, abbreviated as NMDC. Like the first installment, the ten books that are examined for the article are: *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspille dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère* by Betty A. Lausier Lindsay, and the nine-volume set entitled: *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre.*

Since Lent is a penitential season that is effectively bracketed by two days of fasting and the abstention of eating meat – Ash Wednesday and Good Friday – it is awkward to think of a celebration of Lent, but "celebration" is chosen over "participation," which has a weak sound to it. In contrast, it is easy to think of a celebration of Easter, when the penance, the fasting and abstention are over, and the Christian, in particular, the Roman Catholic, can enjoy a hearty Easter dinner, with the family, after they all have gone to the Mass, having celebrated the resurrection of Jesus Christ, the core belief of Christianity. Easter as a liturgical season lasts forty days, from Easter Sunday to Ascension Thursday. The archdioceses and dioceses of the New England States have retained the practice of Ascension Thursday, while the archdioceses and dioceses in the Province of Quebec have shifted the feast day to the following Sunday. Ten days after Ascension Thursday is the Feast of Pentecost.

Since food is an intrinsic part of Lent and Easter, I will first examine the Franco-American cookbook, and then the Franco-American literature.

The Franco-American Foods for Lent and Easter

Betty A. Lausier Lindsay wrote a cookbook in French and in English with the title of *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspille dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère* which was published in 1983 by the NMDC. Her cookbook was the last book that was published by the NMDC, according to Roger Lacerte, the well-known Franco-American book vendor and owner of La Librairie Populaire in Manchester, N.H. Aside from the collection of recipes, Betty A. Lausier Lindsay wrote briefly about her remembrances of life on a farm in Grand Isle, Maine, before the advent of electric stoves and refrigerators, when a farm was a self-sustaining unit of society, maintained by a family. As I wrote in my first installment, the cookbook does not have a specific chapter of recipes for any single holiday, but on page 25 of both the French and English sections of her cookbook, is the page with the title of "Holidays," and "Les



NOTHING WENT TO WASTE
in grandmother's kitchen
by
Betty A. LAUSIER Lindsay

Fêtes." The page has only three paragraphs of text, and they can be best classified as brief remembrances of life on the Lausier family farm in Grand Isle. The sentence in English about Easter is: "At Easter, the special item on the table would have been a ham that came from a slaughtered hog, and had been smoked in a local smokehouse." The same sentence in the French section is: « À Pâques, le jambon était la viande spéciale provenant d'un porc abattu et qui avait été fumé à un endroit local. » The one sentence is the recipe for the Easter ham, which was smoked, and neither cooked, nor boiled.

Betty A. Lausier Lindsay did not specify her recipes for fish could be in support of Lent and its abstention of meat, it is possible to do so, since the seven recipes for fish on pages 60 and 61 fulfill the Lenten practice of the abstention of meat on Fridays. Since her cookbook has an air of nostalgia, it should be noted that Catholics before the implementation of the decrees of the Second Vatican Council, which began on October 11, 1962, and closed on December 8, 1965, commonly abstained from meat on all Fridays throughout the year. Some readers of *Le Forum* may remember in the early 1970s that parish calendars were printed with a fish symbol in red ink on all Fridays of the year. Sometime in the mid-1970s, Catholics abandoned the practice of the abstention of meat on Fridays, but in the early 1980s, the Catholic bishops in the U.S. attempted to revive the former common practice, but limited it to Lent. Yet, the Code of Canon Law by the Catholic Church, clearly states in paragraphs 1249 to 1253 that Friday is a day of abstinence throughout the year, and if one decides to eat meat on Friday, then one is obligated to do another form of penance. Since I went to seven years of Catholic school – three years at St. Mary's Middle School in Newington, Conn., (Sept. 1976 to June 1979), and four years at St. Thomas Seminary High School in Bloomfield, Conn., (Sept. 1979 to May 1983) – I can assure the readers of *Le Forum* that the Code of Canon Law was never mentioned once in religion class in either school. Also, I remember in my junior year at STSHS when the Rev. Joseph Donnelly, the Spiritual Director of the school, became adamant to fulfill the new policy of the Catholic bishops in the U.S., and suddenly, fish filets and tartar sauce became the norm in the refectory at lunchtime for all the Fridays of Lent in the Spring of 1982.

The Franco-American Authors

Dr. Georges Alphonse Boucher, (1865-1956), the author of three books of poetry – *Je me souviens* (1933), *Sonnets de guerre* (1943), *Chants de Nouveau monde* (1946) – wrote a sonnet entitled: « Résurrec-

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(A Brief Guide to Celebrate Lent and Easter with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 34)

tion » which is found in pages 166-167 of volume seven of the *Anthologie*. The sonnet itself is from *Sonnets de guerre*, and it is about the future resurrection of the county of France, which was either occupied by Nazi Germany, or a vassal state to Nazi Germany, better known as Vichy France during World War Two, when the poem was published.

Rev. François-Xavier Burque, (1851-1923), was the second pastor of St. Louis Church in Fort Kent, Maine, from 1882 to 1904, and the author of *Élévations Poetiques, Volume Deux* (Quebec, 1907), and two poems from it are published in the *Anthologie*, tome deux – « Il faut souffrir, » on pages 48 to 50, and « Le Christ agonisant, » on page 51. « Il faut souffrir » has the theme of the natural world of Springtime versus a spiritual longing for peace in the human heart, to begotten by prayer and communion with the Divine. The form of the poem is composed of ten sestets, with a rhyme scheme of aabccb. « Le Christ agonisant » has the subtitle of « pour le Vendredi-Saint » in the original printing. It is truly about the Passion of Christ, and it is written in four sestets, with a rhyme scheme of aabbab.

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque, the nom de plume of Leo-Albert Lévesque (1900-1974), the author of several books of poetry, three of which are the source of four of the five poems which are selected here – *Les Oasis* (Rome: 1930), *Solitudes* (Montreal: 1949), and *Quête* (Quebec 1963) – and all of his poems are found in volume nine of the *Anthologie*. The poem « Mater Dolorasa, » on page 136, was earlier published in *Les Oasis*, and the quote after the title is from the poem "Ante Arman" by the British poet Rupert Brooke (1887-1915). « Mater Dolorasa » is a sonnet, and the title in Latin is itself a title for the Virgin Mary, originally in reference to her witness of the crucifixion of her son, Jesus Christ. It is also in reference to the apparition of the Virgin Mary in La Salette, France, which occurred in 1846. Dion-Levesque evoked the image of the Virgin Mary with her title of Our Lady, Queen of Saints, as referenced in the ninth line, but the last line of the sonnet has the curious allusion to Classical Greco-Roman Mythology: « Niobé de mon ciel, ô Dame des Douleurs! » which means in English: "Niobe of my heaven, O Lady of Sorrows!" Niobe, the daughter of Tantalus, the King of Sipylus, made the mistake of boasting about the number of her children before the goddess Leto, who only had two children, and so, Leto had all the children of Niobe killed before her. « Pâques lointaines » on pages 246-7, was earlier published in *Solitudes*, and it is written in free verse. It is about the Easters of his youth, when his unnamed father was alive, whose name is Edmond Lévesque. The poem has a recurring image of water, the waters of baptism. Two poems are from *Quête*: « O Christ! » on page 132, and « Tædium Vitae » on pages 232-3. « O Christ! » is in free verse, and it is inspired by the famous painting by the Surrealist Artist, Salvador Dali (1904-1989), who completed the painting in 1951, and it is entitled: "Christ of St. John of the Cross." St. John of the Cross (1542-1591) was a Carmelite friar and priest who wrote two major poems in Spanish – "The Spiritual Canticle," and "The Dark Night of the Soul" – the title of the latter is the origin of the now common phrase. « Tædium Vitae, » Latin for "weariness of life," is composed in free verse, and it is almost a retelling of the complaint of Job. The sole reference to crucifixion is in the last line of the poem: « Et je suis comme un dieu mort, hanté par sa croix. » The translation is: "And I am like a dead god, haunted by his cross." Clearly, Dion-Levesque did not write about orthodox Christianity in this poem. After the title of the poem is a quote from a poem by the French Symbolist poet, Stéphane Mallarmé (1842-1898), entitled « Brise marine, » from his book *Vers et Prose*, (1893). The fifth poem by Rosaire Dion-Levesque is « Soir de printemps, » which was previously published in Montreal on July 18, 1967, in the periodical *L'information Médicale et Paramédicale*. It is dedicated to his wife, Alice Lemieux (1905-1983), and it is written in three quatrains of rhyming couplets. The central image is the night sky in the Spring, just after sunset, when the planet Venus can be seen, and the constellations begin to appear.

Anna Duval-Thibault, (1862-1951), is the author of the book of poetry, *Fleur du printemps* (Fall River, Mass., 1892), and a poem from it is found on pages 232-233 in volume two of the *Anthologie*. The poem is entitled « Souvenirs du printemps » and it is a description of Springtime in the month of May, when the snows of Winter have melted, and the fields are a deep green of grass. The poem has the metaphoric meaning of the harshness of sin (Winter), released in the warmth of forgiveness (Spring). The form of the poem is in nine quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abba.

Anna Duval-Thibault also wrote a short story entitled: « À l'orgue, » which is found on pages 211 to 215 of volume two of the *Anthologie*. The setting of the story is a parish choir, with Rosalie as the central character within the parish choir, and the story begins during the last week of Lent, when the choir is practicing for the Mass on Easter Sunday. The story ends sometime in May, after the litanies were sung for the Virgin Mary. The story was first published on Friday, June 3, 1887 in the Franco-American newspaper *L'Independant* of Fall River, Massachusetts, as cited on page 249 of the bibliography. Her short story demonstrates that the laity fully participated in the Mass before the Second Vatican Council, and before the reform of the liturgy with the Novus Ordo Missae.

When Anna Duval-Thibault published her short story, her Franco-American readership would have immediately understood that the elongated words: "Kýrie elésion" in the second paragraph of her story, were from the Roman Rite of the Mass, which did not significantly change until 1963, when the Novus Ordo Missae began to be used. "Kýrie elésion" would have been sung at all High Masses throughout the liturgical year, and words are Greek, meaning: "Lord have mercy." The following words to the prayer are also in Greek: "Christe, elésion," meaning: "Christ have mercy."

In the fifth paragraph on page 212 of the short story, where the reader is introduced to Mr. Beauchemin, the new tenor in the parish choir, the word "credo" is used by Anna Duval-Thibault. Again, when she wrote the story, she knew her readership would immediately understand the reference to what is known in the Novus Ordo Missae as the Profession of Faith. "Credo" means: "I believe" in Latin, and the opening words to the profession is: "Credo in Unum Deum...," meaning: "I believe in one God...." At a High Mass, the priest would intone the quoted words, and the choir would start to sing the remainder of the creed. It should be noted that the priest would be in the sanctuary at the foot of the altar when he intoned the words, and at the opposite end of the church, in the choir loft, the choir would start to sing, projecting their voices over the heads of the congregation. The placement of the priest and choir, which was standard before the Second Vatican Council, is in con-

(Continued on page 36)

(A Brief Guide to Celebrate Lent and Easter with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 35)

trast to what one may find at the Folk Mass of today, where the priest and the folk group are both in the sanctuary, where the priest has his microphone at the free-standing altar, and the folk-group is huddled around their own microphone.

In the fourth full paragraph on page 213 of the short story, Anna Duval-Thibault used the word: « l'aspergès, » which in English is: "the asperges," and it is the opening antiphon for a High Mass in the Old Roman Rite of the Mass, which has been called, since Pope Benedict XVI, the Missa Extraordinariae Formae, the Mass of the Extraordinary Form. After the priest has entered the sanctuary, he would turn towards the people, and intone the words: "Aspérges me, Dómine," and the choir would then sing: "...hyssópo, et mundábor: lavábis me, et super nivem déalbábor." The translation of the prayer in Latin, which is taken from Psalm 51, is: "Sprinkle me, O Lord, with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." As the choir would sing, the priest would exit the sanctuary and walk in the central aisle of the church, also known as the nave, and towards the vestibule, and bless the people to his left with holy water. The holy water itself is cast from a device called an aspergillum, which the priest would hold in his right hand. Usually, two altar servers, formerly called acolytes, would walk with the priest, and both would hold his cope, while the one to his right would also hold a bucket of holy water, called an aspersorium. Periodically, the priest would dip the aspergillum into the aspersorium in order to refill the aspergillum with holy water. Once the priest and the altar servers reached the far-end of the nave, at the doors of the vestibule, the priest would turn, and bless the people to his left on the other side of the nave with holy water, as he would walk toward the sanctuary. The act is known as the aspersion of the holy water, and it is usually seen today only on the Mass for Easter Sunday.

Anna Duval-Thibault did not identify the composer of the music for the Mass on Easter Sunday, which is part of the background to the story, but it is possible to hear what the old rite of the Mass sounded like when she wrote her short story, with the various parts of the Mass sung by the choir, and intoned dialog between the choir and the priest. The compact disc is entitled "Solemn Mass of Easter Sunday," with music composed by Palestrina, (ca. 1525-1594), and the recording was produced by the St. Gregory Society in New Haven, Conn. The compact disc is available for purchase through their website: http://saint-gregory.org/.

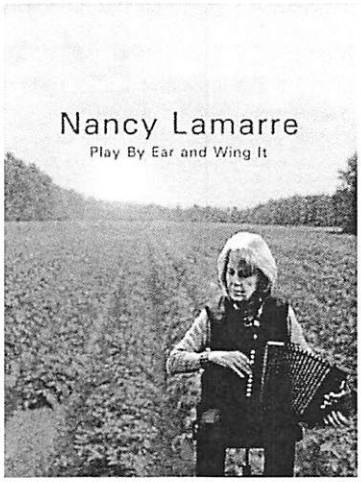
Anna Duval-Thibault also did not identify the composer of the music for the vespers, which are referenced in the seventh full paragraph on page 213, where she wrote the clause: « Le soir, durant les vêpres..., » which means in English: "The evening, during vespers...." The practice of vespers on Sunday evening at your local Catholic parish church faded away after the Second Vatican Council, and are today effectively forgotten. On Thurs. March 1, 2018, I spoke with D. Michel Michaud of Lynn, Mass., who has been a church organist since 1968, and I asked him about vespers. He said that vespers were practiced on Sunday evenings at the local Catholic parish, and would last from about 20 minutes to an hour, depending on the length of the composition. By 1968, the practice of vespers at his parish were beginning to fade, and by the mid-1970s, the practice was effectively non-existent. He noted that the documents of the Second Vatican Council did not forbid the practice of Sunday vespers at the local parish, but he also noted that the pastors did not encourage the practice either. As an organist, D. Michel Michaud would use parts of some compositions of the Sunday vespers by various composers, and play them as a communion hymn at Mass. Later the same day, I also spoke to Roger Lacerte, who remembered when he was an altar boy, he would serve during the vespers on Sunday evenings at his parish of Ste-Jeanne d'Arc Church in Lowell, which had a full choir, and organ accompaniment. One set of well-known Catholic vespers are the *Vesperae in Festis Beatae Mariae Virginis*, meaning: "Vespers in the Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary," by Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643), and they are better known in the Anglophone world as the *Vespers of 1610*. More than 160 years later, Amadeus Wolfgang Mozart (1756-1791) composed two sets of vespers, the *Vesperae Solennes de Dominica* (Solemn Vespers of Sunday) in 1779, and his most famous *Vesperae Solennes de Confessore* (Solemn Vespers of the Confessor) in 1780. Mozart was commissioned to compose the vespers by the Archbishop of Saltzburg, Austria, for the parish choir. The three examples of Sunday vespers are cited here for their fame, and availability to be heard either on a recording, or in the concert hall.

Rev. Louis-Alphonse Nolin, omi (1849-1936), was a professor of literature at the University of Ottawa from 1874 to 1892, and he fulfilled his ministry as a priest at the Parish of St. Joseph in Lowell from 1901 to the time of his death in 1936. In 1924 he published a booklet of poetry in Lowell entitled *Vers les cimes*, which was expanded in a second edition in 1933. A portion of his writings is found in volume seven of the *Anthologie*, and three of his poems are selected here: « Les larmes d'une mère, » on pages 74 to 75, « Le printemps, » within the poem « Giboulée, » on pages 93 to 94, and « Résurrection » on pages 117 to 118. « Le printemps » is the first section of the poem « Giboulée, » meaning: "a sudden shower," and the only clear religious reference in the poem is the quote after the title of the poem, from Mark 7:37, which in English is: "He has done all things well." The "He" in the quote is Jesus Christ, who just healed the deaf-mute in Tyre, near the Sea of Galilee. The narrating voice of the poem addresses the season of Winter as one of the monsters of Classical Greek and Roman Mythology, the Gorgons, in the seventh line: « ton oeil de Gorgone, » meaning: "thy eye of the Gorgon." Also, the narrative voice sarcastically addresses Winter in the 29th line as: « Aimable et bon comme un Tartare, » meaning: "As friendly and amiable as a Tartar." The last six lines of the poem compares the harshness of Winter against the flowering of Spring in the month of May, which the narrator calls in the 36th line: « Mon pieux mois de mai, » meaning: "My pious month of May." In Catholic tradition, the month of May is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and since Rev. Nolin wrote the poem for a Franco-American readership, the reference to May would instantly recall the well-known French hymn « C'est le mois de Marie, » that was composed by Rev. Louis Lambillotte, S.J. (1796-1855). « Le printemps » within « Giboulée, » is written in ten quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab. « Les larmes d'une mère, » meaning: "the tears of a mother," is a meditative poem about the Virgin Mary as Our Lady of Sorrows, and it is written in five octets, with a rhyme scheme of ababcdcd. « Résurrection » is a meditative poem about the death and the resurrection of the body, and it is written in nine quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab.

Dr. Joseph Hormisdas Roy, (1865-

(Continued on page 37)

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.

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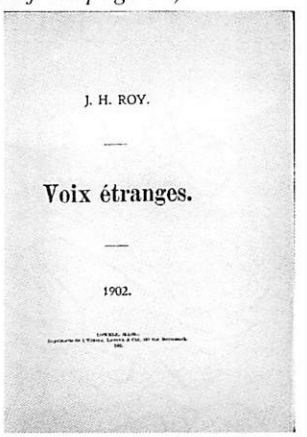
(French-American immigration – five resource books continued from page 29)

Quebec, and called themselves Canadiens, this may be your story. For others, it's a little known piece of the American mosaic."

Another description of *"forgotten history"* is chronicled in the book *"When the United States Spoke French"*, by Francoise Furstenberg. In fact, the book is a researched reminder about how the French influenced early American history. It puts five refugees from France, prominent men who fled the tyranny of the French Revolution, into the heart of Philadelphia during the formative years of the American nation. Furstenberg describes the American adventures that were experienced by the prominent refugees, as they integrated themselves into Philadelphia, when the city was our nation's temporary capital. Their stories include the histories of their time, like interactions with George Washington, the Haitian Revolution (1791-1804), the 1803, Louisiana Purchase and America's westward expansion. The five refugees Furstenberg followed were: Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, La Rochefoucauld, duc de Liancourt, Louis-Marie, vicomte de Noailles; the writer Médéric Louis Élie Moreau de Saint-Méry, and the philosopher Constantin-Francoise de Chaseboeuf, comte de Volney.

These five books add to our growing knowledge about French and American history, while underscoring the important contributions made by immigrants and refugees to our nation's history.

(A Brief Guide to Celebrate Lent and Easter with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 35)



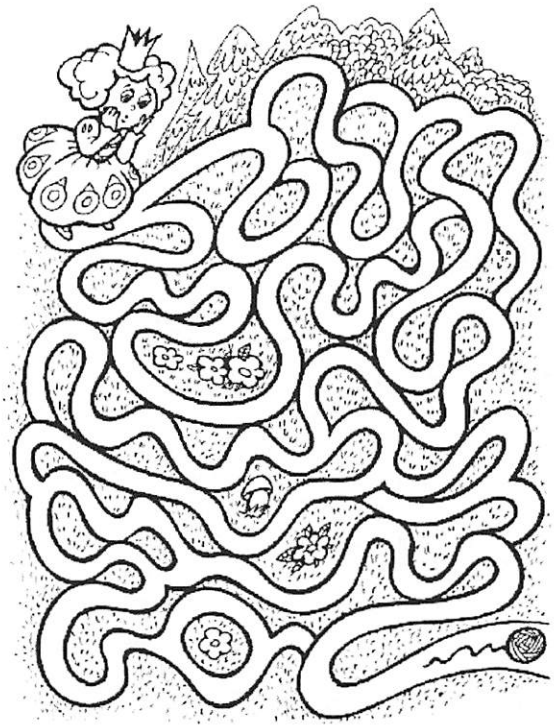
1931), is the author of the book of poetry entitled *Voix étranges* (Lowell, Mass., 1902), and three poems from it, and from volume three of the *Anthologie*, are selected here. The three poems are: « Une aube nouvelle, » on page 206, « Fin d'avril, » on pages 207-8, and « Voix du printemps, » on page 209. Each of the three poems are about Springtime, without any religious significance. « Une aube nouvelle, » and « Voix du printemps » are both sonnets, while « Fin d'avril » is in seven quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abba.

Joseph Arthur Smith, (1869-1960), who was the editor of *L'Etoile* of Lowell from 1905 to 1921, and *Le Journal de Haverhill* from 1928 to 1955, wrote a poem of 30 lines in the form of rhyming couplets about the death of Jesus Christ, which is remembered on Good Friday, and it is entitled: « Le Mort du Christ. » The poem is found on pages 32 and 33 in volume three of the *Anthologie*. The poem was first published in *L'Etoile* of Lowell, on April 2, 1915, as cited on page 257 of the bibliography section of the book. With the use of a perpetual calendar, April 2, 1915 fell on Good Friday, for two days later was Easter Sunday.

How to Purchase the Books

The best means to purchase copies of the cookbook, *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspille dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère*, as well as any of the nine-volume set, *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*, is 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.

Coin des jeunes...



Je me sens . . .

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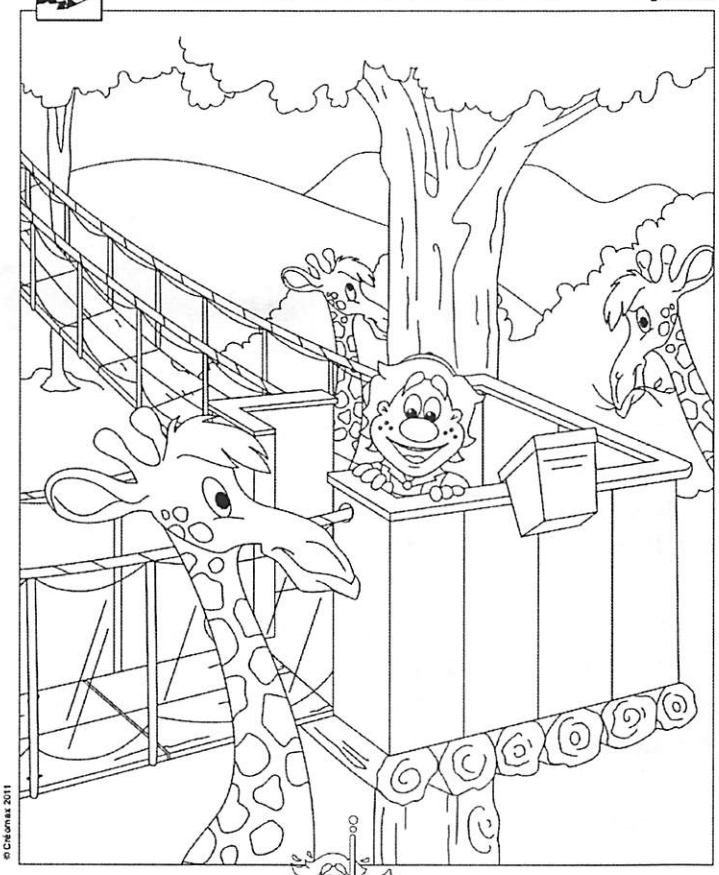
À L'AISE
AGITÉ
AMOUREUX
CALME
CONTENT
DÉÇU
DÉTENDU
EN COLÈRE
ENCHANTÉ
ÉNERVÉ
ENTHOUSIASTE
FÂCHÉ
FURIEUX
GÊNÉ
HEUREUX
IMPATIENT
INQUIET
IRRITÉ
JALOUX
MALADE
NERVEUX
PRÉOCCUPÉ
PRESSÉ
SURPRIS
TRANQUILLE
TRISTE

Donne-moi de la couleur!

Colour me please!



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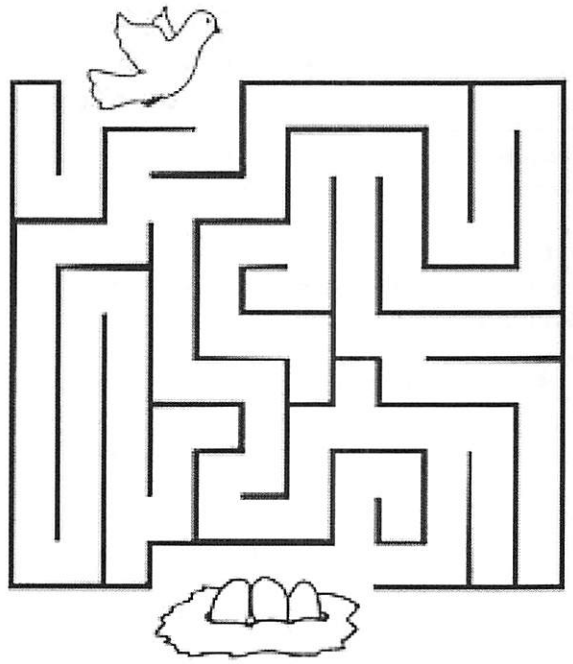

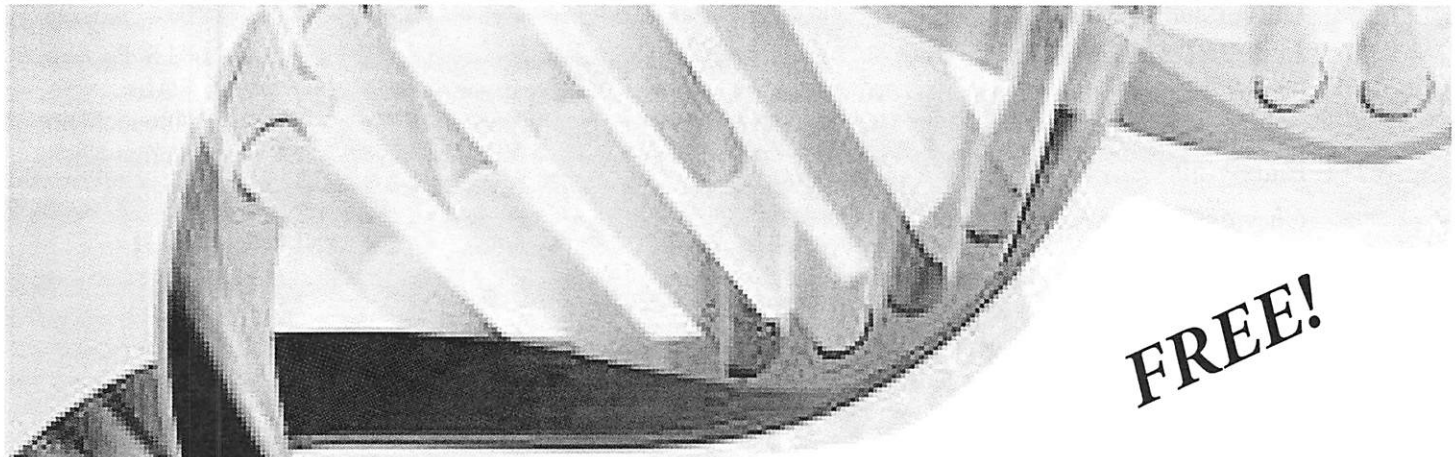

FREE!

The Franco-American Programs at the University of Maine in Orono invite you to our Genetic Genealogy Workshop

Genetic Genealogy ~ How When Where and Why

FREE!

New to the idea of DNA testing for genealogy research? Learn about the three major test types, Y-DNA, mtDNA, and atDNA. Find out what each test offers and which might be the best tool to help with your research.

Genetic DNA testing can give clues to the origins of your paternal and maternal lines. It can prove or disprove a genealogical problem. This testing can help find unknown family lines in cases of adoption or other separations from biological lines. It will find relatives with whom you share a common ancestor. DNA is a wonderful new tool to be used with traditional genealogical research.

FREE!

Saturday, May 19th, 2018

10:00 a.m.

Nancy Milliken Mason is a genetic genealogist who has been doing traditional genealogy research for over 30 years. She travels when and wherever she can to attend workshops and conferences and to give presentations about genetic genealogy. Nancy was born in Portland, Maine and grew up in Cumberland. She has many stories to share about using DNA to assist with traditional research.

To Register: Contact Lisa Desjardins Michaud at Lisam@maine.edu or 207-581-3789.

The Franco-American Centre is located at Crossland Hall (across from the Alfond Arena), University of Maine, Orono

This workshop is made possible by a generous donation on behalf of the Adrien Lanthier Ringuette Library and Franco-American Programs.

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THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

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

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

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

MISSION

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

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

Le Bureau des Affaires franco-américains de l Maine fut fondé en 1972 par des étudiants et des b communauté franco-américaine. Cela devint par consé Franco-Américain.

Dès le départ, son but fut d'introduire et d'intégr co-Américain du Maine et de la Région dans la formati post-secondaire et en particulier à l'Université du Main

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

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

OBJECTIFS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Le FORUM

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

VOLUME 40, #2 SUMMER/ÉTÉ 2018

Photo by: Jeanne Deschaine Theriault

Websites:

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

Oral History: Francoamericanarchives.org

Library: francolib.francoamerican.org

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

Maine's French Communities:

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

other pertinent websites to check out -

Les Français d'Amérique / French In America

Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002

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

Franco-American Women's Institute:

http://www.fawi.net

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

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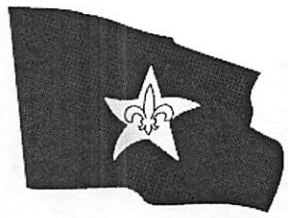
L'équipe de rédaction souhaite que *Le* Forum soit un mode d'expression pour vous tous les Franco-Américains et ceux qui s'intéressent à nous. The staff hopes that *Le* Forum can be a vehicle of expression for you Franco-Americans and those who are interested in us.

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

Sommaire/Contents



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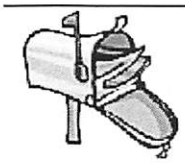


Lettres/ Letters

To Le Forum:

Of the contributions featured, papers and other material in this expansive issue, Vol. 40 #1, I was particularly interested in the work of Jim Bishop. His Bio, noted that the piece first appeared in the Puckebrush Review, edited at the time by a great lady, Constance Hunting she had encouraged me to write poetry by publishing a few of my poems.

I also enjoyed Grégoire Chabot's piece, "R'garde moué donc ça" because I know the patois. In addition, I'm familiar with "Chabot, " the name. I had an aunt name Eugénie, my mother's oldest sister [that I knew of at the time, there were more sisters than I knew of], a Coutu married to Adélard Chabot, and their children were named: Paul Chabot, Gabriel Chabot, Rita Chabot, Muriel Chabot, and Henri. Some of my stories include them.

Finally, the fine pieces by Professor Norman Beaupré that I think originally appeared in one or more of the Biddeford, Maine, weekly newspapers, once upon a time, already, long ago, were of great interest then. I got to read a few of the serialized pieces, in French, alternately in English. My sister, Thérèse Collard, deceased, had mailed them to me along with the obit clippings of people that I had known, growing up.

Still of great interest to me is that Professor Beaupré says in his bio that he graduated from Lewiston's Saint Dom High School having been, at the time, a novice attending the Winthrop Novitiate of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart in Winthrop, Maine. I read that his birth date Year is 1930. Mine is 1931. It happens that I was at the Winthrop novitiate at or about the time and that young Beaupré was there. I surmised that we might have attended within the same time period since we went to the same grammar school and probably sat at neighboring desks in elementary school.

I did not know that Norman from Biddeford was in my class because, as I remember, " a "calling" was something very special, and I would not have known any other from my class who might have responded. I just find it interesting that if we were there at the novitiate, at the same time, we did not know it because we did not know each other. Go figure. God works in mysterious ways. But we had to have had similar experiences because I cannot recall anyone else's name, there, on the farm at the top of the hill, at the same time that I was there.

I once tried to learn more about Monsieur Beaupré, having read that we had attended the same elementary school within the same time frame in Biddeford. Perhaps, he never read my e-mail and replied as he might have to the congratulatory messages he received for his pieces in the Biddeford press. I just wonder if we might have encountered each other, or if that he simply made a mistake in marking his birthdate. But, it is more likely that he arrived after I did, and he is not older than I, but, possibly, younger.

Gérard Coulombe,
Fairfield, CT
gcoulombe92@gmail.com

May 21, 2018
To: Governor LePage
the Hon. Senator Angus King
the Hon. Senator Susan Collins
the Hon. Representative Bruce Poliquin
the Hon. Rep. John Martin
the Hon. Rep. Troy Jackson
Lisa Michaud, ed., Le FORUM
David Le Gallant, ed., Veritas Acadie
Assn. Française
Re: Institutional Racism (Rape)
From: Roger Paradis

Last Sunday, May 20, 2018, and on Monday, May 21, 2018, I picketed at the University of Maine at Fort Kent (UMFK) against the University of Maine System Board of Trustees (UMSBT).

On May 21-22, 2017 when the UMS BT met at the University of Maine at Presque (UMPI), it endorsed a "Plan" proposed by UMPI to transfer, actually confiscate, the Elementary and the Secondary Education Programs at UMFK, to the Presque Isle institution. Without those foundation programs, UMFK cannot long survive. Already UMPI is muscling in on UMFK's highly successful BSN program. Aroostook County does not have the population to sustain two schools of nursing. Draw your own conclusion. I was informed by the Admissions Officer, some three weeks ago, that even the French program was on the chopping block. I rushed over to inform the young lady that, back in 1969 when the enrollment was half what it is now, UMFK had over fifty French majors and as many minors. The product will sell, but it requires informed, creative and positive promotion. The current exploitation and discrimination against UMFK and the St. John Valley is part of a grand design reaching back a score and more years.

The Acadians of la Vallée-du-Haut-Saint-Jean will no longer be treated like reservation Indians. The exploitation and discrimination must cease, and programs restored.

I have actively researched the current crisis since September last. I was writing a monograph on the Acadian Holocaust when I was persuaded to research the contemptible prejudice against UMFK and the people of the Valley. I pine for the quiet and private life that once was mine. I have no desire to embarrass the UMS BT, or to discomfit anybody or campus in the System. However, I beg you to believe me when I say that this recurring torment must cease and the wrong corrected.

Meanwhile, I am Roger Paradis, a retired history and folklore professor of UMFK, who resides at 835 Frenchville Rd., Fort Kent, Maine.

(More letters on page 37)

All Too Clever To Rush Ahead of An Idea

*From: a Memoir, Leaving Maine**

By
Gérard Coulombe
Born: Biddeford, 1931

There were times when all of which follows had been pulled together all too cleverly in one topic sentence. I predictably rushed ahead as the idea developed far ahead of my ability to send my fingers flying so expertly to hit the computer keys. The result worked well while the mind stayed on task, but a quirk that caused a finger to hit delete provided a blank page without possibility in the confusion of what happened to be able to retrieve the opening paragraph of this paper which, here, starts all over again, and not as cleverly as did the original.

When I was a child, I knew that I could hold my pee for a time longer than urgency telegraphed the brain. In a house serving two parents, and three children, the oldest being me, I could "hold it in" as Mom used to ask me to do when we were walking home from the market as most people in our part of town [Biddeford: 1930's] did.

At an early age, I was already familiar with all of the following: shame, embarrassment, fear, confusion, sadness, and anger. I attribute this to the talks my mother gave me while she had me on her knees to console or to teach.

Out of diapers, and into white cotton underpants, I was often required to hold it. As my mother said, as we walked home, "Can you hold it?" Of course, I could. What was I going to tell her? But there were times with or without my mother; my father worked the day and night shift, when I walked curiously to keep myself from peeing my pants. Running would sometime help, but only for a sprint. Hiding behind an elm never worked for the long distance. If one were far enough ahead, who cared? Mother could not see me. An elm tree trunk would do. And there were many elms lining the streets; any of those worked fine. I had buttoned up before she got to me. "I was resting." I would say, as I picked up my cloth bags full of groceries. Had I asked Mother what to do, "She would have said, ""Quick, Gérard, find a tree and pee." We only spoke French at the time, so I don't know what it was she said that might have sounded like her.

At home, as children, we all experienced shame; I was most embarrassed by recurrent constipation; I was most afraid, confused, saddened and the angriest when I could not get out of a jam and allowed that I had to walk through the only unlocked door to the house by walking through the shed and, upon passing through the back door, to suffer the slam of the broom on my backside when my mother stepped out from behind the door and swung the broom in a way to connect with my behind, for she felt she could land a solid blow upon my backside.

Allow me to dwell on "shame" for a while longer. The first floor of our flat had a room with a toilet, no bathtub or sink. A window over the kitchen sink opened to provide ventilation.

What embarrassed me the most was having to wait my turn, particularly in the morning when I got up, or at any time of the day when a member of the family had slipped in to do what had to be done. What I hated most was having to wait outside the door, better for a chance to squeeze by the one exiting to get to sit on the throne safely to make a clean dump. Otherwise, having to hold it was as good an opportunity for penance than any "Our Father who art in Heaven."

It was not so much the fear of my peeing my pants as the fear of being caught with my corduroy knickers and blackening white underpants on. Had I been wiser, living on the first floor as we did had the advantage of allowing one to run out the back door to pee against the road bank climbing uphill behind the house. I thought of it, but stuck to the hit or miss routine of being first at the opened toilet door.

Embarrassment came later, when I was in high school, for I hated what fat too many of my classmates did which was to talk out of turn to embarrass our teacher who was well trained in the French classics and had us read from their works in class. We had a French Lit text, which included many excerpts from many French men and women of letters. I recall reading Théophile Gauthier and Madame de Sévigné for that class.

Frankly, I didn't know at the time what it was about an all boys' class that nearly all of them to spend most of their class time trying to embarrass the teacher. It succeeded all too often which caused him to stop teaching and to take up his preparation for another class. It was still a time when there was little respect for proper education in our town's only Catholic high school. The distractors made the state of education dissolute.

There are many instances when as a child you encounter fear. There is always a bully around who experience a thrill whenever he knows that he is a victor if he can impose his will upon you with a threat or a blow to the body. It was at the time part of our training when in basic training. We were subjected to the brutal punishment of a drill sergeant and the equally brutal disparagement of another. That kind of pincer movement could get the victim a dishonorable discharge. Your good luck was the ability to survive the pain and shame.

My confusion over my vocation evaporated after I left the novitiate. Having been brought up within the Franco Canadian/American culture in which people had little choice but to offer thanks and prayer to God whose wisdom provided for your vocation, meaning, what you would become in life, it grew evidently clear if one's eyes could be opened to the possibilities offered to all if only they would follow the helpful tracks of good education, financial standing, and helpful guidance that one could very well be anything one wanted. The only advantage one needed were parents financially advantaged so that they most likely owned or inherited their homes, had sufficient money in the bank to grow in wealth, buy their children the education that will advance their standing in business, wealth, education, professional occupation and preeminent standing in the community. Lacking any of those, the ladder that would have provided advancement was unavailable to them.

I had been lucky, even at an early age, to be provided the ability to climb the professional ladder of the advantaged religious as a priest or religious. Having failed due to illness and reconsideration of my goals for my age. Advanced schooling even with a high school education was to me, at least, obviously unavailable. Even if you, with hard work, managed to graduate from high school, without financial support from one's

(Continued on page 5)

(All Too Clever To Rush Ahead of An Idea continued from page 4)

parents and a lot of risk for them giving they had nothing to start with other than the pay check that permitted their living from week to week without managing to save for extras, your goal, realized, far too early in life, was to join them in the textile mills. All of my early playmates did that. And none of my future wife's graduating classmates went to college. The lucky two included the one who became an airline stewardess, and the perennial dancer in her youth who joined the Radio City Corps the Ballet. Me, I made a decision. I would leave town by enlisting in the military. Having failed that, I would have been drafted for the Korean War. The latter was a salvation for those who survived and used the G.I. Bill to further their education. One became a professor of history at San Francisco State.

Sadness and anger are left on my list of "when I was most" this or that. Sadness is a tough one. And so is anger. Perhaps I was most angry when I missed attending my maternal grandfather's funeral. I was there when his wife, my grandmother, died. That was quite a story to internalize when I was so young, but, still, at the foot of her bed, on my knees, my hands clasped in earnest prayer for her immortal soul, I felt myself easing my way closer to her head, I slid sideways, my hands clasped in prayer, with one knee at a time joining the other, moving toward the whole of her head where I would be able to see all of her face and be witness to the pace of her dying. The meaning of good and bad death had been so ingrained into our heads at that early age, that I had images, one hopeful the other doubtful—angelic and devilish at the same time.

The anger over this reappeared when I totally missed my grandfather's passing. Although I was present for his funeral, I do not recall how I managed to attend her funeral and not his. Maybe I was away at school when he died and, therefore, older. That became a story in my life that left me puzzled over many years, and probably helped along with my mother's antagonism toward her sister, ingrained in my beliefs about her, that it all became related to my dislike for her, even sinfully, hatefully permitted me to dwell upon her visage in the form of gargoyles, not any specific one—out of her mouth poured not rainwater but venom. She is dead. I do not wish that she know this. My mom is dead, too, so the two of them might have had an encounter by now with a chance to discuss together what I was thinking then. My mother might have known.

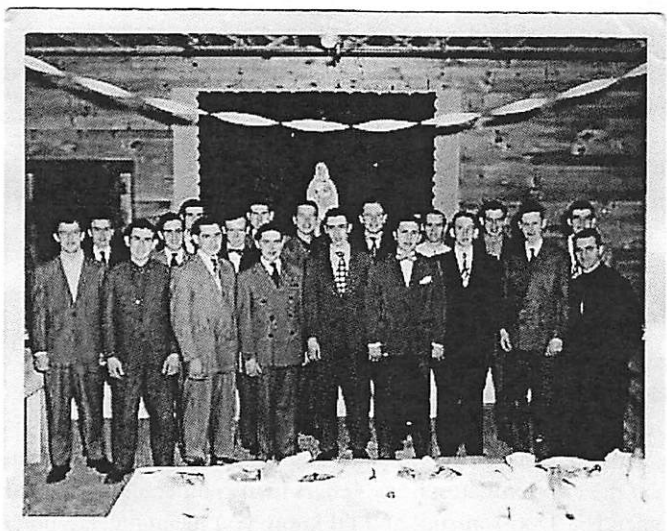
Yes, I was sad when my mom, dad, sister, brother-in-law died and some of my students passed over the years. Sadness as expressed by the tears shed, does not occur so readily now that someone I know passes or that someone else I know very well is soon to pass because, I too will pass, soon enough. For all the years that I will have managed to live a little bit longer, I do not forget all of the other relatives, some by their histories, some by their obituaries that might fill a roadside cemetery of size were they all drawn together by someone's foresight. There's a trend among some, to let them be buried where they fall instead of bringing them all back to a plot all their own to gather, once more.

Sorry, I have not attempted a family tree, never mind a forest of sibling trees, for that matter, and so I leave this story by hitting "save" for any of my own children interested in reading this summary of grandpa's thinking.

Saint Louis High School class of 1950

by Gérard Coulombe

*This Saint Louis High School class of 1950 photo represents half the number of graduates from the graduating class. The other half has to have had a photo of its own which has never been part of my collection for some reason, almost, as if the other half never existed.



By my count at least seven of those pictured are dead. I do not know about the others. Of those pictured, I know one well. He is Ernest Farley, pictured first at left in the front row. I last saw Farley at Roger Légaré's funeral in Fairfield. Roger is seen standing, first, at left between Farley and Reny. The first of the class to have passed is named Maurice Coté, next to last classmate at right, first row.

Missing from this photo, as are others, of course, is Richard, "Dick" Dutremble, well known in high school for his prowess in sports and well known in life in Maine for his service to the State. Another famous Saint Louis Alumna is Richard, "Dick" Potvin who also made a name for himself as an outstanding Maine celebrity who had long ago started making a name for himself along with his older brother Al for their "entrepreneurship" along the Old Orchard Beach front when they were both very young.

I knew Potvin and Légaré better than most in my school. I started first grade by walking with Roger [known as Albert in the military] because we were made to walk to school together on our first day and thereafter. Potvin, I knew because his mother and mine were close friends and we always accompanied our mom to their home to what was then the country on South Street, which was not that far to the nearby swimming hole along the log booms on the Saco Rive. Getting there required a walk through what was then the town dump, smelly though it was, the river swimming hole was carved out of the booms containing the logs floating behind them awaiting their turn to be hauled up the cradle lift to the saw mill on the river's banks beyond our clear view of the river of an iron train trestle and the drawing split waterfalls beyond the Route One overpass of Saco Island.

Mémoires en Maison

par Gérard Coulombe

Quand j'avais quatre ans, un enfant écarter dans le gros monde, mon granpère Coutu, le père de ma mère, m'avais guarder en maison avec lui parce qu'il était mon ami, un homme gentils qui aimais d'être en cour de mois. C'etait son plaisir de s'engager avec mois. On travaillais ensemble dans la court; on faisait ce que les gens font quand ils s'occupe a fair un petit peu, seulement pour passer le temps.

Mon grandpère était un homme qui brûlait de plaisir. Il s'amusait presquement comme un jeune homme plain d'esprit comme un bon vivant. Cela me donnait beaucoups de plaisir d'être dans sa prèsence parce-qu'il m'inspirait partfaitment d'être toujour comme lui—un homme de politesse et de bonne senté qui m'aimmait comme le sien. Il avait déjas beaucoup de petit a entretenir parceque ma tante et mon oncle Chabot avais déjas beaucoup d'enfants parceque les deux était plus vieux que notre mère. C'eux la, je ne les avais pas mis, surement, en conaisance.

Ma grandmère était aveugle. Elle me touchais sur la tête pour dire, "Un bon, petit garcon." Cela, a tout les jours! Ma tante m'aimais, aussi. Elle était la plus jeune de les quartoze enfants née en maison. Trois des filles son mortes dans leur enfance.

J'avais deux jeune soeur, Thérèse et Julienne. Ma Tante Éva les aimait pas. Je ne s'avait pas pourquoi. Maman mas dit que c'était parce que le plus jeune de leur deux frère, par vacance en automobile, à çe fait tuer dans une accident boulversante en voyage par les montagnes. J'ètait trop jeune pour comprende.

Notre grandmère Coutu est morte en maison dans sa chambre. Cette chambre n'était pas biens allumer. Il avait seulment un lit, un petit bureau et une chaise en bois. J'était l'a, en chanbre, sur mes genoux, tout pret du lit quand elle est morte. Elle a bien souffrit. Parce que, je pensais, comme l'instruction disait, que, sans le Bon Dieux, le diable venait prendre l'esprit de quelq'un qui vas, subitement, mourire; je pensais que, peut-être, ma grandmère était perdue parce que le diable l'amenait a l'enfère! Quand on est petit, on comprends pas ças, la mort. Mes en déja, en chambre c'est une autre chose. Comment oublier l'Histoire Sainte? Pourtant, c'était emberlificotant.

* * *

Note: The above account reminds me of essays written for the French class at Saint Louis High School, Biddeford Maine, in the late 1940's. I think our teacher's name was Le Frère Fernand, and, perhaps, his name slipped my mind. I remember him as a gentle man who was "razzed" by many classmates while he read aloud from a Madame de Beaupré text. I do not know why I have never forgotten Madame. Perhaps it was the quality of the reading. Brother "what's his name'" read with engrossing charm.

I offer my sincere apologies for my French, and all other errors of commission and oversight because of my age. [86] G. Coulombe.

HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE DOIRON, ANYWAY?

by Paul Doiron

http://www.pauldoiron.com/about/

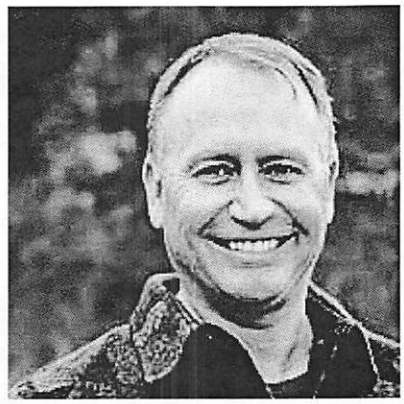
One of the most common questions I am asked is how I pronounce my name. I published this explanation last year but have decided to run it again since it remains a source of confusion.

When you grow up with an uncommon surname, mispronunciation is a lifelong companion. Doiron is a French name. There are lots of Franco-Americans in my home state of Maine. The name refers to the village of Oiron in the Poitou region of France. Long ago, one of my ancestors somehow acquired the surname d'Oiron. In the language of Michel de Montagne, Jean-Paul Sartre, and Maurice Chevalier this translates as "from the flyspeck of Oiron." Somewhere over the centuries, the apostrophe was misplaced, and we all became Doirons. I doubt it ever occurred to the original Monsieur d'Oiron that his American descendants would spend their lives suffering through endless mispronunciations of his elegant monicker.

In my life I've been called just about everything: Doron, Dyer, Drier, Dye-run, Dry-run. The most common variant was, and is, Dorian (as in Gray). The American tongue has difficulty wrapping itself around the French diphthong. I am sympathetic to this handicap although I sometimes wonder how Agatha Christie managed to create a world-famous Belgian detective with a surname almost identical to my own, and yet somehow hostesses in restaurants continue to page me as, "Darren, party of two."

So Hercule Poirot has been of no help. (Sometimes, I fancy that if ever I have a son I will name him Hercule. Either that or Elvis Aaron. One or the other.) The truth is I respond to nearly any sound that roughly approximates the six letters in my name. Shout Doo-run-run! and I'll know you mean me.

In fact, my name has been mispronounced so regularly, in so many different ways, that I have stopped bothering to correct people. What does it matter, after all? I know you bear me no malice when you call me "Paul Do-iron." That pronunciation isn't so far off the mark actually. I'll take it over most of the alternatives.



Author Paul Doiron

My great aunt Oline (pronounced O-lean, like the no-fat cooking oil) used to pronounce our last name Dwerron. Being much older and Frencher than me gave her considerable authority on the matter. But asking your average American to look at the name Doiron and make that mental leap—"Oh, of course, it's Dwerron, like that dwarf from Middle Earth!"—seems like an unreasonable expectation to me.

Truth be told, not all of us Doirons pronounce our names the same anyway. I'm sure I have a distant cousin who calls herself Darien, like the Connecticut township. And who am I to say she's wrong. It's her name as well as mine.

For the record, though, it's Dwarren.

Anti-Immigrant Rhetoric is Old, Tired, and Wrong

April 13, 2018, Ku Klux Klan, Maine, Politics, Waterville

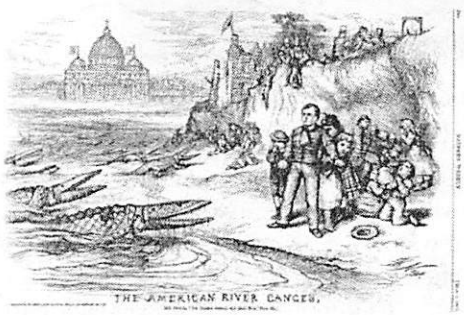
By James Myall

2018 is in danger of becoming the year of the white supremacy in Maine. Multiple elected officials have been outed as racists in recent weeks, from the town manager of Jackman to a school board members in Oxford Hills and Minot. Meanwhile, legislation in the statehouse has been called out as discriminatory by immigrants and advocacy organizations. One legislator has partnered with an anti-Islamic hate group; another has called immigrant assistance programs part of a "war on whites." Most recently, the mayor of Waterville, who has a long history of aggressive anti immigrant remarks, is facing a recall effort.

It's tempting to see this as turmoil caused by the relatively new arrival of refugees and migrants of African origin in Maine. But anti-immigrant sentiment has much deeper roots in the Pine Tree State, much of it directed against Franco-Americans.

French-Canadian immigration to Maine began as early as the late 1830's, and picked up pace after the Civil War at the height of Maine's industrial boom. This was a time of large scale immigration to the United States at large, and French Canadians in Maine faced many of the same prejudices as immigrants to other parts of the country. Key to understanding the discrimination they faced is understanding how they were viewed by American society at the time. In particular, French Canadians were seen as different for their religion (Catholicism) and their "race." Anti Catholic sentiment was very strong in the US at the time. Catholics were viewed as having a loyalty to the Pope which was incompatible with American Citizenship. Some even thought Catholics were naturally servile and unfit to act as citizens in a Republic. This view stretches across US history, from Alexander Hamilton to the opponents of John F Kennedy.

The notion of French Canadians as being racially different to Americans of British descent seems strange to us today. We classify both groups as "white." But 19th century Americans classified race differently. "White" was a much narrower category; largely restricted to people of Northern European ancestry – especially England, Scotland, Germany and Scandinavia. Early descriptions of French Canadian arrivals in Maine focus on their appearance, often describing them as "dark." Even as late as 1911, the "Dillingham Commission" of the US Congress compiled a "dictionary of races" which described "the French race" as a mixture of "broad-headed Alpine brunettes," "tall, long-headed Teutonic...blonds," and "long headed brunettes or Mediterranean types."



Thomas Nast, "The American River Ganges" for Harper's Weekly, May 8, 1875. The Protestant minister protects innocent American children from Catholic bishops coming ashore, their miters resembling alligators' mouths.

"St Patrick's Day 1867" Cartoon by Thomas Nast for Harper's Weekly

Through this lens, the experiences of French Canadians in the 19th century are not so different from those of today's New Mainers, who are similarly targeted for their race and, in the case of Muslim immigrants, for their religion.

In Waterville, the destination for many of Maine's first French-Canadian immigrants, some residents were quick to point out these differences. In 1862, the superintendent of the local baptist Sunday school called French Canadians "the Greeks at our doors," a reference to the Trojan War, where the Greeks tricked the Trojans into opening their gates, before they slaughtered the city's inhabitants. The clear implication was that Waterville's growing Franco-American population was a threat. Mr Chase was nonetheless concerned for the souls of the newcomers, especially the children. He urged their conversion of the new arrivals, even if they were "nobody but French."

A Portland journalist visiting Waterville in 1894 described the Plains, the city's Franco American neighborhood in condescending terms, noting "the delicate shades and distinctions of color between the babies and the dirt they roll in." She also compared French and Irish immigrant communities by saying "the abounding wealth of one being in babies and dogs; the other in babies and pigs."

Just as today's anti immigrant campaigners worry about the influence of "foreign values" in schools, so did the their predecessors. The Ku Klux Klan gained a foothold in Maine by decrying the influence of Catholics and Jews on public school boards.

Today's critics of multiculturalism complain that they are losing their country, or that immigrants are taking over. The sentiment would have been familiar to readers of the Maine Klansman, the newsletter of the KKK, which described Lewiston as

> If anyone walks down Lisbon Street in Lewiston, he will certainly think that he is in Quebec, or an alien land, instead of the United States. French is spoken nearly everywhere.

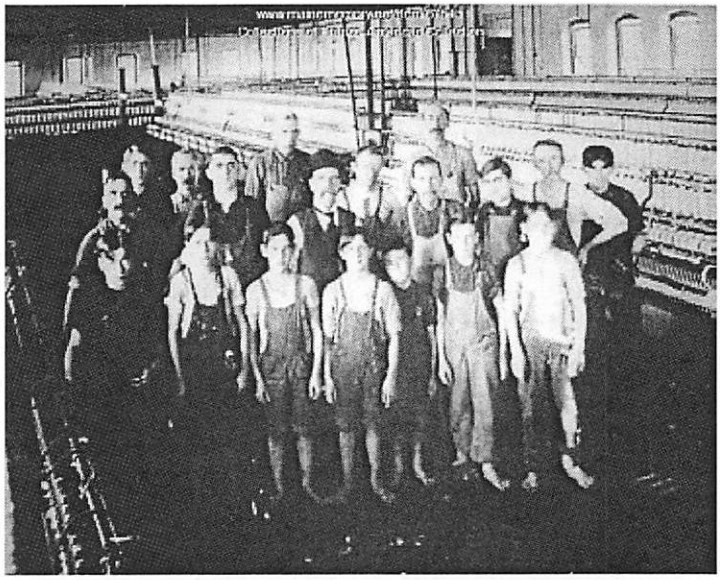
Responses to the perceived threat from French Canadian immigrants varied from the outright violence perpetrated by the Klan and their 19th century predecessors, the Know Nothings, to legislation targeted at immigrants. Successive efforts targeted immigrants' ability to get citizenship, and vote with that citizenship (1855); prohibited them from serving in the militia (1856); instituted a literacy test to deter Non English-speaking voters (1892); and prohibited children from speaking French in public schools (1918). Many of these were not repealed until the civil rights era of the 1960s. Maine's longtime prohibition law

(Continued on page 8)

Poetry from the Lewiston Mills of 1909

September 3, 2017Children, Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Organized Labor

By James Myall



Workers in a textile mill, thought to be in Lewiston, Maine. Image: University of Southern Maine, Franco-American Collection / Maine Memory Network

In the early twentieth century, thousands of children worked in Maine's manufacturing industries – in textile mills, shoe shops, granite quarries, and sardine canneries. These children faced dangerous working conditions, worked long hours, and missed out on the opportunity for an education. Although the state did pass a series of laws to regulate child labor, these laws were often incremental (for example requiring 16 weeks schooling for child workers), and brazenly ignored by many factory owners.

The practice of child labor was especially prevalent among Maine's Franco-Americans, for several reasons. Firstly, Franco-American families were more likely to be poor, and in need of the extra income. But most French-Canadian immigrants also came from an agricultural context, in which children were expected to work from a young age. Even in rural Quebec, school attendance was relatively low.

Children worked in Maine's mills from their earliest beginnings, but by the turn of the 20th century, there was increasing concern for the welfare of the children and the abuses perpetrated by employers. In 1909, the National Child Labor Committee dispatched photographer Lewis Hine to Maine to record and report on conditions for children there. Hine. who is now well known for his photographs of child laborers, visited industrial sites across the country. In Maine, Hine did not photograph inside the factories, because the local owners had been "warned" about him from their colleagues further south, and prevented him from entering the factories. Instead, he talked to children entering and leaving the mills.

The same year as Hine compiled his photographs and reports, a local physician, Doctor Joseph-Amedée Girouard, published two poems against child labor. The works, part of a collection called Au Fil de la Vie (Lewiston, Le Messager, 1909), are strident and forthright, calling out the well-to-do of society for overlooking the plight of the children and other workers.

Girouard was born in Saint-Hya-

WANTED!

120 Girls & Boys!

Owing to the inability of the Mills, to supply the Government with

TENT CLOTH,

(So much needed by our Soldiers now in the field,) as fast as wanted, the Managers of

THE BATES MILLS,

Have been induced to run their Machinery Extra Time, in order to supply in part, the wants of the Government, therefore the above number of hands can obtain employment at the Bates Mills, to do the following work, viz.

Twisting, Spooling, Spinning, Dofling and Quilling. They will be required to work 9 hours per day.

D. M. AYER, Agent.

Lewiston, October 16, 1861.

Recruiting poster, Bates Mill, Lewiston, 1861. Image: Museum L-A

(Anti-Immigrant Rhetoric is Old, Tired, and Wrong continued from page 7)

was motivated by the stereotype of the drunk Catholic immigrant, and it led to the disproportionate arrest of Franco-Americans.

Today's anti immigrant crusaders like to think they're responding to a unique threat on their culture or way of life. But they're not. For the most part, they're just repeating the same arguments we've heard for decades. Arguments that have proven time and again, to be false.

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/

(Poetry from the Lewiston Mills of 1909 continued from page 8)

cinthe, Quebec, in 1865. After attending the local seminary, and medical school in Montréal, he practiced in Montana, before moving to Maine, and working first in Wesbrook, and then Lewiston. There, Girouard joined fellow natives of St-Hyacinthe A-N Gendreau, and Louis Martel, as the founding doctors of St Mary's Hospital, the first hospital in the state of Maine. All three were artists as well as medical men. Gendreau and Martel founded Le Messager, Lewiston's Franco-American newspaper, and Martel was a longtime civic leader, including in the musical and theatrical fields. Girouard's contributions included his poetry.

The following two poems are reprinted from *Au Fil de la Vie*. The original French is accompanied by my own inadequate translation (thanks to members of Facebook's "French-Canadian Descendants" group for their help with some words).

"Girls going to work in Bates Mfg. Co." Lewis Hine for the National Child Labor Committee, April 24, 1909. Image: Library of Congress.

La Chanson des Ouvrières

Le matin quand la cloche triste;
Là-haut dans le sombre clocher,
Où nous la voyons trébucher.
A chaque son, à chaque plainte,
Nous accourons d'un pas égal,
Nous ouvrières, jeunes filles,
Nous accourons dans nos mantilles,
Et dans le grand air matinal.

Nous sentons bien notre paupière.
Quelque fois lourde sur nos yeux;
Mais nos cœurs sont pourtant joyeux,
Nous avons fait notre prière.
A nos métiers nous accourons
Et sans jamais nous mettre en peine,
Nous surveillons nos brins de laine;
Ensemble donc nous travaillons.

Et comme là dans la feuillée,
Du haut des grands arbres mouvants,
Nous entendons dès le printemps,
De sa fine voix ondulée;
L'oiseau qui chante ses chansons,
Lorsque sur la branche il travaille,
Faisant son petit nid de paille;
De même aussi nous, nous chantons.

Tandis que de nos mains fiévreuses,
Nous attachons les fils cassés,
Qui sont devant nous disposés,
En longues nappes filandreuses;
Surveillant toujours nos métiers,
Avec la même exactitude,
Sans relâche, sans lassitude,
Dans leurs mouvements réguliers.

The Song of the Drones[1]

In the morning when the sad bell;
Up there in its gloomy bell-tower,[2]
Where we watch It toll.[3]
At each sound, at each groan,
We hurry, one and all,
We drones, young girls,
We hurry, wrapped in our shawls,[4]
And in the fresh morning air.

We feel our poverty keenly.
Sometimes heavily in our eyes,
But our hearts are yet joyful,
We have said our prayers.
To our looms[5] we hurry
And never without being in pain,
We watch over our wisps of wool;
And so, together, we work.

And just as the foliage
Sways atop the great trees,
And we hear, as soon as spring comes,
From his delicate undulating voice;
The bird singing his songs,
While he works on the branch,
Making his little nest of straw;
So we also sing.

While with our feverish hands
We tie together the broken threads,
Which are put in front of us,
In long stringy sheets;
Always watching our looms,
With the same care,
Without relaxing, without tiring,
In our regular movements.

(Continued on page 10)

(Poetry from the Lewiston Mills of 1909 continued from page 9)

Et nous tissons ainsi sans cesse,
Pour couvrir indifféremment,
Le vieillard, l'adulte, l'enfant,
Et l'indigence, et la richesse;
Le misérable ou le proscrit,
Et l'épouse et la fille infâme,
L'infidèle et la belle dame
Et l'orphelin qui nous sourit.

Puis si parfois quelque tristesse
Soudain vient obscurcir nous yeux,
Que quelque soupir douloureux
Monte en nos cœurs pleins de jeunesse;
Il faut du revers de nos main,
Des larmes arrêter la foule,
Car chacune d'elle qui coule,
Nous empêche de voir nos brins.

Il faut que rien ne nous chagrine,
Et pourquoi pleurer après tout?
Ne trouvons-nous pas que partout,
Le travail est la loi divine?
Ne voyons-nous à chaque instant,
L'homme ici-bas à bout d'haleine.
Et que sous le poids de sa peine,
Chacun se traîne, agonissant?

And we weave like this incessantly,
To cover mercilessly,
The old man, the adult, the child,
Poverty and wealth,
The wretched or the forbidden,
The wife and the fallen woman,
The infidel and the beautiful woman
And the orphan who smiles at us.

If, sometimes, some sudden
Sadness comes across our eyes,
That brings up some aching sigh
In our joyful hearts;
It puts a stop to our hand,
Tears to stop the whole group,
Because each drop that trickles
Stops us from seeing our threads.

It must never distress us,
And why cry about it?
Don't we find that, throughout,
Work is the law of God?
Don't we see, at each turn,
Man on earth, breathless,
Each under the weight of his pain,
Crawling, dying?

Lewis Hine for National Child Labor Committee, 6 P.M. April 23, 1909. Hine's caption reads "Boys all work in Bates Mfg. Co., Lewiston, Me. Several of smallest have been there several years. Larger boys get $4 to $5 a week. Nearly any one could not speak English." Image: Library of Congress.

(Continued on page 11)

(Poetry from the Lewiston Mills of 1909 continued from page 10)

Le Travail de L'Enfance

Les petits qui vont à l'usine
Ont un sort bien avarié;
Car le travail les assassine,
Et devant l'infâme machine,
Comme ils font pitié!

Leurs deux petites mains s'épuisent,
En rattachant là tous les jours,
Les brins que les machines brisent;
Leurs petits pieds se paralysent
A peiner toujours.

Eux qui devraient courir ensemble
Le long des grands bois parfumés
Où la fraîcheur de l'ombre tremble;
Le dûr maître qui les rassemble,
Les tient enfermés.

Comme des oiseaux mis en cage,
Nés pour l'air et la liberté
Perdent bientôt leur doux ramage;
Ainsi ce petit monde à gage,
Passe sans gaîté.

Jamais ni le doux babillage,
Ni les jeux et ni les plaisirs
N'embelliront leur apanage;
Ils ne connaitront de leur âge
Aucun des loisirs.

Puis dans cette ignoble fournaise,
Où le grand nombre doit périr,
Leur petite forme s'affaisse,
Et bientôt tombant de faiblesse,
On les voit mourir.

Riches, à travers votre ivresse
Du haut de vos chars émouvants,
Ne voyez-vous pas la tristesse,
Et la désolant faiblesse
De ces enfants.

Malgré votre pieux sourire,
Où par des mots sous-entendus
Tant de mépris pourrait se lire;
Ne les entendez-vos dire
Nous sommes perdus.

Entendez-vous l'accent qu'ils mettent
A crier leurs appels divers
A vos cœurs dûrs [sic] qui les rejettent;
Et la triste plainte qu'émettent
Leurs tombeaux ouverts.

Child Labor

The children who work in the mills
Bear a curse most rotten;
For their work will kill them,
And faced with the infernal machine,
How pitiful they are!

Their two little hands are exhausted
From reattaching every day
The blades of the machines which break;
Their little feet are paralyzed
With pain every day.

They should be running together
Beside the great sweet-smelling forests
Where the cool shade waves;
The harsh master who brought them there,
Holds them prisoner.

Like birds put in a cage,
Born for fresh air and freedom
Soon lose their sweet chirping;
So this little world of wages
Passes joylessly.

Never the sweet babble,
Nor games, nor pleasures
Embellish their domain;[6]
They do not know any
Of the pleasures of their age.

Then into this awful furnace
Where a great many will perish,
Their little bodies sink,
And soon drop down from feebleness,
Watch them die.

You wealthy folk, riding high[7]
Atop your moving carriages,[8]
Do you not see the sadness,
And the sorry enfeeblement
Of these children.

Despite your pious smiles,
One can read so much contempt
Behind your implied words;
Do you not hear them saying
We are lost.

Listen to the emphasis they put
On calling out their many appeals
To your hard hearts that reject them;
And the sad groans which come from
Their open tombs.

Notes:

[1] *Ouvrière* (in the feminine) is a worker-bee or other worker-insect. The masculine, ouvrière, is used for a human laborer.

[2] *Clocher* can also be used as a metaphor for someone's parish or village.

[3] *Trébucher* typically means to "trip" or "stumble." Here it perhaps implies that the bell is not chiming in perfect time. The image is also reminiscent of well-known lines from John Donne's Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions (1624): "Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bells tolls; it tolls for thee."

[4] *Maintille* literally refers to a particular kind of Spanish lace or silk shawl (a mantilla). Here, Girouard is probably referring to more everyday wear.

[5] *Métier* has a double meaning – it can signify a loom, but also any craft or trade.

[6] *Appanage* is an old term for the domain of a French king granted him for financial support.

[7] *Ivresse* can mean "drunkenness" or simply a sense of euphoria.

[8] *Char* typically denotes an automobile among Maine's Franco-Americans in the 20th century. The traditional meaning is a "chariot," but it can also be used for a float, as in a parade.

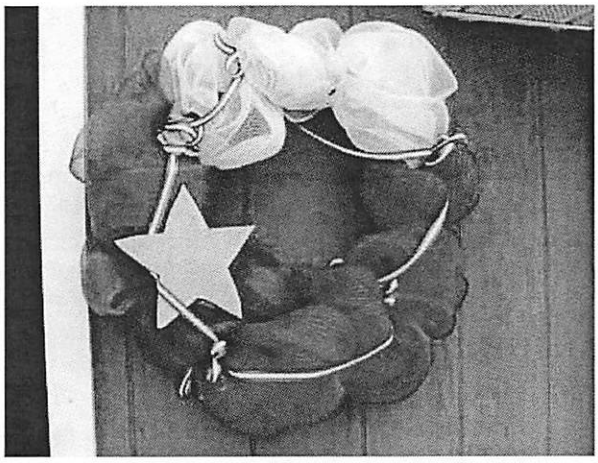
http://myall.bangordailynews.com/author/myall/

World Acadian Congress 2019

May 4, 2018Franco-American News and CultureLouisiana, Maritimes, New Brunswick Canada, New England, Prince Edward Island Canada

By Juliana L'Heureux

Que les célébrations commencent!



Symbols of Acadian pride are exhibited throughout the communities where the festivities are scheduled. ***~L'Heureux photograph***

Thanks to the outreach of social networking, I was able to catch up with what's happening for the 2019 celebrations.

Congrès mondial acadien 2019 Promotional Tour in Louisiana and New England!

As a matter of fact, I've followed the growth of the Acadien Congresses since the late 1990's, during the beginning years. As time flies (le temps passe!), in August 2019, the program will mark its 25th Silver Anniversary!

Once every four years, Congrès Mondial Acadien is scheduled in a location where the descendants of the Acadian settlers scattered to and congregated, after 1755, during the horrible Le Grand Dérangement.

Acadian Cross in Madawaska, during the World Acadian Congress. Juliana and Richard L'Heureux (Savoie is among the names memorialized at this site ~ my husband's grandmother's name). ~ L'Heureux photograph

In other words, the quadrennial international Acadian Congresses are coordinated in regions where the descendants of the displaced families can reunite. They bring attention to the areas where the Acadians settled, while they take the time to celebrate, and learn about their special French history, genealogies, and the cultures of their ancestors and relatives. As in the past, I am excited to report about the 2019 Congrès Mondial! Each program is hosted in a beautiful location where plenty of space is provided for families to meet and celebrate their shared heritage. Moreover, I look forward to speaking with the ambassadors who are busy educating the Acadian and Franco-American groups about the planned schedule of programs.Over the years, I have enjoyed the pleasure of attending many of the events, the parades, the family reunions and the religious celebrations, scheduled during the international programs.

Lucie LeBlanc Consentino posted the announcement on her informative social media page:

"The Chair of the Congrès mondial acadien 2019, Claudette Thériault, will be traveling in New England to hold public presentations about the CMA 2019, which will be held from August 10-24, 2019, in Prince Edward Island and Southeastern New Brunswick. The delegation will also travel to Louisiana to promote the events. The first part of the programming (August 10-15, 2019) will mostly be held in Prince Edward Island and the second part (August 15-24, 2017) will be held mostly in Southeast New Brunswick. "

A basic schedule of locations is at this website.

In 2019, the 6th edition of the Congrès mondial acadien will be held on Prince Edward Island and in Southeastern New Brunswick from August 10–24, 2019. It will mark the 25th anniversary of the event. In order to better publicize the event, a delegation from the host region will travel to the United States at the end of April (and I have been assured, they will eventually be in Maine).

Members of the delegation will be attending the Festival International de Louisiane, which is being held in Lafayette from April 25–29. The following week, they will give a few public presentations in New England, where many Acadians and friends of Acadie reside.

Information-rich cultural programming will be delivered at the 2019 Congress, and the culminating point of the week will be the show put on by the CMA 2019 on the Festival's biggest stage, right before the closing show. The "Congrès mondial acadien 2019 Kitchen Party" will feature nine artists and groups from the Maritimes, Quebec and Louisiana, who were already taking part in this year's Festival.

From my point of view, every "Acadian Congress" is a cultural festival where the friendly Acadians decorate their communities to welcome international visitors and host the many family reunions, at the events.

Among the many highlights within the programs are the displays of brilliant Acadian symbols of pride, exhibited throughout the venues and in businesses. Although, I'm not sure if awards are given to the most creative Acadian Pride exhibits and decorations, this consideration would certainly be something to highlight in the programming (just my opinion).

http://francoamerican.bangordaily-news.com/author/jlheureux/

NH PoutineFest Origin Story

By Timothy Beaulieu

Intro

NH PoutineFest is a celebration of the Québécois dish, poutine. People of all backgrounds from all over New England and beyond have come to really enjoy and look forward to this very unique food event. To most attendees of the event this is a great food event, but to Franco-Americans around New England there is a much deeper meaning.

My Story

I'm a 30-something third generation French-Canadian descendent, but grew up with very little knowledge about what that was exactly, a pretty common story these days. My only connection to that part of my background was my last name. My family took a lot of pride in it, and always pushed back on folks who pronounced it in various anglicized ways.

In the early 2000s my grandparents moved from Massachusetts to be closer to us in New Hampshire. It was during this time, as a young adult, I began to pick my grandfather's brain about what my Canadian (the term he used) heritage was all about. I learned a little about frozen split pea soup, hard mill work, a desire for a simple life, and also shame in an accent and language. My great-grandparents did not hand down the language and raised their children to blend in as much as possible. It was clearly difficult for them to fit in.

In 2007, my grandfather passed away, but my questions and curiosity did not. I began to notice there was ignorance, by no fault of our own, in my generation to our heritage.

I began to wonder why is there not a closer bond between French-Canadian descendants in New England and those still in Québec? If there are so many of us, why do so many not take pride in it?

I began to dig. I watched YouTube videos on the history of Québec and immigration to New England, read various blogs, and looked for current information on French-Canadians. It seemed like there was quite a bit about the history of French-Canadian immigration, but our story seems to stop in the 1950s and early 1960s. There are no mentions of it after that time period.

In my searches I came across the movie, "Reveil-Waking Up French." It struck a bit of a cord with me and backed up my finding that our story disappeared decades before. The young people in the movie seemed interested in their heritage and the French language. As each generation passed away, it became harder for them to connect to it.

I felt bad that our heritage and culture seems to have been forgotten. After some thought, I decided it was time to take some action.

FACNH

I did some searching for local French organizations that appeared open to French-Canadian descendants, who were interested in bringing back the culture. The one caveat, they also had to be open to someone who was completely American and rediscovering their lost heritage.

I was happy to find a handful still in existence. Many seemed to focus on religion and language. The language piece interested me greatly, but I was unsure if I would be welcomed as an "Anglophone" (I had never heard that term before) and I had long since given up interest in organized religion.

A group that appeared to be attempting a different path was the Franco-American Centre in Manchester. Their web presence was in French and English and they appeared to be trying out some new events to attract young people.

I reached out to the Executive Director, John Tousignant, and was pleasantly surprised by his take on our story. We shared the same view of the path forward for the preservation of the culture and language in New England.

I volunteered with the Centre for a year and joined the Board of Trustees soon after that. Over that time I kept track of who I saw at our events, how our social media presence was functioning, and what our plans for the future were.

The Centre was doing consistent small events; I knew that would only keep us treading water. We needed something big to appeal to young people

Poutine Idea

I had been visiting Montreal since I was in my early 20s. When I was younger I viewed it as a trip to Canada, as I got older it became a trip to the Motherland. I always noticed this strange food "poutine," that was some sort of Canadian obsession.

In the summer of 2015, I took my wife and son to Montreal for the first time, kind of like a visit to the old country for the next generation. I again noticed the plethora of poutine. Upon, my return to New Hampshire I began to see it popping up down here too...hmm.

After a little research I discovered Poutine was not a Canadian obsession, it was more than that. It was a Québecois creation/cultural phenomenon of the 1960s, it was first looked down upon in the rest of Canada, then became accepted and now spread to the United States. Well then.

Back to Research

I began to think perhaps poutine could be the key to rebooting our story with the new generations or maybe I was insane. Google held the answers.

People in our area were searching for poutine, and a lot. Google Trends data at the time indicated that the Boston-Manchester area had the second most poutine searches in the entire continental United States and all the blogs I came across about it were written by folks in my age range.

I put up a cryptic post about a potential new cultural event on the Franco-American

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(N.D.L.R. This essay is being used with permission and has appeared in a slightly edited form under the title "Why We French Canadians Are Neither French nor Canadian" in the online journal Zócalo Public Square. It is part of "What It Means to Be American"<http://www.whatitmeanstobeamerican.org/>, a project of the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History<http://americanhistory.si.edu/> and Arizona State University<https://newamericanuniversity.asu.edu/>, produced by Zócalo Public Square, http://www.zocalopublicsquare.org/.

FRANCO-AMERICANS: MORE THAN CANNED SPAGHETTI

by Robert B. Perreault

Whenever my family visits Québec, people other than our relatives are surprised to hear Americans—even our grandchildren, ages five and seven—speak fluent French. They're amazed to learn that French is our mother tongue and that we also speak English without a French accent. Likewise, if we leave our native New Hampshire to travel elsewhere in the US, we get blank stares upon mentioning that we're Franco-Americans from New England.

"Franco-American, as in canned spaghetti?" some ask.

I roll my eyes and sigh. "No connection whatsoever."

Geographically, Franco-Americans resemble Mexican Americans of the Southwest because we also live near our cultural homeland. But unlike Mexican Americans, we're unknown outside our region. No wonder Maine journalist Dyke Hendrickson entitled his 1980 book about Franco-Americans *Quiet Presence*.

From the earliest French expedition to the Carolinas in 1524 to the founding of Québec City in 1608, New France eventually extended across North America from the Appalachians to the Rockies and south to the Gulf of Mexico. But over time, through conquests, treaties, and sales, French North American colonies became part of the British Empire or of the US. The only exceptions were islands near Newfoundland and in the Caribbean, plus an independent Haiti.

For socioeconomic and political reasons, as second-class citizens under British rule in the very country they had founded, roughly 900,000 French Canadians left Québec between the 1840s and the Depression. Many settled in New England and eastern New York. The earliest, mostly farmers, engaged in agriculture or logging in rural areas, or in the manufacture of textiles, shoes, paper, and other goods in urban areas. After the Civil War, when migration increased drastically, members of Québec's business and professional classes settled among their compatriots. Today, Franco-American descendants of the original French Canadian immigrants total over 3,000,000.

Among the region's mill towns, there emerged four with Franco-American populations significant enough to vie for the unofficial title of French-speaking capital: Lewiston, Maine; Manchester, New Hampshire; Lowell, Massachusetts; and Woonsocket, Rhode Island. These cities and others had Franco-American neighborhoods called *Petit Canada* (Little Canada), comprised of residences, churches, schools, businesses, social organizations, newspapers, and other institutions designed to preserve the French language and Franco-American culture. There, one could be born, educated, work, shop, pray, play, die, and be buried almost entirely in French. Streets with names such as Notre Dame, Cartier, and Dubuque were lined with multi-family houses in whose yards there might be a shrine to the *Sainte Vierge Marie*, the *Sacré-Coeur de Jésus* or to one's favorite saint. From those homes came the aroma of *tourtière* (pork pie), *tarte au sucre* (maple sugar pie), and other delights.

Unlike other groups who've become well known, most Franco-Americans tend to live and practice their culture in intimate, unassuming, and conservative ways. In my opinion, the root of this *quiet presence* lies in our history.

When the French Revolution began in 1789, it not only replaced the monarchy with a republic, but it also secularized and made freethinkers of the French masses. Having left France a century earlier, our ancestors missed that Revolution.

Fast-forward to Québec's *Révolution Tranquille* (Quiet Revolution) of the 1960s, which had somewhat the same effects on the Québécois as did the French Revolution on the French people. But Franco-Americans were living in the US during that *Révolution*. In fact, Québécois tourists to our region sometimes comment that Franco-Americans remind them of their parents and grandparents in the pre-*Révolution Tranquille* era.

Yet even though the *Franco* half of our collective psyche missed both revolutions, the *American* half of our dual identity experienced the sociocultural revolution of the 1960s in the US. Consequently, while the *Franco* side of our brains remained in the past, the *American* side evolved toward the future.

My hometown, Manchester, New Hampshire, once housed the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company (1831-1936), which attracted immigrants from Québec and Europe. With Manchester's total population at 78,384 (1920 U.S. Census), Amoskeag's work force peaked at 17,000, some 40% of whom were Franco-Americans. At its highest, Manchester's Franco-American population reached nearly 50% of the city's total. Manchester is also home to the first credit union in the US, *Caisse Populaire Ste. Marie*/St. Mary's Bank, founded in 1908.

Born in 1902 in Danielson, Connecticut, my father came to Manchester in 1925 to work as a Linotype machinist. My mother was born in 1915 in New Bedford, Massachusetts, but moved to Manchester with her family before her first birthday. My parents met in 1949 and married in 1950. I was born in 1951.

My family background is mixed in the chronological and sociocultural sense. My paternal side in New England dates to my great-grandfather, born in 1849 in Webster, Massachusetts. He, my grandfather, and my father belonged to the working class as skilled machinists of various sorts. Meanwhile, my mother was the first US-born member of my maternal line, her predecessors having remained in Québec for several more generations. Born in 1886 on his family's farm, my maternal grandfather

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(Franco-Americans: More Than Canned Spaghetti continued from page 14)

rejected rural life, went to college in Joliette, Québec, and migrated to New England in 1907. He worked as a French-language newspaper editor and eventually as president of the Association Canado-Américaine, a Manchester-based New England-Québécois fraternal life insurance society. As such, he belonged to the upper-middle class. My mother, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers were all housewives.

Unlike many Franco-Americans, we lived across the Merrimack River from Manchester's Petit Canada, where we were *the French family* among Scottish, Irish, Polish, Greek, Swedish, and other ethnicities. Although my father's relatives spoke French, they favored English. Other than belonging to St. George, one of Manchester's eight French-language parishes, they weren't members of any Franco-American institutions. By contrast, my mother's relatives spoke French exclusively and were heavily involved in various aspects of Franco-American culture.

Out of respect for my maternal grandparents, French was the chosen language in our home when I was a young child. I recall, at age four, visiting our Scottish neighbor who had a black dog. With my rudimentary English governed by French, I said, "Dog black." When the lady replied, "Black dog," I was confused, but quickly learned English by playing with neighborhood children. At age five, I had a neighbor friend whose grandmother spoke only Polish. Hence, I concluded that grandparents spoke languages other than English.

My awareness of the difference between our family and others increased when I started school. Nearly every neighborhood kid attended either the public school around the corner from our house or the English-language parochial school near my Franco-American parochial school, St. George. There, French and English were taught on an equal level, each during its half of the school day. Thus, we had to be fluent in both languages upon entering first grade. Our most important subject was *catéchisme*, almost as if French were the official language of heaven. Surprisingly, *l'histoire du Canada* wasn't taught, nor was Franco-American history. In fact, I don't recall the term *Franco-American* having ever been pronounced in class.

That term in French—*Franco-Américain*—is something my maternal grandfather, uncles, and aunts all used. My mother always said we were *Canadiens*, despite our having been born in the US. Anglophone kids called us *French*, and some adults called us *French Canadians* and still do. *Franco-American* seems to be a term used mainly by community activists.

Nowadays, much of the daily culture that Franco-Americans once lived by is practiced outside the home during festivities such as *la Saint-Jean-Baptiste* on June 24th, feast of the French Canadian patron saint. In Manchester, one can eat some of the aforementioned traditional foods in a few restaurants, including the popular Chez Vachon, a must-stop for candidates during New Hampshire's first-in-the nation presidential primary. There, the specialty is *poutine*, (French fries and cheese curds in gravy), a late-20th-century Québécois invention some call a heart attack on a plate.

With every generation, most Franco-Americans have put a bit more American water in their French wine. Many today don't speak French and know little about their ethnic heritage. Sociologists attribute this phenomenon to natural acculturation of immigrants and their descendants to their adopted country. In the US, pressure from proponents of the English language and American culture has accelerated this evolution. However, because the human brain can retain one's mother tongue and native culture while absorbing a new language and way of life, immigrants and their descendants need not forsake one for the other. After all, haven't the food, art, music, customs, technology, and general knowledge brought to the US by immigrants made American culture all the richer?

Though most Franco-Americans are such in name only, our family is an exception. My wife is the first woman I ever dated who introduced me to her mother in French. We raised our son in French. He and his wife, a former student of mine, are doing likewise, the seventh generation of French-speaking Perreaults living on US soil.

To us and to a minority of Franco-American families in our region, the French language and our Franco-American culture are gifts we lovingly pass on from generation to generation.

Robert B. Perreault has taught conversational French in the Native Speaker Program at St. Anselm College, Manchester, New Hampshire, since 1988. A bilingual freelance writer, public speaker, historical tour guide, and photographer, he is the author of more than 160 articles and seven books, including a French-language novel, *L'Héritage* (1983), set in Manchester's Franco-American community, *Franco-American Life and Culture in Manchester, New Hampshire: Vivre la Différence* (2010), and a book of his original photos, *Images of Modern America: Manchester* (2017).

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(NH PoutineFest Origin Story continued from page 13)

Centre's Facebook page, with a photo of poutine. The reaction was off the charts. "Do I have something here," I thought. My last research step was a survey to membership base of the Centre and Facebook fans about poutine. The results were mixed. Folks 25-45, were all in. The older groups seemed interested, but not as excited. Game on.

Pushing Ahead

In the fall of 2015 I decided we needed to have some sort of poutine event. I wasn't sure what that would be though. I noticed there was a PoutineFest in Chicago that seemed to do well (Chicago had way fewer searches for Poutine than our area). I reached out to them for information and began to model our event like theirs, a 200-300 event in a restaurant or function space. An event of 300 people would be a giant turn out for the Franco-American Centre.

New Identity

I knew this event had to have a "cool factor" and it had to attract everyone, not just Francos to work. That said, it also had to connect with young people curious about their French-Canadian heritage. Tricky!

I decided it should be a standalone brand from the Centre. I struggled to explain to my friends what a Franco-American was, let alone what the Centre did. The term seemed like an attempt to make us sound Patriotic, but still French? It's not something the new generations identify with.

Meanwhile poutine was a highly searched term in our area, thus the stand alone brand, NH PoutineFest, was born. To this day, many of our attendees have no idea who is behind the event. They just like it.

Location

With the help of the interns at the Centre I begin to pitch the idea of a small poutine event around to function halls in the area. Some flat out said no and others had no idea what I was even talking about.

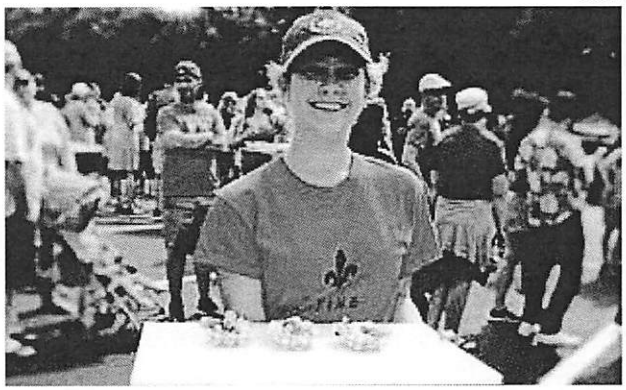
I started to think outside the box a little bit. Our Centre wasn't too well known with young people and we had a small volunteer base. Maybe it was time to partner with someone a little bigger than we are.

I've always loved baseball and really enjoyed going out to games at our AA team the New Hampshire the Fisher Cats. They also have a beautiful stadium with function space overlooking the field.

I put a call into them expecting the usual rejection. Well what do you know, the Director of Events was a French-Canadian descendent who knew poutine all too well. We had found a home!

We worked with the Fisher Cats to have an event in the outfield bar for about 300 people to coincide with La fête nationale.

We had a brand and a venue, we just needed vendors to make Poutine using the same work flow as the Chicago event. How do I convince them to come?



Pictured FACNH Volunteer Abby Snarski. Photo by: FACNH intern - Jingyin Wen

Viral Poutine

We built out the website to explain who we were and also began to post some content on the new NH PoutineFest Facebook page. It was mid-March 2016, and we weren't on anyone's radar.

One night at about 6 PM I decided it was time to put an event out on Facebook. That's tubby time for my son, so I made a quick event and posted it. This post began to go viral while I gave him a bath, and was everywhere by the next day.

People could not believe a PoutineFest was coming to NH. Folks began to email us, call the Centre, and bombard the Facebook Page with messages. The best part of this, restaurants called us asking to join. Within 48 hours our event reached hundreds of thousands of people. The social media age had brought us to life!

We knew it was popular, but had no idea it would get this crazy. We re-grouped with the Fisher Cats and increased the potential attendees from 300 to 1,500. The event would also be paired up with a French Heritage game.

The game component basically gave us the ability to recreate what an Expos game had been like in Montreal, with the help of the Québec Government Office in Boston, we were able to do it.

Roger Lacerte was the French announcer for the game, modern Québec pop music was played throughout the stadium, and Franco-American Trivia was presented on the big board.

I had been to "Canadian" Heritage nights at the ballpark, but this was the first time I had ever seen one done like this. The other sports teams had clearly not fully understood the difference between Canada and Quebec, way too much red at those games. This game was a true French-Canadian Celebration.

Established Event

We ended up selling out of those 1,500 tickets that's first year and while the event didn't go off without any bumps, it was a successful first year. We had put a new French-Canadian event on the map. Our event drew attendees from all over New England these people were primarily in their 20s and 30s.

In year two, we made some changes, but the overall theme and feel of the event was the same. We fixed most of the bumps we ran into in year one and had an amazingly successful event. The Fisher Cats wore "poutine jerseys" for the game and even had a fleur-de-lis on the arm (the 2018 version is even better). I'm pretty sure no NH professional team has ever had a fleur-de-lis on their jersey until that day.

Our third event is coming up fast, we continue to tweak and improve the event. We also still treat NH PoutineFest as a standalone brand from the Centre and have really built up a strong following on Facebook. We will be adding more of the French language to this year's event, to really put a spot light on the language and its importance. Our French speaking volunteers will be wearing Je Parle Français buttons to identify them as French speakers, for those who would like to either speak French or may need assistance in French. It has been an interesting ride with NH PoutineFest. I believe its success shows that despite what some say, the future for our heritage, language and, culture is bright.

Merci!

There are some folks I'd like to thank for all the success of NH PoutineFest has

(Continued on page 17)

Editor's note: The Société internationale Veritas Acadie is honoured and indebted to Le Forum for the publication in its entirety (in two parts) of the article by Professor Roger Paradis taken from its historical journal Veritas Acadie 6. For subscriptions to Veritas Acadie or excerpts of Professor Paradis' article contact chouetteacadienne.siva@gmail.

Professor Roger Paradis*

L'influence d'un livre

Placide Gaudet,
Le Grand Dérangement
Sur qui retombe la responsabilité de l'expulsion des Acadiens, Ottawa Printing Co., Ltd., 1922, 84 pages

The title of Placide Gaudet's popular monograph, Le Grand Dérangement, is not original. He did not coin the expression. The phrase existed in Acadian oral tradition long before the twentieth century. In 1815, the Rev. Andrew Brown interviewed some Acadian families who were settled at Chezettcook, and he reported that the term was commonly used by the inhabitants with reference to their removal and the loss of "la terre de leurs père." [1] The words are eloquent and mild, a euphemism to attenuate what was otherwise a great human tragedy.** The Acadians at Chezettcook lived in the shadow of Halifax, and the ordeal of the Deportation taught them to be discreet. Their survival depended on it, and Gaudet was keenly aware of this.

Two years before Gaudet published his monograph, abbé Thomas Albert wrote verbatim in his elegant Histoire du Madawaska : "La déportation ne prit pas fin avec le Grand-Dérangement (sic) de la Nouvelle-Écosse en 1755", which was the common Acadian usage known wherever there was an Acadian presence, even in the remote Madawaska Territory. Wherever the Acadians had their pied-à-terre the expression, Grand Dérangement, followed them. [2] "Peu d'évènements ont causé des aventures aussi romanesques, aussi curieuses que le grand dérangement, c'est ainsi," wrote Jean-Baptiste-Antoine Ferland in La Gaspésie, in 1877, "que les Acadiens ont nommé leur expulsion de la terre de leurs pères." [3] Placide Gaudet used the popular expression for the title of his popular book, and it was a guarantee of its universal appeal and acceptance. In 1924, two years after the publication of this classic work, Émile Lauvrière appropriated the phrase for the title of Chapter XIV of his La Tragédie d'un Peuple. As lately as 2003, Governor General of Canada Adrienne Clarkson used the expression in a "Proclamation" in the name of Queen Elizabeth II, in her right as Queen of Canada, intended for the Acadian people. As in "common" use, the term Grand Dérangement was used four times in the official French version of the said 2003 Royal Canadian Proclamation while its official version in English rendered it "Great Upheaval". Small wonder since the name, Placide Gaudet, became a household name among Acadians, and his Grand Dérangement became the last word on the deportation for well-nigh a century.***

A common practice of historians, shared by Gaudet, is to refer to the Acadian deportation as an "expulsion," which is clearly misplaced. While technically not a misnomer, the word lacks precision. It implies that the inhabitants were simply forced out of Nova Scotia. This was the fate of the American Tories, in 1783, after the American Revolution. They were given a year by the Continental Congress to make arrangement for their departure and to decide on their new zion. The Acadians were not so fortunate. Their fate was extirpation and deportation, not banishment. Words matter. They were removed and dispersed, not merely compelled to leave. The assumption was that, in the populous thirteen American colonies, they would be assimilated and cease to exist as a people.

Placide Gaudet's monograph on the deportation is one of the best researched contemporary studies on the subject. The Acadian historian was a salaried researcher at the Dominion Archives, and he had access to a multiplicity of depositories otherwise unknown or unavailable to less privileged historians, and a plethora of documents. His formidable and compulsive quill is understandably passionate, because his ancestors were swept into the deportation maelstrom.

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(NH PoutineFest Origin Story continued from page 16)

had so far:

All the historians, researchers, bloggers, and movie makers who have helped pass down our history. Without their efforts our story would have been forgotten.

John Tousignant for all his efforts to keep our language, heritage, and culture alive and also for believing in a crazy idea to have a poutine event at a baseball stadium.

Nathalie Hirte, Joe Theriault, Jo-Ann Belanger, and Carolyn Maheu. These folks have been instrumental volunteers in the success of the event since day one and continue to be a part of it today.

The Québec Government Office in Boston for their guidance, standing by us when we were just starting out and for being a great partner on this year's event.

The FAC Board and the Fisher Cats for their knowledge and help with the event.

My wife for her putting up with all the time I put towards this

Finally, my grandfather for passing down the stories he knew and peaking my interest in our heritage. I'm not sure he would have believed he helped inspire an event like this.

Photo by: FACNH intern - Jingyin Wen

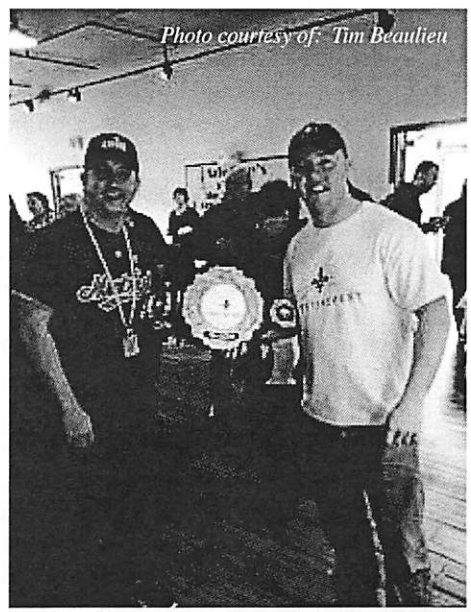
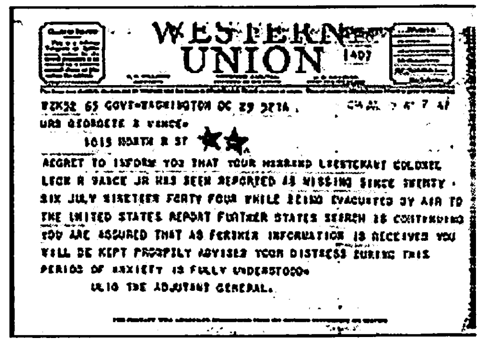


Photo courtesy of: Tim Beaulieu

Tim & Dan Beaulieu

When there's a knock at the door, it means no one is there

by Grégoire Chabot


WESTERN UNION

[illegible] GOVT=WASHINGTON DC [illegible]

[illegible]

REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR HUSBAND LIEUTENANT COLONEL [illegible] JR HAS BEEN REPORTED AS MISSING SINCE TWENTY SIX JULY NINETEEN FORTY FOUR WHILE BEING EVACUATED BY AIR TO THE UNITED STATES REPORT FURTHER STATES SEARCH IS CONTINUING YOU ARE ASSURED THAT AS FURTHER INFORMATION IS RECEIVED YOU WILL BE KEPT PROMPTLY ADVISED YOUR DISTRESS DURING THIS PERIOD OF ANXIETY IS FULLY UNDERSTOOD.

ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

She was in the depths of despair. In ways she had never, ever been before. A dark despair that hid its true nature and lifespan. Temporary or permanent. One day or forever. Who knew?

All that remained were questions. Everywhere. 24 X 7. Not an answer in sight.

Even the safe, secure, sound old answers that she loved so much were now powerless. They turned to ashes if she tried to speak them. Often, the words that once seemed to leap so confidently from her lips couldn't even muster up enough courage to approach them. They stayed in her mouth until she eventually swallowed them whole

Which was the better approach? Stand unwaveringly next to the picture window next to the front door all day. Or seek refuge in the darkest, furthest corner of the house – attic, cellar, wherever – in an attempt to deny the very existence of reality and of that uniformed man who would show up one day with his piece of paper announcing the death of her dear, dear little Maurice. "The War Department regrets to inform you that ..." She had been there when her friend, Mme. Cournoyer, was handed the telegram about her son, Joseph, and tried to find some words of comfort for her as despair filled the room. Poor ol' crone, she had thought. But lately, since Maurice announced his fatal decision, despair had begun to gradually take over her own life.

There was only one question that DID have a well-defined answer: would the uniformed man one day knock on her door? The answer: Yes, without a doubt. It was inevitable. All that was left to define was the « when. »

How did things get to be so bad, she had started asking herself? It was going so well ... and for quite a while, too.

All the decisions she had made when she married had been good ones. All of the boys she had would become priests, she had declared. The girls, if she had any, would go to work in the mills as soon as possible. Didn't have to be an expert in high finance to know that she and Adjutor couldn't send even one of their boys to "collège" up in Québec with just the money they made. And she so very much wanted to have more than one.

The girls were ... well ... girls. You sent them to school for as long as the law said you had to. After that, it was off to work until they became wives ... because that was the only thing they could become, after all.

Her first two were boys who went off to a « collège/séminaire » when it was time as it had been established (at least in her mind) per omnia secula. It all worked fine until the first-born – heaven knows what got into him – come home for Christmas vacation during his last year. He was wearing a cassock and everything ... and he meets this girl and it wasn't long before all thoughts of becoming a priest vanished, driven away by the monopolizing thought of HER.

Since then, she had never really taken to HER (Rita was her actual name). Even though SHE treated her better and with more respect than her own oldest daughter.

But, « le Bon Dieu » had taken care of that problem as HE so often does. Her fifth child – Albert – went to the seminary and stayed there right 'til the end. Came home with a roman collar and an assignment to a miniscule and very poor parish in a town called Riversbend. So the tally was 3 boys, 2 priests. Not bad at all. She never held out much hope for the two boys – Charles and Philippe - born somewhere in the middle of her 10 kids. One couldn't get enough of science, the other of sports. Their preference would have been to spend that hour of Mass every Sunday lost somewhere else ... in a book or on the rink ... if they could have. And there was no way they were going to go to church every single morning like their mother, sisters, and priestly brothers.

But the youngest, the very last child, seemed destined for the priesthood from a very early age. And she greeted his declaration (at the age of 12) that he was determined to become the third priest in the family with tears of total joy. And all had gone so well for a while. For 8 years actually. Until last month.

That's when he came back for that damned Christmas vacation that had ruined her dreams for the oldest. That's when Maurice did some dream-ruining of his own, declaring that the priest thing definitely wasn't for him.

But there was a big difference this time: war. A big, expanding, all-devouring war that wanted to destroy everything in its path. And that was everything.

That war loved young men – boys really – like the 20-year old Maurice. It would seduce them with dreams of glory and then kill them in the middle of the dream. She so hoped that her youngest would have enough common sense to stay at the seminary, even if his vocation was gone. There, he was safe. Otherwise, war, the witch, the bitch would take him, seduce him, fill his head with dreams of glory and then kill him. She was sure of it.

But common sense isn't a common commodity among men, regardless of their age. They much prefer dreams to reality. He left the seminary, joined the army, and went off to death.

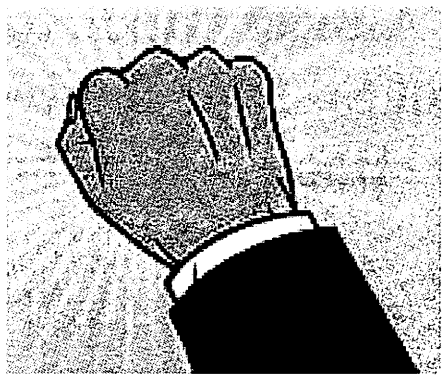
And ever since then, his mother had waited – with a combination of resignation and terror – for the arrival of the man with the piece of paper in his hand

Who knows. Maybe « le Bon Dieu « will make it all turn out for the best, she told herself. She had just poured coffee into her favorite cup. Coffee always had a bit of a calming effect on her. She was putting the usual four teaspoons of sugar in her coffee when she noticed a knocking at the door. The front one. In perfect rhythm with each spoonful. One ... two ... three ... four. She desperately wanted to take a sip before answering the knocks, but her hands – her entire body, actually – were shaking uncontrollably.

She held the cup as firmly as she could with both hands and placed it on the small table next to the picture window, She took off her apron, let out a small sigh and walked slowly, calmly almost, to the front door.

Quand on frappe à la porte, y a-t-il toujours quèqu'un?

par Grégoire Chabot



Elle était au comble du désespoir. Comme jamais auparavant. Un désespoir noir qui voulait pas lui indiquer s'il était temporaire ou permanent. Une journée ? Une éternité ?

En effet, il ne restait que des questions. Partout. 24 sur 24. Pas de réponses.

Même les belles, bonnes vieilles réponses qu'elle aimait tant n'avaient aucun pouvoir. Elles se transformaient en cendre si elle essayait de s'en servir. Ou bien les mots qui autrefois sortaient de sa bouche avec tant de confiance, n'avaient plus le courage même de traverser ses lèvres. Elle devait les avaler tout rond.

Quelle était la meilleure stratégie? Rester plantée au grand châssis près de la porte d'en avant toute la journée ou se réfugier dans le coin le plus sombre de la maison – le grenier, la cave, n'importe où – pour essayer de nier l'existence même de la réalité et de ce beau monsieur en uniforme qui allait venir un jour avec son morceau de papier pour lui annoncer la mort de son cher p'tit Maurice. « The War Department regrets to inform you that ... » Elle était là quand son amie, Mme. Cournoyer, avait reçu son télégramme à elle. Elle avait vu son désespoir. Pauvre gueuse, avait-elle pensé. Mais dernièrement, elle avait commencé à ressentir son propre désespoir, et ça depuis le moment que son Maurice lui avait annoncé sa décision fatale.

La seule question avec une réponse sûre: l'homme en uniforme avec son télégramme allait-il un jour frappé à sa porte? Oui, sans aucun doute. Inévitable. Il ne restait que de préciser le « quand. »

Comment ça se fait que c'est rendu à ce point-là, elle c'était mise à se demander. Pi ça allait si ben avant ça ... pi pour une si bonne secousse.

Toutes les décisions qu'elle avait prises quand elle s'est mariée avaient bien marché. Elle avait décidé que tous les p'tits gars qu'elle aurait deviendraient prêtres. Les filles, si elle en avait, iraient travailler aux moulins aussitôt que possible. Pas besoin d'être ben smarte en finances pour savoir qu'elle pi Adjutor pourraient jamais envoyer même un gars au collège au Canada seulement avec l'argent qu'ils gagnaient. Pi elle était certaine d'en avoir ben plus qu'un.

Les filles étaient ... ben ... des filles. On envoie ça a l'école pour aussi longtemps qu'il le faut. Après ça, on les envoie travailler jusqu'à temps qu'elles deviennent femmes/épouse ... parce que c'est rienque ça que ça peut devenir, après tout.

Ses deux premiers étaient des gars qui se sont rendus au collège/séminaire quand c'tait le temps comme ce fut établi per omnia secula. Pi ça ben marché jusqu'à temps que le plus vieux ... je sais pas quoi c'est qui l'a pris ... est venu en vacances de Noel sa dernière année. Il portait la soutane pi tout ... pi y a rencontré c't'a fille-là pi ça pas pris longtemps avant que c'tait bye-bye prêtrise.

Depuis c'temps-là, elle avait jamais trouvé Rita – la fille qui était devenue la femme du plus vieux ... de son goût, même si Rita la traitait mieux et avec ben plus de respect que sa plus vieille.

Mais le Bon Dieu avait tout arrangé ça. Son cinquième – Albert – s'était rendu au séminaire pi y était resté jusqu'au bout. 3 gars. 2 prêtres. Pas pire. Elle avait pas eu grand espoirs pour les deux autres gars – Charles pi Philippe. Un s'intéressait aux sciences. L'autre aux sports. S'ils avaient pu, ils auraient manqué la messe pour se perdre – un dans ses livres, l'autre à la patinoire.

Mais le plus jeune, le dernier né, s'était orienté vers le sacerdoce depuis sa jeunesse. Et elle reçut avec larmes de joie sa déclaration – à 12 ans – qu'il voulait absolument devenir the troisième prêtre de la famille. Et ça avait marché parfaitement jusqu'au mois passé.

Revenu pour les maudites vacances de Noel, Maurice avait détruit le beau rêve de sa mère – tout comme l'avait fait l'ainé il y avait une vingtaine d'années – en déclarant que le sacerdoce, c'tait pas pour lui.

Mais il y avait une grosse différence cette fois-ci : une guerre qui grandissait et grossissait et s'acharnait de plus en plus d'un jour au lendemain. Cette guerre désirait des jeunes comme Maurice pour les séduire avec des rêves de gloire et pour les tuer au beau milieu du rêve. Elle espérait que son plus jeune aurait le bon sens de rester au séminaire même sans vocation. Autrement, la guerre, la garce, allait le prendre, le séduire, le rendre rêveur et le tuer. Elle en était certaine.

Mais on trouve très peu de bon sens chez les hommes qui préfèrent beaucoup les rêves à la réalité. Il quitta le séminaire, s'enrôla dans l'armée presqu'aussitôt et partit à la mort.

Et depuis ce temps-là, la mère attendit – avec une résignation mêlée de terreur, l'arrivée du monsieur avec le morceau de papier officiel.

Qui sait. Tedben que le Bon Dieu va tout arranger ça pour le mieux, se dit-elle. Elle veniat de verser du café dans sa tasse favorite ... ce café qui la calmait un tout petit peu chaque jour. En mettant les quatre cuillerées de sucre dans son café, elle s'était rendu compte qu'on frappait aussi à la porte. D'en avant. En cadence avec chaque cuillerée. Un ... deux ... trois ... quatre. Elle voulait prendre une gorgée avant d'aller répondre. Mais ses mains – tout son corps vraiment – tremblaient beaucoup trop.

Elle prit la tasse dans ses deux mains et elle la mit – avec difficulté et en tremblant – sur la petite table près du grand châssis. Elle enleva son tablier, passa un petit soupir, et se dirigea lentement – calmement, presque – vers la porte d'en avant.

A Brief Guide to Celebrate the Feast of St-Jean-Baptiste and Summer with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture

By Albert J. Marceau
Newington, Conn.

The natural seasons of Spring and Summer as well as the Catholic liturgical seasons of Easter, Pentecost and Ordinary Time are the subjects of my third installment of Franco-American literature and culture, as published by the National Materials Development Center for French, abbreviated as NMDC. Like the first two installments, the ten books that are examined for the article are from the nine-volume set entitled: *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*, and the cookbook, *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspille dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère* by Betty A. Lausier Lindsay.

As I wrote in my previous installment, Easter is the defining holiday in the Catholic liturgical calendar, because it is about the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. Easter is set on the first Sunday that occurs after the first full moon after the Vernal Equinox. Since Easter is a moveable feast, it can fall as early as March 22 and as late as April 25. Since the Resurrection of Christ occurred soon after dawn on the day after the Jewish Sabbath, as recorded in the four Gospels (Matthew 28:1-4, Mark 16:1-2, Luke 24:1-2, and John 20:1-2), there is the practice of morning Mass on weekdays, and the Sunrise Service which usually occurs early in the morning of Easter Sunday in many Protestant Churches. Easter is the first day of Easter Week, and it is the first day of the Easter liturgical season, which lasts for 40 days, until Ascension Thursday. Ten days after Ascension Thursday is the Feast of Pentecost, and the following Sunday is the Feast of the Holy Trinity. The Thursday after the Feast of the Holy Trinity is the traditional date for the Feast of Corpus Christi, which is moved to following Sunday, in both the U.S. and Canada. Since Easter can occur from March 22 to April 25, the three cited feast days are also moveable feasts, hence Ascension Thursday can occur from April 30 to June 3, Pentecost Sunday can occur from May 10 to June 13, and Corpus Christi, as a celebrated on a Thursday, can occur from May 21 to June 24. It should be noted that the Catholic tradition of the nine-day novena is from the period of days between Ascension Thursday and Pentecost Sunday.

It also should be noted that the liturgical vestments that are worn by the priest in each of the liturgical seasons change color. White is the liturgical color for the Easter Season, although gold vestments are encouraged for Easter Sunday and Easter Week. White is used until Pentecost Sunday, when the liturgical color is red. White again is used for Holy Trinity Sunday and Corpus Christi Sunday, which is followed by green as the liturgical color of Ordinary Time.

Lastly, it should be noted that Easter, Pentecost and Corpus Christi are three feasts that have an additional prayer called a Sequence, which is heard between the Epistle and the Gospel. The Sequence for Easter is: "Victimae paschali laudes immolent Christiani," which in English means: "Let Christian men, their voices raise and sing, the Paschal Victim's praise." The Sequence for Pentecost is: "Veni, sancte Spiritus, et emitte coelitus lucis tuae radium," which in English means: "Come, O Holy Spirit, come: And from thy celestial home, shed a ray of light divine." The Sequence for Corpus Christi is: "Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem, lauda ducem et pastorem, in hymnis et canticis," which means in English: "Praise, Sion, the Savior, Praise to the Lord and the Shepherd in hymns and in songs."

The Feast of St. Joan of Arc is fixed to May 30, the day when she was burned at the stake by the English in 1431, for witchcraft and the wearing of men's clothes. In 1456, Pope Callixtus III examined the proceedings of the trail, and denounced the verdict, and declared her a martyr. In 1803, Napoleon Bonaparte declared her a national symbol of France. She was declared blessed by Pope Pius X on April 11, 1909, and on May 16, 1920, she was formally canonized a saint, a virgin, and a patron of France by Pope Benedict XV.

The Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist is fixed to June 24, because it is three months after the Feast of the Annunciation on March 25, (Luke 1:26-27, 36), and six months before the Nativity of Jesus Christ, better known as Christmas, on December 25. Also, June 24 is three days after the Summer Solstice on June 21st, when the day is the longest in the Northern Hemisphere. Hence, the days are beginning to shorten, and just as St. John the Baptist said to his followers in the Gospel of John 3:30: "He [Jesus Christ] must increase, and I must decrease." Likewise, Christmas is on December 25, four days after the Winter Solstice on December 21, when the day is the shortest in the Northern Hemisphere. In 1908, Pope Pius IX declared the feast day to be the holiday for the French-Canadians.

The Franco-American Authors

The study of the Franco-American authors and their literary works in relation to Spring and Summer, as well as the religious and civil holidays for the months of May, June and July, are divided into chronological order by the holidays.

The Feast of Corpus Christi – Variable dates from May 21st to June 24th

Emma Dumas (1857-1926) published her novel, *Mirbah*, under her nom de plume of Emma Port-Joli, and it was published in ten installments from May 1910 to March 1912 in the Franco-American newspaper, *La Justice* of Holyoke, Massachusetts. It was published twice by the NMDC. First as a single volume in 1979 of 247 pages, and a second time in 1980 for the *Anthologie*, where 90 pages were edited out of it, as found on pages 56 to 213 in volume four. *Mirbah* as a novel is unusual for many reasons, and it is somewhat morbid, for it opens and closes at a funeral Mass. It is the only novel where the central character is a Franco-American woman is an actress, whose name is Marie-Louise Bertrand, but whose stage name is Mirbah, hence the title of the novel. Since the main character is connected to the Franco-American community in Holyoke, she brings a play entitled "Repentir," (meaning "Repent"), to Holyoke in 1888, thirteen years after a horrible fire

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that happened in the Church of the Precious Blood in Holyoke on May 27, 1875, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, as a means to honor those who died in the fire. The novel is based on a real event, which was national news, for one can read newspaper reports about it in the *New York Times* ("A Terrible Calamity: Seventy Human Beings Burned and Crushed to Death," May 28, 1875, p. 1) and the *Chicago Tribune* ("Another Horror: Burning of a Catholic Church at South Holyoke, Mass.," May 28, 1875, p. 5). Also, some of the characters in the Franco-American community were real people, such as Ferdinand Gagnon, the editor of *Le Travailleur* in Worcester, and Rev. Dufresne, the founding pastor of Precious Blood Parish in Holyoke. The preparations for the celebration for the Feast of Corpus Christi, which is called "Le Fête Dieu" in the novel, as well as the tragic fire and its consequences, are found from pages 90 to 138 in volume four of the *Anthologie*. (In the single volume, the preparations for the Mass and the consequences of the fire are found from pages 41 to 123. Oddly, the reprint of the single volume by the NMDC is missing a listing of the dead at the end of the volume, as promised in a footnote on page 123.) One of the ironies of the tragedy is that the religious service was near its end, for the Mass had been completed, and the last stage of Eucharistic Adoration, with the singing of the hymn "Tantum Ergo," was in progress when some candles ignited a drapery, and the fire spread quickly throughout the wooden church, as described on pages 97 and 98 of volume four in the *Anthologie*, or pages 49 to 51 in the single volume. The reason the novel was chosen for the Feast of Corpus Christi is because it is the only Franco-American piece of literature in the *Anthologie* which mentions the feast day.

The Feast of Corpus Christi is an elaborate feast day Mass, and one can hear an excellent recording of it, with the original Latin poetry of the Mass that was written by St. Thomas Aquinas (ca. 1225-1274), especially the Sequence he wrote, known by its opening line: "Lauda Sion, Salvatorem." The recording was made by the St. Gregory Society in New Haven, Conn., entitled "Solemn Mass of Corpus Christi" with music composed by Josquin DesPrez (1440-1521), and it is available through their website, http://saint-gregory.org/.

The Feast of St. Joan of Arc – May 30th

Dr. Joseph-Hormisdas Roy (1865-1931) wrote a sonnet entitled « Les voix de Jeanne d'Arc » which is found on page 256 of volume three of the *Anthologie*. The sonnet was first published in 1902 in Lowell, Massachusetts in his book of poetry entitled *Voix étranges*. The sonnet is a concise description of how the English Catholic religious authorities perceived her supernatural voices that aided her as a military leader of the French, and how her condemnation was her martyrdom.

Memorial Day – May 30th (traditional date)

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque, the nom de plume of Leo-Albert Lévesque (1900-1974) wrote a poem about Memorial Day, entitled "Memorial Day," which is found on page 150 of volume nine of the *Anthologie*. Although the title is in English, the poem is written in French, and it is written in five quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab cdcd et cetera. When Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote the poem, Memorial Day was celebrated throughout the U.S. on May 30, but since the National Holiday Act of 1971, it is now celebrated on the last Monday of May, hence the current practice of the Memorial Day Weekend. Nevertheless, there are some cities, such as New Britain, Connecticut, where the holiday is still celebrated on May 30 with a parade. Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote a description of how Memorial Day is celebrated, opening with the children, who are spectators of the parade, waving their little flags, and thereby, making them as much a part of the parade as the former soldiers who are marching past them on the street. He described the destination of the former soldiers who are marching, the local cemetery, where the war-dead are buried, and who are remembered on this day. He noted the flowers in bloom for Memorial Day, culminating with the image of: « La blanche fleur de Paix, » meaning: "The white flower of Peace."

Flag Day – June 14th

Dr. Philippe Sainte-Marie (1875-1931) wrote a poem in honor of the American flag, and the country it represents, simply entitled « Le drapeau, » which is found on pages 211 to 212 in volume six of the *Anthologie*. It is written in seven quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab cdcd, et cetera.

Joseph-Arthur Smith (1869-1960) wrote a poem that would be appropriate for either Flag Day in the U.S., which is June 14, or Independence Day, which is July 4. The title of the poem is « Le drapeau étoilé » (traduction du « Star Spangled Banner ») and it is found on pages 34 to 35 of volume three of the *Anthologie*. Francis Scott Key (1779-1843) wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a poem, and his first draft was written while he was aboard a British ship in the harbor of Baltimore, Maryland on September 13 and 14, 1814, as he witnessed the British bombardment of Fort McHenry, during a diplomatic mission for the exchange of prisoners between the Americans and the British during the War of 1812. The melody was taken from another song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," which is ascribed to the English composer, John Stafford Smith (1750-1836). "The Star-Spangled Banner" did not become the official national anthem in the U.S. until 1931. Francis Scott Key wrote the poem in four octets, with a rhyme scheme of ababccdd, and the second couplet are the same two lines in the four octets, so they are the chorus of the anthem. Joseph-Arthur Smith preserved the same rhyme scheme for his translation of the anthem, which he first published in the July 3, 1907 issue of *L'Étoile* in Lowell, Massachusetts, as cited in the bibliography section of volume three of the *Anthologie*.

The Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist – June 24th

Since there are eight pieces of literature in the nine-volume *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre* that are about or connected to the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the

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Baptist, there is the further subdivision by the seven authors into the three pieces of prose and the five pieces of poetry.

Part One – The Prose

Rev. Charles Dauray (1838-1931) who was the pastor of Precious Blood Parish in Woonsocket, R.I., from 1875 to his death in 1931, gave a speech before the members of the Société St-Jean-Baptiste in Montreal on June 25, 1884, and the full title of the speech is: « Les prêtres canadiens des États-Unis : Discours prononcé au banquet du cinquantenaire de la fête St-Jean-Baptiste, Montréal, le 25 juin 1884. » The speech is found on pages 106 to 112 of volume one of the *Anthologie*. It was previously published in the 514-page book entitled: *Noces d'or de la Saint-Jean-Baptiste: Compte-rendu official des fêtes de 1884 à Montréal*, which was edited by P. Ph. Charette, B.C.I., and published in Montreal in 1884, as cited in the bibliography section of the said volume.

An extensive study could be made of the speech by Rev. Dauray as it is a solid example of the cultural ideology of La Survivance, but two examples are chosen here. In the first, on page 108, Rev. Dauray explained to his audience in Montreal, as to how the Franco-American parish effectively recreates everyday life of the French-Canadian village. He wrote: « L'Eglise n'est pas seulement ce phare lumineux qui conduit le chrétien à travers les écueils qu'il rencontre partout sur le chemin de la vie, mais pour les Canadiens émigrés, c'est la patrie; c'est là qu'ils viennent tous les dimanches pour rendre leurs devoirs à Dieu, c'est là qu'ils se rencontrent, qu'ils se voient, qu'ils se parlent, qu'ils se connaissent et qu'ils forment les liens d'amitié qui doivent unir les cœurs dans une même paroisse! » The translation of the passage is: "The Church is not only this luminous lighthouse which brings the Christian through the pitfalls that he meets all along the way of life, but for Canadian emigrants, it is the country; it is there that they come every Sunday in order to convey their duties to God, it is there that they meet one another, where they see one another, where they speak to one another, where they know one another, and where they form the bonds of friendship which must unite their hearts in the same parish!"

On page 111, Rev. Dauray defined how the priest is central to La Survivance: « Nous continuerons donc de toutes nos forces à conserver à notre peuple et sa foi et sa langue; par là nous aurons accompli notre double mission de prêtre et de patriote. » The translation of the passage is: "We shall continue therefore with all our strength, to preserve our people and their faith and their language; through this, we will have achieved our double mission of priest and of patriot."

Ferdinand Gagnon (1849-1886) gave a speech before the members of the local Société St-Jean-Baptiste in Worcester, Massachusetts on June 24, 1879, and the title of the speech is: « La Saint-Jean-Baptiste : Discours prononcé le 24 juin 1879, à Worcester, Massachusetts. » The speech is found on pages 95 to 102 in volume one of the *Anthologie*. The source of the reprinted speech is cited in the bibliography, from the book *Ferdinand Gagnon. Biographie, éloge, funèbre, pages choisies* that was published in Manchester, N.H. in 1940. It was published in 1886 in Worcester, Mass., in the book that was edited by Benjamin Sulte, entitled *Ferdinand Gagnon, sa vie et ses oeuvres*. The speech by Ferdinand Gagnon is a brief history of the growth of the Franco-American community in Worcester, for he opened the speech with a recollection of the celebration of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist that was held ten years earlier, on June 24, 1869. He also mentioned his earlier newspaper, *La Voix du Peuple*, before he established *Le Travailleur* in Worcester. Unlike Rev. Dauray who saw the parish as the culmination of a community, Ferdinand Gagnon saw the press as an intrinsic part of society, for he said on page 97: « Un bon journal, ce n'est pas la gazette à sensation. Ce n'est pas le compedium des meurtres, des accidents. [....] Un journal... doit changer le courant de l'opinion publique suivant les principes du vrai et du juste. » The translation of the quote is: "A good newspaper is not a sensational tabloid. It is not a compendium of murders, of accidents. [....] A newspaper... must change the current of public opinion following the principles of truth and of righteousness."

Adélard Lambert (1867-1946) wrote a short chapter entitled « Une fête Saint-Jean-Baptiste dans un village américain, » within his unpublished manuscript entitled: *Souvenir d'enfance*, which is found on pages ten to seventeen in volume seven of the *Anthologie*. Adélard Lambert effectively described life in a Franco-American parish, in Central Village in Manchester, N.H., where he at the age of 25 years, went about with his friend Charles Rabouin, to gather men for the choir, in order to have a high mass on the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist.

Part Two – The Poetry

Anna Duval-Thibault (1862-1951) wrote a poem entitled « La Saint-Jean-Baptiste » which is found on pages 220 to 221 in volume two of the *Anthologie*. It is written in seven quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab. The central image is how everyone in an unnamed village in the Province of Quebec is called to the Mass by the bell in the bell-tower of the old wooden church in the center of the village. Within the village church, the priest leads everyone, by means of the Mass and his sermon, to venerate St. John the Baptist, which culminates in the last two lines of the poem: « Le Saint qu'il nous louait sans cesse,/ Notre patron et notre appui. » The translation of the two lines are: "The Saint whom we praise without ceasing, /Our Patron and our support."

Dr. Joseph-Amédée Girouard (1865-1938) wrote a poem entitled « Pour la Saint-Jean-Baptiste » which is found on pages two to four in volume four of the *Anthologie*. It is a narrative poem of 82 lines, composed in rhyming couplets.

Joseph-Arthur Smith wrote a poem entitled « Souvenirs d'une Saint-Jean-Baptiste: Rêverie sur l'Esplanade à Québec » which is found on pages 36 to 38 in volume three of the *Anthologie*. It is a narrative poem that recollects the French heros in the Canadian past, and it is written in three sestets with a rhyme scheme of aabccb, followed by six quatrains of abab, and then two sestets of aabccb. The poem was first published in the June 24, 1913 issue of *L'Etoile* in Lowell, Massachusetts, as cited in the bibliography.

Rémi Tremblay (1847-1926) wrote two poems on the subject of the holiday in honor of St. John the Baptist, both of which are found in volume one of the *Anthologie*. The first poem is « Le cinquantenaire : Cantate (Lué par l'auteur au Congrès National, séance du 28 juin 1884), » which is found on pages 256 to 259, and the second poem is entitled « La Saint Jean-Baptiste, » which is found on pages 260 to 262. « Le cinquantenaire » is a narrative poem written in nine quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab, followed by six octets with a rhyme

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scheme of ababcdcd, and then three sestets with a rhyme scheme of aabcbc. « La Saint Jean-Baptiste » is a narrative poem of 72 lines, composed in rhyming couplets.

Independence Day – July 4th

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote a poem entitled « Feux d'artifice » which is found on pages 261 to 262 of volume nine of the *Anthologie*. It is a concrete poem, or spatialist poem, for the shape of the lines roughly resemble a candlestick. The poem has no political message, but since the Fourth of July, Independence Day, is celebrated with fireworks, it is listed under Independence Day, especially since the third and fourth lines have a reference to Summer: « Centaines de prunelles/ Illuminent le ciel d'été. » The translation of the two lines are: "Hundreds of pupils illuminating the Summer sky." Notice how Dion-Lévesque uses an unusual image, for he reversed the usual image of the black pupil of eyes in daylight, with the reflective pupil of eyes seen at night, which are reflective and colorful, like the sparks from fireworks.

The Franco-American Foods for Spring and Summer

The idea of foods prepared in a Franco-American tradition for Spring and Summer is hard to define, as there is no strong association of a particular food with a specific holiday, such as the turkey dinner at Thanksgiving, or fish for the Fridays of Lent. Possibly for Summer, lighter foods would be preferred, such as soups, salads and cool desserts. Betty A. Lausier Lindsey wrote five recipes for soup, three of which are for pea soup, as found on pages 64 and 65 of her book. She listed salads under the heading of "Vegetables," but there are only two recipes for salads – potato and cole slaw – as found on pages 68 and 69 of her book. On the same two pages, she included two recipes for salad dressing – French and Italian – and two recipes for vegetables, one for stir-fry, and the other for Boston baked beans. She listed three recipes for pie on page 48, cream pie, Canadian brown sugar pie, and raison pie. Surprisingly, Betty A. Lausier Lindsey did not include a recipe on how to make ice cream, or desserts with ice cream.

How to Purchase the Books

The best means to purchase copies of the cookbook, *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspille dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère*, as well as any of the nine-volume set, *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*, is 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 business e-mail address is: libpopulaire@yahoo.com.

Worcester City Council Heard Three Appeals to Save Notre-Dame des Canadiens; Choquette Gave a Lecture on the Former Parish

By Albert J. Marceau
Newington, Conn.

The Worcester City Council heard three appeals to save Notre-Dame des Canadiens church from demolition, each on a Tuesday: April 24, May 8, and May 15, 2018. Each of the appeals were an agenda item on the evening's sessions, through the efforts of two advocacy groups – Preservation Worcester and the Save Notre-Dame Alliance. The significance of the date of the first appeal is that it occurred days after the owner of the property, the Hanover Insurance Group, could legally demolish Notre-Dame des Canadiens. Hence, the goal of the first, second and third appeals by Preservation Worcester and the Save Notre-Dame Alliance, was to persuade the Worcester City Council to pass a resolution for a three-month delay against the permit for the demolition. During the delay, the two advocacy groups decided to find another developer who would preserve Notre-Dame des Canadiens as a building, but to be used for the public good. The goal of the Hanover Insurance Group is to demolish Notre-Dame des Canadiens and to build a luxury hotel on the site at Five Salem Square in Worcester.

The First Appeal

On Tues. April 24, 2018, members of Preservation Worcester, Save Notre-Dame Alliance, and individuals gave their testimonies and reasons before the Worcester City Council in order to save Notre-Dame des Canadiens from demolition.

Ted Conna of the Save Notre Dame Alliance read from a letter that he received earlier the same day from Rep. James P. McGovern (D) of the Second District in Massachusetts. Ted Conna also made photocopies of the letter, which he made available to all present. Rep. McGovern made it clear that he supported the effort to save the building, as written in the opening paragraph of his letter: "It has come to my attention that the Save Notre-Dame Alliance (the Alliance) will be heard by the Worcester City Council tonight. I wanted to express my support for your efforts to locate a developer who could provide a fair and reasonable alternative to [the] demolition of this beautiful building." Rep. McGovern promised that he would work for financial support for the renovation of the building, provided that the Save Notre Dame Alliance is able to halt the demolition of the building. He wrote in the third paragraph of his letter: "Should the Alliance prevail upon the owners of Notre Dame to delay irreversible demolition actions on the Notre Dame site, I would be pleased to provide whatever assistance possible to facilitate discussions with appropriate developers identified by the Alliance, and to provide support in Alliance efforts to access federal, state and local grants, tax credits, etc., for the benefit of the project."

Choquette Gave a Lecture on the Former Parish

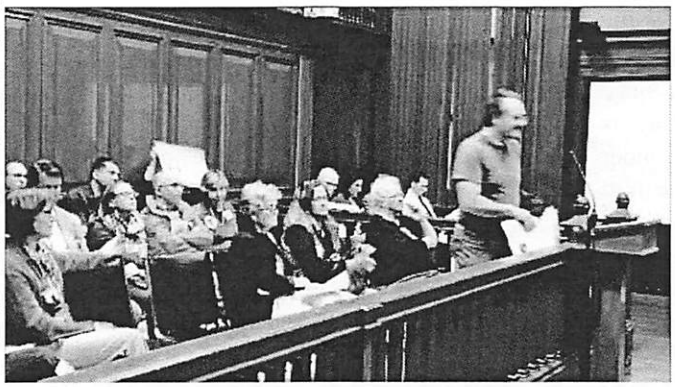
On Wed. April 25, Leslie Choquette, Ph.D., gave a lecture on the history of the former parish of Notre-Dame des Canadiens in Worcester, entitled: "Worcester's French-Canadians at Notre Dame and Beyond." The lecture was part of the

(Continued on page 24)

(Worcester City Council Heard Three Appeals to Save Notre-Dame des Canadiens; Choquette Gave a Lecture on the Former Parish continued from page 23)

induction ceremony for new members of Phi Alpha Theta and the History Honor Society at Assumption College that was held in the Salon de la Maison Française from 5:30 to 7PM. She gave her lecture with numerous slides, and her history of the parish covered the entire history of the parish, from 1868 to the present, and its three churches, the most famous being the current building that may be soon demolished. She gave two intriguing facts about the current Notre-Dame des Canadiens. The first intriguing fact was that the site of Five Salem Square was chosen by the Fifth Pastor, Fr. Louis D. Grenier (1904-1939), who announced publicly on April 26, 1926, the Monday after the Third Sunday after Easter, that the Virgin Mary came to him in a dream, and told him that she wanted a church in her honor at the Salem Square site. The second intriguing fact is that the First Bishop of Worcester, Massachusetts, John Joseph Wright, who was in the office from 1950 to 1959, wanted to make Notre-Dame des Canadiens his cathedral. However, there were two problems. The rectory was in need of much repair, and more importantly, the church was part of a national parish, so he could not make it his cathedral, and so he chose St. Paul's Church in Worcester to become his cathedral. Bishop Wright was installed as the Bishop of Diocese of Worcester on Tuesday, March 7, 1950 in the Cathedral of St. Paul on 38 High Street in Worcester, which is three-tenths of a mile from Notre-Dame des Canadiens. (In an effort to clarify the facts, Leslie Choquette responded by e-mail to your reporter on May 17, 2018, that her source for the two intriguing facts is from the parish history, *A Parish Grows Around A Common: Notre-Dame-des-Canadiens, 1869-1995* by Richard L. Gagnon. The facts can be found on pages 64 to 65 and 80 of the said book.)

After her lecture, and during the question and answer period, Jonathan Ostrow and Ted Conna, both of whom are members of Preservation Worcester and the Save Notre-Dame Alliance, spoke about the groups that they represent, and they asked for people in the hall to sign the petition to save Notre-Dame from demolition. A third member of the two advocacy groups, Toni Ostrow, was there as well, gathering signatures. They received many signatures, from a former parishioner of Notre-Dame des Canadiens, Charles Belisle, to the surviving founder of the French Institute, Claire Quintal. Leslie Choquette spoke with Jonathan Ostrow, and she agreed to send images of Notre-Dame des Canadiens to the him, for the use on the Facebook account of the Save Notre-Dame Alliance, which is: https://www.facebook.com/savenotre-damealliance/.



Your reporter, Albert Marceau, speaking before the Worcester City Council on Tues. April 24, 2018. The argument that he gave was that the Mark Twain House and the Old State House, both in Hartford, Conn., where once considered for demolition, and today, both buildings are museums and cultural centers. The same could happen for Notre-Dame des Canadiens in Worcester. ***Photo by Bill Coleman of Worcester, Mass.***

Both Jonathan Ostrow and Toni Ostrow spoke individually to people about the plan by the Save Notre-Dame Alliance to raise $100,000 for seed money to conduct a feasibility study, in order to find another developer who would preserve the building, and repurpose it. Jonathan Ostrow emphasized that the group is asking people to pledge any amount of money, as little as ten dollars, and the pledge form can be found on the Facebook account of Save Notre-Dame Alliance. It is also possible to give a pledge to the group via e-mail, and to send one's name, contact information, the amount of the pledge, and whether or not to publish one's name and pledge publicly to the e-mail address of savenotredame2018@gmail.com. Jonathan Ostrow emphasized the meaning of "pledge," that it is a promise to donate funds, and as planned by the Save Notre-Dame Alliance, the payment would not be due until after there would be a stay of demolition, and when a feasibility study could be made.

The Second Appeal

On Tues. May 8, 2018, Preservation Worcester and the Save Notre-Dame Alliance again gave arguments a second time to save Notre-Dame des Canadiens from demolition before the Worcester City Council. I was unable to attend the session before the city council, as I had a board meeting the same night for the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut, which had been postponed by one week. Since I could not be in two places at the same time, I wrote an e-message to the entire city council, which I sent at 5:40PM. Here is the entire text of my e-message:

"As I cannot attend the city council meeting that will start in a few minutes, as I am committed to a board-meeting at the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut that will meet in little better than an hour, I am sending the following e-message."

"The building of Notre-Dame des Canadiens cannot be replaced once it is destroyed, and given its unique architectural beauty, I ask you to consider a three-month delay in order to prevent the demolition. Notre-Dame des Canadiens could be repurposed as a concert hall and a cultural center that would add cultural value to the City of Worcester. As I spoke before your council about two weeks ago, the Mark Twain House in Hartford was nearly torn-down in the 1920s in order to build a gasoline station. Today, there are gasoline stations on Farmington Avenue in Hartford, but there is only one Mark Twain House on Farmington Avenue in Hartford, which is a tourist destination, a place of learning for schoolchildren about American literature, and a cultural center for all. I would like to see the same for Notre-Dame des Canadiens in Worcester, where I would enjoy hearing an organ concert, or a theatre piece. Sincerely, Albert J. Marceau, MA, Newington, Connecticut."

I received an immediate response, a mere nineteen minutes later, from one of the councilors, while the meeting was in session. Councilor Gary Rosen responded at 5:59PM: "Thanks for your email, Albert. I recognize that the City Council has no authority in this matter. Whether we even have any influence remains to be seen. In any case, I believe that the people of Worcester will some day regret the demolition of his magnificent structure that actually enhances

(Worcester City Council Heard Three Appeals to Save Notre-Dame des Canadiens; Choquette Gave a Lecture on the Former Parish continued from page 24)

all the development occurring downtown. I plan to support the request at tonight's Council meeting for a three-month reprieve. Gary Rosen."

The Worcester City Council voted in favor of the reprieve of demolition, during their meeting on Tues. May 8, 2018. But their authority is limited, as stated by Councilor Gary Rosen in his e-message to your reporter. Aviva Luttrell, a reporter for *Masslive.com*, wrote that the reprieve was a non-binding request to stop the demolition process, and that Mayor Joseph Petty and City Manager Edward Augustus Jr., would meet with the Hanover Insurance Group, and ask them to delay the demolition process for three months, so further options to save the building could be explored. Luttrell quoted Councilor Candy Mero-Carlson: "I don't believe any one of my colleagues wants to see this beautiful structure come down...." Zachary Comeau, a reporter for the *Worcester Business Journal*, noted that the Save Notre-Dame Alliance met recently with U.S. Rep. Jim McGovern, city officials and members of the development team of the Hanover Insurance Group, and they collectively concluded that six million dollars would be necessary for redevelopment to be viable, unlike the eight to ten million dollar figure proposed by Pamela Johan, a spokesperson for the current developer of City Square II, as noted by Aviva Luttrell in her report. (See: "'You fight until the end:' Worcester City Council backs non-binding request to delay demolition of historic Notre-Dame church," by Aviva Luttrell, *Masslive.com*, May 9, 2018, and "City to ask Hanover to delay Notre Dame demolition after petition supported," by Zachary Comeau, *Worcester Business Journal*, May 9, 2018.)

The Third Appeal

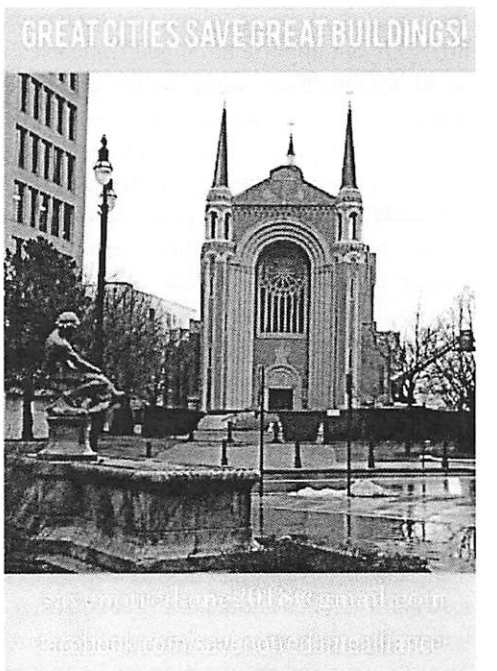
On Tues. May 15, 2018, Preservation Worcester and the Save Notre-Dame Alliance again gave arguments to save Notre-Dame des Canadiens from demolition before the Worcester City Council. Barbara Haller of the Save Notre-Dame Alliance summarized the purpose of the meeting with the Worcester City Council in an e-mail that she sent the previous day to supporters, like your reporter. The purpose of the meeting was to thank the city council for their work, and to support the five petitions that were submitted to the council by Ted Conna, and to speak to the City Manager and urge him to save the building as soon as possible. In short, to build on the success of the vote from the meeting of the previous week. Although your reporter planned to go, a front of severe thunder storms and the 75-mile through them, prevented your reporter from attending the meeting. Nevertheless, your reporter sent an e-message to the Worcester City Council, entitled "I Support the Salvation of Notre-Dame des Canadiens." The core point of my e-message is: "I fully support the efforts [of] Preservation Worcester and Save Notre-Dame Alliance for their intrinsic cultural value of the building known as Notre-Dame des Canadiens. It is a jewel on the green of Worcester Center, and as such, it should be saved from demolition. As I wrote one week ago today to all of you, Notre-Dame des Canadiens should become a cultural center, for theatre and performing arts, due to the beauty of the building itself, and [as well] as the acoustic properties it must have as a church, with the organ pipes still intact. I would not mind driving 75 miles to hear a concert, or to hear the theatre, at such a cultural center, as Notre-Dame des Canadiens could be in the future."

On the morning of Wed. May 15, 2018, your reporter telephoned the office of Preservation Worcester, and he was told that the Worcester City Council voted to take no further action until the next scheduled meeting on Tues. May 29, 2018. He was also told that it is possible that the Hanover Insurance Group could order the demolition of the building within the next two weeks, and nothing could be done to stop it. However, there may be a series of private meetings between the advocacy groups, and the owner, and the building will stand.

An Unknown Future

Since *Le Forum* is not simply a newspaper that reports the news, it is a periodical with an emphasis on advocacy, the readers of *Le Forum* are encouraged to consider making a pledge to the Save Notre-Dame Alliance, either through their Facebook account, or via e-mail, savenotre-dame2018@gmail.com. Remember, it is a pledge to pay, not to pay up-front. Also, the reader could contact Preservation Worcester, either through their website, www.preservationworcester.org, or via e-mail at info@perservationworcester.org, or by phone at (508)-754-8760. Notre-Dame des Canadiens may no longer be a functioning church, but it does not mean that it should be destroyed. It is a beautiful and unique building, with presumably excellent acoustics, and it could be performing arts center.

A photo of Notre-Dame des Canadiens, taken in 1930, from the book A Parish Grows Around the Common: Notre-Dame-des-Canadiens, 1869-1995 by Richard L. Gagnon. The viewer will notice not only the cars from the 1930s in front of the church, but the photo was taken of an angle of the church that is rarely found in photographs today.



The Save Notre Dame Alliance gave away copies of this card at their appeals before the Worcester City Council as well as in the Salon de la Maison Française after Leslie Choquette's lecture on the parish on Wed. April 25, 2018, in order to publicize their cause, to save Notre-Dame des Canadiens from demolition.

Qui perd sa langue ne parle plus : le maintien de la langue française à Lewiston (ME), passé et actuel

par Jack Schrupp

Cet article résume une thèse présentée au Williams College Department of Romance Languages en vue de l'obtention du diplôme de baccalauréat en 2018. Comment la langue française à Lewiston (Maine) a-t-elle survécu jusqu'à nos jours? Lorsque nous pensons au Maine, l'état le plus septentrional dans la Nouvelle-Angleterre, nous pensonssouvent aux pinèdes denses et à une côte sauvage parsemée de phares. Nous ne pensons guère aux villes industrielles telles que Lewiston qui font tout autant partie du paysage que les pins et les plages. Lewiston est la deuxième plus grande ville du Maine et l'un des centres francophones les plus dynamiques de la Nouvelle-Angleterre, voire des États-Unis. Situé sur la rivière Androscoggin, Lewiston est devenu une puissance industrielle régionale vers la fin du dix-neuvième siècle lorsque des milliers de Canadiens-français y sont venus cherchant du travail dans ses moulins. Ces nouveaux arrivants ont apporté la langue française et au fil des années, ils ont enraciné une communauté linguistique dynamique – une île française dans une mer anglophone – dont les vestiges sont encore visibles. À la fin du siècle, ces immigrés, préoccupés par la préservation de leur culture – à savoir la langue française – ainsi que l'assimilation à la culture américaine, ont commencé à s'identifier en tant que franco-américain. Les Franco-Américains sauvegardaient la communauté linguistique de leurs parents et grands-parents en se battant contre le transfert linguistique à l'anglais dans tous les domaines. Grâce à leurs efforts, la langue française y persiste toujours.

Bien que la plupart des francophones à Lewiston soient toujours des Franco-Américains, un nombre croissant sont des immigrés africains. S'installent à Lewiston à partir de 2010, ces nouveaux arrivants redonnent un dynamisme à la francophonie. Il faut mentionner que Lewiston est surtout connu pour ses immigrés somaliens, dont peu parlent le français. Les immigrés dont nous parlons viennent principalement de l'Afrique subsaharienne – à savoir du Congo – et ils parlent tous le français. De plus, ils ne s'attendent pas à trouver des francophones à Lewiston. En revanche, les Franco-Américains ne s'attendent pas à accueillir des francophones. Ces deux communautés sont contentes, néanmoins, de se trouver ensemble. Pour les immigrés, la présence des francophones est rassurante. Ils trouvent une nouvelle patrie où leur langue se parle. Ils trouvent également l'occasion de s'intégrer à la société américaine sans parler l'anglais. Par contre, les Franco-Américains sont ravis d'avoir plus d'occasions de parler le français ; et vu que le nombre de francophones à Lewiston augmente pour la première fois depuis des décennies, beaucoup d'entre eux croient qu'une renaissance est possible dans le cadre de leur langue. Bien que la langue française soit stigmatisée à Lewiston dans le passé, le français devient un desideratum sentimental et son apprentissage est à la mode, même patriotique. Tout ceci est le fruit de l'immigration. Les nouveaux arrivants créent non seulement des occasions à parler régulièrement le français, mais également des espaces où la langue française est privilégiée.

Cette étude examine la francophonie – passée et actuelle – de Lewiston et le rôle des domaines dans ses efforts à maintenir la langue française. Une situation sociolinguistique – dans ce cas une francophonie – se caractérise par les domaines linguistiques et les comportements linguistiques dans ces domaines. Aucun domaine ne peut, à lui seul, garantir le maintien d'une langue minoritaire. Afin de la maintenir, il faut avoir plusieurs domaines – un réseau – dont chacun touche une dimension différente de la vie quotidienne. Il est à noter qu'un domaine n'est pas figé, il évolue au fil du temps. Il se dilate et se contracte. Il disparait et réapparait. Cette étude suit donc six domaines au fil du temps : le domaine familial, le domaine du travail, le domaine éducatif, le domaine religieux, le domaine socioculturel et le domaine des médias qui – de nos jours – est devenu synonyme de cyberespace. Chaque chapitre aborde des efforts en vue du maintien linguistique dans ces domaines dans une communauté de francophones différente. Le premier chapitre porte sur les premiers immigrés canadiens-français ; le deuxième chapitre aborde les Franco-Américains ; et le troisième chapitre traite les immigrés africains francophones de nos jours.

Au cours de l'été 2017, j'ai passé deux mois à Lewiston, assistant aux activités francophones auxquelles j'étais accordé accès. Au début, j'ai assisté à toutes les réunions d'un club français, dont les membres sont majoritairement africains. Au fil du temps, j'ai noué des rapports, même des amitiés, avec ceux qui y assistaient régulièrement. Ces relations se sont étendues au-delà des horaires du club français.

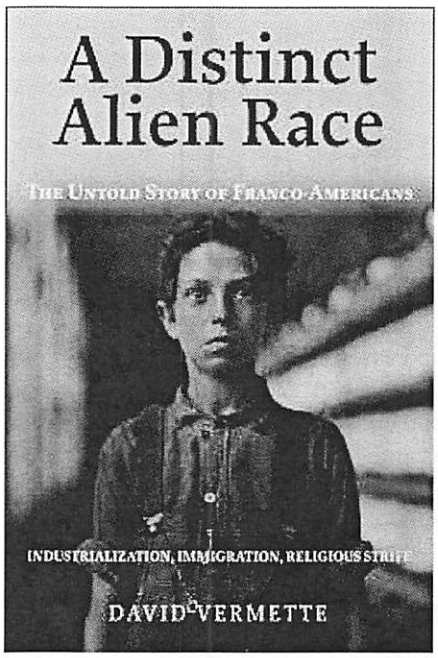
Nous avons fait du jardinage communautaire. Nous avons partagé des repas. Nous avons sympathisé et nous avons passé de bons moments, tout en français. À la fin de mon séjour, j'étais intégré dans la francophonie de Lewiston et je connaissais bien les comportements linguistiques des francophones locaux. Il est à noter que je voulais observer les comportements linguistiques des locuteurs sans qu'ils eussent l'impression d'être systématiquement observés. Je ne faisais pas des entrevues officielles, je ne posais pas de questions de recherche spécifiques et je n'enregistrais pas mes interactions. Cette étude est donc un mélange des observations et des réflexions, voire des conjectures. Pour cette raison, je tente de maintenir un dialogue ouvert et honnête sur mes limites, car il y a des limites à ce que les données qualitatives peuvent nous offrir. Je réussis néanmoins à faire entendre les voix francophones de Lewiston – passé et actuel – et les mettre en cadre des domaines.

Pourquoi Lewiston ? Lewiston est une francophonie transfrontalière issue de l'immigration. Relié au Canada par les immigrés québécois et à l'Afrique par les immigrés africains, Lewiston fait partie d'un discours plus grand. Ce qui se passe à Lewiston au niveau linguistique a donc des incidences sur ce qui se passe au Québec et dans la Francophonie – une communauté vivante et dynamique partagée par quelques centaines de millions de locuteurs autour du monde. Selon cette perspective, la francophonie de Lewiston et chaque domaine qui y figurent sont dignes de notre attention.

Cette étude est disponible dans les archives numériques Williams College.

BOOKS/ LIVRES...

Pre-order now; pub date 15 Sept. 2018



A Distinct Alien Race

The Untold Story of Franco-Americans, Industrialization, Immigration, Religious Strife

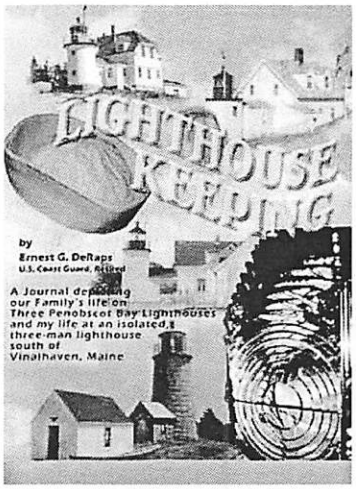
"The French number more than a million in the United States.... They are kept a distinct alien race, subject to the Pope in matters of religion and of politics. Soon... they will govern you, Americans." — British-American Citizen (Boston), 1889

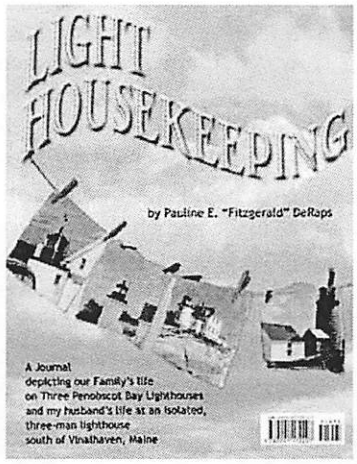
Americans don't think of Canada as a source of potential terrorists—speaking a foreign tongue, serving a foreign religion, and invading their country. But when a million French-Canadians crossed the border between 1840 and 1930, many seeking work in New England's burgeoning textile industry, they were cast as foot soldiers in an alleged Roman Catholic plot.

A Distinct Alien Race places these Franco-Americans in the context of contemporary issues: the rise and fall of manufacturing in the U.S.; Nativism and the fear of the Other; emigration to the U.S. across land borders; and the construction of race. Vermette traces individuals and families, from the textile barons whose profits in the Caribbean and China trades financed a new industry, to the rural poor of Québec who crowded into fetid tenements after the Civil War. His social history exposes the anti-Franco-American agitation of Protestant clergy, the Ku Klux Klan, and the eugenics movement.

David Vermette is a researcher, writer, and speaker on the history and identity of the descendants of French North America. He was born and raised in Massachusetts.

http://www.barakabooks.com/catalogue/a-distinct-alien-race/



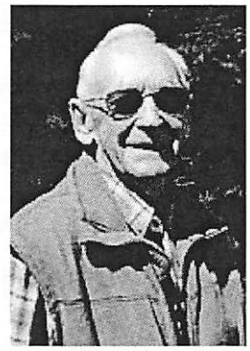


Lighthouse Keeping

By Ernest G. DeRaps
U.S. Coast Guard , Retired/
By Pauline E. "Fitzgerald" DeRaps

A Journal depicting our Family's life on Three Penobscot Bay Lighthouses and my life at an isolated three-man lighthouse south of Vinalhaven, Maine

Ernie DeRaps
Contact Address: Pigment Art
Richmond, Maine
Phone: (207) 737-4011 Mobile: (207) 242-7147



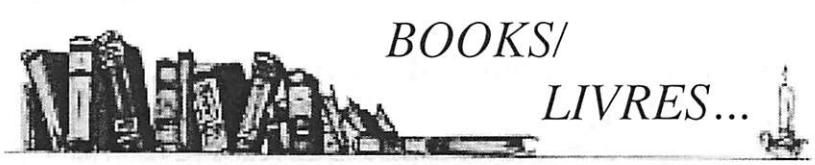
About Ernie: In January 2008 after retiring with 28 1/2 years Military (Navy -9 1/2 Years & Coast Guard 19 years, some as a lighthouse keeper); 21 years with the State of Maine and 12 years building I.C.F. houses with my son and son-in-law, and after celebrating my 80th birthday, my wife asked me to stay home and quit work. Consequently I took up ART. The first year I painted several Maine coast and Maine interior scenes, even some wild flowers.

During the later part of 2009, I read in an art magazine about doing a big show at a gallery. In order to do this one had to make a series of paintings of similar size and similar theme. I started creating one painting a week, of Lighthouses that I had colored slides of. Upon completion number 14, I asked myself, "Where do I go from here?". I decided to paint (again, one a week) painting of Lighthouses! I decided to paint every Lighthouse on the coast of Maine, starting with the most southerly (Boon Island) and proceeding northeast.

I have completed painting 65 lighthouses in the Maine Coast Series, each are 16"x20".

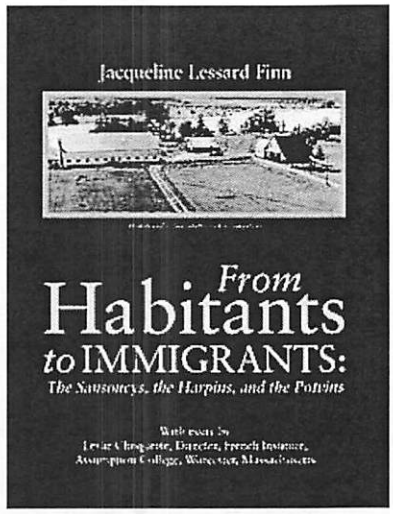
I would be most happy to have anyone come view them. They hang on my basement studio walls. I have photographed all of them and printed 4" x 6" photos of them. I also have group photos as they hang on my basement walls. I plan not to sell any of this series until I have been able to display the completed project in a gallery or galleries.

https://www.pigmentartstudio.com/index.php/lighthouse-keeping



From Habitants to Immigrants: The Sansoucys, the Harpins, and the Potvins

By Jacqueline Lessard Finn



Paperback, 238 Pages
Price: $22.00

From Habitants to Immigrants: The Sansoucys, the Harpins, and the Potvins, is the story of three French Canadian families, from the forays of the Carignan Salières Regiment in1665-66, to settlement in the Canadian wilderness, dependence on a family economy, the pain of epidemics and war, the loss of French Canada, the ensuing cultural conflicts, the end of available farmland, and finally, emigration to the mill towns of Massachusetts and the creation of a Franco-American diaspora across the United States.

The chronicle of the Sansoucy, Harpin, and Potvin families reveals the strength of French Canadian families, parishes, and communities, their sorrows, limitations and joys. It is the story of generations of oppressed but resilient people in the context of the social, economic and political events of their times, their emigration and eventual assimilation as industrious and patriotic American citizens.

The book contains oral histories, family letters, and photographs.

http://www.lulu.com • www.amazon.com
Email: finnjph@gmail.com

Franco-American cookbooks

April 6, 2018HomeA Taste of Quebec, Acadians, Cajuns, Creoles, Out of Old Nova Scotia Kitchens, Tourtiere, Vicki Branton

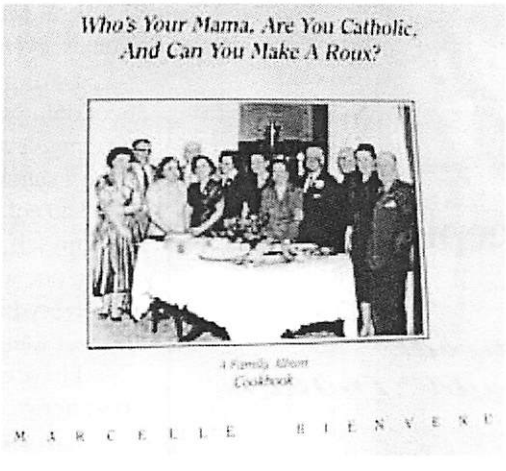
By Juliana L'Heureux

Les livres de cuisine franco-américains

Cookbooks contain more than recipes. They often describe a lot about cultures.

Over the years, I've collected more than a few culinary books especially focused on French and Franco-American cuisines. Therefore, an article shared with me by a writer for a Louisiana newspaper gave me reason to pull out a few of my bookshelf cookbooks. These are among the references I use for recipes served by traditional Franco-Americans, when cooking for special occasions, holidays or just because they happen to taste good. It's interesting to note how Franco-American recipes and culinary traditions are diversified blends of many cultures that are rooted in the French language and customs. For example, distinctly Quebec culinary recipes are often a combination of historic food sharing with Native Americans and Acadians.

In Louisiana, the culinary blends include Creole and Cajun, rooted in the French and Franco-American traditions.



Franco-American cookbooks, like the one written by Marcelle Bienvenu, about her Louisiana family, are often sources of recipes that have been handed down by families, through generations.

In other words, in the collective sense, Franco-American cooking is truly "un mélange". There are as many layers to Franco-American cooking as there are ingredients in Jambalaya.

Food writer Vicky Branton writes for the Louisiana newspaper The Daily Iberian. Her article about the differences and similarities between "Creole versus Cajun" cooking is now bookmarked in my computer files. I've also made a print copy to add to my cookbook collection.

Vicki Branton is a writer for the Louisiana newspaper The Daily Iberian.

She gave her permission for me to reference her food analysis in this blog.

Of course, the Acadians in Louisiana are often referred to as Cajuns, a shortened reference to their origins in Nova Scotia. They were the victims of Les Grand De-

(Continued on page 29)

BOOKS/ LIVRES...

(Franco-American cookbooks continued from page 28)

rangement, or the 1755, "Great Upheaval". Following their expulsion by the British, from their homes in "Acadia" (Nova Scotia), many of the refugees found their way to Louisiana, where they assimilated into the culture and became the Cajuns. Their oral history recipes expanded to include the native ingredients found in Louisiana.

Creole cooking is somewhat different from Cajun, but the culinary traditions are included in the overview of Franco-American cultures and diverse regional tastes.

These differences and similarities are evident in several of my cookbooks.

Branton explains some of the difference between French, Cajun and Creole cooking.

In fact, France's culinary history is the backbone of what evolved into Cajun/ Creole cuisines, so popular in Louisiana and throughout the American south. All three traditions – French, Cajun and Creole – depend on the "foundational skills" of knowing how to make a roux, bouillabaisses and fricassees.

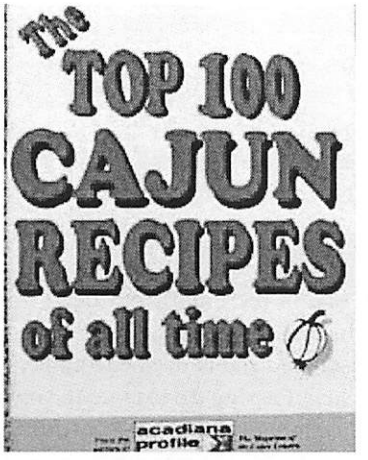
The technique, and pride, in knowing how to make a roux is nicely explained in "Who's Your Mama, Are You Catholic and Can You Make a Roux?", a family recipe book by Marcelle Bienvenu.

Typically, the Creole ladies who entertained in New Orleans presented a taste for French finery. They set a formal table with linens, china, crystal and silver service. Moreover, the Creole meals were served in courses accompanied by wines. Coffee and liqueurs were served following dinner.

On the other hand, the Cajun ladies who lived outside of New Orleans were creative about how they assembled their cooking ingredients. They looked out of their back door and whatever swam, flew or crawled may well have ended up in their cooking pots.

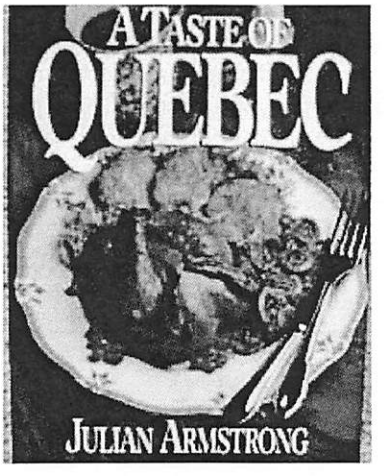
These abilities to create family recipes using local ingredients are certainly evident in Quebec, and in the Acadian settlements located in northern Maine, and in the Canadian provinces of New Brunswick and the Maritimes.

Here are a few of the cookbooks I've pulled out of my library:



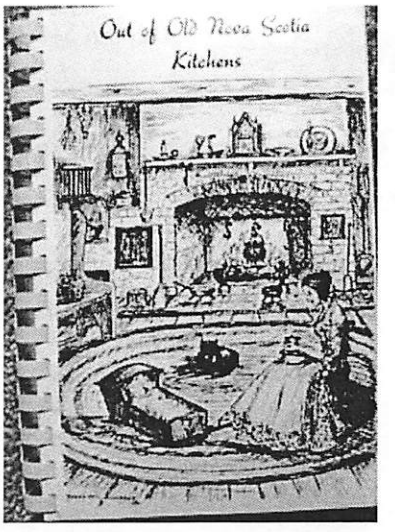
A collection of recipes using some unusual ingredients but many of them are also familiar, including Tourtiere.

The Top 100 Cajun Recipes of All Time, published by Acadian House Publishing of Lafayette, LA: Recipes in this collection include how to cook alligator meat! Nevertheless, those particularly exotic dishes notwithstanding, the other recipes include making Boudin (sausage), Chicken Fricassee and Tourtiere.



A photographed collection of Quebec recipes with a sampling from each region of the largely French-Canadian province.

A Taste of Quebec by Julian Armstrong, published by Macmillan of Canada: This is a fantastic cookbook because Armstrong highlights each of the special regional areas of Quebec and spotlights a traditional recipe from each place. Color photography is exceptionally good quality. This collection includes various ways of preparing Tourtieres. Sidebar articles describe something special about each of the Quebec regions.



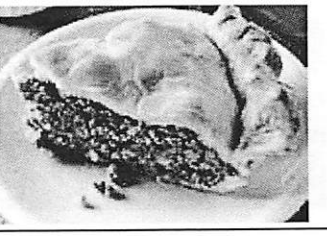
A history book with illustrations includes over a hundred recipes.

Out of Old Nova Scotia Kitchens by Marie Nightingale with original drawings by Morna MacLellan Anderson, published by Nimbus Publishing. This is one of my favorite history books. Along with providing my very favorite recipe for Lobster Stew and the unusual directions about how to skin an eel, the first few chapters of this book describes the diverse cultures of Nova Scotia. These include the Native Americans or "Indians", the French, the English, the Germans and the New Englanders. A recipe in this collection for making La Tire- aka "taffy"- (a tribute to Saint Catherine of Alexandria) is a treasure.

Bienvenu's family cookbook and its title, "...Can you Make a Roux?", challenged me to learn how to make roux. My mother in law made a roux, but it was called "farine brun" or brown flour. After much practice, I can make a modestly appropriate roux, in the Cajun tradition, but I wouldn't want to compete with experts.

Cookbooks are interesting and delicious ways to learn cultural histories, by reading how recipes have evolved through generations of families. Most recipes originated from oral histories.

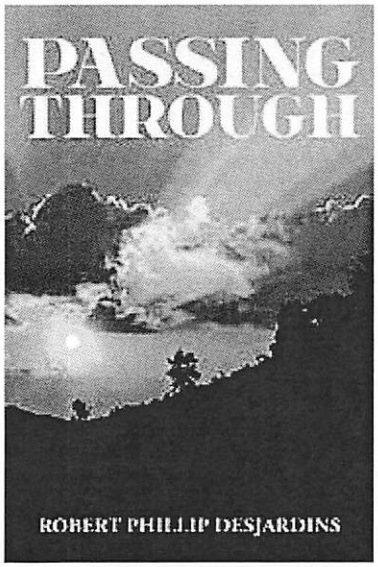
French cooking in Franco-American kitchens, Acadian, Quebecois, Creole or Cajun, has evolved to include the best of the European, Caribbean, Spanish, and Native American ethnic groups. Truly a "Jambalaya" of tastes and ingredients.



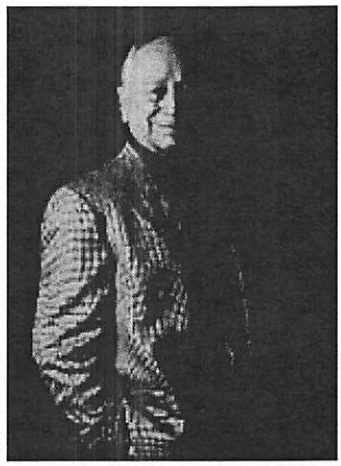
BOOKS/
LIVRES...

Passing Through

by Robert P DesJardins



This story of a powerful man who seeks to cheat certain death and be medically frozen until a cure is found for his fatal disease takes twists and turns that are the consequences of a journey across unchartered waters. The fated loves of three women infuse the story with a tragic patina: one clings to the memory of her long dead husband, another desperately challenges death itself and the last knows that her love will die a painful death. A human guinea pig is needed to assess the viability of groundbreaking cryogenic preservation and she is recruited from death row with the lure of eternal life. When the subject is resuscitated she is insane from her sojourn into hell. Passing delves into the mystery of where the soul would hang out during a long cryonic sleep. Is there a heaven and if so a hell? Scientists began theorizing on the possibility of freezing humans for future revival and immortality in the early 1960's and the field continues to grow, gaining supporters and critics along the way. With the advent of nanotechnology and advanced molecular repair techniques many now believe that it is not a question of if but only of when it will be possible to revive those who are already frozen (several hundred in the United States alone) and those to be preserved in the future. Novelists as diverse as Jack London, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Phillip K. Dick, and Arthur C. Clark have used cryonics as literary themes. Filmmakers and actors including Woody Allen, Mel Gibson, Tom Cruise and Ron Howard have dipped their toes into the freezing cryonic waters. Accepting the science as an acceptable way to preserve life is not as difficult as addressing the underlying question of Passing Through. Where would the soul go?



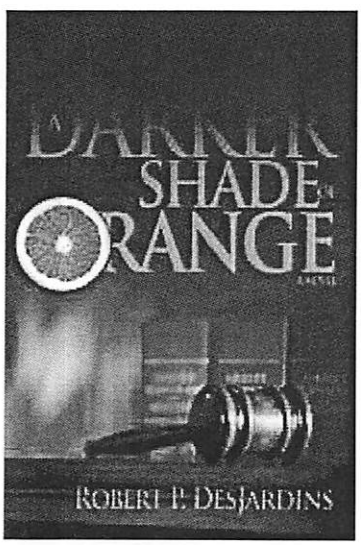
About the Author:

Robert P. DesJardins has practiced law in Southern California for more than forty years and was honored by his peers as the Trial Attorney of the Year in 2000. Recognized as one of the best attorneys in California and America in a number of independent publications, he lives with his wife in rustic Crawford Canyon.

A Darker Shade of Orange was reviewed in Orange Coast Magazine as well as in the Orange County Register and the Los Angeles Daily Journal. Robert's love of horses, politics, and history all comes together in his recently third novel, Land of the Saints. His new novel. Passing Through is now available on Amazon, Create Space and Kindle. See related pages on main menu. Robert believes this is his most defining work to date and looks forward to your comments. Passing travels to places that few have ever seen....

A Darker Shade of Orange

by Robert P DesJardins



A throwaway comment about a universally hated judge, "Where is Lee Harvey Oswald, when we need him," lands attorney Dennis McCauley in deep trouble when his alcohol-fueled statement comes hours before the judge is gunned down. The evidence of his guilt is overwhelming.

Powerful forces in politically conservative Orange County are mobilized against McCauley, a maverick with a well-documented history of taking action into his own hands. A scandal-plagued sheriff, a career-driven district attorney, and a corrupt cop conspire to bring McCauley down.

McCauley's life becomes a nightmare as he seeks to prove his innocence and save his life and his law practice. He enlists the aid of a savvy former cop and a beautiful, former prosecutor. The defense team must unravel a mosaic of corrupt judges, crooked politicians, and the power brokers who control them to prevent McCauley from facing the death penalty. They have a few hopes to solve the case, but no guarantees.

As McCauley's defense team maneuvers to protect him and his reputation, a not-guilty verdict is not enough. They intend to uncover the plot and prosecute the real culprit. But the killer has struck before, and there's nothing to stop him now.

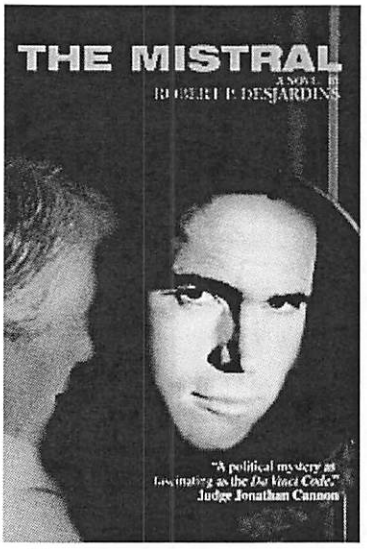
http://desjardinsauthor.com/

(Continued on page 31)

BOOKS/ LIVRES...

The Mistral

by Robert P DesJardins



In 2002, a neo-fascist party nearly seized control of the French government in an electoral shocker. The Mistral was conceived to expose the roots of that movement, which still exists today.

Noel Marquis, a beautiful young woman, is aided by Jean Francois, a former boyfriend; Father Routhier, a Catholic priest in the historic tradition of Cardinal Richelieu; and Lieutenant Flanagan, a retired detective in tracing her father's mysterious life through three decades and across two continents. But Noel becomes the target of a fascist killer when she unearths the conspiracy to murder her uncle and the attempted assassination of her father, Marius Marquis. With Noel's support, Marius can finally understand a thirty-year-old plot—the by-product of a political malignancy that caused his wife's death—and start on a journey that will transform his life.

From Algeria, the south of France, the United States, and Canada, The Mistral is a thrilling story of mystery, love, and international political conspiracy on both sides of the Atlantic.

https://www.iuniverse.com/bookstore/bookdetail.aspx?bookid=SKU-000053699

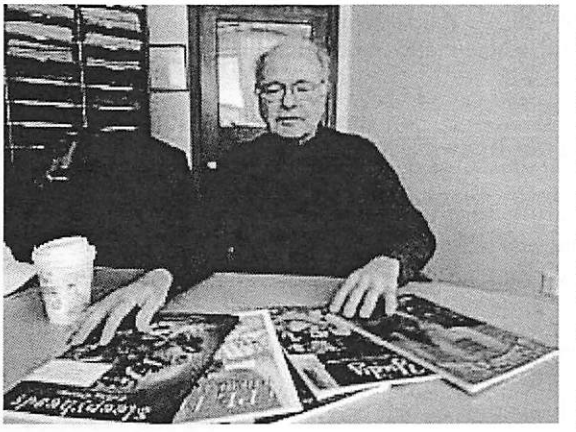
Paul Baribault: A writer's life

(N.D.L.R. This article is reprinted with permission from the Lewiston Sun Journal.)
By Mark LaFlamme
Sun Journal Staff Writer - April 8, 2018.

Almost from the very beginning, Paul Baribault knew what he wanted to do with his life. And so, with big dreams dancing in his head, he announced his plans to his high school guidance counselor.

It could have gone better.

"I said, 'I'm going to be a writer,'" Baribault recalls of that long ago conversation. "She said, 'Do you mean you're going to teach English?' I said, 'No, I'm going to write.' And she said, 'Well then, you're going to starve.' And I said, 'I don't care. I have to do this.'"



Author and Lewiston native Paul Baribault with his books. (Mark LaFlamme/Sun Journal)

The Lewiston native didn't succumb to the doubts of that long ago guidance counselor and now, 50 years later, nobody of sound mind would deny that the 69-year-old is a writer through and through.

He's written seven plays, nine screenplays and more than 100 sonnets. Most recently, Baribault authored four children's books that he'd like to see adapted to radio shows and school performances.

He also spent 14 years penning features and product descriptions for L.L.Bean, a gig that in many ways sealed Baribault's ultimate destiny as a writer.

Mount Shasta

When Baribault graduated from Lewiston High School in 1966, he knew he wanted to be a writer, but it wasn't until he had moved on to St. Michael's College in Vermont that he began to realize how much he wanted it.

"I wrote my first play when I was 24," Baribault says. "I was living in Killington, Vermont at the time. I decided at that time I was going to give writing a really good shot – until I was 40. And if I didn't make any money at it by then, I was going to get a real job."

Few people become great writers by staying in one spot and Baribault was no exception. In Vermont, he was landscaping and painting houses to support himself, but those odd jobs did little to broaden his horizons. He hadn't had a chance to taste the culture of the arts and to develop his own craft through experience.

That changed when Baribault was invited to visit Mount Shasta, a wee city of just a few thousands souls crammed in around an extinct volcano in northern California.

"I was just going to be there for the summer," Baribault recalls. "I was going to camp on the mountain and just take it all in. Instead, I was there for 14 years."

You can hardly blame him for staying. In Mount Shasta, the budding young writer found like-minded souls – people who were throwing themselves into their art and trying to make a living at it.

"It was an artistic community," Baribault says. "There were a lot of painters there, musicians, writers. Everybody was giving their art their best shot. Nobody judged you for what you did for a living, which was lovely."

Again, Baribault supported himself by house painting, but in Mount Shasta it was different. In Mount Shasta, even the guy who ran the paint business understood that Baribault's priority had to be his art.

"He was very friendly toward my writing," Baribault says. "He said, 'If there's a given morning when it's just coming to you and you don't want to come to work, that's okay with me.' It was a perfect job. While I was there, I wrote screenplays, because everybody in California was writing screen-

(Continued on page 32)

(Paul Baribault: A writer's life continued from page 31)

plays. I also wrote a volume of sonnets while I was there. That just kind of happened one day. I was doing landscaping at the time and there was this line that was continuously in my head. I thought, 'What is that?' And then I thought, that's the start of a poem."

It sounds idyllic, but there was a problem. Baribault had vowed that either he'd be making a living with his writing by the time he was 40 or he'd give it up and get a real job.

Guess which birthday was closing in?

Baribault has always felt that some grand force was looking out for him as he pursued his writing career. That may be entirely true, although when it came to his 40th birthday promise, that grand force was a few days late.

Everything but women's wear

Baribault ultimately left northern California and returned to Lewiston. At the time, he was drawn back home by the idea of developing a computer program that would allow homeowners to see how paint colors would look on their walls before they started painting. In the meantime, he took seasonal work loading trucks for L.L.Bean. It was meant to be just a temporary job, but Bean would prove to be a key component in Baribault's 40-year quest to become a professional writer.

"A job was posted for writing for the catalog. I thought, 'I can do that,'" Baribault says. "I went in with my screenplays – I had done no business writing at all. Happily, one of the two writers interviewing me was a screenwriter herself. We just hit it off and I got the job."

The catalog job was offered just five days after Baribault turned 40. After decades of wandering, he had found a way to make a career out of writing.

"I lucked out," he says. "When I got that writing job at Beans, I had a professional career. I had a pension and all that stuff. Someone was looking out for me. If I had turned 40 and I hadn't given it my best shot, I would have been miserable. I know that."

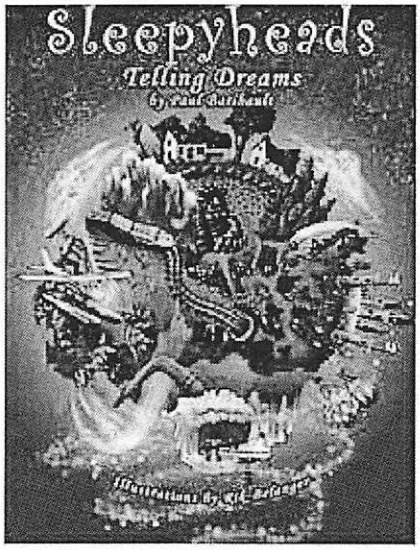
For L.L.Bean, Baribault wrote features on topics like the Mount Everest Peace Climb and Babe Ruth's known love for the Bean boot. He also wrote a Christmas musical, produced by Bean, and deep product descriptions for the company's many wares.

"I wrote for every category," Baribault says, "except women's wear."

He stayed at L.L.Bean for 14 years, but his writing didn't stop at florid descriptions of hats and coats, hunting rifles and tents. Baribault kept writing and, after moving on to work as a marketing manager for Agren Appliance, he finalized the play "God Touches," a dramatic comedy in four acts. He showed the script to Dennis St. Pierre, a well-established actor who had starred in an off Broadway show and made guest appearances on big time shows like "The Practice," "Ally McBeal" and "NYPD Blue."

St. Pierre liked the script, as it turned out, and agreed to star in the play, which debuted in 2009 at the Franco Center in Lewiston.

"To this day, I wonder how we pulled that off," Baribault says. "About 600 people



came over three nights. We actually made money. It was very well-received."

By that point, Baribault was pushing 60. Nobody would have blamed him if he had taken semi-retirement. He had made good on his promise to become a writer, after all.

But few writers ever really feel like quitting. And now that Baribault had married and raised a family, he had new interests to tug at his attention. His wife at the time in particular wanted him to write children's books.

As is his way, Baribault kept it in mind and then waited for that grand force to show itself again. And it did, as Baribault was driving to Norway just a few days after the birth of his second grandson.

"I was halfway there," he recalls, "when this idea for a book came to me: two little kids encountering four little animals and then they go on this series of dream adventures through 10 stories."

Sleepy time

"This book was a gift," Baribault says. "It wrote itself in a matter of two weeks. You're up at all hours. You're catching sleep where you can. You don't know where the story is going, that's the cool thing."

The book is "Sleepyheads – Telling Dreams," which involves an aspiring young writer (naturally) and her cousin, who share dream adventures with four animal friends they encounter in a forest glen. The book features a three-tiered surprise ending – a twist that Baribault hadn't even invented until he was halfway done the writing.

When the book was finished, Baribault spent some time flogging the manuscript around to agents and publishers before deciding to publish it himself, though Amazon. Before he could begin that process, though, the book needed a cover and artwork to accompany the stories.

For that, Baribault turned to his nephew, artist and teacher Richard "Rik" Belanger, who was tasked with creating imagery to introduce a world where children and animals share their dreams.

"It was my first time doing a book cover, so it was a challenge for me," says Belanger, who lives in Poland. "I think it was challenging for both of us. We just kept going back and forth on ideas, and talking about what kind of images to use."

Belanger would sketch an image, Baribault would give it a thumbs up or a thumbs down. Through this collaborative effort, a final cover for "Sleepyheads" was produced – a bright blue sky and a vivid green earth surrounded by various items, including a blimp, a boomerang, hot air balloons and a castle.

Baribault had himself a book, on sale at Amazon in both paperback and Kindle forms. The paperback, with black and white artwork on the inside pages, sells for $6, a price point low enough that Baribault can pass along copies to various schools in hopes of convincing someone to transform it into a school play.

Mission accomplished? Hardly. Over the following three years, Baribault wrote another trio of children's books, "The Cobbler's Cape," "Yudy" and "The Nightengale's Song."

Belanger came back to illustrate "The Cobbler's Cape," while one of his students, then 16-year-old Ashanti Fortson, worked up a cover and art for "The Nightengale's Song." The final cover, for Baribault's book

(Continued on page 33)

(Paul Baribault: A writer's life continued from page 32)

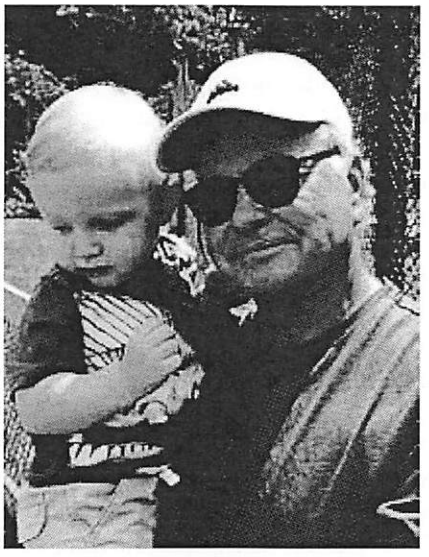
"Yudy," was created by Hallowell artist Christopher Cart, who had created paintings for "God's Touch" years earlier.

Now a grandfather closing in on 70 years, Baribault's status as a writer is well-established. But as most authors discover, writing isn't often enough. There's also the matter of getting those books before the eyes of potential readers and promoting them relentlessly. That means creating and maintaining a website (Baribault designed his own through through the service GoDaddy), delivering author talks wherever invited and constantly searching for more creative ways to promote his work.

"The creative part comes easily," Baribault says. "I have to force myself to do this part."

He's doing it, though. Recently, Baribault dropped his books off with Lewiston school administrators in hopes that someone with a little ambition will turn them into plays. He's also held writers workshops at the Carrie Ricker School in Litchfield, which enabled him to plug his books while talking about the craft he dedicated his life to – and who knows more about the craft of writing than a guy who dedicated 50 years?

Five decades after making himself a promise to become a professional writer at all costs, Baribault is still getting up at 3 a.m. most days to write. As far as he's concerned, his timing has been right on the money. After all, a few decades ago, he would have had to spend all of his hours querying agents and publishers in hopes of one day getting his books published, a process that could take years.



Author Paul Baribault and his grandson, R.J. (Courtesy of the Lewiston Sun Journal)

Instead, thanks to the rise of self-publishing services, Baribault was able to publish his books himself, maintaining control of his work and taking charge of his own destiny.

"It's a Golden Age for writers," Baribault says, holding up a copy of "Sleepyheads." "I mean, a grandparent who wants to write a single story for their grandchild can do this. It's amazing."

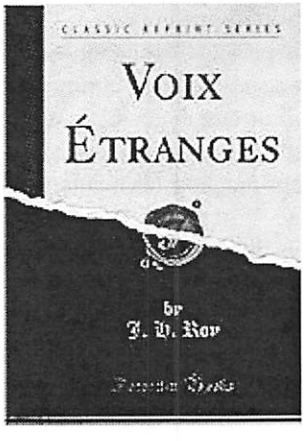
Back when he was a young aspiring writer at Lewiston High School, Baribault got some less-than-encouraging advice from that guidance counselor who portended such a grim future. Fortunately, he also ran into a student teacher from Bates College who was far more supportive of Baribault's dreams.

He remembers what that student teacher looked like, Baribault said, and he remembers that she told him to keep at the writing no matter what. He doesn't remember her name, however, so on his website, he posted an open letter to that memorable teacher in hopes that she will one day stumble upon it and know that she made a difference in a young man's life.

"So this is to thank you for those many encouragements to keep at the writing in the future," Baribault wrote to that teacher. "I did and have, and I owe part of it to you."

Baribault has a dream where a play based on his work will someday be shown at Bates College and, through some cool convergence of luck and destiny, that one-time student teacher will be there to see it.

It seems fanciful and not very likely, but it would be a mistake to dismiss the idea altogether. Baribault knows a thing or two about dreams, after all, and he has the will and patience to see them through.



Voix Étranges (Classic Reprint) (French Edition)

by J. H. Roy (Author)

Excerpt from Voix Étranges

A quinze ans, j'ai rimé, d'une maniere fort naive, les impressions dont ma jeune âme était pleine.

De vingt à vingt - cinq ans, (âge des premières désillusions,) j'ai souffert très profondément sous la rigueur des choses; de là ces accents tristes qui sont, en quelque sorte, la caractéristique de mes chants et cette époque.

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https://www.amazon.com/Voix-Étranges-Classic-Reprint-French

(L'influence d'un livre continued from page 17)

Only an unemotional enoch would be unmoved by the callousness and brutality of the Acadian diaspora. Regrettably this colored his objectivity and compromised his intellectual integrity. His Grand Dérangement is narrowly focused on the burning question of "ultimate responsibility," which he answered incorrectly and, in the process, he purposely falsified the most important historical document in Acadian history. He went to that extreme length to substantiate his untenable and spurious proposition, that Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia Charles Lawrence and his Council ordered the deportation of the Acadians, and to blanch the king of all responsibility.[5]

The document in question is none other than the Journal of Colonel John Winslow of Massachusetts, who was charged with the deportation of the Acadians from Minas Basin.** In response to a summons from Winslow, all the men and boys above the age of ten assembled in the parish church of Saint-Charles de la Grand-Prée. The immolation of the beguiled Acadian people was about to be consummated. Gaudet cited an entry in Winslow's Journal, dated September 5, 1755, which he translated in French as follows: "J'ai reçu ... de Lawrence, les instruction du roi que j'ai entre les mains." Further he adds, "Je vais faire connaître les instructions et les ordres de Sa Majesté ...." He concludes with "Les ordres péremptoires de Sa Majesté sont que ...."[6] Gaudet omitted, from the same entry in Winslow's Journal, that they were gathered together to hear, "His Majesty's Final Resolution ...." He failed to mention that the decree that he was about to read was, "His Majesty's instructions and commands." "His Majesty's goodness," "His Majesty's service," and "His Majesty's pleasure," that they would be deported. His selectiveness was not unintentional, but to reinforce his otherwise indefensible and irrational thesis about "ultimate responsibility."[7]

Gaudet follows with a hypothetical question: If indeed Winslow had the king's orders and instructions in his hands, why did he not include them in his Journal? To underscore his point, he repeated the question in the next paragraph and then proceeded to answer his own query. He concluded that neither Winslow nor Captain Alexander Murray at Fort Edward, had in their hands "les instructions et les ordres de Sa Majesté," or Winslow would have included them in his Journal. He assured his readers that he searched for those orders "for forty-five years" and that "nulle part il n'en est fait mention," except in Winslow's Journal.[8] Apparently it did not occur to Gaudet that the king's orders may have been secret, as indeed they were, to be destroyed once they were proclaimed to the Acadians.

Gaudet noted that on August 30, Murray visited Winslow at Grand Pré and brought with him "les commissions et les letters sus-mentionnées." He conveniently over-looked to mention that Murray also carried "Orders with him." Together they discussed the "Measures to take" to deport the Acadians of Minas Basin. What follows is of key importance to fathom Gaudet's deceitful Grand Dérangement.

Winslow wrote that he and Murray "agreed that it would be Most Convenient to Sight all the Male Inhabitants of sd. Villages to assemble at the Church in this Place on the 5th September next to hear the King's orders ...."[9] This was not what Gaudet reported in his Grand Dérangement, however. Citing the Winslow Journal, Gaudet wrote, "Nous avon décidé de convoquer tous les habitants mâles de ces village à l'église de la Grand-Pré, pour le 5 septembre prochain, sous le prétexte de leur communiqué les instructions du roi."[10] The words, "sous le prétexte", are NOT in Winslow's Journal. Gaudet inserted them to deceive his readers in believing the cynical and erroneous thesis that Lawrence and his Council ordered the deportation. He intentionally altered and distorted what must be reckoned the most important passage in the Winslow Journal. Moreover, he selectively quoted Winslow in such a manner that he twisted both the letter and the spirit of the most critical component of Winslow's Journal. Gaudet's three words, "sous le pretexte," shifted the ultimate responsibility for the Acadian Holocaust from the king where it belonged, to the local provincial regime where it did not. Gaudet was right when he accused Lawrence and his Council of being the "instigators" and facilitators, but he was wrong when he tampered with the Winslow Journal to exculpate the king for the heinous crime of deportation.[11] He thus gave gain-de-cause to the historians who preceded him, and those that followed, who inculpated the authorities in Halifax and Boston, while ignoring the role of the Mother Metropolis. For the next three score and sixteen years, Gaudet's Grand Dérangement held sway over the issue of responsibility for the deportation of the Acadian people.

History is not an absolute science and there is always room for honest dissent on the interpretation of the facts. Gaudet, however, far exceeded the bounds of professional propriety when he falsified the Winslow Journal. He crossed the line and compromised himself.

During the War of the Austrian Succession in Europe, 1741-1748, King Georg's War, 1744-1748, in America, Governor William Shirley of Massachusetts was the porte-parole of New England and Nova Scotia with Whitehall. He was the official who conceived and organized the successful expedition against fortress Louisbourg in 1745. Among the documents that Gaudet had before him, and from which he quoted liberally when he wrote his Grand Dérangement, was a despatch from the governor to Duke of Newcastle Thomas Pelham Hollis, Secretary of State, dated July 8, 1747. The governor had a plan to drive the Acadians from the strategic Isthmus of Chignecto. Some 2000 New England militia would be needed to drive the milice Canadiens from the region, after which the Isthmus could be resettled with the Yankee militia.[12] Newcastle's response, dated October 3, 1747, and which he shared with His Majesty, was that the plan was "très désirable," but premature. The Secretary of State was concerned that such an enterprise could provoke "une révolution générale" in the colony. For this reason and "all things considered," Newcastle informed Shirley that "Sa Majesté... juge bon d'ajourner pour le présent l'exécution d'un parail projet. Cependant, Sa Majesté vous prie de considérer comment un tel projet pourrait être exécuté, en temps convenable, et quelles précautions foudrait-il prendre pour prévenir les inconvénient que l'on redoute."[13]

To absolve the king of responsibility for the deportation project proposed by Shirley, Gaudet focused selectively on Newcastle's despatch, "Sa Majesté vous prie d'ajourner," ignoring the phrase, "pour le présent." Moreover, he was indifferent to the king's advice to the governor to consider how the proposed "projet pourrait être exécuté en temps convenable...." Gaudet was too precocious for this to be an innocent mistake. Therein the danger of approaching a subject with a preconceived outcome. Rather than allow the facts to speak for themselves, he either bent them to his purpose or ignored them altogether. Worse, he tampered with

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the evidence to arrive at a predetermined conclusion that was unsupported by the facts, and false.

Another document cited by Gaudet was a despatch from Lawrence to the Lords of Trade, dated August 1, 1754, in which he proposed to let the Acadians leave if they refused to take the Oath of Allegiance without preconditions. In that eventually, he concluded, it would be "much better ... that they were away." He hastened to add, however, that he "would be far from attempting such a step without your Lordships' approbation." On October 29, 1754, the British Lords answered that they did not want to assume the responsibility for that decision, and that they would have to submit the whole matter to the king and "receive his Instructions upon it."[14] In clear and unmistakable language, the British Lords told the lieutenant governor that the decision to deport the Acadian people was strictly the prerogative of the Crown. Placide Gaudet was a man endowed with uncommon intelligence. Why he purposely misconstrued the message of the powerful Lords of Trade remains obscure. Was he motivated by a desire to save the king's honor or was it self-serving, or both. An enigma shrouded in mystery

The Lords of Trade proceeded to lay out "les inconvénients" that preoccupied the king and, couged in diplomatic language, how to deal with the uncertainties. They observed that the Acadians, with the Mi'kmaq and Malecites, were an obstruction to the colonization of Nova Scotia with Protestant settlers. They noted that the Acadians occupied the best land, and that the native people were a threat to the life and limb of English settlers. It was unrealistic, they told Lawrence, to believe that the English would, or could, settle at Beaubassin as long as Fort Beauséjour remained under the French drapeau, and likewise Fort Gaspareau at Baie-Verte, and the French fort at St. John River. It was "absurd" to think that the English settlement of Nova Scotia was possible until the "Savages" had been driven from their habitation "et que les Français ne soit obligé de se refugier sur les iles improductives de Cap Breton et la St. Jean et au Canada."[15]

The instructions from Home left little to the imagination. Before the English settlement of Nova Scotia could be considered, the Acadians would have to be removed, though not to French territory. The native population would have to be driven from their homes, and the French fortifications destroyed. The Lords of Trade would "not take it on themselves" to decide on the fate of the targeted people until they had received the king's orders. In sum, the despatch from the Lords of Trade was nothing less than a blueprint for the Acadian deportation, even to the number of troops that would be needed to effectuate the project. All that remained was to make the necessary financial arrangement, the logistics of the operation, and an order from the king, and all of this was forthcoming in the months that followed.[16]

Within the two despatches cited above, from which Gaudet quoted at length, we find seven references to the king; added to the twelve references in Winslow's Journal, we have nineteen references to his Majesty's prerogative concerning the deportation. Three of those references were mentioned in a petition to Winslow by the Acadians who were held in the St. Charles Church, to wit; "the King has ordered," "interceded with His Majesty," "submission promised to His Majesty." Another reference was on the day of the embarkation when Winslow reiterated that "the King's command was absolute and had to be absolutely obeyed.[17] Altogether the number of references to the king in the Grand Dérangement and Winslow's Journal stands at twenty-three, more than enough for Gaudet to conclude what was manifestly clear.

There was a welter of other documents that implicated the Crown, at least indirectly, for the deportation, but Gaudet chose to ignore them. Fifty-three years before he published his Grand Dérangement, Nova Scotia archivist Thomas Akins published a massive selection of Papers Relating to the Acadian French, 1714-1755.[18] The Dominion Archives had a copy of this invaluable resource, and Gaudet knew this. The exchange of despatches between Secretary Newcastle and Shirley relative to Coulon de Villier's attack on Grand Pré on February 11, 1747, is very telling. The apprehensive Acadians needed reassurance and they got it, or so they thought. The correspondence leaves no doubt that the ultimate fate of the Acadian people remained solely with His Majesty.

Gaudet duped his readers in more subtle ways. He tempered Winslow's words, "to hear the King's Orders," with "pour leur communiqué les instructions du roi." He substituted the word "instructions" for "Orders." Military orders have to be obeyed explicitly; "instructions" are less formal. Winslow capitalized "King's Orders." Gaudet used lower case letters. Winslow implied that a royal decree was imminent; Gaudet's words are gentle and reassuring, not wanting to give the impression that George II was a brute. A due respect for the king's image was important. When things went awry in foreign and colonial affairs, part of the royal mystique was to excuse and equivocate. The custom was to say: "The king is good, his advisors are bad. God save the king." Gaudet would have been ill-advised to imply otherwise.

The king was better informed on the progress of the deportation than Gaudet inferred. On July 30, 1755, Secretary of State Thomas Robinson sent a congratulatory letter to Lawrence over the capitulation of Forts Beauséjour and Gaspareau. The lieutenant governor was so preoccupied with the deportation, however, that he did not respond until November 30, 1755, when the deportation was virtually completed. He effusively told Robinson that his letter gave him, "la plus vive satisfaction qu'il est possible de recevoire," and that he found it "difficile d'exprimer combien hautement j'apprécie l'honneur que me fait Sa Majestée en approuvent ma conduit." He glorified in the "si grande part de la faveur royal" that his conduct had merited him.[19]

The king had four months to disavow the deportation and admonish Lawrence, had he been so disposed, but his lips were sealed. Instead he rewarded Lawrence with a promotion for a deed "bien accompli." In foreign and colonial affairs, the king's authority was absolute. The governors were his personal representatives in the colonies and woe to those who usurped the royal prerogative, which was high treason. Gaudet must have known this, but there is no indication that he was from what he wrote in his Grand Dérangement.

Unfortunately Gaudet's Grand Dérangement was regnant on Acadian historiography. The falsity that Lawrence and his Council ordered the deportation persisted for almost a century after the publication of his monograph. All that time, the Crown remained mute about its role in the Acadian drama while historians, though not all, continued to victimize the victims.

We can only conjecture why Placide Gaudet, an otherwise brilliant, accomplished, and indefatigable scholar, wrote the Grand Dérangement. More research is needed on the life and work of this extraordinary

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individual. Perhaps, in time, the picklocks of biography will provide us with the necessary insight into the mind of the man who brandished the quill of the Grand Dérangement. A good place to start is Anselm Chiasson's abbreviated study of the Acadian titan.[20]

Gaudet was born on November 19, 1850 at Cap-Pelé, New Brunswick. He was orphaned of his father several weeks before he was born.* He attended the local school where it became evident that the lad was gifted with uncommon intelligence. At age fourteen his mother moved to Memramcook, where she lived with her in-laws so that her son could attend the Collège Saint-Joseph. To defray her son's college expenses, she worked at the Memramcook collège classique as a cleaning woman and in the laundry. Gaudet completed his secondary school at the college, and then his cours classique in 1873. Upon graduation he applied, and was accepted, at the Grand Séminaire de Montréal, but he withdrew shortly afterwards ostensibly for health reasons. In 1874, he was hired as an instructor at the Collège Saint-Louis-de-Kent in New Brunswick, and he taught at various grade schools. He supplemented his meager income as a journalist and genealogist.

Up to this point Gaudet had lived in dire poverty, but his situation was about to change. In 1883, he applied to the Dominion Archives, and his proclivity for Acadian genealogy got him a job. Gaudet was hired pro tempore to research the parish registers of the Acadians on Prince Edward Island (Isle Saint-Jean). It was only a two-year contract, but to be on the federal payroll represented security and hope for the future. Alas for the already accomplished genealogist, his position was not refunded, and Gaudet was terminated.

For the next eight years, Gaudet was employed as a journalist and editor for the Acadian newspaper, L'Évangéline, living on a modest income. In 1893 the rectory at Pointe-de-l'Église, Nova Scotia was destroyed by fire, and parish records were in parlous condition. Gaudet was hired to restore the records, serving also as an instructor at the Collège Sainte-Anne. At last the genealogist was in his element teaching, writing, and conducting research. In 1899, the Collège burned to the ground and Gaudet found himself in the unenviable condition of being unemployed.

During Gaudet's stay at Pointe-de-l'Église, Édouard Richard, in 1895, published his two-volume history of l'Acadie.[21] The publication sparked his interest in the heroic history of his people. He confided to Richard that he was vacuous on the subject, which he considered "disgraceful." The lawyer turned historian had a profound influence on Gaudet. Richard maintained that the Mother Metropolis was not in any way complicit in the deportation. The Acadian tragedy, he concluded falsely, was entirely the responsibility of Lieutenant Governor Lawrence who lusted after Acadian estates, especially their fertile farms that could be settled by the landless New England militia that would be needed to remove them. Richard had all the documentation that he needed to draw the obvious conclusion about ultimate responsibility, but this was politically inexpedient. It was more convenient to inculpate the lieutenant governor. Richard was a successful businessman and politician, and Lieutenant Colonol Lawrence was the lowest military rank where responsibility could be assigned. Richard was employed at the Dominion Archives. He died prematurely in 1904, when Gaudet became the outstanding authority in Acadian history and genealogy.[22]

Gaudet moved to Ottawa where he hoped to be rehired at the National Archives. En route, he stopped at the Madawaska Settlement where he accepted the hospitality of Michel (à Michel) Mercure, who arranged a veillée historique to provide his guest with some choice morsels of local oral history. It was the highlight of the young Prudent Mercure's adolescence, who would later chronicled the contentious and, at times, turbulent history of the coveted Madawaska Territory.

Arrived at his destination, Gaudet applied to Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, who was the chief administrative officer of the Dominion Archives. Gaudet was rehired, but again only part time, and poverty continued to stalk his footsteps. He was assigned to Prince Edward Island for another stint at completing his genealogy of Acadian families, in return for which he was to receive an annual stipend of $1200, plus $200 to cover travel expenses. He left for the Island in late summer and wasted no time proceeding to his appointed task of copying parish records and taking copious notes at the provincial archives. Notwithstanding his crowded schedule, he found time to court and win the hand of Marie-Rose Arsenault who, by a happy coincidence, happened to be a niece of Senator Joseph-Octave Arsenault.

Gaudet completed his research at the Island after a little over a year in residence. He left for Québec in December, 1900, where he consulted more parish registers and archives, always on the trail of the deported Acadian families. He was five weeks in the capital city pouring over Acadian archives at various locations, when he was summoned to Ottawa by Dr. Douglas Brymner, the Dominion Archivist. Whether he had misunderstood his instructions or failed to read the fine print, Gaudet had over-looked to submit periodic progress reports and financial accounts to Brymner. He mayhave been too preoccupied with research to be bothered with time consuming administrative trivia. Alcohol may have been a problem.[23] Brymner severely reprimanded Gaudet, and threatened him with suspension. What the Acadian genealogist most needed was not

* Professor Roger Paradis is a retired history professor from the University of Maine at Fort Kent (UMFK) who was the first historian to document that the deportation of the Acadians was ordered by the Crown. He authored in 1998, under the auspices of the Madawaska Historical Society, the hefty 70-page preface on the Acadian Deportation, *Papiers de Prudent L, Mercure / Histoire du Madawaska*. He was a founder member in 2009 of the Société internationale Veritas Acadie and has contributed major articles to that Society's historical journal *Veritas Acadie* since its inception in 2012, including the ground-breaking "Nouveau Regard sur la Déportation/The Acadian Deportation revisited", Veritas Acadie 1, p. 64-91. / The present article was first published in Veritas Acadie 6 (automne 2017), p. 31-45.

** The Acadian deportation was a genocide under Article II of the Statutes of Rome, and Article VI of the Geneva Convention, dated respectively January 12, 1951, and July 1, 2002. See my "Reflections on the Acadian Deportation," Veritas Acadie 5, (2016), pp. 73-74.

*** That is, until 1998 and the publication of my "Preface" to the Papiers de/Papers of Prudent L. Mercure – Histoire du Madawaska, Madawaska Historical Society, Madawaska, Me.. 1998. See especially pp.xv-xvii, hereafter cited as Mercure Papers. Canadian Governor-General Adrienne Clarkson translated the phrase, Grand Dérangement, to "Great Upheval," which could be interpretated to mean a popular uprising, un soulevement populaire. The unintended falsity is one of the hazards of literal translations. Similarly, in 1829, a member of the Chambre d'Assemblée of Lower Canada (Québec) named John Neilson, wrote that the deportation had created "un grand dérangement d'esprit" among the Acadians, which he translated "a great mental derangement." He probably meant that they were discouraged, dispirited, disheartened, not that they were mentally deranged. See John Neilson, Journaux de la Chambre ..., 1828-1829, Québec, 1829, n.d., [1829], p. 360, cited in Faragher, Noble Scheme, Ch. 16, n.4., p. 445. Neilson's misleading "grand dérangement d'esprit" was recently resurrected with respect to the great mental anguish that the Acadians experienced

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over the breakup of their families upon embarkation, when they disembarked, and after they were sheltered. See Ibid., 443-45. The Acadian Holocaust, which lasted eight years, was more than a "derangement d'esprit," however. See Veritas Acadie, 4 (2014), p. 88. It was a Grand Dérangement de la vie that claimed the lives of some 50% of the population, and unbelievably cruel. It reduced the population from a prosperous lifestyle of husbandry to one of poverty, which did not begin to change significantly until the late 20th century.

** John Winslow was born in Plymouth, Massachussetts on May 27, 1702, and he died at Hingham, Massachussetts on April 17, 1774. He was the commander of the expeditionary force of 2000 militia that was sent to Beaubassin for the attack on the French fort of Beauséjour. Arrived at Fort Lawrence, however, he learned that the siege was to be under the command of Brigadier General Robert Monckton, a British regular army officer with combat experience. Monckton had already received a shipment of 2000 muskets from Britain, including 400 barrels of powder and ball ammunition, field pieces including mortars up to 14 pounds intended for the siege. The hardware had been deposited earlier at Annapolis Royal by General Edward Bradlock. The war department in London was not willing to trust this critically important mission to a militia officer.

* An aside: Oral tradition reports that a child orphaned of his father at birth, is a gifted person.

* Poirier was the first Acadian to be appointed to the Senate. He was a lawyer and a man of letters. A partial listing of his publication is in my Papiers Mercure, clxxi. See also Vol.I, pp. 75-78, 116.

* In 1902, Mercure's manuscript counted 700-800 pp., which he offered to the New England Historical Society for $225, but it was rejected. He offered it to Gaudet and Poirier who likewise declined the offer. In 1908, desperate for money, he offered his notes and manuscript to Dr. Arthur Doughty at the Dominion Archives for $150, who also spurned the offer. Finally he sold his life's work that now numbered 2000 pages, to a state representative from the Madawaska town of Grand Isle, named Patrick Theriault, for an undisclosed amount. Theriault gave it to abbé Thomas Albert, Paroisse de Saint-Hilaire, N.B., who drew heavily from the manuscript for his Histoire du Madawaska, published in 1920. Loc. Cit., 448 pp. Geneviève Massignon discovered them at the PAC in 1945 and noted them in the bibliography of her Les Parler Français d'Acadie. At my urging, the PAC microfilmed the manuscript and notes, and at Guy Fregault's suggestion, I initiated the transcription in 1968, published in 1998. Albert donated the Mercure Papers to the Dominion Archives. Prudent Mercure, the budding historian who modestly styled himself, un piocheur, died on January 24, 1963, probably from a broken heart.

* The New Brunswick city of Moncton as well as its Acadian *Université de Moncton* are named after lieutenant-colonel Robert Monckton who attempted the genocide of the Acadians when he fomented the bloodiest act of British retribution in the Saint John River Valley.

Footnotes

1. Rev. Andrew Brown was born on August 22, 1763 in Biggar, Scotland, and died February 19, 1834, in Carrington, Scotland. Appointed to St. Matthews Church in Halifax in 1787, and returned to Scotland in 1795. George Shepperson, Brown, Andrew, DCB. See his "The Acadian French," N.S. Hist. Society, Coll., 2(1881), pp. 129-160. "Removal of the French Inhabitants of Nova Scotia by Lieutenant Governor Lawrence and His Majesty's Council in October 1755," (1815), Brown Coll., Mss., 147-48, Edinburgh Univ., Library, Special Coll. Dept., Gen. 154-159, cited in John Mack Faragher, A Great and Noble Scheme, W.W. Norton, New York, 2005, p.445, and n.4, ch16. See also James Fraser, "Notes from Tradition and Memory of the Acadian Removal," (1815), PANS, RG1:363. On the Acadian "Holocaust," See Veritas Acadie, 4 (2015), p. 88.

2. Thomas Albert, Histoire du Madawaska, Imprimerie Françiscaine Missionaire, Québec, 1920, p. 70.

3. Jean-Baptiste-Antoine Ferland, La Gaspésie, Québec, 1877, pp. 196-197, cited in op. cit., Faragher, Noble Scheme, ch.16, n. 4, pp. 534-535.

4. Émile Lauvrière, La Tragédie d'un Peuple ..., 2 volumes, Paris, 1924, vol. 1, chap. XIV, p. 441-493.

5. Roger Paradis, « Préface », Papiers de / Papers of Prudent L. Mercure. Histoire du Madawaska. Madawaska Historical Society, Maine, 1998, xv-xviii and Fidèle Thériault, « Edward Boscawen et la déportation des Acadiens », Veritas Acadie 1 (2012), p. 37-54.

6. Placide Gaudet, Grand Dérangement, p. 1. An accurate French translation is in Serge Patrice Thibodeau, Journal de John Winslow à Grand Pré, Les Editions Percé-Neige, Moncton (Monckton), 2010, pp. 114, 119-121.

7. "Journal of Colonel John Winslow," Nova Scotia Historical Society Collection, 3, (1882-1883), Halifax, 188, pp. 94-95.

8. Op. cit., pp. 1-2. Alexander Murray was promoted to the rank of major by His Majesty on October 1, 1755, and commander of the 45th Regiment at Fort Edward, Pigiguit. Only the king had the authority to commission officers. Murray's promotion was tantamount to an acknowledgement of a job well done.

9. Op. cit., p. 87.

10. Gaudet, Grand Dérangement, p.2.

11. Ibid., pp. 70-71.

12. Shirley to Newcastle, July 8, 1747, cited in Gaudet, Grand Dérangement, pp.3-4. The Massachussetts governor was born on December 2, 1694, and died March 24, 1771.

13. Ibid., CO 5, 17, fol.157, Newcastle to Shirley, October 3, 1747.

14. Ibid., p.13, Lawrence to Lords of Trade, August 1, 1754, N.S., A55, p.189, Lords of Trade to Lawrence, October 29, 1784, N.S., A56, p.76.

15. Ibid., pp. 35-37, Lords of Trade to Lawrence, October 29, 1754, N.S., A, Vol. 56, Vol. 76. See also my "Preface," Papiers Mercure ..., p. xiii for details. The noun, Savages, as used by the English, meant pitiless, barbaric, brutal, cruel; as an adjective by the French, it inferred primitive, undefiled as living in nature.

16. Most of the military planning was done by the Crown Prince, Duke of Cumberland. See Cumberland to Braddock, APQ., Report, 1932-1933, p. 315, cited in Fidele Theriault, "Edward Boscawen et la Déportation des Acadiens," Veritas Acadie, 1 (2012), p. 43.

The order of deportation, military planning, and the funding of the secret and sinister project was the work of the Home Government. The authorities in Halifax and Boston played a major, but secondary role. Admiral Boscawen and Mostyn, Generals Braddock and Monckton, Major Murray at Fort Edward, and Handfield at Fort Anne were regular line British officers. Winslow was the sole ranking colonial commander, and he had fewer than four hundred men under his command. The Acadian deportation was largely a British campaign, except for the 2000 New England militia, and the Yankee transports and their masters.

17. John Winslow, Journal of Colonel John Winslow, N.S. H..S. Coll., 3 (1882-1883), Halifax, Nova Scotia, pp. 94-95. See also my Papiers Mercure, x-xvii.

18. Thomas B. Akins, ed., Selections from the Public Documents of the Provincial Archives of Nova Scotia. "Papers Relating to the Acadian French, 1714-1755," N.S. I, Halifax, 1869. See, for example, Shirley-Mascarene, 9-16-46, I.d.-Id., 10-21-47, Id.-Newcastle, 11-21-46,Id.-Id., 2-27-47, Newcastle-Shirley, 5-30-47, Shirley-Newcastle, 7-8-47,Id.-Id., 10-3-47. See also, Colonial Office to Philipps, December 28, 1725,, warning the governor "not to attempt their removal without His Majesty's Positive order for that purpose," cited in Bona Arsenault, History of the Acadians, Conseil de la Vie Française, Québec, 1966, .83.

19. Robinson to Lawrence, July 30, 1755, Lawrence to Robinson, November 30, CO 5, Vol. 17, fol.52, cited in Gaudet, Grand Dérangement, p.20. See also Robinson to Lawrence, July 13, 1753, Ibid., p.17.

20. Anselm Chiasson,"Placide Gaudet," Revue de l'Université de Moncton (Monckton), 3, 3(1970), pp. 120-128, and Id., "Placid Gaudet," Cahiers, Société Historique Acadienne, 31, (1971), pp. 6-23. See also Andrew Sheila "Placide Gaudet," DCB, Univ. Toronto/ Lava,15(2003).

21. Édouard Richard, Acadie: Missing Link of a Lost Chapter in American History, 2 Vols., Home Book Co., New York, 1895. See also Paradis, Papiers Mercure, II, p. 208, and PAC, RG 37, Vol. 255.

22. Id., Acadie, cited in John Mack Faragher, A Great and Noble Scheme, W.W. Norton, New York, 1895, p. 465.

23. Sheila, "Placid Gaudet," DCB.

To Le Forum:

Thanks again for sending me the ***"Le Forum"***. You make me very happy when I get it in the mail. What a very, very nice article on page 27, of the Spring Issue, 2018, titled, "*A Special Friendship*". I did not look at the pciture closely when I started to read it. Then read the forever friend was ***you and Bertie!***

What very good things you are doing. May God Bless you for that!

Just thought I'd drop a line to tell you, you have another friend here in Augusta!

God Bless You!

Claudette Theriault
Augusta, ME

POÉSIE/POETRY

Jack's Uneasy Road

It never would have been easy for you,
Writer born in Lowell, French kid
Of Pawtucketville and Centralville,
Blue-collar son of pious Catholic
Mom and skeptic, drinking Dad —
Broken-English speakers foreign
To higher education, art,
Books, the niceties of life
Fueled by money.

You outgrew your world, observing
And ingesting everything
But needing more, your mind and heart
Expanded in the reading rooms
Of Lowell's stone library,
Where hooky days enveloped you
In silence, warmth, the insights of
The dead and living beckoning from
Hard-bound tomes.

And yet your world held you fast:
Great river, thundering falls and rapids,
Red-brick mills belching steam
And smoke and cloth goods below the hills
Across the river where you lived
Surrounded by the speakers of
Your native tongue, in which you thought
Your whole life, then translated
Into English —

That second language you encountered
When you started school and stepped
Beyond the confines of French Lowell,
Whose view of Christ and life and grim,
Holy sacrifice would never
Let you go, throughout the years
Of drugs, sex, booze, and Buddhist
Vision unaccompanied by
Buddhist practice.

How to pull it all together?
Was it humanly possible?
Was there just too much at work
In you, competing for attention,
Contending for an upper hand,
Confusing, spinning from control,
Obstructing any discipline
Of life, behavior, or sustained
Commitment?

And yet you always wrote; that
Firm commitment never wavered.
But when it brought you fame, the scaffold
Of your being wouldn't hold
Beneath the fierce attention of
Those who didn't comprehend
The power of that first world —
French-speaking Catholic Lowell —
Coloring your life.

Too many people couldn't know
The whole of you: neither readers from
Around the world nor folks of Lowell
Having eyes to see beyond the drugs,
Sex, and alcohol-fueled reverie
To how eternity kept erupting
In your life — and how you clung
To where you first had known it and
Been shaped by it.

It wouldn't have been easy under
Any circumstance, but if
Only you'd been strengthened by
The living of what wisdom has always
Taught — that you can't have it all,
That strength is bought only with some
Amount of resolute self-denial —
You might have weathered your unique
Inevitable trials.

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To Kerouac in Death

In the end, death brought you back to Lowell,
Your travel on the road concluded, your
Wandering through subterranean mazes
Of confusion, insight, bliss, no more.

Your stays in Florida, New York, the West
Coast, Mexico, and elsewhere halted,
Your return — to hallowed church and ground,
To folk once known, familiar — is meet and fit.

Embarrassment, disgrace, or bum — Lowell
Still must take you in, French boy
Of Little Canada, Pawtucketville,
And Centralville's winding, teeming streets.

Your heart captured by its mighty river,
Your mind shaped by endless reading in
The stone library on Merrimack Street,
Your soul stirred in French-filled Catholic churches,

You are Lowell's, through and through, and Lowell
Must recognize the son conceived within
Its currents of ethnicity and mills,
Hard life and work and opportunity.

Your mother and Lowell-born wife have brought you back.
Père Morrissette will say your funeral Mass
At Jean-Baptiste, the great stone church
On Merrimack Street, whose haunts you knew.

You'll rest in Edson Cemetery, where
Your Greek in-laws have their plot, and on
Your gravestone, Stella, your wife, will have engraved
The words: "Ti Jean — he honored life."

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POÉSIE/POETRY

To Stella Kerouac

You loved him, Stella. You must have, knowing
What he was in spite of all
You'd ever hoped he might become,
Back when you first knew him, a brother's
Childhood friend — handsome, earnest,
Shy, a writer, athlete, student
Brimming with ideas, ambitions,
Insights, talent, confidence.

Did you think you'd change him?
A sodden, lonely, forty-four-year-old
Drunk, no longer wanted by
The world that lionized him once,
No longer sought-out, no longer hip,
A bloated beat reactionary
Shaped by values he hadn't lived —
And now eclipsed by new things hip?

Or did you simply want to save
Him from himself, his isolation,
Loneliness, and self-disgust?
You cared for him and Gabrielle —
The mother felled by stroke before
You married him. And when he passed,
He left you the onerous task
Of easing her journey to the grave.

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Did you forge the signature on her will?
And if you did, then what? Who else
Was there for her? Who else had been
Her company, support, and link
To Lowell, the past, and Jack — 'Ti Jean —
For three long years of frailty,
Decline and incapacity.

It's not as if there was wealth involved.
The estate he'd willed to Gabrielle
Was penniless when he died, but oh!
His work survived — unpublished or
In print, unknown, forgotten, perhaps
Incomplete — and you valued it all,
Preserved it, passed it on to others
Who prospered from it when you died.

You loved him, Stella, in spite of all.
Child of Lowell that you were,
You knew what made him as he was.
You shared his hurt. You pitied his
Confusion and self-conflict as
You tried to stem his loss, the long
Slide into misery,
The fear of ominous, looming dark.

And when he died, you brought him home
To Lowell and buried him in your family's
Plot — away from mother, father,
And sweet Gerard in Nashua —
To be with you in peace, finally,
Together with his friend Sebastian,
The brother who'd brought him to your life,
Touching a chord that wouldn't die.

Summer Revels*

Garrulous gardeners gamboling
Rambunctious readers reciting
Animated authors anticking
Tumultuous trumpeters tooting
Inebriate initiates intoning
Triumphant tubas thundering
Ubiquitous unicorns uniting
Diaphanous dancers delighting
Enraptured enactors enthralling—
stage an ecstatic welcome
as summer breezes in.

Margaret S. Langford

*An acrostic. The first letters of the lines, if read from top to bottom, spell "**Gratitude.**"

A Quest to Find a Fernald

by Debbie Roberge

In the late 60s my interest in genealogy happened when a maternal Aunt told me a story. It was to be her last story as she was dying of breast cancer. She thought she had told a lie when she was a teenager and wanted to go with a clear conscience. She grew up during the Great Depression, life was hard you just couldn't buy things as there was less money often times none.

No matter what the circumstances was this family was a happy one and they made do with what they had but when you are a teenage girl it can seem a little tougher. There was six children, four girls and two boys between the ages of 6 and 16 as well as two older sisters with their husbands living all in the same household. Welfare hadn't been thought of yet, the only help you could get was either from the town, your local Church or the kindness of neighbors who had more than you did. The older sisters and husbands had jobs and helped out when they could.

For entertainment the older siblings would go to the movies, the younger ones were always involved with the neighborhood kids in one game or another. Otherwise they would be doing their homework or helping out with the chores. They like us had dreams of what could be and Helen the Aunt at 16 was no different. She wanted to go to the dances, she loved listening to the music and meeting up with friends her age. It was a great way to learn social skills and work on your confidence. Helen like any other girl wanted a new dress for these dances but under the circumstances the family couldn't afford it, so the older sisters would remake one of theirs and add some trimmings or whatever. She could deal with that but what about when they weren't dancing, what would she talk about. She didn't want them to know where she lived, no way!

So she figured if she left the house early and made it to the front of a neighbor's house they would think she lived there, problem solved. Now for the other one – conversations. She needed something important that would keep them from asking too many questions. The story she came up with was that she was related to the former Governor of Maine, Albert Fernald. After all they had the same last name and by the time they got back to school who would remember to try and look it up to see if there

was such a governor. She was all set. This was the story she told me.

It peaked my curiosity and the genealogy bug hit me! Wanting to do something special for her I needed to find out if any part of this story was true. First, was there an actual Governor of Maine with the last name of Fernald? There was, and his name was Albert Manfred "Bert" Fernald, he was born in 1858 and died in 1926. Now was he related and where could I find information about him? Thinking he's a Governor, my first thought – Augusta the state capital and library where I found out some things about him, but nothing about his background. I had to go to Poland Springs, Maine to their library if I wanted to know more about his life. There I found where someone had researched his lineage to the first Fernald who came to America, Renauld or Reginald Fernald. Renauld was the first surgeon or doctor here and arrived sometime between 1631 and 1635.

Well now I have Bert's ancestry what about mine? Do I climb that same tree? I had a great Aunt also named Helen who had been interested in family history and had done some research so it was time to write a letter. She was more than eager to start corresponding with me, she had been doing it for years with her niece and my aunt Helen. She supplied me with information on my ancestry but no proof as to whether it was correct or not, so a little more digging and I had the proof. But by the time I had the proof I needed to tell my aunt that she and Bert were related, just a few limbs apart, she had lost her battle with cancer. I was unable to tell her that the lie she thought she had told so often was not completely a lie, her and the governor were related – sixth cousins once removed. This meant that her dad (my maternal grandfather) and the Governor were sixth cousins, and she was once removed for not being in the same

generation as the Governor.

Now if you have that same genealogy bug you know I just couldn't stop there. My quests has continued and it has found a lot more Fernald's. Another one right in my own backyard. His name is Merritt Caldwell Fernald and he was the second president of the Maine State College now known as the University of Maine at Orono. It's too bad she hadn't used Merritt in her story as he was more closely related, they were second cousins twice removed. Merritt was born in 1838 and died in 1916, living about the same time and fourth cousins twice removed but might of only considered themselves as fortunate enough to have the same last names and not related. Albert Fernald and Merritt Fernald may have crossed paths at some point, with Albert being Governor for the State of Maine and Merritt Acting President for the Maine State College I don't know and not sure if I could ever find out. It may be another genealogical quest in search of another Fernald!

MUSIQUE/MUSIC

CONGRATULATIONS!
FÉLICITATIONS!

Josée Vachon

Josée Vachon named "Franco-American of the Year"

Josée will be honored on June 16th in Manchester, NH at the Franco-American Center.

Honored to be nominated Franco-American of the Year by the F.A. Centre of NH on Saturday, June 16th! Doubly honored if you´d like to attend the banquet! Other awardees: F.A. Educator of the Year: Edith Takantjas and F.A. Business of the Year: St. Mary´s Bank (first credit union in the country!). Dinner reservations deadline: June 8th! https://www.facnh.com/events/fete-de-la-saint-jean-baptiste/

Franco-American Centre

Tipping our hats to our Québec cousins' national holiday, people who love French culture gather together for a celebration of the Franco-American experience. Following a Mass there will be a festive dinner. Special guest will be…
FACNH.COM

Date/Time
Date(s) - 06/16/2018
4:00 pm - 9:00 pm

Saint-Jean-Baptiste
Special Events

FÊTE DE LA ST-JEAN-BAPTISTE
SATURDAY, JUNE 16TH, 2018

ATTENTION!

Please check your mailing labels! The year/month of your subscription expiration. If your labels say 00/00 please consider making a donation. Rising costs of printing are making it more and more difficult to keep our voices alive and heard! So please donate. Donations would ensure the continued life of "Our" publication.

Thank you! Merci!

Franco-American Families of Maine

par Bob Chenard,
Waterville, Maine

Les Familles Dubé

Welcome to my column. Over the years Le Forum has published numerous families. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as this one are never complete. However, it does provide you with my most recent and complete file of marriages tied to the original French ancestor. How to use the family listings: The left-hand column lists the first name (and middle name or initial, if any) of the direct descendants of the ancestor identified as number 1 (or A, in some cases). The next column gives the date of marriage, then the spouce (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same number in the right-most column above. For example, if it's #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with the rare exception of small letters, e.g., "13a." If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere appologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

DUBÉ
(Dubay)

Mathurin Dubé, born 1631 in France, died 1695 in PQ, son of Jean Dubé and Renée Suzanne from the townfelzé of la Chapelle Thémer, department of Vendée, ancient province of Poitou, France, married on 3 September 1670 at Ste.Famille, Ile d'Orléans, PQ to "Fille-du-Roi" Marie-Catherine Campion, born 1654 in France, died between 1697 and 1704 in PQ, daughter of Pierre Campion and Marguerite Hénault from the parish of St.Nicaïse, city of Rouen, department of Seine-Maritime, ancient province of Normandie, France. The town of la Chapelle-Thémer is located 12 miles east-northeast of the city of Luçon.

A	Jean		before 1631		Renée Suzanne	France	1
1	Mathurin		03 Sep	1670	M.-Catherine Campion	Ste.Famille, I.O.	2
2	Mathurin "Mathias"	13 May		1691	Anne-M. Miville-Desch. (François Miville & Marie Langlois)	Rivière-Ouelle	3
	Louis	1m.	28 Jul	1697	M.-Angélique Boucher	Rivière-Ouelle	4
	"	2m.	09 Jan	1719	Marguerite Lebel	Rivière-Ouelle	5
	Pierre		07 Jan	1704	M.-Thérèse Boucher	Rivière-Ouelle	6
	Laurent		07 Jan	1706	Geneviève Boucher	Rivière-Ouelle	7
3	Augustin		07 Jan	1721	M.-Anne Soucy	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	8
	Jean-Bte.		29 Apr	1737	M.-Anne Racette	Québec city(ND)	9
4	Louis		08 Jan	1721	Cécile Emond	Rivière-Ouelle	10
	Joseph		07 Jun	1729	Angélique-Rosalie Morin	cont. Jeannot	11
	Alexandre-Abr.		07 Nov	1727	Jeanne-Mgte. Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	13
5	Louis		14 Feb	1763	Véronique Miville-Desch.	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	14
6	Pierre		04 Feb	1747	Charlotte-Suz. Blénier	Pierrefonds, Montr.	15
7	Joseph	1m.	27 Aug	1730	Mgte.-Barbe Cloutier	Islet	16
	"	2m.	19 Oct	1778	Marie Simonneau	Montmagny	
	Simon		11 Jan	1738	Marguerite Gaudin	cont. Rousselot	17
	Jean-Frs.	1m.	15 Feb	1745	Charlotte St.Pierre	St.Roch-Aulnaies	18
	"	2m.	30 Jun	1756	M.-Catherine Lebel	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	19
	Pierre-Jacques		07 Jan	1747	M.-Anne Pelletier	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	20
	Jean-Baptiste		23 Mar	1748	M.-Rose Morin	cont. Rousselot	21
8	Augustin		18 Nov	1748	M.-Judith Deslauriers	Kamouraska	24
	Basile		circa	1750	Louise Côté	Kamouraska cty.	25
	Jean		10 Jan	1752	M.-Anne Ayotte	Kamouraska	26
	Joseph	1m.	28 Oct	1754	Geneviève Hudon	Rivière-Ouelle	27
	"	2m.	10 Apr	1758	M.-Madeleine Beaudet	Rivière-Ouelle	28
	Louis		17 Jan	1763	M.-Lse.-Jeanne Dionne	Kamouraska	29
	Charles	1m.	16 Jul	1764	Marie Michaud	Kamouraska	30
	"	2m.	04 Apr	1801	Julienne Guichard* *dit Bourgoin	St.André, Kam.	31
	Zacharie		21 Nov	1768	M.-Catherine Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	32
9	Jean	1m.	10 Apr	1768	M.-Thérèse Damien	cont. Sanguinet, QC	
	"	2m.	22 Jun	1778	Charlotte Lefèbvre-Paquet	Québec city(ND)	33a
	Jean-Bte.		24 Jun	1776	Marie Valade	Québec city(ND)	33b
10	Jean-François		05 Nov	1748	Marie-Angélique Côté	Rivière-Ouelle	34
	"	2m.	15 May	1787	Catherine Ouellet	Rivière-Ouelle	
	Charles		14 Feb	1757	Magdeleine Gagnon	Rivière-Ouelle	35
	Maurice		12 Jan	1761	M.-Anne Plourde	Rivière-Ouelle	36
	Pierre		15 Jun	1761	M.-Rosalie Beaudet	Rivière-Ouelle	37
	Barthélémy	1m.	04 Jun	1764	M.-Angélique Hudon	Rivière-Ouelle	38
	"	2m.	12 Oct	1778	M.-Louise Lepage	Kamouraska	39
	Louis		02 Jul	1764	M.-Catherine (illegit.)	Rivière-Ouelle	
	Augustin		11 Feb	1771	Catherine Hudon-Beaulieu	Rivière-Ouelle	40
11	Louis	—	1756		Thérèse Nadeau	Rivière-Ouelle !	41
	François		20 Jul	1757	M.-Josephte Deblois	St.François, I.O.	42
	Jean-Baptiste		18 Jan	1768	M.-Geneviève Ouellet	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	43
	Augustin	1m.	10 Jan	1773	M.-Anne Bernier	cont. Dupont	44a
	"	2m.	17 Oct	1785	Marguerite Marcouiller	Yamachiche	44b
	Joseph		23 Jul	1787	M.-Josephte Vaillancourt	St.Jean-Port-Joli	45a
12	Alexandre		09 Jul	1753	M.-Madeleine Leclerc	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	45b
	Jean-François		28 Jan	1755	M.-Madeleine St.Pierre	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	46

(Continued on page 43)

(Les Familles Dubé continued from page 42)

	Jean	1m.	08 Apr	1777	Madeleine Ouellet	Rivière-Ouelle	
	"	2m.	08 Jul	1793	M.-Anne Sergerie	Rivière-Ouelle	47
14	Augustin	1m.	08 May	1798	Marie Bard/Barré	St.Jean-Port-Joli	49
					(d.26-5-1802 as M.-Romaine)		
	"	2m.	05 Sep	1808	Elisabeth Josse	Islet	
15	Pierre		17 Jan	1780	M.-Archange Demers	Pierrefonds, Montr.	50
16	Joseph		08 Jan	1759	M.-Basilisse St.Pierre	St.Roch-Aulnaies	51
	Jean-Bte.		23 Jan	1764	M.-Thérèse Talon	Rimouski	52
17	Jean-Bte. (#1)		13 Jan	1767	Barbe Fournier	cont. Dupont	53
	Jean-Bte. (#2)		21 Jan	1771	Véronique Fournier	St.Jean-Port-Joli	54
	"	2m.	01 Aug	1813	Elisabeth Levasseur	Rivière-Ouelle	
	Simon		20 Nov	1775	M.-Anne Chouinard	St.Jean-Port-Joli	55
	Jean-Roch		25 Nov	1782	Josephte-Olive Hébert	Louiseville, Mask.	56
18	Jos.-François		04 Feb	1771	Françoise Gauvin	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	58
19	Hubert		05 Dec	1791	Françoise Sicard/Carufel	Maskinongé	59
	Guillaume		13 Oct	1800	M.-Angélique St.Pierre	Maskinongé	60
	Augustin-Jean		04 Nov	1800	Ursule Sicard/Carufel	Maskinongé	61
	Louis		01 Mar	1802	Charlotte Alain	Maskinongé	62
20	Raphael-Jean		21 Nov	1773	Angélique Fournier	St.Jean-Port-Joli	63
	"	2m.	15 Sep	1812	Elisabeth Gagné	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	
	Jean-Baptiste		18 Aug	1783	M.-Louise Hudon	Rivière-Ouelle	64
	Louis-J.	1m.	10 Oct	1785	Madl./Modeste Fournier	St.Jean-Port-Joli	65
	"	2m.	22 Jul	1806	Geneviève Proulx	Montmagny	66
	Pierre-R.	1m.	17 Jan	1791	M.-Angélique Pelletier	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	67
	"	2m.	18 Jan	1820	M.-Louise Santerre	Cacouna	68
	Gabriel		13 Nov	1792	Marguerite Blanchette	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	69
21	Jean-Bte.		24 Jan	1774	Françoise Dessaint	St.Pierre-Sud	71
	Antoine		08 Nov	1784	Victoire Létourneau	St.Pierre-Sud	72
24	Pascal		31 Jul	1780	M.-Théotiste Boucher	Rivière-Ouelle	74
	Joseph		31 Jul	1786	Madeleine Tremblay	Kamouraska	75
25	Pierre		circa	1779	M.-Louise-G. Desnoyers	Isle-Verte	77
					(François Desnoyers &Madeleine Dubé)		
					(M.-Louise-Genev. rem. 27-4-1812 Étienne Perrault)		
	Basile	1m.	16 Jul	1787	M.-Catherine April	Kamouraska	78
	"	2m.	25 Nov	1822	M.-Josephte Pellerin	Kamouraska	
26	Alexandre	1m.	03 Nov	1783	M.-Anne Vaillancourt	Kamouraska	80
	"	2m.	20 May	1822	Marie St.Pierre	Isle-Verte	81
	Isidore		25 Nov	1783	M.-Catherine Roy-Desj.	Kamouraska	82
	Augustin		13 Oct	1788	M.-Ursule Dion	Isle-Verte, R.-Lp.	83
	Germain		10 Jan	1806	Marguerite Roy-Denys	St.Basile, NB	84/26A
27	Joseph		14 Jan	1788	Marguerite Lavoie	Rivière-Ouelle	86
28	Jean-Bte.		09 Oct	1787	Josette Cordeau-Deslauriers	Kamouraska	88
					(Marie Renaud-Deslauriers)		
	Augustin		26 Nov	1787	M.-Ursule Ouellet	Kamouraska	89
	Michel		24 Jun	1793	M.-Josephte Plourde	Rivière-Ouelle	
	Abraham		25 Nov	1805	Félicité Grenet	Rivière-Ouelle	90
	François		13 Apr	1812	M.-Louise Hudon-Beaul.	Rivière-Ouelle	91a
29	Louis		29 Jan	1787	M.-Modeste Michaud	Kamouraska	91b
	Jean-Bte.		01 Feb	1791	Euphrosine Fortin	Montmagny	92a
	Stanislas		09 Aug	1819	Josephte St.Pierre	Louiseville, Mask.	92b
30	Jean-Bte.	1m.	07 Feb	1792	Marie Côté	Isle-Verte	
	"	2m.	21 Jan	1828	M.-Brigitte Brisson	Cacouna	93
31	Rémi	1m.	03 Nov	1835	Tatianne Soucy	Trois-Pistoles	94
	"	2m.	10 Sep	1845	Flavie Migneault	Trois-Pistoles	
			(b.9-11-1803 St.André, Kam.)				
	Anatole		03 Feb	1845	Emérance Jeannot/Collet	Cacouna	95
32	Zacharie		13 Oct	1794	M.-Catherine Lancognard	Kamouraska	96
					(aka M.-Josette Santerre)		
	Jean-Baptiste		28 Oct	1799	M.-Anne Roy-Desjardins	Kamouraska	97
	Prosper		29 Sep	1800	Catherine Leclerc-Francoeur	Kamouraska	98
	Pierre		25 Jan	1808	M.-Josephte Larue	St.Roch-Aulnaies	99
	Louis		23 Jul	1810	M.-Angélique Dandurand	Kamouraska	100/32A

(Continued on page 44)

(Les Familles Dubé continued from page 43)

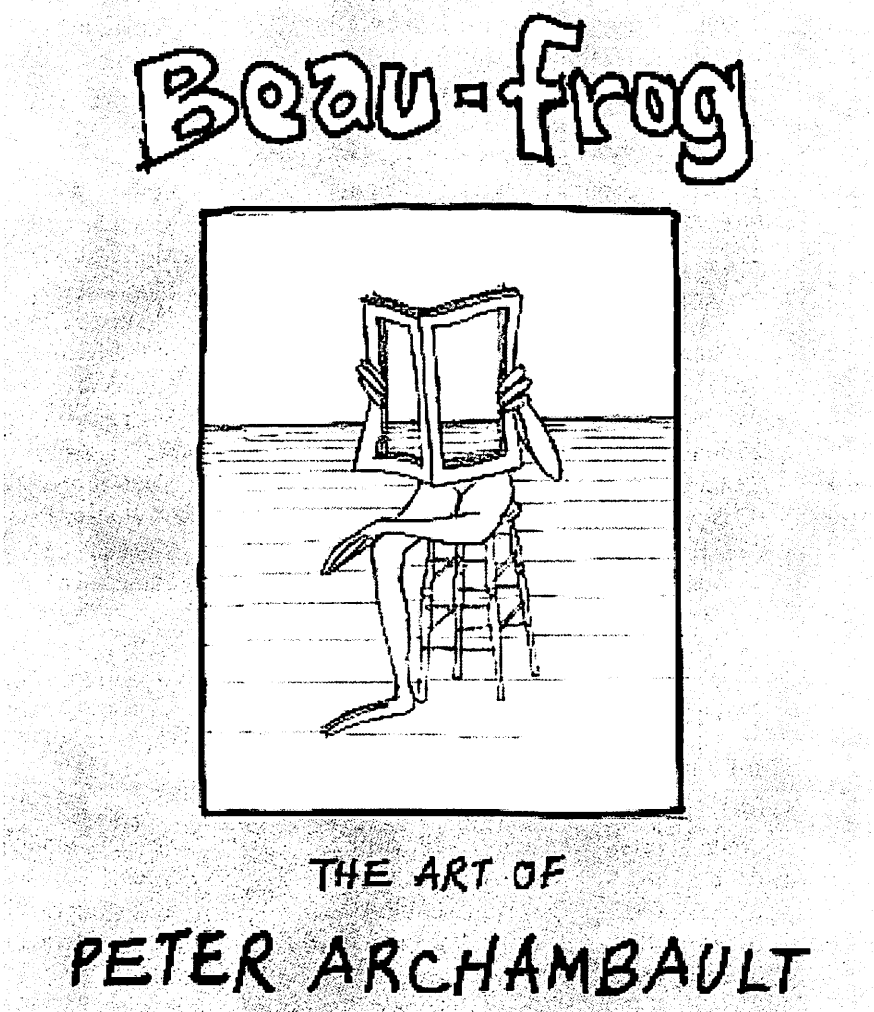
33a Joseph	26 May 1828	Rosalie Content Lachenaie			101
33b Pierre	10 May 1808	Josette Burns-Jolibois	Québec city(ND)		
34 Noël-Grégoire	23 Jan 1776	Josephte Massé	Rivière-Ouelle		102
" 2m.	09 May 1799	M.-Archange Petit	Rivière-Ouelle		103
Alexis 1m.	17__	Ursule Martin			
" 2m.	22 Jan 1788	Magdeleine Sergerie*	Kamouraska		104
		*dit St.Jorre			
François	11 Jun 1787	M.-Françoise Sergerie	Kamouraska		
35 Charles 1m.	15 Oct 1792	Geneviève Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle		105
" 2m.	09 Jan 1832	Josette Michaud	St.Pascal, Kam.		
Jean-Baptiste	25 Nov 1794	Perpétue Lavoie	Rivière-Ouelle		106a
Pierre	27 May 1811	Elisabeth Gagnon	Rivière-Ouelle		106b
36 Jean-Bte.	04 Aug 1794	Josephte Guéret-Dumond	St.André, Kam.		107
François 1m.	09 Feb 1795	M.-Anne Martin	Rivière-Ouelle		108
" 2m.	28 Aug 1810	Suzanne Bérubé	Rivière-Ouelle		109
" 3m.	02 Mar 1835	M.-Louise Gagnon	Rivière-Ouelle		
Joseph-Augustin	17 Aug 1795	Marie-Clémence Rivard	Rivière-Ouelle		110
Henri	29 Sep 1806	Josette Laplante-Madore	Rivière-Ouelle		111
37 Paschal 03 Aug	1804	M.-Anastasie Pelletier	La Pocatière		112
Gabriel 05 Aug	1816	M.-Charlotte Samson	St.Henri, Lévis		113
38 Vincent 03 Nov	1796	M.-Rose Bergeron	Isle-Verte, R.-Lp.		114
39 Firmin 1m.	11 Feb 1811	Rosalie Simon	Isle-Verte, , R.-Lp.		
" 2m.	03 Sep 1821	M.-Modeste Moreau	Cacouna 115		
Etienne	31 Aug 1812	M.-Anastasie Dubé	St.André, Kam.		116
		(Joseph Dubé & Madeleine Fournier)			
Barthélémi	12 Sep 1815	Julie Turcotte	Trois-Pistoles		117
40 Henri	09 Feb 1807	Antoinette Antaya/Pelletier	Nicolet		118
Antoine 1m.	10 Oct 1814	Marie Lefèbvre-Descoteaux	Baie-du-Fèbvre		
" 2m.	13 May 1823	Antoinette Lemire	Baie-du-Fèbvre		119
41 Louis-Charles	24 Feb 1791	M.-Josephte Pelletier	St.Jean-Port-Joli		120
42 François	21 Aug 1786	M.-Euphrosine Asselin	St.Roch-Aulnaies		121
Jean-Bte. 1m.	28 Sep 1789	M.-Geneviève Levasseur	Kamouraska		
" 2m.	30 Apr 1810	M.-Véronique Paradis	Kamouraska		
43 Barthélemi	23 Sep 1793	M.-Josephte Dastous	St.Jean-Port-Joli		122
Joseph	26 Feb 1797	M.-Elisabeth Fongemi	St.Jean-Port-Joli		123
		dit Verboncoeur/Vadeboncoeur			
		(Léonard Fongemi & Elisabeth Dupont dit Duval)			
Charles	08 Feb 1800	M.-Josephte Caron	St.Jean-Port-Joli		124
44a Jean-M.	07 Nov 1796	M.-Françoise Boivin	Maskinongé		125a
44b François	07 Aug 1820	Marie Lemay	Yamachiche		125b
Calixte 1m.	21 Jan 1821	Marguerite Aucoin	Yamachiche		
2m.	22 Feb 1830	M.-Modeste Gignac	Yamachiche		
" 3m.	07 Jan 1834	Thérèse Bertrand*	St.Léon, Maskinongé		
45a Jean-Bte.	01 Sep 1812	M-Josephte Poiré	Lévis		125c
Alexandre	07 Nov 1815	Véronique Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle		
Pierre	28 Nov 1820	M.-Anne Fradet	Lévis		125d
45b Alexandre	22 Nov 1784	Charlotte Michaud	Ste.Anne-Pocatière		126a
Charles	22 Oct 1787	M.-Théotiste Dionne	Ste.Anne-Pocatière		126b
		(Germain Dionne & Dorothée Levesque)			
Pierre 1m.	07 Nov 1791	Théotiste Lancognard	Rivière-Ouelle		126c
		dit Santerre			
" 2m.	06 Apr 1812	Louise Gauvin	Rivière-Ouelle		
Jean-Bte. 1m.	01 Oct 1792	M.-Claire Dupont	Ste.Anne-Pocatière		
" 2m.	31 Jul 1809	Charlotte Gagnon	Ste.Anne-Pocatière		127
Jean	25 Nov 1793	M.-Théotiste Anctil	Ste.Anne-Pocatière		128
Isaïe	16 Aug 1796	Elisabeth Gosselin	Ste.Anne-Pocatière		129
Joseph	15 Apr 1799	Victoire Levesque	Ste.Anne-Pocatière		130

(Continued on page 45)

(Les Familles Dubé continued from page 44)

46 Jean-Bte.	27 Oct	1789	M.-Ange Bois	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	131
Nicolas	14 Sep	1807	M.-Reine Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	132/46A
François 1m.	10 Jan	1826	Perpétue Cloutier	Yamaska	133a
" 2m.	12 Jul	1831	Rose Vaillancourt	Berthier	133b
47 Laurent	28 Jul	1828	Pétronille-Vitaline St.Pierre	Cacouna	134
Joseph	23 May	1831	Marguerite Dubois	Bécancour	135
Ignace	15 Feb	1832	Marie BernatchezTrois-Pistoles		136
49 Augustin	16 Oct	1827	M.-Desneiges Garon	Lotbinière	137a
50 Joseph	06 Feb	1809	Angélique Desmaisons	Montréal	137b
Antoine	21 Nov	1825	Félicité Goneau-Grouillon	Montréal(ND)	138a
Fabien	30 Jan	1826	Suzanne Pilon	Montréal(ND)	138b
Guillaume 'Wm.'	03 Jan	1866	Hermine Leclerc	Montréal(ND)	138c
51 Michel 1m.	20 May	1783	Françoise Fournier	St.Pierre-Sud	
" 2m.	19 Feb	1798	Marie-Josephte Bisson	St.Charles	139a
" 3m.	05 Aug	1800	Anastasie Couture	St.Charles	
" 4m.	25 Jun	1811	Josette Pouliot	St.Charles	139b
Charles-Amable	29 Jul	1784	M.-Suzanne Fournier	Sault-au-Récollet	140a
Jean-M.	07 Nov	1791	M.-Charlotte Paquet	St.Vincent-Paul	140b
52 Pierre-Noel	22 Oct	1792	Marguerite Blais	Yamachiche	
" 2m.	30 Aug	1798	Marie Bellemare*	Yamachiche	140c
			*aka Lyonnais		
53 Alexis	04 Feb	1793	Flavie-Frse. Chouinard	St.Jean-Port-Joli	141
Jean-Baptiste	29 Jan	1799	Angélique Chouinard	St.Jean-Port-Joli	142
54 Jean-Bte.	30 Sep	1793	M.-Véronique Caron	St.Jean-Port-Joli	144
Louis	20 Feb	1797	M.-Geneviève Hay	Kamouraska	145
			(Jean-Bte. + M.-Geneviève Servant)		
Augustin	03 Jul	1797	Julie Caron	St.Jean-Port-Joli	146
Paul-Pierre	22 Jul	1804	Charlotte Vaillancourt	St.Jean-Port-Joli	147
Amable	02 Sep	1812	M.-Ursule Caron	St.Jean-Port-Joli	148
55 Simon	27 Jul	1802	Elisabeth Miville-Desch.	St.Jean-Port-Joli	150
Cyriac 1m.	07 Sep	1809	Josephte Fonjemy-Vadeb.	St.Jean-Port-Joli	151
" 2m.	08 Jun	1840	Marie Bernier	Islet	
56 Jean-Roch	21 Jan	1805	Thérèse Bélanger	Louiseville, Mask.	153
Joseph	22 Nov	1803	Charlotte Pelletier	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	154a
Pierre 1m.	13 Feb	1809	Geneviève Grondin	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	154b
" 2m.	25 May	1819	Théotiste Pelletier	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	58A
Michel	04 May	1824	Marie-Théotiste Ouellet	St.Roch- Aulnaïes	155
58 Louis	24 Jul	1798	M.-Odeste Fournier	St.Jean-Port-Joli	156
59 Louis	12 Sep	1826	Julie Ratier	Maskinongé	
Olivier	15 Feb	1836	Marguerite Morin	Maskinongé	157
Maxime	10 Oct	1843	Luce Rocré	Berthier	158
60 Charles	15 Sep	1835	Sophie Croisetière	Berthier	159
61 Louis 1m.	15 Nov	1830	Félicité Chantal	Montebello, Papineau	160
" 2m.	01 Jul	1856	Elmire Gemus-Ladouceur	Papineauville	61A
62 Jean-Bte.	09 Oct	1827	Julie Vanassa-Vertefeuille	Maskinongé	161
Alexis	27 Feb	1832	Emérence Déziel	Maskinongé	162a
Louis 1m.	10 Jan	1837	Sophie Cloutier	Maskinongé	
" 2m.	12 Sep	1848	Julie Pombert-Durousseau	Maskinongé	162b
Antoine	08 Jan	1839	Marie-Desneiges Ricard	Maskinongé	62A
Pierre	11 Feb	1839	Angèle Bernier	Maskinongé	162c
Hubert	20 Apr	1846	Julie Martin	St.Maurice, Champl.	163
Augustin	11 Jan	1847	Euphémie Marchand	St.Maurice, Champl.	
63 Philippe	10 Oct	1803	M.-Archange Thiboutot	St.Roch-Aulnaies	164
Raphael	26 Aug	1805	M.-Thérèse St.Pierre	St.Jean-Port-Joli	
Jean-Baptiste	06 Nov	1810	M.-Josephte Gerbert	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	165
Prosper	05 Sep	1814	M.-Judith Thiboutot	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	166

(Les Familles Dubé will be continued in the Fall issue of Le Forum)



Beau-frog:
The Art of Peter Archambault

April 13 – August, 2018
Michael Klahr Center Exhibit Space

This coming spring, the HHRC is thrilled to present ***Beau-frog: The Art of Peter Archambault***, a spring exhibition of cartoon drawings, political commentary, Franco-American cultural exploration, and personal discovery.

In the 1970s and 1980s, Madawaska, Maine native Peter Archambault (1939-2015) was staff artist for Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum, a monthly bilingual publication of the student-led Franco-American Resource Opportunity Group, and later the Franco American Centre, at the University of Maine at Orono. In addition to the rich cartoon commentary on local and national political landscapes he inked during his tenure, Archambault developed the character, "Beau-frog," in a creative re-imagination of the slur directed toward francophone and French heritage people. Beau-frog's daily trials and exploits as featured in Archambault's work move from the mundane to the extraordinary, the hopeless to the hopeful, and illustrate some of the pressures and challenges of a minority figure coming to terms with a personal and cultural identity in the midst of an Anglophone majority. Drawing comparison to Art Spiegelman's "Maus," Beau-frog illustrates a cartoon Franco-American's experience in Maine from the point of view of its thoughtful artist and his collaborators.

Schedule

THURSDAY AT MECHANICS PARK BY THE RIVER
9:30 FIREWORKS
FRIDAY 7:30-8:00
OPENING CEREMONIES
FEATURING AUREL PAUQUETTE
MAYOR ALAN HALL OF FAMED
JESSICA QUATTRONE PRES.
RAY GAGNE VICE PRESIDENT
8:00-8:30
BIDDEFORD CULTURAL HERITAGE CENTER
HALL OF FAME RECONGNITION AWARDS
8:30-9:00
HIGHLANDERS MARCHIG BAND BAGPIPERS
9:00-11:00
CLASSIC ROCK ORCHESTRA
ON FIELD ACTIVITIES
8:00-8:30PM AND 10:-10:30PM
MAGICIAN SHOW
SHRINER'S CLOWNS ON FIELD ALL EVENING LONG

SATURDAY MAINE TENT
12:00-1:00 PM
DYNASTY DANCE STUDIOS STUDENT PERFORMANCES
MELISSA ADAMS, DIRECTOR
1:15 – 2:15
BILLY BILLY
BRIAN LITCHFIELD / CHRIS CLARK
2:30 – 3:30
COLLECTIVE MOTION ARTS CENTER
STUDENT PERFORMANCES
JENNIFER BOURGEAULT, DIRECTOR
4:00 – 6:00
TOUCH N GO
RAY BOISSONEAULT, LA BOZ
PAT CAPARINO
MARK 'SMOKEY' WINSLOW
6:30 – 8:00
JORDANE
CHANTEUSE DE QUEBEC
9:00 – 11:00
THE PIANO MAN
MUSIC OF BILLY JOEL AND ELTON JOHN
FEATURING BIDDEFORD'S OWN JOE BOUCHER
ON FIELD ACTIVITIES
MAGICIAN
SCOTT'S WORLD OF MAGIC SHOW
3:30 PM – 4:00 PM

6:00 PM – 6:30 PM

8:00 PM – 8:30 PM
SELLAM FAMILY CIRCUS SCHOOL
APPEARANCES TODAY

"The Classic Rock Orchestra"

"Piano Man Saturday"

SUNDAY MAINE TENT
11:00 -12:00
CATHOLIC MASS
CELEBRANT FR. RON LABBARE
12:00 – 1:00
CREPE BREAKFAST
LA KERMESSE CUISINE
1:00 – 2:00
FRANKENJUDY ACOUSTIC DUO
JUDY JOLICOEUR/FRANK NAVA
2:30 – 4:00
ALUMNI BAND
CONDUCTOR: DANIELLE ALLIE
4:30 – 5:45
JORDANE
CHANTEUSE DE QUEBEC
6:15 – 7:45
THE LEBLANC FAMILY
TRADIIONAL FRANCO MUSIC
ON FIELD ACTIVITIES
MAGICIAN
SCOTT'S WORLD OF MAGIC SHOW
2:00 – 2:30
4:00 – 4:30
5:45 – 6:15

CHECK OUT THE CRAFTER AND THE PRODUCT TENT
BOY SCOUT TROOP 308 ENCAMPMENT
SMOKIE'S GREATER SHOWS
LA KERMESSE CUISINE

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THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

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

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

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

MISSION

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

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

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

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

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

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

OBJECTIFS:

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

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

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

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

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

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