

Le FORUM



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

VOLUME 40, #3

FALL/AUTOMNE 2018



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other pertinent websites to check out -

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Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002**

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

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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.

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Le FORUM

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719



Lettres/ Letters

To Le Forum:

I am writing this letter to acknowledge my friend, Lisa Michaud to thank her for fixing the following photo of my Uncles. This photo had a large white area on it prior to Lisa fixing it.

Lisa you cannot comprehend how happy and proud that you made me and my precious Uncles, the Bourque brothers, who all served in World War II.

I will treasure the work you did for my Uncles to answer my quest of having my dream come true to be able to give to my Aunt, Jackie Charron, the last survivor of 14 children of Rosanna and George Bourque.

I know my father is proud of me especially the love I cherish in my heart every year to honor the Bourque Brothers.

Dad loved his brother Fern as he was dear to his heart, as he was his Godson.

Uncle Fern was never married so he



was so dear to my heart I was 5 years old when he died while on duty.

I remember his visit to our home to say goodbye to his oldest brother, my Dad, Emerie George Bourque. I also remember when his body returned, we were at the railroad station in Waterville waiting for his casket. I also have photos of Leon, Mom and I. At the grave site I remember the 21 gun salute, I was so scared as I had never heard guns before. I took a and held my Mom's fur coat tight, as my sister, Juan was in her arms.

Lisa, I am so blessed to have you at the Franco-American Centre and being there for whenever I need help with anything. Your quality of love and concern for others can be attributed to your Mother. God Bless your

Mom for molding you and for sharing you in our lives! Mother's are precious to each and every daughter.

Lisa, I wish you a blessed life with God always at your side!

Thank you my friend for your loving friendship, you will always be in my heart.

Merci Beaucoup!

*Diane Bourque Tinkham
Old Town, ME*

To Le Forum:

This is to cover the next four issues of *Le Forum*. We enjoy the articles very much particularly those concerning Biddford where Jeannine was born and raised.

We hope that this finds you well and we wish you continued success.

*Sincerely,
Bill & Jeannine Lucey
Pinehurst, NC*

To Le Forum:

Your summer 2018 issue of *Le Forum* is stellar! *Le Forum* issues have all been substantial. There is so much in this issue, everything from the excitement of 1500 people attending a Franco American Event, the third annual NH PoutineFest---(I can't wait to go next year!) celebrating life, getting together and having fun in our Franco-American (including Acadian) culture, with popular soul food, good local baseball (the Fisher Cats), modern Québec music, etc---to its polar opposite: the startling photo of the public, solitary witness of Roger Paradis holding a sign: "INSTITUTIONAL RAPE/RACISM," protesting in front of the University of Maine at Fort Kent against the University of Maine System Board of Trustees.

Roger Paradis' letter is addressed to Maine's Governor LePage, Maine Senators and Representatives, to Le Forum, Veritas Acadie, and Assn. Française. In it we can read about this "INSTITUTIONAL RACISM." (Being a woman, I prefer not to use the term rape this way, as rape is a specific violent crime.) I understand that Roger Paradis is so horrified by the systematic racism and "plans" for UMFK, by the Board of Trustees of the Maine University System, that he wants us all to know about

it by suing the strongest language that he can. He is drawing our attention to these plans of the U of Maine System Board of Trustees "to transfer, actually confiscate, the Elementary and Secondary Education programs of UMFK" to Presque Isle. The U of Maine System Board of Trustees are also planning to take away the "highly successful BSN program of nursing," and to even cut French programming, rather than promote it as a proven product. He makes it clear that the Acadians of la Vallée-du-Haut-Saint-Jean have been "treated like reservation Indians." (Indigenous people deprived of their rights). And he wants "this exploitation and discrimination" to stop and these programs restored.

As an Acadian and French Canadian American, I want to express my gratitude to Roger Paradis. He has written some of the most informative, clear, relevant articles about Acadians that I have ever read. (There is one in this issue (Vol. 40 #2): "L'influence d'un livre", "Placide Gaudet's: *Le Grand Dérangement*"). Evidently the present situation at UMFK is so urgent that he has interrupted his research on the Acadian Holocaust to answer the call of his fellow Acadians, people of the Valley, and UMFK to shed light on what is happening there now. It saddens me that there is such continuing

devaluation of our people. Will this whittle away U of Fort Kent Maine until gone? Roger Paradis does important work by shedding light on this blatant discrimination.

*June Turcotte
North Hampton, MA*



(More from Roger Paradis see page 28)

(More Letters on page 10)

Monseigneur Arthur Décary

*From: a Memoir, Leaving Maine**

By

Gérard Coulombe

Born: Biddeford, 1931

In 1940, my parents and my two sister and I moved from Bradbury Street in Saint Joseph's Parish to Freeman Street in Saint André's Parish, or from the west side, the Irish section of town to the east side the totally French Canadian or Franco American side of town where everyone spoke French, only. I recall that it was on the day and at the time that the Révérend Père Zénon Décary, saintly older brother of Mon Seigneur Arthur Décary was being buried, for our moving van was headed down Bacon Street and had been stopped in front of Borduas's Shoe Store on Bacon Street by a Biddeford policeman on patrol duty for the funeral to allow the cortège to proceed from the church to the Reverend's intermediary resting place at Saint Francis College on the Pool Road.

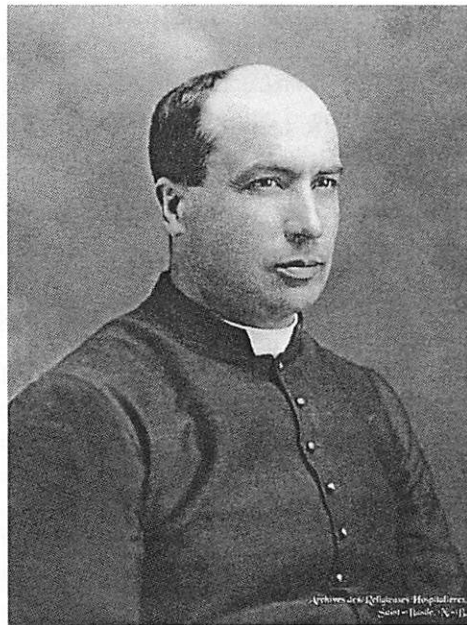
The Décary brothers had to have been from a wealthy Québec family. They were very generous to the parish and beyond to the community they served. From the big, white, three-story parish house with its bit veranda and enclosed widow's walk, they figuratively looked East, from the top of the hill beyond the Westbrook Skating rink in it's heyday and practically the rest of the length of the Pool Road which ends at the spit of land and water which was better known to outsider's in my growing up year and before as Biddeford Pool or "The Pool" where wealthy out-of-state gentility vacationed summers coming up in their black-chauffeur driven limousines to their already opened homes overlooking Saco Bay and to the Ocean beyond.

The church itself faced Bacon Street and stood at the corner of Bacon and High Street at the top of which was Pool Street. I would guess, that one could not very well see the top of High Street from the opened bell tower where the big bells hung and where, rung by hand, bells rang loud whenever the bedeau rang whenever called upon to do so. The tolling of the bells in a Catholic parish was a frequent reminder that life was a passing event.

The bells were always rung at noon and for Sunday masses and during the week for those who had passed. There was a distinction made in the number, as in one for a

man and two for a woman. But I do not recall which it was except that my mother used to stop what she was doing to pay attention to the number of times the church bell rang. Frequently there was a clue when a daily mass announcement might have included a request to pray for someone mortally ill and not just the announcement for whom mass was being celebrated.

Our mother, after pausing, and noting the number of times the sexton rang the bell, she could say Madame or Monsieur so



and so had passed. And that habit set off a pattern in their lives, which involved a visit to the funeral parlor and attendance at a church service.

Father Décary, the younger, had invited Franciscans to staff what would become Saint Francis College on land purchased and donated by the brothers for the purpose of having an operative Franco-American college in town. Saint Francis College operated by Franciscans priests and brother and a school for young girls was founded on that land. Zénon was buried on his own patch of land, land dedicated to God in memory of the priest for whom many prayed that he become a Saint and for whom they sought beatification.

Monseigneur Décary also saw to the construction on land, again along the Saco

River, for the purpose of establishing an orphanage and private school for day student and residential students, as well as land on which a hospital was built, now defunct, a home for nuns, and for a convalescing & nursing home which still operates, privately.

I do recall attending the Scout camp one summer. On my first day in the camp sleeping quarters, I witnessed another scout among us who fell to the floor in what I later learned was a fit. That's what we called it; for it wasn't until later that I learned it was a malady. I was doubly startled by the prompt action of the adult who stuck a swagger stick sideways between the boy's teeth. I learned something that day. I transferred to the Sea Scouts. Don't ask me why.

As I was already an altar boy or server, having served mass at Saint Joseph's, I was an altar boy at Saint André's. I frequently served 6:00 a.m. mass because I easily lived within a short walking distance of the church; if I ran, I could be there and dressed in all of five minutes.

The priest, Father Décary was an early riser. I did not need any lights to get around once inside and up the stairs to the nave and a few more steps to the sanctuary and from there, a short distance to the left or right where our lockers were. I hopped into my cassock and pulled the surplice over my head, passed a hand over my hair to set it, and I was ready for the service. Lights on, strike a match to a wick and walk up to the altar to light the candles. As we faced the altar with our backs to the congregation, we looked up to the tabernacle where the Lord was locked up but present in the communion hosts. High above was the ever-burning red chandelier hanging by a chain to the ceiling. Its red glow symbolized His ever presence.

Rarely did the man or woman who resided at the organ in the balcony and who started the mass immediately upon seeing the priest and I step into the sanctuary, walked to the foot of the altar where we turned left to face the altar as we had done before, together, and he had done just so many more times in his lifetime than I ever did in my youth or later, although I did offer to serve when I was in the service and attended services where I was stationed.

Already, as I knelt, a boy of eight or nine by now, I knew from the smell of garlic that father had had his fill the night before, as we were, in those days, to abstain from food before communion. But Father Décary reeked of garlic to the point of making me

(Continued on page 5)

(*Monseigneur Arhtur Décary continued from page 4*)

nauseous when I was cued to recite the Confiteor.

As the nausea crept up, my recitation went faster. As I went faster, father started shuffling his size seventeen, extra wide, well broken in, black Brogans. I learned that signal warning as a necessary retreat from my fast paced recitation of the Confiteor. I had to start all over again, and over again if he did not think I was giving the Confiteor the respect that it deserved, it was then in that moment of tension between the two of us that I knew that I had to slow down and if I did not, he had me start all over again, as many times as it was necessary for me to get it right. I never knew what those in their pews knew of what was going on or might have been alert enough to notice. But, I'm certain that those in the front rows, shrinking in their clothing to warm up, already knew the trouble that I was in and were willing to watch until the end of Mass.

With those feet and limbs, Father Décary could walk at a steady pace with a long stride. I once or maybe twice accompanied him on his morning jaunts to the college. These were frequent, week after week walks. Not a word was spoken. He would pause infrequently, and it was only to see where I was along the way. Did he need to adjust his stride or speed? NO! I had to run when I lagged too far behind just to catch up. He did not own a car. I suppose that if he needed an automobile for transportation there was always someone ready to lend assistance.

Altar boys had a schedule. It was good to have a schedule. I liked the weddings or funerals. The funerals kept me out of class mornings. The wedding meant that I worked the altar on a Saturday and learned some things important about wedding. I thought then that photographers were intrusive, and father was attentive and insistent that proper decorum was always maintained. He was not afraid to stop in mid ceremony to correct some indiscretion.

Other than that, communion required attention to the person accepting the host on the tongue. No hands permitted. No picking up if it fell. It was my job to catch the host when it slipped off the tongue in cases of dry mouth and went into its free fall. Although I was intent on picking up the host, father was so quick in his reaction that he was bumping into me to retrieve the Body of Christ. I don't know what might have happened to me in those days, had I touched it. But some Saints

have and, as I was to learn at the time, that often was why they were Saints.

One had to be alert to this happening as a catcher on a trapeze. For my part, I was afraid that if I reacted in a mistimed fashion, I might chip a tooth or peel back the skin covering the lower lip. Father wasn't all that limber. He was big and strong on his feet, but he couldn't have been a lumberjack walking a log floating downriver.

While the pastor's older brother had the makings of a saint because even before his death, saintly acts were already being attributed to him. He was such a holy man in life that many old parishioner and some young ones expected him to perform miracles, and, according to many respondents to queries, once upon a time, Zénon Décary had performed a goodly number of miracles. Even my mother would vouch for that today were she still alive, as But Le père Arthur Décary trudged along, taking great strides as he was, somewhat stoop shouldered, his hair disheveled driven, soulfully toward his goal as he walked self-assured and determined to reach his goal in good time. Stop and offer him a ride? No way! It was all constitutional.

The brother priests knew my father, and he knew them. My grandparents whom I never knew were parishioners and one or the other priests or even both could have led them to eternal rest. When the parish decided to build a school for boys and girls, grades one through eight for boys and one through twelve for girls, Father Décary, having paid for the school and having found an order of nuns as teachers was looking for an order of brothers to teach the boys. My father had a brother in the Order of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. Thus my father got in touch with his brother in Victoriaville, PQ. And the order agreed to take on the mission. Décary had both residences built, one for the brothers and one for the nuns. The latter was attached to the church, and I recall attending Monseigneur Décary there as he said mass for the nuns. For me, these visits to the nunnery chapels were very chapel. It a job that I had started when I was attending Saint Joseph's elementary and in first grade, and I always recalled the getting up at five a.m., getting dressed and walking unassisted in the dark up the garden walkway to the front door of the convent, wondering about the "guibbeux" moon and then, saved by the Virgin Mary, being unafraid to ring the big doorbell, and having to wait for "la portiere" to open the front door. *

In retrospect, it could be that my father

wanted to move back to the parish that he had helped to grow in the early years of its existence. I spent the fifth and sixth grades with the Brothers of the Sacred Heart whom I knew about because I had an uncle, my father's brother, who was one of them assigned to Le Collège de Victoriaville, P.Q. These brothers were as tough as they had to be. Lessons were mostly in French, even as the Second World War was progressing and even though the State of Maine then required instruction in English. Many boys in attendance were intent not on and education so much as they were biding their time, even as they were being implored by their parents to take advantage of the education offered. Many just waited in ignorance, so to speak, for the opportunity to get a job in the mills. The older boys were starting to fall to the draft, leaving the door open for boys to lie about their birth date so they could ease their way from school where they were not learning to work where they could be earning, or until age and draft caught up with them. Maybe those were not the time to be young.

I was hoping that a priest would tap me to be sent to seminary. My father was

Thinking that the novitiate of the brothers would suit me. My mother, I believe wanted neither of my choices. But she would accept whatever choice I made freely. I entered the novitiate, after a lot of prayer, in the summer before seventh grade. Then, as we approached the end of the academic year, I came down with Legg's Perthes Disease, which, at the time, was treated by bed rest and immobilization. No getting out of bed. Our family doctor said to my mother when she asked him about it, that I had TB of the bones. My mother did not believe him. She prayed to Zénon Décary for a miraculous recovery, as did my aunts who were religious sister in Montreal who in turn prayed to their own candidate for sainthood. Mother gave the priest credit for the cure a year later, by that time; I had skipped just about two years of school when I entered my freshman year at Saint Louis in Biddeford.

*Note: * For those who might disagree with my remembrances, I will call upon my father to be first to correct me. If he does, I will admit my errors and submit a correction. G.C.*



All Too Clever To Rush Ahead of An Idea

par Gérard Coulombe

[There were times when all of which that 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 had 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 did. Biddeford, Maine -- 1930's.]

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 me.

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, but 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 the most was having to wait outside the bathroom 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 in my pants, as it was the fear of being caught with my corduroy knickers with the blackening white underpants.

Had I been wiser, I would have recalled that every time that I was in a hurry to pee, safely, in the potty, we lived on the first floor, which in itself an t advantage, for it allowed me to run out the back door, as fast as I could, to pee against the road bank which had one disadvantage. It climbed uphill behind the house. More often than not, I chose running out, but I also 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 far 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 Gautier and Madame de Sévigné for that class.

Frankly, I didn't know at the time what

the "chicanerie" was about in our all boys' class that nearly all of us spent most of our 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—boys lounged around, ignored the teacher, spoke out of turn. It was done all French style, simple diffidence at times out of personal, self-destructive ignorance. I would not participate. My view could not win over those who did not like that I disapproved.

There are many instances when as a child you encounter fear. There is always a bully around who experiences a thrill whenever he knows that he is a victor if he can impose his will upon you with a threat to one's face or a blow to the body.

By the time I had enlisted at seventeen, confidence in myself had already become part of my training in part because of my basic training. We, in particular, were subjected to the brutal punishment of a drill sergeant and the equally brutal disparagement of another. That kind of pincer movement on a trainee could get the victim a dishonorable discharge. Your good luck was the ability to survive the pain and shame. It was often like that as a pre-teen, somebody knowing that he would be knocked down by a bully or close to being made to walk in tears the long distance home.

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 who were financially advantaged so that they could most likely own or inherit their homes, had sufficient money in the bank to grow in wealth, buy their children the professional education that would advance their standing in business, wealth, education, or to an occupation with preeminent standing in the community. Lacking any of those choices,

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*(All Too Clever To Rush Ahead of An Idea
continued from page 6)*

for most of us, the ladder that would have provided advancement proved unavailable, but there was always the textile mill following grammar school.

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 an adjustment in and reconsideration of my goals after a long period of rest due to my illness, advanced schooling even with a high school education was to me, at least, obviously unavailable. Even if, after hard work, working throughout high school, including a stint on in a textile mill on the second shift, I managed to graduate from high school, without financial support from my 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,

My 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 Ballet.

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 "which 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 a 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 my grandmother's 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 my aunt Eva, even as it 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 knew this. My mom is dead, so the two of them might have had, by now, an encounter with a chance to discuss together what I was thinking then. My mother might have known all about that. I never did know my own mother.

Yes, I was sad when my mom, dad,

sister, brother-in-law died and sad, too, when 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 writ, at least, writ along the track of a roadside cemetery, were they all drawn together by someone's foresight.

But, there's a well established trend among some, to let them who pass to be buried where they fall instead of bringing them all back to a plot all their own where they gather as family, 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.

For some in the community being French-Canadian meant that we didn't amount to hill of dried, white beans and all we knew was that we were here, in place, and meant to stay. That was my thinking, and, I think that was a lot of thinking for a boy of thirteen who wrote letters to the editor of the local daily newspaper about a legendary, but cruel, guerilla hero who went by the name of Tito.

But, for me and my classmates starting in grade one, there was the Explorer Champlain and, of course, the Credo and, let us not forget, "*O Canada, terre de nos aïeux*" was our anthem until United States President Roosevelt declared the USA at War.

Accomplished Franco-Americans

by Denise R. Larson

Two Maine-born Franco-American women of incredible ingenuity achieved fame and fortune through invention and literature

Helen Augusta Blanchard

Recently I started taking creative sewing lessons. Working with computerized sewing machines that could make six hundred patterns of fancy stitch made me curious about when the original, non-straight, i.e., zigzag sewing machine was first sold and who invented it. With a little digging, I was pleasantly surprised to find

that a Franco-American descendant of a seventeenth-century Huguenot émigré was the first to devise a method of over-seaming, which is now called zigzag. Helen Augusta Blanchard of Portland, Maine, was granted a patent for the machine with the innovative stitch in 1873. Designed for industrial use, the machine revolutionized the textile industry, which was very important to Maine's economy. Only after her patent expired did



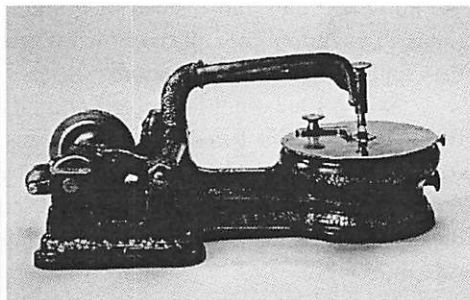
*Helen Augusta Blanchard
courtesy of Wikimedia Commons*

(Continued on page 8)

(Accomplished Franco-Americans
continued from page 7)

the large sewing machine companies put their version of the zigzag machine on the market and developed it for domestic use.

Born in Portland in 1840, Helen took to tinkering with mechanical things at an early age and eventually held more than two dozen patents, most of them for industrial machinery. She amassed a fortune before she passed away in 1922. Though she lived in New York, Philadelphia, and Rhode Island during her inventing and manufacturing career, her final resting place is Evergreen Cemetery in Portland.



Sarah Orne Jewett

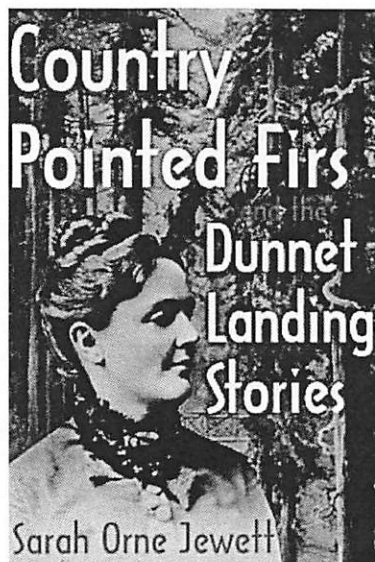


Sarah Orne Jewett
courtesy of Wikimedia Commons

Born September 3, 1849, in South Berwick, Maine, Sarah Orne Jewett was the daughter of a country doctor. She enjoyed accompanying him on his rounds visiting patients whenever she could. Her father saw to her education, both in school and under his guidance. She thought she might become a doctor but was drawn in the direction of writing.

Sarah's most famous work, *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, first published in 1896, is a tale of the inhabitants of a poor, isolated village on the coast and nearby

islands of Maine. Individually self-reliant yet collectively closely intertwined, their lives hover on the edge of dramatic social changes at the end of the nineteenth century. Jewett devised the story so as to preserve a record of a way of life that she and all those around her knew was passing and would not come again. She also wanted to counter the belittling attitude of wealthy Bostonians and New Yorkers who did not know the depth of the villagers' feelings and misery nor the strength of their fortitude. Sarah Orne Jewett is considered to be America's Jane Austen for her rendering of the quiet qualities of en-



durance and courtesy in hometown Mainers.

Sarah's lyrical rendition of the accent and colloquialisms of her characters has been placed on par with that of her contemporary Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*. Both she and Twain are considered pioneers in the formation of a distinctly American style of writing popular novels.

Another new arena in which Sarah was a strong influence was that of the preservation of nature and its fragile environment. Her sensitive descriptions of flowers, trees, marshes, and waters are similar in depth to those of Henry David Thoreau, who worked widely read when she was a teenager. (Thoreau is another Franco-American of renown. According to The Thoreau Society, his ancestors were Jean Thoreau of St. Helier of the Isle of Jersey, and Philippe Thoreau, a wine merchant.)

Although Sarah's seventeenth-century ancestors were Puritans who arrived in Boston in 1638 from England, the family's earlier generations were French. Henri de Juatt was a Norman and a knight of the First Crusade. He founded the House of Juatt in England. Over time, the family surname morphed into Juatte, Jowitt, Jouett, Jewet,

and, finally, Jewett.

Another French connection was Jewett's grandmother Sarah Orne, for whom she was named. Orne is the name of a river in northwest France as well as of a department in that region, having been formed from the old provinces of Normandy and Perche. Sarah credited her grandmother and her heritage for the *gaieté de coeur* family characteristic that was evident in Sarah herself and her father.

Sarah Orne Jewett went back to her Norman roots when choosing the lead characters of *Pointed Firs*. They are the Bowden family, perhaps descendants of a Beaudoin line. In the novel she credits the Bowden's French Huguenot heritage for their bravery in venturing to a rough new world and their being Norman Englishmen and women for their determination to hold on to their village and livelihood while all the world around them changes.

Sarah died in 1909, in an era that was experiencing the introduction of many extraordinary inventions, such as electricity, the radio, the phonograph, the telephone, trolleys, motorcars, and airplanes. She must have known that the world of her childhood was gone forever, but her efforts to preserve the concept of a turn-of-the-century northern New England fishing village insulated from the onslaught of revolutionary changes succeeded. Her short novel is still widely read and is honored as an American Classic.

For more information about the Huguenot expulsion from France and their settlement in England and America, please see the website of The Huguenot Society of America: <http://www.huguenotsocietyofamerica.org>. There is an alphabetical list of Huguenot ancestors whose lines have been documented.

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Denise R. Larson is a free-lance writer and author who lives in the greater Bangor metropolitan area. Her novels are available through Apple's iTunes bookstore.

Aïmons notre École

par Amanda Chassé

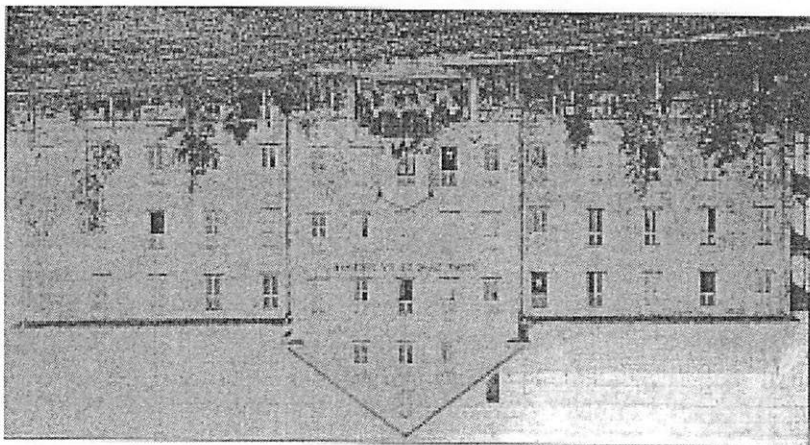
(Recitation at her Graduation from St. Agatha High School, aka Notre-Dame de la Sagesse High School, on May 22, 1911)
Soumis par Terry Ouellette
St-Agathe Historical Society

Le moment est venu pour nous de quitter notre École quand elle nous semble plus chère encore que jamais, et lorsque peut-être, nous venons seulement de comprendre tout ce que nous lui devons.

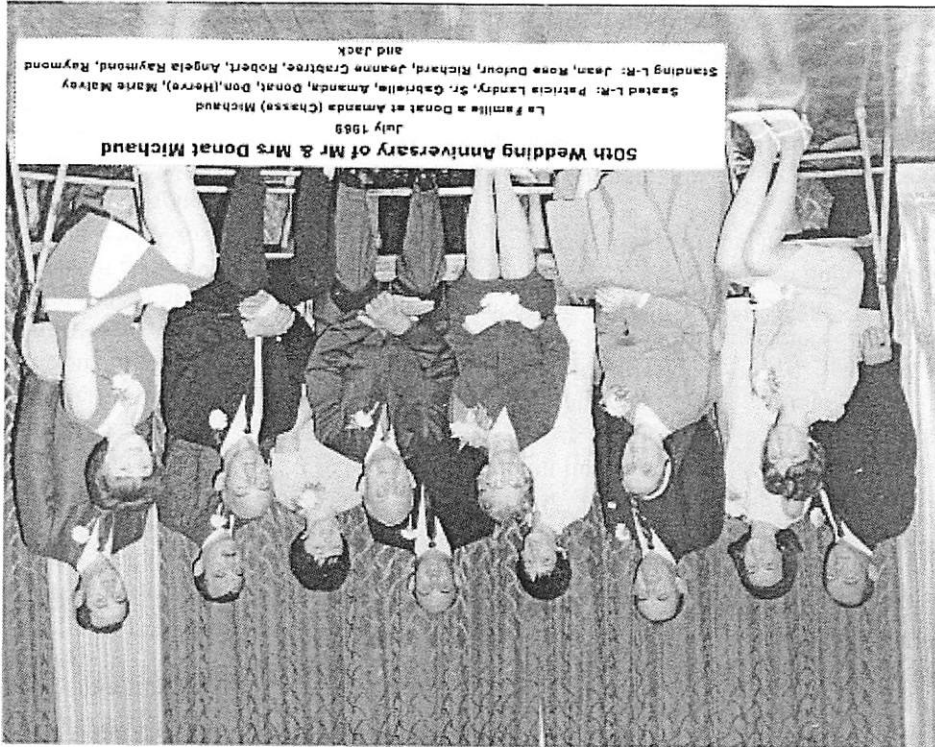
Ces quatre années où viennent de s'écouler ont pu parfois nous paraître bien longues... il faut l'avouer, nous n'avons pas toujours aimé les heures de silence et d'études les légers et les devoirs difficiles mais tout cela n'était - il pas pour notre plus grand bien? Aujourd'hui, plus que jamais nous voyons tout ce que fut pour nous notre École, c'est pour quoi nous voulons lui donner un témoignage public de notre reconnaissance en disant bien haut que nous l'aimons et combien elle mérite d'être aimée!

Aïmons notre École! Quoi de plus naturel? N'est-elle point pour nous chose sacrée, voulue de Dieu qui, jettant les yeux sur notre cher pays dit un jour: "La moisson est belle, mais il y a peu d'ouvrier".

C'est alors que pour seconder ceux qui déjà travaillaient dans son champ, il suscita des âmes généreuses et toute dévouées à l'éducation. Vite, Elles se mirent à l'oeuvre et vivent avec bonheur se grouper près d'elles petits et grands. Ne voulaient-elles pas atteindre tous les âges? Lourde était la tâche, et quel dévouement n'escigea point semblable entreprendre! C'est pour nous grande



nue, encouragée par lui dans la personne de représentants dévoués à sa cause, elle ne fit depuis lors que grandir. Qu'il nous soit donc permis de témoigner ici notre gratitude à ses envoyés venus ce soir pour nous donner,



Mais pour nous surtout place elle tient dans notre coeur! Nous, monde inconnu! Qui pourrait dire quelle d'où nous allons prendre notre essor vers le École, le bercail de nos espérances, le nid qui allons la quitter qu'est elle notre chère Mais pour nous surtout place elle tient dans notre coeur! Nous, monde inconnu! Qui pourrait dire quelle d'où nous allons prendre notre essor vers le École, le bercail de nos espérances, le nid qui allons la quitter qu'est elle notre chère

Je suis heureuse et fière de pouvoir vous redire à tous qui l'aimez: "Aïmons la bien, travaillons pour elle, rendons la plus florissante encore; qu'un nombre toujours croissant de jeunes gens et de jeunes filles viennent y trouver comme nous un second foyer où leur seront prodigués, avec une affection toute maternelle, les précieux enseignements qui forment à la fois l'esprit et le coeur.

ses enfants, comment ne l'aimerions nous pas comment ne cherchions nous pas à la faire aimer partout et toujours. Nous le quittons, École bien aimée, tu nous as préparés pour la vie, tu nous a tout donné. En retour, que ferons nous pour te payer notre dette de reconnaissance? No-blesses obliges: nous saurons nous montrer dignes de toi!

Riddle me this

By Grégoire Chabot

He'd been staring at the screen for at least five minutes. He had finished up in the kitchen, come into the living room, and sat down in his chair. He had considered picking up the newspaper and reading it to show – no, prove – that he was busy, that he had important things to do. But he had read it all just before breakfast. She had seen him do it and would definitely make some snide remark or ask him why the hell he was reading it again.

So he sat there watching « Judy and Joe » or « Patti and Pete » or « Philomène and Pamphile » ... a.m. shows were pretty much identical so he struggled to tell one from another and had no idea which one he happened to be watching. But he pretended that "Patti and Pete" (maybe it was actually « Philomène and Pamphile ») was the world's most interesting program. If she believed the make-believe attention he was paying to the perky TV couple, he could perhaps evade, escape ... never have to ask that question he detested.

It wasn't really the question itself he abhorred, but the whole bundle of drawn out predictableness that followed. It was a simple question. Nothing complex or convoluted. Seven small words: « How's that stomach pain? Gone away yet? » But he had been asking that same question over and over again for the past four days. Ever since she had made the world and him aware of her pain first thing Monday morning, he had repeated the question at least five or six times a day. The first time, he really was concerned and wanted to know if his dearest spouse was feeling better. He was nothing, if not a doting husband.

But each time after that – after spending hours and hours and hours (and hours) listening to and participating in discussions about what could possibly have caused the stomach ache and the stories about all the other members of her family who were cursed with the same malady and what did he think she should do to just make it go away and maybe she should call he niece who was a nurse in a well-respected Boston Hospital because she would certainly know what needed to be done, he was fed up. Couldn't take it any more. Had it up to here with the ache and its causes and possible cures and even the dear niece in Boston.

(Continued on page 15)



Lettres/ Letters

I have been a loyal subscriber to the "Forum" for many years. I love reading and relating to the same cultural experiences as my compatriots. I have the feeling that most of us writing are children of "Canayens", rather than French-Canadians way back then. In fact who likes to be hyphenated? I am in my late seventies and I feel that many of the writers' experiences are due to the fact that we are "the sandwich generation." Our children and grandchildren are rarely interested our history. They are now full fledged and loyal Americans.

As you all know, about one million "Canayens" migrated to the U. S. from the 1840's to the 1950's. At first they came to serve as paid soldiers replacing the sons of wealthy families. In fact one of our presidents, Grover Cleveland hired such a mercenary. Others came to manufacture arms in the factories of Massachusetts and Connecticut during the Civil War.. Later, the immigrants came to work in the textile mills and the lumber industry. In my case, the immigrants came from the Sherbrooke area to work in the granite and marble quarries of Vermont. In the 1950's I remember workers still coming down with their families to work in the Barre granite industry.

In the 1970's immigration stopped and some of the families started returning to Quebec. The main reason was health insurance. Once they could get better health care in Canada that was a great incentive for returning. Also, automation reduced job opportunities. Television changed family dynamics with few people joining clubs or being so active in parish life. These activities used to keep communities together. Today, our children have integrated into our so called melting pot. For "Canayens" this was not too complicated because we had the same color skin in spite of our non-English sounding names. Some changed that by Americanizing their names, e.g. Poisson/Fisher; Boisvert/Greenwood; Boisvin/Drinkwine, etc.

In the quarrying town of Graniteville, Vermont where I grew up there were no class wars. We were all poor but we did not go to bed hungry. By poor I meant we all had dads who were happy to make \$2.00 an hour in the 1950's. We thought making \$100 a week

would be heaven. We did have a few homeless, but back then they were called hobos.

Most all the dads worked in the granite industry. They were not educated, but they were not dumb. They were very resourceful and with hard work they were able to support large loving families. What held our family together was love!!! My parents worked as a team. Both had tremendous energy and respect for each other. Of course, when things were difficult they would defer to their favorite saint and the saints of "les Canayens", "le bon Saint Joseph". Saint Joseph was our "Lady of Guadalupe".

In school we never felt any discrimination. Our nuns, "les Soeurs du St. Esprit", had been expelled from France, so we learned our catechism and our prayers in French. If an Anglo gave us some lip, we would tell them,

"Mange la marde (sic)!" or say, "If you're so smart, why don't you speak French?" As students we were kind of mean teaching our new classmates all the nasty vocabulary we knew.

Of course we always had that dilemma, should it be "un chassiss" or "une fenêtre"; "une voiture" or "un char".

That problem had to be solved when I majored in French and I was told I had to speak "International French" in order to teach. Consequently, I spent many hours in a language lab. Two of my professors from France loved to hear me speak "Joual" and they would kind of snicker. I was too naïve at the time to know what was happening. However, I do have to say that my bilingual upbringing really helped me in my career as a French teacher and Peace Corps Volunteer in Tunisia. Now, when I go to Quebec, they tell me, "Ah, tu parles le français de l'école."

Today, especially in California, Spanish has become very important. After all, Spanish was the "lengua franca" until the Yankees came along in the 1840's. All five of my children have studied French, and one speaks fluently. However, in their work, Spanish would almost be needed to get ahead. One of my daughters graduated from the Sonoma Police Academy, but only the bilingual graduates were hired that year. The only French word we hear these days are "Pépère" and "Mémère" and even those are not always pronounced well. On of my grandsons calls me "Pepper". "C'est dommage, c'est comme ça!!!"

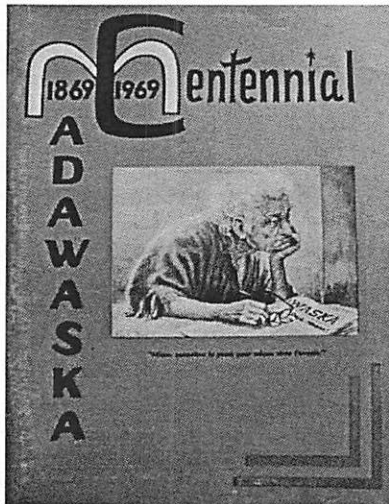
Xavier de la Prade
Petaluma, CA

Le Grand Derangement described in Madawaska Centennial Journal

October 5, 2018, Franco-American News and Culture Evangeline, Grand Pre Nova Scotia, John Mack Faragher

By Juliana L'Heureux

Separation of families was the cruel strategy enforced during "Le Grand Derangement". It was the terrible period in 1755, in Nova Scotia, when the cruel British upheaval separated families and dispersed them in ships to many foreign ports. Some refugees were able to reassemble or escape the deportation. A group of the refugees found their way to the territory of Madawaska, in Northern Maine and South Eastern Canada. This history was chronicled in an article I found published in the Madawaska Centennial, a 1969 publication.



A historical account about the Great Displacement known by Acadians and their descendants as Le Grand Derangement.

Historic synopsis: The Expulsion of the Acadians, also known as the Great Upheaval, the Great Expulsion, the Great Deportation and Le Grand Dérangement, was the forced removal by the British of the Acadian people from the present day Canadian Maritimes, parts of an area also known as Acadia. The Expulsion (1755–1764) was part of the British military campaign against New France. The British first deported Acadians to the Thirteen American Colonies and, after 1758, transported additional Acadians to Britain and France. In all, of the 14,100 Acadians in the region, approximately 11,500 Acadians were deported (a census of 1764 indicates that 2,600 Acadians remained in the colony, presumably having eluded capture).



Le Grand Derangement in 1755 in Grand Pre Nova Scotia (Acadia)- separation of families by the British during the deportations.

No specific author's by line is attached to the historical account of the tragic circumstances published in the 1969 Centennial report. Yet, the description about the deportations is compelling because the story is personal to so many Madawaska citizens, who are descendants of the deported Acadians.

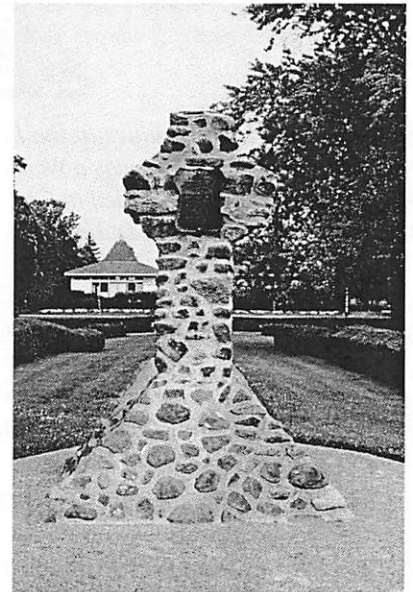
In the opening paragraph, the author wrote, "The past of the Acadian people who came (to Madawaska) from Nova Scotia is a long story of persecution by the English, (it was) a century of uncertainty, (a period) of continuous struggle with unequal arms. It is no wonder that one man who could not endure it any more asked, 'Does God not make any more lands for the Acadians?'"



Acadians waiting for ships to deport them from Horton's Landing/Grand Pré, Acadia/Nova Scotia

"...the famous order for all men, from the oldest to boys about ten years old were summoned on Friday, September 5, 1755 (263 years ago), to meet at the St. Charles Church in Grand Pre, Nova Scotia. Additionally, the 'special message from the king' was read in other nearby parishes. Some families fled to the woods with whatever

belongings they could carry. Unfortunately, 418 Acadian men and boys were locked inside the Grand-Pre church and heard with disbelief what Lieutenant Colonel John Winslow read to them, while someone translated. They and their families were to be deported.



Acadian Cross at Grand Pre Nova Scotia- L'Heureux photograph

Separation of families was common during this tragic process.

An article in the History News Network by John Mack Faragher, described the situation: "The campaign against the Acadians, which lasted until...1763, claimed thousands of lives. Acadian property was

(Continued on page 12)

Gold Star Mother Emma Martin Morin of Biddeford

September 28, 2018, Franco-American News and Culture Aisne-Marne American Cemetery, Chateau-Thierry, McArthur Library, Tighe-Beaudoin-Farley American Legion, World War I

By Juliana L'Heureux

American Gold Star families are immediate relatives of members of the U.S. Armed Forces who have been killed in combat or in support of certain military activities.



Tribute to Gold Star Families in the Lewiston Maine Veterans Park. Mrs. Emma Martin Morin of Biddeford was a World War I Gold Star Mother (1865-1960), Her son Napoleon Morin was killed at Chateau-Thierry, in France. Photograph of the Memorial by Gail Schnepf Dubay

Emma Martin Morin was a Gold Star mother as the result of her son Napoleon's death at the 1918, Battle of Chateau Thierry, during World War I, in France.

(Le Grand Derangement described in Madawaska Centennial Journal continued from page 11)

plundered, their communities torched, their lands seized. After the war, many of the surviving Acadians returned to the Maritimes, but not to their old farms on the Bay of Fundy, which, in the meantime, had been granted to English-speaking, Protestant settlers. Most of the surviving Acadians created new communities in what would become the province of New Brunswick, Canada, while several hundred others migrated to French Louisiana and became the ancestors of today's Cajuns." Faragher wrote about "When French Settlers Were the Victims of Ethnic Cleansing in North America" in his book published in 2005, "A Great and Noble Scheme"

Faragher claims that the deportation of the Acadians was planned well in advance of the king's order. "...carried out by officers of the government in accordance with a

carefully conceived plan that had been years in the making, and included the seizure and destruction of Acadian records and registers, the arrest and isolation of community leaders, and the separation of men from women and children."

In the centennial report, the names of Acadian refugee families who arrived in Madawaska in June of 1785 were Duperre, Potier, Daigle, Fournier, Cyr, Ayotte, Thibodeau, Sanfacon and Mercure. Some dispersed into Quebec but the Cyr family stayed the most localized in Madawaska. Others arrived later and their names were Cormier, Violette, Amirault, Martin, Maze-rolle, Leblanc, Gaudin, Hebert, Theriault, Comeau, LeBlanc, Legere and Gaudet.

My husband's paternal great-grandmother was a Sanfacon and his grandmother was a Savoir (a branch of the Thibodeau family).

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow immortalized the Acadian deportation in 1847, with

Her sacrifice has stayed with the family even 58 years after Ms. Morin's own death, at 95 years old, when she died at home on March 20, 1960, in Biddeford. She was the oldest World War I Gold Star mother of Biddeford's Tighe-Beaudoin-Farley American Legion Post 26, auxiliary, in York County.

It is appropriate to research Emma's history and to include her historic documentation in our family's narrative. Mrs. Morin was my husband's maternal grandmother.



Newspaper clippings from the Biddeford Maine daily newspaper described Mrs. Emma Martin Morin, the oldest World War I Gold Star Mother (1865-1960) L'Heureux photograph

(Continued on page 13)

the publication his internationally acclaimed and best selling epic poem titled "Evangeline", also made into a silent film starring Dolores del Rio.

Le Grand Derangement and its impact on families continues to be discussed even 263 years after the events occurred. These human tragedies are deeply personal and impact families for many generations. They are traumatic generational memories and rarely forgotten.

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/>

(Gold Star Mother Emma Martin Morin of Biddeford continued from page 12)

In 2018, the world remembers the Centennial of the signing of the Armistice, ending World War I, on November 11, 1918, in France. Tragically, Corporal Napoleon Morin was killed in August, 1918, at Chateau Thierry. He was 19 years old when he was killed.

When Mrs. Morin turned 95 years old, in 1959, her birthday was reported on the front page of the December, Vol. 75, N. 281, local section of the daily Biddeford-Saco Journal, with a story continuing on page 6, inside the newspaper.

Many thanks to McArthur Library reference librarian Brooke Faulkner and the excellent archives maintained on microfilm by the library, for finding the birthday article and the obituary for Gold Star mother Mrs. Emma Martin Morin, 1865-1960.

A tribute to Mrs. Martin is described in the caption beneath her birthday photograph: "The 95th birthday of Mrs. Emma Martin Morin, Pike Street, Biddeford, will be cele-

brated with open house on Sunday, from 2-5 PM in the residence where she has made her home for over 60 years. A communicant of St. Andre church, she is the oldest Gold Star Mother of the Tighe-Beaudoin-Farley American Legion auxiliary. The arrangements for the celebration were in the charge of Wilfred A. Cote, her son-in-law, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold J. Duranceau, and family, who also resided in the family home." In fact, Mrs. Morin moved into the Pike Street home in 1899, when her family arrived in Biddeford, from Roxton Falls, in Quebec.

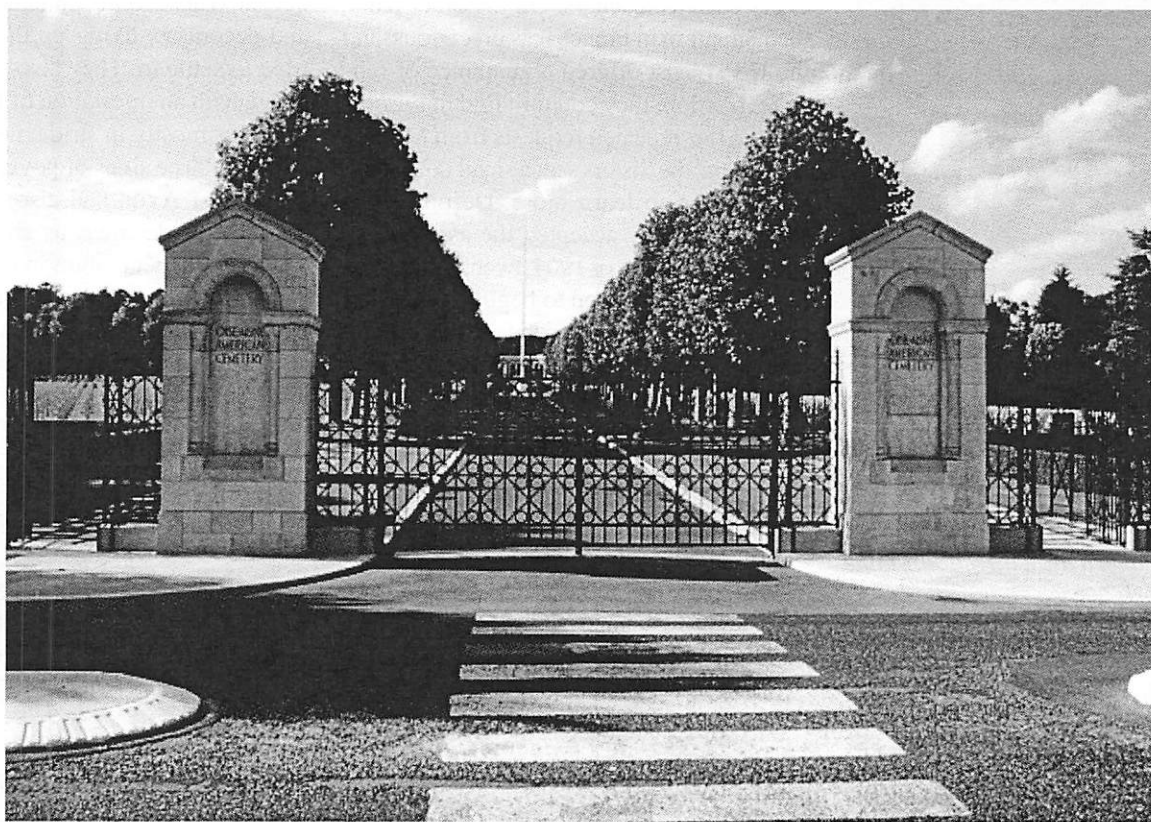
In the report, verified by my husband Richard L'Heureux who is her grandson, Mrs. Morin raised 11 children and at the time of her 95th birthday, she counted 49 grandchildren, 102 great-grandchildren and 10 great-great grandchildren. Five of her children were living at the time of her 95th birthday and six were sadly deceased. (My husband told me that Mrs. Martin, his Memere, once said to him that she wondered if Jesus had forgotten to take her, instead. Of course, all of their conversations were in French.)

One of her deceased sons was Napoleon Morin, a World War I soldier, who was killed at Chateau Thierry. At 95 years old, Mrs. Morin was reported to have been in good health and she was fond of playing card games. She had a "remarkable memory", reported in the newspaper by her family. She enjoyed telling stories as a "raconteur", who skillfully related the family's Franco-Americans customs.

Nevertheless, she understandably mourned the deaths of all of her family members and grieved for her son Napoleon, who was only 19 years old at the time of his death.

A few months after her 95th birthday, Mrs. Martin died on March 20, 1960, at her Biddeford home.

During this Centennial commemorative year, when the world remembers the end of World War I in 1918, we also want to acknowledge the thousands of Gold Star families who continue to grieve the loss of their loved ones, even when the deaths occurred a century, or more, ago. Napoleon Morin's remains are interred at the Aisne-Marne American Cemetery, in France.



The Oise-Aisne American Cemetery and Memorial is located 2.5 kilometers east of Fère-en-Tardenois, along Highway D-2 near the hamlet of Seringes-et-Nesles. It is approximately 113 kilometers northeast of Paris.

Interred here on this 36.5 acre site are the remains of 6,012 American war dead, most of whom died in 1918 during the WWI. Their headstones are aligned in long rows and are divided into four sections by wide paths with a circular plaza at the center. There is a memorial for the missing at the far end. On its walls are engraved 241 names. The cemetery is open daily to the public from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. except December 25 and January 1. A staff member is on duty in the Visitor Building to answer questions and escort relatives to grave and memorial sites.

A Rough First Week of School for Lewiston's Dominican Sisters

September 28, 2018 Children, Education, Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Religion
By James Myall

In 1903, Father Alexandre-Louis Mothon, the curé of the Dominican monastery in Lewiston, wrote to the community of Dominican Sisters of Nancy, in France, asking them to send some of their members to Maine to teach the Franco-American children of Lewiston.



Dominican Block, Lewiston, 1883. The children assembled outside are students at the school located in the Block. Their teachers, the Sisters of Charity, can be seen standing at the windows. Their vows forbade them from being photographed. Image: USM Franco-American Collection/Maine Memory Network

Initially, the children of the city's French Canadian immigrants were educated by lay members of the community. The city itself briefly established a public school headed by a graduate of the state run Madawaska Training School, which trained French speakers to teach Francophone kids. However, in 1878, Rev Hervé had invited the Sisters of Charity of St Hyacinthe, QC, to teach the community's youth.

But the Sisters of Charity were not a teaching order. They were replaced in 1891 by the Dames de Sion. But the Dames de

Sion were not supposed to teach boys to according to the rules of their order, and they, too, gave up the task of teaching in Lewiston's parochial schools, in 1903. Thus Father Mothon turned to the Dominican Sisters of France for help.

His request was well-timed. A new government in France had recently taken steps to secularize the French education system, and reduce the status of religious orders in France. The opportunity to teach in Lewiston came just as the sisters found themselves marginalized by the French state. Nonetheless the French nuns were reluctant to take up Father Mothon's offer. Establishing a new chapter across the Atlantic would be a big undertaking, and the Sisters had no experience as teachers. On the other hand, their situation in France was precarious, and the US at least offered a guarantee of religious freedom they couldn't find in Europe.

After repeated requests from Mothon and others, the Sisters sent a small delegation to Lewiston to learn more. Despite some misgivings, they accepted the assignment, and in the summer of 1904, twenty-eight Sisters came to Lewiston to begin work. Their experiences were recorded in the official history of the new convent, a translation of which is located at the University of Southern Maine's Franco-American Collection.

From the start, these women had their work cut out for them. For one, the order struggled to recruit Sisters who could speak English well enough to teach it in the parish schools. In addition to the French nuns, the group included Spanish, Swiss, German, English, and Irish women. They also recruited one bilingual sister who had been born in New Orleans, and arranged the "loan" of four Dominicans from the congregation of St Mary of the Springs in Ohio.

Then there was the fact that the French sisters had never taught before. Nine of the sisters came to the United States as an advance group in June, staying in Fall River, Massachusetts, where the Dominican Fathers oversaw another French Canadian parish, and operated three parochial schools. In Fall River the Sisters shadowed the nuns who were teaching there, and learned the basics of the American education system.

The rest of the Sisters crossed the Atlantic in July and August, and the entire group made their way to Lewiston by August 24. The Sisters moved into the convent recently vacated by the Dames de Sion, and the new arrivals had to contend with workmen and decorators fixing up the place as they tried to settle in. They also shared the residence with an infestation of fleas. The nuns took this mostly in stride, noting that these were the "true signs of poverty" and that St Theresa of Ávila had also famously been "tormented" by fleas as she reformed the Carmelite Order of nuns in the 16th century.

Nonetheless even nuns bound to a life of poverty found some of the sleeping quarters, or cells, to be "inadequately small." The convent had no kitchen garden, just two
(Continued on page 15)



*The First Dominican Sisters in Lewiston, 1905.
Image: USM Franco-American Collection.*

(A Rough First Week of School for Lewiston's Dominican Sisters continued from page 14)

shady strips of land where, "weeds grew abundantly."

The schools, too, were in a poor state. The nuns spent some of their time "mending and covering books" in preparation for the start of the new term.



The "Little Canada School" on Lincoln Street in Lewiston. This may well be the public school operated by the City of Lewiston for French-Speaking children in the 1880s. Image: USM Franco-American Collection / Maine Memory Network

The outlook was not much improved once the Sisters met their prospective charges. The nuns were introduced to the Lewiston children in a special church service in late August. The youngsters were "badly behaved and idle," "yawning, stretching, pushing and laughing," throughout. Perhaps it was just high spirits during school vacation? It was, in any case "not too reassuring."

One last task before the start of the school year provided some relief for the harried Sisters. The Dominican Fathers' annual summer picnic had been delayed so that the Sisters could join the excursion. The clergy and women religious of the parish took nearly 200 children on a day trip to Casco Castle, the newly-opened "trolley park" in Freeport. The journey by electric trolley took 2 and a half hours but was apparently worth it. The amusement park included

a wooden mock castle, a stone tower (which survives today), a zoo and access to the beach. The boys went swimming while the girls (who were not allowed to swim) played games with the sisters. The children had a picnic lunch of fruit, cake and ice cream, toured the zoo, and listened to concert by the parish children's band, before heading home. "An ideal day," the Sisters concluded.



Casco Castle, Freeport, 1906. Image: Freeport Historical Society/Maine Memory Network.

Soon enough though, it was back to the task at hand, and the Sisters were thrust headfirst into their first days of teaching. The hope that the disobedience of the children was just due to summertime high spirits was soon dispelled. The older boys "didn't listen to anything...made noise, stood on tables, defying the teacher. One of them said "you won't hit me?" The Sisters tried to take names and addresses of the troublemakers but many simply refused to give them. Everyone was dismissed after first period.

The second day of school was not much better. Father Knapp, the director of schools for the parish, gave the students a test to group them into classes. The answers displayed a great lack of knowledge. The sisters recorded a selection of answers from the first three grades:

Where is Canada?
— A country in France
What is France?
— The capital of Canada

(Continued on page 16)

(Riddle me this continued from page 15)

But there was no possible way he could not ask the damned question. He knew he should have asked it right when he walked into the living room ... right when he sat down in his chair at the very latest. It was expected. The ritual had – in four short - or long – days become well-established and needed to be performed. The same applied to all the other parts of their lives. If it wasn't, she would soon grow impatient. Even as he watched « Betty and Ben » (« Èglène and Elphège? »), he sensed that she was already starting to fidget in her chair and rub her stomach. It wouldn't be long before she would let out low moans of pain - alternating muffled « oof »s and « oioioioi »s. If he didn't ask the damned question, the moans

would gradually become more frequent and insistent until ...

It was at times like these that he ardently wished he had somehow become a handyman. A handyman can always extract himself from any situation by saying something like « Well, that project won't finish itself » or « Gotta get them 2 by 4s planed before they get stuperfasted all to hell. » He can then disappear for hours or days in his workshop without a care in the world. But he could never saw anything in a straight line or nail two boards together. He could measure fifty times and still have to cut fifty times

Same thing applied to cars and hunting and fishing and all of those other wonderful hobbies that are such life-savers when men can't stomach the thought of talking to their

wives. He would have gone off fishing with a 12 gauge and hunting with a handful of sinkers and would have wondered why he was having so much trouble changing the spark plugs on his car with that nice new pop-up toaster he had bought just for that purpose.

The TV talk between Suzy and Sam (« Andromaque and Adelard? ») had gradually become unintelligible. The images on the screen blurred into bluish blobs. He felt the sweat run down his brow. He stomach churned and burned. And he heard a voice that seemed as alien as it was familiar ask: « How's that stomach pain? Gone away yet? »

(See page 43 for French Version)

(A Rough First Week of School for Lewiston's Dominican Sisters continued from page 15)

Who discovered America?

— Joan of Arc

Who was Christopher Columbus?

— The Governor of Maine

Who were Adam and Eve?

— We haven't reached that yet.

Father Knapp recommended frequent use of the "strap" to keep students in line. The French sisters were taken aback. Corporal punishment was common in American schools at the time, but unknown in France. In general, the experience of teaching was much harder than the sisters had anticipated, and not helped by the large class sizes – 80 children in each class. Still, when Father Mothon found Sister Marie Barthélemie crying in the middle of her classroom surrounded by unruly students, he remarked that he "thought they would have had more trouble than this."



Children at the "Academie St Dominique," Bates Street, Lewiston, 1908. Image: USM Franco-American Collection.

A Franco-American Company in the Mexican Border War

July 13, 2018 Home, New Hampshire, World War One

By James Myall

On 9 March 1916, Mexican soldiers under the command of General Pancho Villa attacked the city of Columbus, New Mexico. It was just one of many such border skirmishes which had been ongoing since the outbreak of civil war in Mexico in 1910. However, the attack on Columbus also represented an escalation of hostilities and a breaking point for US authorities. Within days, President Woodrow Wilson ordered American army to pursue Villa's men into Mexico. It soon became apparent that Villa and his supporters would not easily be caught, and the regular army needed reinforcements to secure their supply lines and to continue to guard

Gradually, the sisters restored discipline, with the assistance of Father Knapp, and his successor Father Laferrière (who had a telephone installed at the school so they could call on him for help when needed). They implemented a new curriculum, and made tweaks like a merit system for good behavior.

The progress was such that by Christmas 1905, the Sisters notes that the children in the upper grades could finally write their regular letters to their parents without having to copy the text from the blackboard. Behavior was much better, too. When the Prioress of the convent visited the school at the Dominican Block at the holidays, the children presented her with a "gold book" of their accomplishments. It listed prayers, rosaries and masses said; as well as homework well done and good marks received. One page listed "acts of virtue" the children were proud of:

I didn't chew gum (11)

I was hit, and didn't hit back (12)

I didn't lie, all day (1)

I didn't stop in the street (32)

I didn't turn my back in class (135)

A far cry from the raucous scenes of a year before.

The Dominican Sisters would continue to run Lewiston's parish schools for many decades, and as recently as this year, there was still a teaching sister in the school system. The remaining sisters of the order still live at their convent in Sabattus. From rough beginnings, the Sisters came to thrive in Lewiston, leaving their mark on thousands of local Franco-Americans over the years.

(With thanks to members of the "French Canadian Descendants" Facebook group, for helping me decipher the reference to the "tormentors of St Theresa's children"!)

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

the border. In June, shortly after an attack on a Texas community, Wilson ordered the call up of the National Guard of every state and the District of Columbia. Among the 110,000 guardsmen who entered federal service were the Franco-Americans of the Garde Lafayette of Manchester New Hampshire.

The Garde Lafayette had been founded in 1887. It was one of many Franco American militia organizations across New England. At their height, there were dozens of Gardes across the region. They organized themselves into an informal "brigade" and held regular conventions where they competed to hold drills.

The Garde Lafayette was different to its peers in one important regard. It was organized as part of New Hampshire's national guard. As Company A of New Hampshire's 1st regiment, the Garde Lafayette was the only one of the many New England gardes with an official status.

When president Wilson called for the mobilization of the national guard in 1916, the NH 1st was one of the regiments called into federal service, including the Garde Lafayette.

(Continued on page 17)

*(A Franco-American Company in the Mexican Border War
continued from page 16)*

While some members of the Garde had served in the Spanish American War, this was the first time the unit as a whole had participated in a conflict. They did not disappoint. At least according to the official history of the Garde, they outperformed their peers in many regards. The mobilization of 1916 was the first time state national guard units had been federalized under the new National Defense Act, and most states were under-prepared. As in other states, the New Hampshire National Guard did not require guardsmen to undergo a medical exam until they were called to federal service. As a result, the nominal strength of most regiments was greatly reduced once examinations were conducted, and those who failed were dismissed. In some states, as many as 1 in 4 were found unsuitable for service. The Garde Lafayette got up to strength quicker than most, thanks to the efforts of two of its members – a travelling salesman by the name of Ferdinand Francoeur, and Sergeant Jean-Baptiste Morissette.

The Garde's success in recruiting may have been due to its strong sense of identity. Members had to be Catholics French-Canadians or Franco-Americans, and the soldiers "took pride in speaking French among themselves." A poem from 1898 captures some of the enthusiasm Franco-Americans had to serve their adopted homeland. It was published in the *Manchester Union* in English. (The original was written in an approximation of a Franco-American accent, but the below has been corrected for clarity):

*My wife said to me today, "you're making a mistake old man,
To join the Yankee army in the ranks of Uncle Sam;
The world is full of commotion since the explosion of the Maine,
And the devil's to pay in Cuba and the paymaster is Spain."*

*I say, "All right old woman, let the summons come today,
And you'll find old Joseph ready to bear arms and march away;
I'm as good to carry a knapsack and to shoulder my gun,
As I was in the Riel Rebellion in old Saskatchewan!"*

*"The land of my adoption is as good a home for me,
As across the line in Canada, my native country.
My home, my work, my friends are here, in fact, the whole damn set;
So what can I do but join the "Blue" in the Garde Lafayette!"*

*"I don't care for nobody but stand up for what's right.
If Uncle Sam sends word and thinks he's got to fight,
Good-bye my work on Amoskeag – I'll leave it quick you bet –
And join the boys with utmost joy in the Garde Lafayette!"*

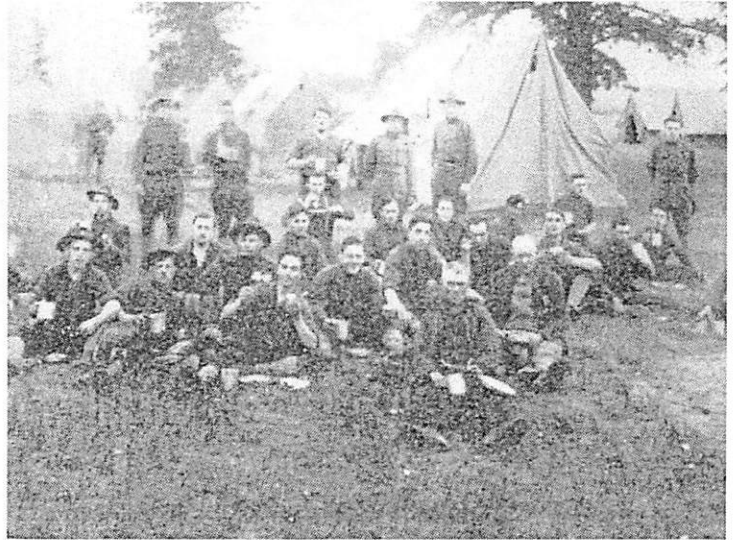
*"So don't make a fuss about this cuss and don't take it hard,
If I, old Joe, go soon to show my color in the Guard;
You say I've got some babies? I must stay right by them? Not yet!
I will march beneath "Old Glory" in the Garde Lafayette!"*

*"O! Didn't it make a sensation on the streets of Manchester,
When the order came from Uncle Sam to march us down to war!
Nobody will know that this is Joe from dear old Nicolet,
When off I march as stiff as starch, in the Garde Lafayette!"*

*"Then Rosie dear don't drop that tear, but cheer up like my joy
You know that Maine went down in flames with all its soldier boys!"*

*So if the blame is placed on Spain, and Uncle Sam says "get!"
Just wish us well and shout like h— for the Garde Lafayette!"*

After the delays associated with getting the guardsmen up to strength and fully equipped, the New Hampshire men left for the border July 15. They arrived in Laredo, Texas, July 20, where they joined what would become a force of 110,000 supporting the regular army's excursion into Mexico.



*"Dinner al Fresco" – the Garde Lafayette in Laredo, 1916.
Image: Histoire de la Garde Lafayette (1927)*

The Garde's time in service appears to have been primarily characterized by boredom. The Americans could see Mexican sentries across the river in the "ruins" of Nuevo Laredo, but despite this, the New Hampshire contingent was never involved in any live-fire engagements, and their primary role was guarding the frontier against possible attacks. Like the other guardsmen, most of their time was occupied with drills and training. Here again (at least by their own account), the men of the Garde Lafayette excelled. On one occasion, the Garde and a number of other companies were sent on a forty mile foot march. The heat of the Texas desert no doubt made this quite an ordeal for the amateur soldiers.

The thermometer rose to 118 degrees in the shade!..They had come from a [civilized] state to a rugged landscape. Before them lay the immense alkalic Texan plain, with its seemingly endless horizons. Back home, even if there were burning hot days, these were quickly tempered by refreshing breezes from the mountains.

The planned action was to march one direction in the first day, to rest overnight, and to return the next day. But members of the Garde Lafayette, scorched by the extreme heat of the day, determined that they would turn right around and complete the march overnight, giving up their rest period for the opportunity to march in the cool night air instead. Their escapade so surprised the authorities that the company had to repeat their identification to the day officer on duty several times before he understood.

(Continued on page 18)

(A Franco-American Company in the Mexican Border War
continued from page 17)



*"Breakfast Before Setting Out" – the Garde Lafayette
in Laredo, 1916.*

Image: Histoire de la Garde Lafayette (1927)

On another occasion, the Garde impressed a visiting officer with their proficiency at military drills. According to the account in the Garde's official history, the Franco-Americans happened to be on the parade ground when General Funston, the commander in charge of the border forces, was on-site. He remarked that the guardsmen were as competent as any regular soldiers he had seen. "But," he remarked to the regiment's Colonel Healy, these maneuvers in closed ranks are good for a parade, but aren't worth anything at this moment, if you have to fight Mexican guerrillas! Are you able to execute these same manoeuvres with your men in skirmish formation?"

The Garde responded by executing combat manoeuvres perfectly, winning a wager for Colonel Healy and impressing the general considerably.

In between drills and matches, few men of the Garde amuses themselves with the novelties of their new surroundings, so different from the New Hampshire forests and mountains. The members of the Garde were struck by everything – from rattlesnakes, and horned lizards to the many varieties of cactus. The New Englanders also had the chance to mingle with the locals. At Christmas, the Franco-Americans, doubtless lonely for home, found a small Catholic chapel to celebrate the holiday. The parish, comprised of Latino and Indian congregants, was described as

*As bare as the stable in Bethlehem...there were no songs,
no music, very few decorations. This parish was so poor because
its parishioners were brave people of Mexican origin, who,
though good Catholics, were without earthly possessions. Our
guys were a long way from the beautiful sung masses of their own
parishes on Christmas Day!*

The New Hampshire men found themselves on the border for nearly eight months before they were demobilized. By February 1917, General Pershing's attempt to capture Pancho Villa had clearly failed, and the regular army units were returning to the border to relieve the national guardsmen, who were itching to return home.

The Garde Lafayette arrived back in Manchester to a heroes'

welcome. Laden with souvenirs including shawls worn by the local Latino population and even chihuahuas. The "little Mexican dogs with short fluffy hair" must have been quite a sight on the streets of Manchester in the years afterwards. Their owners even knitted them small pullovers to keep the warm weather canines comfortable in the New England winters.

At the banquet held in honor of the returning Garde, the local Franco-American community showed its gratitude to the men who had represented them on the national stage and proved the courage and aptitude of Franco-Americans to the country at large. Bishop Georges-Albert Guerin, the Franco-American Bishop of Manchester, presided at the banquet, and noted that the men were not just representing their community and their country, but also their faith.

*Young men of the Garde Lafayette, the Church is proud of
your conduct. Continue your march along this same path, and
always remember that you are good Catholics
and excellent soldiers.*

The Mexican border war was the first time a New England Franco-American unit served in the US army, and it would be the last. Within weeks of the return of the Garde Lafayette from the frontier, the United States declared war on Germany, entering the First World War. The parent organization of the Garde Lafayette and the other New England gardes, the Brigade des Volontaires Franco-Américains, offered its services to President Wilson, but the unit was not accepted into federal service. Instead, individuals enlisted in the regular army, and the gardes lost a lot of their cohesion. On their return from the war, organizations like the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion largely replaced the ethnocentric gardes, and many such organizations ceased to exist by the 1920s.

*Sources: Most of the information presented here comes from
the Histoire de la Garde Lafayette by Laurent Galarneau (L'Avenir
National, Manchester, NH, 1927)*



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.*

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History of Lewiston's Bonneau Markets on display

October 12, 2018 *Franco-American News and Culture* Doris Bonneau, Madeleine Giguere, University of Southern Maine

By **Juliana L'Heureux**

French-Canadian immigrants arrived in Lewiston and Androscoggin County communities during the late 19th and early 20th centuries, to provide labor for the growing industrial mills in the area.

Along with their excellent work ethic and often tireless mill labor, they also brought entrepreneurs like Victor and Lucien Bonneau. When the brothers came to Lewiston as immigrants from Quebec, they eventually established the successful grocery store named Bonneau Markets.



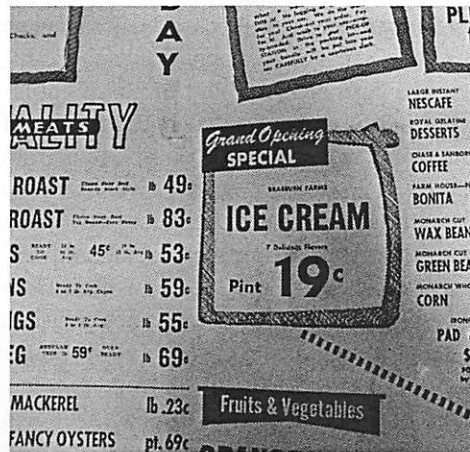
Doris Bonneau is the President of the Franco-American Collection at USM LAC. She made the Bonneau Market album available for the public to view. (L'Heureux photograph)

A large sized album was assembled by the Bonneau family for the purpose of preserving the history of this market. Doris Belisle Bonneau made the album temporarily available for the public to view. Currently, it is displayed at the Franco-American Collection, located in the University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn College (USM LAC FAC), on Westminster Street.

Madame Bonneau is the president of the Franco-American Collection (FAC). She leads a community Board at the FAC archives, a special collection originally established within the USM LAC by the late University of Southern Maine Franco-American Sociologist, and Lewiston native, Madeliene Giguere (1925-2004).

If anyone needs a quick lesson on the meaning of the word "inflation", the term is

easy to explain after viewing the prices in the Bonneau Markets ads, printed in local newspapers and preserved in the album.



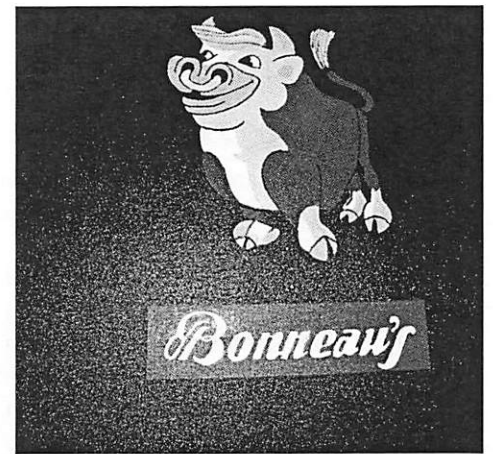
Bonneau Markets sales (L'Heureux photograph)

In fact, the Bonneau's built the family's entrepreneurial market when the two brothers, Victor at age 24 and Lucien at age 20, opened the 500 foot grocery store on Blake Street, in 1934, in Lewiston. Even throughout the Great Depression, the business grew. A second out of town "master market", opened in 1954 and in 1969 the business moved to an even larger location. The market was one of the largest in the Lewiston area, but during the 1980's, competition from larger chain stores caused it to close.

A 1952 article published in The Maine State Grocers Bulletin described the Bonneau market located on Blake Street as having the reputation of being a family store. At the time, they did a good deal of credit business, meaning, their customers could purchase groceries and pay for them on paydays, or once a week. (Like my mother in law, Rose, who lived in Sanford, would have said, "Put the purchase on the slip" and my father-in-law paid the bill in total every Monday, on his day off.) Moreover, the Bonneau's also did grocery deliveries. "You can see how the Bonneau family caters to their customers with service..." reported the Bulletin.

Bonneau's Market was known and respected for its butcher shop and fresh

meats. A motto of the company was "Never a Bum Steer".



After World War II, Lucien and Victor took their brothers Armand, Edgar and Euclide into the business as partners. As the business continued to expand, the brothers remained close to their customers. One of the news articles in Bonneau's album collection includes a picture of a customer using a new invention, for its time (circa 1954), called an automatic door. "It's like magic," wrote the local newspaper. "No need to even push open the door as you leave the new Bonneau master market!". In fact, the "magic door" was activated by a "dooromatic" technology. It swung wide open for the customers before they reached the exit. Other modern upgrades in place for the 1954 opening included air conditioning, music and a courtesy telephone. The market was complimented for cleanliness. Their business practice included offering holiday special sales. In 1952, the business's annual volume of sales was reported as \$300,000.

A short history about several Franco-American entrepreneurs is available at this site in PDF format courtesy of USM LAC FAC.

Merci to the Bonneau family for the loan of their family's history album, for the public to view. Check the website usm.maine.edu/franco for information about when the FAC is open.



Celebrating a 150-Year Legacy in Greater Lowell

Suzanne Beebe

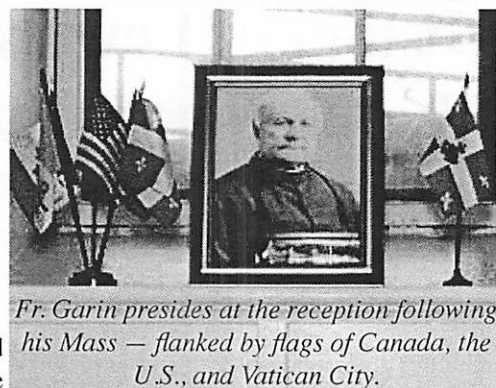
(N.D.L.R. Text by Suzanne Beebe; St. Andrew Parish photos by St. Andrew's parishioners; cemetery photos by Allen Beebe)

This year's Spring Issue of *Le Forum* featured an article and poem I had written about Fr. André Marie Garin, OMI, a man who looms large in the history of Lowell, MA and both its Franco-American and Irish Catholic communities. Arriving in Lowell in 1868, he wasted no time in establishing — in the course of one year — three new parishes for Greater Lowell's burgeoning immigrant population: St. Joseph's in downtown Lowell for the French-Canadian families arriving from Québec and Canada's Maritime provinces to work in the mills; Immaculate Conception for the mostly Irish families settling on the eastern end of Merrimack St. as they moved beyond the borders of Lowell's original Irish neighborhood, the Acre; and St. Andrew's in Billerica for the mostly Irish families of mill workers clustering around the mill complex there.

Each parish would be staffed for decades by members of Fr. Garin's religious order, the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The churches erected in these parishes were the visible fruit of Fr. Garin's work with his eager and generous parishioners. At St. Joseph's and St. Andrew's, they were small, unused, non-Catholic buildings

bought, moved, expanded, and remodeled or renovated by Fr. Garin and the people of the parishes. In the case of Immaculate Conception, it was a magnificent neo-Gothic edifice designed and built by top-flight architects and craftsmen under the guidance of Fr. Garin with financial contributions from parishioners and influential Lowellians. And for all three parishes, the place of worship was the hub of a spiritual, social, and civic network that eased the transition from homeland to new land in comforting and strengthening ways. St. Joseph's is no longer a parish but, as St. Joseph the Worker Shrine, has continued to serve Lowell's downtown as a place of prayer, liturgy, and spiritual refreshment for all who live, work, or study in the heart of the city.

So in this 150th year of his arrival and founding of the parishes, all three spiritual communities have celebrated his legacy as they celebrate their own past, present, and future. In April of this year, St. Andrew's of Billerica, as part of its yearlong 150th anniversary observations, recognized Fr. Garin's contributions with a Mass concelebrated in French by priests of his religious order and other priests of French background, accom-



Fr. Garin presides at the reception following his Mass — flanked by flags of Canada, the U.S., and Vatican City.

panied by French hymns and liturgical music sung by a local Franco-American choir. The mass was followed by a downstairs reception featuring French-Canadian and other French foods made by parishioners of Franco-American background. It was a joyous occasion attended by Franco-Americans from Lowell as well as by members of St. Andrew's parish community. (See accompanying photos.)

And in June, to conclude Lowell's annual Franco-American Festival week, a Vesper service dedicated to St. Jean Baptiste was conducted in the chapel of Chelmsford's St. Joseph Cemetery, which was founded by Fr. Garin and is still owned and operated by the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate. After the service, attendees walked to the burial area reserved for members of the order, where they participated in prayer and reflection at his gravesite after a memorial wreath was laid. (See accompanying photos.) It was a fitting and moving tribute to a remarkable man who truly spent his life doing good.



Entrance procession for Mass honoring parish founder Père André Marie Garin, OMI, celebrated on April 21, 2018 as part of St. Andrew Parish's 150th anniversary observances.



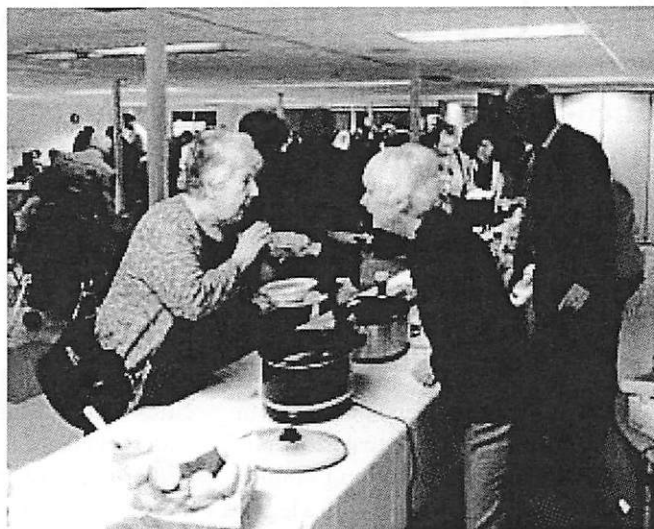
Celebrants bless a statue of Fr. Garin (to the right) before the preparation of gifts at St. Andrew Parish's 150th Anniversary Mass honoring Fr. Garin as its founder.

(Continued on page 21)

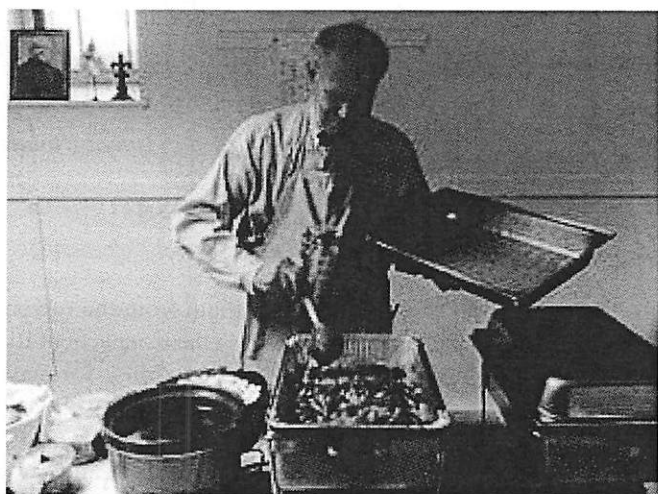
**(Celebrating a 150-Year Legacy in
Greater Lowell continued from page 20)**



A Franco-American choir sings “J’Irai La Voir” at St. Andrew Parish, Billerica, during its Mass honoring Fr. Garin. The choir accompanist was Ms. Cecile Provencher of Lowell.



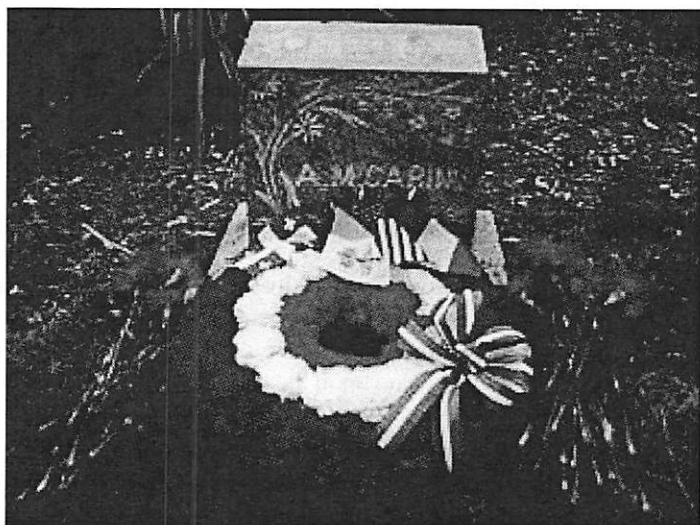
St. Andrew parishioners serve hungry Mass attendees at a buffet featuring French-Canadian and other French foods after the Mass honoring Fr. Garin.



A St. Andrew parishioner serves poutine — a new treat for older Franco-Americans who hadn’t encountered it as yet.



A table offering a variety of quiche and tourtière made by St. Andrew parishioners was highly popular with attendees.



As the concluding event of this year’s Franco-American Festival in Lowell, a wreath was laid on Fr. Garin’s grave at the cemetery he founded in Chelmsford for Greater Lowell’s Franco-Americans.



A brief prayer service followed the laying of the wreath by Mr. Kevin Roy (in blue polo shirt), president of Lowell’s Franco-American Day Committee and driving force behind the 150th Anniversary celebration at St. Andrew’s in Billerica, his home parish.

They Came to Our Valley

Franco-Americans and the Textile Industry Of the Upper Connecticut River Valley, 1870 to 1900

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PROLOGUE

They came from a land of harsh winters and from a rural isolation that had served to intensify their fierce devotion to family, faith and tradition. They came with a legacy of oppression by colonial masters. They came during a period of crisis in Quebec during which agricultural production and land availability decreased and family size increased. After generations of struggling to wrest a living from Canadian soil, the French-Canadians came to New England.

These stubborn, hard-working people started the move south during the 1860's and what began as a mere trickle, became a tidal wave of people by 1900.¹ During this period of time, fully one-third of the population of Quebec left to work in the textile mills of New England.² This mass exodus, called "... one of the most significant, if unheralded, events of 19th century New England,"³ provided a rapidly growing textile industry with the industrious, docile and stable labor force it needed.⁴ It changed the face of New England and it included my ancestors.

Franco-Americans have been called "the Chinese of the Eastern States,"⁵ "the only real North American peasants,"⁶ and, in their high regard for tradition and disapproval of marriage to outsiders, compared to the Jews.⁷ Their unique story is one which deserves greater attention from historians and students of United States history.

This paper examines the mass migration of French-Canadians into the mill towns of New England during the last quarter of the 19th century: it begins by setting the scene in New England and the Upper Valley. It outlines the sources of power, the economic framework and the development of transportation systems. It continues with a look at the establishment and expansion of the textile industry. It concludes with a brief analysis of the situation in Canada that encouraged the habitants to leave their homeland to work in the mills. I have focused upon the smaller mill towns of the Upper Connecticut River Valley because so little has been

written about them. The larger mills and big cities such as Manchester, New Hampshire and Lowell, Massachusetts seem to have gotten much of the attention of historians and writers. I have also focused upon this area because it is where my French ancestors settled to live and work. It is the vast brick buildings that they built which framed my world as a child, and their parish, school and community in which I was raised.

Charles John Emond
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"I came here from Quebec in 1882, when I was twelve years old. There were twenty-five of us in the family. We had to sell our farm to get here. . . They used to go up and get them in those days. They didn't have people enough here to run the cotton mills and the factories. They used to go up there and offer people good jobs at good wages and their fare paid to any place they wanted to go. . . I worked in Salem in a cotton mill for a while. . . The boss used to use me once in a while as an interpreter. . . There were about one thousand people working in that mill where I learned to weave, and they were nearly all French."

David Morin⁸

"He is quick to learn, active and deft in his movements. . . Docility is one of his most marked traits. He is not over-energetic or ambitious. His main concern is to make a living for himself and his family, and, if that seems to have been attained, he is little troubled by restless eagerness to be doing something higher than that at which he is presently engaged. Above all, he is reluctant; as compared to the Irish, to join labor unions and is loath to strike."

Contemporary report: 1898⁹

"French-Canadians go to the States not as individuals but as colonies, carrying with them like the pilgrims, their principles and their priests and keeping to themselves as separate and distinct from their neighbors as Jews or Chinese. . . They have planted colonies. . . distinct in language, customs and religion in the very heart of Protestantism which in the next twenty years, if they obey their pastors, are destined to replace the exhausted and impoverished Puritan race. . . The balance of power in a state which hitherto regarded itself as the keeper of our national conscience is in the hands of the Philistines."

Rev. Calvin Amaron: 1891¹⁰

"If anyone ever represented the work ethic, its the French-Canadians. . . They work until the day they die. The French-Canadians worked together, they pulled together to uplift the family unit. . . They came here for a better living, and they worked like hell for it."

Julien Cloutie¹¹

1. FROM RIVERS TO RAILROADS

On its way south from the region of the Canadian border, the Connecticut River first passes through a valley formed by gentle hills rising up on either side before flowing through Massachusetts and Connecticut to the sea. This Upper Valley, where the Connecticut is joined by tributaries from both New Hampshire and Vermont, forms a cohesive geographical region.¹² The communities located upon the banks of this river or upon the banks of its tributaries, share a common history and culture.

The borders of the Upper Valley are sometimes imprecise, but for the purposes of this outline they will follow the tradition of including all those towns and villages along the Connecticut River from Brattleboro near the Massachusetts border to St. Johnsbury in northern Vermont. Also included are those towns and villages located upon the banks of the smaller rivers which flow into the Connecticut. This chapter on the growth of the textile industry of the Upper Valley prior to 1900 shows how closely linked this development was to the immigration of Franco-Americans.

To trace the development of this in-

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dustry, it is necessary to examine those two critical aspects of the infrastructure without which the building of textile mills cannot even be considered: transportation and power. It is only when these two pieces are in place that capital can be raised to form the company, build the mill and hire the workers to begin production.

From the very beginning, finding adequate power in this region was not a problem. Many small rivers flowing into the Connecticut and the Connecticut River itself in places proved to be relatively easy to dam for power.¹³ This steady source of energy attracted a variety of industries to the area throughout the 19th century. However, this advantage was also a disadvantage when it came to transportation as the waterways turned out to be impossible to navigate with any degree of commercial success or reliability as far north as the Upper Valley.¹⁴

Early attempts to improve land transportation came with the turnpike building corporations which were chartered at the beginning of the 19th century.¹⁵ The Upper Valley was connected to Boston in 1801, 1803 and 1804 by the Second, Third and Forth New Hampshire turnpikes. These ran from Amherst to Claremont, from New Ipswich to Walpole, and from Concord to Hanover.¹⁶ A few years later, the Grafton Turnpike was opened and this was followed by the Croyden Turnpike. These improved roads made travel to Boston easier than it had been, but it was by no means fast or comfortable. Around 1810, the stagecoach from Keene to Boston took ¹⁶ hours to make the journey.¹⁷

Business interests were quick to take advantage of even so tenuous a connection to the sources of raw materials and the markets for finished goods available through the port of Boston. Many of the textile mills of the Upper Valley were founded during this period between 1810 and 1845 when the only means of transport was by wagon over these primitive roads.¹⁸ The first textile mill in New Hampshire was built in 1804 at New Ipswich. In the Upper Valley, the Faulkner and Colony Mill in Keene began in 1830, there were mills in Claremont and Newport by 1822, and the Dewey Mills in Quechee began in 1836, to name but a few.¹⁹

It was during this period that the attempts were also made to make the Connecticut River itself navigable by building

canals around the waterfalls. In 1802, a canal with eight locks was opened near Bellows Falls and in 1810 locks were opened near Hartland and Wilder.²⁰ This made it possible for the 60 foot Durham boats to be poled up as far as the Lebanon area and floated back down. However, there were still sandbars and rapids to contend with as well the fact that the river was frozen over with thick ice during the winter.

In the mid-1920's, attempts were made to introduce steamboats in an effort to develop river travel. The Barnet was built in 1826 especially for the trip to the Upper Valley and in fact was named for the town that the promoters hoped to reach, Barnet, Vermont (near St. Johnsbury, Vermont).²¹ On its first voyage up the Connecticut, the Barnet had to be poled through rapids and, though it finally reached Bellows Falls, it could go no further because the locks were too narrow.²² Even though the same company built

Early attempts to improve land transportation came with the turnpike building corporations...

smaller steamboats in the hope of making the venture viable, it became clear that without increasing the size of the locks and the boats they could not make a profit.²³ Interest in the river as a means of transportation died out in the late 1830's, although rafts and flatboats continued to be used from time to time.²⁴

In the 1840's, another method of transportation took New England by storm and wiped out these efforts to use the Connecticut River for commercial transportation into the Upper Valley. It also made the improved network of roads obsolete as the main thoroughfare for raw materials and finished goods. The advent of the railroad served as the key to unlocking the Upper Valley and the rest of the interior of New England to the world of trade and commerce.

Following the experimental railroads of the 1830's, the first charters to build viable rail lines were granted to companies eager to connect Boston to other growing cities like Lowell, Worcester and Providence.²⁵ The continuation of one of these rail lines, the Boston and Lowell, brought the railroad to New Hampshire and trains were running to Nashua by 1844.²⁶ It was not long after-

wards that the railroad, so necessary to the economic development of this area, was welcomed to the Upper Valley.

*"On Monday, January 1, much to the astonishment of some, and gratification of all, the first train of cars ever seen in this vicinity passed over the Cheshire road and Sullivan (road) to Charlestown, New Hampshire. The day was fine and a great assembly of people had collected here to observe the grand entree of the Iron Horse. . . This day, Thursday, the Sullivan road is to be opened, with the usual ceremonies, to Charlestown, and then the arrival of the cars will be a common, everyday business affair." Bellows Falls Gazette, 1849*²⁷

The process of granting railroad building rights was legislative and companies were chartered to carry out the actual building of roads through likely towns and into likely areas. Lower down on the Connecticut River, where steamboats had proved to be successful, there was considerable tension between those involved in river transportation and those who wanted to build the railroads.²⁸ In the Upper Valley, however, where roads were about as good as they would get and where river transportation had proven not to be the wave of the future, the railroad was eagerly awaited, as was the economic development that it would make possible. This, together with the rapid technical advancements in a variety of industries including the textile industry, transformed the area from a remote backwater of largely agricultural pursuits to one where manufacturing played a major role. These two decades, 1840 to 1860, were times of remarkable change and major social and economic upheaval.

The turnpikes which flourished prior to these decades, one can be sure to the annoyance of the general public and of the early entrepreneurs trying to get their goods to market, folded and became free prior to or during this period.²⁹

The first charter to build a railroad into the Upper Valley was granted to the Northern Railroad Company in 1844.³⁰ It was planned to extend from Concord, previously connected to Nashua by the Concord Railway Corporation in 1842, to White River Junction in Hartford, Vermont.³¹ The road was opened as far as Lebanon, New Hampshire, on November 17, 1847 and, via a newly constructed bridge over the

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Connecticut River, to White River Junction the following year.³² Instead of a full day to get from the Upper Valley to Concord, it took only a few hours. At an average speed of 23 miles per hour, two trains a day left West Lebanon and Concord. It was possible, for only \$3.25, to get from Lebanon to Boston in less than a day.³³

In 1844, a charter was also granted to the Cheshire Railroad Company to run to Boston through Fitchburg, Massachusetts. This line extended to Keene in 1848 and to Bellows Falls in 1849.³⁴ In that same year, the Sullivan Railroad made the link between Bellows Falls and Claremont, running through Charlestown. With the construction of a rail bridge over the Connecticut River into Windsor, the line eventually joined the Northern Railroad at White River Junction making that town an important hub of the transportation network.

Two major lines continued north from White River junction. The Passumpsic Railroad reached Wells River in 1848 and St. Johnsbury in 1851. It cost \$518,263 to build this road and the inventory included three freight engines, two passenger engines, six passenger cars (painted bright yellow), fifty-one box cars and twenty-one flat cars.³⁵ The Vermont Central connected with Montpelier and continued north into Canada to Montreal. It was built in direct competition with a route from Bellows Falls through Rutland to Burlington and then to Montreal built by the Rutland and Burlington Railroad.³⁶

This rail network was completed by the connection of Bellows Falls southward with Brattleboro and Greenfield, Massachusetts. By 1852, the rail infrastructure of the Upper Valley was largely in place and the isolation of the area at an end.³⁷ Overnight the stagecoach routes were abandoned and the efforts at providing river transportation halted. In the years of development that followed, these first rail lines were merged, consolidated, sold, leased and added to by the building of numerous feeder lines, but the geographical picture of the main lines into and out of the valley remained the same up into this century.³⁸

2. FROM HEARTH TO FACTORY

The textile industry in the earliest decades of the 19th century was small, localized and domestic in nature. It was related to the local economy in much the same way as the common mills to grind grain which sprang up on nearly every small stream capable of providing adequate power. Prior to the 19th century, every housewife had her spinning wheel at which she spent considerable time and effort turning the raw materials into cloth. Along with spinning and weaving, carding, dyeing and such finishing processes as fulling were done in the home.³⁹ In



White River Junction, Vermont

the year 1810, for example, the women of St. Johnsbury produced 16,505 yards of linen, 9,431 yards of wool and 1,797 yards of cotton in their homes.⁴⁰

In the same way that the transportation industry underwent radical changes, rapid expansion and technical improvement so did the production of textiles. The first mills took over some of the more onerous and labor-intensive tasks from the housewives. They began spinning the yarn which was then woven into cloth in the home on domestic looms.⁴¹ As time went on, fulling mills, which worked on woolen cloth to shrink and to thicken it, became more common as did dye works. Eventually the integrated mill concept took hold and a single mill began with the raw materials and turned out finished cloth.⁴² It was at this point that the need for transportation became acute. The expansion of the railroads, in that symbiosis so often observed during the industrial revolution, immediately met that need and they both prospered together.

The production of the raw materials for the production of cloth is an interesting story in and of itself. The sheep raising industry had an especially great effect upon

the Upper Valley and was responsible for many a fortune being made.⁴³ The increased use of cotton cloth meant excellent profits for those mills equipped to turn it out in large quantities. The problem was the supply of raw materials from the cotton plantations in the south. This placed increased reliance on the railroads. When the flow of raw cotton stopped during the Civil War years, many mills coped with the lack by converting to wool, but some were unable to make this switch and were forced to close down.⁴⁴

The Upper Valley at mid-century presented a vibrant picture of rivers providing abundant power, huge mills being built upon their banks, and ever-expanding railroads connecting towns with world sources and markets, it showed local businessmen, farmers and bankers, encouraged by previously successful small textile operations, beginning to broaden their scope and invest in larger textile mills. The only element lacking in this increasingly bright economic picture was the availability of labor. Where were the thousands of workers to operate the new looms and work in the new factories?

The answer lay to the north, not far from the Upper Valley, in the over-populated and impoverished agricultural regions of Quebec. This situation led to one of the more amazing and coincidental marriages of labor and industry to occur in 19th century America. Although there had been a trickle of immigrants across the border before the completion of the major railroads, the passenger lines that opened up between Boston and Montreal turned it into a flood. It had become possible to travel from Quebec to any city in New England within a day or two for under \$10.⁴⁵ Many small colonies of French-Canadians took root in the Upper Valley during the 1860's and 1870's and flourished during the 1880's and 1890's.

The opportunity to work in the textile mills brought the majority of these people south into the United States.⁴⁶ Recruitment by mill owners was common in rural Quebec and, despite a hiatus during the civil War, the textile industry of the Upper valley drew thousands upon thousands of French-Canadians into its cities and towns to live, to work, to build churches and schools and to put down new roots.

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3. LES HABITANTS

To an isolated territory, bounded by the Laurentian Highlands to the north and by impenetrable wilderness on the other three sides, and through which runs the mighty St. Lawrence River, came a race of sturdy French people eventually called *habitants*. They followed the lead of Jacques Cartier, discoverer of the St. Lawrence, and Paul de Maisonneuve, founder of Montreal in 1642, and settled in to the rigors of frontier life as *coureurs de bois*, hunters, trappers and fishermen.⁴⁷ When Louis XIV ascended the throne of France in 1661, he took an interest in the colonization of new France. He distributed land grants to poor people from Normandy, Picardy and Brittany, he discharged a regiment there to encourage the soldiers to stay and settle down, and he even sent them a shipload of girls suitable for wives.⁴⁸ His policy of rewarding early marriages and large families had far-reaching effects.

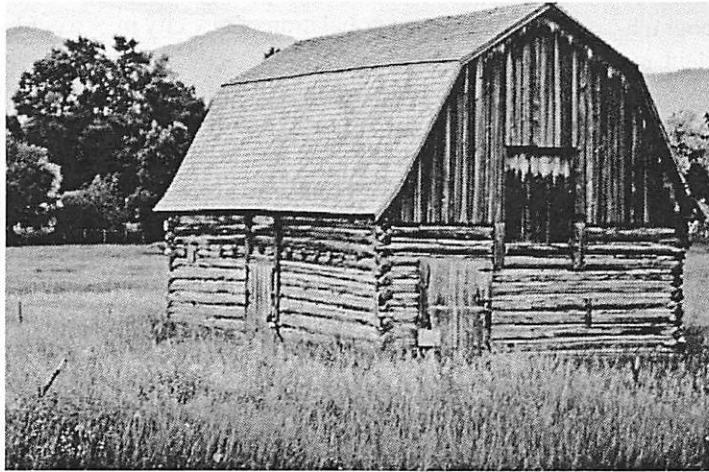
These pioneers brought with them their Catholic faith and their French culture. Though troubled by the Iroquois from time to time, they lived in relative peace for a century as they painstakingly cleared the land and established their small farms. The land yielded a rich harvest, the rivers and forests provided plentiful fish and game, the families of the habitants grew larger and larger and the settlements grew up around their churches. All the traditional ways and customs brought over from the old country flourished in the new.

On September 13, 1759 things changed. In just twenty minutes, on the Plains of Abraham outside Quebec City, France lost her thriving colony to the English.⁴⁹

When this defeat was confirmed by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, the *habitants* became a subject people. Maintaining that they never surrendered, they stubbornly resisted the English at every turn. Their differences from the English in faith, culture and language, assisted by British colonial policies and combined with the geographical isolation, made a virtual island of the province of Quebec around which the events of the following century flowed. But for an ill-fated attempt at resistance to British rule in 1837-1838, called Papineau's

Rebellion,⁵⁰ French-Canadians resigned themselves to their minority status, fiercely resisted assimilation and zealously guarded their heritage.

At mid-century, the habitants found themselves plagued by problems caused, in part, by this isolation. As a people to whom subsistence farming had brought simple comfort, if not wealth or luxury, they faced poverty. They had followed the farming traditions of their ancestors and plowed the same fields each year for the same crops.⁵¹ Crop rotation and the use of fertilizers were unknown and seed was poor. Even the live-



stock was of poor quality. French-Canadians were certainly not successful at farming and, although they worked hard at it, they were unable to make the transition from a subsistence to a market economy.⁵² It has been said that they are really not suited after all to such a way of life.⁵³

Added to this was the burden of over-population. The policy of encouraging large families had succeeded only too well, the land proved insufficient for subdivision into farms for each generation. By the mid-19th century, the land of the habitants had become a rural backwater of grinding poverty, poor roads and transportation and little education⁵⁴ where it was evident to all that something had to be done.

The government encouraged migration to the west, but this took ready money which the typical habitant didn't have. The same government also discouraged the young people from this area from working in the new factories of Montreal and Québec City.⁵⁵ This was a society frustrated both by the English government and by its own attempts to survive by farming the stubborn earth. Despite these frustrations, the French people of the province of Quebec continued to affirm with pride: *Nous sommes venus il*

*y a trois cents ans, et nous sommes restes.*⁵⁶

4. LIFE ON THE FARM

Life for the majority of French-Canadians in the 1850's was based upon the acceptance of the ancient traditions of family, faith and farm. The same isolation which made the new developments in farm technology slow to arrive and slow to be accepted, increased the importance of and reliance upon the common language of the habitants as well as on the other aspects of their culture.

The Catholic faith provided an orderly way of life in the small villages of rural Quebec. The cure of the local church was the unofficial community leader in temporal as well as in spiritual matters.⁵⁷ Indeed, the parish and the village were, for the most part, synonymous. The aspects of the sacramental life of the church - the rituals, the holy days, the dietary laws and the celebrations - were the heart and soul of the French-Canadian experience, the home, the habitant family gathered every evening to pray the rosary together. Often, the only decorations in their simple farmhouses were holy pictures of Christ and the saints.⁵⁸

Within the parish, the family was the main social unit⁵⁹ and the roles played by the father and mother were very well defined. The man was responsible for the outside work of the farm and the woman ran the home. The children were expected to be obedient and had the primary responsibility to help the family survive by working on the farm or in the home as needed.⁶⁰ Formal education was not a priority, but along with learning how to farm or how to keep house, most learned to read and write in the one-room parish school.⁶¹

The typical farm consisted of about fifty acres, planted in wheat, or sometimes potatoes or peas, as a cash crop.⁶² Each farm also had cattle, oxen for plowing, pigs and chickens, and a variety of fruits and vegetables grown for family consumption. When a farmer was ready to retire, he left the family farm to one of his middle sons and lived out his years with him. The oldest son might have been given a farm of his own if there had been enough land left for subdivision, but the remaining sons had few choices. They could become artisans, jour-

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naliers (hired hands) or perhaps enter the priesthood. The daughters were expected to marry farmers or to enter the religious life.⁶³

When the emigration to the mills began, those left on the farm were often the very young and the very old. Those in their middle years, whether unmarried sons or whole families, set out to make their fortunes. Though the Canadian government, for a time, encouraged them to move out west, few considered this a viable option since family ties would then have been more difficult if not impossible to maintain. New England, on the other hand, was geographically close and there were excellent rail connections for visits home whenever they could be arranged.⁶⁴

During these few decades at mid-century, the habitants scratching out a living from their ancestral lands in Quebec, experienced an increasing level of poverty. They saw a steady rise in population and an increase in the sheer hard work needed to survive. This produced a restlessness in the younger hearts, a willingness to consider change in the older folk and a general feeling that something needed to happen. It is indicative of the difficulty of their existence that the first workers to accept the drudgery and boredom of work in a textile mill spoke of it as a significant improvement in their lives.⁶⁵

5. THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY FROM BIRTH TO MATURITY

In England, towards the end of the 18th century, there were developments in the automation of spinning and weaving that would eventually bring great changes to the small farm landscape of rural New England. The inventions of Richard Arkwright and Samuel Crompton, which made hand-spinning obsolete, were brought to Pawtucket, Rhode Island by Samuel Slater who built the first textile mill there in 1790.⁶⁶ This mill made yarn which was then distributed to homes for hand weaving into cloth.⁶⁷

There were handsome profits to be made in such ventures, and many was the town or village where the local professionals, businessmen and farmers pooled their capital to build a small mill. A real boost was given to the young industry by the restrictions placed on English cloth during the War of 1812.⁶⁸ In the port cities like Boston, Providence, New London and Portland, enriched by their merchant fleets, there was

also capital waiting to be invested by bold entrepreneurs. One of them was Francis Cabot Lowell.

Lowell traveled to England in 1811 and carefully observed the new English power looms in operation there. Upon his return to Boston, he formed a company to build such a mill in Waltham.⁶⁹ So successful was this first venture of the Boston Manufacturing Company that by 1829 the idea was ready for expansion. Some property was purchased on the Merrimack River and the Lowell Complex, built by the newly formed Merrimack Manufacturing Company, took shape. By 1840, Lowell had grown to have the second largest population of any city in New England.⁷⁰

Besides the availability of investment capital, two other considerations affected the building of a textile mill; the source of water power and the method of transporting raw materials from the ports to the factories and the finished goods back to the ports. Prior to the advent of the railroads in the 1830's, poor roads made expansion into the interior of New England difficult despite abundant sources of water power. By mid-century, however, New England featured hundreds of towns in which textile manufacturing had become an important part of the economy, thanks to the railroads. The rural face of the region changed and the population shifted from the scattered farms to the booming mill towns and cities.⁷¹ Some of them, like Lawrence, Lowell, Holyoke, Massachusetts, and Manchester, New Hampshire, were built by the textile industry on the Slatersville model. Slatersville was the prototypical mill town, built by Samuel Slater in the 1790's near Pawtucket, Rhode Island. It had the long narrow mill building with its bell tower, the company housing and company store, and even the paternalistic attitude towards the workers which would characterize the world of the textile mill well into the 20th century.⁷²

The textile industry went through several stages with regard to that last essential ingredient in its development; a labor force. Following the English pattern, the earliest mill workers were young children.⁷³ They were followed, in the 1820's, by young women who seemed to be ideal for the work of tending the looms and spindles. Recruited from the farms of rural New England, they lived carefully supervised and regulated lives. Attendance at church was compulsory. They were not allowed to drink alcoholic beverages, and they lived in boarding houses

under strict curfew.

This so-called "utopian" period came to an end just before the Civil War when the mill girls were replaced by Irish immigrant families who were willing to work for less.⁷⁴ Smaller numbers of Swedish, German and Scottish immigrants also found work in the mills during this period, as did the first French-Canadians.⁷⁵ These early arrivals were often young men with a sense of adventure who returned to Quebec during the war.⁷⁶

By the time the war broke out, the mills that had had the foresight to stockpile raw cotton, realizing that their supply lines would be disrupted, were able to continue operations. Some mills shifted production to other goods and materials for the war effort, while still others had to close down. At the end of the war, the large number of mills that had survived were poised for resumption of production on a big scale. The problem was that they faced a critical labor shortage. The mill girls had gone home, the war had taken its toll on the male population,⁷⁷ and the Western frontier had lured away many a Yankee farmer and European immigrant. It was into this labor vacuum that the French-Canadian workers came and found a warm welcome. When they returned to impoverished Quebec, they told others of the rewards of mill work just across the border. Soon the trains south from Quebec were filled with habitant families destined for the mill towns of New England.

6. THE HABITANTS MOVE SOUTH

"I was born in St. Ephrem d'Upton, P.Q., not far from St. Hyacinthe and Montreal, June 29, 1856. I was the fourth in a family of fourteen children, five of whom are still living. It took us four days and as many nights to go from our hometown, St. Ephrem d'Upton, to Lowell in 1864. Train engines weren't big and powerful in those days. Besides, they were wood-burners, and you couldn't put enough wood in the tender to make long trips. So trains didn't run far and never during the night. We started from St. Ephrem in the afternoon and went as far as Sherbrooke and slept there. The next day, we reached Island Pond, Vermont, and spent the night in that customs town. It was a very small place too. The following morning, the old Grand Trunk took us to Portland, Maine, and again we passed the night there, because

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the train went no further. After another night's rest, on a different railroad, we were on our way to Boston where we had to find lodgings once more. At last, the fifth day, we landed in Lowell where we were to live for eight years. . .

When we landed in Lowell in 1864, there were very few French-Canadians, only five families at one end of the city, fifteen at the other. Many more came after the Civil War was over. I was only eight years old, but that didn't stop me from going to work. My first job as a textile worker was in the Lawrence mill, no. 5, where I worked as a bag boy and a doffer⁷⁸ for about three years.⁷⁹

This journey so well described by Philippe Lemay, often started out by horse cart over primitive rural roads.⁸⁰ The habitants who were thinking about life in a mill town discussed it with those who had returned for a visit. Perhaps they were encouraged by one of the mill agents combing the area for recruits.⁸¹ When the decision had been made, they said goodbye to family and friends, and to the land of their ancestors. Many left with the idea of returning in time and some actually did, but all carried with them a deep love for their homeland and a fond memory of life on the farm.

Their destination was usually a town or village in New England where others in their family or ancestral village had established a beachhead. They often lived in the cramped apartments of relatives until they were able to live on their own. These new arrivals relied upon family members to introduce them to the foreman at the factory and to help them adjust to the work in the mill.⁸² This remarkable cohesiveness and willingness to help one another, in addition to the strong attachment to the French language and culture, characterized life in the Petit Canada districts. It might be partly explained by the fact that French-Canadians had been a subject people since 1763 and had learned how to cope and how to survive in a strange and hostile world.

Upon their arrival, they faced the same difficulties that most immigrants faced. The town, streets and buildings were different to them, the culture was so unlike their own and they could not speak or understand the language. They faced challenges and frustrations living and working in this new land. They also faced the often bitter resentment of the Irish immigrants who had preceded them and who felt threatened by this mas-

sive influx of people.⁸³ Even though both groups were Catholic, it was not enough to provide grounds for tolerance or peace between them.

The first project undertaken in a Petit Canada (Little Canada) was the construction of a church. Although the cures in Canada had at first resisted this movement of their people to another land, they eventually followed and helped to make life in the Franco-American communities as close to the old habitant way of life as it could be, given the demands of the factory and the location in a foreign land.⁸⁴

One of the most significant differences between the Franco-Americans and the Irish was their regard for trade unionism. The Irish felt strongly about joining unions and striking for better wages or conditions while the French were loath to join and rarely went on strike. This was one of the traits that endeared them to the mill owners.⁸⁵ Because of their own well-developed fraternal organizations, their tradition of helping each other and their ability to agree among themselves on how the work ought to be done, they did not see the union or a strike as useful in most cases.

The *habitants*, including the women and children, took readily to even the most menial jobs in the mill. They took the long hours, the incredible noise and the difficult work and they won the reputation for being hardworking, dependable and stable.

With the "star rays of progress on their brows,"⁸⁶ the early entrepreneurs like Francis Lowell saw the opportunity to make huge profits, to produce goods for growing markets, to utilize the rapidly expanding technology, to harness the available water and steam power and to take advantage of the developing railroads. They were able to sustain the rapid buildup and the steady expansion of their immense empire throughout New England thanks to the ready availability of a dedicated and willing labor force. The *habitants*, "pioneers of industrial America,"⁸⁷ saw the opportunity to rescue themselves from lives of degrading poverty and to provide for their children and grandchildren the benefits of life in a new and thriving land. This remarkable historical coincidence; this singular and significant marriage of labor and capital featured within it both the best and the worst of such relationships.

1 C. Stewart Doty, *The First Franco-Americans* (Orono; University of Maine, 1985), P152.

2 Steve Dunwell, *The Run Of the Mill* (Boston: David F. Godine, 1978), p. 113.

3 Dyke Hendrickson, *Quiet Presence* (Portland: Guy Gannett, 1980), p.1.

4 Tamara Hareven, *Amoskeag* (New York: Pantheon, 1978), p.20.

5 Michael Guignard, *La Foi La Langue La Culture* (1982), p.90.

6 Horace Miner, *St. Denis* (Chicago: Phoenix Books, 1939), p. xiv.

7 Guignard (n. 5 above), p.2.

8 Doty (n. 1 above), p 69. interview with a Franco-American.

9 Quoted in Dunwell (n.2 above), p.113.

10 Guignard (n. 5 above), p.8. Quoted from a work by the Rev. Armaron entitled, *Your Heritage, or New England Threatened*

11 Dunwell, *The Run of the Mill*, p. 256

12 Jerald Wikoff, *The Upper Valley* (Chelsea, Vermont: Chelsea Green Publishing Company, 1985), pp 13-14.

13 Edmund Delaney, *The Connecticut River* (Chester, Connecticut: Globe Pequot Press, 1983), p. 130.

14 Harold Fisher Wilson, *The Hill County of Northern New England* (New York Columbia University Press, 1936), p. 34.

15 James D. Squires, *The Granite State of the US.* (New York: American History Company, 1956), p. 253.

16 Wikoff (n. 12 above), p. 71.

17 Kay Fox, et al., *Upper Ashuelot* (Keene, New Hampshire: Keene historical Commission, 1968), p. 46.

18 Squires (n. 15 above), p. 291.

19 Ibid., p.294

20 Wikoff (n. 12 above), p. 71.

21 Delaney (n. 13 above), p. 111.

22 Wikoff (n. 12 above), p. 59.

23 Wilson (n. 14 above), p. 33. One of these boats, the John Ledyard, made it as far north as Wells River where it got stuck on a sandbar. Ibid., p. 34

24 Ibid., p. 34

25 Squires (n. 15 above), p. 270.

26 Pillsbury Hobart, *New Hampshire* (New York: The Lewis Historical Publishing Company., 1927), p. 452.

27 Wikoff (n. 12 above), p. 115. From *Bellows Falls Gazette*, 1849.

28 Ibid., p. 116.

29 The 3rd New Hampshire turnpike was declared free in 1824, the 2nd in 1837 and the 4th in 1840. The Grafton turnpike was made free in 1827 and the Cheshire turnpike in 1841. Pillsbury (n. 15 above), pp. 425-426.

30 Everett Stackpole, *History of New Hampshire* (New York: The American Historical Society, 1916. p.167.

31 Ibid.

32 Hobart (n. 26 above), p. 475.

33 Wikoff (n. 12 above), p. 110

34 Squires (n. 15 above), p. 272.

35 Fredric Wells, *History of Barnet, Vermont* (Burlington: Burlington Free Press Printing, 1923. p. 237.

36 Wilson (n. 4 above), p.40.

37 Ibid.

38 Wikoff (n. 1 above), p. 111.

39 Edward Fairbanks, *The Town of St. Johns*

(Continued on page 31)

JUSTICE FOR LES ACADIENS DU-MADAWASKA-AMÉRICAIN. *PREDJUDICE AD VITAM ET ETERNAM* by Roger Paradis

The Acadian people of *la Vallée-du-Haut-Saint-Jean* and Louisiana are the descendents of the survivors of a HOLOCAUST that was pronounced against them, on July 28, 1755, by the Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, Johnathan Belcher. They were sacrificed on the explicit orders of King George II because, in the name of freedom of religion, they declined to swear the Oath of Allegiance and Abjuration. They were declared "Papist Recusants," and guilty of rebellion, and weeks later the first contingent of victims were deported to the thirteen mainland British colonies in North America.

The century that preceded the Acadian diaspora, 1613-1713, L'Acadie was attacked nine times that wrought death and destruction to the inhabitants. Once by pirates, once by a freebooter out of Jamestown, and seven times by mostly Puritan forces out of Boston and elsewhere. The intent of the deportation was different, however. In the words of Monsigneur Stanislas Doucet, in 1922, the intention was the "extinction" of *la nation acadienne*. Two years earlier, Rev. Thomas Albert called the deportation a "*crime de lèse humanité*." In 1998, the writer termed the deportation a GENOCIDE under Article II of the Statutes of Rome adopted on January 1, 1951, and Article VI of the Geneva Convention of August 1, 2002.

The Acadian diaspora lasted eight years and claimed the lives of some 50% of the people, conservatively estimated. The loss of life would be greater still if we included babies in the womb and infants to the age of two who were not counted, and infants to the age of ten who were counted only as half an adult.

The persecution of the Acadian people did not end in 1763. It continued in the form of property confiscation and expulsion, exclusion from public office, and the denial of the most basic civil liberties including suffrage. Notwithstanding the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act by Parliament, in 1838, the oppression of the Acadian people continued in the form of literacy tests and gerrymandering.

In 1842, Acadian families were

again separated by a secret boundary treaty that was negotiated from the privacy of Secretary of State Daniel Webster's office, without so much as by your leave. The Treaty of Washington, commonly known as the Webster-Ashburton Treaty, internationalized the *fleuve Saint-Jean* thalweg that bifurcated the homogeneous Madawaska Settlement. Lord Ashburton proposed a line along the Fish River to Van Buren that would have preserved the unity of the Acadian settlement, but Secretary Webster bowed to the timber barons of the state, and the land speculators



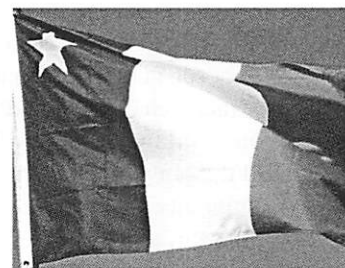
of Massachusetts. The brutal boundary settlement of 1842 that was imposed on the Madawaska Acadians was unnecessary, and probably unconstitutional. This was not a states' right issue. The United States was not at war, and it did not have a vital interest in the Madawaska Territory.

Boundaries should unite people, not divide them, especially over such a mundane consideration as a few thousand acres of pine swampland. No consideration was given to kinship or ethnicity. The south-shore inhabitants became ipso-facto second-class American citizens. They were confined to a French and Catholic ghetto of the Pine Tree State that was English and Protestant. The

Valley was isolated from the next nearest community of any size by a virtually trackless wilderness of a hundred miles, and the seat of government by some three hundred miles. If this was not a crime, it should be. Blood is thicker than water, especially the water that divides people. So it was that the Madawaska Acadians became the most identifiable white, French, and Catholic minority in the United States, and the football of fortune that it still remains. And this is not likely to change because of the Valley's proximity to the bilingual province of New Brunswick and bilingual Canada, and its propinquity to the French province of Québec.

Last year's unauthorized cannibalization of UMFK's education programs by UMPI is only the most recent and arrogant example of Valley exploitation and it sets a dangerous precedent, not only for the University of Maine System, but for higher education generally. Moreover, it trenches on the democratic process. Might does not make right, and the end never justifies the means, especially harsh means. It must be wondered, therefore, how long the scandalous exploitation and discrimination against UMFK would have been tolerated if the Acadians were Black instead of White? Or Semitic instead of French and Catholic. The Madawaska Acadians are a paragon of patience and tolerance, resigned and impassive in the face of abuse, even criminal abuse. *La Vallée Saint-Jean* is a cornucopia of culture, a pearl of great worth that should be accented, not negated; cherished and nurtured, rather than exploited, and extolled for emulation by the state and nation.

Roger Paradis is a retired history and folklore professor of UMFK. He resides at 835 Frenchville Rd., and his phone is listed.



*David Le Gallant**

SE DÉFAIRE DU 28 JUILLET INFÂME DE PATRIMOINE CANADIEN...

Peut-on imaginer que soudainement le gouvernement fédéral décide qu'il faut remplacer la date commémorative du jour du Souvenir canadien du « 11 Novembre » (date anniversaire de la fin des combats de la Première Guerre mondiale) par la date infâme de la déclaration en 1914 qui a causé le déclenchement de cette *Grande Guerre* (1914-1918)? Ne serait-ce pas plutôt de mise de retenir le 11 Novembre puisque cette date marque la fin officielle de tant de souffrances humaines et d'innocentes victimes?

Pourtant, c'est exactement ce que Patrimoine canadien en collusion avec des ferrures dorées de l'élite acadienne, fait chaque 28 juillet depuis 2005 (250^e du début de la Déportation) à titre de Journée de commémoration du « Grand Dérangement » (*sic*), le terme qui édulcore ce qui constitue un véritable génocide! Il y a déjà 15 ans cette année que Patrimoine canadien « a institué » cela par Proclamation royale (9 décembre 2003) de la reine Elizabeth II, à titre de reine du Canada!

Problème! À l'instar des Canadiens pour l'armistice du 11 novembre 1918 marquant la fin de tant de souffrances humaines, les Acadiens eux n'ont pas le choix judiciaire de remémorer la fin officielle de leur génocide parce que leur statut d'exilés, de rebelles ou de sédiçieux n'a jamais été abrogé par la Couronne britannique donc pas question de parler de date qui marquerait la fin officielle de tant de souffrances humaines qui ont été causées à l'endroit des Acadiens dont la mémoire demeure encore aujourd'hui hantée.

Remplacer la commémoration fédérale viciée du 28 juillet par un « Jour du Souvenir acadien » annuel

Il faut que soit abolie ladite « Journée de commémoration du Grand Dérangement » du calendrier fédéral canadien - journée fomentée par Patrimoine canadien qui est, comme le disait l'Acadien québécois Stéphane Bergeron « une bouillabaisse

insipide, incolore et inodore de bonnes intentions enrobées dans l'euphémisme dudit *Grand Dérangement* ». Les ultimes responsables de ce plus grand subterfuge canadien à l'endroit des Acadiens sont en premier lieu l'ancien premier ministre Jean Chrétien, Stéphane Dion, l'actuel ambassadeur canadien en Allemagne, Sheila Copps, alors à Patrimoine canadien mais plus significativement la députation libérale fédérale « acadienne » de l'époque dont Dominic LeBlanc, actuel ministre des Affaires intergouvernementales et du Nord et du Commerce intérieur.

Pourquoi la date annuelle du 28 juillet est-elle la plus exécrable qui soit à l'endroit des Acadiens?

Le 28 juillet 1755 est la date précise du dépôt du renvoi judiciaire de Jonathan Belcher, juge en chef et membre du gouvernement de la Nouvelle-Écosse. Des raisons purement politiques jugées de *nécessité impérieuse - qui est la loi du moment - de protéger les intérêts de Sa Majesté dans la province*, « obligeaient » le juge en chef Belcher de conseiller humblement la « *déportation* » de tous les habitants français. (Source : procès-verbal du 28 juillet 1755 émanant du Conseil de la Nouvelle-Écosse).

Qui plus est, le 28 juillet 1755, en présence à Halifax des représentants de Sa Majesté britannique George II - les amiraux britanniques Boscawen et Mostyn - est la date précise qu'on met en branle les mesures à prendre pour la Déportation ainsi que les lieux où « distribuer » les Acadiens, étant donné que la décision de déporter les Acadiens avait déjà été déterminée d'avance (toujours selon le procès-verbal du 28 juillet) : *As it had been determined to send all the French inhabitants out of the Province if they refuse to take the oaths...*

C'est cette date fatidique que Patrimoine canadien a ciblée par le biais de la Proclamation royale de 2003, promulguée au nom d'Elizabeth II, pour que les Acadiens commémorent annuellement leur génocide.

Au bas mot, cette proclamation royale « canadienne » relève d'un nation-building fédéral des plus insidieux et étrange pour exonérer l'institution de la monarchie d'origine allemande qui règne séparément au Royaume-Uni et au Canada. Plus probant encore, cette date commémore les « hautes oeuvres » du génocide acadien, en premières lignes celles du sanguinaire Robert *Monckton*. Comment les Acadiens peuvent-ils accepter que l'université francophone cosmopolite qui forme leur jeunesse porte le nom de ce criminel de guerre camouflé sous la graphie de « Moncton »?

Pour faire valoir plutôt la date annuelle du 13 décembre à titre de « Jour du Souvenir acadien »

Le 13 décembre 1755 est la date précise de la journée la plus meurtrière des huit années du Grand Dérangement (1755-1762). Cette plus grande perte de vies a eu lieu lors de la noyade de presque 400 Acadiens à bord du *Duke William*, le pire d'un convoi de trois naufrages totalisant plus de 850 noyés survenus en cinq jours en décembre 1758 (du 12 décembre au 16 décembre : d'abord au large des Cornouailles, les 12 décembre (*Violet*) et 13 décembre (*Duke William*), et ensuite aux Açores le 16 décembre (*Ruby*). Ces naufrages ont coûté aux Acadiens plus de vies que n'importe quel autre événement du Grand Dérangement. La plupart de ceux-ci étaient des enfants dont l'âge moyen était d'environ 15 ans.

Il s'avère que des recueils de commémoration de cette journée la plus meurtrière du génocide acadien ont déjà et continuent à être observés depuis que M. Stephen White, généalogiste au Centre d'études acadiennes Anselme-Chiasson de l'Université de Moncton (*Monckton*), avait proposé en octobre 2000, lors du congrès de la Fédération des Associations de familles acadiennes (FAFA) : **Que le 13 décembre soit désigné comme le Jour du Souvenir acadien!** Cette proposition a fait du chemin depuis la toute première commémoration du « Jour du Souvenir acadien » qui eut lieu le 13 décembre 2004 à la chapelle Notre-Dame d'Acadie, au campus de l'Université de Moncton. S'ensuivirent des commémorations à Dieppe (2007), Memramcook (2009) et annuellement depuis 2008 à Port-Lajoie (en face de Charlottetown, Î.-P.-É.). En passant, un avantage de la date du 13 décembre à titre de Jour du Souvenir acadien est que

(Suite voir page 30)

Summer in New Hampshire

By: Timothy Beaulieu

It was well known that the Franco-American Centre (FACNH) holds an annual Saint-Jean Baptiste Day celebration as well as our Super Bowl – NH PoutineFest. That's not all we are up to over the summer! Our Festival d'été is a full three month celebration of French language, heritage and culture.

As a volunteer lead organization we are extremely fortunate to have such a dedicated team of volunteers. Over this past summer we were particularly lucky to have a group of very talented women leading the vast majority of our programs. One of our most active summers to date!

In the past our grandparents or great grandparents may have spoken French at home or had stories about what life was like for early immigrants. As each generation passes those immigration stories become more and more distant.

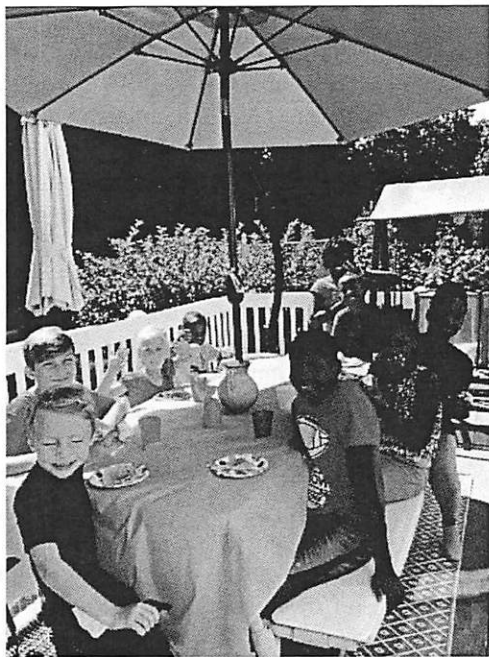
Most of our summer programs have

an eye to the future and bringing the French World to life for the new generation. Engaging children and introducing them to French at an early age can help foster a lifelong interest. Can we ever fully recreate the way it used to be? Probably not and that's ok. Organizations like ours have the ability to create a whole new thing.

Here are our summer programs that supported that cause:

Kids Camp de Jeunes Volunteer Organizers - Daniella Hind and Abby Snarski

In July, the Centre hosted its third annual Kids Camp de Jeunes. This camp is intended to teach children (6 to 12 years-old) about the French language and culture through playful and hands-on activities. For some of the children it is their first introduction to anything French.



*Kids Camp de Jeunes
July 2018*

Camp Bienvenue Volunteer Organizers - Lamienne Faverdieu and Abby Snarski

In early August, the Centre hosted its first annual "Camp Bienvenue." This program brings the Franco-American immigrant story full circle. Two to three generations ago our ancestors were coming

to a strange land, now their ancestors (us) can help welcome new French speakers to the United States. This camp is specifically designed for French speaking immigrant children.

Our first camp included eight young Haitian-American children. The goal of the camp is to provide the children a welcoming experience and familiarize them to their new
(Continued on page 31)

(SE DÉFAIRE DU 28 JUILLET INFÂME
DE PATRIMOINE
CANADIEN...suite de page 29)

c'est un jour où les écoles peuvent participer ce qui n'est jamais le cas pour le 28 juillet, privilégiant la saison des vacanciers.

Maintenant que des Acadiens ont pertinemment mis en branle leur propre *Jour du Souvenir* bien à eux, pourquoi Patrimoine canadien et le Parti libéral fédéral canadien persisteraient-ils à faire perdurer leur « Journée de commémoration du Grand Dérangement » sinon que pour nous rappeler annuellement les hautes œuvres infâmes du génocide acadien qui furent mises en branle dès le 28 juillet 1755. Un 28 juillet pas du tout commémorable...

De quel droit peut-on s'approprier le vécu transgénérationnel du peuple acadien pour lequel la famille royale britannique et son gouvernement de l'époque ont contemplé une « solution finale » ?

De quel droit moral aujourd'hui le gouvernement libéral majoritaire de Justin Trudeau utilise à tout bout de champ l'arme du surnom multiculturalisme canadien pour faire croire aux Acadiens et aux Acadiennes, à chaque 28 juillet, que la reine d'Angleterre s'est excusée pour les torts à leur endroit alors que c'est tout le contraire qu'on nous crache dans ladite Proclamation royale canadienne depuis 15 ans.

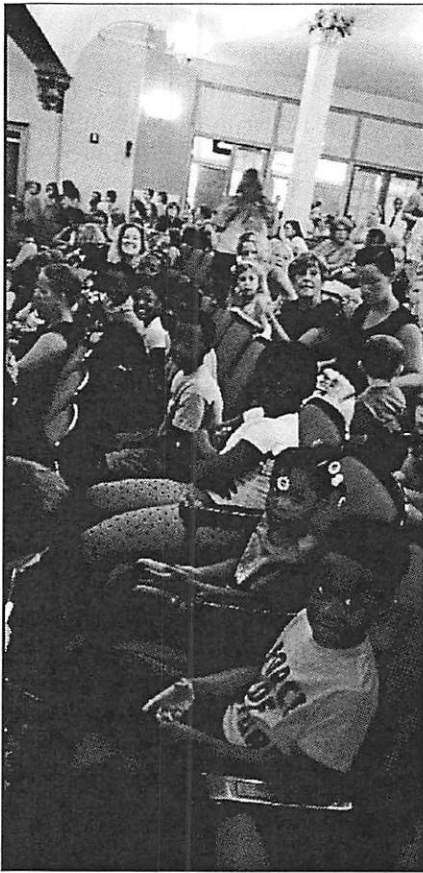
Pourtant ce peuple acadien est un des peuples fondateurs du Canada et non de l'immigration comme le préconise l'argumentaire toujours au nom du même multiculturalisme uniformisant invoqué par Justin Trudeau et les soudaines « nouvelles règles du jeu » de Mélanie Joly qui a dû récemment céder sa place à la barre de Patrimoine canadien... peut-être pour justifier de nouvelles règles de jeu asymétriques aux Langues officielles...

** Historien acadien originaire de l'Île-du-Prince-Édouard et diplômé en droit (1990) de l'Université de Moncton.*



(Summer in New Hampshire continued from page 30)

home in their mother tongue. Counselors took the students to the Palace Theatre, Currier Museum of Art and Northeast Delta Dental Stadium.



*Camp Bienvenue
August 2018*

Acadian Family fun day Volunteer Organizer - Nathalie Hirte

In mid-August, the Centre celebrated its fourth annual Acadian Family Fun Day. Though many in New England have Acadian Heritage it is not something that gets much attention in main stream discourse. Our event generally takes place around the time of National Acadian Day to shine a spot light on this distinct and proud history.

This year's event took place at Joppa Hill Farm in Bedford, NH. Families celebrated with picnic lunches, games, songs, and good times.



*Half Way to Mardi Gras
2018*

Half Way to Mardi Gras Volunteer Organizer - Carolyn Maheu

We capped off summer with our annual Half Way to Mardi Gras celebration. This event took place at Madear's in downtown Manchester.

Mardi Gras usually takes place during the worst weather time in NH. We thought why not celebrate it during the best weather time? It's a really great way for all of us to get together and celebrate all the hard work over the summer.

Timothy Beaulieu is a 30-something trustee of the Franco-American Centre of New Hampshire and founder of NH PoutineFest.



(They Came to Our Valley continued from page 27)

bury, Vermont (St Johnsbury Cowles Press, 1914), p 13.

40 Ibid.

41 Dunwell (n. 2 above), p.15.

42 Gerard Brault, *The French-Canadian Heritage in New England* (Hanover: University Press of New England, 1986), p. 54.

43 Wikoff (n.12 above), p. 108.

44 Ibid.

45 Ralph D. Vicero, *The Immigration of French-Canadians to New England* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: University of Wisconsin, 1969), p. 112. It is interesting to note that in 1870, fully half of the passenger revenues of the Worcester & Nashua Railroad were from French-Canadians. (p. 205)

46 Ibid. p. 164.

47 Michel Guignard, *La Foi- La Langue- La Culture* (1982), p. 1.

48 Horace Miner (n. 6 above), p.4.

49 Gerard Brault (n. 42 above), p.6.

50 Dyke Hendrickson, *Quiet Presence* (Portland: Guy Gannett, 1980), p 20.

51 Hendrickson (n. 50 above), p.18. They planted chiefly wheat.

52 Brault (n. 42 above), p.8.

53 Ibid., Hendrickson (n. 50 above), p.18.

54 Ibid., Children were often needed to work in the fields.

55 Ibid., p.17.

56 Brault (n. 42 above), p.8. We came three hundred years ago and we stayed.

57 Brault, p. 9.

58 Ibid., p.11.

59 Miner, St. Denis, p.63.

60 Brault (n. 42 above), p.11.

61 C. Stewart Doty (n. 1 above) p. 993.

62 Hendrickson, p. 18.

63 Brault (n.42 above), pp. 13-14.

64 Guignard (n. 47 above), p. 43.

65 Doty (n. 1 above), p. 144

66 Steve Dunwell (n. 2 above), p. 14.

67 Ibid., p.15.

68 Robert Leblanc, *Location of Manufacturing in New England in the 19th Century* (Hanover, N.H: Dartmouth College, 1969), p. 45.

69 Dunwell (n. 2 above), pp. 30 - 31.

70 Leblanc (n. 68 above), p. 50.

71 Ibid., p. 85.

72 Dunwell (n. 2 above), pp. 19-21.

73 Leblanc (n. 68 above), Around 1800, more than 100 children were working in Slater's Mill.

74 Dunwell (n.1 above), p. 97.

75 Ibid. p. 112.

76 Hendrickson, p. 32.

77 Ibid., p. 36.

78A bag boy is a type of unskilled laborer and a doffer removes (doffs) the finished product from a machine. Tamara Hareven, *Amoskeag* (New York: Pantheon, 1978) p. 396.

79Doty, *The First Franco-Americans*, pp.16-17. From the life history narrative of Philippe Lemay, written down in 1939.

80 Hendrickson, *Quiet Presence*, p. 8.

81Hareven, *Amoskeag*, p. 19.

82 Doty (n.1 above), p.153.

83 Guignard, *La Foi - La Langue- La Culture*, p. 101.

84 Dunwell, *The Run of the Mill*, p. 116.

85 Hendrickson (n. 2 above), p. 37.

86 Translation of a line from a poem by William Chapman.

87 Hendrickson (n 2 above), p. 2.

A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

The natural seasons of Summer and Fall and the Catholic liturgical season of Sundays in Ordinary Time are the subjects of my fourth, and likely, last installment, on Franco-American literature and culture, as published by the National Materials Development Center for French, abbreviated as NMDC. The next installment will likely be a supplement that will accompany the standard issue of *Le Forum*. Like the preceding three installments, the ten books that are examined for the article are 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 gaspillé dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère* by Betty A. Lausier Lindsay.

After the third installment to the series was published in *Le Forum*, I realized that I omitted a piece of prose that could have been included under the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. The piece is chapter seven of part two, which is entitled: "Le 24 juin 1874," within the novel *Jeanne la fileuse* by Honoré Beaugrand, where the heroine of the novel, Jeanne Girard, witnesses the festivities in Montreal. However, the same chapter is truncated to an editorial gloss on page 40 in volume one of the *Anthologie*.

Also after the third installment of the series was published in *Le Forum*, I discovered a poem that should have been listed under the Feast of Corpus Christi, which is "Chanson intellectual" by Louis Dantin, the nom de plume of Eugene Seers (1865-1945), and found on pages 58 to 63 of volume nine of the *Anthologie*. The poem has 37 quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab, and the quatrains are divided into four sections, five in the first section, six in the second section, ten in the third section, and sixteen in the fourth section. The poem is a meditation on the Feast of Corpus Christi, and by extension, a mediation on the Eucharist and Transubstantiation. The

opening image is a Eucharistic procession on the Feast of Corpus Christi, and the closing image returns to the Eucharistic procession in the final line: "Portent la Verité comme une Eucharistie," which means in English: "Carrying the Truth as a Eucharist." Since Eucharistic processions are rather rare today,



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

they are typically held after the mass on the Feast of Corpus Christi, and the procession is led by two thurifers, followed by the priest holding the Eucharist within a monstrance, also called an ostensorium, flanked by two acolytes holding candles, followed by the parish choir, and then followed by the laity of the parish. The hands of the priest cannot be seen holding the monstrance, because they are covered by a humeral veil, which is a long strip of cloth, where both ends are wrapped around his hands, and the loop of the cloth extends over his arms and shoulders. The monstrance, and the priest, are shaded by a ceremonial umbrella, called an ombrellino, carried by another acolyte. A Eucharistic procession may occur within the aisles of a church, or outdoors on the church grounds, or a few blocks around the church,

which may be seen at parishes within a city, or decades ago, in the villages of French Canada, a circuit around the village center, or even around the village itself. The purpose of a Eucharistic procession is that Jesus Christ Himself, through the Eucharist in the monstrance, blesses the area around the procession. Hence, the farms in the villages of French Canada would be blessed annually during the Corpus Christi processions.

Unlike the previous installments in the series, the Catholic liturgical season throughout Summer and Fall is just one season, Sundays in Ordinary Time, and the liturgical color is green. The astute readers of *Le Forum* would know that Sundays in Ordinary Time begins in January with the Second Sunday in Ordinary Time, which is the Sunday after the Feast of the Baptism of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and lasts until Fat Tuesday, Mardi Gras, the day before the beginning of Lent on Ash Wednesday. The Sundays in Ordinary Time return in the Spring or Summer with consecutive numbering on the Sunday after the Feast of Corpus Christi, and culminate with the Feast of Christ, King of the Universe, which is the last Sunday of the liturgical year. The following Sunday is the first Sunday of the liturgical year, the First Sunday of Advent, and the liturgical color is purple. When the Franco-American authors were alive, and writing their texts that were later published in the *Anthologie*, the liturgical season of Sundays in Ordinary Time were called either the Sundays after Epiphany, or Sundays after Pentecost, and the liturgical color for both seasons is green. The Sundays after Epiphany start with the Second Sunday after Epiphany and end on the Sunday before Septuagesima Sunday, which occurs three Sundays before Ash Wednesday. The Sundays after Pentecost begin on the Third Sunday after Pentecost, which is the Sunday after the Feast of Corpus Christi, and end with the Last Sunday after Pentecost, which is the Sunday before the First Sunday in Advent. The earlier name for the liturgical seasons of Sundays after Epiphany and Sundays after Pentecost are still used for the liturgy known as the Extraordinary Form of the Mass, or in Latin, *Missa Extraordinariae Formae*, while the current liturgical season of Sundays in Ordinary Time, are from the current New Order of the Mass, or in Latin, *Novus Ordo Missae*. Although the name of the Last Sunday after Pentecost may have humble name, the Gospel reading is from
(Continued on page 33)

(A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 32)

Matthew 24:15-35, and the culminating image of the passage is the end of time, said in the last line of the Gospel passage: "Coelum et terra transibunt, verba autem mea non praeteribunt," which translates into English as: "Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away." The aforementioned Feast of Christ, King of the Universe in the current Novus Ordo Rite, was originally celebrated as the Feast of the Kingship of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Missae Extraordinariae Formae, and it is held on the last Sunday of October, which could fall from October 25 to October 31. Pope Pius XI instituted the feast in an encyclical issued on December 11, 1925, entitled "Quas primas," and the feast day was first held in October 1926. The Gospel reading is from John 18:33-37, when Christ was before Pilate and He declares to Pilate: "Regnum meum non est de hoc mundo," which means in English: "My Kingdom is not of this world."

During the Summer and the Fall, whether in the Sundays in Ordinary Time, or Sundays after Pentecost, there are only two holy days of obligation – the Feast of the Assumption of Mary on August 15 and the Feast of All Saints on November 1. Curiously, there are no poems, nor references in the prose of either holy day of obligation in the nine volumes of the *Anthologie*, which is especially odd for the Assumption of Mary, since it is the national holiday for the Acadians. Rather, Catholic holy days which are not holy days of obligation are listed, such as the Feast of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus (October 3), and All Souls' Day (November 2), and the Feast of St. Catherine (November 25). Moreover, secular holidays are more prominent, Bastille Day (July 14), Labor Day (First Monday of September), Armistice Day or Veterans' Day (November 11), and Thanksgiving (Fourth Thursday of November). The season of Fall, which begins on the Autumnal Equinox on September 22, and ends with the Winter Solstice on December 21, has the most poems of the four seasons in the *Anthologie*, a total of eight, and the likely reason that Fall is the most colorful season of the year in New England, when the leaves on the trees become an array of colors.

The significance of Labor Day in the history of Franco-Americans has been effectively ignored, largely because the

meaning of Labor Day has greatly changed from the early 20th Century until now. In the late 19th and the early 20th Centuries, Labor Day was a day when labor unions would hold parades in the streets of cities, and carry banners of a political nature about the significance of their labor. For example, the *Boston Globe* reported on Tuesday, September 5, 1899, under the headline: "4731 Men In Line: Labor Day Parade Calls Forth Cheers of Thousands," that the Mayor of Boston, Josiah Quincy of the Democratic Party, reviewed the parade that passed through Copley Square. (Notice that the headline has an exact number of men who were in the parade, while today, the headline would have a rounded number, 4,700, and the exact number would be found in the body of the text of the report itself.) The report included illustrations of the political signs that were carried in the parade, such as: "Organized Labor Speaks Humanity's Cause." After the parade, there were outdoor social activities, such as baseball games and picnics, sponsored by the same labor unions that had organized the parade. On the same Labor Day in the same city, but in the Parker House, La Société Historique Franco-Américaine was formed when J. Henri Guillet of Lowell, Mass., was elected President of the organization, along with eight other men to eight other offices, as written by Antoine Clement in his "Historique," which is found in the 878-page book, *Les Quarante Ans de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine, 1899-1939*. Despite the significance of Labor Day to the foundation of La Société Historique Franco-Américaine, Antoine Clement did not mention the organization was formed on the holiday.

The Franco-American Authors The Season of Summer – June 21 to September 22



Rosaire Dion-Lévesque (1900-1974)

wrote a poem entitled "Canicule," which is found on pages 170 to 171 in volume nine of the *Anthologie*. The title of the poem, "Canicule," is the same word in English, and it pertains to the dog-days of Summer, from July 24 to August 24, when the brightest star in the sky, Sirius, which is within the constellation of Canis Major, Latin for "the Big Dog," rises with the Sun. The poem is written in 24 lines of free verse, with an intermittent rhyme scheme. After the title of the poem is a quote from the book, *The Imitation of Jesus Christ*, written by Thomas à Kempis, circa 1418 to 1427, and the subject of the quote is about the struggle with temptation. Dion-Lévesque tells the reader of how he struggles with the pleasures of Summer, as stated in the twelfth line: « Alcool des jours, et absinthes des nuits, » which is in English: "Alcohol in the day, and absinthe at night." In the seventeenth and eighteenth lines of the poem, he addresses Summer as the source of his temptations: « Été! Tu chasses de ma maison/ La foi qui s'obstine à demeurer raison. » A translation of the quote is: "Summer! You hunt from my house/ The faith with persists in dwelling [with] reason."

Bastille Day – July 14



Eugène Brault (1871-1936) wrote a one-act play entitled "J.P. Marat : Assassiné le 13 juillet, 1793, par Charlotte Corday" which is found on pages 18 to 26 in volume three of the *Anthologie*. The Cercle National Dramatique first performed the play on February 17, 1897 in Woonsocket, R.I. The text of the play was formerly published in 1899 in a book of poetry entitled *Amicis* by Brault, but under his nom de plume of Jean Gaston, as cited in the biography of Eugène Brault and the bibliography of the said volume. The

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(A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 33) play is listed under Bastille Day because it is set on the eve of the French holiday, but it is clear that the play was written by a faithful Catholic who did not share the goals of the French Revolution. J.P. Marat is portrayed as a murderous villain who declares himself an enemy of the Roman Catholic Church. In contrast, Charlotte Corday declares herself, in the final lines of the play, a heroine who saved the people of France, just as the heroine Judith of the Old Testament saved the Jewish people, by killing the Babylonian General Holofernes, while he slept in his tent. (It should be noted that the Book of Judith is found in the Catholic Bible, but not in the vast majority of Protestant translations of the Bible.) The entire play is written in rhyming couplets, even the dialogue between Charlotte Corday and J.P. Marat.

Labor Day – The First Monday of September Part One – The Novels

It is significant that the first Franco-American novel is about labor, and it is also significant that the central character is a woman, Jeanne Girard, who is Jeanne la fileuse, or in English, Joan the Textile Worker. The primary reason French-Canadians emigrated from Canada to the New England States is for jobs where they would get paid for their labor. Each of the three novels could be considered as examples of the social problem novel, for in each, the heroine struggles in a meager existence at a mill, and the reader is meant to feel sympathy for the heroine, and anger on how the capitalist system has constrained the heroine through economic hardship.



Honoré Beaugrand, (1848-1906).

published his novel, *Jeanne la fileuse*, in 1878 in Fall River, Massachusetts, and only four years after the Granite Mill Fire in Fall River of September 19, 1874, which is the subject of chapter nine of the novel, entitled: "L'Incendie de 'Granite Mill,'" found on pages 168 to 175 in the complete publication of the novel by the NMDC, and which is summarized as an editorial gloss on page 44 in volume one of the *Anthologie*. The reader will note that that Beaugrand quoted from a report about the fire that was first published in his own newspaper, *L'Echo du Canada*, as found on pages 169 to 175 of the novel. The apparent love-interest of Jeanne Girard, the heroine of the novel, is Michel Dupuis, who is killed in the fire while trying to save the lives of his fellow workers. The tragedy of the fire was national news, for the *Boston Daily Globe*, published the headline on page one on September 20, 1874 that: "A Shocking Calamity: A Woolen Mill Burned and Forty Lives Lost." The same day, the *Chicago Daily Tribune* printed the headline: "Sad Calamity. Burning of Large Cotton Mill in Fall River, Mass.: Forty Young Girls Lose Their Lives and Eighty More or Less Injured." The *Hartford Daily Courant* also reported on the tragedy, and published an editorial about the verdict of the inquest: "... The mill was well-equipped with fire escapes and appliances for extinguishing [the] flames, except for the sixth story. As a preventative of further disasters, it is recommended that mills should be so arranged that an alarm sounded in one portion shall be repeated in all other apartments. This is the substance of the verdict." The editor of the *Hartford Daily Courant* advocated for practice fire-drills periodically in the textile mills, for they: "... would teach the women, and the men too, not to lose their heads, [...] and to know just what should be done." The final sentence of the editorial implied that a majority of the laborers in the mills were women and children, which was another reason for the fire-drills: "It is equally desirable where women and children are employed, for more than half of such employees would [otherwise] be unable in the usual excitement [better known as panic] attending a fire to make use of the ordinary means of escape." ("The Fall River Verdict," *Hartford Daily Courant*, October 5, 1874, page 2.)



Emma Dumas, (1857-1926), first published her novel, *Mirbah*, in serial form through *La Justice* of Holyoke, Massachusetts, from 1910 to 1912. Ernest Guillet revealed in his doctoral dissertation, *French Ethnic Literature and Culture in an American City: Holyoke, Massachusetts* (University of Massachusetts, 1979), that Emma Dumas paid Joseph Lussier, the Editor of *La Justice*, to publish the installments of her novel. Guillet also revealed that in August 1949, Joseph Lussier wrote a letter to Dr. Gabriel Nadeau, in which he stated how he regretted the deal, because he thought her novel was an inferior piece of writing, which is found on page 287 of the dissertation. Guillet examined *Mirbah* as an attempt at literature within a well-established ethnic community in the City of Holyoke, as found on pages 286 to 305, but he did not examine the theme of labor in the novel. The labor of teachers is found in chapter six, as found in the title: « Rendre le peuple meilleur – Religion, Science, Liberté, Progrès (Devise de l'École Normale à Québec). » A translation of the title is: "To Render the People Better - Religion, Science, Liberty, Progress (Motto of the Normal School in Quebec)." Chapter six is found on pages 124 to 162 in the complete edition of the novel published by the NMDC, and summarized as an editorial gloss on page 155 in volume four of the *Anthologie*. It should be noted that Emma Dumas herself was a teacher. Chapter eleven does not have a title, but opens with a quote: « L'Opulence, enfant du Labeur, doit, fière de son origine, forcer l'écrivain d'en parler. » A translation of the quote is: "Wealth, the child of Labor, should, proud of its origin, force the writer to speak about it." Dumas did not give a citation to her opening quote, but it sounds like a catch-phrase from the labor movement of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The opening scene of chapter eleven takes place in the William Skinner
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and Sons Silk Manufacturing Company in Holyoke. Chapter eleven is found on pages 228 to 237 of the complete version of the novel by the NMDC, and redacted to six pages, as found on pages 198 to 204 in volume four of the *Anthologie*.



Camille Lessard-Bissonnette, (1883-1970), initially published her novel, *Canuck*, in serial form in 1938, and later in the same year, in book form. In the first chapter, entitled: « La vie du moulin, » which translates as: "Life in the Mills," we, the readership, are taken into the harsh existence of the Labranche family, who were forced to move from their farm in Quebec to a squalid apartment in Lowell, Massachusetts, in order to work twelve hours a day in the textile mills. The central character of the novel is the teenage daughter of the Labranche family, Victoria Labranche, whose nickname is Vic. The opening chapter is found on pages one to twelve in the complete version of the novel that was published by the NMDC, and also complete on pages 165 to 176 in volume eight of the *Anthologie*. In contrast to first chapter in the mill city, chapter nine of *Canuck*, entitled « Le Père l'Allumette, » which means in English: "Father Matchstick," takes place on the family farm in Quebec, where the local priest would aid the health of the people and their livestock with herbal and folk remedies, which are found on pages 79 to 81 of the complete version of the novel, and which is omitted in volume eight of the *Anthologie*. One can question the remedies that were supposed to cure rheumatism, diabetes, jaundice, hardening of the arteries, weak lungs, kidney disease, dropsy, blocked intestines, pleurisy, diarrhea, neuralgia, stomach ulcers, and abscesses, but Betty A. Lausier Lindsay wrote about home cures on page 23 in her book, *Nothing Went to*

Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspillé dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère, which addressed the more common problems of sore throat, colds, fever, diarrhea, upset stomach, bruises and cuts, mumps, and the preventative called the Yearly Vitamin, which consisted of "a large dose of 'sulfur molasses.'" Unlike the lost-love of Jeanne Girard in *Jeanne la fileuse*, where the beloved dies in a fire, *Canuck* has a fairy-tale ending for Vic Labranche, who ends the novel, married, and about to travel on a honeymoon to South America.

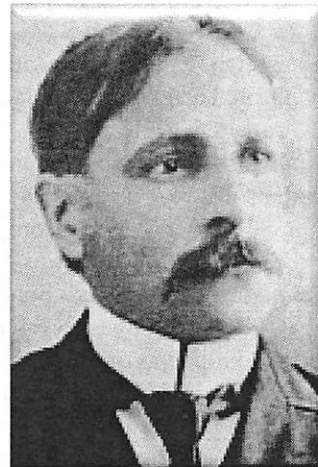
Camille Lessard-Bissonnette is the subject of a doctoral dissertation which was published as a book in 1998, entitled *Camille Lessard-Bissonnette: The Quiet Revolution of French-Canadian Immigrants in New England* by Janet L. Schideler (Peter Land Publishing, Inc.: New York, 1998, 239 pages). In 2006, *Canuck* was translated into English by Sue Huseman and Sylvie Charon, and published in the book, *Canuck and Other Stories*, edited by Rhea Côté Robbins (Rheta Press: Brewer, Maine, 2006, 277 pages).

Part Two – The Poetry and Songs



Charles R. Daoust (1865-1924), a reporter and an editor of several Franco-American newspapers over the course of his career, wrote the lyrics to a song entitled: « La chanson de la grève, » which means in English: "The Strike Song," which is found on pages 185 to 186 in volume three of the *Anthologie*. The melody of the song is taken from the song: « Sur le grand mât d'une corvette. » Daoust wrote the lyrics in 1903 and dedicated them to his friend Alfred Daigle, the former President of the Weavers' Union in Lowell. The song demonstrates the original meaning of Labor Day, when laborers demonstrated their significance in society with parades, unlike the marketed celebration of Labor Day of today, which is associated with picnics, family cook-outs,

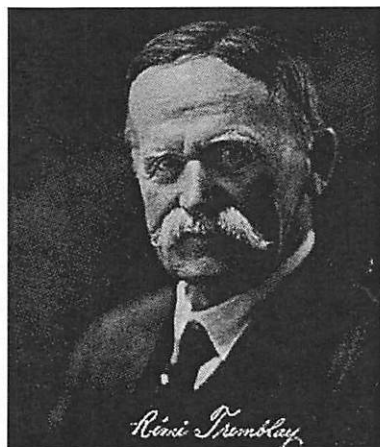
and the beginning of the school year. The first four lines of the first verse set the tone of the song: « Chantons ensemble, amis grévistes, La bonne chanson du métier! Ils vivent gras, capitalistes, Aux dépens de pauvre ouvrier! » The translation of the text is: "Sing together, fellow strikers, the good song of trade! The live fat, the capitalists, to the detriment of the poor worker!"



Dr. Joseph Amédée Girouard (1865-1938) wrote a poem entitled « Le travail de l'enfance, » which is found on pages 43 to 44 of volume four of the *Anthologie*, and it was previously published in his book of poetry, *Au fil de la vie. Recueil de poésies* (Lewiston, Maine, 1909, 150 pages), as noted in the bibliography section of the volume. It is written in nine quintets with a rhyme scheme of abaab, and the title of the poem translates into English as "The Labor of Childhood," and the poem itself describes the cruelty of child labor in the factory. Also in volume four of the *Anthologie*, on pages 47 and 48, is the poem entitled « La chanson des ouvrières » by Dr. Girouard, which is written in seven octets, with a rhyme scheme of abbaacddc. The title of the poem, which in English is: "The Song of the Working Women," but since the feminine noun is not age specific, it could also be translated as: "The Song of the Working Girls." The image of song is reiterated in the third octet, where the metaphor of birds in the trees, sing while they work, is introduced into the poem. The poem is loaded with irony, for the speakers of the poem are young girls in the textile mill, as identified in the first octet, and they sing while at work, for they know that they cannot cry, otherwise they would not be able to see their looms, as said in the sixth octet. The penance of work is stated in the last octet, which echoes God's curse of toil onto Adam when he was expelled from (Continued on page 36)

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Eden, as found in Genesis 3:17-19: « Ne trouvons-nous pas que partout, Le travail est la loi divine? » A translation of the quote is: “Do we not find, above all, work is divine law?” Here again is another instance of irony, for God cursed Adam, symbolic of all men, with the harshness of work, and not girls, while in the modern age contemporary to Dr. Girouard, it is the girls who toil in the textile mills. James Myall wrote an excellent article about the two poems by Dr. Girouard in his article entitled: “Poetry from the Lewiston Mills of 1909,” which was published in the *Bangor Daily News* on Sunday, September 3, 2017, the day before Labor Day in 2017. Both poems are published in the original French and in English translation, but it should be noted that the poem « La chanson des ouvrières, » is translated as “The Song of the Drones,” in Myall’s article, which is also accurate, for « ouvrières » can mean worker bees. The two poems by Dr. Girouard demonstrate a greater depth to his poetry than the one sentence description by Pierre Anctil in his book *A Franco-American Bibliography: New England*, where on page 42, Girouard’s book of poetry is described as: “Poetry by a Franco-American doctor who wrote as an outlet from the weariness of long hours of work.”



Rémi Tremblay, (1847-1926), wrote a song entitled « La chant de l’ouvrier, » which is found on pages 282 to 283 of volume one of the *Anthologie*. The bibliography section of volume one of the *Anthologie* does not clearly identify the original publication of the poem, but it was formerly published in the book *Boutades et rêveries* (Fall River, Massachusetts, 1893, 320 pages), on pages 277 to 282. A translation of the title of the

poem into English is: “The Song of the Worker,” or, since the second noun is masculine: “The Song of the Working Man.” In a simple glance of the text, it has the form of the lyrics of a song, with a refrain, but neither publication has a melody for the lyrics to the song, either written as a score, or identified as the melody from another song. Each of the four verses are written in octets, with a rhyme scheme of ababcbcd, and the refrain is a quatrain of efef. The song extols the virtues of work, which is demonstrated in the refrain: « Du fainéant le vieux sceptre se brise/ De l’exploiteur abolissons l’emploi. Gloire au travail! Honte à qui le méprise/ Ou se soustrait à sa divine loi! » A translation of the quote is: “Of the idler, the old scepter breaks itself/ Of the exploiter, we abolish the job/ Glory to work! Shame to those who despise it, or to those who elude his divine law!” Notice the now forgotten catch phrase that equated work with divine law is written positively by Tremblay, and ironically by Girouard.

Part Three – The Sermon



Rev. Henri Beaudet (1870-1930) of the Diocese of Manchester, New Hampshire, gave a sermon on Labor Day, 1913, for the tenth congress of the Association Canado-Américaine, abbreviated as the ACA, a fraternal insurance company run by and for Franco-Americans, and which was established in 1896 in Manchester, N.H. Rev. Beaudet gave the sermon on Monday, September 1, 1913 in St. Mary’s Church in Manchester, N.H., and the title of the sermon is the same as the motto found on the crest of the ACA: “Religion, Patriotisme, Fraternité,” and the sermon is found on pages 354 to 366 in volume five of the *Anthologie*. The structure of the sermon opens with a quote in Latin from the Gospel of St. Matthew, which is immediately translated into French, following by an introduction, followed by three sections, each subject taken from the motto of the ACA, for the first



“The emblem of the Association Canado-Américaine (ACA) in Manchester, N.H. One can see within the crest images of the flag of the Province of Quebec, the American eagle, a bundle of arrows with an arm welding a hammer, and two hands interlocked in a handshake. Below the crest is the motto of the ACA: “Religion, Patriotisme, Fraternité.” The image is taken from the back cover of the 180-page book by Gérald Robert, *Musée de L’Association Canado-Américaine*, published by the ACA in 1987.

section is about religion, the second is about patriotism, and the third is about fraternity. Of course, the religion is Catholicism, the patriotism is patriotism for the United States of America, and fraternity is the respect and willingness to help others, as taught by Jesus Christ, and therefore, a basic teaching of the Catholic Church.

The sermon by Rev. Beaudet is a study on how Catholic priests often deal with secular holidays, by both acknowledging them, and side-stepping them. Rev. Beaudet acknowledged Labor Day by the very act of giving the sermon on Labor Day, but he side-stepped the secular and political meaning of the holiday, with the opening quote: “Quarite primum regnum Dei,” which means in English: “Seek Ye first the Kingdom of God,” from Matthew 6:33 In the regular set of readings for the liturgical calendar of Sunday readings, the quoted Gospel passage is read on the Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost, three weeks earlier than the readings that occurred the day before on Sunday, August 31, 1913, which was the Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost. The entire Gospel passage for the Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost is Matthew 6:24-33, while the Gospel passage for the Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost is Matthew 22:34-46. The only time the word “travail” or any of its cognates appear in the entire sermon is found in the first section of the sermon, which has religion as its main topic, and the passage is found on page 356 of volume five of the (Continued on page 37)

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Anthologie. The entire sentence in French is: « En d'autres termes, notre appel à l'ordre surnaturel nous fait un devoir de travailleur, d'abord et avant tout, à acquérir le plus possible de vérités religieuses et à pénétrer toujours plus profondément dans la sphère sublime au sein de laquelle Dieu habite. » A translation of the quote is: "In other words, our call to supernatural order makes us a duty to be workmen, first and above all, to acquire the most possible of religious truths and to penetrate always most deeply into the sublime sphere in the breast where God resides." Notice how Rev. Beaudet used the word "travailleur," "workman" in English, within the context of working to find religious truths, which is ultimately connected to the quotation: "Quarite primum regnum Dei," "Seek Ye first the Kingdom of God," as the ultimate objective in life.

Rev. Henri Beaudet published 24 books and monographs from 1903 to 1929 under his nom de plume, Henri d'Arles, as listed in his biography on pages 277 to 278 in volume five of the *Anthologie*. In 1907, he became a member of the Académie française, and in 1922, he won the Richelieu Award from the Académie française for his three-volume history: *Acadie: Reconstitution d'un chapitre perdu de l'histoire d'Amérique*.

The Season of Fall – September 22 to December 21 Part One – The Poetry

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote five poems about the season of Fall, all of which are found in volume nine of the *Anthologie*. "Paysage autumnal" is found on page 176, and it is composed of fifteen lines with a rhyme scheme of abba cddc eff gee f, as if it were a sonnet with an additional line. After the title is a one sentence quote from an uncited text by André Dumas. "Vent d'automne..." is found on page 177, and it is composed of four quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab. Notice that the title has an ellipse. "Spleen d'automne" is found on page 178, and it is a sonnet with a rhyme scheme of abab abab cdc cdc. After the title of the poem is a quote of four lines from an uncited work by the French poet Francis Jammes (1868-1938). "Chant d'automne" is found on page 179, and it is composed of six sets of couplets, with a rhyme scheme of

ab ab cd cd ef ef. "Automne" is found on page 180, and it is composed in 24 lines of free verse, arranged as a quatrain, an octet, a quintet, and a triplet, all of irregular length, and without a rhyme scheme.



Dr. Joseph-Hormisdas Roy (1865-1931) wrote two poems about Fall which are found in volume three of the *Anthologie*. "Voix d'automne" is found on pages 210 to 211, and it is composed of seven quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abba. "Pensées d'automne" is found on pages 212 to 214, and it is divided into two sections, the first section is composed of nine quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab, and the second section is composed of five stanzas of varying lengths – a quintet (abaab), a sestet (ccdeed), an eleven-line stanza that could be considered a combined quintet (abaab) and sestet (ccdde), then a quatrain (abab), and a sestet (abaaba). The eleven-line stanza is not a misprint in volume three of the *Anthologie*, for it is found on page four of the original publication of *Voix étranges* by J.H. Roy (Lowell, Mass.; L'Etoile et Cie, 1902), 206 pages.



Dr. Philippe Sainte-Marie (1875-1931) wrote a poem about Fall, entitled "Automne," and it is found on pages 251 to 252 in volume six of the *Anthologie*. It is

composed of eight quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab, and a concluding sestet with a rhyme scheme of ababcc.

Part Two – The Short Story

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote a descriptive mood-piece in four pages of prose about an evening in the Fall, entitled: "Soir d'automne," which is found on pages 302 to 305 in volume nine of the *Anthologie*.

Feast of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus – October 3

Charles R. Daoust wrote a poem entitled "La rosière celeste," which is found on pages 187 to 188 of volume three of the *Anthologie*. It was previously published in his book of poetry, *Au Seuil du Crépuscule* (Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, 1924). It is an acrostic poem of 34 lines with a shifting rhyme scheme that spells the name: "Bienheureuse Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus," which translates into English as: "Blessed Theresa of the Child Jesus." The first nineteen lines have a rhyme scheme of abab, and the last ends with an "a" rhyme since the set of lines is an odd number. The next two lines, the "de," are a couplet. The next eight lines have a rhyme scheme of abab cddc, and the concluding five lines are a quintet of aabba. The subject of the poem is Thérèse Martin of Alençon, France, who entered a Carmelite Order of Nuns in Lisieux, France at the age of fifteen. In her religious life, she took the name of Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus, which in English is Theresa of the Child Jesus, and she died at the age of 24 in 1897. She was beatified in 1923, hence the title of "Bienheureuse," or "Blessed," before her name in the poem, but Charles R. Daoust, who died on November 17, 1924, did not live to see her canonized as a saint on May 17, 1925 by Pope Pius XI. Although she died on September 30, 1897, her feast day is on October 3. The poem is dedicated to Irene Farley who advocated for the canonization of Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus. Marcelle Y. Chenard, Ph.D., published an essay about Irene Farley through the French Institute at Assumption College in Worcester, Mass., entitled: "Irene Farley, a Franco-American lay missionary, including a descriptive study of the 'Missionary Rosebuds of Saint Therese' – Origin and Development (1922-1988)," which is found in the book: *Religion Catholique et Appartenance Franco-Américaine* (Continued on page 38)

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ainel Franco-Americans and Religion: Impact and Influence, edited by Claire Quintal, Ph.D., 1993, 202 pages.

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote a poem entitled « Petite tapisserie pour Thérèse de Lisieux, » which is found on pages 138 to 139 in volume nine of the *Anthologie*. The translation of the title of the poem into English is: "A little tapestry for Theresa of Lisieux." The poem is dedicated to Mère Marie de la Miséricorde, who is not further identified by Dion-Lévesque. It is written in 22 lines of free verse, with instances of rhyme, couplets in lines five and six, nine and ten, and fifteen and sixteen, with a triplet in lines seventeen to nineteen. St. Theresa of the Child Jesus is often depicted as holding roses with a crucifix of Jesus Christ, and in Catholic lore, she wanted to cast graces to the people of Earth, after her death, like roses descending from Heaven. In the second to last line in the poem, Dion-Lévesque addressed her as: "The Rose," but in the opening sestet of the poem, he described how she weaved goodness in her life in the monastery: « – Sur la rugueuse toile/ De sa vie monastique, Thérèse tisse/ Sur la trame de ses instants – / – bleu, rouge et blanc/ Bonheur, amour, patience. » A translation of the quote is: "– About the rough toil/ Of her monastic life, / Theresa weaves/ On the fabric of her moments – / – blue, red and white, /Happiness, love, patience."

The Death of the Hippie – October 7-9, 1967

For those readers of *Le Forum* who wish to celebrate, at least in thought, the anniversary of an unofficial, whether religious or secular, holiday that itself was organized as a mock holiday, should remember the mock funeral ceremony of the Death of the Hippie, which was celebrated on the cited dates, in the epicenter of Hippie Culture, in the Haight-Ashbury section of San Francisco, California. John Bassett McCleary, in his 704-page book, *The Hippie Dictionary: A Cultural Encyclopedia (and Phraseicon) of the 1960s and the 1970s* (Ten Speed Press: Berkeley, Cal., 2004), explained the purpose of the event, in his words on page 126: "[It was] Performed by hippies who were disillusioned with the direction in which the

hippie culture was headed...." He further explained that by the Summer of 1967: "... many people joined the hippie life for sex, drugs and rock and roll alone, [while] ignoring social and political issues. True hippies felt the new arrivals had missed the point [of the cultural and political movement.]" In the final sentence of his own definition of the event, McCleary identified himself as among the True Hippies, and their ideology, for he wrote: "I agree; yet anyone who was around for the rest of the decade or the 1970s knows that the hippie did not die in October 1967." Just one proof of his last statement is found on pages 571 to 572, under his entry for the rock concert of Woodstock, which was billed as: "Three Days of Peace and Music," and occurred on August 15 to 17, 1969 on Max Yasgur's 600-acre farm just outside of Woodstock, New York. The three-day rock concert could be considered an ephemeral city, for attendance peaked at an estimated 400,000 people. The concert film, *Woodstock*, directed by Michael Wadleigh, not only has nearly three hours of music from the concert, but shown aspects of the Hippie Culture, such as the singer Joan Baez noting on stage that she was pregnant, something which middle-class woman at the time did not normally discuss in public, as well as incidental scenes, such as collective naked bathing in a pond, or the brief interview with the janitor of the Port-O-San, who remarks to the camera that he has one son at the concert, and another son in Vietnam.

From my own experience, I do remember seeing Hippies on the streets of Hartford, Connecticut in the early 1970s, and their numbers diminished in 1972, even less in 1974, and effectively gone by 1976. I remember one incident of innocent goodwill, which was an aspect of Hippie Culture, that occurred one Summer's early evening when I was around ten years old, in 1974 or 1975. I was sitting in the backseat on the passenger's side of our 1966 Plymouth Fury III, my father behind the steering wheel, and my mother in the passenger's side of the front, and we were waiting at the light, northbound on Main Street in Hartford, not far from the Butler-McCook Homestead. A dingy car in the right-hand lane pulled-up, but diagonally in back of our car. It was driven by a man and woman couple, wearing some Hippie clothes, with the man in the driver's seat, and in the back seat was apparently their daughter, sitting on the driver's side, with the window rolled down. She also was about ten years old,

with straight blond hair. She saw me, and with her left hand, she reached out to give me a daisy, that was placed in a green-glass Seven-Up bottle. I reached out the grab it, but my right arm was not long enough. I tried again, and my father inched the car forward. The father in the other car, inched his car forward, and again, I tried to get the gift, but I could not reach it. (I should note here that I was resting my body on the door at the hip, while I held on the frame of the door with my left hand, a rather dangerous act that was not illegal then, for there were no safety-belt laws at the time.) A third time, I almost was able to grab the bottle, but the light apparently had changed, and my father stepped on the gas, and off we went. I let out an "Aww man!!," as I cast myself into the back seat, and my father, a total square, sternly remarked to me: "Albert, you don't want that." I tried to explain to my father what transpired, but the point was moot.

Unlike my innocent, and perhaps amusing anecdote of an encounter with the daughter of Hippie parents, there was one Franco-American author and poet who may have liked to have seen the death of the Hippie, Rosaire Dion-Lévesque, for he had a pejorative view of them, as found in his poem, « La mort de la maison, » found on page 238 in volume nine of the *Anthologie*. It is written in 20 lines of free verse, with an intermittent rhyme scheme of couplets and even a triplet. The first two lines of the poem set the scene: « La vieille maison se meurt/ d'une mort lent et gangreneuse..., » which translates as: "The old house dies away/ a slow and gangrenous death...." Lines 12 to 15, a quatrain, have the almost amusing metaphor, where people are used as a metaphor to describe plants: « Les bois avoisinants/ on envahi jardins et gazon/ Les haies jadis bien taillées/ Sont des 'hippies' sauvages, échevelés. » A translation of the quote is: "The neighboring woods/ have over-run the gardens and the grass:/ The hedges formerly were well-cut/ Are [now] some 'hippies' wild, disheveled." The poem was previously published in the October 6, 1970 issue of the periodical, *L'information Médicale et Paramédicale*, in Montreal, Canada, as cited on page 361 of the bibliography in volume nine of the *Anthologie*.

All Souls' Day – November 2

One of curiosities of the *Anthologie* is that there are no poems about All Saints' (Continued on page 39)

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Day, November 1, which is a holy day of obligation in the Catholic Church, but there are three poems in the *Anthologie* about All Souls' Day, November 2, which is not a holy day of obligation. A possible reason for the three poems by the two poets is that both men were faithful Catholic laymen who believed that the prayers by the living can aid the souls in Purgatory, the souls of good people who are in a state of penance due their venial sins with they carried with them into the afterlife. The objective of the mass on All Souls' Day is to pray for the souls in Purgatory, in order to help them get out of Purgatory and into Heaven. The souls who carried mortal sins with them into the

afterlife go to Hell, also a point of Catholic teaching. For the readers of *Le Forum*, it should be noted that the way All Souls' Day is celebrated in the Catholic Church today, with the Novus Ordo Rite, is quite different than when it was celebrated in the Catholic Church in 1963 and earlier, a rite which is now known as the Extraordinary Form of the Mass, or in Latin, *Missa Formae Extraordinariae*. When Rémi Tremblay and Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote their poems about All Souls' Day, the mass that they prayed was what is now called the *Missa Formae Extraordinariae*, and in the rite, the priest wears black vestments, there is black drapery on the altar, and just outside of the sanctuary is a false coffin, called a catafalque, which is draped in black cloth. The opening prayer, the introit, are the well-known words: "Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis." The translation is:

"Eternal rest give to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them." After the Epistle, from First Corinthians 15:51-57, is an additional prayer called a sequence, with the well-known first words: "Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla, teste David cum Sibylla." The translation of the quote is: "The day of wrath, that dreadful day, shall all the world in ashes lay, as David and Sibyl say." After the sequence is the reading of the Gospel, from John 5:25-29. The most famous music that was composed for a Requiem Mass, or the mass on All Souls' Day, is the *Requiem in D-minor, K. 626* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, which he composed in the year of his own death, 1791, and possibly the most famous piece within it, is his "Dies Irae." The mass for All Souls' Day in the current Novus Ordo Rite is considerably different then the rite of the *Missa Formae Extraordinariae*, for the



Requiem Mass, Sacred Heart, New Haven, taken November 3, 2003

"An All Souls' Day Mass is shown in the photograph taken on the evening of Monday, November 3, 2003, in Sacred Heart Church in New Haven, Conn. The reason the feast day was moved to a Monday is because Sundays commemorate the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, and so, a day of penance, like All Souls' Day that fell on a Sunday in 2003, is shifted to the following day. In the group of three men in liturgical robes are: in the center, the priest, Rev. Pecaric, with the deacon to his right, and the subdeacon to his left, whose names I did not record in my photo notebook. To the far right is an altar-server, who would be called an acolyte in the Extraordinary Form of the Mass. (I remember his name was Sean, and in 2003, he resided in Middletown, Conn., with his wife and family.) In the lower-right hand corner, apparently near Acolyte Sean, is the catafalque, and three candles on three very tall candlesticks can be seen on the left side of the catafalque. The catafalque is on the central aisle of the church, and the photo does not show the other three very tall candlesticks with candles on them on the right side of the catafalque. The catafalque itself was composed of sixteen to twenty stacked empty cardboard boxes that were used to ship large votive candles, with an embroidered black cloth over them, as shown to me after the mass by one of the prominent members of the St. Gregory Society in New Haven, Bill Riccio, who is not shown in the photograph. The viewer will note the black vestments, and the black drapery in the antependium, which was attached to a wooden frame, and it was salvaged years earlier by Bill Riccio. In the center panel of the antependium are the letters "I.H.S.," embroidered in white, but not seen in the photograph, as the subdeacon is blocking the view. After the mass, Bill Riccio took down the antependium, and in the marble panel below the tabernacle is a relief of Leonardo DaVinci's Last Supper. Above the tabernacle is a large brass crucifix, and leaning against the purple veil of the tabernacle is the main altar card. To the right of the tabernacle is the missal, and to left of the tabernacle is altar card that has the Final Gospel printed on it. To the foreground, and in the lower-left corner is the pulpit. Behind Acolyte Sean is the altar table, also called the mensa, and atop of it is the chalice, which is covered by a chalice veil, and next to it are the cruets for the water and the wine, both flanked by two candles. In 2009, Sacred Heart Church in New Haven was closed by Archbishop Henry J. Mansell of the Archdiocese of Hartford, and the Extraordinary Form of the Mass was moved to St. Stanislaus Church in New Haven. **Photo by Albert J. Marceau, with his Pentax P3 SLR camera.**"

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liturgical color is purple for the vestments and the altar linens, the catafalque and the sequence have been eliminated, and readings are from Wisdom 3:1-9, Psalm 23, Romans 5:5-11, and John 6:37-40.

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote two poems that can be listed under All Souls' Day, and both are found in volume nine of the *Anthologie*. « Interieur d'église » is found on page 241, and it is a sonnet, with a rhyme scheme of abba baab ccd dee. After the title of the poem is a quote of two lines from an uncited work by the French-Canadian poet Albert Dreux (1888-1949). The final tercet of the poem has a reference to the now forgotten tradition of the catafalque: « Et près du chœur paisible, en le jour qui descend./ Lamé d'un argent vif, en rigide décalque./ S'estompe le drap noir d'un sombre catafalque. » A translation of the quote is: "And close to the gentle choir, during the day falls/ A shaft of bright silver, in rigid tracing/ Fades into the black sheet of a somber catafalque." « Le chapelet de la morte » is found on pages 253 to 254, and it is 32 lines of free verse, with an intermittent rhyme scheme. Unlike the previous structured poem, Dion-Levesque displays some odd theology in his second poem, as express in the tercet on page 253: « En novembre/ Les vivants prient pour les morts. / Elle, la morte, priait pour les vivants. » A translation of the quote is: "In November/ The living pray for the dead./ She, Death, prays for the living."

Rémi Tremblay (1847-1926) wrote a poem entitled "Le jour des morts" which is found on pages 266 to 267 in volume one of the *Anthologie*. It is written in 52 lines with a rhyme scheme of ababcded et cetera, and based upon the rhyme scheme, the form of the poem can be interpreted as thirteen quatrains which are not denoted by a line of space. Also, each of the paired lines are alternate in length, the first line with thirteen syllables, and the second line with six syllables. The poem itself is a description of All Souls' Day, November 2, opening with a description of the season when the days become increasingly short, and ending with a description of how the departed souls interact at the mass inside a Catholic church on All Souls' Day.

Armistice Day (1918 to 1953) / Veterans' Day (since 1954) – November 11



R.P. Louis-Alphonse Nolin, omi (1849-1936) wrote the lyrics to the song « Immortel espoir : Chant d'Armistice, » which is found on page 140 in volume seven of the *Anthologie*. The lyrics are written in three sets of quintets with a rhyme scheme of aabab, with the last two lines are effectively a refrain that changes in each of the three verses. The music score, which is not found in the *Anthologie*, was composed by Rodolphe E. Pepin (1892-1975). Although the song title translates as: "The Everlasting Hope: Song of Armistice," and it was published in 1935 in a five-page musical monograph entitled: *Fête Musicale. Respectueux Hommages au R.P. Louis-G. Bachand, O.M.I., Provincial, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur*, as cited on page 293 in the bibliography, the imagery within the song suggests that it was first composed during the height of World War One, for the first two verses speak of France in desperation, and the third verse speaks of the hope of France in the future, when she is liberated from her assailants, and she can sing again. The last two lines of the first verse are: « C'est la France qui pleure: Faites-silence, et voyez-la pleurer, » which translates as: "It is France who cries: Be silent, and see her crying." In the third line of the second verse, France cries out to Jesus Christ for help: « O Christ, ô roi des Franks, vas-tu nous oublier?, » which translates into English as: "O Christ, O King of the Franks, art Thou going to forget us?" Then the last two lines of the second verse: « C'est la France qui prie: Faites silence, et voyez-la prier., » which translates into English as: "It is France who prays: Be silent, and see her praying." Then in the third verse, the hope

of a future liberation from war: « C'est la France qui chante; Dans la lointain, avec elle chante., » which translates into English as: "It is France who sings in the distance, sing with her."



Joseph Arthur Smith (1869-1960) wrote a poem entitled: « À Georges Charette : L'un des héros du Merrimac, » which is found on pages 66 to 68 in volume three of the *Anthologie*. It is written in eleven sets of sestets, with a rhyme scheme of aabccb. Joseph Arthur Smith described the poem as an address in verse which he read at a reception given by the Franco-Americans of Lowell, Massachusetts on Labor Day, Monday, September 5, 1898, and it was initially published the next day in *L'Etoile*, as cited on page 259 in the bibliography of the volume. The planned reception is confirmed by a report in the *Boston Daily Globe*, entitled: "Hero at Home: Gunner Charette Again at Lowell," (Mon. Sept. 5, 1898, page four), where one can read in the final paragraph: "Mr. Charette will be tendered, Monday night, a complimentary supper by the association Catholique in the hall of the French American college." However, there was a second hero's reception on Thursday, September 8, 1898 in Lowell City Hall, where he was greeted by over five thousand people, as reported in the *Boston Daily Globe*: "Honored by Citizens: George Charette Given Public Reception at Lowell – 5000 People Shake Hands with Hero," (Fri. Sept. 9, 1898, page five). George Charette was one of eight men who were ordered to scuttle the U.S.S. Merrimac in order to block the mouth of Santiago Harbor in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, but before the men were able to sail the ship into position and scuttle it, it was sunk by the Spanish, and the eight men were captured by the Spanish on June 2, 1898. The eight men
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were later returned to the United States in an exchange of prisoners, and each of the eight men received the Medal of Honor. The poem by Joseph Arthur Smith extols the virtues of bravery and heroism of Georges Charette, without questioning any of the ethical issues concerning the Spanish-American War.

Joseph Arthur Smith also wrote the lyrics to two songs which are also found in volume three of the *Anthologie*, the first is « Le départ du soldat, » on pages 69 to 70, and the second is « La prière du soldat, » on pages 71 to 72. Eusèbe Champagne (1864-1929) composed the music to both songs, but the score is not found in the *Anthologie*. « Le départ du soldat » was published in 1918, and « La prière du soldat » was published in 1919, as cited on page 258 of the bibliography. The two verses of « Le départ du soldat » are octets with a rhyme scheme of ababbcbc, and the refrain is also an octet with a rhyme scheme of dedefgfg. The three verses of « La prière du soldat » are octets with a rhyme scheme of ababbcbc, and the refrain is also an octet with a rhyme scheme of dedefgfg. The two songs truly depict the life of a soldier before and after the war, for in « Le départ du soldat, » the unnamed soldier tells his girlfriend, Madelon, not to cry as he goes to war to defend the country, while in « La prière du soldat, » the unnamed soldier greets his mother upon his return, telling her that he is thankful that her prayers to God saved him from death. « La prière du soldat » fulfills the original meaning of Armistice Day, when the war-weary soldier is home, thankful to be alive, which is expressed in the last three lines of the refrain: « Ma mère, c'est fait, la victoire est pour nous;/ Les ennemis ont déposé les armes;/ Remercions le ciel à deux genoux. » A translation of the quote is: "My mother, it is finished, victory is for us;/ The enemies have laid down their arms;/ Let us thank heaven on two knees."

Long time subscribers to *Le Forum* may remember that "Le départ du soldat" was recorded by the Chorale Orion of Lowell, Massachusetts, and the recording is available on a long-playing record (LP) entitled: *L'Amour C'est Comme La Salade: La musique de Philias, Eusèbe et Octave Champagne*. A review of the album, as well as the biographies of the Champagne Brothers, and the lyrics to all ten songs

on the album, which includes the missing line in "Le départ du soldat" on page 70 in volume three, were published in the Spring/Printemps 2014 (Vol. 37, No. 1) issue of *Le Forum*.

Thanksgiving – The Fourth Thursday of November

The sole reference to the American holiday of Thanksgiving by any of the 29 Franco-American authors is written by Emma Dumas, in her novel, *Mirbah*, found on page 79 in the redacted version in volume four of the *Anthologie*, and on page 24 of the complete edition of *Mirbah*, also published by the NMDC. The reader should note that the Emma Dumas defined the date of Thanksgiving as celebrated on the last Thursday of November, which was the date it was celebrated in Massachusetts and most other states before 1942, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Congress, on December 26, 1941, legally fixed the holiday to the fourth Thursday of November. The footnote by Dumas may be an indication that her intended French-Canadian readership may have been unfamiliar with the date of the holiday.

Feast of St. Catherine – November 25

Like the reference to Thanksgiving made by Emma Dumas, she also referenced the Feast of St. Catherine on the very same pages in both editions of *Mirbah*. She also defined the feast day in a footnote, which clarifies that the saint is St. Catherine of Alexandria, who was martyred in 305 A.D. in City of Alexandria, Egypt, on the orders of Emperor Maximus II, and not to be confused with St. Catherine of Siena (1347-1380) whose feast day is April 29. In France, there is the tradition for faithful Catholic woman who are unmarried, to pray for a husband on the Feast of St. Catherine of Alexandria, while in French Canada, in particular in Montreal, there is the tradition of girls making taffy on the feast day, called St. Catherine's Taffy.

The Franco-American Foods for Fall

Like the Season of Summer, it is hard to define what is a Franco-American food for Fall, and in a conversation with Lisa Michaud, the editor of *Le Forum*, on Tuesday, October 23, 2018, she suggested to me, stews. Betty A. Lausier Lindsay

included one recipe for stew, chicken stew, on page 65 of her cookbook, *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspille dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère*. The astute reader of *Le Forum* may have noticed that there is not a single reference to Halloween anywhere in the nine-volumes of the *Anthologie*, and there are no recipes for candy in Lindsay's cookbook. It is my understanding that Halloween originally was a Protestant mockery of the Catholic belief in Purgatory, in the Colonial Period, and into the Early Republic of the U.S., which would be understandable that it would not have been celebrated in a Catholic culture as French Canada. In my recent conversation with Lisa Michaud, I joked with her about spruce gum, and giving it to Trick-or-Treaters for Halloween, and I remember spruce gum could be purchased at gift shops, like the Happy Hour Restaurant and Gift Shop in White River Junction, Vermont that my parents and I would visit in the 1970s, while en route to our family in Canada. On page 24, under the heading of "Extra, Extra, Extra," Lindsay wrote about spruce gum, which she and other children, would just take a glob from a spruce tree, and chew it. She noted: "It was bitter to the taste at first, but as the sap became gummy, the bitterness disappeared." I remember chewing it, maybe when I was ten or eleven years old, and it definitely had a bitter taste of pine. I did become accustomed to the bitter pine taste, and the individual units of spruce gum did lose their bitter taste over time, but I must remark that spruce gum was tough to chew, for it was almost like a hard candy at first, and over the course of a couple of days, it did soften, but it still had a viscosity stronger than any other chewing gum that I could remember.

Since Thanksgiving is the day of feasting in the U.S., there are recipes by Lindsay that could add to the holiday, such as pumpkin cookies on page 36, potato stuffing on page 55, Aunt Helen's turkey stuffing on page 17, and Canadian brown sugar pie on page 48. Despite her recipe for turkey stuffing, Lindsay did not include a recipe for cooking a turkey in her cookbook. Also, she included a recipe for pumpkin pie on page 17, which has the amounts for baking four pies, but she omitted instructions for cooking time and temperature, in both the English and French sections of the cookbook.

(Continued on page 42)



Coin des jeunes...

PUMPKIN HARVEST AT FARMER ROY'S

By Virginia L. Sand-Roy (Copyright 2018)

This year Farmer Roy is blessed with a huge pumpkin harvest, more than usual. He feels so blessed that he wants to share this abundance with all of the children in the village. He knows all of their names. Therefore, one beautiful September afternoon, Farmer Roy and his wife selected a special pumpkin for each child in the community and wrote the child's name on the pumpkin with black paint. In that way, their names could not be missed; they were bold and bright on the large orange pumpkins.

Then, on October 1st, Farmer Roy and his wife carefully loaded each personalized pumpkin in the back of the old red farm truck and drove into the village. On the way, their pet raven flew over and landed on the pile of pumpkins in the back of the truck and went along for the ride. If you can imagine the image of an old, red farm truck slowly driving down a country road, with a pile of pumpkins in the back, topped with a large, lively, black raven, you will surely smile or chuckle.

After arriving in the village, Farmer Roy and his wife dropped off the personalized pumpkins to the homes of all the children while the children were in school. They wanted the children to find their surprise-personalized pumpkins upon arriving home from school, later that afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Roy were hoping that their surprise-personalized pumpkins would bring a smile to each child in the community (and of course to the parents, grandparents, etc.).

By the end of the afternoon, Farmer Roy and his wife were tired, but felt so good

about sharing their blessed harvest with the community in this way. On their return to the farm, they worked their Farm Stand for a couple of hours and prepared for tomorrow's Farmer's Market in the village. They had many pumpkins left to sell at their Farm Stand and at the Farmer's Market.

During the next few days, all of the village children visited the Roy Farm Stand with their parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, pet dogs, friends, etc. They all bought everything that Farmer Roy and his wife had to sell and they all came with BIG smiles on their faces because of the personalized

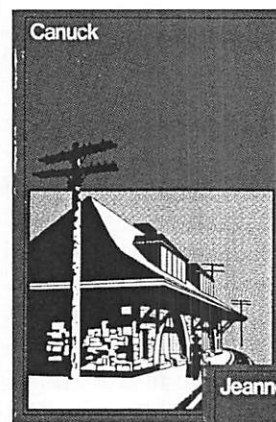
Halloween pumpkins that the children had all received from Farmer Roy and his wife. Everyone in the community showed their gratitude to the Roy Farm with all of their purchases. One blessing brings another. This small village community felt thankful and blessed during this harvest season, especially Farmer Roy and his wife.



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How to Purchase the Books and the LP

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*, and the LP, *L'Amour C'est Comme La Salade: La musique de Philias, Eusèbe et Octave Champagne*, 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.



Jeanne la fileuse



(French translation on page 43)

La Récolte de Citrouille à la Ferme de Roi

Par Virginie L. Sand-Roi (Copyright 2018)

Cette année l'agriculteur Roi est très chanceux avec une énorme récolte de citrouille, plus que d'habitude. En fait, il se sent si chanceux qu'il veut partager cette abondance avec tous les enfants au village. Il connaît tous leurs prénoms. Donc, un beau jour en septembre, l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme ont choisi une citrouille spéciale pour chaque enfant dans la communauté et ont écrit le prénom de l'enfant sur la citrouille avec la peinture noire. De cette manière, leurs prénoms n'ont pas pu être manqués ; ils ont été hardis et brillants sur les grandes citrouilles oranges.

Puis, le premier octobre, l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme ont soigneusement chargé chaque citrouille personnalisée à l'arrière du vieux camion rouge et ont conduit au village. En chemin, leur corbeau domestiqué a volé dessus et a débarqué sur le tas des citrouilles à l'arrière du camion et a fait une promenade. Si vous pouvez imaginer l'image du vieux camion rouge conduisant lentement à travers champs, avec un tas des citrouilles à l'arrière, couronné avec un grand corbeau noir et vivant, vous sourirez sûrement.

En arrivant au village, l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme livraient les citrouilles personnalisées aux maisons de tous des enfants pendant que les enfants étaient à l'école. Ils voulaient les enfants de trouver leurs surprise-citrouilles personnalisées après arrivant chez eux de l'école, après-midi. Monsieur et Madame Roi espéraient que leurs surprise-citrouilles personnalisées apporteraient un sourire à chaque enfant dans la communauté <<et mais oui aux parents, aux grands-parents, etc.>>.

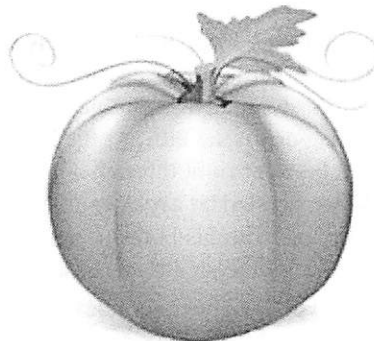
Par la fin de l'après-midi, l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme ont été fatigués, mais ils ont senti bons en partageant leur récolte chan-

ceuse avec la communauté de cette manière. A leur retour à la ferme, ils ont travaillé leur stand de ferme pendant deux heures et ont préparé pour le marché des fermiers au village demain. Ils avaient encore beaucoup de citrouilles à vendre à leur stand de ferme et au marché des fermiers.

Pendant les jours suivants, tous les enfants du village rendaient visite au stand

de ferme Roi avec leurs parents, les grands-parents, les tantes, les oncles, les cousins, les chiens, les amis, etc. Tout le monde achetait toutes les choses que l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme vendaient et tout le monde se portait les grands

sourires sur le visage à cause des citrouilles personnalisées d'Halloween que les enfants avaient reçu de l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme. Tout le monde dans la communauté montrait leur gratitude à la ferme de Roi avec leurs achats. Un bienfait apporte un autre. Ce petit village sentait reconnaissant et chanceux pendant cette saison de récolte, particulièrement l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme.



Une question sans réponse

par Grégoire Chabot

Ça faisait au moins cinq minutes qu'il regardait le TV. Il avait fini ce qu'il avait à faire dans la cuisine, s'était rendu au salon, et s'était assis dans sa chaise. Il pensait lire le papier pour montrer qu'il était occupé, qu'il avait des choses importantes à faire. Mais il l'avait tout lu avant le déjeuner. Ça, elle le savait et lui aurait posé des questions ou fait des commentaires.

Comme ça, il resta là à regarder « Judy et Joe » ou « Patti et Pete » ou « Philomène et Pamphile » ... tous ces programmes-là du matin se ressemblaient tellement qu'il avait beaucoup de misère à savoir au juste lequel il regardait à ce moment-là. Mais il faisait acraire que Patti et Pete (tedben que c'tait vraiment « Philomène et Pamphile ») était le programme le plus intéressant du monde. Si elle croyait sa comédie, il pourrait peut-être s'échapper, s'évader ... ne pas avoir à poser de nouveau cette question qu'il détestait tellement.

À vrai dire, c'tait pas la question elle-même qu'il détestait, mais plutôt tout ce qui suivait. La question était simple. Facile. Neuf petits mots. « Pi, ton ventre, y fait-ti encore mal? » Mais ça faisait quatre jours qu'il la posa. Depuis qu'elle avait annoncé ce mal lundi matin, première affaire, il avait posé la question au moins cinq ou six fois par jour. La première fois, il voulait vraiment savoir si sa chère épouse se portait mieux, époux soucieux qu'il était.

Mais après ça, après avoir passé des heures et des heures (et des heures) à discuter les causes possibles de se mal de ventre et les histoires de toutes les autres membres de sa famille qui avaient souffertes de la même maladie, pi qu'est-ce qu'elle devrait faire pour soigner le mal et tedben qu'elle devrait téléphoner sa nièce qui était infirmière dans un gros hôpital à Boston parce qu'elle saurait certainement quoi c'est faire, il en pouvait plus. Il était ben tanné du mal de ventre et des causes et des traitements possibles et même de sa chère nièce de Boston.

Mais, il ne pouvait pas ne pas poser c'tà maudite question-là. Il savait qu'il aurait dû la poser du moment qu'il était entré

(Suite page 44)



Earl Joseph Fernald (1924-1933)

by Debbie Roberge

Christmas 1932, like most families of that time period gifts were few and oftentimes for some none at all. Well that year only the younger children were given the opportunity to pick out two items that they wanted for Christmas. The parents would pick out one, Earl's two choices were a cowboy suit or a sled. Well his birthday was in March so the cowboy suit could wait till then, the sled he could use more in the winter not only for play time but in using for odd jobs.

My maternal grandfather Charles William Fernald worked at a mill that made croquet sets. One day his boss came up to him and said he needed him to work in the sawmill for a man who didn't show up for work. Charles said he didn't want to work on that machine because he didn't really know that much about it. Also the guy absent that day had said that there was something wrong with the machine. The boss told him he either worked the machine or went home. So Charles ran the machine, and a log came off hitting him in the stomach almost killing him. He was rushed to the hospital where he spent a long time. After the accident he had cashed in his life insurance policy, the family needing the money but he took out 25 cent policies on the three youngest kids - Betty, Bobbie and Earl. He had only paid one month on the policies when Earl died.

The day was the 8th of January 1933 my maternal grandmother Iva Bernice (Haycock) Fernald had just made a big pan of biscuits. My mother, Beatrice Ella (Fernald) Quirion was able to sneak out of the house with one without getting caught.



But not Earl, he got caught in the act, and his hand was slapped by his mother. Earl, who had a studder wanted to know why the pet (meaning my mother) could get away with it. It was a long time before anyone got any biscuits. Even though Earl had a studder he could sing and whistle and he used to do it at lunchtime for the women at the Spinning Mill next door to where they lived and he would have my mother pass the hat. My mother, Earl and their friend Elwin Thibeau loved to go sliding, but living on the island in Skowhegan the best place to go was across the river to a hill on Turner Avenue. It wasn't unusual for them to be gone for most of the day playing with the neighborhood kids.

My mother and Earl were very close and when they could their older sister Helen would also come along if she didn't have chores to do at home. When Helen couldn't tag along Earl was in charge and Betty never disobeyed Earl not until that day. She never refused anything he asked of her. She went every where with him and he never refused her or made her stay behind when he went some where. This would be the one and only day she would ever refuse him. It was getting dark and they knew they had to head home Earl wanted to take a shortcut. His shortcut involved sliding down the hill and across the river ice straight to where they lived and be home in no time. Betty said no she was too scared so Elwin said he would walk her home. Betty made it home and Earl's shortcut that day never made it past going down the hill. At the bottom of the hill, he went right through a hole in the ice. When his sled hit a rock or abutment his body slid off with his boot strings catching in the front of the sled, otherwise his body would never have been found.

Earl had been missing for four days and my grandmother was beside herself, the authorities were searching everywhere with

(Continued on page 45)

(Une question sans réponse suite de page 43)

au salon ... du moment qu'il s'assit sur sa chaise au plus tard. C'était attendu. Le rite s'était établi. Comme dans tous les autres aspects de leurs vies. Cinq minutes plus tard, il savait qu'elle s'impatientait. Il regardait « Betty et Ben » (« Èglène et Elphège? ») mais il savait qu'elle commençait à se tortiller un peu et se frotter le ventre. Il savait aussi que ça serait pas long avant qu'à se mette à émettre des p'tits « oof »s ou ben des « oioioioi » ... et que s'il ne posait pas la sacré question, ses plaintes deviendraient de plus en plus fortes et insistantes jusqu'à ce que ...

Il souhaitait vivement qu'à un moment de sa vie, il eut trouvé une passion pour le bricolage. Un bricoleur peut toujours s'excuser en disant qu'il travaille sur un projet important qu'il doit absolument compléter. Il peut ensuite s'exiler dans son atelier pour des heures, ou des jours même, sans se faire chanter des bêtises. Mais il n'avait jamais appris à scier des planches ou à clouer deux planches ensemble ou à mesurer n'importe quoi correctement.

Même chose pour les autos et la chasse et la pêche et tous les autres passe-temps qui sont tellement utiles quand les maris veulent éviter de parler à leurs épouses. Le pauvre serait parti à la pêche avec un 12 gauge pi à chasse avec une main pleine de hameçons et se serait demandé pourquoi il avait tant de misère à changes les spark plugs de sa char avec le nouveau pop-up toaster qu'il avait acheté exprès pour ça.

La conversation entre Suzy et Sam (« Andromaque et Adelard? ») à la télé devint de moins en moins intelligible. Les images s'entremêlèrent pour former un brouillard bleuâtre. Il se mit à suer. Il se sentit très, très mal. Et il entendit une voix à la fois connue, à la fois de Mars poser la question: « Pi, ton ventre, y fait-ti encore mal? »



(Earl Joseph Fernald continued from page 44)

no luck. So she asked my grandfather to get someone (they had no car) to take him to see a physic she had about in nearby Madison. My grandfather didn't believe in them but if it helped his wife he would do it. Off he went and the physic knew my grandfather didn't believe in her when he walked in but she told him where he could find his son in the river. When he got back home he told the police what the physic had said and they told him there was a diver from Lewiston who was known to go in icy waters. They went to see him but the man was sick, but the diver's son had just graduated from diving school and when he heard about the situation said he couldn't do it, he didn't want his first body to be that of a child. My grandfather pleaded with him saying that he had already lost his son and he was afraid he was going to lose his wife. The diver's son finally agreed and my grandfather said whatever the cost I will find a way to get the money to pay you.

The diver arrived, went down and his first trip up in the place the psychic said he brought up the sled. His second time he

came up with Earl's body. My grandfather identified him through his face. He tried to pay the diver but the diver had heard about the hardships the family had undergone with my grandfather getting hurt and all and refused any payment. The Town of Skowhegan took up a collection for the family and the owner of Stern's provided the family with clothing for Earl to be buried in. Earl loved flowers and different people sent them including my great great grandmother who sent roses one for every year of Earl's life. When Iva counted them and saw that their was eight it set her off in hysterics and all the flowers were ordered out of the house.

When the funeral came, all the flowers that had been hidden in the cellar were brought over to the church and it loaded the place right up. The minister said he had never seen so many flowers, and it looked like the whole town of Skowhegan was coming for the funeral. The minister also knew that my grandfather was deaf, so he saved his sermon papers for him to read, so that he knew what was going on. When



Earl's casket was brought to the tomb after the service all the flowers were placed in the corner and it made my grandmother sick. She made a promise then that anyone in the family that died in the winter their flowers would be given to people rather than put into place like that. She kept that promise till her dying day.

<http://mytreestories.blogspot.com/>

Lapierre Family

*By Daniel Lapierre
Translator & Publisher*

Introduction: On Feb. 23, 2001, since I knew there was a genealogy book that existed, written by Sister Marie-Agnes Lapierre, I asked my Uncle Roger Lapierre, for permission to borrow the manual. My Aunt Jean (Roger's wife) took it from their safe, where it had been preserved for the last 37 years, because the last person to have read it was Alfred Lapierre on April 6, 1965, as is so stated in the front of the book. Alfred Lapierre was Neil Lapierre's brother. The book was molded and fragile, but in good condition, with its own green cover. The book was 6 x 8, and the photography was not clear enough to be reprinted.

But nevertheless, I copied the book, 146 pages, and returned it to Roger as soon as possible. One of the problems was that it was in French. Having been a poor student in French, in High School, French was not my life's calling. But with the help of French language software on my laptop and the use of Roger Lapierre's French-English dictionary, given to him by Camille Lapierre, I proceeded to improve

my French. I worked the better part of the winter, 2001-2002, translating to English, Sister-Marie-St-Agnes' book. I purchased a copier and have produced 50 copies of her work, too important to be unread.

I have agreed to share it with the Le Forum readership. Here is the first installment.

The first "La Pierre dit Denis" Canadian ancestors of the Lapierre family was "Pierre", son of Blaise and Jeanne LaPonche. Pierre was born in 1656 in the parish of St. Martin in the village of Nerac, France. He married Marie Anne Goudin, a widow of St. Laurent on Oct. 8, 1687 in the parish of St. Laurent, where his wife used to live during her first marriage. After their first-born, they returned in 1689; they returned to the farm of his wife, which is where they brought up their family "the LaPierre's" until the 4th generation, on the same homestead.

This is how the name LaPierre was adopted. Because the neighbors referred to the land of Mrs. Pierre as "La Pierre" and had returned to her farm, so he was known as Pierre La Pierre. They had six children, Pierre-Jacque, Marie, Joseph, Charles, Marguerite, and Anne. We can say that the authentic cradle of this family is the parish of St. Laurent, Isle d'Orleans.



Sister Marie-Agnes Lapierre

Marie was the grandmother of Reverend Antoine Gosselin, first resident pastor at St. Bruno's, Van Buren. It was a great honor for his mother to have been able to attend his ordination to the priesthood in 1828. Marie passed away in 1838 at the age of 99.

In 1838, Father Gosselin came to St. Bruno's, bringing with him, his cousin Joseph (5) Lapierre and his sister Adelaide as directrice of his presbytaire. The poor (Acadians) scattered along the banks of the St. John River had been without a priest for so long and had been begging Quebec to send them a priest. Father Gosselin was their answer. Father was of a very origi-
(Continued on page 46)

(Lapierre Family continued from page 45)

nal character, somewhat nervous, having charge of all along the St. John River from the Quebec line to Woodstock, and even to Red Rapids. He had to till the soil and hire someone to look after the crops when he was away visiting his parishioners. There were but three French Catholic families at the time. He had to say Mass in the house of the Roberge, descendants of the Roberts of today. Reverend Gosselin was at St. Bruno's parish for 14 years from 1838 to 1852. He died at the age of 72. His life among the dispersed Acadians was lived with a heart and soul of an Apostle. Father Gosselin was the answer to many prayers and also brought the first LaPierre to the United States.

In 1838, when only 16 years old, Joseph LaPierre, oldest son of a family of 14, came as a helper to his cousin, Father Gosselin. The priest claimed that Joseph was rendering help as a singer, serving Mass and was a very clever carpenter. Joseph's only aim was to be of great service to his cousin. On the other hand, the humble pastor of St. Bruno's treated his "protege" with a paternal kindness. After serving the good pastor without restraint for many years, Joseph started thinking of having a home of his own.

In 1815 legislature allocated the construction of a road from Aroostook Road to Grand Falls, now the so-called Caribou Road to Hamlin. Joseph LaPierre chose Lot #20, three miles from Violet Brook, now Van Buren. A pioneer of those days is partly a hero, having to work with the ax; to open roads and cut trees is the work of an energetic soul.

Inside of four years, with hard labor and with faith, this young man had built a home and barn with logs squared off by hand, and covered with homemade clapboards and a roof of shingle. He was a poor young man of this earth's richness, but good in God's help, he was generous, very courageous and had faith.

On the 5th of February 1850, Father Antoine Gosselin blest the first LaPierre's wedding, uniting Joseph and Demerise Madore daughter of Augustin and Marie Dube Madore.

Born at Isle Verte, P.Q., their first and only child of Demerise and Joseph was born September 24, 1851. These brave pioneers continued tilling the land with wooden plows, pulled by two oxen. He grew wheat, oats, buchweat, flax and vegetables. He



Reverend Antoine Gosselin, first resident pastor at St. Bruno's, Van Buren.

used a sickle to cut the hay and grain. In winter he ground the grain with a homemade "fieu"; he would fabricate his own shingle by hand. In the spring he would go down the St. John River on a barge to Grand Falls where he would trade his own products for fish, kerosine oil, leather, etc. The maples would furnish the sugar and syrup. He would raise his own meat, sufficient for the years.

The mother also played a great part, as she would spin and weave the wool and linen made from flax for all their clothing which was sewed by hand. Their only light was from candles. shoes were also homemade and everyone had his own shoes and moccasins and all were content and happy.



Napoleon's Barn

After 12 years of exile in a strange land this real Canadian could not resist leaving any longer, being lonesome for his parents, relatives, friends and his native land. This little family left Cyr Plantation by horse and buggy for his homeland. They visited Montreal by ways of Riviere du Loup and visited St. Laurent. It was the one and only time he visited his homeland because his wife died June 8, 1858, cause unknown. She is buried in St. Bruno's cemetery, Van Buren.

Joseph remarried in February, 1859, to Madeleine Parent, daughter of Jean and Angelique Thibodeau Parent of Hamlin. The marriage was blest by Father McKeaney, pastor of St. Bruno's. They had four children; only one survived, Suzanne, who later married Florent Thibodeau of Grand Isle, Maine. Again Joseph faced the sadness of losing his second wife on May 13, 1864. The loss of his loved ones was a severe blow to take. With his Christian faith and courage he was able to manage for a while. He needed a mother for his children and a companion for himself. On February 14, 1865, he married his third wife, Marguerite Cyr, daughter of Germain and Emillienne Lizotte. Mr. LaPierre was a man of medium height and fair complexion. He was good natured and a fervent Christian. He'd make a big sacrifice to attend Mass, rain or shine, snow or storm. He'd seen days in winter he had to leave early to shovel snow with his son Joseph⁶ and neighbors in order to attend Mass and return at 1:00 p.m. tired, but happy to have accomplished his Christian duty.

His third wife was also very talented and intelligent person. She could have administered to all her neighbors. Instead of complaining to anyone about her aches and pains, she would sing "Le Kyrie Eleison". They were blest with 15 children, of whom seven were still living at the time the "LaPierre Ancestors" picture was taken, and two from previous marriages. They were, Joseph from his first marriage; Suzanne from his second marriage; and from his third marriage, Napoleon, Vital, Edith, Demerise, Melvina, Lea, and Laura.

As the years went by, Mr. Joseph LaPierre⁵ felt that his health was failing and suddenly came down with Pleurisy. After receiving the Last Sacraments, he placed his will in order, leaving his eldest son, Napoleon, (eldest son by his third wife), as heir of his homestead. He willed to Vital the adjoining Lot #22. With the care and medicine of those days he departed on December

(Continued on page 47)

(Lapierre Family continued from page 46)



After a day's work came milking time

24, 1893, at the age of 71, leaving his wife and their children behind. After a couple of years, Napoleon and Vital exchanged properties and responsibilities. The mother, filled with loneliness and sorrow, wanted to get closer to the Church, so she moved to the village of Van Buren. A couple years later the LaPierre's homestead was conveyed to the Deveau family. Mrs. LaPierre spent her last years with her son-in-law, Elzear Lapointe and daughter, Lea. She died October 26, 1914, at the age of 78.



At left, Mrs. Demerise Madore LaPierre, wife of Mr. Joseph LaPierre, Sr., at right.

The picture above shows Mr. LaPierre's first wife. He had three wives, of whom two preceded him in death. By his first wife, Demerise (Madore) he had a son, Joseph. By his second wife, Madeleine (Parent) he had four children but only one, Suzanne survived.

By his third wife, Marguerite (Cyr) he had 15 children. Among them were Demerise, Edith, Napoleon, Melvina, Lea and Laura. Some died young.

Joseph Lapierre⁶

Joseph⁶ at the age of 14, after his father remarried the third time, could not adjust to his new mother. He devoted all his affection toward his father. A few years before Joseph⁶'s marriage, his father willed him a parcel of land, Lot #18, neighbor to his. He built him a house suitable for a large family. At the age of 26, Joseph⁶ chose for his companion, Marie Bourgoin, a teacher, born in Grand Isle, Me., March 9, 1853, daughter of Beloni Bourgoin and Solome Cyr. The marriage took place at St. Bruno's on September 3, 1877 in the old church, blest

by Father Richer.

Joseph⁶ was a very honest and devoted man and his word was as good as gold. He had a prompt character and dignified, aimable by all. He loved music passionately. His wife played a great role in his life. She was an incomparable wife and mother. They were blest with 11 children. Marie Ange, the oldest, entered the convent of the Good Shepherd on November 19, 1904 and made her profession July 4, 1907, professed in 1910 as Sister Marie de Saint Adolphe, died Jan. 16, 1928. Severin⁷ who died from diphtheria April 14, 1896, eight days after his brother Patrick died of the same disease.

Flavie⁷, married in Salem, MA, Nov. 9, 1914, to Alex Landry, a barber, but had no children.

Abel⁷, born March 12, 1889; died November 18, 1889.

Patrick⁷, born September 18, 1890; died from diphtheria April 6, 1896.

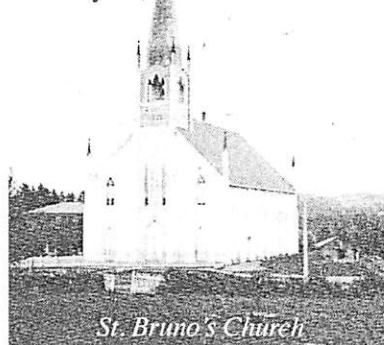
Anonyme⁷

Louis (alias William, Billy and Willie), married Albina LaPierre (a cousin) at Lewiston May 28, 1928, died in 1952.

Leonile (Neil)⁷, born August 16, 1895, married Flavie Soucy February 3, 1920. They are the parents of our 1970 residents, Roger and Donald.⁸ They had 12 children;

Roger, Donald, Sylvio, Euclide, Conrad, Gerard, Camille, Leopold, Leopoldine, Geraldine, Carmen, Carmella, Janette.

Anonyme, 1896.



RELIGIOUS ITEMS FOR SALE!

*Rosaries, Statues,
Crucifix, Medals, First
Communion and Con-
firmation items, Vizer
Clips, Key Chains!*

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

DUBÉ
(Dubay)

Mathurin Dubé, born 1631 in France, died 1695 in PQ, son of Jean Dubé and Renée Suzanne from the townfelzé de la Chapelle Thémér, 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.Nicaise, city of Rouen, department of Seine-Maritime, ancient province of Normandie, France. The town of la Chapelle-Thémér is located 12 miles east-northeast of the city of Luçon.

Pierre	29 Jan	1821	M.-Rose Pellerin	Yamachiche	167
64 Jean-Baptiste	15 Feb	1814	Françoise Duval	St.Jean-Port-Joli	168a
65 Pierre-Marcel	08 Nov	1831	M.-Olympe Pruneau	St.Roch-Aulnaies	168b
66 Fabien/Flavien	14 Nov	1837	Constance Lebel	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	169
Joseph	04 Nov	1839	Nathalie Côté	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	170
			(Jérôme Côté & Suzanne Tardif)		
Abraham	11 Oct	1842	Henriette Caron	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	171
Bernard	22 Nov	1842	Marie-Charlotte Caron	St.Patrice	172
Louis*	1m.	11 Feb	Emelie Malenfant	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	172a
"	2m.	26 Apr	Angèle Morin	St.André, Kam.	
"	3m.	20 Nov	Marie Gagnon	St.André, Kam.	172b
*NOTE: error in original (1839) marriage: mother as Catherine Proulx					
At his first marriage, two of his brothers were witnesses: Fabien and Joseph.					
67 Jean-M.	1m.	27 Jan	Anastasie Dupont	St.Roch-Aulnaies	
"	2m.	16 Jan	M.-Thècle Lord	Lotbinière	173a
			(b.20-1-1808, Ambroise Lord & M.-Thècle Bélanger)		
Gabriel	07 Jan	1823	Scholastique Caron	St.Roch-Aulnaies	173b
Romain	17 Jul	1826	M.-Louise Lord/Laure	St.Roch-Aulnaies	174
68 François	26 Jan	1841	Angélique Rossignol	St.Patrice, Riv.-Lp.	176
Michel	1m.	26 Aug	Adélaïde Nadeau	St.Patrice	177/68A
"	2m.	09 Feb	Rosalie Cloutier	St.Honoré, Témis.	
69 Gabriel	1m.	18 Jan	Scholastique Michaud	St.Patrice	69A
"	2m.	03 Oct	Lucie Bouchard	St.Patrice, Riv.-Loup	
Pierre	19 Jan	1830	Soulange Bélanger	St.Roch-Aulnaies	178
71 Antoine	17 Jan	1804	Angélique Goulet	St.Gervais, Blchs.	180
72 Pierre	19 Apr	1819	Marie Couture	St.Gervais, Blchs.	182
Antoine	04 May	1819	M.-Luce Laferrière	St.Pierre-Sud	183
Joseph	14 Aug	1821	Marie-Mgte. Gaumond	St.Pierre-Sud	184
Dominique	31 May	1824	Flavie Lemieux	Cap St.Ignace	185
Louis	18 Jan	1833	Catherine Galibois	Berthier-s-Mer	72A
74 Edouard	03 Feb	1823	Florence Michaud	Rivière-Ouelle	186
75 Rémi	17 Nov	1815	M.-Thècle Michaud	St.André, Kam.	
Romain	05 Nov	1816	Soulange Michaud	St.André, Kam.	187
Léandre	08 Oct	1822	Rose Marquis	Cacouna, R.-Lp.	188
Edmond	04 Sep	1826	Geneviève Gagnon	Cacouna, R.-Lp.	189a
Joseph	07 Aug	1827	Zoé Saindon	Rivière-Ouelle	189b
Séverin-J.	16 Feb	1830	Victoire Dionne	Rivière-Ouelle	190/75A
Odilon	09 Feb	1830	Henriette Boucher	Rivière-Ouelle	191
Jean-Bte.	02 Feb	1841	M.-Françoise Lebel	Rivière-Ouelle	75B
77 Antoine	09 Nov	1812	Marie Larrivée	Trois-Pistoles	192
Magloire	22 Jan	1828	Josette/Suzanne Pelletier	Kamouraska	193
Rémi	21 Feb	1832	M.-Eliante Martin	Isle-Verte	194
78 Olivier	14 Feb	1831	Marie Lyonnais	St.Frs.-Lac, Yam.	
Joseph	16 Jan	1838	Priscille Chassé	Cacouna, R.-Lp.	195
Michel	18 Oct	1841	Angèle Thériault	Isle-Verte	196
Basile	05 Oct	1845	Anastasie Poitras	Ste.Luce, Rimouski	
Jean-Bte. ?	circa	1840	Françoise Hébert ?		78A
(b.1806 - d. 4-12-1861 St.Arsène)					

(Continued on page 49)

(Les Familles Dubé continued from page 48)

80 Alexandre	07 Nov	1815	Véronique Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	
81 Alexandre	30 Jan	1849	Marguerite Simard	Rimouski	198/81A
82 Joseph	17 Nov	1812	M.-Charlotte Daris (Barthélémy Daris & Josephte Sirois)	Rivière-Ouelle	199
Pierre (b.28-6-1790 St.Louis)	17 Nov	1829	Mathilde/Martine Hudon	Kamouraska	200a
Firmin	04 Sep	1826	Apolline Leblanc	New Richmond, Bon.	200b
Romain 1m.	19 Sep	1832	Modeste Rioux	Trois-Pistoles	200c
" 2m.	23 Sep	1844	Domitilde Chamberland	St.Simon, Rim.	200d
83 Magloire	1m.	10 Jan	1802 Marie Bergeron	Isle-Verte	
" 2m.	26 Jun	1826	Esther Laplante	Isle-Verte	201
Romain	19 Apr	1836	M.-Louise Blanchet	Rimouski	202
84 Joseph	02 Nov	1825	M.-Marguerite Cyr (b.8-8-1805 St.Basile)(Hilarion Cyr & M.-Charlotte Tardif)	St.Basile, NB	84A
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Abraham 1m.	09 Nov	1832	Marianne Michaud (b.1814 NB)	St.Basile, NB	84C
" 2m.	15 May	1872	Séraphine Sirois (b.8-12-1804 St.Basile, NB) (b.1813 Canada)	Grand Sault, NB	
Germain	07 Apr	1834	Modeste Cyr (b.30-12-1815 St.Basile)(Hilarion Cyr & M.-Charlotte Tardif)	St.Basile, NB	84D
86 Alexandre	18 Feb	1822	Pétronille Pineau	Rimouski	203
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89 Cyrille-Jn. 1m.	22 Oct	1821	Josephte Bouchard	Rivière-Ouelle	
" 2m.	24 Nov	1829	Osithée Bérubé	Rivière-Ouelle	215
90 Tiburce	03 Nov	1840	Angélique Lamarre	Rivière-Ouelle	216
91a François	11 Aug	1840	M.-Vitaline Boucher	Rivière-Ouelle	217a
Charles-Timothée	01 Feb	1847	Euphémie Pouliot	St.André, Kam.	
(Dr./médecin, ecuyer)					
Jean-Bte.	28 Nov	1848	Justine Martin	Rivière-Ouelle	217b
91b Ambroise 1m.	27 Jul	1830	Isabelle Fortin	l'Acadie	
" 2m.	22 Feb	1841	Sophie Ste.Marie	l'Acadie	218a
(b.21-11-1803 Louiseville, Maskinongé)					
92a Jean-Bte.	24 Apr	1815	Geneviève Brodeur	l'Acadie, St.Jean cty.	218b
92b Pierre	01 May	1848	Eloise Massé	Louiseville, Mask.	218c
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"	2m.	11 Oct	1864	Victoire Ruais	St.Pascal, Kam.	93A
"	3m.	10 Jul	1871	Delphine Pelletier	St.André, Kam.	93B
94 Jean-Bte.		18 Oct	1864	Clémentine Beaulieu	Les Escoumins, Sag.	93C
95 Théophile		10 Feb	1874	M.-Philomène Pelletier	St.Arsène, R.-Lp.	95A
George		01 Jul	1878	Georgina Côté Cacouna,	R.-Lp.	
96 Gédéon		03 Oct	1837	Emélie Boisbrillant	Kamouraska	220
97 Joseph	1m.	24 Oct	1826	Clarisse Ouellet	Isle-Verte	
"	2m.	07 Jan	1861	Luce Levesque	Ste.Flavie, Rim.	97A
Paschal	1m.	10 Sep	1832	Lavinia McEarchern	Isle-Verte	221
"	2m.	27 Jul	1846	Virginie Gagnon	Isle-Verte	222
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Hilaire		11 Jan	1842	Séraphine Côté	Isle-Verte	224
George		07 Jan	1851	Angéline Miville-Desch.	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	225a
Cyrille		11 Nov	1851	Eléonore Dion	Isle-Verte	
98 Prosper		19 Sep	1837	Marie-Poméla Lavoie	St.Pascal, Kam.	225b
(b.23-9-1801 St.Louis-de-Kamouraska)						
Emélie		10 Sep	1854	Baptiste Gauvin	Van Buren, ME	
99 Pierre		29 Jan	1833	M.-Louise Levasseur	St.André, Kam.	226
Louis	1m.	21 Jan	1845	Christine/Delph. Landry	St.André, Kam.	227a
"	2m.	08 Feb	1864	Hélène Laforge	ND-du-Portage	227b
100 Cuthbert		10 Feb	1840	Séraphine Côté	Isle-Verte	228
(widow of André Côté)						
Maxime		27 Feb	1843	Nathalie Paradis St.Simon,	Rim.	229
François		12 Sep	1843	Josephte "Léa" Charest	Trois-Pistoles	230
Narcisse		12 Jan	1846	M.-Obierge Paradis	St.Simon, Rim.	231a
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101 Antoine		25 Aug	1862	Rose-de-Lima Brien	St.Laurent, Montréal	
102 Noël-Ant.1m.		17 Feb	1806	Perpétue Gagnon	Rivière-Ouelle	
"	2m.	07 Nov	1808	Josephte Bonenfant	Rivière-Ouelle	233
"	3m.	19 Feb	1816	M.-Florence Bérubé	Rivière-Ouelle	234
Vincent		31 Jul	1810	M.-Charlotte Gagnon	Kamouraska	235
François		04 Aug	1812	Véronique Bonenfant	Rivière-Ouelle	236a
103 Olivier 1m.		28 Jan	1840	Emilie Côté	Trois-Pistoles	236b
"	2m.	26 Jul	1842	M.-Modeste Levesque	Cacouna, R.-Lp.	
(b.1800 – d.29-8-1873 Isle-Verte)						
104 Alexis		30 Jul	1810	M.-Egyptienne Brisson	les Becquets, Nico.	237
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Alexis ! 1m.		02 Jul	1850	Joséphine St.Pierre	Trois-Pistoles	
"	2m.	24 May	1859	Emérence Dallaire	Chicoutimi	
106a Louis		22 Feb	1819	M.-Catherine Pelletier	Kamouraska	239
Edouard 1m.		19 Aug	1822	Cécile Lajoie-Normandin	Rivière-Ouelle	240
"	2m.	07 Jan	1851	Delphine Servant	Rivière-Ouelle	106A
Adrien		05 May	1823	Julie Roussel	Rivière-Ouelle	241a
François		21 Sep	1835	Priscille Guy	Rivière-Ouelle	241b
106b George		04 Jul	1837	M.-Modeste Bérubé	Rivière-Ouelle	241c
Edouard		12 Sep	1842	Domitilde Levesque	Trois-Pistoles	
Louis-Stanislas		08 Nov	1842	M.-Adeline Levesque	Trois-Pistoles	
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Bernard		04 Nov	1851	Justine Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	
Jean		29 Aug	1854	Apolline Mignot-Labrie	St.Roch-Aulnaies	241e
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February 15-18, 2019, we have organized a Quebec Winter Carnival Trip for our students. We are seeking monetary donations to make this happen.

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THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

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

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

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

MISSION

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

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

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

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

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

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

OBJECTIFS:

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

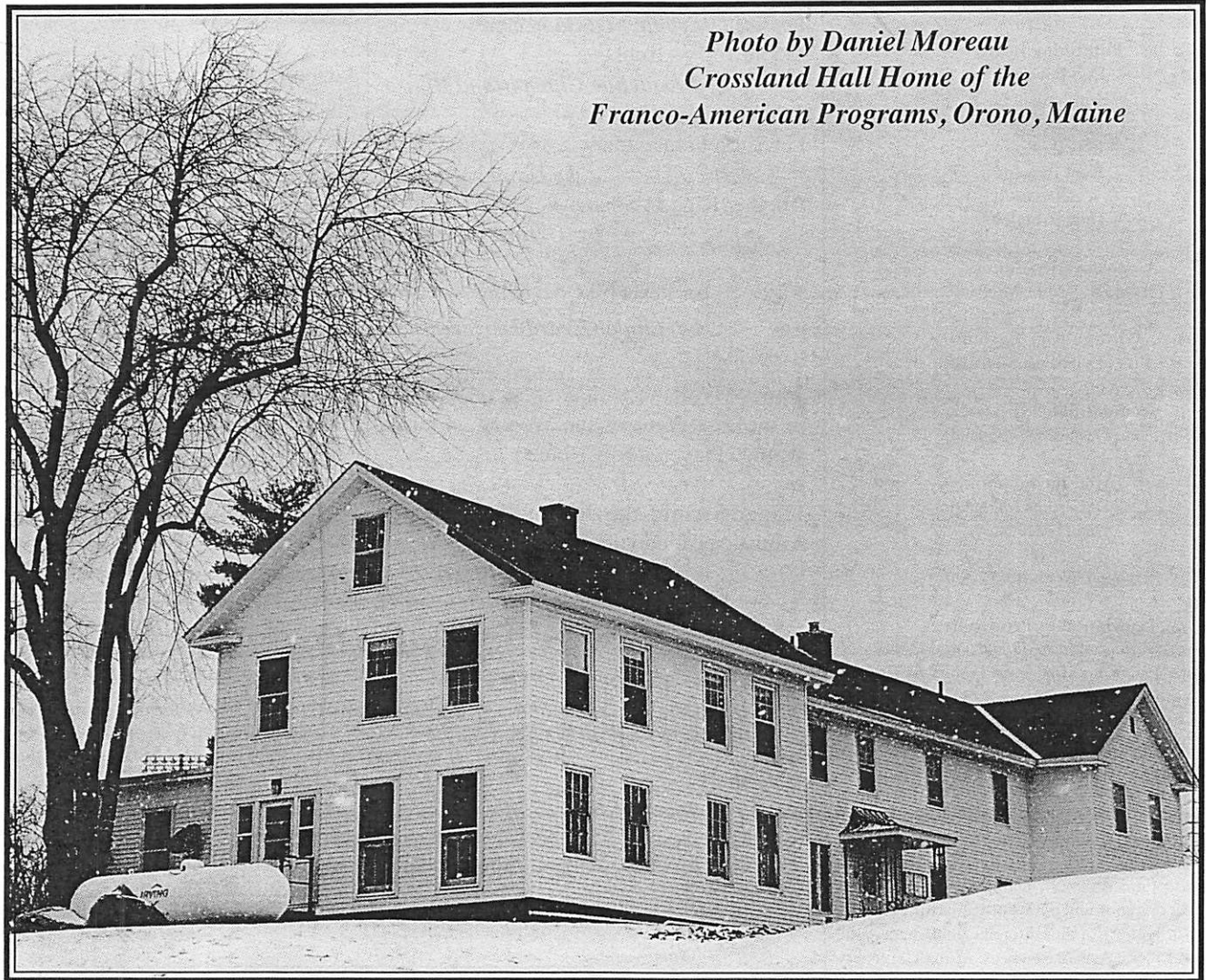
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"AFIN D'ÊTRE EN PLEINE POSSESSION DE SES MOYENS"

VOLUME 40, #4

WINTER/HIVER 2018-19



*Photo by Daniel Moreau
Crossland Hall Home of the
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Websites:

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

Oral History: Francoamericanarchives.org

Library: francolib.francoamerican.org

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

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.

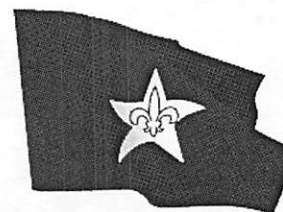
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L'équipe de rédaction souhaite que *Le Forum* soit un mode d'expression pour vous tous les Franco-Américains et ceux qui s'intéressent à nous. The staff hopes that *Le Forum* can be a vehicle of expression for you Franco-Americans and those who are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

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

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Le FORUM

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Lettres/ Letters

To Le Forum:

I enjoy *Le Forum*! I read every page in it. I am 96 years old with macula in one eye but I still can read. I hope I'm still in good standing, does the date on my label mean paid up till June 2018?

*Thank You!
Merci Beaucoup!
Cécile Vigue
Fairfield, ME*

Dear Cécile:

Thank for contacting Le Forum and we are pleased that you are able to read our publication.

You are correct, your label states 18/06 ~ Year/month. Thank you for checking with us and for your continued support!

Amicalement, Le Forum

To Le Forum:

I am writing to let you know that I'm moving back to my home in Lake Forest so for year 2019 please mail that special "*Le Forum*" magazine to the address provided.

I've enclosed a check for my subscription.

Thanks so much — love the magazine!

*Evelyn Joiner
Lake Forest, CA*

Dear Evelyn:

Thank for contacting Le Forum and informing us of your move. It helps reduce mailing costs when we are notified.

We thank you for your continued support! Le Forum would not exist without it's many supporters!

Amicalement,

Le Forum

SAVE THE DATE ~ Mardi Gras Potluck

March 5, 2019

6:00 p.m. -

8:00 p.m.

Join us for fun, food & music!

Franco-American Centre

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We would like to take a moment to introduce our latest addition to our Centre staff....I say staff, although Debbie Roberge is not hired by the University she has volunteered at the Franco-American Centre for well over 200 hours since Sept. 2018!

She has been instrumental in organizing *Le Forum*'s back issues, files, Centre holdings & collections, has worked in our library, has aided in creating ideas for Centre spaces, and is currently working on the Ringuette Library's holdings. Deb has also helped students research their family genealogy and is currently working on compiling Adrien Ringuette's ancestry which will be added to a database program [RootsMagic].

Franco-American Programs Volunteer: Debbie Roberge

Deb participates in Centre activities and is currently involved with our community group. The community group meets weekly on Wednesday's at noon. She is leading the process of organizing a genealogical organization within the Centre.

Thank you to our Donors...

Also, a huge shout out to our donors for your continued support! We couldn't do it without you!

Your generosity is greatly appreciated!



Our community group l to r: Bonnie King, Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Suzanne Taylor, Pam Beveridge, Emma Phillips, Deb Roberge & Louella Rolfe. 2nd Row: Martha Whitehouse & Lin Larochelle

A Father's Blessing on New Year's Day

by Gérard Coulombe

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

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

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

So, I mentally skipped over Christmas. It would never be what I had originally expected, that involved a certain satisfaction, that my parents had known and remembered what I always wanted but never got me at Christmas; My mother gave me hugs and kisses for my knowing that they could never afford to give me what they could not afford to give, for the weekly paycheck

earned barely covered their weekly expenses. At one point in my childhood, I knew the difference between those who received and those who did not. I was comfortable knowing that because of who we were, God would not only give us, but also everybody else like us, the love he distributed to those whose families could not afford that which only money could buy. So, as I always managed a job as a youth, I looked in the four "five and dimes" on Main Street for what I thought was the most beautiful framed art that I could afford, a pastoral of sorts that I thought mother might hang on the living



room wall. She did.

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

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

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

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

It might have happened earlier in the day had he gotten up, but as a man who worked the second shift all of his life, he had to sleep late on a day off. For my father, it was obligatory, just as much as going to church on a Sunday or on a Holy Day of Obligation. Only when he had gotten out of bed, dressed, had had his breakfast before leaving the house to attend church "en famille," as a family, did he think we were due to be anointed for another year. I don't believe for one minute that his little drama was anything but a little drama in which he played the major role.

We might have left for Mass on New Year's Day before he had had us kneel before him, each of us had to take a turn at what I thought was a punitive exercise. To kneel before him was the dutiful thing to do. We were scarred, reluctant, but dutiful. We took
(Continued on page 5)

(A Father's Blessing on New Year's Day continued from page 4)

our turn to ask for his blessing. He received each one of us individually. As the oldest, I went first; he gave each one of us his blessing, or not. We could not have foretold or bet on the outcome. It was possible that he might withhold his blessing. It happened.

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

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

The whole process, principally because I felt he played the person he was all year long, he who held the accounts, and he who did not hesitate to recall the long list of negatives, did proceed in a plodding but seri-

ous and officious voice. Perhaps my sisters would have recalled these experiences differently had I asked them some years later. But, I never did, speak of this to them or to my mother, who, I think, suffered, privately, through this traditional review of one's sins. I never asked my friends if they experienced anything like it or something similar.

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

I never knew my paternal grandparents. I only remember seeing the older men in their long white beards standing in front of what might have been my grandfather's shoe shop.

• New Year's Day like Christmas Day

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

(N.D.L.R. Reprinted from Le Club Français Newsletter, La Fanal, 13 février, 2006, Vol. 5 No. 2. Marie-Anne Gauvin's poetic description of a huge snow storm in the St. John Valley in the winter of 2006. Soumis par Jacqueline Blesso.

LA PIE BAVARDE

À tous et à chacun:

Essayant d'émerveiller ceux qui n'apprécient pas les pays nordiques je vais tenter de décrire deux semaines du plus beau paysage d'hiver que j'aie jamais vu. Commenant par le lendemain de Noël, 2005, la première merveille fut le plus de 37 à 40 pouces de neige qui nous avait enterer à grandeur de la Vallée. Je vous assure que ça faisait jaser les gens. Ce n'était pas seulement de la neige. Il y était tombé une couche de glace à peu près au coeur de cette neige. Le chasse-neige, les souffleuses et les pelleteurs ont eu beaucoup de peine à ouvrir les chemins, les rues, les montées et les entrées privées. Deux jour plus tard, tout était revenu à l'état presque normal.

La vraie merveille était le panorama qui s'étalait devant nous. N'importe où on pouvait regarder, c'était d'une envergure époustouflante et splendide de beauté blanche. Ce n'était pas comme les pays des Artiques ou les contours topographiques sont indistincts. Là, où, sans boussole les humains risquent leurs vies.

Ici, chez nous, ce n'était pas l'Artique.

Nous pouvions discerner les maisons avec leurs beaux gros chapeaux de blanc. Il y avait des chapeaux ronds, des pointus et même des ondulés, tous avec des cheminées plantées comem de grosses plumes décoratives sur les chapeaux. Les fenêtres semblaient être de grands yeux étonnés de voir tant de neige ne si peu de temps.

Oh! Que les arbres habillés de blanc nous fascinaient par leur beauté. Les arbres cadus pliaient leurs branches nues de feuilles mais enrobées de glace avec une légère couche de neige. Le bout des plus grandes branches pendaient sous le poids de la glace jusqu'à toucher la couverture de la neige. C'était leurs grands asluts à Dame Nature. Nous pouvions distinguer les variétés d'arbres pare leurs squelettes toujours visibles sous la neige. De temps en temps le soleil révélait les squelettes glacés en les faisant briller comme des mirgages colorés dans un désert blanc. Les conifères, eux, avec leurs branches pleines d'aiguilles supportaient la charge blanche indiquant la forme exacte de l'arbre. Un jeune épinette de 6 à 7 pied dans mon jardin était tellement bien caché sous son manteau blanc qu'il ressemblait

à un beau gros bonhomme, un peu comme les revenants de Halloween. Il faisait figure plutôt comique en plein milieu de ces scènes fêriques.

Étant dans un vallée, notre paysage se compose de collines, puis une autre colline par derrière et ainsi de suite. Cette fois, le sommet de ces collines se faisait tout blanc comme la faîte d'une grande montagne qui nous plaît toujours comme le Mont Katahdin au printemps. En voyageant en campagne nous arrivions sur une hauteur où la perspective de profondeur qui s'étendait devant nous à perte de vue était à couper le souffle. Les têtes blanches de certaines plantes dans les champs ajoutaient au décor de ce monde blanchi. Les buissons couverts de givre ressemblaient aux plus belles dentelles imaginables. Rien ne peut rendre la réalité de ces paysages enchanteurs, ni photos, ni paroles. Il faut être en plein dedans, le voir, le vivre.

Et nous l'avons vécu pendant deux grandes semaines inoubliables.

Votre pie bavardes,

Marie-Anne



LA TIRE D'ERABLE – LE CAOUTCHOUC MAPLE TAFFY – RUBBER

JACQUELINE CHAMBERLAND BLESSO

C'est le temps des sucres – dans le New Jersey. La tire et le sucre que j'ai déjà commandé de Jean et Céline Deschênes, propriétaires de *Leclerc Maple Products* de Van Buren, Maine, vient d'arriver à temps pour le Café et la Dégustation annuelle des produits d'érable que j'entreprends avec mes étudiants de français à Fairleigh-Dickinson University.

It's maple-sugar time – in New Jersey. The taffy and the sugar that I have ordered from Jean and Céline Deschênes, proprietors of Leclerc Maple Products in Van Buren, Maine, have just arrived in time for the annual Coffee and Tasting of maple products that I undertake with my French students at Fairleigh-Dickinson University.

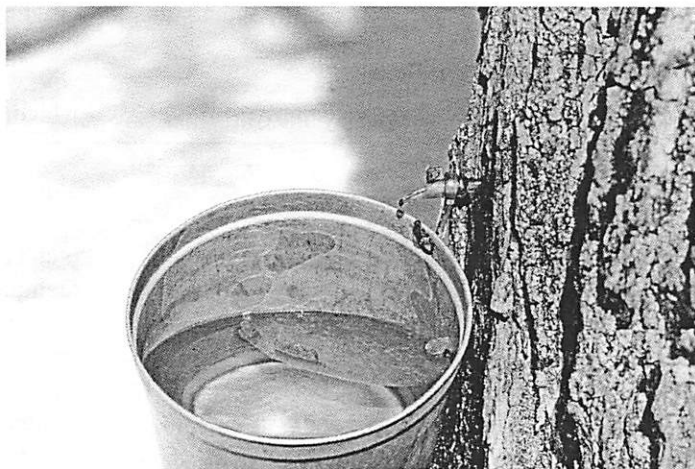
D'abord, on entame une lecture en français dans la classe intermédiaire sur la confection des acériculteurs. Avant de commencer la lecture, on examine une photo dans le texte qui montre la collection de la sève dans des tonneaux.

First, we start with a reading in French in the intermediate class on the culture of maize (acériculture in French). Before starting the reading, we examine a photo in the text showing the collection of sap in barrels.

Bientôt, je vais leur raconter mon expérience de jeunesse à la sucrerie de Pit Daigle à Sinclair, Maine. En arrivant en traineau, haler par des chevaux, on nous emmenait dans l'érablière pour nous montrer les arbres entaillés de chalumeaux. On accroche une chaudière à l'arbre pour capturer la sève qui coule lentement. Après l'avoir vidé de temps en temps, on la fait bouillir dans une grande marmite au-dessus d'un feu de bois. Bien sûr, cette occupation prin-

tière qui dure à peu près quatre semaines devait attendre les jours qui s'allongissent et le temps plus doux. Pour la plupart, ça se passe en famille et par plaisir du produit et de son façonnage.

Soon after, I will tell them about my experience when I was young at Pit Daigle's sugar house in Sinclair, Maine. Arriving



on a horse-drawn sleigh, we were taken to the maple grove where we were shown the spouts on the trees. A pail is hung under the spout to catch the slowly dripping sap. After being emptied from time to time, it is boiled in a large pot over a wood fire. Of course, this spring occupation lasting about four weeks, had to wait for lengthening daylight and warmer days. For the most part, this is a family affair done for the pleasure of making and enjoying the product.

Après avoir été exposé au grand air, au bouillonnement de la sève et la senteur de la fumé du bois, on dévorait les sandwiches qu'on avait apporté avec nous. Mais, ce qu'on attendait c'était le dessert – la tire d'érable. La sève, déjà arrivé à la consistance de sirop, est cuite encore un peu. Ensuite, elle est répandue en petites lamelles sur un plateau de neige où elle tourne en tire qu'on ramasse avec un petit bout de branche pour

former une sucette. On avait attendu toute l'année pour goûter ce délice qui fond sur la langue. Rien de meilleur!

After having been exposed to the spring air, to the boiling of the sap and the smell of the wood fire, we would devour the sandwiches we had brought with us. But, what we were waiting for was dessert – maple taffy. The sap, having already arrived at syrup consistency, is cooked a bit further. Then, it is dripped in thin lines on a platter lined with snow where it turns into taffy that we pick up with a small short branch to create a lollipop. We had waited all year to taste this delicacy that melts on your tongue. Nothing is better!

Si on continue la cuisson de la tire, on arrive à la production du sucre d'érable en brique que nos mères grattaient sur des crêpes chaudes. A nos jours, on fabrique aussi des sucettes dures et du beurre d'érable en incorporant de l'air dans le produit.

If the cooking of the taffy is continued, one arrives at the production of bricks of maple sugar that our mothers would grate onto warm crepes. Now, by incorporating air into the product, hard lollipops and maple butter can also be made.

Pour revenir à la photo de la collection de la sève, j'ai demandé aux étudiants s'ils comprenaient ce qui se passait dans la photo des arbres piqués de leur petit bec verseur. Une jeune étudiante africaine, douée en français, lève la main et dit qu'elle pense que c'est la collection du latex pour fabriquer du caoutchouc! Voilà une réponse intéressante et géniale. On amasse le latex des ficus, des hévéas et des urcéoles pour fabriquer le caoutchouc. C'est le même processus de collection. Encore une fois, j'ai appris d'une étudiante.

Coming back to the photo about the sap collection, I asked the students if they understood what was taking place in the photo of the trees pierced by their small pouring lips. A young African girl, gifted in French, puts her hand up and says that she thinks that it is the collection of latex to make rubber! Now that is a brilliant and interesting answer. The sap from ficus, heveas and urceoles is (Suite sur page 7)

Lewiston Franco Tour

Daniel Moreau – 11/26/2018
Franco-American Programs
Student Associate
(All Photos by Daniel Moreau)



View of the Bates Mill along Pine Street in Centreville in Lewiston. The mural was done in summer 2018 by Brazilian muralist, Arlin Graff. The Bates Mill was the main economic driver for Lewiston, and most Lewiston French-Canadians.

These are photos I've taken on Thanksgiving week in Lewiston, Maine, which was once the hub of Franco-Americans in Maine. Because of this, it has gained the nickname "Little Canada" which is often reserved for Franco-American neighborhoods in Mill towns. Next door, on the other bank of the Androscoggin River sits Auburn. Together, Lewiston and Auburn are considered the Twin Cities, they share infrastructure (bus line, airport), and some organizations (LA Economic Growth Council, for example). They are located halfway between Portland and Augusta, Maine. Lewiston has a population of ~36,000 (making it the second largest city in Maine, Portland comes in

first at 67,000, and Bangor comes in third at 33,000), and Auburn has a population of ~23,000. Together, they have a combined population close to Portland at ~60,000 people. Historically, Lewiston was famous for its textile mills while Auburn was famous for its shoe factories. When the decline of the mills began in the mid 20th century, the economy struggled, and the area became known for its crime in the 70s to 90s. Over the past 15 years or so, the area has seen a revitalization and Centreville (the Main Street neighborhood) has seen new businesses and new construction. To this day, French-Canadian heritage is still alive and well in Lewiston.



Drained canal with Bates Mill building #1 on the left foreground, Bates Mill building #5 in the background, and the Centreville parking garage and Canal Street in the right foreground. The canals were drained for bridge construction further down the canals.

(Continued on page 8)

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**(LA TIRE D'ERABLE –
 LE CAOUTCHOUC**

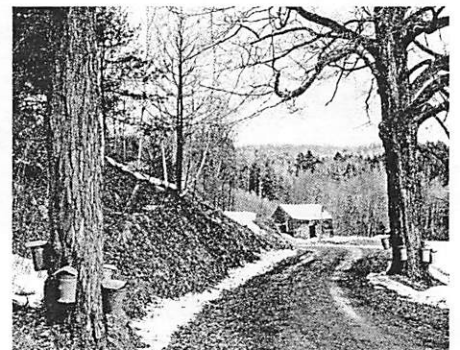
MAPLE TAFFY – RUBBER *suite de page 6)*

collected to make rubber. It's the same collection process. Once again, I have learned something from a student.

Mais, on doit dire que le produit de l'érable est supérieur par son goût. La dégustation a été un succès ponctué par des "ohs," "ahs" et "que c' est bon."

But, one must say that the maple product is superior because of its taste. The tasting was a success punctuated by "ohs," "ahs" and "this is so good."

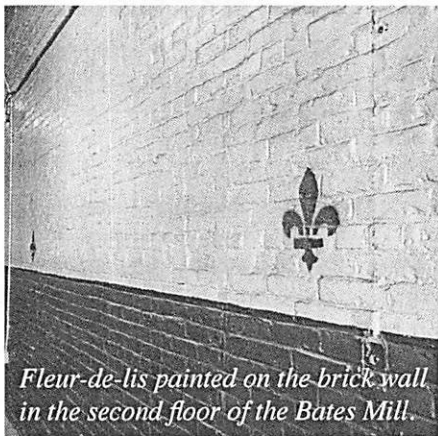
Publié dans (Originally published in)
Le Fanal, LE CLUB FRANÇAIS, 10 juin,
 2003, Vol. 2, No. 6.



(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 7)

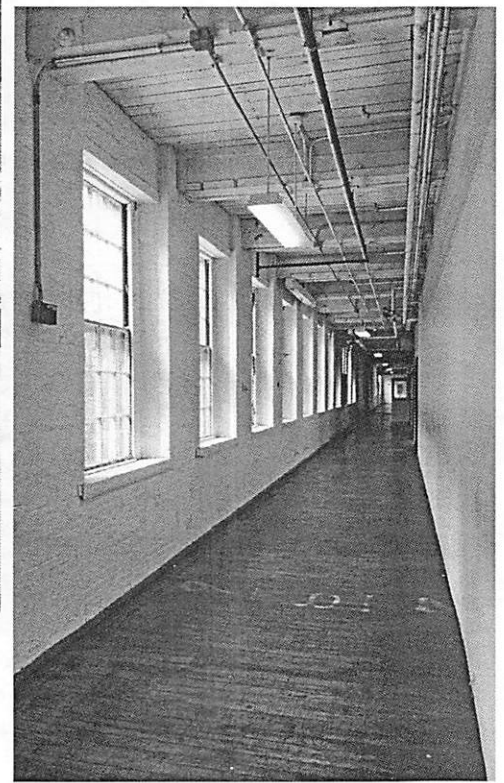


Lobby of the partially renovated Bates Mill. Events are often held here.



Fleur-de-lis painted on the brick wall in the second floor of the Bates Mill.

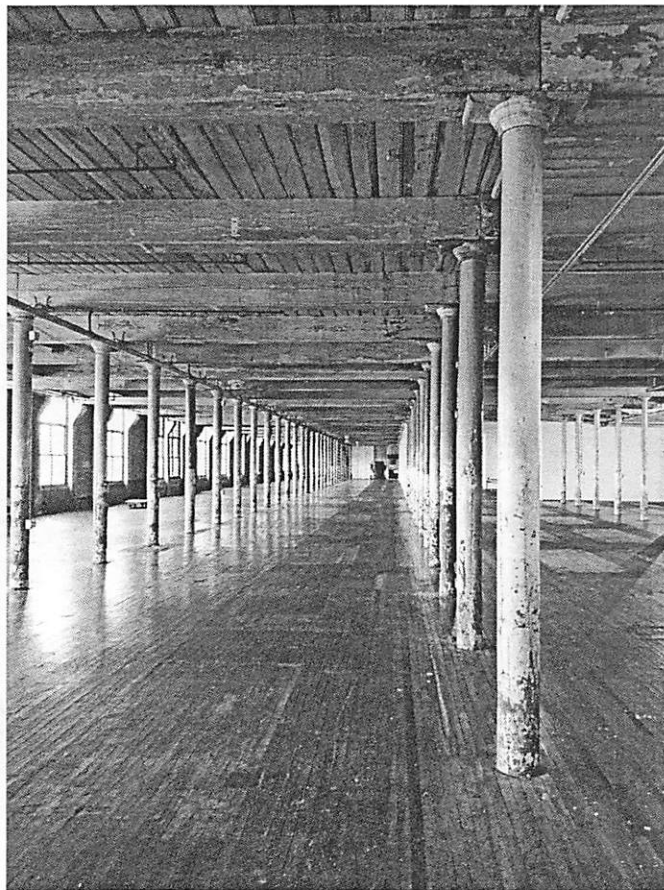
Bates Mill



Hallway in the Bates Mill. Museum LA, and E. Claire and Pastries are along this hallway. The floors are stained with oil from the textile machines when the mill was in operation.

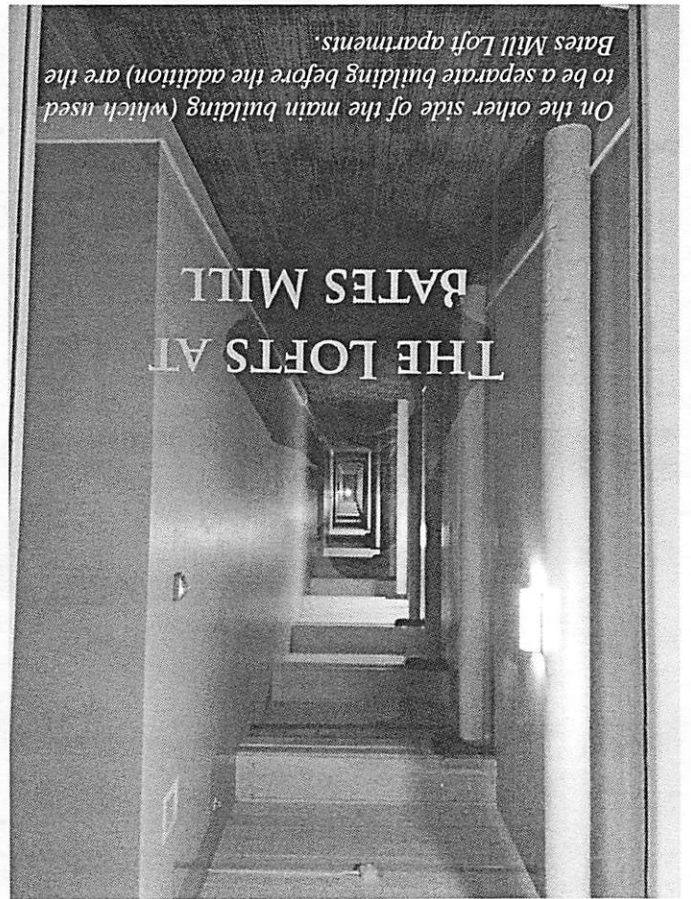


Unrenovated room in the Bates Mill. Some of the mill remains unrenovated. The windows are boarded up because of a newly constructed wing which houses Baxter Brewing Company.

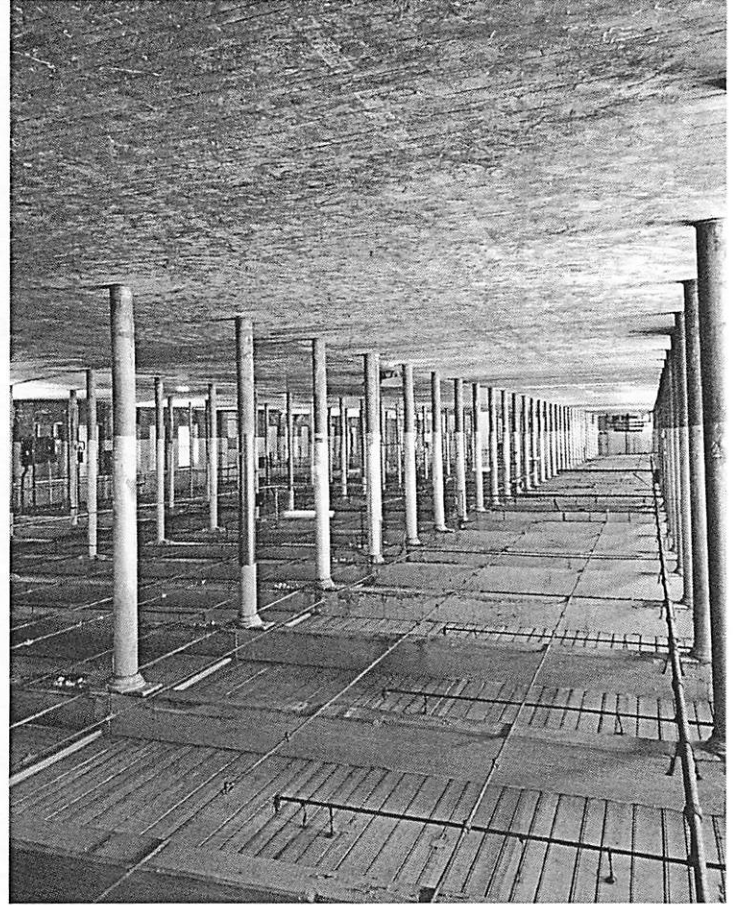


The second (and above) floor are open as it was when the mill was operating. The white wall in the right background houses Museum LA's shoe and textile exhibits. You can see the large dark squares on the floor, which are from the oil of textile machines. This building in the Bates Mill was once two buildings, the two buildings were combined, and an addition was built; seen by the different beams in the ceiling, and different orientation in the ceiling planks. Sometimes performances and conferences are held on this floor.

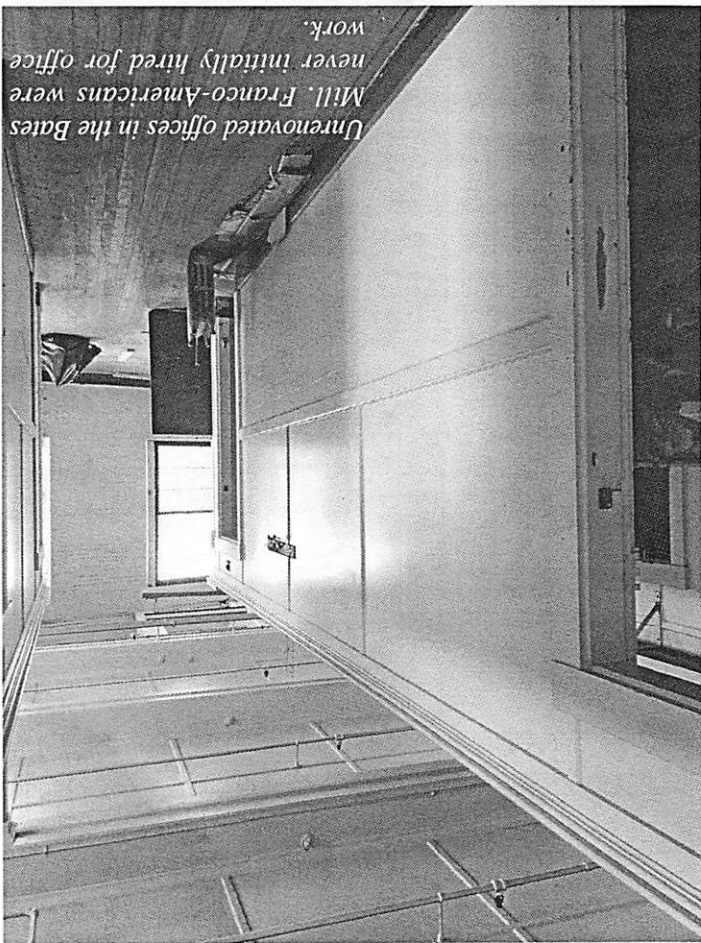
(Continued on page 9)



On the other side of the main building (which used to be a separate building before the addition) are the Bates Mill Loft apartments.



Floor 3 of the Bates Mill. There are no occupants in this room, it is under renovation.



Unrenovated offices in the Bates Mill. Franco-Americans were never initially hired for office work.

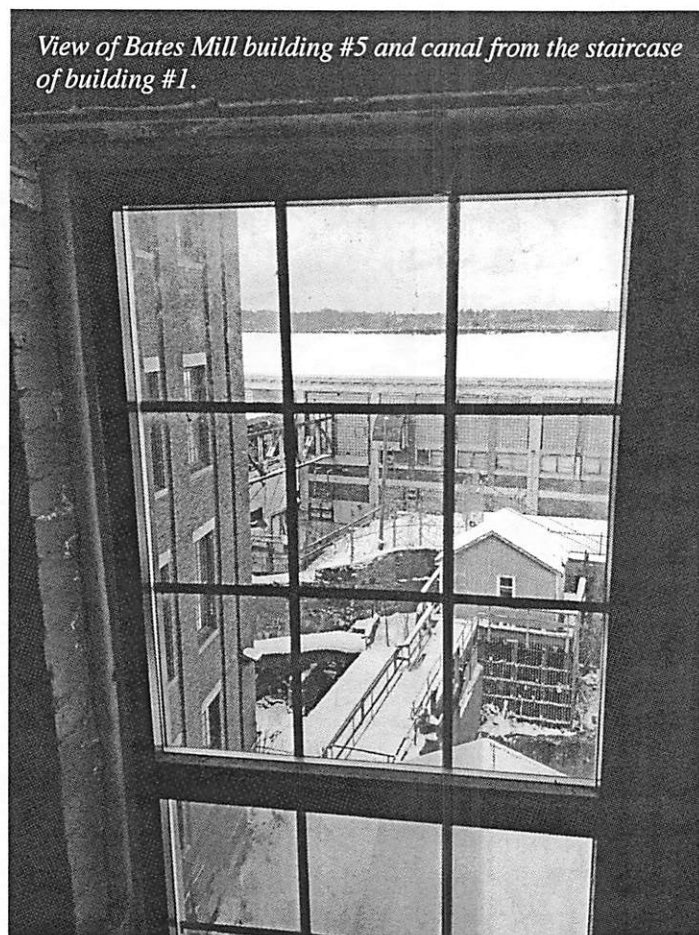


A painted arrow on the third-floor wall which says "Spinning" between wings.

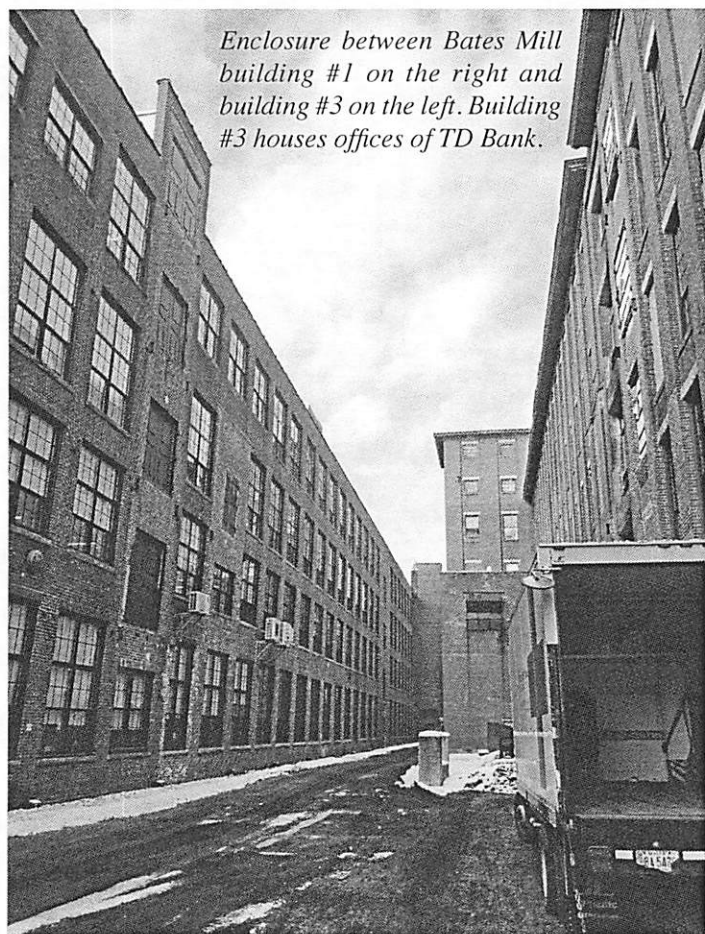
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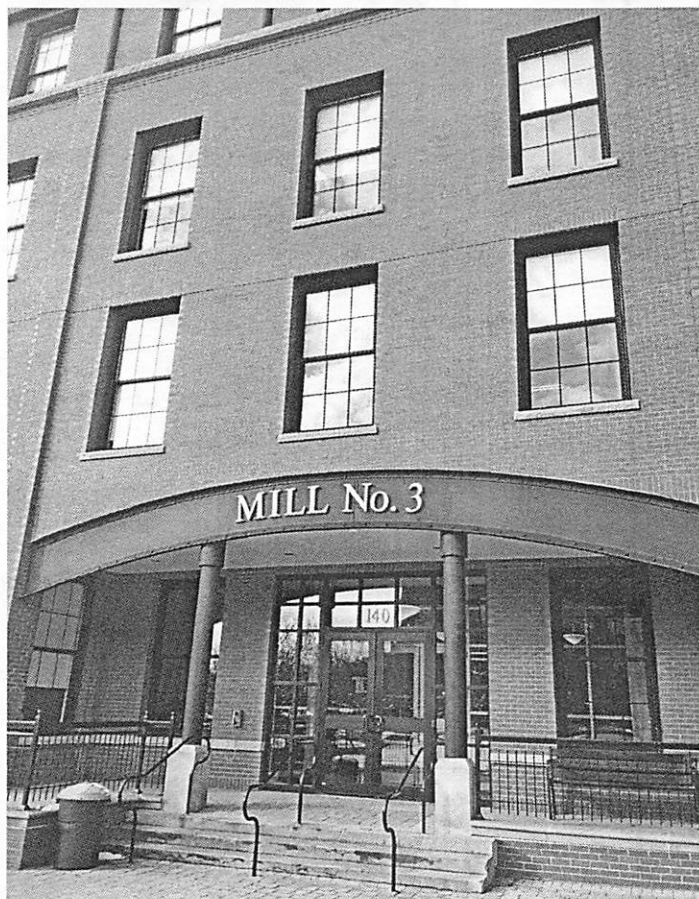
4th and top floor of the Bates Mill with some broken floor boards. There are no occupants in this room, and is currently under renovation.



View of Bates Mill building #5 and canal from the staircase of building #1.



Enclosure between Bates Mill building #1 on the right and building #3 on the left. Building #3 houses offices of TD Bank.

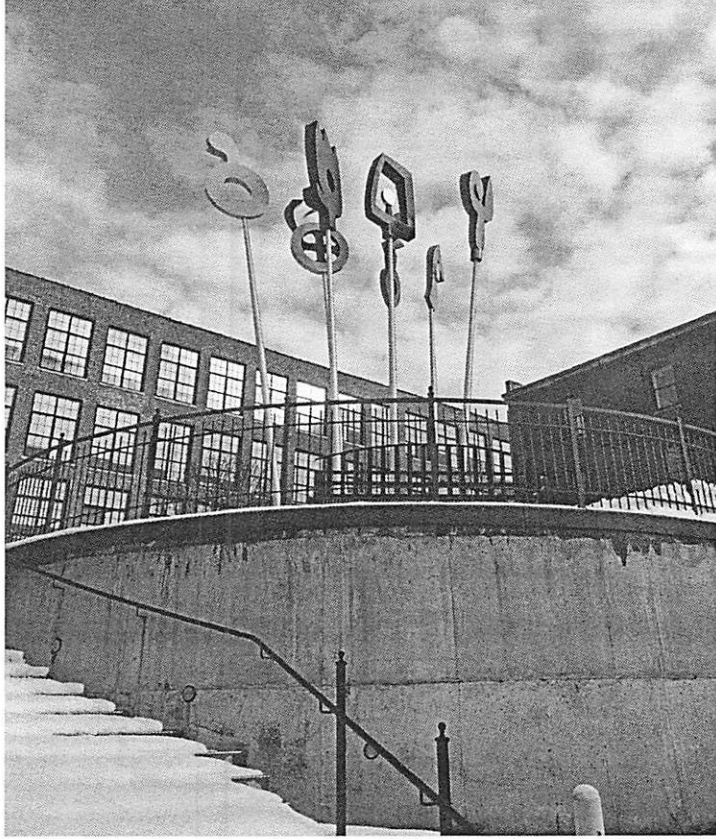


Entrance to building #3 housing TD Bank, there used to be another building here which was torn down.

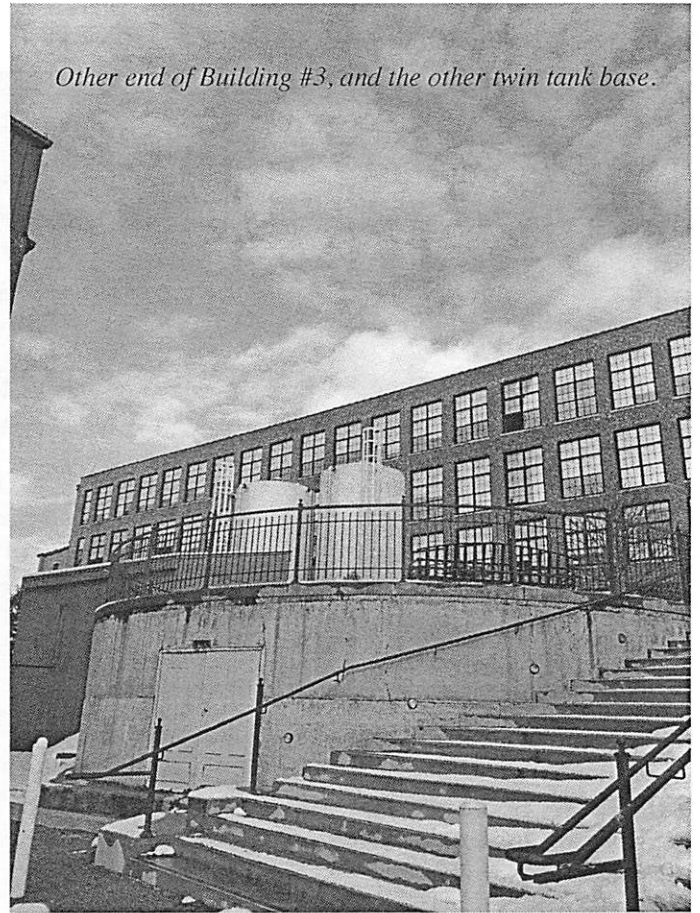
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(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 10)

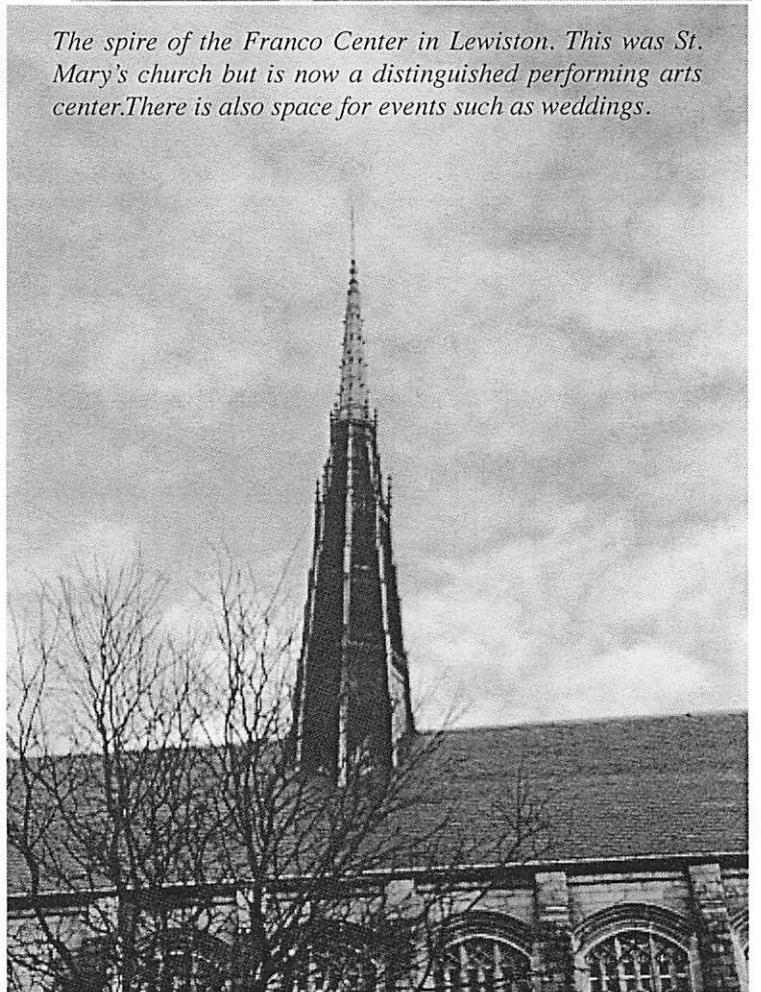
View of the sculpture "Lewiston Rattle" on a tank base, with Building #3 in the background. On the right background is Building #7 which also houses TD Bank offices.



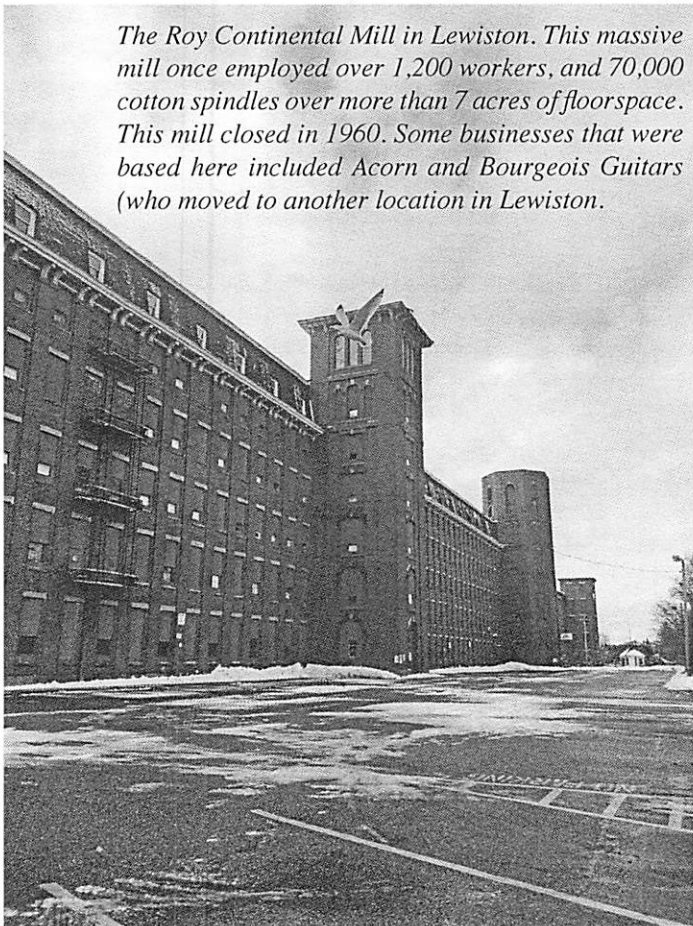
Other end of Building #3, and the other twin tank base.



The spire of the Franco Center in Lewiston. This was St. Mary's church but is now a distinguished performing arts center. There is also space for events such as weddings.



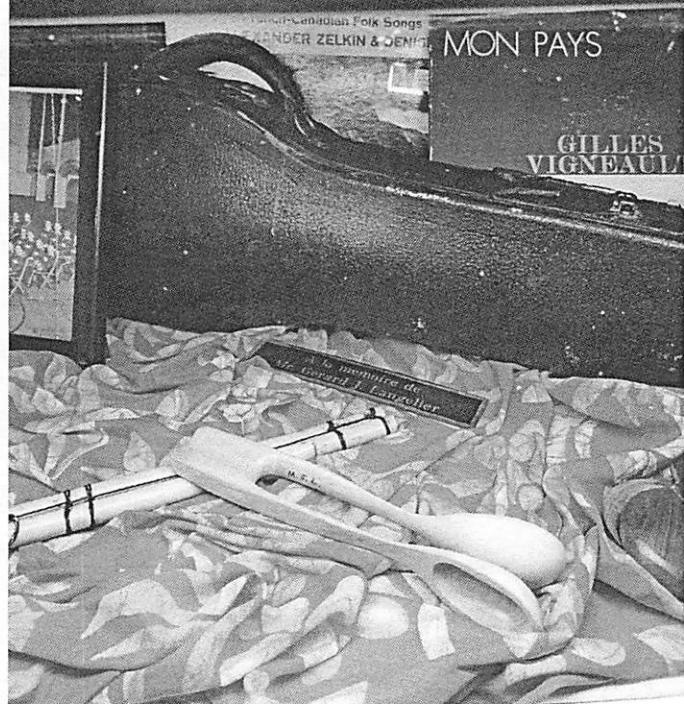
The Roy Continental Mill in Lewiston. This massive mill once employed over 1,200 workers, and 70,000 cotton spindles over more than 7 acres of floorspace. This mill closed in 1960. Some businesses that were based here included Acorn and Bourgeois Guitars (who moved to another location in Lewiston).



(Continued on page 12)

(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 11)

Display case of Franco-American music items. Including a violin case, wooden spoons, and other things. The Franco Center has many Franco-American and religious items on display.



The performance hall itself of the Franco Center



Photographic mural of the Grey Nuns.



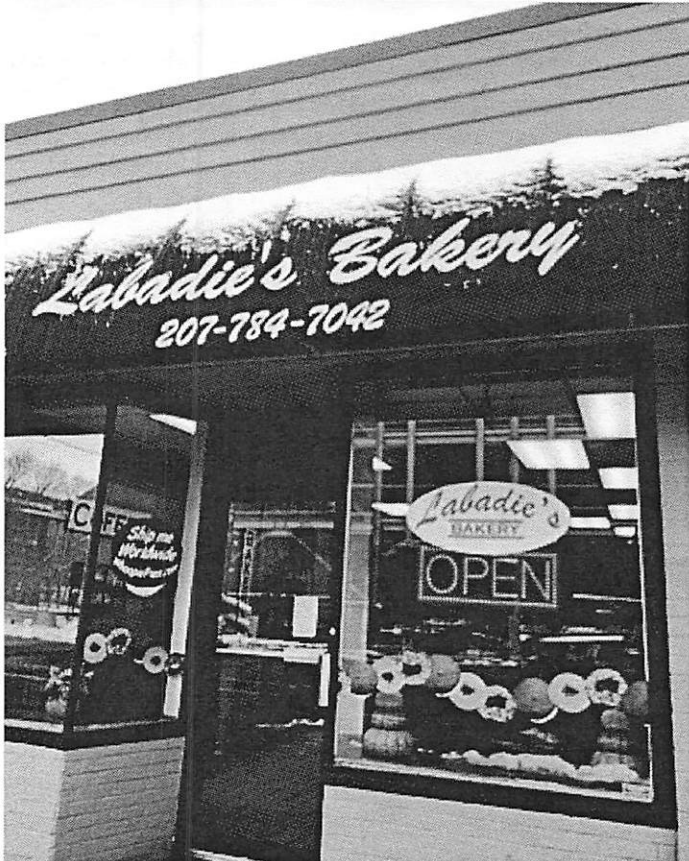
Habit of a Grey Nun. The Grey Nuns in Lewiston founded St. Mary's Hospital, an elderly home, two orphanages, and the Healy asylum.

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(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 12)

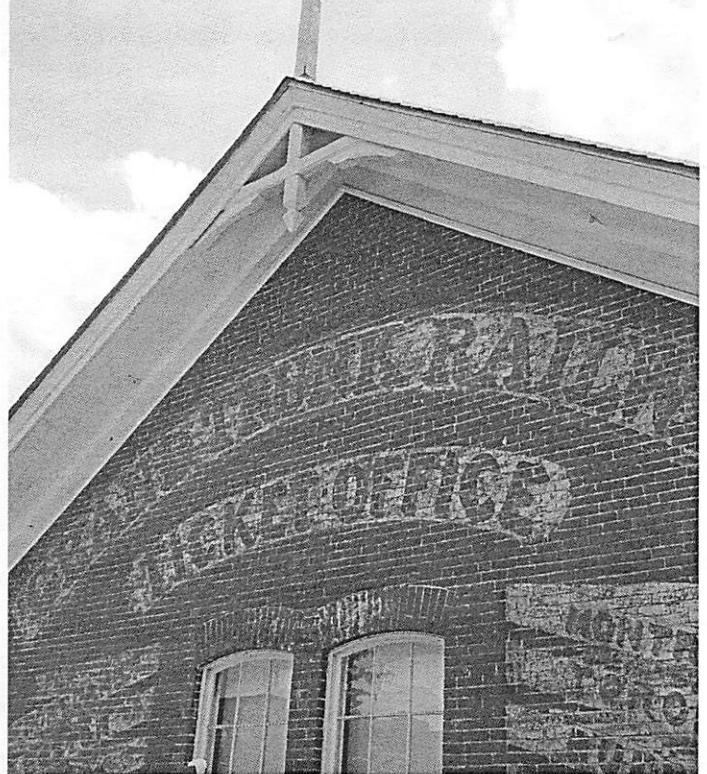


View of the Petit Canada neighborhood from the entrance of the Franco Center.



Labadie's bakery, which is one of the foremost Franco-American businesses in the area (there is also Lamey-Wellehan which sells mostly shoes). They are famous for their whoopie pies.

Original writing on the Grand Trunk Railroad Station, which was the main link of Lewiston to Canada. This used to house the Rails restaurant, however it shut down recently because of a labor shortage.



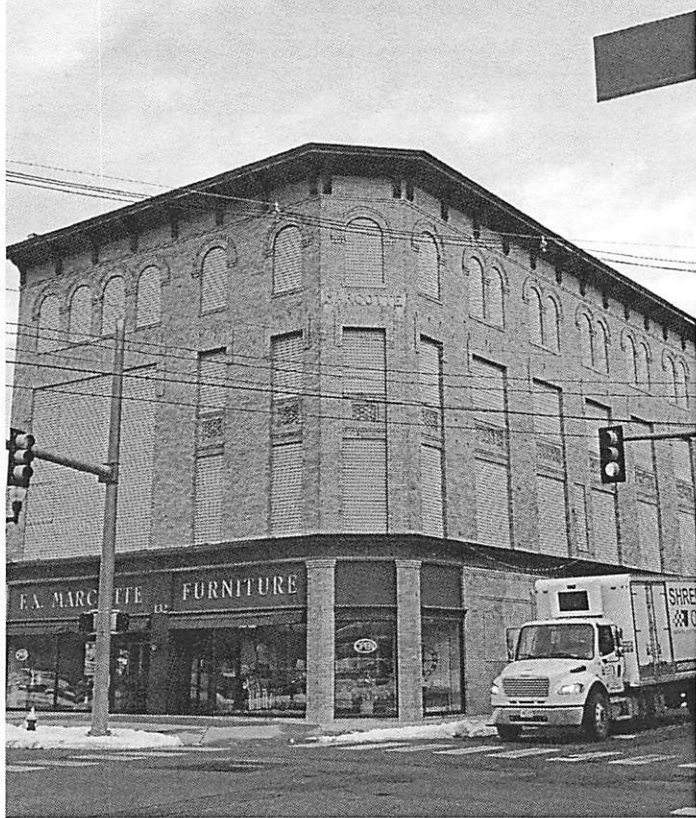
The Dominican Block, which was one of the primary social centers for Franco-Americans in Lewiston. It was founded by the Dominican Order.



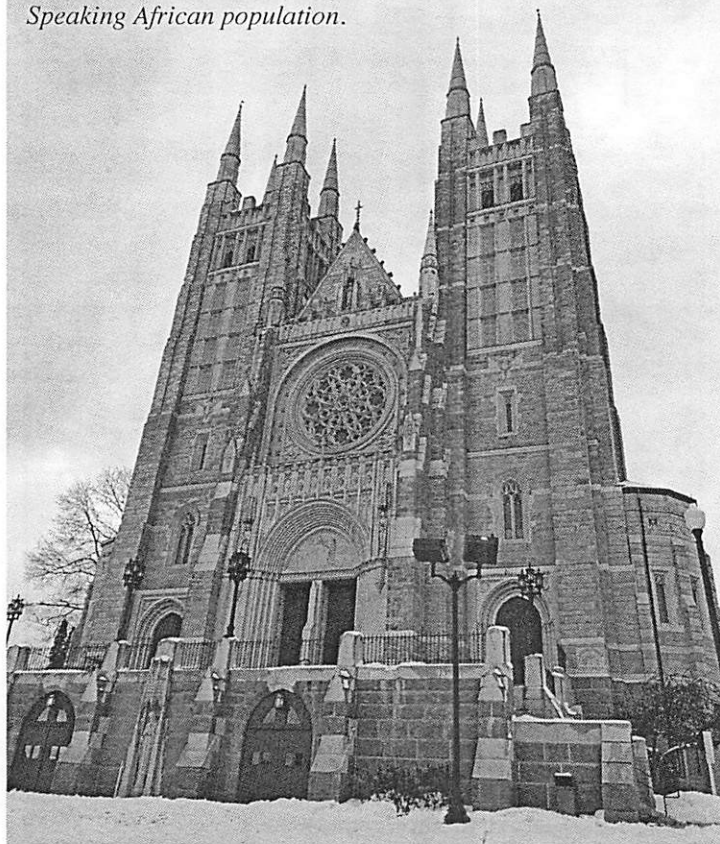
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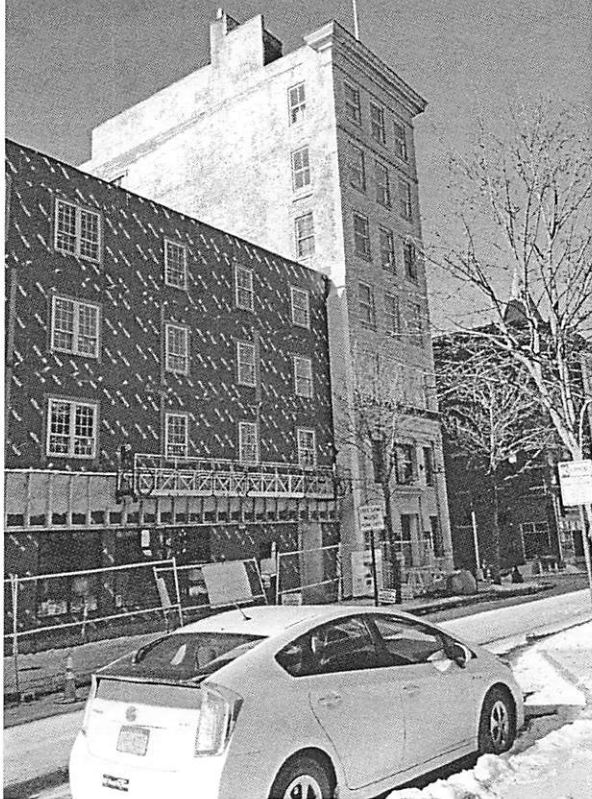
FX Marcotte, another Franco-American business, across the street from the Dominican Block, and Labadie's Bakery.



Front façade of the St. Peter and Paul Basilica. Built in 1936, it is one of the few remaining churches in Maine that still offers Mass in French. This is also beneficial to Lewiston's new French Speaking African population.



Centreville in Lewiston with the new mixed-use Hartley Block under construction on the left and the Manufacturer's National Bank on the right.

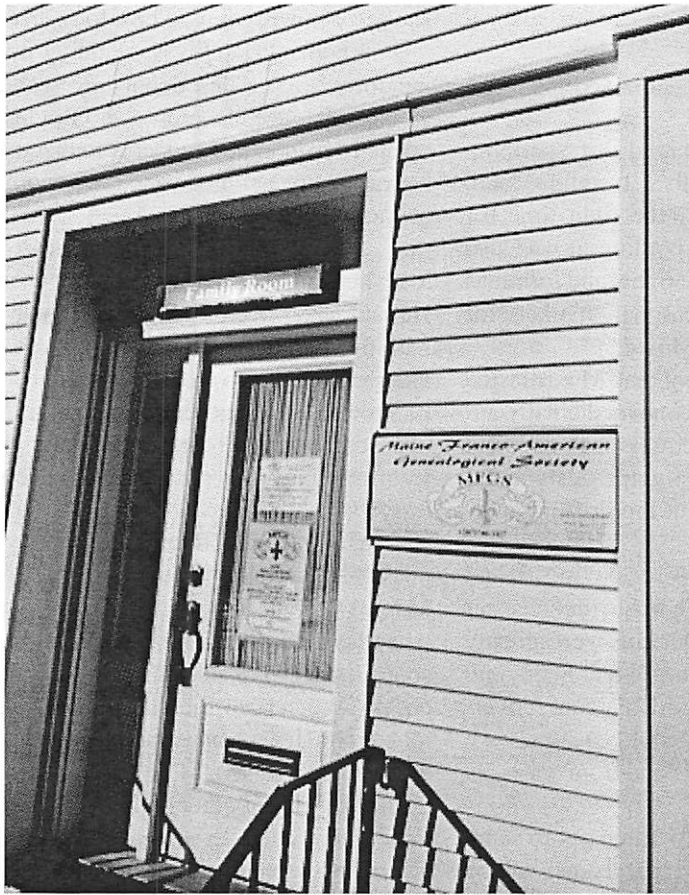


The original wing of Saint Mary's Regional Medical Center in Lewiston, which was the hospital founded by the Grey Nuns in 1901.

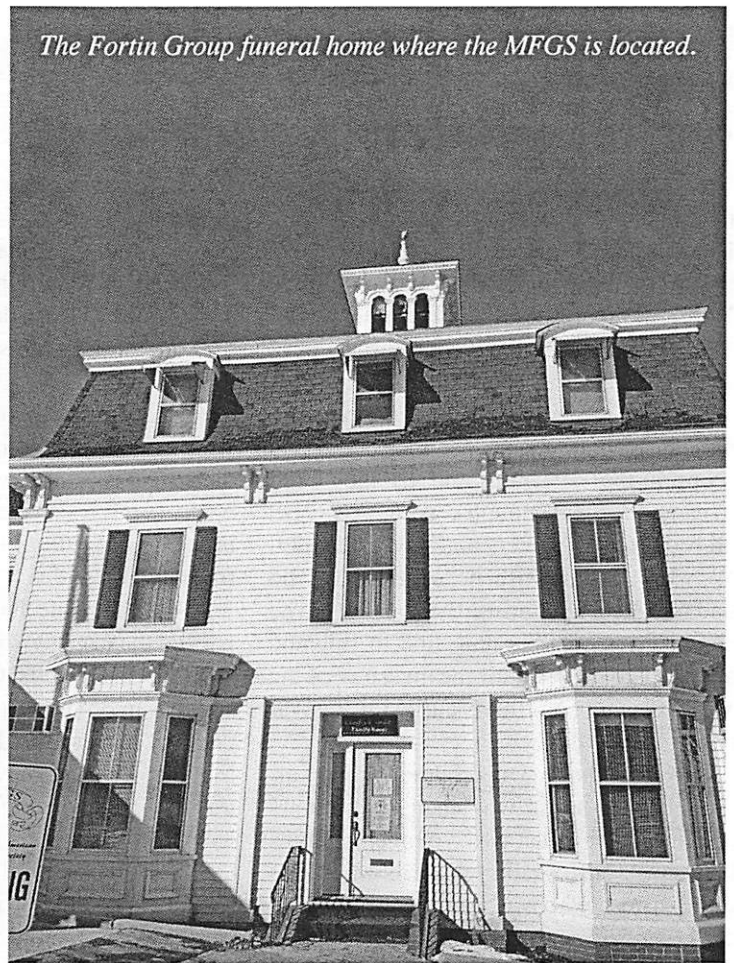


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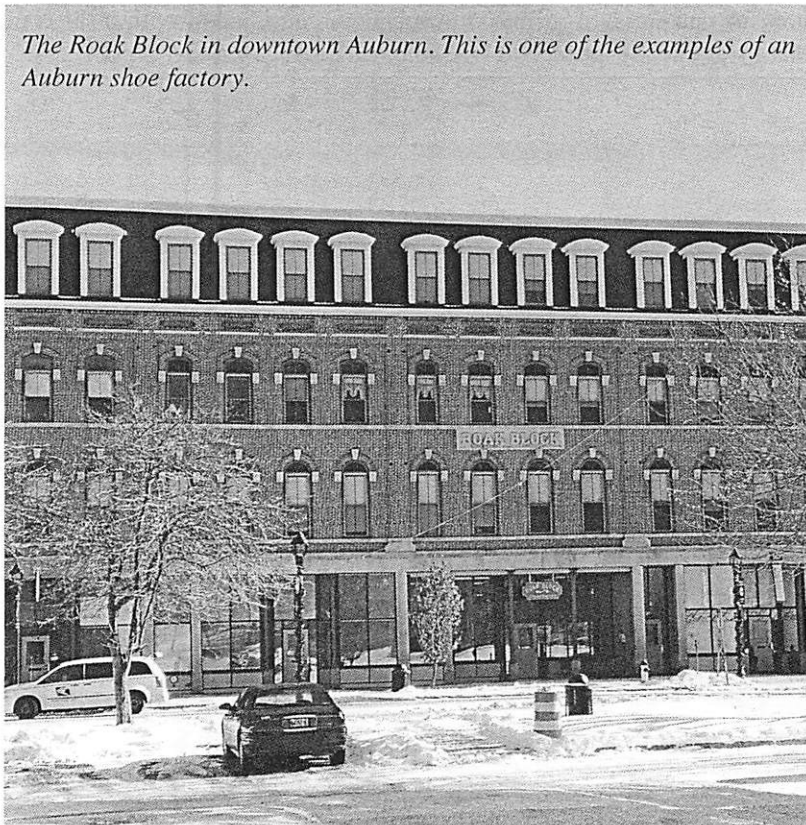


Entrance to the Maine Franco Genealogical Society which is in the Fortin Group Funeral Home. They provide genealogical resources to Franco-Americans in the area.



The Fortin Group funeral home where the MFGS is located.

The Roak Block in downtown Auburn. This is one of the examples of an Auburn shoe factory.



Main entrance to the Roak Block apartments with the building name above.

(Continued on page 16)

Another Kind of Shame

by *Gérard Coulombe*

We were to leave that evening so that I could drive at night back to Long Island where we lived and I taught. We had been on one of our trips back home on the North Shore of Long Island to see the relatives in Maine. Those were the early days with the children, four of them.

We had decided to stay not with my parents or hers but with her sister who had room in the basement, and as they liked to camp they had enough cots for everyone, all four of the children and my wife and I. We were visiting with her sister, Ann, who had married Paul during the war before he shipped out with his unit, first to England and then to the Med for the invasion of the Western part of North Africa, taking the War to the Third Reich.

They had two children, and although their house was small, it was theirs and more than her two younger siblings had, save for Rose, the eldest of my wife's three sisters who was married to a bottler and owned an even smaller house with six children, each set of two, ten years older than the next set. He and his dad had created and owned the Seal Rock Bottling Company in Saco on the basis of a spring on their property from which they drew their

water to make their brand of sparkling beverages, successfully, I might add, because, not only was it the right time for independent soda pop bottling, it was also a good time to lease the rights and formulas to Maine's largest seasonal market for orange Crush" and ("Moxie.")

As a kid, I thought that Moxie tasted so bad that only someone medicinally addicted to its peculiar, weird tasting ingredient could survive several gulps of its awful taste in one sitting. But I'm drifting away from my main idea.

It was time for our leaving. I had packed the car. My wife was with her sister saying her farewells. Our kids were already settling in on the platform I had fitted onto the backseat of our Ford Falcon, covering the well, so they could sleep as we traveled back to Long Island from our visits to Maine.

My brother-in-law came out to stand by the car while our wives, sisters, talked some more. I guess he knew as well as I did that my coming out to load the kids and get myself adjusted behind the wheel were precursors to a long drive and a motivator which didn't work to put pressure on my wife to notice that I was already primed to

go and that she should keep her farewells short, for it was going to be a long drive.

I noticed Paul was standing by the window, so I rolled down my window to acknowledge his presence. But as he opened his mouth, I suddenly realized that he was ready to unload and it was going to be more than I expected.

He felt, I think, that if he didn't unload he would never have another chance. He had never been a loquacious man. So with this last chance, knowing as well as I did, that the wives would not be out soon, he allowed all of his pent-up emotions flow over the dam that had held them back from me, his brother-in-law, but, nevertheless, a stranger still.

He started telling me about the missed opportunities he had had to leave Maine. He had had that drive to go west when he returned from the War. Pretty soon there were tears flowing down his cheeks. When I saw them, I could no longer look at him. It wasn't pity that he needed. He had wanted to leave Maine when he came back, like a lot of other survivors from the War who wanted to start over somewhere else, who wanted to disentangle themselves from the lives they had known [for him as for me, in a Franco-American culture] to escape to a far away place where they could have a different life under totally different circumstances, with a different
(Continued on page 17)

(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 15)



Panoramic View from the entrance of the Saints Peter and Paul Basilica in Lewiston.



Panoramic View of the Androscoggin River, downtown Auburn, and some of Lewiston from Festival Plaza in Auburn.

(Another Kind of Shame continued from page 16)

kind of people, struggling with different ideas, and with the chance for different opportunities, free of the problems associated with being French-Canadian in a Franco-American town.

His wife had closed the door. Leaving alone meant divorce which he would not commit to. Instead, well, he missed catching the ring on the merry-go-round at Old Orchard Beach. His wife wouldn't go because her mother, his mother-in-law interfered. I remember my mother-in-law, on one of my visits to her home, not one that my in-laws owned, but one they rented, just like my mother rented her home on the second floor of a tenement, but theirs was half of a duplex, my mother-in-law, still not sold on her youngest daughter marrying a dumb-luck Canuck like herself who had once-upon-a-time lived on a farm, until she married and then suffered a fool of a husband in some ways because, although he was smart, allowed himself

to be dissuaded from owning his own home, although he earned his livelihood as a realtor. He had to have been a foolish Frenchman who could sell another man and his family a house to live in while denying his own family the merit of living in one of their own.

My brother-in-law was by that time crying freely, telling me how much he had wanted to leave and hadn't because maybe his, our, mother-in-law had once-upon-a-time persuaded his wife that moving so far away, moving out of town like moving out of state had been a bad idea. They had been married during the War when she had gone down South where he was stationed before embarking for over there.

By that time, he was overwhelmed by the effort of his telling his very sad tale. And I was elated that I had managed to get away, to graduate from college rather than condemn myself like my friends to mediocre jobs in the mills-smart but dumb in the making. The Korean War had been my opportunity.

Some time after we got home at the end of that summer vacation, away from the

machinations of my hometown on its Franco citizens, not all, but far too many could not or did not wish to leave the drama of the enslaving culture known to some of us Canucks.

At the turn of seasons, my brother-in-law subsequently entered (Augusta," the Veterans State Hospital, and spent the rest of his life there in something of a vacuum, possibly never knowing again who he was, but having had the good sense, I suppose, to forget who he had been and could never be again, since he had missed his chance or not taken the chance or had finally accepted the fact of what his life had been determined to be all along. Some had been killed or wounded in the war. He had come home to die within himself in his private war for something he could not have. His wife was unable to help him. He had had two great children, a girl and a boy who were left with stories about camping on Sebago Lake, Maine, and he left them, too, when he dove into limbo.

Museum L-A's Exhibit Opening of Beau-frog: The Art of Peter Archambault

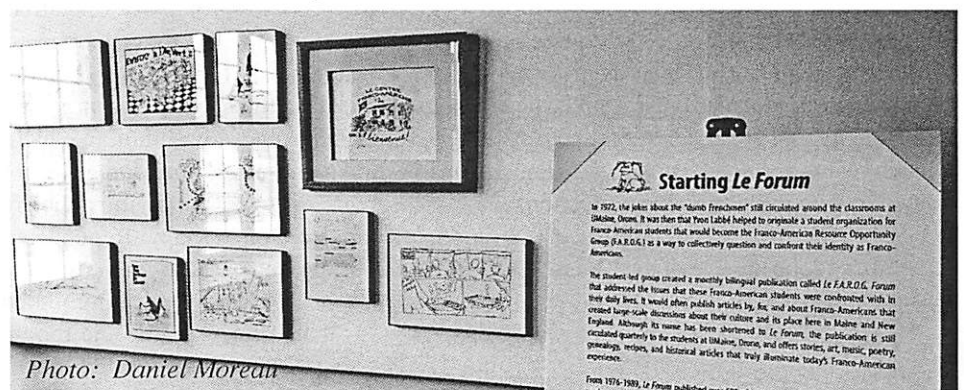
Museum L-A was thrilled to announce a new gallery exhibit which opened this fall that explores the Franco-American experience through a new medium: cartoons. The exhibit, "Beau-frog: The Art of Peter Archambault," displayed the artwork and political cartoons of Peter Archambault, a native of Madawaska, Maine. His artwork, featured monthly in a Franco-American publication at the University of Maine at Orono, Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum, provided rich political commentary, an investigation into immigration practices, and an exploration of the Franco-american culture in Maine and New England.

Archambault created a character called "Beau-frog" as a way to reclaim the common slur generally directed toward francophone and French heritage people during this era. The daily exploits of the frog truly illustrate the trials and tribulations of a minority figure coming to terms with their personal and cultural identity while surrounded by the pressures of an Anglophone majority. Despite this work being created for the Franco-American students on

the Orono campus, the cultural exploration found in Archambault's cartoon drawings can speak to the experiences of the people in our community of Lewiston-Auburn, a place deeply affected by French-Canadian immigration since the 1850s. While on display in the Museum L-A gallery, his work gave visitors the chance to explore these themes of immigration and cultural identity through the unique medium of cartoons, and allows them to come up with their own interpretations and conclusions about the meaning behind the art.

The exhibit is now being housed at the

Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine in Orono. It is a traveling exhibit, if you're interested in hosting it, please contact Lisa Michaud at Lisam@maine.edu or call 207 581-3789.





In the First Year of the Woman, Franco Women Played a Key Role

November 5, 2018 Brunswick, Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Politics, Women

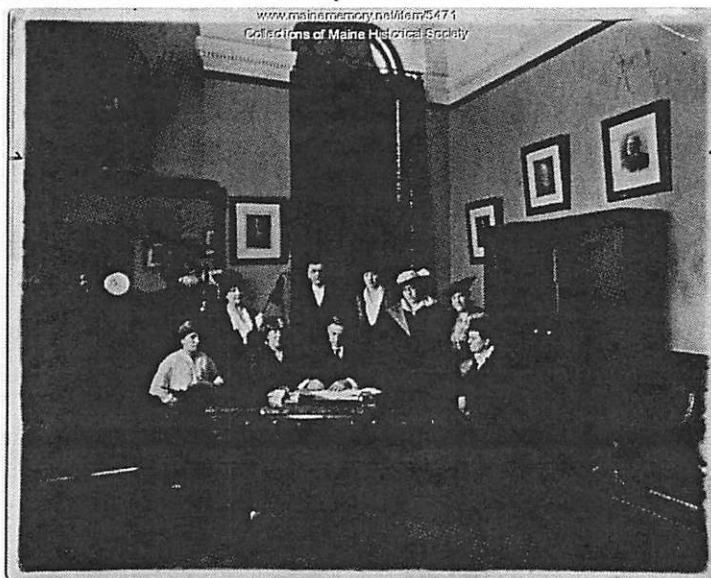
By James Myall

There's been a lot of speculation that 2018 will be the "year of the woman" in US politics, with a record number of women on the ballot, and turnout expected to be high among women. Tuesday's election results will tell us how true that is, but nearly a century earlier, the women's vote was certainly a game changer. And in Maine, the question on everyone's mind was "what will the French women do?"

In 1920, the United States granted women the right to vote nationwide for the first time, via the 19th amendment to the constitution. While other states had already enfranchised women (beginning with the Wyoming Territory in 1869), the 1920 elections in Maine were the first to be held after the ratification of the federal amendment, and therefore garnered national attention. Until 1957, Maine held elections for state offices and for us senators and representatives in September. For this reason, and because Maine was a bellwether state for many years, Maine's state races were pored over for clues to the nationwide Presidential poll in November.

"Something that is worrying the politicians even more than the French or the Irish vote is the woman vote... Just what women will decide to do with their ballots is keeping the politicians in both quarters worried... Each [party] is afraid that the other will steal a march, so both are going out for the women."

Franco-American women were just as critical to this effort as any potential new voters. The Franco vote in Maine was generally Democratic in this period, partly because Maine's Democrats were concentrated in the same mill towns as Franco Americans. The exception were Acadian voters in Aroostook County who trended Republican, like their rural neighbors.



Governor Carl Milliken (center) signing the legislative resolution which first proposed women's suffrage in 1917. The suffrage amendment was defeated in that September's vote, and reinstated in 1920. Image: Maine Historical Society

In 1920, Maine's state and congressional elections were held Monday September 13. This was just weeks after the 19th amendment was ratified on August 20th, when Tennessee became the 36th state to approve it. Governor Carl Milliken called the Maine legislature into special session to pass legislation to explicitly allow women to vote in the imminent election.

The New York Times published a substantial feature story on September 12, on the eve of the Maine vote, offering a glimpse into the scramble to register and turn out women voters:



Employees in the Winding Room of Brunswick's Cabot Mill, 1925. Image: Pejepscot Historical Society / Maine Memory Network

The potential of Franco Americans had made them a focus of party operatives for decades. Initially, both Republicans and Democrats made efforts to woo "the French vote." However, Republicans struggled to get votes from Franco Americans in most cities and large towns for a number of reasons. Republicans favored prohibition, which was not a popular policy among Francos. Long-time Maine Republican leader James G Blaine had pushed for laws outlawing public funding of parochial schools. Most strikingly, the Maine Republican Party was firmly anti-immigrant by 1920. The party had passed a series of laws restricting the franchise and other rights of immigrants.

In the run up to the 1920 poll, Democrats were focused on registering Franco women:

(Continued on page 19)

(In the First Year of the Woman, Franco Women Played a Key Role continued from page 18)

"In Androscoggin County, for instance, the French women are coming in by the hundreds. Most of them are either workers in the mills and factories, or members of families whose breadwinners are workers in the mills."

Meanwhile Republicans were using "the French vote" to motivate turnout among Yankee women:

"To counteract the great influx of Democratic votes of the French women, the Republican Party is fine combing the county, bringing out any Yankee farmer's wife they can find...The argument is put up to all of them that there is great danger of the French getting control of politics in the state by virtue of the large French mill workers' votes"

Even the Times, a pro-Democrat paper, was not immune from inflammatory language. In describing the effect of the Franco vote in Brunswick, the times described the immigration of French Canadians to the small college town as "an invasion."

www.mainehistory.net/item/14975
Collections of Maine Historical Society

NO. _____

City of Portland, Maine
The Records of this Office Show that

Mildred Stevens

is a registered voter of the City of Portland, was born in
Portland, Maine

May 26, 1889

registered as voter Sept. 3, 1920

Signature *Mildred M. Stevens*

MEMBER BOARD OF REGISTRATION

CITY CLERK

Voter registration card, Portland, 1920. Image: Maine Historical Society

The act of registering Franco women also faced an additional obstacle. One of the Republican efforts to reduce the power of the "Franco Vote" had been the introduction of a literacy test in 1892. When registering to vote, Mainers had to be able to read a section of the US Constitution in English. As the Times noted, this provision could be potentially harmful for Franco women, given that historically they were less likely to complete formal schooling. But the literacy test was also administered with varying degrees of vigor. In Lewiston, the requirement was little more than a formality:

"As they enter the long corridor leading down to the registration room, they are met by women speaking their own language, who greet them with "Voulez-vous registrer? Entrez ici, s'il vous plait"...They come, by twos and threes and fives and tens. They have official interpreters to ask them the necessary questions, and they answer in their own language."

"When it comes to reading a few lines of the Constitution, they pass muster by virtue of the fact that a friendly eye is on them and a friendly ears hears their mistakes."

However, in Brunswick, where the town administrators were Republicans less inclined to relax the rules, the literacy test hampered the registration of new voters.

"In Brunswick, as in Portland, the registration of French women has been exceedingly small. The women are timid, shy and inarticulate away from their own kind. A good many of them cannot speak English. They can read it a little, and probably would pass muster once they made an appearance at the registration desk, but fear of being publicly abashed keeps them home."

At least in Lewiston, Franco women appeared just as eager to vote as men. Le Messenger, the city's French language newspaper, reported that of the 3,800 new women registered to vote in the ten day registration window, 1,500 were Franco-Americans.

However, when it came to polling day, women across Maine turned out at lower rates than men. Le Messenger expressed disappointment that just one in three registered women turned out. It's not clear if this was just a result of the rushed nature of the registration and organizing period, of apathy, or if voter suppression played a role.



"Women Out in Force," scene at a polling station in New York City, ca 1922. Image: Library of Congress

(Continued on page 19)

(In the First Year of the Woman, Franco Women Played a Key Role continued from page 19)

Mainers made a big deal of welcoming women to the polls. Some polling places made a special effort to clean before the “gentle sex” stepped foot in the building for the first time. In one location, flowers were added to make the atmosphere more feminine. The polling place in Lewiston’s sixth ward was called out by the Lewiston Evening Journal as being “rather unpleasant and distasteful.” Their rival paper, the Sun, denied reports that the Lisbon Street garage being used as the polling station was full of men swearing, smoking, and chewing tobacco. Election officials allegedly had to open a separate line for the women waiting to vote.

Despite the speculation about a “women’s vote” before the election, there doesn’t appear to have been a great change in the preferences of the electorate. The Times noted that nearly every Maine woman they interviewed planned on voting the way their family had always voted.

Any surge in Franco women voters did not apparently benefit Maine’s Democrats. Republican Parkhurst won election as governor by a landslide, netting around 65% of the vote, and the greatest number of votes in Maine’s hundred-year history. Republicans swept the state senate, winning every seat. In the state House, a mere handful of the representatives were Democrats. Only three towns had a majority of votes for the Democratic gubernatorial candidate – the Franco strongholds of Biddeford, Lewiston, and Waterville.

The experience of Maine’s Franco-American women stands in stark contrast to women in Quebec and France. While Québécois women could vote in Canadian federal elections from 1918, they

did not get to vote in provincial elections until 1940. Likewise in France, the franchise was not extended to women until 1945.

It remains to be seen what impact women will have on 2018’s results, but with a campaign dominated by fears about immigration, and efforts to court the women’s vote, the echoes of 1920 are already clear.



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.

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Tragedy Amid the Joy of Brunswick’s Armistice Celebrations

November 12, 2018 Brunswick, Maine, Women, World War One

By James Myall

When news of the end of the World War reached Brunswick on November 11, 1918, people poured into the streets in a spontaneous outbreak of joy. But the good mood was turned upside down when young Rose Bouchard was accidentally shot and killed during the celebration.



*Corner of Pleasant and Maine Streets, Brunswick, circa 1910
The Scene of the Accident, Corner of Maine and Pleasant Streets, Brunswick, ca 1910. Image: Penobscot Marine Museum / Maine Memory Network*

According to the accounts in the Brunswick Record and Lewiston’s Messenger, 18 year-old Rose was killed at 7:30 am, on the corner of Pleasant and Maine Streets, right in the center of town. People had been in the streets since 3:45 am, a little before the signing of the Armistice at 11am Paris time. Adding to the general cheering and merriment, some townspeople brought police rattlers and other noisemakers to the celebration. According to the Record, several boys went a step further, bringing loaded shotguns downtown. One, Frank Butler, fired his gun into the air from the Pleasant Street crosswalk, not far from where Rose and her friends were standing. Another boy, 15 year-old Hoyt Hoffman, went to do the same.

In his excitement, he pulled the trigger before the gun was
(Continued on page 21)



Rose Boucher, 1918. Image: Brunswick Record / Curtis Memorial Library

(Tragedy Amid the Joy of Brunswick's Armistice Celebrations continued from page 20)

fully upright, and sent a shell straight through Rose Bouchard's chest. The shot was fired so close to Rose that, according to the Record, "the charge entered her breast without spreading, making a frightful hole."

Rose's body was rushed to a nearby doctor's office, but she was declared dead on arrival.

Rose's tragic death must have sent shock waves through the community. She was a member of St John the Baptist Catholic Church, a violin student, and a member of the Cercle Cremazie, a Franco-American dramatic society. She had been active in the war effort, as a member of the local Red Cross chapter, and working to sell war bonds. She had been employed in the weaving room of the Cabot Mill, as well as a stenographer or secretary for local insurance agent and undertaker, Wilfred Demers. In a sad irony, her lifeless body was taken to Demers' funeral parlor after her death.



Brunswick's Club Cremazie, 1916. Image: Brunswick Record / Curtis Memorial Library. Rose Bouchard is seated, second from the right, front row.

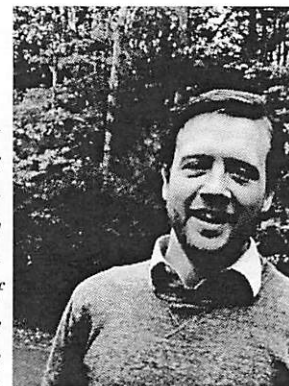
While the death was accidental, it was an accident waiting to happen. Hoffman is quoted in the Messenger as saying that he "asked the shopkeeper for blank cartridges," but it emerged that he had earlier fired the weapon through the window of a bowling alley. And he was far from the only "insane enthusiast" with a loaded gun, according to the Record:

During the morning shot guns were numerous in the hands of celebrators and it developed during the inquiries of the day that all were using loaded shells...[Assistant County Attorney Clement F.] Robinson said that in Portland some had used pistols with ball cartridges as a means of venting their feeling. Fortunately, the guns were fired into space.

At the very end of the worst war the world had yet seen, the people of Brunswick suffered another tragedy, close to home. Rose Bouchard may have been an indirect casualty of the First World War, but her death is a reminder that not all casualties occur on the battlefield.

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.



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Franco-Americans and baseball

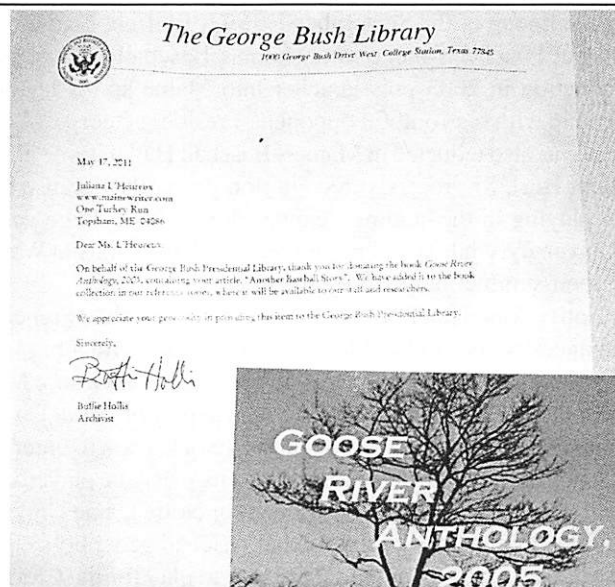
September 7, 2018 *Franco-American News and Culture* Boston Red Sox, Freddie Parent, Norman Faucher, President George Bush, Walter L'Heureux

By Juliana L'Heureux

This article written by me and published in the *Goose River Press* anthology, 2005 edition.

Subsequently, the George Bush library in Texas accepted the report, in their presidential trivia archives, because the source documentation was available and published in York County newspapers. I've shortened the original version for this blog.

As baseball season is entering the time of year when teams predict who will be in the World Series, it seemed like a nice reminder about how Franco-Americans have participated in the sport.



Another Baseball Story was accepted as presidential trivia because of source documentation available in York County newspapers. (L'Heureux photograph)
(Continued on page 22)

(Franco-Americans and baseball continued from page 21)

Title: Another Baseball Story

Norman Faucher was only 14 years old on September 7, 1947, when he came face to face with the young President George Bush, Sr., who played first base for the summer Collegians team in Maine's York County Twilight League. "He told me I was pretty young to play baseball," Faucher recalls. "I never dreamed he'd become president of the United States," he says. Newspaper accounts of the game between Faucher's team, the Biddeford St. Andre's Apostles versus the Kennebunkport Collegians, report the victory was a 21-3 rout, with victory going to Faucher's Apostles. Nonetheless, future President Bush had a good night, with game stats of three hits for three times at bat.



President George Bush played baseball for Yale University and with the Kennebunkport, Maine summer leagues. (Yale University)

Baseball was a great social equalizer, especially during the game's developmental years, before player salaries overshadowed the headlines.

Faucher's baseball story is embroidered into his family's Franco-American oral history. Moreover, local newspaper accounts listing the lineup of the September 7, 1947, Twilight League game helped put Faucher's name into Maine's Baseball Hall of Fame. His induction in 2003 puts Faucher into Maine sports history in partnership with his youthful opponent, President George W. Bush, Sr., who was also inducted in Maine's Baseball Hall of fame in 1994. President Bush Sr., received recognition primarily because of his record playing in the summer leagues during his college years at Yale University, while spending summers with his family at Walker's Point, their summer home in Kennebunkport.

Native American Louis Sockalexis (who also had French-Canadian ancestry) is another Maine baseball story with a big league twist. He was born in 1871, from Indian Island in Orono, Maine. He is credited as the first Native American to play professional baseball. Excellent baseball strength allowed Sockalexis to enter Holy Cross College in Worcester, Massachusetts where he played on the baseball team. Later, he played baseball for Notre Dame University in Indiana. Eventually, a professional baseball scout noticed how well Sockalexis played and recruited him to play for the Cleveland Spiders, in 1897. Although the Cleveland Spiders lost more games than almost any other team in the history of baseball, Sockalexis was a huge draw despite the team's bad record because fans were curious to see the Native American whose batting average hovered

around an impressive 400. Unfortunately, Sockalexis was not in step to being a celebrity, thereby cutting his promising baseball career short, primarily due to alcoholism. In 1913, he died at the age of 41, of tuberculosis and heart disease.



Freddie Parent is buried in the St. Ignatius Cemetery in Sanford. He played for the Boston Red Sox. (L'Heureux photograph)

Boston Red Sox's shortstop Freddie Parent was around when baseball was making early history and thereby earned his place in Maine's Baseball Hall of Fame. Parent was also a Franco-American, born in York County's Southern Maine town of Sanford, near Faucher's home in Biddeford. Parent grew up in an ordinary Franco-American family where French was spoken at home. Soon, the 5 foot 5 inch tall Parent was the star shortstop of the 1903 Boston Pilgrim's (later named the Red Sox), the year the team won the very first World Series game played against the Pittsburgh Pirates. During his retirement years, Parent coached some Twilight League teams in Maine's York County, including one of the teams Faucher played for.

Parent was the last surviving player of the 1903 Boston Red Sox team when he died in 1972, at the age of 96, in Sanford.

Franco-American immigrants from Canada living in New England in the 19th century quickly adopted a love for baseball. As early as the 1880s, baseball was the dominant sport in New England's growing Franco-American towns, where textile and shoe mill workers clustered.

Local French language newspapers, reporting the news for a newly arrived French-Canadian population, quickly realized baseball stories had to be covered if circulation was to compete with English language newspapers.

Moreover, baseball provided social avenues for Franco-American youths to mix freely with New England's other ethnic groups, including Native Americans and Irish, while playing sports. Ethnic social mixing encouraged French-Canadian immigrant children to learn English, even though French was the primary language spoken in their homes, their churches, and by the teaching nuns and brothers in their parochial schools.

A cultural passion for baseball produced the Franco-American turn of the century superstar named Napoleon Lajoie, also known as the "Woonsocket Wonder", from Woonsocket, Rhode Island. Many sports historians believe Lajoie was the greatest player of all time. Lajoie is considered a baseball mega-hero, a man folk-tale enthusiasts tout as the sport's first celebrity. "He combined grace in the field with power at the bat," says his official biography in the National baseball Hall of Fame, in Cooperstown, New York.

Also known by another nickname, "The Big Frenchman", Lajoie lived the Horatio Alger dream of a poor boy who left school (Continued on page 23)

(*Franco-Americans and baseball continued from page 22*)

to work as a wagon driver for \$1.50 a day. He began playing baseball for a local Woonsocket, Rhode Island team in the early 1890's; but his professional career started in 1897, when he signed with a Fall River, Massachusetts minor league team. His baseball skill pushed him to the major leagues and he immediately became a star, with a .339 lifetime batting average (although he batted 10 years with an average over .350). (Ref. Nap Lajoie", National Baseball Hall of Fame: www.nationalbaseballhalloffame.org)

"Nap", as his friends called him, was elected into the Baseball Hall of Fame in the second year of its existence, in 1937, where he was preceded only by Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Honus Wagner, Christy Mathewson and Walter Johnson.

Lajoie's baseball prowess made him an idol to Franco-American youths. Woonsocket's daily French language newspaper, "La Tribune", carried almost daily news stories about Lajoie's baseball feats. Hometown fans from Woonsocket made a point of traveling into Boston to see him at Fenway Park, whenever he played there with either the Cleveland or Philadelphia big league teams.

From humble French-Canadian origins, Nap eventually earned \$6,000-\$7,000 annually, in 1910, when he played for Cleveland. This salary was enormous when the average American worker earned \$525 and other established professional baseball players earned \$3,000 annually.

Sports trivia buffs recall the date May 23, 1901, when Nap Lajoie became the first big league player in the history of the game to be intentionally walked with the bases loaded, a defensive strategy used against formidable hitters to preclude a grand slam homerun.

Walter L'Heureux, a Franco-American from Sanford, Maine, was inducted in 1982, in the Maine Baseball Hall of Fame, for pitching five scoreless innings against the renowned New York Yankees slugger Joe DiMaggio and his brother Dom DiMaggio. All three men served in the Pacific Arena, while in the armed forces during World War II., when the US Army hosted morale boosting baseball games in Australia. Unfortunately, L'Heureux's team lost against the DiMaggio brothers' lineup when the manager replaced him in the sixth inning. (Personal interview with Walter L'Heureux, "Maine

Baseball Hall of Fame", July, 1990. (Walter's brother Henry was also inducted, a few years later.)

Perhaps the most improbable baseball love story involves the Franco-American writer Jack Kerouac (1922-1969), who was smitten with a zeal for nearly all sports. Author of "On the Road" and 15 other books, Kerouac is considered the father of America's way-out "beat generation".

In fact, Kerouac was another French speaking kid from the mill town of Lowell, Massachusetts. Professional sports opened doors for Kerouac. Like Faucher, Parent, L'Heureux and Lajoie, Kerouac's family was middle class from French speaking Canada. Eventually, Kerouac was noticed for his good football playing skills, although he was good at baseball, too. He became a sports writer before going to college. But, his skill with the pigskin won him a scholarship to play football for Columbia University, in New York. Unfortunately, in his freshmen year, Kerouac was injured with a broken leg. Although he didn't finish college, Kerouac spent the remainder of his short life writing about his wanderlust; and he was an enduring baseball fan.

After all, praise is due to those who leveled the social playing field by framing their success in a collectible baseball card or carving their statistics in a hall of fame.

Our storybook fantasy team has the following starting lineup: Jackie Robinson, first base; Nap Lajoie, second base; Dom DiMaggio, third base, Freddie Parent, short stop; Walter L'Heureux, pitcher; Jack Kerouac, catcher; Joe DiMaggio, center field; Ted Williams, left field; Louis Sockalexis, right field; President George Bush, Sr., designated hitter; and Norman Faucher; batboy.

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/page/2/>

"An eye for an eye, leaves the whole world blinded."

-Mahatma Gandhi

"Peace is not the absence of conflict, but the ability to cope with conflict by peaceful means."

-Ronald Reagan

"We may all have come on different ships, but we're in the same boat now."

-Martin Luther King, Jr.

"The last of the human freedoms is to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances."

-Victor Frankle "Man's Search For Meaning"

The ingredients in my "Recipe For Peaceful Coexisting" might serve as an internal compass; a teacher that reminds us to take the higher road to reach our potential before we exit life on this earth. Even though I am mindful of these character attributes and ideals for living, I struggle with putting all of them into my daily actions; making them permanently woven into my fabric. I will keep trying even though I make mistakes. I know that I have listed far too many lofty words, but I simply couldn't part with any of them because the

meaning of each one is so beautiful, and worthy of contemplation.

Globally, the ingredients invite us to be civil with others despite our differences, and to leave footprints of imparting respect and tolerance for others rights and dignity. We don't always have to see eye to eye, but we can attack the issues, not people, and compromise. Spewing judgement, revenge, divisiveness, and persecution throws unkind stones on our paths.

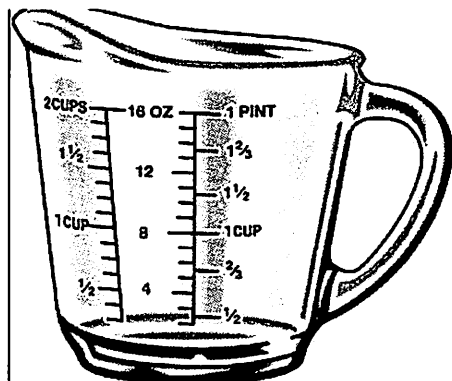
(Continued on page 24)

(Recipe For Peaceful Coexisting continued from page 23)

We all share the same humanity even though we have different colors of skin and different political, religious, spiritual, and personal beliefs. I'm tenderly touched when I listen to the words Maine poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote long ago in the poem, "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day. He said, "Hate is strong and mocks the song of peace on earth, good will to men." John Lennon and Paul McCarthy once sang, "All You Need Is Love." Bob Dylan bellowed the song words, "Gonna change my way of thinking, make myself a different set of rules. Gonna put my good foot forward and stop being influenced by fools," and "Got to do unto others like you'd have them do unto you." Mother Theresa's discernment told us, "If you judge people, you have no time to love them."

Planting seeds of peace, love, compassion, wisdom, acceptance, understanding, and patience is like feeding the gardens of our lives with organic fertilizer.

A fun activity could be to sit down with family and friends, sip on a cup of warm tea, and have conversations regarding what these words stir up in you. Can you add anything to my recipe?



"Love and friendship are like bread, they need to be made fresh everyday."
-Old Saying

"Out beyond wrong doing & right doing, there is a field, I'll meet you there."
-Jelaluddin Rumi

"My actions are the ground on which I stand." -Thich Nhat Hanh

A RECIPE FOR PEACEFUL COEXISTING

by Linda Gerard DerSimonian

January 6, 2019

- 1 gallon each of joy, curiosity, wonderment, creativity, imagination, & spirit of heart
- 4 cups of faith
- 3 cups of mercy, justice, forgiveness, & redemption
- 5 teaspoons each of hope & positiveness
- 2 cups of being thoughtful and considerate
- 1 pint each of laughter, a sense of humor, & playfulness
- 3 cups each of sharing thoughts & feelings, listening, understanding, & caring
- 1 gallon of earnest work
- 4 cups of respect & treating each other as you would want to be treated
- 1 heaping tablespoon of showing gratefulness, and celebrating each other
- 2 tablespoons each of calmness, gentleness, & equanimity
- 5 cups of showing patience & graciousness, and imparting dignity to the other
- 3 cups each of kind thoughts, kind deeds, & reaching out to friends & neighbors
- 8 gallons of compromising, seeing a different perspective, & disagreeing agreeably
- 6 cups of sacrifice
- 6 cups each of cooperation, enthusiasm, & giving each other the gift of our attention
- 4 pints each of perseverance, dedication, devotion, & commitment
- 1 barrelful of courage
- 1 quart each of empathy, compassion, & sympathy
- 2 gallons of equality & tolerance for each other's differences
- 7 cups each of compunction, honesty, trust, faithfulness & loyalty
- 6 pounds each of "please", "thank you", "excuse me", & "I'm sorry"
- 3 to 4 dashes of humility and humbleness
- 40 gallons of outdoor breezes tiptoeing through your open windows & curtains
- 1 to 2 daily walks outdoor together, under the wide open sky; whether it be sun drenched, or steel cold gray.
- 1 candlelit living room, mindful of noble silence... free of cell phones, I pods, headphones, computers, and television screens talking at you.
- 10 gallons of conversations and quiet communication
- Sprinkle with tenderness of heart, depth of feeling, & a willingness to periodically reinvent your relationship

Mix all of the above ingredients to make a loving batch of trail mix to nourish & sustain you as you travel through the trails on life's journey.

Vive la langue française: Making French Connections in New England

by Laura Demsey

I am not a native speaker of French, but my lifelong attraction to the language has led me on many adventures, culminating in my current pursuit of a Ph.D. in French Linguistics at Indiana University. Though

I mostly grew up in northern New Jersey, I am a proud central Maine native, with deep familial and sentimental connections to New England. So it seemed only natural that my dissertation topic would focus on New

England communities where the French language is still spoken. My research on that topic brought me this past summer to Manchester, New Hampshire and Lewiston, Maine, where I conducted over 20 two-hour interviews with native French speakers to study the potential effects of English grammar on their French dialect. As I'd hoped, I gained insight into various linguistic structures—but I did not anticipate my in-
(Continued on page 25)

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interviewees' passion, energy, and enthusiasm for their French culture and heritage.

My interest in the French of New England began at the start of my Ph.D. program, when I prepared a report on New England as a Francophone region. I have family in Maine and Massachusetts, and had gone back often throughout my life, so the area has always occupied an important place in my heart and my identity. While preparing the report, I pored over online census records showing the reduction in the French-speaking population over the past several decades. I watched Ben Levine's documentary *Réveil* and read a history of the area by Armand Chartier. I learned about the ridicule and persecution that Quebec immigrants and their descendants faced because they spoke another language and had French-Canadian heritage, but that people are now working to preserve the language so that their native dialect is not forgotten. I became fascinated with the complex sociolinguistic situation, with the stories of people who grew up speaking French, of non-French speakers who wanted to learn the language, and of some who lost their French and rediscovered it later in life as they became more involved with their local Franco-American cultural centers and as the renaissance of French language and culture took hold. I knew then that I had to come back to New England French for my research.

Four years later, in the summer of 2017, I did a small, focused pilot study that cleared the way for the approval of my dissertation topic and methodology. That was followed last summer in 2018 by my full study with more involved interview sessions in those two communities that will become the core of my dissertation. Thanks to recommendations from the small network I had built the previous summer, I returned in 2018 to meet with no less than 40 different French speakers in Manchester, NH, Lewiston, ME, and Orono, ME—and everyone's story was a little different.

I arrived at my first participant's front door clutching a folder with a questionnaire, conversation questions, and sentences to translate from English into French. She came out to meet me in her driveway, smiling brightly. She led me through her charming house to the back porch, where we sat in the warm May evening air and sipped cold

water as we chatted about her relationship with the French language and her current French classes through the Franco-American Centre, which is housed at Saint Anselm College in Manchester. She charmed me thoroughly, and I knew I had chosen the right place to do this research. She told me about how she had stopped speaking French for years and had only recently come back to it, and hers was not the only story like this. Over the course of the next year, I would meet with 35 other dynamic people, including a former mayor of Manchester, two Catholic priests, and a 92-year-old spitfire whose parents had come directly from Quebec, and who sings regularly with *Les Troubadours*, a French community singing group in Lewiston.

Most French speakers in these communities faced hardships and stigma, but persevered with the language and culture in spite of them. One notable interviewee was

"Most French speakers in these communities faced hardships and stigma, but persevered with the language and culture in spite of them."

a vocal advocate for the "old language," the variety of French that his ancestors spoke that for him was intimately connected with his identity; over time, he had intentionally changed back to his regional dialect to counteract the more standard French he had learned in school. Another had friends who saw crosses burning from their windows at night, and whose parents forbid them to speak French outside the house because of it. One respected Franco-American family I met was so committed to the language that three generations, down to elementary-school-age children, still speak French to each other at home; this was extremely rare and incredibly inspiring to see, considering how difficult it was to find people under the age of 65 who spoke French! Most people had gone to a French-English bilingual parochial school and were taught by French-speaking nuns through about the eighth grade. But everyone I met had one thing in common: they were proud to be Franco-American, and they were happy to be speaking French with me that day.

I met most of these vibrant, fascinating people indirectly through either the Franco-American Centre of New Hampshire (FACNH) in Manchester or the Gendron Franco Center in Lewiston. Many of them were heavily involved in the goings-on at these institutions, and often attended events such as the Franco Center's monthly *Rencontre* where attendees eat, drink, sing, and dance, all in French; the Festival of Saint Jean-Baptiste; the popular New Hampshire *PoutineFest*; or the FACNH's *Prêt-à-Parler* monthly conversation table, which I was fortunate to be able to attend during my visit. Both centers also offer French classes to the public and various programs for adults and children. I was made to feel so welcome by everyone I met, and was given the full guest of honor treatment at the centers. The director of the FACNH, John Tousignant, even graciously invited me to attend a planning meeting for the new Franco-Route Project, which aims to establish a cultural tourism trail of attractions from Woonsocket, RI up through to the province of Quebec. What a privilege to be part of that historic meeting.

When I was in Manchester, I held many of my meetings at the Franco-American Centre, which is housed in Davison Hall at Saint Anselm College. This college has intimate ties with the Franco-American community; many of the Franco-Americans local to Manchester got their Bachelors degrees there, and there are more who teach at and attend the college now. The Franco-American Centre and its Executive Director, John Tousignant, were my very first points of contact in Manchester. In fact, I chose this community not in small part because it had this cultural center, and as an outsider to the community, I thought this would be my best bet for getting in touch with local French speakers. Through the small network I established during my pilot study trip in 2017, I was able to recruit 20 different people for my study from Manchester alone. Most of the participants in both communities are aged 70+, but in the Manchester area I had the exceptional opportunity to meet with several younger speakers, including one aged 50, two in their 30's, and two children, aged 5 and 7. I was generously allowed to hold my meetings at the FACNH and at the American-Canadian Genealogical Society, where many Franco-Americans work to keep up a library's worth of genealogical records. This place is an invaluable resource for people across New England and North

(Continued on page 26)

Tracing Jack's Nashua Roots

by *Suzanne Beebe*

Many of those familiar with Jack Kerouac know he was born, raised, schooled, and buried in Lowell, Massachusetts. Fewer, however, know that his parents, paternal grandparents, aunts and uncles all came from Nashua, New Hampshire — a busy mill city of the era, somewhat smaller than Lowell but with a French-Canadian population that at one time was proportionately higher. Kerouac's paternal grandfather, Jean-Baptiste Kerouac, migrated from Quebec in 1890 to work in Nashua, and the six Kerouac children who survived to adulthood lived and worked there until Jack's father Leo, with new wife Gabrielle in tow, broke ranks and moved to Lowell for a printing job there.

But the Lowell and Nashua Kerouacs continued to visit back and forth, and Jack was well-acquainted with his grandfather's and other relatives' houses in Nashua — and most probably with other points of interest, including the French churches and cemetery so intertwined with the family's history. It's surprising to many that Jack himself is not buried in the family plot at St. Louis de Gonzague Cemetery, where his parents, brother Gerard, and daughter Jan Michelle rest beneath a large memorial stone engraved with their names. But he had married his childhood friend Sebastian's sister, Stella Sampas, and had ended his own journey in the Sampas family's Edson Cemetery plot in Lowell.

For anyone wanting to explore the Kerouac family's roots in Nashua, a tour is available every year as part of the *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac* festival held the first week of October in anticipation of Kerouac's anniversary of death on October 21. The tour is led by Reverend Steve Edington, a life-long student of Kerouac's work and a pastor for twenty-four years at the Unitarian Universalist Church in Nashua. Realizing his good fortune in living and working where Jack's family first settled, Reverend Edington made ample use of city, church, cemetery, and library records in Nashua to flesh out the Kerouac family's history, residences, and relationships in the Gate City and surrounding communities. He sought out current family members, collected fam-

ily stories and memories of Jack and the relatives he would have known at the time, and learned about the rich cultural and religious life of the French-Canadian communities entrenched in what are still known as Nashua's French Village and French Hill. In 1999, he published *Kerouac's Nashua Connection*, a now out-of-print book that can still be found on Amazon and other websites for purchase through third-party resellers.

But for those who want to see for themselves and hear from a knowledgeable source about where and how the Kerouacs of Nashua lived, worked, and worshipped, the annual tour, which begins and ends in Lowell, is the route to go. And the tour's final stop at the headstone in St. Louis de Gonzague Cemetery is a heart-wrenching pulling together of the major threads in Jack's troubled and tumultuous life.

For anyone interested in taking the October tour — or taking advantage of other tours and events available as part of the *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac* Festival — I suggest bookmarking the following URL and getting on the Festival Committee's e-mail list: <http://www.lowellcelebrateskerouac.org>. A private Nashua tour can also be arranged throughout the year by contacting Rev. Edington directly at revsde@hotmail.com. (A donation to support *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac* is always appreciated.)



*Photo by
Suzanne Beebe*

Rev. Steve Edington stands at the Kerouac family gravestone in St. Louis de Gonzague Cemetery, Nashua, NH as he finishes his Kerouac Connection tour of the city.

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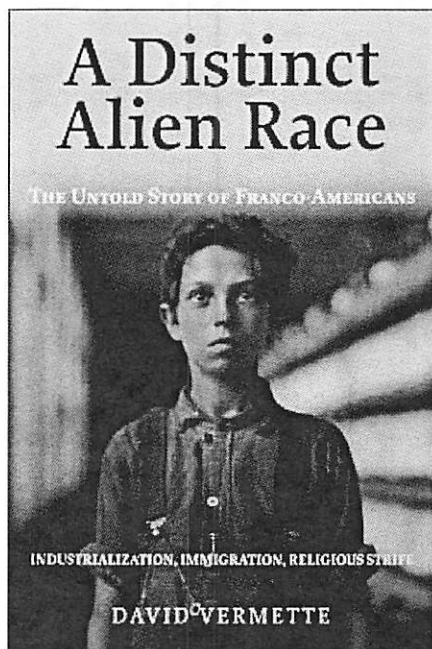
(Vive la langue française: Making French Connections in New England continued from page 25)

America looking for information about their ancestors.

The second week was spent mainly in Lewiston, Maine, which also has a Franco-American cultural center, the Gendron Franco Center, in which I was kindly lent a private room for my meetings. Jacynthe Jacques, the Cultural and Language Programs Director, was my first contact there a year ago, and my network of contacts has grown considerably from there, in large part thanks to her. In fact, my original network of Franco-Americans were providing me with so many names that I had to put aside about 15 of them for use in a subsequent project, since I only had room for about 20 participants. I even met a woman in Bloomington, Indiana, where I attend graduate school, who grew up in Lewiston—an amazing coincidence!—and she provided me with some names and contact information for possible participants as well. I also spent one day in Orono, Maine, interviewing Lisa Desjardins Michaud, the Coordinator of Community Engagement at the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine and Amy Bouchard Morin, her friend, both of whom grew up speaking French. This long-standing centre at UMaine, first established in 1972, is home to a library of Franco-American resources and hosts regular cultural events, such as genealogy workshops, film screenings, performances, and holiday celebrations. I would look forward to working with the centre on future projects and making further connections in that area of Maine.

I will never forget my recent visits with the Franco-Americans of Maine and New Hampshire. I was thrilled to meet so many people who are keeping the language alive. As a linguist, I am fascinated by the Franco-Americans' unique and rich dialect, and there is much still to uncover on that level. But as a human being, I am captivated by their stories, their passion for their language and heritage, and their enthusiasm to share all of that with me and with the world. Discovering the people and the dialect of these linguistic and cultural communities in New England has been one of the great joys of my budding career, and I can't wait to have more *rencontres* with them soon.





A Distinct Alien Race

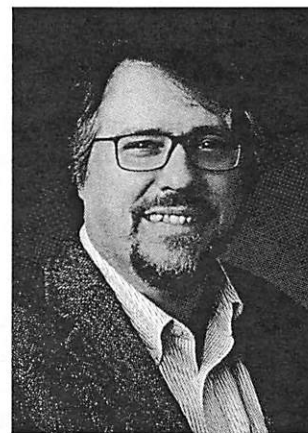
Author
David Vermette

In the later 19th century, French-Canadian Roman Catholic immigrants from Quebec were deemed a threat to the United States, potential terrorists in service of the Pope. Books and newspapers floated the conspiracy theory that the immigrants seeking work in New England's burgeoning textile industry were actually plotting to annex parts of the United States to a newly independent Quebec. Vermette's groundbreaking study sets this neglected and poignant tale in the broader context of North American history. He traces individuals and families, from the textile barons who created a new industry to the poor farmers and laborers of Quebec who crowded into the mills in the post-Civil War period. Vermette discusses the murky reception these cross-border immigrants met in the USA, including dehumanizing conditions in mill towns and early-20th-century campaigns led by the Ku Klux Klan and the Eugenics movement. Vermette also discusses what occurred when the textile industry moved to the Deep South and brings the story of emigrants up to the present day. Vermette shows how this little-known episode in U.S. history prefigures events as recent as yesterday's news. His well documented narrative touches on the issues of cross-border immigration; the Nativists fear of the Other; the rise and fall of manufacturing in the U.S.;

and the construction of race and ethnicity.

"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



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/>

(Tracing Jack's Nashua Roots continued from page 26)

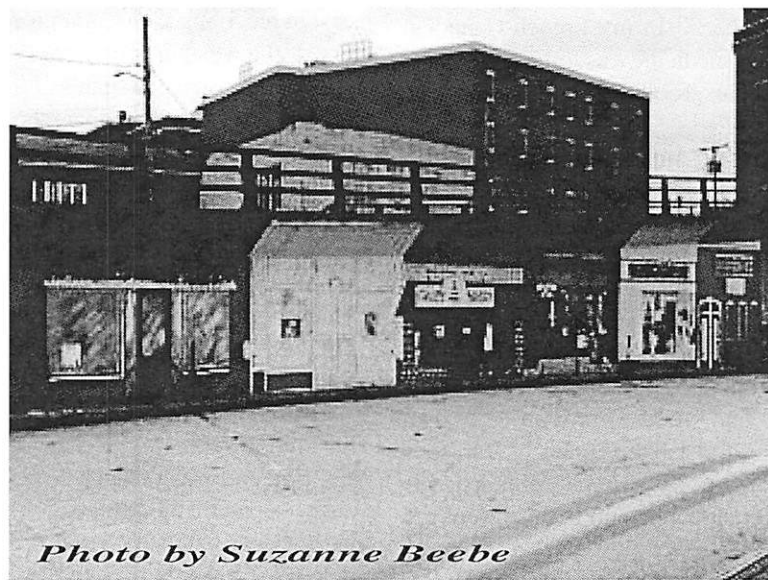


Photo by Suzanne Beebe

Wall mural flanking "La Dame de Notre Renaissance Française" monument recreates the look and feel of French Village shops of the past.



Photo available at: http://www.waymarking.com/waymarks/WM8FFA_La_Dame_de_Notre_Renaissance_Francaise_Nashua_NH

"La Dame de Notre Renaissance Française," seen at a memorial park in Nashua's French Village, was sculpted by Christopher Gowell and presented to the City of Nashua in 2001.

Ancestral Healing Modalities from My French-Canadian Heritage

by Lorinda Fontaine-Farris

(Curanderismo: Ancestral Spiritual Healing Traditions PARW 6336
Professor Brenda Salgado, November 2, 2018)

I confess to arriving at this Curanderismo class beyond eager to explore all that was to be gleaned from millennia of ancestral wisdom, women's inner knowing and to learn from a professor with years of healing experience. Having come from nearly thirty years in Western medicine as a board-certified OB/GYN Nurse Practitioner and the military, I have repeatedly seen the ways in which the healthcare system tragically dismisses patients while forcing its providers to focus on a computer screen, check the necessary boxes in the patient's electronic medical record, and ensure myriad miniscule administrative tasks are completed while the patient is rarely truthfully seen, much less heard. To soothe my growing anxieties of providing such a lack of healthcare and to learn more about true healing, I attained credentials as a Functional Medicine healthcare provider. Yet over time, despite the use of Functional Medicine's helpful treatment modalities, I continued to feel the ever-present gap in addressing my patient's authentic needs, one that seemed to widen with each year of practice.

Eventually, my own healthcare crisis helped me uncover the unknown etiology for this gap. I began to clearly see the constant, consistent messages within the healthcare system steering both healthcare provider and patient away from their inner knowing, divine guidance, and intuition. Knowing full well my body was speaking to me through the work-related arm injury I had encountered, I profoundly felt the loss of spirit and soul in the healthcare system. In fact, it started to feel quite oxymoronic to call it a healthcare system. I realized that without spirit, I experienced invisibility in my visits to the hand surgeon, occupational therapist, and radiologist. I knew this to be true from a provider perspective as well, for I finally had words to describe what I felt had been missing all along. I knew from deep in my soul that if one is missing the spiritual, particularly in women's healthcare, you're missing the entire woman.

Therefore, despite providing women's

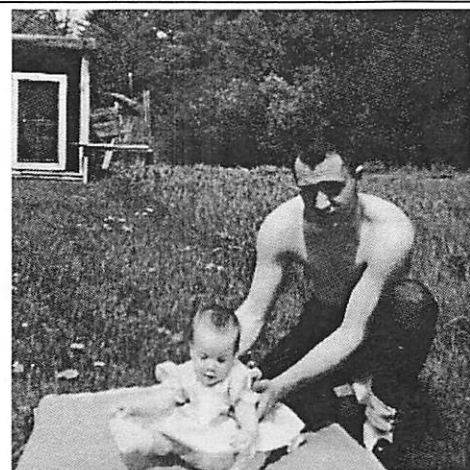
healthcare for nearly thirty years, I feel I am only now fully acknowledging all that is woman; her spirit, her Earth-based being, and her soul. This paper brings me full circle to my French-Canadian heritage, ironically, a heritage that existed on spirit, yet in my youth, I had not known to listen. Earth, Mother Nature, and an authentic sense of soul are each a foundational aspect of my ancestral being. I am at long last home in Maine, after many years away, surrounded by French names, the language, and my roots deeply embedded in the soil. It is a joy to feel such connection to soul and soil. This paper is merely another serendipitous path on this journey of re-rooting and reimagining my Self. It also inspired me to obtain genetic testing to satisfy my longtime ancestral curiosity. I learned I am indeed of fifty-percent French heritage, a fact that feels like its own homecoming.

And as Erika Buenaflor describes: "Reclaiming histories, ancestral medicines, and wisdom is often a critical component in the soul retrieval process for most modern Western peoples... This reclaiming is medicine in itself..."¹ In my French-Canadian heritage, this medicine was found in folk and home remedies, foods, rituals, and prayers.

Sociocultural and Historical Context

The area of Maine from which I hail was extremely rural when I was growing up fifty years ago, and by modern day standards, remains quite rural today. My family lived on seven acres of land abutting my grandparents' fifteen acres, all of which was fields and woods. From an early age, my brother and I lived much of our days in the outdoors. My parents, grandparents and great grandparents on both sides of my

1 Erika Buenaflor, *Cleansing Rites of Curanderismo: Limpas Espirituales of Ancient Mesoamerican Shamans* (Rochester, VT: Bear & Company, 2018), 4.



Me and My Dad, Raymond Jacques Fontaine (Approximately 1966)

family were lifelong gardeners, fishers and hunters and taught us to appreciate nature, the earth, and its gifts. Weather and seasons dictated daily life; my bare feet touched the earth for as long as autumn would permit before giving way to winter's snowfalls and the need for heavy boots.

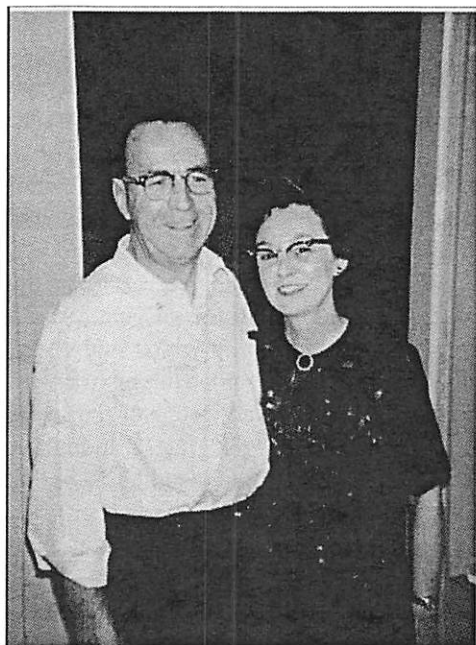
My father had also been enmeshed within the world of the outdoors as a child. His father had served during World War II and was away for the first few years of his life. My father's grandfather filled the role of father for my Dad during that time and remained as such throughout his life; they had tightly bonded during those especially formative years. My great-grandfather had been born in 1899 and lived a life of the outdoors and taught my father the same. To this day, my father keeps a swath of balsam pine limbs configured outside his home to assist in receiving the weather forecast. The story of the weather forecaster is one of the numerous accounts he shares of the wisdom he gained from his grandparents.

My father's family is of French heritage; in fact, both sides of his family are of French origin. His mother's side, the Jacques family, came from Canada and his father's side, the Fontaines, came from France via Canada. At that time, this distinction was important as it often determined the level of acceptance a family received: "educated Americans admired only Parisian French. The French spoken with a rural accent in New England was disdained. It lacked the polish, sophistication, elegance, and style that are associated with the French from France."²

2 Monica McGoldrick, Joe, Giordano, and John K. Pearce, *Ethnicity and Family Therapy*, 2nd ed. (New York: The Guilford Press, 1996), 479.

(Continued on page 29)

(*Ancestral Healing Modalities from My French-Canadian Heritage continued from page 28*)



Paternal Granparents Delmar Nadeau (step grandfather) and Madeline Jacques Nadeau at farmhouse in Livermore Falls, Maine date unknown

Further, areas where the French immigrants settled together were known: “des petits Canadas” [the little Canadas] permitted them to maintain the principal characteristics of the French language...³ Ultimately, both families were considered Franco-Americans: “Franco Americans, sometimes called French Canadians, are descendants of farmers who left Quebec in massive numbers between 1860 and the 1920s.”⁴ The men entered work commonly held by Canadian immigrants, that of logging, paper mills, and farming. Women ran the household; they gardened, cooked, and took care of both the farm and home. Many French-Canadian women worked in textile mills, yet my grandmothers were homemakers.

Another important aspect of my French-Canadian heritage is the strength and resiliency my elders maintained in their

daily lives. My great-grandparents withstood much subjugation during their younger years. “In Maine, the reborn Ku Klux Klan had its largest chapter outside the southern states in the 1920’s, and their primary target was the French-speaking Catholic Franco-American population.”⁵ Discriminatory names such as “frogs, peasoupers, and Canucks”⁶ were used to ostracize the French people. It became illegal to speak French in public schools, a law that remained in existence throughout my father’s time in school.⁷ This necessitated a delay in entering school as he did not speak English until the age of seven. Such sentiment fostered a profound resilience I witnessed time and again in my French family.

Although such self-reliance was evident throughout my own childhood, it had been far more prominent during my father’s youth. Indeed, such self-sustainability began to dissipate as French communities gradually dispersed over time. The “Little Canada”⁸ neighborhoods began to slowly dissolve as “Francos reaching adulthood in the 1960s and 70s followed their baby-boomer contemporaries in moving away from their hometowns, and as their parents could afford housing in other parts of town.”⁹ With this came a greater use of the mainstream medicine for many as it became more commonly accessible.¹⁰ This was not entirely the case in my father’s family, at least while my great-grandmother remained alive. I was fortunate to have had her in my life until I was twenty-one years of age and

5 James Myall, “From French Canadians to Franco-Americans,” *Maine Memory Network, Maine Historical Society*, accessed March 18, 2018, https://www.maine-memory.net/sitebuilder/site/2122/page/3514/display?use_mmn_1-2.

6 Damien-Claude Belanger and Claude Belanger, “French Canadian Emigration to the United States 1840-1930,” *Quebec History: Franco-American History*, February 2011, <http://faculty.marianopolis.edu/c.belanger/quebechistory/readings/leaving.htm>.

7 Myall, “From French Canadians to Franco-Americans,” 2.

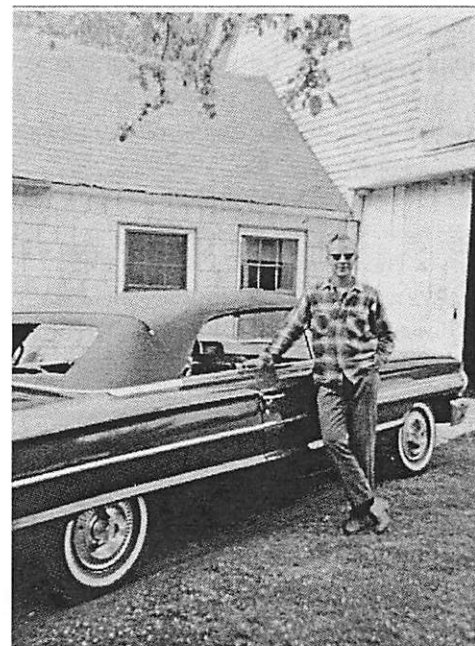
8 Belanger and Belanger, “French Canadian Emigration,” <http://faculty.marianopolis.edu/c.belanger/quebechistory/readings/leaving.htm>.

9 Myall, “From French Canadians to Franco-Americans,” 2.

10 Ibid.

therefore have vivid memories of some of the concoctions of herbs and healing modalities she used. I certainly did not fully appreciate the vast expanse of knowledge she carried with her into the next life until many years later. I am gratefully once again reminded of her wisdom throughout the long conversations I have been having with my father throughout the writing of this paper.

The last important piece of sociocultural, historical context for this work is that of the influence of the Catholic church in my French-Canadian heritage. Symbols, rituals, and prayers played a key role in daily life. My great grandmother used prayers for much that transpired in the home; beyond



Paternal Grandfather Raymond Hector Fontaine, Sr. at home in Winthrop, Maine. (date unknown).

the church and her altar. Akin to similar practices in various indigenous cultures, my great-grandmother often used ritualistic ways of tending to the farm: “Rituals coincide with agricultural cycles and the life-cycles...Every major activity undertaken by the people is actually done in a sacred manner or it is a ritual in itself.”¹¹ Whether it was the family gathering to process deer or moose meat or the canning of the garden’s bounty, ritualistic meals and prayers preceded and culminated the work that was accomplished. Such seasonal, Earth gifts were a cause for

11 Rosemary Radford Ruether, ed., *Women Healing Earth: Third World Women on Ecology, Feminism, and Religion* (Maryknoll, NY: Orbis Books, 1996), 100.

(Continued on page 30)

(*Ancestral Healing Modalities from My French-Canadian Heritage continued from page 29*)

celebration and a way of giving thank exercised in a spiritual way.

It was the women in my family who orchestrated this rhythm of ritual and prayer. They also had various symbols of gratitude, deities of the Catholic church, and altars of ancestors throughout their homes. "They [women] have in common their belief that only when we are spiritually connected can we realize our highest selves, become one with all of humanity (as the Spirit says we must), and transform the world in which we live. They do not define spirituality. Instead, they witness for the Spirit."¹² It was in this witnessing of Spirit that the women in my family maintained their thread of connection with all the cosmos, from the Earth to Catholicism to their home-grown canned vegetables.

The Feminine

The heritage within which I grew up was of a matrilineal, matrifocal social order. Although not necessarily the case within the greater Franco-American community,¹³ it was indeed the case in my family, for which I have always been grateful. The focus of this woman-run world was seen in numerous areas of life; food, social connection, the structure and organization of functioning within the family and the way in which decisions were made. The strength of this structure extended to include raising my own mother's status within the family; I suspect she did not always feel comfortable with that strength nor take hold of it, yet it was indeed granted to her from the elder French women in the family. This baton of strength distributed to women in the family assisted me in better knowing my own mother as well as myself. The health benefits derived from a focus on the mother and a mother-focused model are hereby summarized well:

"Of course, your mother is not only that woman whose womb formed and released you-the term refers in every individual case to an entire generation of women whose psychic, and consequently physical, "shape" made the psychic existence of the following generation possible. But naming

¹² Gloria Wade-Gayles, ed., *My Soul is a Witness: African-American Women's Spirituality* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1995), 7-8.

¹³ Monica McGoldrick, *Ethnicity and Family Therapy*, 481.



Paternal Great Grandparents William R. Jacques and Mabel Paradis Jacques in farmhouse home Livermore Falls, Maine. (date unknown).

your own mother (or her equivalent) enables people to place you precisely within the universal web of your life, in each of its dimensions: cultural, spiritual, personal, and historical... Failure to know your mother, that is your position and its attendant traditions, history, and place in the scheme of things, is failure to remember your significance, your reality, your right relationship to earth and society. It is the same as being lost, isolated, abandoned, self-estranged, and alienated from your own life."¹⁴

Additionally, these same strong women were astounding guardians of all life, not simply within their families. This strength and health extended into using what they had and all that they had: "I am convinced that women are inherent guardians of life and of the earth's resources."¹⁵ This was undoubtedly the case in my family. From the roots and herbs harvested to the solitary quiet evening rosary, the feminine whispered throughout every aspect of my Franco-American upbringing.

Ancestral Healing

The mainstay of the home's apothecary was found first and foremost in the kitchen with a few items located in the

¹⁴ Paula Gunn Allen, *The Sacred Hoop: Recovering the Feminine in American Indian Traditions* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1992), 209-210.

¹⁵ Ruether, *Women Healing Earth*, 33.

bathroom. In my great grandmother's day, as indoor plumbing was not yet in use, ingredients were exclusively within the kitchen. Such primary items included cod liver oil, camphor oil, creosote, honey, apple cider vinegar, iodine, salve de Rawleigh, dry mustard, baking soda, molasses, epsom salts, salt pork, sulphur, and Crisco shortening or lard.

The next echelon of healing items was found in the garden proper and within the soils of the fields and woods to include various herbs, roots, grasses, and wild vegetables. Throughout the research for this paper, I noted there to be varying regional preferences concerning which herbs were more common and learned this also depended on the level of knowledge of the seeker and harvester. As my great-grandmother grew up as one of five daughters who lost her mother at a young age, she and her sisters were thus the caretakers of the household which included her father and three brothers. I recall her stories of how hard she and "Vip," the sister to whom she was most fond and closest in age, worked to care for a home, the farm with all its livestock, and to cook and feed a family of nine. "Grammy," as my cousins and I affectionately called our great-grandmother, and Aunt Vip, thus knew a great deal about various healing methods, including herbs and teas.

Such herbs, roots, grasses and other items included catnip, dog grass, linseed, caraway, burr root, ginger root, clove, mustard seed for mustard packs, "tree gum" or balsam fir resin, willow tree bark, sorrel, dandelion, goose foot, thyme, chamomile, valerian, dill, fiddle heads, chive, shallot, onion, garlic, parsley, turnip, spinach, swiss chard, cabbage, carrot top greens, celery, apples, and blueberries.

Items either created from scratch or purchased for remedy use included but were not limited to: chicken soup; chicken, fish, deer, or rabbit broth; zinc oxide; kerosene; ivory soap; olive oil; whiskey; honey; lemon; and sugar. Lastly, spiritually based prayers, beliefs, and other items were used in healing processes for many Franco-Americans and most certainly used in my own family.

This paper focuses on four types of healing modalities. Within each type, I chose modalities and remedies I would like to attempt to incorporate into my own health practices and learn more about grow, creating, and processing the remedies. These four groupings of modalities include

(Continued on page 31)

(*Ancestral Healing Modalities from My French-Canadian Heritage continued from page 30*)

preventative, plants, foods, and spiritual. It is important to note: "Many descriptions for maladies and traditional cures are dialects..."canadianisms" or French words with origins in the Canadian dialect."¹⁶

1. Preventative remedies and modalities

a. Cod liver oil taken by mouth either daily, weekly, or monthly.¹⁷

b. Molasses and sulfur taken monthly and/or in the spring as a spring cleaning of the system, particularly a cleansing of the blood after long, usually less active winter months.¹⁸

c. Du creosote: a tar-like elixir made from pine wood and root, taken once a year. This substance has antimicrobial properties benefitting overall health and well-being.¹⁹

d. "Sel a medicine:" epsom salts in warm water taken orally to clean the system once a year and only permitted to eat chicken soup that day without tomato juice in the soup.²⁰

2. Plant modalities²¹

a. Dandelion root tea for overall well-being.

b. Catnip, chamomile, valerian or dill tea for agitation or worry.

c. Thyme tea rubbed onto scalp for itchy, dry scalp.

d. "Gomme de sapin:"²² tree gum from pine trees for aches and pains. This substance has anti-inflammatory properties.²³

16 Juliana L'Heureux, "Franco-American Health Traditions." *Maine Writer*, last modified October 16, 2017. <https://www.mainewriter.com/articles/Franco-Health-Traditions.htm>.

17 Lise A. Desjardins, "An Exploration into the Health and Illness Beliefs of a Franco-American community: The Description of a Clinical Reality" (Thesis, University of Maine, 1995), 50.

18 *Ibid.*

19 Florence Rose Martin to Terry Oullette, July 23, 1999, "Des Vieux Remedes," *Acadian Archives*, University of Maine at Fort Kent, 2.

20 *Ibid.*

21 *Ibid.*, 8-11.

22 Martin, "Des Vieux Remedes," 8.

23 Lingbeck et al., "Sweetgum," *Pharmacognosy Review* 9 (17) (Jan-Jun



Paternal Great Grandparents Rosanna Langevin Fontaine and Ferdinand Moses Fontaine at home in Winthrop, Maine. (date unknown).

3. Food modalities

a. Cabbage boiled with salt pork.²⁴

b. Carrot top greens for the bones.²⁵

c. Mustard greens for overall health.²⁶

d. Chicken soup with tomato juice for general well-being.²⁷

4. Spiritual modalities

a. Rosary prayer for planting and hunting season before and after the season.²⁸

b. Rosary prayer with each season change.²⁹

c. "Eau de Paques," or Easter Water, anointed on oneself as a sign of the cross is made before prayer; used when not feeling well physically or emotionally and other modalities have been attempted without success.³⁰

d. Grow and harvest a garden one uses for many purposes in addition to food, such as medicines, teas, salves, and other healing options.³¹

2015), doi:10.4103/0973-7847.156307.

24 Raymond J. Fontaine (father of author), in discussion with the author. September 2018.

25 Martin, "Des Vieux Remedes," 11.

26 Fontaine, in discussion, 2018.

27 Martin, "Des Vieux Remedes," 2.

28 Fontaine, in discussion, 2018.

29 *bid.*

30 Martin, "Des Vieux Remedes," 9.

31 Fontaine, in discussion, 2018.

In addition to numerous practical health traditions, I also encountered some unique findings as well. For instance: "For a cold sore on the lips-spit on your wrist and go over the sore three times clockwise and then do it three times counter clockwise. Do that three times a day for three days and the sore will be gone. It really, really works."³²

Although I remember of this being done in my family, I was intrigued to note it documented in an Acadian archive: "For an earache blow some warm smoke from a tobacco pipe into the ear."³³ Lastly, for treating mumps, a small swath of virgin sheep wool was to be fashioned around the person's throat with a piece of twine and kept slightly below the swollen areas. This was thought to prevent the mumps from traveling elsewhere in the body, thus remaining in its location.³⁴

In reflecting upon the selected ancestral modalities previously listed, it is especially worth noting the spiritual sense of having been drawn specifically to these foods, herbs, and ingredients in part due to memories and ignited feelings of my ancestors during the writing of this paper. As I am a quiet introvert who at long last has reconciled such traits are merely who I am, not faults needing alterations to fit the American extrovert ideal, I recognize I come from a heritage whose people spent many hours in the quiet and solitude of the woods, fields, and homes of their rural lands. I envision my ancestors being mindful throughout their daily hand work and skills, meandering amidst the earth's gifts given them. I see myself furthering their work with my writing and studying; spending much time in quiet and solitude as I hear them whispering their wisdoms.

Of the preventative remedies chosen, the cod liver oil, molasses, and epsom salt remedies are healing modalities I vividly remember being practiced in my family. Although my father did not recall the "du creosote"³⁵ being used as medicine, he did note a version of it was used to fill cracks in things including walls and other structural items.³⁶ As the pine tree is the state tree of Maine and therefore, quite prevalent throughout the state, I look forward to befriending a few

32 *Ibid.*, 7.

33 *Ibid.*, 6.

34 *Ibid.*

35 *Ibid.*, 2.

36 Jody M. Lingbeck et al., "Sweetgum," doi:10.4103/0973-7847.156307.

(Continued on page 32)

(*Ancestral Healing Modalities from My French-Canadian Heritage continued from page 31*)

of these trees in hopes of it sharing its gifts with me. I am smiling as I type this as I so often recall Grammy speaking in French to the world around her: the trees, the plants, and the animals.

Within the plant modalities, I selected dandelion root due to the plethora of dandelion in this area; there is so much of it, in fact, most local folks complain of its abundance. Many comment that it degrades the appearance of an otherwise well-manicured lawn. In further discussing dandelion root with my father, I learned that by harvesting the root in the fall, there are greater health benefits from it due to it having been growing throughout the spring and summer season. Therefore, a fall harvest of the root garners greater mineral content as the root is deeper into the soil.

As I have been challenged with worry throughout my life, a catnip, valerian root or dill infused tea will be a potentially helpful herbal treatment for me. I have tried chamomile before and have not found it to be helpful. It will be interesting to attempt using thyme tea for the drier, itchy scalp that often comes with the winter months; its cold air outside and dry wood-heat inside. Lastly, as with the "du creosote," I intend to befriend some pine trees at my home, with the eventual plan to inquire about being able to be gifted some sap for use in the slight aches and pains I note from time to time.

I have very fond memories of my great grandmother having large family gatherings to have a "New England boiled supper." She placed ham roast, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, and turnip into a large pot and boiled it together with a bit of salt pork to ensure a salty, fatty flavor. Although I favor a vegan way of eating, I intend to resurrect the art of salt pork with the vegetables for the memories, flavor, and vitamins. As carrot top greens are beneficial for the bones, it is yet another plant I am eager to work and experiment with in various ways. I have osteopenia likely a result of having gone through menopause in my late twenties, placing me at higher risk for osteoporosis. I am already exploring creamy carrot soup recipes to which I will add the carrot greens. Both mustard and dandelion greens are quite plentiful here in the summer months; I remember of the women in the family boiling them and adding apple cider vinegar and a bit of salt to them. Finally, although I make

soups frequently this time of year, I have never made a vegetable soup with tomato juice and thus, I look forward to perfecting a recipe.

The spiritual modalities above all the other modalities are the ones I feel resonate most deeply for me. I have beautiful memories of my great grandmother with her rosary beads always in the pocket of the "house apron" she wore when going about her daily chores at the farm. Her strong fingers held them with such tenderness, I felt I was a prayer among her beads being cradled in her lap. I intend to say prayers to her before I start my very first garden next spring here in the salty-aired, seacoast earth.

This paper provided a catharsis beyond conceivable; its research encouraged me to live in my ancestor's lives for a time, dance with them in my dreams, and embrace their insight.

I returned to the Catholic church about five years ago after a marital separation as I ~~for a longing for the comfort it had given~~ me earlier in my life. Desire for that comfort suddenly far outweighed the angst I had long since felt about birth control, abortion, and other stances on issues I felt the Catholic church needed to change. Despite the stances remaining unchanged today, I continue to attend the church, absorbing the parts that bring sacred solace, such as the rituals and prayers, and attempting to effect change within the church at a local level.

Attending mass also connects me to my ancestors in a way I had not imagined possible. I brought the prayers home with me, creating an altar where I feel my great grandmother with me as I weave through her beads and together, we whisper the prayerful poetry of the rosary. I intend to learn if and how one can obtain a bit of "Eau de Paques" from the church next Easter to place upon my altar.

This paper provided a catharsis beyond conceivable; its research encouraged me to live in my ancestor's lives for a time, dance with them in my dreams, and embrace their insight. I am far more aware of the ways in which they carried me in this life, not merely through their biology; but through their grit, tenacity, and grace

as well. This work has been quite timely for me as I navigate a new path in life, one toward an ever-greater authentic voice. I feel it has been yet another guidepost, one that presented the "roar which lies on the other side of silence"³⁷ for me. This work has helped me realize that roar is there, and it is profoundly part of my being in all its fierceness and all its quiet.

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³⁷ Mary Field Belenky, Blythe McVicker Clinchy, Nancy Rule Goldberger, and Jill Mattuck Tarule, *Women's Ways of Knowing: The Development of Self, Voice, and Mind*, 10th ed. (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1997), 4.

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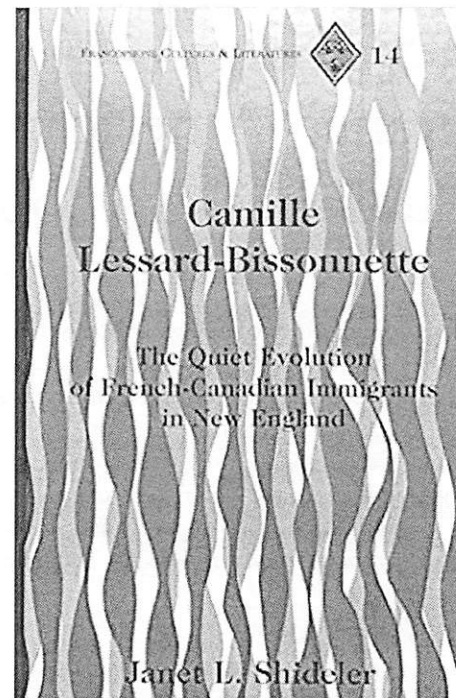
Camille Lessard Bissonnette

by *Rhea Côté Robbins*

Camille Lessard Bissonnette, a former teacher in Quebec, a former mill worker in Lewiston's Continental mill became a regular correspondent for *Le Messager*, les pages feminine where she voiced her concerns and opinions of the present-day issues. One such topic focused on whether or not women should have the vote. Camille was pro-the-vote for women and she wrote and spoke publically to express her views. She attempted to persuade Franco-American and French-Canadians to agree that votes for women presented the opportunity to help create change in the governments. She presented strong arguments of why women, as citizens, should fully participate in the democratic process of voting. She was faced with much resistance, but despite the public's negative response, she persisted in voicing her opinion. On January 30th, 1910 Camille addressed an audience at l'Institut Jacques-Cartier in Lewiston on the subject of women's suffrage. That same evening, a M. Joseph Poulin responded to her talk at l'Institut. Despite the fact that Camille worked for *Le Messager*, M. Poulin's re-

sponse to her talk received better coverage in the newspaper given the sentiment towards women's suffrage at the time.

Camille stood alone against a bicultural discussion as to whether or not women should be allowed to vote. Many in the Franco-American community were not for women's suffrage. The French-Canadian women with whom Camille disagreed, and who consequently did not get the right to vote until 1940 in the Quebec province, presented a living example of what occurs when women are not steadfast in their seriousness about women's rights. 2019 is the centennial celebration of women's suffrage in the United States. Camille, as a member of the Franco-American community, is our suffragist. As a member of the committee for the exhibit to be held at the Maine State Museum, I thought it was imperative that she be represented in the exhibit and be a part of this important work demonstrating a bilingual, bicultural woman who took a stand to promote women's suffrage. I am proud that she will be recognized for her efforts and diligence.



(*Ancestral Healing Modalities from My French-Canadian Heritage continued from page 32*)

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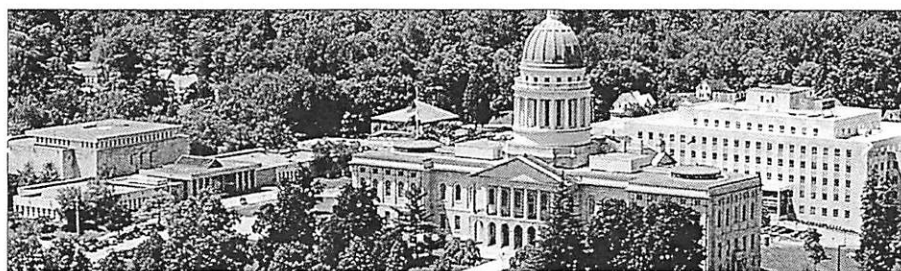
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Public Opening of Suffrage Exhibit at the Maine State Museum

Saturday, March 23, 2019

3:00 PM 4:00 PM

Camille Lessard Bissonnette will be featured in the exhibit.

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Tuesday–Friday 9am to 5pm | Saturday 10am to 4pm

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Maine State Museum

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Franco-American Programs Publishes two books...

The Franco-American Programs is pleased to announce our two new publications. From our Occasional Papers series, *Bibliography of Franco-American Life, Language, And History in the Northeastern United States* by Patrick Lacroix, is an extensive compilation of works on Franco-Americans in the American Northeast.

And, A collection of poetry, *The Franco-American Dream, Poems* by Danielle Beaupré.

About Patrick:

He is a native of Cowansville, Quebec and a graduate of Bishop's University (Sherbrooke, Quebec) and Brock University (St. Catharines, Ontario). After working as a journalist, he taught at the University of New Hampshire, where he earned a Ph.D. in history, and at Phillips Exeter Academy. His research has appeared in *Histoire sociale/ Social History*, the *Canadian Journal of History*, the *International History Review*, and the *American Review of Canadian Studies*.

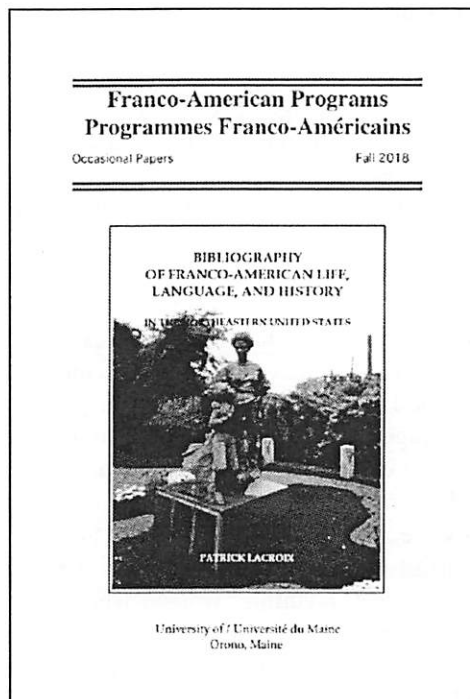
About Danielle:

Danielle Beaupré is a Franco-American poet originally hailing from Jackson, Maine. She holds Master's Degrees in English and French from the University of Maine. She currently works as the Immigration and Visa Services Coordinator and French Instructor at Husson University. Her primary areas of creative work and study include lyric poetry, experimental fiction, poetry translation, and Franco-American studies. She lives in Glenburn, Maine with her husband James and their dog Pierre.

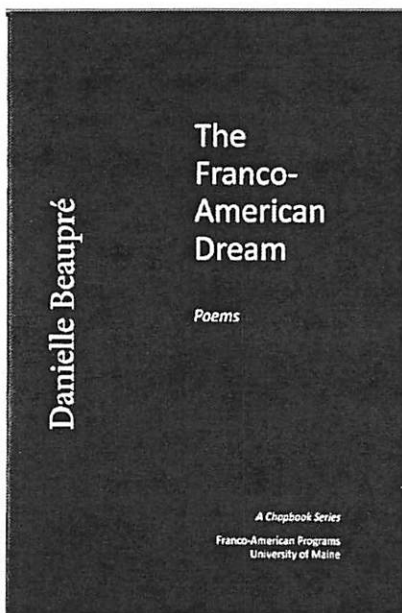
If you would like a copy of either or both please contact Franco-American programs. We ask that you pay shipping costs and consider making a donation to help support our Occasional Papers and Chapbook series.

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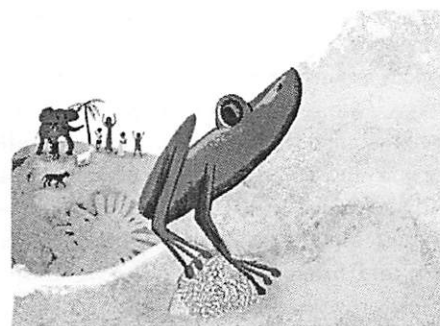
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Bibliography of Franco-American Life, Language, And History in the Northeastern United States
by Patrick Lacroix



The Franco-American Dream
Poems
by Danielle Beaupré



Une grenouille

Une grenouille vivait au bord d'un trou rempli d'eau, près d'un ruisseau. C'était une petite grenouille verte, discrète, ordinaire. Elle avait envie de devenir extraordinaire et réfléchissait au moyen de se faire remarquer. À force d'y penser, elle eut une idée. Elle se mit à boire l'eau de son trou, à boire, à boire..., et elle la but jusqu'à la dernière goutte ! Et elle commença à grossir. Ensuite elle se mit à boire l'eau du ruisseau, à boire, à boire..., et elle la but jusqu'à la dernière goutte ! Et elle grossissait de plus en plus. En suivant le lit du ruisseau, elle arriva à la rivière, et elle se mit à boire l'eau de la rivière, à boire, à boire..., et elle la but jusqu'à la dernière goutte ! Et comme la rivière se jetait dans le fleuve, elle alla près du fleuve, et elle se mit à boire l'eau du fleuve, à boire, à boire..., et elle la but jusqu'à la dernière goutte !

Et la grenouille gonflait, gonflait !

Comme le fleuve se jetait dans la mer, la grenouille alla jusqu'au bord de la mer, et elle se mit à boire l'eau de la mer, à boire, à boire..., et elle la but jusqu'à la dernière goutte qui était la dernière goutte d'eau de toute la terre. Son ventre, ses pattes, sa tête étaient gorgés d'eau, et même ses yeux, qui devinrent tout globuleux. La petite grenouille était maintenant extraordinaire, gigantesque ; sa tête touchait le ciel !

Les plantes avaient soif, les animaux avaient soif, et les hommes aussi avaient terriblement soif. Alors tous se réunirent pour chercher un moyen de récupérer l'eau de la terre.

« Il faut qu'elle ouvre sa large bouche afin que l'eau rejaillisse sur la terre.

— Si on la fait rire, dit quelqu'un, elle
(Suite sure page 35)



Coin des jeunes...

Saying "Hello" in French

with Chris and Yannick

Did you know that there are many different ways to say "hello" in French? Discover them all with Chris and Yannick!



Bonjour: Pronounced *bohn zhoor*, this is the French equivalent of saying hello, good morning, good day, and good afternoon.

You can practice saying Bonjour to your friends. Go ahead and give it a try!

Bonsoir: Pronounced *buhn swahr*, this is the appropriate way to greet someone you're meeting anytime after six in the evening.

You can practice saying Bonsoir to your family in the evening.



HANSEL ET GRETEL

Aide les deux enfants à trouver le chemin de la maison en passant par les fleurs!



(Une grenouille suite de page 34)

ouvrira la bouche, et l'eau débordera.

– Bonne idée » dirent les autres.

Ils préparèrent alors une grande fête, et les animaux les plus drôles vinrent du monde entier. Les hommes firent les clowns, racontèrent des histoires drôles. En les regardant, les animaux oublièrent qu'ils avaient soif, les enfants aussi. Mais la grenouille ne riait pas, ne souriait même pas. Elle restait impassible, immobile. Les singes firent des acrobaties, des grimaces, dansèrent, firent les pitres. Mais la grenouille ne bougeait pas, ne riait pas, ne faisait même pas l'esquisse d'un sourire.

Tous étaient épuisés, assoiffés, quand arriva une petite créature insignifiante, un petit ver de terre, qui s'approcha de la grenouille. Il se mit à se tortiller, à onduler. La grenouille le regarda étonnée. Le petit ver se démena autant qu'il put. Il fit une minuscule grimace, et... la grenouille éclata de rire, un rire énorme qui fit trembler tout son corps ! Elle ne pouvait plus s'arrêter de rire, et les eaux débordèrent de sa bouche grande ouverte. L'eau se répandit sur toute la terre, et la grenouille rapetissa, rapetissa.

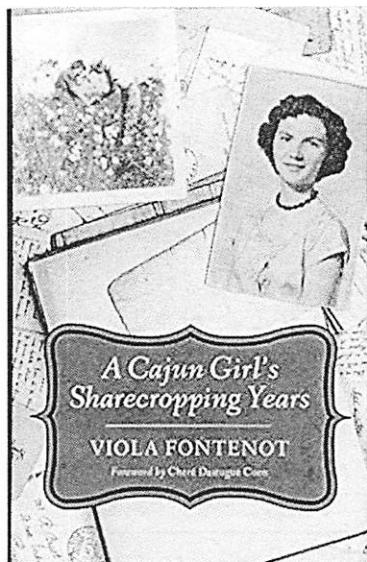
La vie put recommencer, et la grenouille reprit sa taille de grenouille ordinaire. Elle garda juste ses gros yeux globuleux, en souvenir de cette aventure.



BOOKS/
LIVRES...

A Cajun Girl's Sharecropping Years

*by Viola Fontenot (Author),
Chere Dastugue Coen (Foreword)*



Today sharecropping is history, though during World War II and the Great Depression sharecropping was prevalent in Louisiana's southern parishes. Sharecroppers rented farmland and often a small house, agreeing to pay a one-third share of all profit from the sale of crops grown on the land. Sharecropping shaped Louisiana's rich cultural history, and while there have been books published about sharecropping, they share a predominately male perspective. In *A Cajun Girl's Sharecropping Years*, Viola Fontenot adds the female voice into the story of sharecropping.

Spanning from 1937 to 1955, Fontenot describes her life as the daughter of a sharecropper in Church Point, Louisiana, including details of field work as well as the domestic arts and Cajun culture. The account begins with stories from early life, where the family lived off a gravel road near the woods without electricity, running water, or bathrooms, and a mule-drawn wagon was the only means of transportation. To gently introduce the reader to her native language, the author often includes French words along with a succinct definition. This becomes an important part of the story as Fontenot attends primary school, where she experienced prejudice for speaking French, a forbidden and punishable act. Descriptions of Fontenot's teenage years include stories of going to the boucherie; canning blackberries, figs, and pumpkins; using the wood stove to cook dinner; washing and ironing laundry; and making moss mattresses. Also included in the texts are explanations of rural Cajun holiday traditions, courting customs, leisure activities, children's games, and Saturday night house dances for family and neighbors, the fais do-do.

<https://www.amazon.com/Cajun-Girls-Sharecropping-Years/dp/1496817079>

Book of the Year

NEW ORLEANS, Louisiana – The Louisiana Endowment for the Humanities (LEH), in partnership with Lieutenant Governor Billy Nungesser, has selected as Humanities Book of the Year "A Cajun Girl's Sharecropping Years," authored by Viola Fontenot and published by the University Press of Mississippi, follows Fontenot's life as the daughter of a sharecropper in Church Point. Reliving various aspects of rural Cajun life, such as house chores, boucheries, fais do-do, and the classroom mantra of "I will not speak French on the school grounds anymore," Fontenot brings a female per-

spective to a previously male-dominated understanding of sharecropping culture.

Join the LEH and Master of Ceremonies Lieutenant Governor Billy Nungesser and Fontenot at the 2019 Bright Lights Awards Dinner, hosted at the University of Louisiana at Lafayette Student Union on Thursday, April 4, at 6 p.m. Tickets begin at \$150. Table sponsorships are available to interested parties. For more information, contact Mike Bourg at (504) 620-2482 or bourg@leh.org, or visit www.leh.org.



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adding it to foods such as oatmeal, yogurt, soups, pancakes and eggs for example. If you enjoy eating beets but don't like the mess and clean up, beet powder is for you. If you want the health attributes of beets but don't necessarily like the sweet beet flavor, mixing it in drinks or food can blend it and give it a masked flavor

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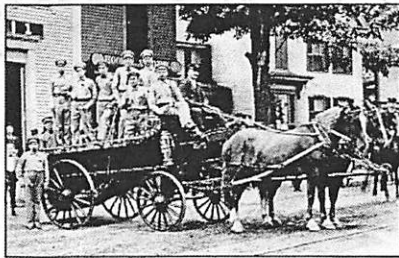
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about 45 servings per container	
Serving size 1 Tbsp (10g)	
Amount Per Serving	
Calories 35	
Total Fat 10g	20%
Sodium 10g	20%
Total Carbohydrate 10g	20%
Protein 10g	20%
Total Fat 10g	20%
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Total Fat 10g	20%
Sodium 10g	20%
Total Carbohydrate 10g	20%
Protein 10g	20%



HENRY JOSEPH QUIRION – A SILLY GRANDFATHER?

POSTCARD HISTORY SERIES

Waterville



Earle G. Shettleworth Jr.

Have any of you seen a copy of this book? The book is from the Postcard History Series – Waterville by Earle G. Shettleworth, Jr. Well if you are a descendant of Henry Joseph Quirion then you are missing out on a picture of him in his early years. Today this is what this story is about.

Henry Joseph (“Honore” in Quebec) Quirion was born on the 22nd of April in 1894 in what was then called St. Francois-d’Assisi in the County of Beauce, of the Province of Quebec in the Country of Canada. He was the son of Sylvain Quirion and his second wife Lucie Thibodeau. Now in French speaking Quebec they kept the ways of their ancestors and the wives stayed with their maiden names even after marriage. But that is for another story.

Henry was a twin, his sister Marie Alphonsine died at 16 months old, but he had

four other sisters to dote on him from this marriage. There were also four brothers and two sisters from the first marriage as well, that I have found so far. Henry’s mother was 20 years younger than his father and it was a loveless marriage. She was brought in mostly to raise his children as well as to produce more. Large families were needed back then to keep the farms going so the families could survive. This led to many problems.



In 1901 Henry (age 7), his mother and four sisters were driven by horse and buggy by their father and brought down the Canada Road with their belongings and dropped off in Waterville, Maine with the father returning to Quebec. You see being Catholic you couldn’t get a divorce and the only alternative was one of them had to leave, they couldn’t live in the same area and I guess the same country. The oldest sister Philomene was 18, Rosanna 16, Josephine 14, Amanda 12 and of course Henry was 7.

Lucie was suddenly a single mom at 51 in a strange town and country. Lucie and the older girls sought out work and Amanda was left home to care for Henry. They were living in the French part of Waterville nicknamed the South End.

Henry was allowed to go to school which made it easier on Amanda who cared for the home. He was a typical boy of the time period, and had plenty of French friends. They like to play games – stick ball, go fishing by the river, find scraps and make things; whatever they could do to pass the time. One of the things he took an interest in which brings us back to the book was a type of acting. This picture which appears on page 127 of the book was taken before he married Eda Marie Landry on the 24th of July in 1916. She knew of his “escapades” as she called it because she was going to “knock that silliness right out of him once they got married” as she told me when she gave me the picture.

Years later in 2013 when the book came out and I was looking at it at someone’s house lo and behold there was that picture. It states under the picture “This real-photo postcard mailed from Waterville in 1913 provides no clues as to who these costumed individuals were or why they sat together before the camera in a photographer’s studio. Where they attending a costume party, players in a local theatrical performance, or just preparing for Halloween night?”

Well I immediately wrote to Mr. Shettleworth whom I had met on several occasions in my genealogy quest. He was the Maine State Historian and Director of the Maine Historic Commission and just had to let him know what I knew about this picture. That the gentleman in the back row with the large X over his head was my paternal grandfather Henry Joseph Quirion and that picture was taken at the Waterville Opera House when he was in a play. I even
(Continued on page 39)



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

DUBÉ (Dubay): Mathurin Dubé, born 1631 in France, died 1695 in PQ, son of Jean Dubé and Renée Suzanne from the townfelzé de 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 Champion, born 1654 in France, died between 1697 and 1704 in PQ, daughter of Pierre Champion 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.

109 Pierre	26 Oct	1835	Elis. Leclerc-Francoeur	Rivière-Ouelle	245
110 Zéphirin	24 Apr	1829	M.-Louise Blais	Québec city	246a
Joseph	21 Sep	1830	M.-Geneviève Croteau	Bécancour, Nico.	246b
Mathias	23 Jun	1835	Thérèse Duval	Québec city(ND)	247
111 Maxime	10 Aug	1835	Lucie Côté	Rivière-Ouelle	248
112 Magloire 1m.	09 Jan	1838	Marie St.Onge	Montmagny	
" 2m.	17 Oct	1842	Angélique Bond	Percé, Gaspé cty.	
113 Joseph	23 Oct	1855	Adèle Gosselin	St.Henri, Lévis	249
114 Vincent	02 Mar	1829	Elisabeth Baker	Bécancour, Nico.	250
Simon	10 Feb	1834	Julie St.Laurent	Rimouski	251
115 Firmin	07 Aug	1853	Anna Robichaud	Les Escoumins	
116 Etienne	23 Apr	1839	Angélique Fillion	Rimouski	253
117 Barthélémy	23 Feb	1846	Julie Levesque	Rimouski	254
" 2m.	11 Oct	1852	Angratie Gassé	Rimouski	
(b.17-10-1821 Trois-Pistoles)					
Cyrille 1m.	23 Feb	1857	Adeline Gagné	Bic, Rimouski	
" 2m.	25 Nov	1868	Sophie Jean	St.Mathieu, Rim.	
118 Pierre	03 Feb	1835	Adélaïde Groleau	Nicolet	258
Léon	11 Feb	1851	Sophie Lefebvre-Descoteaux	Nicolet	
Moïse	22 Jul	1851	Julie Parmentier	Nicolet	
Joseph	30 May	1853	Louise Lefebvre-Descoteaux	Nicolet	260
119 Moïse	10 Jan	1860	Olive Moulin	St.Zéphirin, Yam.	261
Abraham 1m.	20 Feb	1860	Thérèse Duguay	Nicolet	262
" 2m.	20 Apr	1880	Hélène Jutras	Nicolet	
120 Louis-Charles	28 Sep	1819	Priscille Levesque	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	264
Abraham 1m.	16 Jun	1829	Modeste Saucier	St.Basile, NB	120A
" 2m.	16 Nov	1847	Délina Ouellette	Frenchville	120B
121 François	09 May	1796	M.-Thérèse Chouinard	St.Jean-Port-Joli	266
122 Louis-Marie	08 Sep	1823	M.-Séraphine Paradis	St.André, Kam.	267
Barthélemy	22 Apr	1847	Marcelline Ouellet	Ste.Luce, Rim.	122A
123 Pierre-Noël	30 Sep	1822	Marguerite Dupéré	Cacouna, R.-Lp.	
Eucher-Ludger	04 Nov	1834	Opportune Gagnon	St.Roch-Aulnaies	268
(b. before 1814)			(Louis Gagnon & Marguerite Castonguay)		
124 Pascal	30 Apr	1827	M.-Louise/Elis. Boucher	St.André, Kam.	269
Eloi	02 Mar	1840	Talite Gagnon	Rimouski	270
125a Louis	17 Feb	1824	Antoinette Gagnon	Maskinongé	270a
David	18 Sep	1827	M.-Anne Gaboury	Maskinongé, Mask.	
Jean	1m.	1831	M.-Aurélien Sévigny	Maskinongé, Mask.	125A
" 2m.	14 Aug	1849	Marie Grégoire	Maskinongé, Mask.	
(b.4-12-1797 Maskinongé)					

(HENRY JOSEPH QUIRION – A SILLY GRANDFATHER? continued from page 38)

told him what my grandmother said what she was going to do about it once they got married. He emailed me back said he was happy to finally know something about the picture, the only one in the book he didn't have anything about.

Months later, Mr. Shettleworth came to Waterville to speak at the Opera House and of course I had to be there since he would be talking about his book. Front row seats and on the stage a very large screen as he talked and produced many of the pictures from the book. Then at the very end he started to tell everyone about this one picture in the book he didn't know anything about until

someone wrote to him and told him the story behind it and he looked over and saw me sitting there. Like he said 100 years ago that group probably sat on that very stage and had that photograph taken and there it was big and bold for the world (Waterville at least) to see it and my (and yours) grandfather up there in the lights once again!



<http://mytreestories.blogspot.com/>



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THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

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

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

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

MISSION

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

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

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

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

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

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

OBJECTIFS:

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