# *Le* FORUM

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

VOLUME 41, #1 SPRING/PRINTEMPS 2019

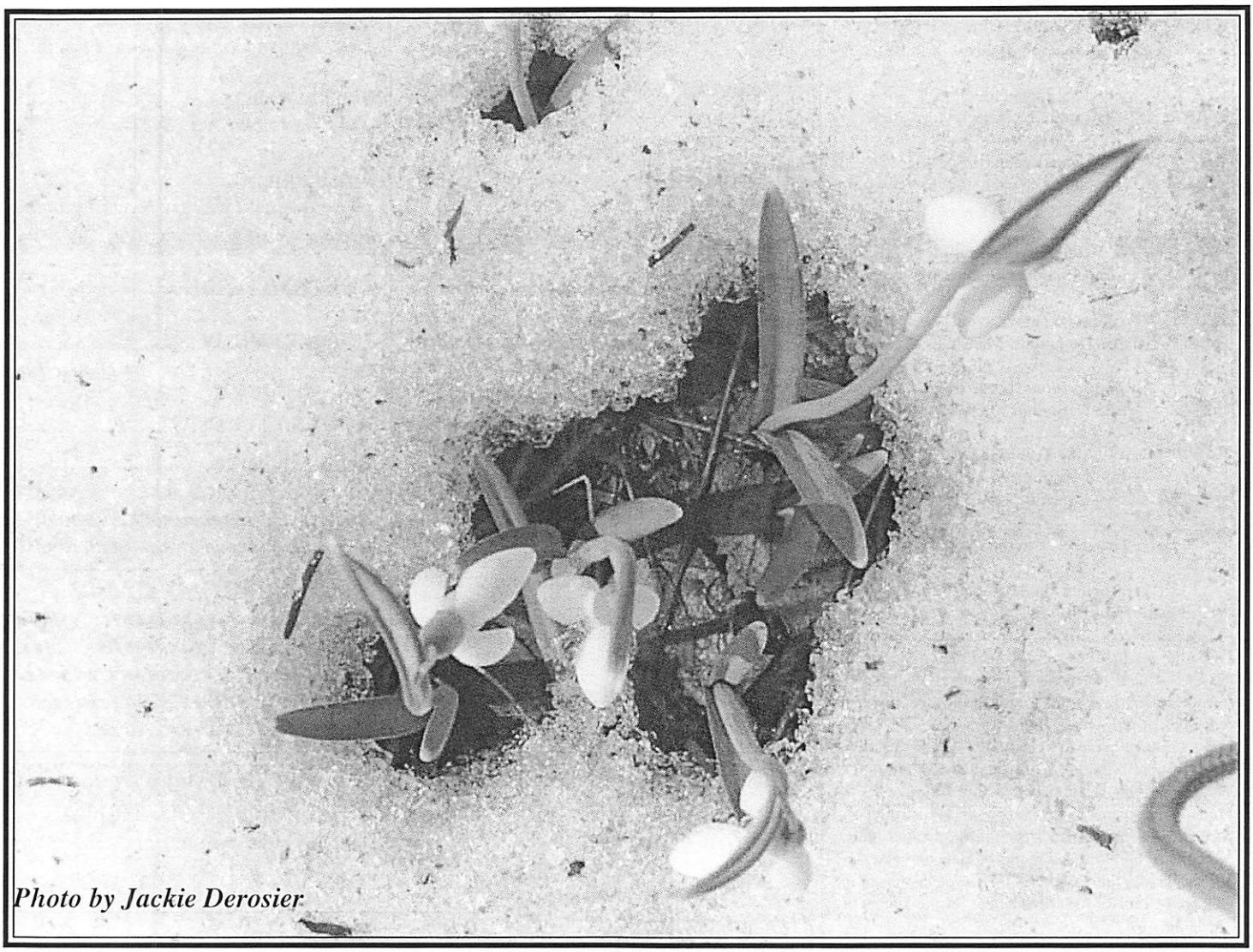

*Photo by Jackie Derosier*

**Websites:**

**Le Forum:** http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/le-forum/
**Oral History:** https://video.maine.edu/channel/Oral+Histories/101838251
**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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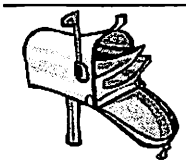


## *Lettres/ Letters*

# Who are These People?

I can tell you who they are NOT. They are not "Native Americans" OR "Indians".

Let's run through the sequence of events that prove it:

1) About 20,000 to 14,000 years ago, migrants arrived from Eurasia in what is now known as the Americas.

2) 1492 - Christopher Columbus discovered the "New World"

3) 1507 – "America" was named after Amerigo Vespucci

And a few definitions:

- aboriginal = existing (in a region) from the beginning; first

- America = Associated with Amerigo Vespucci (who, by the way, lived from 1454 to1512)

- Indian = a native of India or the east Indies (As we know, the term "Indian" originated with Christopher Columbus who believed he had arrived in India.)

- indigenous = native

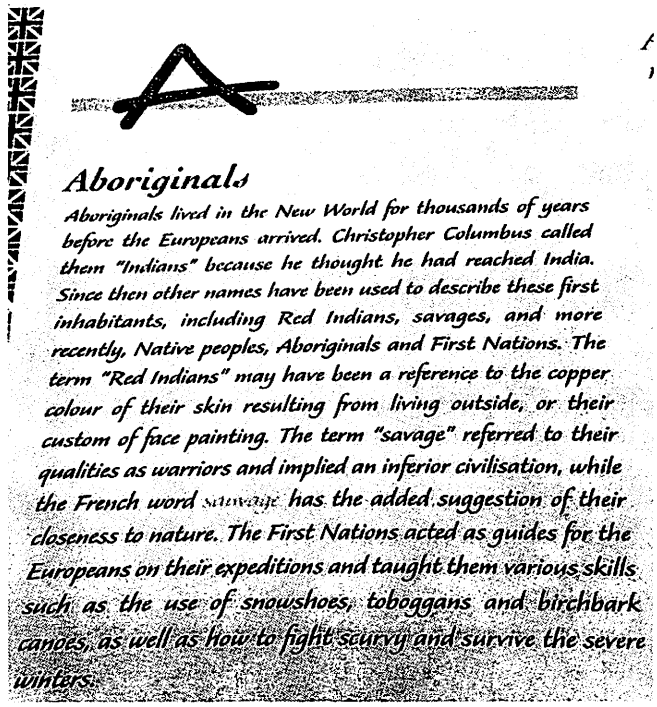
- native = an original inhabitant

According to Wikipedia, "The indigenous peoples of the Americas are the pre-Columbian peoples of North, Central, and South America and their descendants."

In doing research for this article, I came across numerous references to "Native Americans" and "Indians". Even Webster's dictionary is guilty. Some of what I've read attempts to justify these references to indigenous peoples. I believe this is totally wrong and needs to change.

Reading/hearing these references to aboriginal peoples has bugged me for quite some time. I think it really grabbed me when I returned to Maine after living in Quebec, Canada for a time. In Canada, these peoples are usually referred to as natives, indigenous peoples, or first nations. Having discovered through my French-Canadian ancestry that I have native blood, I'm now on a mission to correct what I consider a huge mistake here in America.

On a recent visit to the Musée du Fort in Quebec City, I came across the following which helped further confirm my belief that the terms "Native Americans" or "Indians" are true inaccuracies.



### *Aboriginals*

*Aboriginals lived in the New World for thousands of years before the Europeans arrived. Christopher Columbus called them "Indians" because he thought he had reached India. Since then other names have been used to describe these first inhabitants, including Red Indians, savages, and more recently, Native peoples, Aboriginals and First Nations. The term "Red Indians" may have been a reference to the copper colour of their skin resulting from living outside, or their custom of face painting. The term "savage" referred to their qualities as warriors and implied an inferior civilisation, while the French word sauvage has the added suggestion of their closeness to nature. The First Nations acted as guides for the Europeans on their expeditions and taught them various skills such as the use of snowshoes, toboggans and birchbark canoes, as well as how to fight scurvy and survive the severe winters.*

*ABC de la Nouvelle France/*
*ABC of New France*

A friend at the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine encouraged me to write an article to express my views on this subject and correct misconceptions. I'm also taking on the challenge to right what I feel is a horrible wrong. I hope this will encourage people to change how they refer to indigenous peoples who were on this continent long before it became "America".

With this article, I begin my journey to educate people on how to properly refer to our native peoples. I would appreciate any help or feedback to assist me on this journey.

Thank you!

***Lin LaRochelle***
***neigekins@earthlink.net***

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***Dear Le Forum;***

Enclosed is my payment for my subscription and for the subscription for my friend that you have on file.

Thank you and congratulations to you and to your wonderful team of volunteers for another great issue of ***LE FORUM!*** I look forward to the next one.

***With much appreciation and Best Regards,***

***June Turcotte, North Hampton, MA***

***Chère Le Forum;***

Ci-joint est mon paiement pour mon abonnement et pour l'abonnement cadeau pour mon ami que vous avez dans le dossier. Merci et félicitations à vous et à votre merveilleuse équipe de bénévoles pour un autre grand numéro de ***LE FORUM!*** J'attends le prochain.

***Avec l'appréciation et les meilleures salutations,***

***June Turcotte, North Hampton, MA***

***Bonjour Le Forum;***

Many thanks for all your efforts with this great publication!

Best wishes!

***John England, St. Paul, MN***

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***Bonjour Le Forum;***

Lire ***Le Forum*** est toujours un plaisir. Merci pour tou ce que vous faites pour les Franco-Américains non seulement au Maine mais partout dans ce grand pays où on se trouve transplanté.

***Ken Fleurant, Green Bay, WI***

# Cutline and Stories:

## *by Gérard Coulombe*

*First Row: Antonio Coutu, Joseph Coutu, Pere, et Mari Poirier Coutu, Mere, Henri Coutu. Second Row: Clara Coutu {Coulombe}, Marie Louise & Rose Anna Coutu, {both became nuns} Eugenie Coutu {Chabot}, and Eva Coutu.*

Note: Cutline and some background: My maternal grandparents and some of my mother's siblings. Four girls had died in childhood, one other was given to the Church and disappeared In Canada for many years, as far as I knew, my mother had never mentioned her before she reappeared in Biddeford because "Ma tante" Eugenie" agreed to take her in and she died in Biddeford.

I was born on the second floor of my grandparents' half duplex, The left side, facing the house. One side was a local grocery store, one of many that abounded in the community. The grounds were lavish, flowers and a few fruit trees, pear and cherry. There was also a lawn swing on the Grounds. And, a barn and sheds were attached to the building which, in all, created an "ell."

Pepere was a teamster for the Pepperell Company. He hauled bales of cotton from boxcars on side rails to the mill's carding rooms. The barn was for his horses and cart.

My grandfather opened one of the barn doors so that he could sit there in an arm chair, take out his pen-knife and do some whittling. Often, he watched me at play in the yard. I was the preferred one, as far as my Aunt Eva was concerned, she cared for my blind grandmother and did all the cooking. My grandfather ate everything with his knife. I liked to watch him gather his peas and load his knife's blade with them and adroitly move the knife to his mouth where he unloaded his peas. For me, it was unbelievably interesting to watch.

I was born on the second floor, as were my two sisters. I do not remember the layout of the apartment or the rooms. What I do recall is that there was an exit to the shed; of course, that landing was the second floor of the sheds that were part of the barn.

While my younger sisters, babies, really had to avoid my aunt's, I, the favored one had a run of everything, and my grandfather was gifted in his tolerance of me and in his eagerness to watch me at play. I could collect a bouquet of flowers for my mother, but never my sisters who were scared or terrorized away.

I was living there when my grandmother died, and I recall the black crepe at the front door and the casket in the front room against the wall to the outside garden. Visitors came to pay their respects and people said their rosaries and the priest came to read the prayers for the dead. At the age of three, I understood what dying was about, as I had watched on my knees by her bedside as she exhaled a whitish broth of phlem.

Antonio became a butcher, married; his wife died early on. My mom kept her brother away from the house, never let him broach the door to the kitchen when he came for some reason; I found out later that it was because he had a girlfriend, a longtime one, who was a hairdresser with her own shop. As they were unmarried, they were living in sin out in the open, my mom was a traditionalist that way. I wondered why, once; someone gave me an answer, still, it always bothered me, but I never broached the subject with her—I learned the story in bits and pieces.

Henry died along with another in an automobile accident, at twenty-one, I believe; he and friends were in the mountains, some say it was Maine, others say it was New Hampshire. The driver who became my Sea Scout leader, years later, never broached the subject with me years later. The car rolled backwards, it was a roadster, and the two in the back seat died when the car crashed rolling backwards into a tree trunk.

My mother, sisters and I visited the nuns on a trip to Canada. We did not spend much time with them, as they both worked in an orphanage, the workings of which I understood little about at the time. One aunt work involved the laundry room. I can only imagine the hard work involved, some heavy lifting, wet, red hands in hot water, and all.... The other worked in the infirmary. Maybe, not a nurse, but after years of care and drudge, I imagine, something of a professional, unlike her sister.

Eugeny had a tough life. But she was always a gracious hostess, a wonderful conversationalist, could hit a spittoon with a cud of tobacco she'd been chewing for hours, and sat mostly in a rocker, when she wasn't busy cooking big meals and feeding her family. And, bless her heart, it was she who reunited her sister, probably abandoned on the church's steps for some ungodly reason for life to take its course..., and it surely did. I'm sure her life was never an easy one, and after her husband, who needed her to care for him after his first wife died, the kids, nor hers, threw her out of the house, but, piously, gave her a warning: Hurry and find yourself a place to stay soon! You're on your way out! Good thing she found her sister, Eugeny, who agreed to take her in. That my mother never mentioned her in all that time is a mystery to me. She never talked about it or any other family matter.

*(N.D.L.R. Reprinted from Le Club Français Newsletter, La Fanal. Soumis par Jacqueline Blesso.*

# LA PIE BAVARDE

À tous et à chacun:

Un envoi qui mérite d'être lu vient de mon amie qui habite dans une banlieu de Chicago et qui a joué un role innocement dans l'enchaînement des évènements menant aux fonds en fidéicommi Mikesell. L'article semble avoir été écrit en 2001 et la copie sur America on Line est daté de 2004. L'auteur m'est inconnu. Je l'ai traduit en français parce que c'est écrit en anglais.

LE TITRE: Moment propice, Endroit favorable
(The Right Time, The Right Place)
Le sujet: Amitié

Il s'appelait Flemming ce pauvre fermier écossais. Un jour, en travaillant pour faire vivre sa famille, il entend un appelle, **"Au secours,"** venant d'un marais tout près. Il mit ses outils de côté et courut au marais. Là, il trouva un garçon pris dans la boue jusqu'à la ceinture. Le fermier Fleming sauva le jeune d'une mort lente et terrifiante.

Le lendemain, une diligence grand luxe arriva à la maison du pauvre Écossais. Un noble en vêtement élégant descenda et se présenta comme le père du garçon que le fermier Fleming avait secourut. "**Je veux vous payer,"** dit L'aristocrate. " **Vous avez sauvez la vie de mon fils." "Non, je ne peut pas accepter de paiement pour ce que j'ai fait,"** répondit le fermier écossait en refusant cet offre. À cet instant le fils du fermier vint à la porte du taudis familial. "**Est-ce votre fils?" demanda** le noble**. "Oui,"** répondit fièrement le fermier. **Je vais vous faire un marché. Permettez que je fasse instruire votre fils du même niveau que mon fils. Si le jeune retient quelque chose de son père, sans doute il deviendra l'homme dont nous seront fiers tous les deux."** Ce fut ce qu'il a fait.

Le fils du fermier Fleming fut instruit dans les meilleures écoles en finissant ses etudes à St. Mary's Hospital Medical School à Londres. Par la suite il se fit connaître à travers le monde entier comme le célèbre Sir Alexander Fleming qui a découvert la pénécilline.

Deux ans plus tard, le fils du même noble qui fut sauvé du marais fit une pneumonie. Comment lui a-t-on sauvé la vie cette fois. La pénécilline! Le nom du noble? Lord Randolph Churchill. Le nom du fils? Sir Winston Churchill.

# My Brother-in-law — Fernand (Buster) Côté

## *By Gerard Coulombe*

My brother-In-law was married to Rose Salvas, my sister-in law. They had six children when I first met them. They lived in Saco, Maine, on Ferry Road.

My wife's name is Juliette Salvas. None of my relatives, neither my parents nor sisters attended my wedding. My wife-to-be's parents did not attend, and neither did her sisters or brother, either.

As we were married at the Catholic chapel in Orono by the chaplain there, Father Letourneau, who just happened to be a distant relative of my wife to be, it might have been a challenge of two dimensions in that we had not been approved for marriage in our home churches, and it happened not to be a problem for the University of Maine's Catholic chaplain. As I was a veteran and my wife had been attending a nursing school in Lewiston, the new rectors in our former parishes did not recognize us as parishioners and we would not be re-introduced to the Church by spending time in pre-nuptial instructions.

It was just a few close friends who came or were already present on campus and happened to be attending college with us and a few of my wife's closest friends from nursing school and her closest friend from our home-town, Biddeford, that joined us for our wedding.

Buster, was my brother-in-law's nickname. He was known all over Biddeford and Saco, as Buster, Buster or Fernand Côté.


He owned the Seal Rock Bottling company. My brother-in-law, Joe Salvas, worked, part time ,with his father, my father-in-law, Joseph Salvas, senior, who, among other things, sold insurance from his second-floor office on Maine Street, the downtown sector, over or near what was then, J.C. Penney's, I think. Joe also worked as a distributor-driver and all-around bottling helper, I think, for Buster.

Buster was a big community activist and general service association member and supporter in those days. He was on the Biddeford Hospital board and also assisted in promoting the failed Catholic hospital that the Decary brothers had been trying not only to build and sustain after it opened partially, but later failed due to who knows what? Lack of funds?

In any case, my brother-in-law Buster, loved to eat. Friday nights were special for him. He loved baked beans as much a lobster, and everything was proper in the household and particularly at dinner time on a Friday night with the six children around the table, one boy and his sister, two other sisters, and still, two more. They were born, as if by a plan devised for sustainability. The oldest, the next oldest, and then the youngest. One boy and five girls.

Of course, at the table he was in charge, that is to say, he directed the operation of prayer before meals, the order of the servings, the propriety of the conversations and the interaction between children and the elders, which included himself as chief, his wife as servant, and then the guests, and last

*(Continued on page 6)*

*(My Brother-in-law —Fernand (Buster) Côté continued from page 5)*

were the children.

The food was plentiful, and the conversation was determined by Buster. He loved to eat, so conversation was short and to the point. Beverages included some of his Seal Rock ginger ale or, perhaps, a Moxie, which he distributed.

His business was built upon the spring behind the barn and close to the plant which produced the water for the Seal Rock beverages. Working hard to maintain the quality of the water was key to his success because his territory extended to Old Orchard and most of York County and was especially successful summers with the tourists.

His wife, Rose, my sister-in-law, was a doll of a woman. She maintained a close relationship with her sisters and loved to shop with them and made shopping together in Portland an event which though might have devolved into a fight, particularly when one of the girls proved more disagreeable than ever anticipated, but who was always capable of being disagreeable on purpose, such as the time she ended an argument by demanding that the driver stop the car in the middle of a road between Portland and Biddeford so she could get out in the middle of traffic just because she was "mad." And the driver stopped, and Peggy, did get out, and walked the several miles home to Biddeford along Route 1, the Portland Road. There were no cell phones in those days.

Buster was quite the dancer. He was tall, thin, austere looking in appearance, his face's jaw was that of an impoverished, malnourished man, his nose was thinnish and long; his brow seemed always frowned, although, he had a full head of darkish hair that seemed to me, semi-combed; his ears were large and therefore stood out, but that might have been for his choice of haircuts. He wore spectacles; sometimes they hung down his nose, practically ready to fall off.

But, boy, could he dance! I've watched him at events at his club when he let it all out, and danced like a wild man making every move, particularly those in which he shimmied to near the ground and up again, even when he was in his 80's, mouth agape, thin jawed, bony, deep smile on his face, out-pacing one of his grandkids who could only stand pop-eyed, watching her grandfather dance the swing.

Otherwise, Buster was a quiet man. We were never very close. Buster was also a hard man. He definitely believed in discipline. To be close to him, I mean, not personally, but physically, one got to know that. He was not verbose but spoke his mind when he felt he needed to. Mostly, he minded his own business. Mostly, I think, he was a reserved man, but he could smile over tender moments which sometimes only he could perceive and appreciate more than most. I liked that about him. But as far as the two of us were concerned, we were definitely of another generation, like my father and I, who ever had anything much to say to each other because, well, probably because each of us was unfamiliar with the other's world.

# Sometime...growing up in Biddeford, Maine

***By, Gerard Coulombe***

*From the memoir: Leaving Maine*

Biddeford, Maine, across the River, Saco, and South of Saco, Maine, extending from inland places to the shores of Saco Bay, and from edges of Biddeford Pool to Timber Point, was home to many people, mostly Anglos at first, after the Sosoki, those living on the Saco River.

My grandparents came from the Canadian Province of Quebec, I don't know when, but my father came first is my story because that is what I was told or remember that it was told to me that he, Felix, my father, came down to work in the mills, one of two textile mills along the Saco, the Pepperell and the Bates.

When I was in high school, my father came down ill, and I took a job as a bobbin boy at the Bates and worked second shift. I left for work after school finished, walked to the diner on Washington Street for supper, and then down Main, across the bridge to Saco Island and through the entrance gates to the Bates, punched in,

Replaced the card in its slot and went up the stairs to the third floor and the spinning room where I hung my coat in the employee rest room and walked across the floor to find a waist high canvas box truck, maybe with some empty bobbins in it, and then take off from there in search of empty bobbins for my daubers, the women whom I served.

It was my job to keep them occupied with bobbins that they, as daubers needed to use and place them on their lines of spinning frames whenever a bobbin was full, and the frame of them stopped.

Without empties, the doffer could not work, and so, it was, that they, the doffers, depended on me to find the bobbins where they were expended, emptied, so they , the doffers, could continue to do their work without expensive and time wasted stoppage.

A spinning room was huge. Think of a huge airplane hangar filled with spinning frames requiring all these bobbins. A full frame did not empty all at once, they emptied as they did willy-nilly. As frustrating as that might seem to someone unused to that kind of work, that's what it was like, and that is why my work, the bobbin boy was so important. So, I was keen on finding bobbins and I was also good at hiding baskets full of them so that I could have ready supplies as these baskets on the spinning room floor where emptied by my doffers.

I've often said that my father was an actor. He was. All the while, he had photos of himself in costume. My mother never mentioned these to me or to my sisters, as far as I know. I saw a few when I was much older. And that was just because my wife's father had not only been an actor himself, but he had a company of actors who acted at the City Theatre which was located inside the City Hall building with its marquee overlooking Main Street.

It ought to be said here that my father's acting career heavily influenced his life, as he lived all his life in a role that I find hard to describe. Whenever I speak of my father, I speak of him with some consideration for the life he led every working day. He was up at around ten a.m., He had breakfast and lunch which his wife, Clara, Mom, prepared for him.

By that time, Mom had already done all of her housework from the washing of the clothing on a Monday morning with a

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*(Sometime...growing up in Biddeford, Maine continued from page 6)*

double boiler of water heating up on the stove for her to pour by hand, drawing from it with long handled pan to transfer to the washing machine.

We had been up by six during school days, and we had left for school soon after having had an early breakfast which our mom prepared. And then, we had our chores, dressed, gotten our books, and each of us had accepted from her a lip peck on the cheek while Papa was still sleeping soundly through the kitchen noise in our first floor apartment's small kitchen of our first floor flat in Saint Andre's Parish, and more than likely, I had already been up earlier and dressed, run of the porch run up the hill to the sacristy where I dressed, lit candles, served and did all in reverse before breakfast. We would not be seeing dad that day, or the next, or the day after the next. It wasn't until Saturday noon that we saw him in the kitchen having his breakfast. Often, even then, when he got up, we were out at play somewhere. I was. I Truthfully, I can't begin to imagine where my sisters were. Perhaps, they were in their room.

As to my sisters, I can frankly say that I did not know them well, either. The times we were close was when we were sick with every imaginable childhood diseases of the times, and, particularly when the doctor had to be called, and he came on a house visit to see us, as we were kept in the same room because all of these illnesses happened to be contagious somehow, and, so, we were kept together, but each of us had our own bunk sized bed in one of the corners of a bedroom. [I'm laughing here. I just looked up "antique bunk sized bed frames." For the cost of "one" of these {today}, my mom could have paid , {then| five years of rent.}

All to say that Dad, "mon pere" [reads like pear] was not around much. He listened to Radio Canada as often as he could, but it had to be on weekends or holidays, the only time he was home to listen to radio at night. When I was younger, in grammar school and at home, I listened with him, as we only spoke French in our parish part of town where we Franco-American's lived, there was little to do but speak French outside the home. And I dare say that our French was the Quebecois of the province and not that which is spoken there, toda, which requires its own dictionary.

"Radio Canada" was special for my Dad. And, I hasten to add that I enjoyed listening as well because I found the programs interesting not just because they came from Quebec, but also they were programs in French, actually, a language that we not only spoke, exclusively in our community, which included the schools because French was our primary language, and all school business was conducted in French..., and business, too. Every store owner in our community was Canadian, Quebecois French. The Shoe Store, Borduas' was owned by Monsieur Borduas. His youngest daughter asked me to be her date for the prom at her school the year she graduated, and I don't recall if this was from eighth grade or high school.

I did not discuss any of the episodes with our Dad; I recall however, that the program, although radio, was as visual, mentally, as any provocative, real, live event I've ever heard in my own home, or elsewhere. At the time. There was nothing like it on local radio's as all broadcasted in English, of course. And, by radio, Montreal was all hat far away, considering that as often, it was he WAR, and we could listen to "This is London Calling" on our shortwave band.

As there was no T.V. then, one had to have an imagination that was comfortable what it the ears heard, if not sinful in fact, it was certainly situationally provocative for my young ears to ha

Yes, we were called "Canucks" by some ignorant blokes, but not all that often. As an insult, the term did not hurt.

But, as I look as the kids in our neighborhood today, things don't happen the way it did when we were growing up. Back then, the whole world was our playground; basically, I mean, nearly the whole town and, even, the next one over, Saco, across the River, by that name, known to all of us kids not only as our playground in some ways, but also as the River on which legend is based that put the fear of the River's potential as a place to be careful on, to be afraid of, where one had to be take care when playing on or even on its shores.

As a kid, I played with Normand Picher and Gerard Lambert. More often, it was with Normand whose home was closer to where I lived.

Whereas I do not know when the cut behind the house where I lived, on a street with four story tenement buildings and outside gallerias to get up to the apartments, I do recall that adjacent to the first floor apartment we first had upon moving there from the house on Bradbury Street on the other side of town, there was a bank of four of garages, all of them in one garage building, two of which were owned by the owner of a rendering truck that kept its equipment there, barrels for the rendering collected from markets and butchers shops, restaurants and he like were kept there and the trucks kept, parked outside on the slight incline to the garages. That it smelled is true, but I can only say that we were used to it, so much so, that I couldn't even say that I had learned to tolerate the smell.

That cut behind the house, constructed, so that there could be a road going up and across that hill where new houses had been added. And at the top was the home of my best friend. Normand Picher. His dad was a member of the Painchaud Band that marched in parades up and down Main Street and, also, played concerts at Clifford Park bandstand in the woods there. Summers there were held special concerts there and I recall seeing Mr. Picher playing solo on occasion.

The Park was also a playground for generations of kids, as it was ours, growing up. We were good with B.B. Guns, although my parents never bought me one.

Normand Picher and I and another youth, Gerard Lambert, if I recall correctly, who lived on Pool Street in the environs of Normand and next to his home there was a building that was at one time and among a series of businesses, a laundry. I think.

Lambert, single family home was adjacent to the right of the home to a sort of hospital, I think; although it might have had many other uses other than a kind of palatial home, at home, as I recall, at one time. That is how I thought of the place, living where I did.

While Lambert's home had the air of a straight-out farm building, with the front of the in-line structure having the living quarters, first, followed by the middle part, the kitchen, etc. and, then, there was a barn at the tail end.

The second floor of the barn was left to Gerard's use. He boxed, so there was an improvised boxing ring, etc. We three boys, Gerard, Normand and I hung out there often enough, as I recall, doing what I hardly recall it to have been. What I do recall is that

From there we headed straight for the woods across the street, Clifford Park, and played war games--imagined we in fox holes of sort in the myriad natural constructions dropped in place by whomever had been

*(Continued on page 10)*

*French North America*
*Blog by David Vermette*
*author of A Distinct Alien Race*

# Exams of Franco-American WWI Draftees Show the Poorest State of Public Health in the U.S.

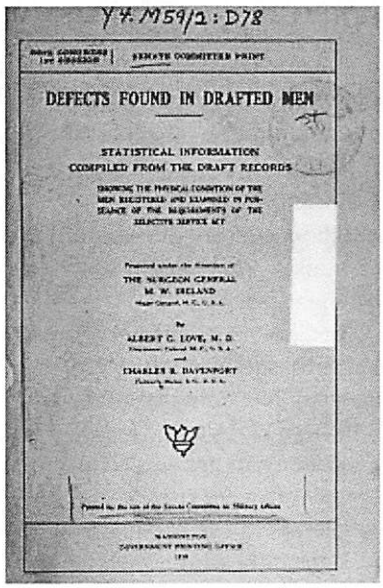
On February 20, 1923, Charles B. Davenport of the Eugenics Record Office in Long Island, NY, wrote a letter to Henry F. Perkins, eugenics point man at the University of Vermont. "Did you know," wrote Davenport to Perkins, "that in the study of defects found in drafted men, Vermont stood at or near the top of the list as having precisely or nearly the highest defect rate for quite a series of defects? This result I ascribe to the French Canadian constituents of the population which, I had other reasons for believing, to contain an undue proportion of defectives."1

Davenport knew well the "study of defects found in drafted men" because he co-wrote the detailed statistical report on the subject for the Senate Committee on Military Affairs.2 This 1919 report of more than 350 pages compiles data from medical examinations of 2.7 million men, 18 to 30 years old, drafted during the First World War. Examiners reported cases of what they regarded as mental or physical "defects," which included a wide range of diseases and conditions from heart disease, to asthma, to blindness, to flat feet, to obesity, to drug addiction.

The report cuts the data three ways. First, it reports the distribution of these "defects" among the states. It then divides most of the states into smaller regions that reflect different economies: agricultural, manufacturing, mining, or commuter regions. There is also a similar series with the data grouped by environment or terrain: mountain, desert, maritime regions, etc. In these analyses, the researchers attempt to group the various health issues according to the draftee's occupation or milieu.

Then comes what the researchers term "the racial series." These "races" include groupings like "mountain whites," "Indians" (Native Americans) and "Mexicans." There is also a number of breakout groups of "foreign born whites." "Group 19" is the French Canadian "racial" group.

This group was created, like the other groups, by aggregating areas with high concentrations of French-Canadians, where the latter constituted more than 10 percent of the population. All such regions were in New England, in the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The French-Canadian group had "the highest defect rate" of any of the "racial" groupings in the U.S. (266). Areas with high concentrations of French-Canadians led the lists in a range of health problems associated




*1919 report by Albert G. Love and eugenics supporter Charles B. Davenport*

with low socioeconomic status including alcoholism, malnutrition, and obesity.

Presenting their findings on "Group 19," the researchers state:

The French Canadian group shows an extraordinary excess of defects in various important respects, such as tuberculosis, spinal curvature, deaf-mutism, mental deficiency and psychoses, refractive errors [myopia and other eyesight issues], otitis media [inflammatory diseases of the ear], defective hearing, asthma, bad teeth, hernia, deficient size of chest, and height and underweight. The sections of which the French Canadians form a predominant factor are among the poorest from the military standpoint (46).

The French-Canadian group led the U.S. in alcoholism. Alcoholism was high across New England in 1919 and not only in the areas with high concentrations of French-Canadians. Of the ten states with the highest numbers of alcoholics among drafted men, five of them were in New England (86, Table 12). However, in the parts of New England with large French-Canadian populations, rates of alcoholism were many times higher than elsewhere. The rate of alcoholism among young men in the French-Canadian parts of New England was 0.91 per 1000 persons. By contrast, populations such as the Germans/Austrians and Russians in the U.S., stereotypically thought to enjoy a drink, had rates of alcoholism of 0.38 and 0.21 per thousand respectively (269, Table 106).

The French-Canadian grouping also had the highest rates, by far, of men judged "underheight" and "underweight" (294, Tables 180, 181). They also had the highest incidence of diagnosed malnutrition except for "mountain whites" and "Indians" living in "sparsely settled" places (294, Table 182). Anemia, a condition often caused by vitamin or mineral deficiency, was found to be "exceptionally high in the French Canadian section(s) (305)." At the same time, the highest rates of obesity in the U.S. were found in places with large French-Canadian populations (272, Table 114).

The "French-Canadian immigrants" were also found to suffer from a high proportion of "defective physical development." But exactly how this condition is defined and how it differs from "underweight" is unclear even to the researchers. However, the rate of "total defective development and nutrition" among the French-Canadian group was many times higher than that of any other group listed: 85.26 persons per 1000, as compared with the next highest numbers among Scottish-Americans and "mountain whites," with about one-half the rate of the French-Canadian group. The researchers own that "defective development" "is due to a variety of causes (33-34)." Since Davenport was a eugenics supporter, the report often wishes to find a "congenital" or "racial" cause for some alleged "defect." But it admits that "defective physical development" has environmental components.

The group [showing 'defective physical development'] has a great importance for social therapeutics, since it is largely due to unhygienic methods of living, although

*(Continued on page 9)*

**(Exams of Franco-American WWI Draftees Show the Poorest State of Public Health in the U.S.** *continued from page 9)*

in considerable part due, also, to congenital defects.... A center for defective physical development is found in the States which center around Chattanooga, and it seems probable that this area is largely determined by the presence of hookworm infection. There is another center in New England, and this seems to be controlled very largely by the French-Canadian immigrants, who show a high rate of defective physical development (33-34).

"Unhygienic methods of living" are blamed for the undernourished conditions of young men in the mill towns, and not the socioeconomic conditions that had turned the rural poor of Québec into a neglected labor pool destined for U.S. mills and factories. Whether the causes were congenital or environmental, many of the young men who came from the mill town milieu were no longer physically fit even for the trenches.

Having found that the French-Canadian group scored highest in a wide range of alleged "defects," the authors then attribute the poor showing of some New England states to high concentrations of French-Canadians.

Rhode Island had the highest "defect rate" overall. "Conditions in which Rhode Island stands first or second are: Alcoholism, obesity, neurosis, total for myopia and defective vision (cause not stated), hemorrhoids, bronchitis, deformities of appendages and trunk, atrophy of muscles of the appendages, underheight, and underweight (41)." Why does Rhode Island stand at or near the top in many "defects," per Love and Davenport?

It is largely because of the defective or nonresistant stock which has been drawn to this the most urban of all the States—that in which the population is most generally engaged in manufacturing. While one may not ascribe the defects to the occupation, it is probable that the occupation has attracted stock with defects or susceptible to them. Next to Rhode Island stands Vermont....It is surprising in what a number of defects the small State of Vermont leads. The reason for this is probably because of the presence in Vermont of a large number of French Canadians in whom the defect rate is particularly high (41).

Love and Davenport ascribe Rhode Island's high "defect rate" to "defective stock" attracted by the state's manufacturing, while Vermont's is attributed to its "large number of French-Canadians." However, elsewhere in the report, the authors find that these two states "have this in common that they contain a large proportion of Canadian French (149)." More than once, they claim that the reason for these states' poor showing is the French-Canadian presence.

The authors discuss some problems with the hypothesis that New England's health woes were due to "defective" French-Canadians. They observe that New Hampshire had a larger percentage of French-Canadians than either Rhode Island or Vermont, and yet it was in the middle of the pack as regards alleged "defects." The authors conclude that the "high position of Rhode Island and Vermont" with respect to "defects" is "due to a combination of...three factors...the thoroughness of the examinations made by local boards, the intelligence and care exercised at Camp Devens [where New England draftees were examined] and the high percentage of French Canadians in the population (149)."

*My maternal grandfather (right) and his brother in their WWI uniforms*

Conditions that were environmental, a consequence of living in fetid mill towns, are ascribed to "congenital" causes. These conclusions were then used by eugenics proponents, like Davenport and Vermont's Henry Perkins, to class the French Canadians as an "inferior" breed in their racial hierarchies. Since French-Canadians in the mill towns were poor, they faced public health challenges; these challenges were then essentialized by eugenics proponents and made a part of the "racial" (their word) makeup of the French Canadian people.

Among the alleged "defects" that stemmed from life in the mill towns were problems with eyesight, hearing, and respiratory issues. And these health problems appear already in young men mostly in their twenties. High rates of obesity, malnutrition, and the off-the-chart rate of alcoholism show a community that's been marginalized by the society of its day and relegated to an underclass status. Such a status, in all times and places, is hazardous to one's health.

The data from drafted men paints a shocking portrait of the Franco-Americans in the mill towns in the early 20th century. They emerge as among the most disadvantaged groups in the U.S. from a public health perspective. When compared with groups recognized as poor or historically disadvantaged, such as "mountain whites," rural Native Americans, and Mexican-Americans, the data shows the tragically poor condition of public health in the New England mill towns where the French-Canadians predominated.

Both of my grandfathers were in the military in the World War One era and they were both born and raised in the areas Love and Davenport have aggregated to create their French-Canadian "racial" group. Their data provides insight into the world of my grandparents, the places where they were born and raised. My father was born less than a decade after the report on drafted men was issued, in one of the heavily French-Canadian areas of Maine. The "defective" French-Canadian men described here were relatives, friends and neighbors of my parents and grandparents. This report captures the stark reality of the mill town milieu that formed previous generations of Franco-Americans, the forbears of most of the two million French-Canadian descendants who still live in New England. No surprise that little of what happened there was passed down to younger generations.

For more on eugenics and Franco-Americans see Chapter 13 of my book ***A Distinct Alien Race.***

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

*Notes*

*1. David Vermette, A Distinct Alien Race (Montreal: Baraka Books, 2018), 256.*

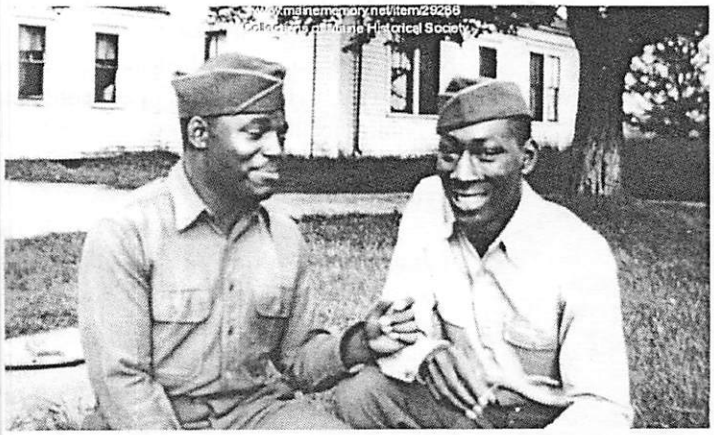
*2. U.S. Congress, Senate, Defects Found in Drafted Men: Statistical Information Compiled from the Draft Records, Prepared under the direction of the Surgeon General, M.W. Ireland, by Albert G. Love, M.D. and Charles B. Davenport, Printed for the use of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, 66th Congress, 1st Session, 1919. Parenthetical page numbers and table numbers refer to this report.*

# The Newspaper Editor Who Led a Racist Attack on US Soldiers

*February 9, 2019 African-Americans, Old Town, World War Two*

***By James Myall***

In March 1942, an army company arrived in Old Town, Maine. Like countless other companies across the country, the unit was assigned to guard critical infrastructure during World War 2. In Old Town, the soldiers were tasked with protecting the railroad from possible sabotage. This would have been unremarkable, apart from one detail – the soldiers were Black. The US Army would be segregated until 1948, and these soldiers from the 366th infantry regiment were all African American. They would be stationed in a town that was overwhelmingly White. Though they were initially welcomed by locals, it wasn't long before the soldiers were demonized and chased out.




*Sgt. McArthur Stafford and Pvt. Robert A. Stephens of the 366th Infantry, in North Yarmouth, Maine, July 4, 1942. Image: Maine Historical Society / Maine Memory Network*

The *Penobscot Times* announced the arrival of the "Negroes" on March 20, 1942. Sports editor Otis Labree noted that that "We here in Old Town seldom see a Negro, and to look at these boys now is quite an oddity." But LaBree also suggested the locals "make them feel at home here in the Canoe City." He cited the example of Joe Louis, a Black boxer who was famous for volunteering to serve in the US Army in 1941.

In the weeks that followed, the paper also contained hints of good relations between the army men and the locals. The soldiers took part in an entertainment put on by locals, and started a softball team.

But the newspaper was also at the center of the backlash against the Black soldiers. Its chief editor published a series of inflammatory editorials which stirred up racial divisions, blew the resulting confrontations out of context, and finally led a campaign to petition the federal government to have the unit reassigned elsewhere.

In 1942, the Penobscot Times was owned and edited by John "Jimmy" Coghill. He had grown up in Viriginia, which was still dominated by Jim Crow laws and rigid segregation in social places. It's hard to know for certain, but it seems likely that he brought this experience with him to his cam-

*(Continued on page 11)*

*(Sometime...growing up in Biddeford, Maine continued from page 7)*

there first to mine granite blocks out of the earth I now suppose, but do not know.

Further in and Easterly, there was a huge rock screening monster of a contraption with a holed, metal screening and tumbling tunnel of a tube within which we could walk, as it was safely just standing there for we imaginative boys to have a hell of a great, wonderful time, just playing some game or other.

However, one day, we were scarred out of our wits when a swarm of hornets we had inadvertently disturbed chased us out of it, luckily, without stinging any of us, for it could have been our last foray into that monster of a contraption.

Meanwhile, when we were not in the woods and just kids, still, during the stages of the Second World War we were engaged in trench warfare in the empty lots to the left of Norman's parents' house and just below where a nemesis of ours lived. He was about the age, a bully we thought, we certainly feared him, had been threatened by him, and had no mind to come anywhere near him, so threatening was he. In any case, we played on the large lot on the side of the hill above the street that climbed the side of the hill behind the tenement where I lived.

Many an engagement was fought there, mud hand grenades were thrown, and it was there we rolled our own cigarettes of dry corn husk and silk. One time. We set the field on fire, accidently.

Norman and I grew up. We both worked at the Central Theatre as ushers. Norman wanted to be a projector operator and spent a lot of his free time learning how to be one from the operator who taught him. As far as I know, my friend kept working there. I have no idea when he left school.

Meanwhile, I had stayed in school all the while, even as all my friends from my parish left grammar school to work, as that was there need or aspiration.

In my last year of high school, having experienced work in the mill while I managed high school as best I could, my dad having been so ill as to be unable to work, I graduated having learned a lesson when I had come upon two of my classmates receiving "guidance" from one of the brothers {religious}, a teacher on applying to some school. I did not know at the time that it was the Maritime Academy, or that there was such a place, which I later learned, they attended.

Meanwhile, a classmate called me soon after graduation to ask if I would go with him to Portland. We took the bus, went, enlisted by pure chance, returned home, Mom signed the papers, and he and I returned to Portland to board a train car, that at the end of the line all the way to Texas had become a troop train full of new recruits. And the day we arrived, as we were sworn in, we were then told that the Korean War had started.

The Korean War GI Bill gave me the opportunity I needed to be who I became. Instead of re-enlisting at the end of my enlistment, I decided to use the GI Bill to go to college. So I literally ran as fast as I could off base somewhere in Oklahoma and flew to an airport where I could fly home to Boston, first and then take the train to Biddeford, got myself a summer job folding Pepperell towels for Macy's , and that fall, I, along with a friend, who had also left the service, we both registered at the University.

*(The Newspaper Editor Who Led a Racist Attack on US Soldiers continued from page 10)*

paign against the men of the 366th regiment.

In the May 29th issue of the Times, Coghill issued a stern warning to the people of Old Town. Playing on racist stereotypes, he claimed that the Black soldiers would generally make themselves a nuisance, and in particular that they were a threat to the young women of the town. He alleged not only that familiarity between white women and Black men would lead to marriage, but also that some soldiers were "entertaining" married women in the town while their husbands were away. Coghill called for a town curfew on "unattended women."

In the very next issue of the weekly paper, June 5, Coghill reported an incident they seemed to prove his prediction correct. On the evening of June 1, Henry LeGasse and his wife, along with another married woman, were said to have been walking back from a dance when they were allegedly confronted by two of the African American soldiers. According to Coghill's account, the soldiers demanded LeGasse "share" the women with them and when LeGasse, a boxer, refused, a fight broke out, during which time one of the soldiers slashed LeGasse with a knife or razor.

In Coghill's mind, this was exactly what he has been warning about – the mixing of the two races would only lead to violence. In fact, the account of the incident raises questions. Coghill himself had spread the idea of the sexually aggressive Black man just days earlier, and likely bears at least some responsibility for what happened.

Not that Coghill was repentant. A local minister, Reverend Raymond Baughan of Orono, challenged the editor on his rhetoric – "This war is being fought, we are given to understand, over the worth of persons of every race and creed...would your editorial have been written, and in the same language, if the soldiers living in Old Town had been White?" Coghill's response to the reverend cited the "barriers of nature" between the races, and questioned if the minister would be comfortable with his own children marrying "a Negro."

The memory of the fight and its aftermath lived on long after the army company had left Old Town. In 1946, Coghill was running for Congress (calling himself a "Progressive Democrat") and the incident was rehashed. Even years later, the former editor was only slightly apologetic. In a May 17 letter to the Times, he maintained (falsely) that he and his newspaper had simply been reacting to events, rather than stirring them up:

*This writer shut his eyes and ears to complaints for twelve weeks. Finally, when the situation could not longer be ignored by the local newspaper, the editorial now being circulated was written....All in all, it was a vicious editorial. It was meant to be. It was dashed off after a particularly odious attack on a man strolling down the street with his mother and mother-in law.*

Coghill expressed regret for "lashing out with every charge prejudiced Southerners have ever brought against the Negro," and claimed that his views had changed since then. But by saying that his editorial came ***after*** the scuffle with LeGasse, rather than ***before*** it, he was still trying to shift the blame onto the Black soldiers.

Alongside the story of the fight in the June 5, 1942 issue of the paper, Coghill printed a copy of a petition calling for the removal of the entire company. The request was addressed to US Senator Owen Brewster, asking the War Department to reassign them. Brewster had his own checkered history with race relations. His candidacy for Governor in 1924 was supported by Maine's chapter of the Ku Klux Klan. In his 1932 campaign for Congress, Brewster tried to have the result overturned on the basis that the state's literacy test wasn't being properly enforced against French-speaking voters in Northern Maine.

However sympathetic or otherwise Brewster was to the petitioners, he passed the request along, and the soldiers of the 366th were indeed removed from Old Town later that month.

The Old Town incident was hardly unique. In many towns across the US, Black soldiers found themselves made unwelcome by local residents, often due to racial prejudices. Despite the fact that these men were defending the country in a time of war, White Americans' unfounded fears overrode their patriotism.

The National Archives has the records of many of these incidents, but the folder for Old Town is now empty.

That's not the only difficulty I had in researching the story. Brewster's papers are housed at Bowdoin college's special collections – but the staff there found no reference to the Old Town petition there either. The Penobscot Times has been digitized and is available online – but several issues in May and June 1942 aren't available. The newspaper's microfilm at the University of Maine's Folger library also lacks those issues. The only record of Coghill's original inflammatory editorial I found was when it was summarized in the Times in 1992, on the fiftieth anniversary of the incident. The then-editor rightly called it "the most disgraceful episode in the history of the paper." *The historical record never survives perfectly, and even in big institutions, items sometimes go missing. But it's hard not to conclude that at least some of these gaps in the record are the result of trying to erase the memory. But we can't heal old wounds by pretending they didn't exist, and we can't address systematic racism without acknowledging the truth.*

# Nathaniel Hawthorne Visits Augusta's Early Franco American Community

*March 10, 2019 Augusta, Maine*

***By James Myall***

In the 1830s, Augusta was a boom town. Designated the state capital in 1827, the settlement had grown quickly from a frontier trading post. Several large public buildings were completed in the space of a few years, including the state house (1829), the state armory (1827). The largest of these was the Kennebec Dam, which was begun in 1837. At the time it was the largest Dam project in the country. It cost three hundred thousand of dollars to build and involved moving more than 400,000 cubic feet of stone and two million board feet of lumber.

A project as large as this required

*(Continued on page 12)*

*(Nathaniel Hawthorne Visits Augusta's Early Franco American Community continued from page 11)*

substantial labor to complete, and among the workers on the Kennebec Dam were some of Augusta's first French Canadian immigrants. We're fortunate to have a vivid description of life for these early migrants through the journal of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

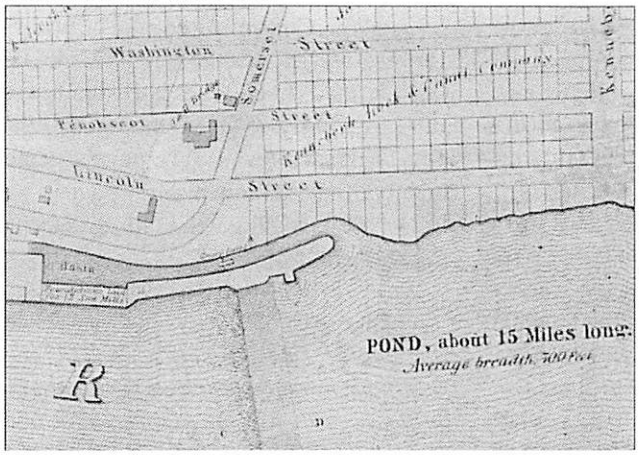

*Portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1846. Image: National Park Service/Maine Memory Network*

When he visited the city in 1837, Hawthorne was not yet a celebrated American author. In fact, Hawthorne was in Augusta to visit a college classmate, Horatio Bridge, who had helped get Hawthorne's first book published the year before. Hawthorne was visiting Bridge to thank him for the assistance.

Horatio Bridge was a member of one of Augusta's leading families. In addition to working as a lawyer, he was a partner investor in the Kennebec Dam company. Bridge's large house at which Hawthorne was staying, overlooked the river and the dam project:

"The house is very pleasantly situated,–half a mile distant from where the town begins to be thickly settled, and on a swell of land, with the road running at a distance of fifty yards, and a grassy tract and a gravel-walk between. Beyond the road rolls the Kennebec, here two or three hundred yards wide. Putting my head out of the window, I can see it flowing steadily along straightway between wooded banks; but arriving nearly opposite the house, there is a large and level-sand island in the middle of the stream; and just below the island the current is further interrupted by the works of the mill-dam, which is perhaps half finished, yet still in so rude a state that it looks as much like the ruins of a dam destroyed by the spring freshets as like the foundations of a dam yet to be. Irishmen and Canadians toil at work on it, and the echoes of their hammering and of the voices come across the river and up to this window."

In addition to the "mansion," the Bridge family also owned large swaths of land in Augusta, including the hill adjacent to the new dam project which was then known as Cushnoc Heights but which came to be called Sand Hill. As French Canadian and Irish laborers came to Augusta to work on the dam, many of them built houses on the Bridge family land on Sand Hill




*Detail from an 1838 map of Augusta. The Dam is visible, as is the Bridge mansion, surrounded by empty lots designated for mill housing on Sand Hill. Image: Digital Maine.*

Hawthorne accompanied Bridge on a walk through this neighborhood during his visit. Bridge was effectively the landlord and employer for these families, and while he was apparently "considerably a favorite with the lower orders," his authority over them was near absolute. Hawthorne reports that his friend was sought after by the French Canadians as a mediator because Bridge spoke French. But he also records that Bridge had the unspoken right to "[tear] down the dwelling-houses of a score of families, and driving the inmates forth without a shelter," if he so wanted. Such was the precarious position the migrant workers found themselves in.

Likewise, their living conditions were crude. Hawthorne described a trip to the collection of "shanties" occupied by the workers. The migrants were living in turf houses; simple constructions with dirt walls and roofs. These buildings were cheap and quick to construct "They may be built in three or four days, and are valued at four or five dollars"), and would become common for newcomers to the American and Canadian West.

*Sod House, Haneyville, Saskatchewan, 1907/8. Image: The Canadian Encyclopedia*

In these simple dwellings, Hawthorne observed that "upwards of twenty people" sometimes lodged in homes no bigger than twenty square feet.

This was an indication that the newcomers were not just limited to male laborers, but whole families. Hawthorne describes both French and Irish families, including women and children. Yet the French Canadians were also highly mobile. He notes that many families "are frugal, and often go back to Canada with considerable sums of money." At one point,

*(Continued on page 13)*

*(Nathaniel Hawthorne Visits Augusta's Early Franco American Community continued from page 11)*

two French Canadian boys came to the house to sell strawberries. As in later periods, this early migration was a family affair, and everyone pitched in to the family economy.

Like many of his contemporaries, Hawthorne indulged in prejudices against both the French Canadians and the Irish immigrants. He claimed, for example, that it was customary for Irish husbands and wives to settle their differences "with blows." He also seems quick to believe that the immigrants are drunk, lazy, or generally "immoral."

On the other hand, Hawthorne notices the difficulties faced by the newcomers. He describes fights between the two French and Irish (a theme common to all accounts of the two groups across time and space). He also records an incident in which a French Canadian and a local Yankee got into a fight over oxen. The French Canadian was fined $12; there's no mention of a punishment for the Yankee.

At heart, Hawthorne was a romantic, and even with his critical observations, its clear that he admired some of the simplicity of the migrants' life. After a visit to an "elegant new mansion" in Hallowell, which had cost upwards of $60,000 to build, the author mused:

*"Which sort of house excites the most contemptuous feelings in the beholder,–such a house as Mr. —-'s, all circumstances considered, or the board-built and turf-buttressed hovels of these wild Irish, scattered about as if they had sprung up like mushrooms, in the dells and gorges, and along the banks of the river? Mushrooms, by the way, spring up where the roots of an old tree are hidden under the ground."*

Not only were those mushroom-like houses building on the old roots of French settlement in the Kennebec Valley during the colonial period, they were also laying the foundations of a Franco community in Augusta that would endure to the present day.

**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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# Immigration discrimination and Franco-American history

*March 29, 2019Franco-American News and CultureJames Myall, Ku Klux Klan, Le Forum, Severin Beliveau*

***By Juliana L'Heureux***

LEWISTON, Maine – A historical overview by James Myall, presented during a seminar on March 19th in Lewiston, described how Franco-Americans were subjected to immigration discrimination during the 19th and into the 20th century. Anti-immigration discrimination campaigns were led by the Know-Nothings and the Ku Klux Klan. Myall writes a Bangor Daily News blog at this site here.

Myall included news reports and pictures he obtained during his research.

Three resources I often refer to in my writings about the discrimination demonstrated towards French-Canadian immigrants and Franco-Americans are:

1. The Silent Playground, by Ross and Judy Paradis of Frenchville, Maine published in Voyages: A Maine Franco-American Reader, pp 428-440.

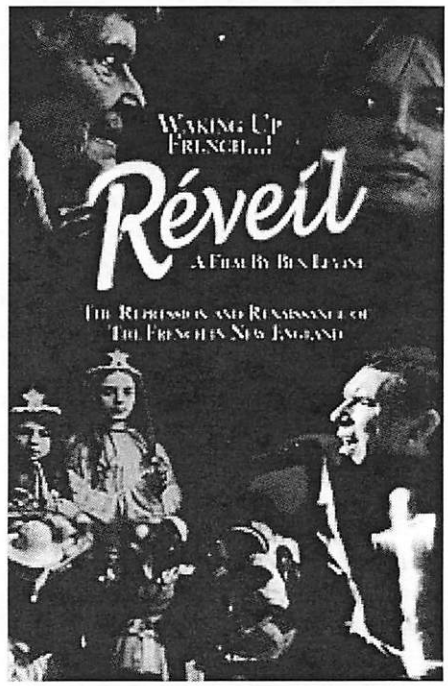
2. Réveil-Waking Up French the Repression and Renaissance of the French in New England, a documentary film by Ben Levine

3. Remarks of Severin M. Beliveau: 20th Biennial conference of the American Council of Quebec Studies, in Portland Maine on November 3, 2016 published in Hiver/Winter 2017, Vol. 38 # 4 "Le Forum, pp 19-20. (https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum/), (See excerpts below.)

An anti-Catholic riot that occurred on July 6, 1854, in Bath Maine, was one of a number that took place in coastal Maine in the 1850s, led by the Know Nothings.

In fact, the horrible riots spread to other areas, including the tarring and feathering of Father John Bapst, in the town of Ellsworth, Maine. The violence in the 1850s was associated with the rise of the Know-Nothing Party.

Although the Ku Klux Klan is most often associated with white hooded mobs who preached white supremacy, the revival of the organization in Maine during the 1920s, was also anti-Catholic. In fact, from news reports of the Klan's activities, it was evident that the organization was opposed to




*Anti-immigration demonstrations led by the Ku Klux Klan- video clips are included in this documentary film.*

the burgeoning number of French-Canadian and Irish immigrants who were living in Maine and working in the industrial cities, especially in Lewiston, Waterville, and in York County, in Southern Maine.

In fact, the Klan incited the historic history of contentious relations between

*(Continued on page 14)*

*(Immigration discrimination and Franco-American history continued from page 11)*

Maine's Protestant 'Yankee' population (those descended from the original English colonials), and Irish-Catholic and French Canadian Catholic newcomers, who were immigrating in large numbers. The rise of the Know-Nothing Party in the 1850s even resulted in the burning of a Catholic church in Bath, Maine, and the tarring and feathering of the Jesuit priest Father John Bapst, in Ellsworth.

*Severin Beliveau, a speech to the 20th Biennial conference of the American Council of Quebec Studies in Portland Maine described some of the anti-immigration activities led by the Ku Klux Klan in Maine.*

Following is an excerpt from Beliveau's presentation:

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

Although the caustic history of Klan activities and anti-immigration demonstrations against French-Canadian immigrants may seem distant, the discrimination simmering against new French speaking immigrants was evident in remarks by the recently resigned Shane Bouchard, who abruptly left his position as Mayor of Lewiston, a move caused, in part, by racial remarks.

*(My letter to the editor: OPINION Posted March 16:* **Juliana L'Heureux: Lewiston's history lives on:**

*Shane Bouchard and the Ku Klux Klan text message gives more evidence to the well known quote about those who forget history are doomed to repeat it.*

*Previous generations of Maine's Franco-Americans often talked about the times when the Ku Klux Klan was active in their neighborhoods. In fact, the Klan was visibly spreading hate during the 1920s, when frightening burning crosses were used to terrorize the French-Canadians, who were largely immigrant Roman Catholics.*

*That terrible time in Maine's history isn't even 100 years old, but it seems evident that Bouchard had no understanding about the discrimination against Francos in his own city. Otherwise, if he knew about this dark period in Maine history, he would have known better than to compare an Androscoggin Republican campaign meeting to the Ku Klux Klan.*

*It is good riddance to Bouchard's short tenure as Lewiston's mayor. Hopefully, all Republicans will rebuke Bouchard's statement.*

"Shane Bouchard and the Ku Klux Klan text message gives more evidence to the well known quote about those who forget history are doomed to repeat it."

Beliveau included an optimistic overview about how Franco-Americans have been able to overcome the past. "Nevertheless, there have been many changes. Maine is becoming a Franco-American homeland. Maine is the most 'French' state in New England."

*Ceux qui ne peuvent pas se souvenir du passé sont condamnés à le répéter.*

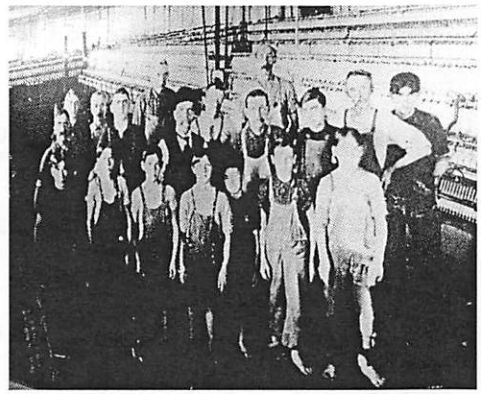
Myall's presentation was given during an evening program on March 19, 2019, held at the University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn College (USM LAC) and it was sponsored by the Franco-American Collection.

# Immigration

*February 1, 2019Franco-American News and CultureAmericanization, Biddeford, C. Stewart Doty, French-Canadian, Lewiston, Nebraka, Willa Cather*

***By Juliana L'Heureux***

During a visit to the Ellis Island and Statue of Liberty National Monument in New York Harbor, I went to the electronic immigration map. A visitor could select a nation of origin and find out where in the United State the immigrants from a particular selected country had settled. When I pressed the button for "French-Canada", I expected a cluster of lights to appear around New England. Although my expectation was validated, I was surprised to see how many other places on the map lit up, especially when there were dense clusters in California.



*A portrait of Franco-American immigrant mill workers on exhibit at the University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn campus.*

All Franco-Americans in Maine, those who are the descendants of French-Canadians, are related to immigrants.

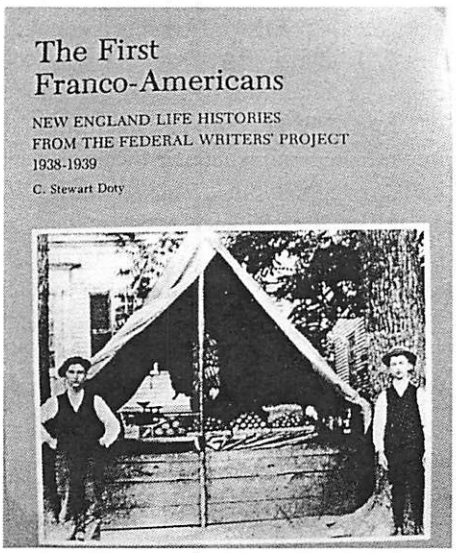
I was reminded about the Ellis Island experience recently when I was fortunate enough to read the wonderful essay "Nebraska", by the American author Willa Cather. Her essay was originally published in September 1923, in *The Nation* magazine; but the copyright protection was lifted in 2019, so I was able to transcribe it from the source. (Thanks to the excellent help of Charlie Remy, who is an electronic resources librarian, for his research to locate the original essay in *The Nation*.)

In the "Americanization" of her home state of Nebraska, Cather skillfully created

*(Continued on page 15)*

*(Immigration continued from page 14)*

a history about the people, a story that was rooted in migration and immigration. To summarize her beautiful narrative, she described Nebraska's resilient settlers, and pioneers as being a mixture of European immigrants and people who migrated to the state from New England. They settled in Nebraska because they wanted to own land, when there was plenty of prairie to cultivate. In other words, who were the people who settled in Nebraska? In 1923, there were very few people who were "native Nebraskan", unless they happened to be related to the indigenous nations, those who wandered and hunted through the prairie.




*The First Franco-Americans were French Canadians- at least 25 percent of Maine citizens self describe themselves to be "Franco-Americans". C. Stewart Doty published their stories.*

She wrote, "When I stop at one of the graveyards in our own county and see on the headstones the names of fine old men I used to know: "Eric Ericson, born Bergen Norway....died...Nebraska." "Anton Pucelik, born Prague, Bohemia.....died, Nebraska," I have always the hope that something went into the ground with those pioneers that will one day come out again. Something that will come out, not only in sturdy traits of character, but in elasticity of mind, in an honest attitude toward the realities of life, in certain qualities of feeling and imagination."

Her observation, and the reflection on the Ellis Island immigration map, caused me to apply Cather's quote to Maine and the state's Franco-Americans. There are many thousands of graves in Maine's cemeteries where the analogy can be applied. "Born..... Quebec....died...Maine."

In Maine, the immigration to the state from France began in 1604, with the St. Croix Island settlement, in Calais. Although the first immigrants failed to establish their vision of a New France at that time (the harsh winter of 1604-05 caused the survivors to re-locate to present day Nova Scotia), they led the subsequent groups of French settlers, trappers, fishermen, soldiers, and Files du Roi, who succeeded in populating Quebec and New France. French-Canadian settlers into Maine and New England experienced parallel experiences, much like the hardships, and tragedies being reported by migrant populations throughout the world and in the Americas.

Le Grand Dérangement continues to be a vivid reminder about the cruelty imposed on Acadian settlers in Nova Scotia. In the 1755, the British expulsions of the French settlers, caused carnage to separated families during the mass exportations. Acadians were "scattered to the wind" when they were shipped off in boats to places, most of them to the east coast of the United States, where they had no relatives to help them. A group of the refugees eventually settled in Madawaska, in Maine and New Brunswick, Canada.

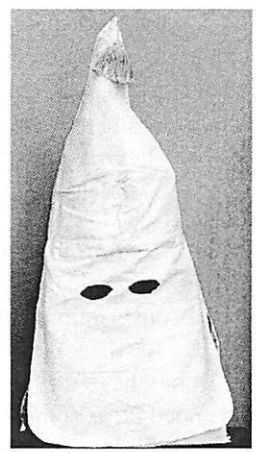
French Canadian immigration into Maine began in earnest when workforce needs created jobs. Railroad connections from Montreal into Maine helped families to settle in Lewiston and other industrial cities where factories needed workers. Immigration from French Canada declined in the 20th century, but the experiences of the immigrants who arrived into the United States in many ways mirror the history of other group migrations. Moreover, Franco-Americans have also adapted, or as Cather described, they accepted "Americanization".

Becoming Americanized, for Franco-Americans, was challenging. Adjustment was especially difficult during the 1920s, when widespread demonstrations against the French-Canadian immigrants were reported throughout Maine, during Ku Klux Klan rallies, targeting French Catholics. This discrimination continued to be manifested in other ways. For example, in the December 10,1973, The New Yorker, an article by Calvin Trillin titled, "Où se trouve la plage?", described how Gilbert Boucher, who was the Mayor of Biddeford Maine, claimed access to the beach at Biddeford Pool, using the power of declaring eminent domain. He may have been the first Mayor in the nation to use this power. He did so, because people with distinguishable English names were preventing local Franco-Americans from having access to the beach. Another landmark article titled "The Silent Playground" was written by Ross and Judy Pardis, published in the anthology Voyages, both former state legislators, from Frenchville. They wrote the history about how Franco-American children were prevented, by state statute, from speaking French in public schools. In fact, the "English Only" law was finally erased from the books in 1969, after being in effect for 50 years.

In my opinion, all immigrants are faced with invisible walls when they settle in a new place. Their walls consist of many kinds of difficult social barriers. Nevertheless, in Maine today, those who are only three generations removed from their first French-Canadian ancestors, are actively involved in nearly every segment of the state's culture, government and social fabric.

Let's apply Cather's presumptive topic to Maine, when she posed the topic of who Nebraskans would be today, if there were no immigrants? Who would be living in Maine today, if there were no French-Canadian immigrants who settled in the state? In fact, Maine today has a population of 1.336 million people. In the 2011 community census, at least 25 percent of the population self-declared as being Franco-Americans. Do the arithmetic.

*Photo by Lisa Desjardins Michaud Franco-American Programs University of Maine Orono*



***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/***

# Memère Bergeron

## *Wilfred Bergeron, Concord, NH*

Memère Bergeron lived on Lafayette Street the "French" enclave of my hometown, Rochester, NH. She had moved there after the death of her husband in the early 1950's. I remember little of Pepère Bergeron. They owned a big house on Oak Street in Gonic, a few miles away. I remember a big yard, a garden, and a shed full of mechanical stuff to catch a young boy's interest.

I seem to remember being in their kitchen one summer night and having some older man I don't remember (Pepère?) lift me up to the ceiling light to play with the on-off chain. It was one of those old time things made of tiny brass balls connected that used to be a feature of old time light pull chains.

I didn't know Joseph Bergeron, my pepère, very well, but I remember dad had lots of stories. He was a millwright in the Gonic woolen mill where he met my grandmother, Ora (Plourde); who was a weaver. They married in the early 1900's and had two girls, Grace and Albertine, and a boy, Wilfred Sr., my dad, born in 1906.

Joe Bergeron's nickname was Ba'rgeron le diable. He was fun loving, and I guess had quite a reputation. One rumor was that he made a local home brew called "La poule couveuse" -- the sitting hen. One drink and you LAY. This was one of my dad's never confirmed stories.

He was said to have had at one point a pet duck, who faithfully followed him everywhere, including his half mile daily jaunts to down town Gonic (Post Office, newspapers a bit of conversation with "les vieux amis"). One day the duck never made it home with him, rumor has it the bird was "ducknapped" and ended up as someone's supper.

In the fullness of time, long before I was around, my Aunt Grace got married and moved to New Jersey. Pepère Bergeron, it was said, loved strong cheese. His daughter sent him a pound of Limburger through the mail.

Apparently, on the day it arrived, pepère B. went to the little post office in Gonic and was told his mail was waiting for him on the loading dock out back, other patrons objecting to the unique fumigating properties of pepère's parcel!

And then there was the goat. Pepère apparently had a goat who was left to roam the yard at will. One fine spring morning memère was doing spring cleaning and carelessly left the kitchen door open. Memère was doing spring cleaning and had a humon-

gous Fern that she kept in a jardinière in the parlor. It was her pride and joy.

The next thing, there was a huge commotion in the house, with memère chasing the goat out of the house at the end of a broom loudly cursing the goat and pepère in French. Do I need to fill in the blanks about what happened to the Boston Fern? Let's just say the goat thought it was yummy, and I wish I'd been there to see the ruckus. The memère I knew NEVER got mad!!

Those are all the Joseph Bergeron stories I remember. I also know he and my grandmother spoke French at home, because even after she moved to Rochester from Gonic, memère's command of English was very limited!

Lafayette Street in Rochester was the center of that city's "Petit Canada", enclaves common to many New England mill towns through the 1950's and early '60's. Back in the day, it was almost more common to hear French spoken than English in those neighborhoods.

Today, Lafayette street is rough, rundown and drug ridden, but I remember it as an area of well kept up houses and apartments that ended at the Rochester Fairgrounds. Memère moved in to the bottom apartment of a two unit building directly across from Gingras Superette covered with red asphalt shingles.

I remember the apartment was always immaculately clean. The smell of kerosene pervaded the air —a stove that also served as a heater stood in the kitchen, fed by a large glass tank that looked something like a bottled water machine. There was a parlor, a kitchen/eating area and a bedroom with a door that opened into a long narrow breezeway where there was a clothes line connected by a pulley to a tall pole in the back yard.

Dad and I would go to memères after mass most every Sunday. Mother seldom accompanied us. She claimed "claustrophobia" as a reason for avoiding mass and she and her mother in-law had a "difficult" relationship. But that's another story.

I would sit in the parlor and fidget in my itchy Sunday clothes while dad and memère jabbered away in French about this person or that, mostly from "le bon vieux temps." I sometimes tried to read a book or two from her limited library, but most of the time fidgeted and wandered, wishing I was out of my good clothes and watching TV or playing with my friends. Memère had a TV (Oral Roberts was her favorite program!) but I don't remember being allowed to watch it.

Dad and memère spoke French quickly, in machine gun like bursts, heavily loaded with New England French Canadianisms. I had trouble understanding them, and when I tried to contribute my two cents with parochial school French memère would sharply tell me to speak English because she could not understand the French I was speaking.

Later I was told that memère Bergeron, like my memère Plante, suffered from clinical depression and would sometimes spend days in bed getting up only to eat or use the bathroom. Eventually housing for the elderly was built in Rochester and memère Bergeron was one of the first to be given an apartment. I do not remember her passing, but I know she lived into her 90's.

You can blame *Le Forum* for bringing up these memories. I have many, many more and if you're not careful I will inflict them on you. Let me know if you want more!

# NH PoutineFest updates and an introduction

***By Timothy Beaulieu***

The Franco-American Centre community is very excited for NH PoutineFest 2019! This year's event takes place on June 22nd, at the Anheuser-Bush Brewery in Merrimack, NH.

Our event was previously held at Northeast Delta Dental Stadium in Manchester. We truly enjoyed our time at the "stadium." It's a great spot right in the Franco heart of New Hampshire.

Our event at the stadium was paired with a baseball game, "The Franco-American Heritage Game." Don't worry, we are keeping that tradition alive, but as a separate event.

The Franco-American Heritage game will take place June 23rd at the stadium. Our local Double A team, the New Hampshire Fisher Cats, will be wearing Montreal Expos replica jerseys for the occasion! Yes, we pushed for that one.

We want to pack the stadium with Francophones, Francophiles, French students, cultural enthusiasts, and regular folks who are just interested in our story. If you or your organization is interested in attending a baseball game that's dedicated to our story shoot me an email: tbeaulieu@facnh.com, we have a discount code available for Le Forum readers. For more info check out the event page: https://www.facnh.com/baseball-en-francais.

This brings me back to NH PoutineFest. We've left the stadium and now have a huge event space. The new space allows us to add more of our culture to the event and also bring in the next generation of Franco-Americans.

Our previous events were basically 21 + due to space limitations. This is great for adults looking for a fun day out...but...it cuts out a group we need to reach: children.

The hope is that in this new space we can begin to introduce the next generation to the existence of Franco-American (and our ties to Quebec) culture in a fun way. Perhaps it will lead to many lifelong connections? Time will tell.

While some traditions have gone by the wayside, some we will keep alive with this event. We are not having a traditional Saint Jean Baptiste dinner this year, but we will roll as much of it as we can into NH PoutineFest. So in a way, it hasn't gone away, its simply changed.

This is a great opportunity. Not only will our Franco community keep a great tradition, but we will bring it to a larger "non-Franco" audience. This helps push our story into the main stream.

Is it a big jump to say poutine can keep our traditions alive? Maybe, but the event did sell out in 8 hours so something

is certainly there.

Keep an eye on out Facebook page - www.facebook.com/nhpoutinefest. If any tickets come available we will announce it there!

Speaking of keeping our story alive, have you heard of the French-Canadian Legacy Podcast? Check it out:

**Introduction to the FCL Podcast by Mike Campbell and Jesse Martineau**

The French-Canadian Legacy Podcast seeks to discuss the past, present, and future of French-Canadian cultural identity in New England. The primary goal of the project is to tell the story of French-Canadian immigration, a story that is frequently overlooked. The podcast also hopes to follow the lives of the descendants of those immigrants and track the changes that occurred as successive generations were born and raised in New England. A further aim of the French-Canadian Legacy Podcast is to shine a spotlight on those continuing to do amazing work preserving and promoting French-Canadian heritage. The podcast strives to provide a new platform for the many organizations and individuals continuing to tell our story. Finally, the podcast intends to speculate on what French-Canadian cultural identity in New England might look in 20 to 30 years.

The podcast episodes take the format of a discussion between the host and a guest. Episodes currently available include conversations with Timothy Beaulieu, creator of the incredibly successful New Hampshire PoutineFest, Juliana L'Heureux, a prolific freelance writer of numerous Franco-American stories, and Susan Pinette, Director of Franco-American Programs at The University of Maine.

The project is the work of Jesse Martineau and Mike Campbell, both from New Hampshire. Jesse and Mike both have Franco-American heritage and are incredibly excited to have the opportunity to tell these amazing stories.

The French-Canadian Legacy Podcast can be found on the web by visiting fclpodcast.com. All episodes of the show can be found on YouTube, Sound Cloud, Stitcher, Spotify, Google Play Music, Castbox, and Apple Podcasts.

**The show can also be followed on Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter, and Jesse and Mike can be reached via e-mail at fclpodcast@gmail.com.**

*(More from NH on page 25)*

# What Is A Catafalque? A Refinement on a Detail within the Article "A (Not-so) Brief Article to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture"

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

Michel Michaud of Lynn, Mass., told me one day at the end of November 2018, while on the telephone, that I wrote a nearly misleading statement about the composition of a catafalque which is pictured on page 39 of the Fall 2018 issue of *Le Forum*. In the caption to my photo, I wrote: "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 ... in the photograph." I further noted that Bill Riccio of the St. Gregory Society was the person who constructed the catafalque before the Extraordinary Form of the Mass for the Feast of All Souls that was prayed on the evening of Monday, November 3, 2003 in the now-closed Sacred Heart Church in New Haven, Connecticut. As I noted in my original caption, the Feast of All Souls, also called All Souls' Day, is fixed to November 2, and because it fell on a Sunday in 2003, it was shifted to Monday.

Michel Michaud told me that Bill Riccio's use of the boxes would have been cumbersome and unnecessary in the era before the Second Vatican Council, (1962-1965), because all Catholic churches used a catafalque. He also said that a catafalque would not only be used for the Feast of All Souls, but also for memorial masses, and even funeral masses, if the body of the deceased were not found as in the instance of someone lost at sea. Hence, a catafalque can be defined as a fake coffin. In a second conversation on Tuesday, February 26, 2019, he clarified and described a catafalque as a collapsible wooden frame, that when erected, was the height and length of a coffin atop a funeral truck, and it would be indistinguishable from a real coffin once the funeral pall was draped over it. He said that he owns a wooden catafalque, which was likely built circa 1901 by his great-grandfather, who built funeral caskets and altars. Michel Michaud noted that the top wooden board of the catafalque in his possession is raised in the center, and has a tapered curve to the sides, just like the lid of a real coffin.

Michel Michaud further clarified the liturgical use of a catafalque for memorial masses, which would be held on the thirtieth day, or the one-year, or the five-year anniversaries of the date of death for the deceased. The liturgical color of the vestments were black, and the memorial mass would be held on a weekday, and never on a Sunday, since it was a funerary rite. The catafalque would be treated like a real coffin, for near the opening of the memorial mass, the priest would pass around the catafalque with the incensor, and near the end of memorial mass, the priest would cast holy water onto the catafalque, for the final blessing and asperges. He noted that there were three classes of the memorial mass, depending how much money the family of the deceased paid to the parish, for the first class memorial mass would have a full choir, a second class memorial mass would have a quartet, and the third class memorial mass would not have any music. After the memorial mass, the catafalque would be collapsed, and the funeral pall would be folded, and both would be stored in the sacristy for the next memorial mass. He reiterated to me that the collapsible catafalque would used two or three times a week, mostly for memorial masses. He further noted that after the Second Vatican Council, the catafalque was abandoned due to the changes in the funerary rites of the Novus Ordo Missae, along with the color black for the vestments, and so, most pastors simply threw the collapsible catafalques into the garbage.

Today, in the era after the Second Vatican Council, the use of black vestments has been replaced with white vestments for the funeral mass, as well as the Mass for All Souls' Day. Memorial masses can be said any day of the week, as any mass for the response of the soul of a loved one does not require a departure from the liturgical vestments from the given liturgical season. Also, memorial masses are no longer locked into the first and fifth anniversaries of the deceased loved one, but the tradition of a memorial mass 30 days after the death of the deceased remains today, and it called the "Month's Mind Mass."

In the accompanying photo, which I took near the end of the Mass for the Feast of All Souls on Monday evening, November 3, 2003 at Sacred Heart Church in New

*(Continued on page 19)*

*(What Is A Catafalque? continued from page 18)*

Haven, Conn., we can see the priest, Fr. Alfred F. Pecaric, S.T.L., reading the final blessing from the lectionary, which is held by Subdeacon Bill Riccio, on the left, and Deacon Robert J. Brunell, Sr., on the right. Behind Bill Riccio is an unidentified acolyte whose face cannot be seen in the photo. Behind and between Fr. Pecaric and Deacon Brunnell is the Acolyte Sean Donkin, currently of East Haddam, Conn., and on the extreme right is a third acolyte, Daniel R. Russbach, of Woodbridge, Conn. (It should be noted that Deacon Brunell was the first Permanent Deacon ordained in the Archdiocese of Hartford on February 4, 1973 by Archbishop John F. Whealon. Deacon Brunell of New Haven, died on January 25, 2018.) In the foreground of the photo are four empty rows of pews, and to the right of the pews is the catafalque in the central aisle of the church, properly known as the nave. The catafalque is flanked by a total of six candles, and we can see there are three on one side, the Gospel side, and one on the other side, the Epistle side. The two other candles on the Epistle side of the nave are outside of the frame of the photograph. The candles are supported by candlesticks fixed to holders on the second, third and fourth rows of pews. In back of Fr. Pecaric is the main altar, and we can see the black drapery in the antependium of the altar, and we can see the embroidered "I.H.S." in Gothic font in the main panel, which could not be seen in the photo published in the Fall 2018 issue of *Le Forum*.

The photograph gives the reader an idea has to how the Mass for the Feast of All Souls appeared in Catholic churches before the Second Vatican Council, when the main altar and the tabernacle were together at the far end of the sanctuary. Also, the vestments for the priest, deacon and subdeacon are correct, as well as the black drape in the antependium of the main altar, and the purple curtains in front of the tabernacle, known as a tabernacle veil. In a third conversation with Michel Michaud on March 14, 2019, he told me that the color black would not be used for the tabernacle veil, due to the presence of the Eucharist within the tabernacle itself, and so, the tabernacle veil would be purple for funeral masses, memorial masses, and the Feast of All Souls. (Curiously, the absence of the color black for the tabernacle veil may not have been known by Bill Riccio, for I recall that he told me after the mass that Sacred Heart Church did not have the tabernacle veil in black, so he used the purple curtains from the sacristy, since the color purple signifies penance, as when a priest wears a purple stole when he hears confessions, or the liturgical seasons of Advent and Lent. As I remember, Bill implied that there were once a black tabernacle veil, but I may have misunderstood his words. Bill told me these details as he was getting ready to change the two sets of tabernacle veils, the set of purple curtains for the set of green curtains, the liturgical color of Ordinary Time.) Another important detail that is missing is the altar rail, which would have been at the edge of the sanctuary, parallel with the transept. Where the group is standing, there would have been a gate in the altar rail. Sometime after the Second Vatican Council, either in the late 1960s or the early 1970s, most of the altar rail was removed at Sacred Heart Church, but two sections of it survived, in front of the two side altars. A post of the altar rail in front of the side altar with a statue of St. Joseph can be seen in the far right of the photo. Also not in the photograph is the free-standing altar, which is standard today in Catholic churches, as a result of the liturgical changes that came after the Second Vatican Council. The free-standing altar at Sacred Heart Church was moveable, and so, it would be moved into the sacristy before the Missa Extraordinariae Formae was said, and returned to the center of the sanctuary after the mass. Therefore, the photograph should give the reader an idea as to how the liturgy for the Mass of All Souls appeared when Rémi Tremblay (1847-1926) wrote his poem "Le jour des morts," found on pages 266-267 in volume one, and when Rosaire Dion-Lévesque (1900-1974) wrote his poem "Interieur d'eglise," found page 241 in volume nine of *L'Anthologie de la litterature Franco-Américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*.

It must be acknowledged that there is another meaning of the word "catafalque," and it is the platform upon which the deceased is placed, either in a coffin or on a bier. The most common use of the word "catafalque" is for a formal and decorative platform for a deceased dignitary to lie in state. When President Abraham Lincoln lied in state in an open coffin, from April 18 to 20, 1865, the coffin itself was placed on a catafalque that has since become famous, and it is now known as the Lincoln Catafalque. It has been used for 34 other dignitaries since it was first used for Abraham Lincoln, and the last dignitary to lie in state upon the Lincoln Catafalque in the Capitol Rotunda in Washington, D.C., is the 41st President of the United States, George H.W. Bush, from December 3 to 5, 2018. Another example of a catafalque occurred on April 4, 2005, when the corpse of Pope John Paul II was carried on a red-velvet covered bier through St. Peter's Basilica in Vatican City, and the bier was placed onto a catafalque, where the Pope lied in state.

The use of the word "catafalque" to mean a platform is found on the first page of Franco-American novel, *Mirbah*, by Emma Dumas (1857-1926). The passage can be found either on page one of the 247-page novel that was published in 1979 by the National Development Center for French, (NMDC), or in the redacted version by the NMDC that was published in 1980, on page 56 of volume four of the *Anthologie de la litterature Franco-Américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*. In the prologue of the novel, Emma Dumas wrote about the funeral mass of Amélie Rodier, which was held one day in February 1895 in the Church of Notre-Dame du Perpétuel Secours in Holyoke, Massachusetts, and she described the mass as a sung, first-class funeral mass. The word "catafalque" appears in the third paragraph, which is only one sentence: « La magnifique bière, capitonnée de blanc, fut déposée sur le catafalque placé dans la nef, à l'entrée du sanctuaire. » A translation of the quote is: "The magnificent bier, padded in white, was laid on the catafalque placed in the nave, at the entrance of the sanctuary." Emma Dumas implied that the deceased Amélie Rodier is on the bier, and in the following paragraph, she noted that Rev. C.E. Brunault quoted Matthew 24:44, "So too, you also must be prepared, for at an hour you do not expect, the Son of Man will come," before he gave the absolution for the deceased. The practice of having the deceased on a bier, and not as today in a closed coffin, during the funeral mass when Emma Dumas initially published her novel in serial-form from 1910 to 1912 through installments in *La Justice* of Holyoke, can be confirmed through a 1921-edition of *The Roman Missal in Latin and English according to the latest Roman edition, compiled for the use of all English-speaking countries* by the Right Reverend Dom Fernand Cabrol, O.S.B., and published by P.J. Kenedy and Sons of New York City. On page 1298 of

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# Three Franco-American Radio Shows in New England

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

There are three Franco-American radio shows in New England that can be heard either by radio-wave or by live-stream on the internet currently in 2019. The three radio shows are broadcast consecutively on Sundays, from 7:30AM to 2:00PM, starting on station WWSF in Sanford, Maine, from 7:30AM to 9AM, then on WFEA in Manchester, N.H., from 9AM to Noon, and then on WNRI in Woonsocket, R.I., from Noon to 2PM. Each of the radio stations are commercial, therefore, each of the shows are dependent on advertising.

The three radio shows are listed below by the day and hour of broadcast, the name of the show with the host, along with the call letters of the station and the frequency of broadcast. Also listed is the city and state of the station, and the business phone of the station itself. Most importantly, the website for each radio station is listed below.

**Sundays**

7:30AM to 9:00AM, "The French Hour with Roger" hosted by
Roger Hurtubise
WWSF "The Legends" on 1220 AM and 102.3 FM
Sanford, Maine; (603)-583-4767
http://1220thelegends.com/on-air/

9:00AM to 12 Noon, "Chez Nous" hosted by
Roger Lacerte
WFEA on 1370AM and 99.9FM
Manchester, N.H.; (603)-669-5777
https://1370wfea.com/chez-nous-with-roger-lacerte/

12 Noon to 2:00PM, "L'Écho Musicale" hosted by
Roger and Claudette Laliberté
WNRI on 1380AM and 95.1FM
Woonsocket, R.I.; (401)-769-6925
http://wnri.com/

**Saturdays**

11:00AM to 1:00PM, "L'Écho Musicale" hosted by
Roger and Claudette Laliberté
WNRI on 1380AM and 95.1FM
Woonsocket, R.I.; (401)-769-6925
http://wnri.com/

*(What Is A Catafalque? continued from page 19)*

the said Roman Missal, under the heading of "The Absolution or Prayer for the Dead after a Requiem Mass," there are the following instructions: "During the Funeral Mass, the body of the deceased lies on a bier, surrounded with lighted candles, in front of the altar. If the body of the deceased is not present, a catafalque or representation of the bier is placed in the sanctuary, in order that the following ceremony may be carried out." The instructions, properly known as the rubrics, described the role of the priest, deacon and subdeacon for the ceremony, with the priest leading the series of prayers in Latin that include the blessing of the deceased with holy water, and incense.

To conclude, the word "catafalque" has two meanings, either as a fake coffin, or as the platform for a coffin or bier. The former definition is largely forgotten today in the Catholic Church, since the funeral rites have changed with the reform of the liturgy after the Second Vatican Council, while in contrast, the latter definition of the word is still in use today.

A note of thanks to Michel Michaud of Lynn, Mass., for his critique on my article, and for his knowledge on the funerary rites of the Catholic Church as they were practiced before the Second Vatican Council. Also, a note of thanks to Nicolas Renouf of the St. Gregory Society in New Haven, Conn., who identified Deacon Brunell in the photo, and to Judith Andrews of Guilford, Conn., who gave me the full name of Sean Donkin. Lastly, it should be noted that days before the November 2018 issue of *Le Forum* was published, I told Lisa Michaud that I was able to identify Bill Riccio as the subdeacon, but I told her that I would not change the text of the caption that I had already sent to her, because she had already formatted the text, and I was unable to identify the deacon.

# How French Can a Kerouac Play Be?

***by Suzanne Beebe***

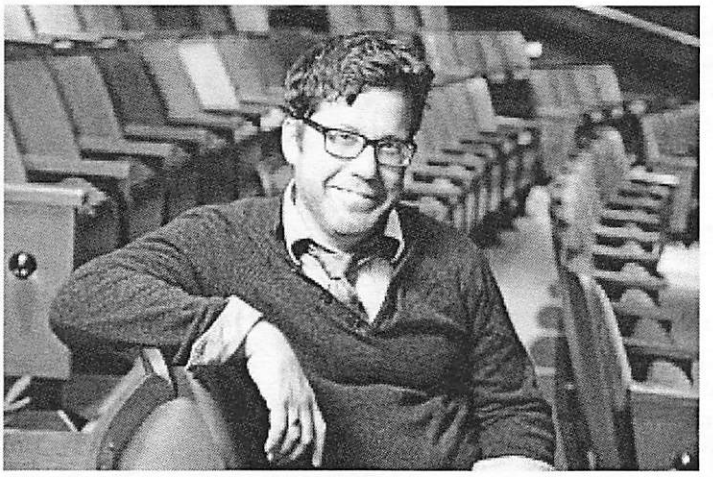
It's not actually a Kerouac play. It's a play — brilliantly staged and running at Lowell's Merrimack Repertory Theatre (MRT) from March 20-April 14 of this year — based on a long unpublished, never finished work only recently adapted by Sean Daniels, Artistic Director of the MRT. Daniels will soon be leaving Lowell for a similar post as Artistic Director for two theaters in Arizona, where he grew up, learned to love theater, and launched himself on a road that now leads him back home. (A trajectory Kerouac himself might appreciate!)

A Kerouac fan before he arrived in Lowell almost five years ago, Daniels worked with the Estate of Jack Kerouac over a number of years to explore the possibility of adapting one of Kerouac's novels for production at the MRT. Ultimately, he and Jim Sampas, literary executor of the estate, settled on Kerouac's unfinished novella, *The Haunted Life*.

Before writing *The Town and the City*, Kerouac had completed a full outline and a few chapters for *The Haunted Life*, whose manuscript-in-progress he lost somewhere in New York City — perhaps on the seat of a taxi, he said. But, as always, he was soon on to other things, including *The Town and the City*. In fact, some of the characters and themes he was working with in *The Haunted Life* became part of *The Town and the City*, his first published work (1951).

Then, in 2002, the handwritten *Haunted Life* manuscript was submitted by an anonymous seller and bought by an anonymous buyer at Sotheby's in New York after being found, it was said, in the closet of a Columbia University dorm room. Though the manuscript as physical artifact could legally be bought and sold, the work as literary creation belonged to the Kerouac estate, which alone controls publishing and adaptation of Jack's voluminous output, including letters, notebooks, sketches, poems, etc. Consulting with literary executor Sampas and Professor Todd Tietchen of UMass Lowell, who had worked with the estate to edit and publish a 2014 volume entitled *The Haunted Life and Other Writings*, Daniels took the story presented in Kerouac's outline and fleshed it out with ideas and themes present in Kerouac's other works, especially *The Town and the City*, as well as unpublished Kerouac letters shared with Daniels by the estate.

All of which gives us a play based on a Kerouac work with a distinctly Franco-American point of interest in that Peter Martin, the main character modeled on Kerouac himself, is the son of French-Canadian parents — like Kerouac's — living in early-to-mid-1940s Lowell (not the Galloway of the *Haunted Life* manuscript or *The Town and the City*). For those of French-Canadian descent who have often felt their ethnic reality to be lost in the shuffle of other, better-known ethnicities, it might be a matter of pride simply to have the family's ethnicity clearly and unequivocally stated as it is in the play — and to have a bit of French pop up at various points in exchanges between Peter, his mother, his father, and even his non-French girlfriend.



*Current Artistic Director Sean Daniels has adapted Kerouac's unfinished novella The Haunted Life for production by Lowell's Merrimack Repertory Theatre (MRT). Photo courtesy of MRT.*

But how French will this ethnic element feel to those who have actually lived, grown up in, worshipped, and been educated in New England's mill town, blue-collar French communities, schools, and churches? (Even or especially if they no longer speak or never actually spoke the language themselves.)

The actors have no discernible accents and no characteristically French mannerisms. (That would be a tall order for a regional theater production with budget and time limitations.) They speak polished English (much of it from Kerouac's narrative and descriptive passages) that sounds like the language of college-educated, highly literate, upper-middle class, long-assimilated citizens. And they don't reference the French institutions, churches, schools, food, feasts, or customs that still existed in full force in 1940s Lowell, with its ethnic worlds co-existing with each other; each having a life unto itself; each featuring a complete range of human experience, activity, and social organization available to the members content to remain in it; and each intersecting with the others — gradually, but increasingly — mostly on a personal level where individuals lived or worked in the same environment, perhaps went to public schools with each other, and began to intermarry with each other as a result.

For me, a third-generation product of Québecois immigrants on both sides of the family tree and a non-French-speaker who nonetheless grew up hearing French being spoken by my grandmother, aunts, and uncles at family gatherings where French community issues and concerns were often a topic, the French element of the play falls flat. The family just doesn't seem very French.

But of course, that's not the focus of the play. The play is about a young man's growing desire to write, see the world, embrace a life beyond Lowell, and re-work his relationship with his parents and girlfriend— all in the context of World War II's impending disruption of life as they've all known it. The young man is Franco-American, but in this play as we have it he could as easily be Irish-American, Greek-American, Polish-American, or Portuguese-American. His ethnicity is subordinate to what's going on in the broader culture and could easily be left out without anyone noticing.

*The Haunted Life* is a young man's work, written by Kerouac in his early 20's. He hadn't yet realized the extent to which his French-Canadian background, language, and experience had shaped him and set him apart from the literary crowd he was running with in New York and San Francisco— or from the hordes of readers who would lionize

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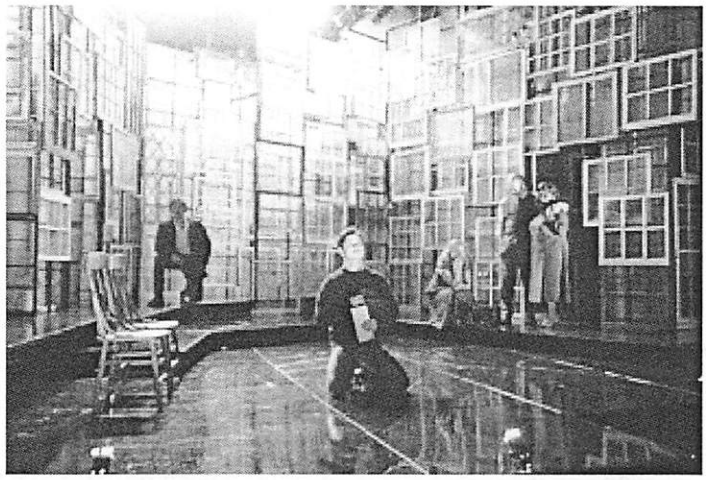
*(How French Can a Kerouac Play Be? continued from page 21)*

him following *On the Road* and other of his drug-and-alcohol-saturated, Buddhist-influenced books. But he would recognize it more and more as he grew older, and he would deal with it more explicitly in his "Lowell" novels, where the French-Canadian world of young Duluoz (his alter-ego) is fully on display.

It would be fun and fascinating for New England Franco-Americans who still identify with the world they grew up in to attend a play or movie based on *Dr. Sax* or *Visions of Gerard* (especially *Visions of Gerard*!), peopled with French-Canadian actors whose accents and mannerisms could make that world real again. But that might be too much to wish for. Our generation is fading, and if a broad swath of Kerouac readers weren't interested, such a play or movie might not find much of an audience in the States. (Although Québec and the other French-speaking regions of Canada might well expand its market.) In the meantime, thanks to Sean Daniels, we have a play that at least acknowledges our existence and puts our world-renowned native son and writer onstage in the hometown that hasn't always appreciated him.



*Left to right: actors Vichet Chum, Raviv Ullman, Caroline Neff, Joel Colodner, and Tina Fabrique in a scene from the MRT production of The Haunted Life. Photo by Meghan Moore, courtesy of MRT.*

*Actors Raviv Ullman (front), Tina Fabrique, and Joel Colander in a scene from the MRT production of Sean Daniel's The Haunted Life stage adaptation. Photo by Meghan Moore, courtesy of MRT.*

# LA MAISON BOW-WOW

***By W.F. Parent***
***Mystic, CT***

A lanky teenage boy shuffled slowly along, shivering in the frigid night air. His black eye was almost gone now; just a purplish yellow blotch remained. He was miserable—hadn't eaten or bathed in two days. His name was Marcel Maurice St. Pierre, but everyone called him Loup—

French Canadian for "wolf". He took immense pride in the fact that his great grandmother was a full blooded Abenaki Indian from the Loup tribe, a fact that made him feel invincible at times. Not today. Today he returned to his hometown a defeated young man, seeking help. But he had no intention of actually going back home ... ever. Instead he sought out his favorite uncle, Romeo Rejean Robitaille.

The light from the moon above revealed Loup's dark brown eyes, jet black hair, and skin the color of milk chocolate. Loup looked up to see a street sign denoting Pennsylvania Avenue. Of course, it wasn't *the* Pennsylvania Avenue. Far from it. It was the gravel access road to the town dump. Despite his dire circumstances, Loup couldn't help but smile. His Uncle Romeo, owner of the dump, had installed the sign years ago as a joke. _

Loup was familiar with the dump, having worked there for two summers. Bypassing the dump's simple security gate, he headed for the trailer located in the southeast corner of the property. He was momentarily stopped in his tracks by the pungent stench of smoke rising from a mountain of rubbish. The smell disappeared as he entered a grove of pine trees, a surprisingly isolated and pleasant area. He spied a hand-painted sign proclaiming Romeo's office trailer as, "*La Maison* Bow-Wow" or "The Doghouse" in English. It was a white trailer with the number 1600 painted crudely on its side. It served as Romeo's office and a club house for middle-aged French Canadian men. They would meet there on Saturday mornings to drink coffee spiked with whiskey, discuss manly matters, and escape from their wives. Sometimes it provided a place of refuge for men who were temporarily banned from their homes. In short, it was a place where men could be men.

Loup entered the trailer and turned on a solitary light to reveal an immaculate interior. Hanging on one wall was a picture of Romeo's extended family of forty adults and children. On another wall was a glass case containing Romeo's Purple Heart. Loup opened the refrigerator and devoured the two slices of stale brown bread he found. Exhausted, he crawled into bed, pulling two itchy woolen army blankets over his head. Even though the blankets smelled like wet dog, he immediately fell into a deep sleep.

As usual, Romeo arrived the next morning promptly at 6:30 A.M. in his rusted-out pickup truck. He was short and muscular, weighing no more than 150 pounds. His pearly white dentures accented a tanned face of deep, weather beaten furrows. Although he was a millionaire, he lived and looked like a common laborer—except when it came to his car, a new 1969 Cadillac. That was his baby. Drive it to work, in the rain? Hell no, simply out of the question! The Caddy was saved for special occasions like

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*(La Maison Bow-Wow continued from page 22)*
sunny Sunday drives around town.

After Romeo got out of the truck, he performed his morning ritual: thanking God for his wonderful life followed by the Catholic Sign of the Cross. He then entered the trailer and put on a pot of coffee. The noise and aroma of brewing coffee woke Loup up.

Stepping out of the bedroom, Loup's eyes met Romeo's. Both broke instantly into ear-to-ear grins. Romeo burst out, *"Tabernac, bienvenue*! Look wat da wind blew in." They greeted each other in an extended man-hug. "Great to see you. We got much to talk about, no? 'elp yourself to some food. Just got beans and brown bread from Gauthier's bakery. Gotta get work started. Den I come back 'ere. *La Maison* Bow-Wow will be empty by noon. Da guys have to pick up da wives at da beauty parlor and take dem to da Club for lunch." Smiling, he added, "You know how women are, eh?"

Grabbing his old army jacket with a bullet hole in its shoulder and his bowler hat, Romeo bolted out the door. As usual his first work task was to hoist the American flag up a thirty—foot flagpole he had fashioned from a fir tree. Once hoisted, his crew opened the access gate to let the public in. Saturday was a madhouse because it was Dollar Day, when the public could take anything from the designated pile for $1.00.

By 8:00 A.M. a dozen men had gathered at the picnic tables of *La Maison* Bow-Wow under two colorful but frayed Cinzano umbrellas. At times, Loup could overhear the men talking loudly; sometimes in their French Canadian patois, other times in broken English. The hot topic of discussion was once again Vietnam. Conversations grew loud and angry because Lapan's eighteen—year old nephew had been killed in combat the previous week.

In a couple hours, Romeo returned to the trailer. Once inside he exclaimed, "You alright? 'erd you ran away. Umm. Let me see. Where'd you get da shiner?"

Loup responded quickly, "Shiner by my ol' man...He threw me out of the house. Mood-z. Told me never to come back. So I headed south, hitchhiking. Got as far as Maryland before I realized my plan was stupid. So I'm back, asking for your help."

Romeo opened the trailer door slightly and flipped the sign on the exterior to red, indicating the trailer was occupied. No Admittance. He had borrowed the idea from the red light—green light system used in Catholic confessionals.

"Go ahead. Back up to da beginning, eh?"

Loup took a deep gulp of coffee, sighed, and began, "You know last year I spent four months in juvey cause I beat up a kid. Christ, he was twice my size! But anyway I'm the one they sent to jail. Been thrown out of school twice this year. Don't have the grades to graduate high school. Might as well quit now." Romeo remained silent; his piercing brown eyes focused on Loup's face. Loup wondered what was going through Romeo's mind. He began talking again, "My father hates me. To him I'm nothing but a screw up. Sometimes I think he might be right. Anyway, had a fight with Father Ouellette because I made a wise crack and got the whole class laughing. He grabbed me by the ear, pulled me to the coat closet, shoved me in, and locked the door. Told me to pray for forgiveness; do the Rosary Beads. Left me there for hours. When I finally got home, Father Ouellette had already contacted my ol' man, who went ballistic. You know, in his eyes, a priest can do no wrong. He started punching me before I said a word. That's how I got the shiner. I should have fought back, but didn't. I ran out the door with him chasing me."

"Don't know why we're in Vietnam, eh. Nobody wants da war 'cept da people getting rich from it, *n'est pas*?

Romeo remained silent as Loup paused for a moment trying to gather his thoughts. "Stayed at my buddy Red's house. Borrowed money and clothes. Took off hitchhiking. Called home when my ol'man was at work. Told Ma not to worry." He took another sip of spiked coffee, "I'm between a rock and a bigger rock. Can't go back home. No friggin' way!"

"You're my favorite nephew. If I 'elp you, gotta stay our secret—forever. Okay?"

*"Oui*, it's a deal." as they shook hands. Loup said, *"Merci beaucoup."*

Loup took another sip of spiked coffee. "Man that is good," he said loudly smacking his lips. "Anyway, I told you about my problems. That ain't all. I'll be eighteen in two months, so I gotta register for the draft ... or escape to Canada. Newspaper says over a million guys have already been drafted, and another million needed in the future. I'm draft meat for sure. There's no way I'd fail the physical. It's Vietnam for me, no doubt about it. Why in hell are we fighting in Vietnam for anyway? Been at war there since, what... 1964? Unless the newspaper's lying, over 30,000 soldiers have been killed in Southeast Asia so far. In just four years! This war could go on forever!"

Unable to contain himself any longer, Romeo unloaded, "Don't know why we're in Vietnam, eh. Nobody wants da war 'cept da people getting rich from it, *n'est pas*? Just saw in da newspaper dat protesters pelted soldiers with tomatoes. Christ, dey just got back from combat duty! Those protesters are assholes ... da stupid shits should blame da government, not da soldiers. Me, I came 'ome from World War II and was treated like a 'ero. Dat's da way it should be."

Loup responded, "It makes me think of that song. You know the one I mean, "Eve of Destruction." He started to sing softly in his best choir boy voice, "'You're old enough to kill, but not for votin'... You don't believe in war, but what's that gun you're totin'?"

"Dat song gets me every time I 'ear it," said Romeo.

"Yeah, me too. Maybe it's God's message telling me Canada is the answer," Loup said.

Romeo sighed before speaking, "Don't start waving de Canadian flag yet. Tink bout it. Maybe Canada ain't da right ting. But if dat's what you really want, I'd 'elp you. My cousin runs a logging camp in northern Maine near da Canadian border. Dey go back and forth over da border on logging roads. You'd move to Canada, 'ave a job dere. But leave your family and friends forever? Plus you could be sent to jail if dey catch ya. Are you ready for all dat?

Romeo smiled, adjusted his false teeth, and continued, "War was tough on me...it's tough on everyone. But I'm proud I served...gave something back to my country. America's been very good to me and my family, eh."

Loup was stone-faced, engulfed in thought. After pausing for a minute or so, he replied, "Yah, I hear you."

Romeo pressed on, "You'd make it through Vietnam. I just know it. You were born to be a soldier, a damn good one. Serve your country. Come back 'ere after da war, get married, and raise a family. Work in da

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*(La Maison Bow-Wow continued from page 23)*

mill, or ... work for me, take over when I retire." Romeo waved his arms around like an emperor spanning his kingdom, "Look at what I got. My life is great!"

Romeo, having said his piece, became quiet. The conversation continued, with Loup doing most of the talking. Romeo interjected questions occasionally, but didn't offer any judgment or opinion. He knew Loup needed to reach the decision on his own. Finally Romeo said, "Da dump is closing. I gotta pick up my wife. Big party at da Frenchmen's Club tonight. 'elp yourself to da food. You got a lot to tink about," Romeo said as he departed.

Alone, Loup's thoughts swirled around his head like a tornado as he lectured out loud to himself. One minute he was going to Canada, the next he was staying in United States. He fixed himself a delicious bean supper. Exhausted, he threw himself on the bed. He spent a sleepless night, debating within himself: to go or stay.

Right after Sunday Mass ended at 6 A.M., Romeo headed back to the dump. He liked the early Mass because it was in French, and not Latin like other masses. When he arrived at *La Maison* Bow-Wow, Loup was already awake. Their conversation picked up where it left off the day before. It continued until Romeo eventually said, "I gotta go 'ome. What's your decision?"

Loup, bit his lip as he thought for a couple minutes, "Uncle Romeo, I still don't know what to do. I'm only seventeen for cripes sake. Everyone comes to you with their problems. So you must have the answers—what should I do?"

"Don't know. Only *you* can make dat decision. It's *your* life, eh."

A sense of fear overtook Loup. He had hoped Romeo would tell him what to do. But he didn't. Minutes passed as he paced back and forth, mumbling to himself. Finally he cleared his throat, "It's Canada. Yeah. Canada. I don't want to die in Vietnam. If it were a real war to defend the USA, I'd enlist and risk my life for my country. Like you did. But Vietnam is different."

Masking his disappointment, Romeo calmly said, "Okay, my foreman Midi will drive you to da Augusta bus station tomorrow. Be at da Pennsylvania Avenue sign at 6:00 A.M. Catch de bus to Fort Kent. It's a small town so it will be easy for my cousin to spot you." He took out his wallet, plucked out sixty dollars and handed it to Loup without saying a word.

"Will you hate me if I go to Canada? Think I'm a chicken?"

"*Mais non*, I understand."

"You're the best, Uncle Romeo. The best."

Romeo locked Loup in a lengthy manhug to say goodbye. "*A bientot. Bon chance mon fils.*" Once outside, Romeo could no longer contain his emotions. A solitary tear rolled down his face. Gazing skyward, he made the Sign of the Cross and whispered, "Dear God, please watch over 'im."

Loup wandered aimlessly around the dump that afternoon, sobbing at times. That evening he said his prayers, hopped into bed and tried to sleep. He spent another sleepless night tossing and turning; one minute he was going to Canada, the next he was staying.

The next morning Midi dropped Loup at the Augusta bus station. Loup paced the floor back and forth mumbling to himself until the bus finally arrived. He and six other passengers slowly boarded the bus north to Fort Kent.

* * *

No one heard anything from Loup for four days, which disappointed Romeo. Nevertheless, he said a prayer every morning for Loup. On the morning of the fifth day, Romeo entered *La Maison* Bow-Wow and noticed the bedroom door was closed. He peeked inside. Loup sprang up, instantly awake. "Uncle Romeo, I'm staying."

Romeo asked, "You sure?"

"Absolutely. I wanna enlist today. Don't want to wait to be drafted. Wanna be a Marine like you. You showed me the path."

"Didn't do anything. *La Maison* Bow-Wow did its magic — made da background noise go away. Let you open your 'ead and tink." Romeo continued, "It's a big day. We'll take da truck to my 'ouse, clean up, and den fire up da Caddy. Gotta go to da recruiter's in style. Den to da club to celebrate, have a few beers. Enlistin's a big deal."

Romeo said, "You're not a boy anymore, you're a man now."

Loup responded cheerfully, "*Merci beaucoup*. Thank you. Couldn't have done it without you." Romeo started the truck. It backfired, letting out a puff of grey smoke.

Without taking his eyes off the road, Romeo posed the question that was bothering him. "I gotta ask: why'd you change your mind—decide to stay?"

Loup paused and bit his lip before responding, "Bunch of things. I know now the right thing for me is to join the Marines. I need to stop being a goof-off and start being a man. If I don't make big changes in my life, I'd probably end up in jail. Gotta get my shit together so I can respect myself. Maybe then other people will respect me too—even my ol'man. Besides, I've never walked away from a fight in my life. Ain't gonna start now. I think combat is in my blood...part of me. I don't know why, but it's true." Pumping his fist in the air, he shouted, "I'm gonna be the best damn soldier in the battalion!"

Romeo cracked a smile, "Semper Fi. My son."

"Semper Fi ... always loyal," Loup responded proudly, sporting the biggest grin of his life.

# Our Trip to Quebec

## February 15-18, 2019

***by Maggie Somers***

The FAROG/Franco-American Programs trip to Québec City was a success! Here are a few of the photos we took while in Québec, we were all too astounded by the beauty and history to leave the moment by taking pictures.

We visited the François de Laval and Samuel de Champlain statues. François de Laval was the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Québec and was an extremely influential man in his time. He is depicted as the savior to the Native Canadians in this photograph, which is controversial when you consider what happened to the population of Native Canadians and Americans when Europeans settlers came to the Americas.

The statute of Samuel de Champlain is in the center of Old Québec City, a testament to how influential he was in founding Québec. His statute reads,

Born at Brouage in Saintonge about 1567 - served in the French army as Marechal des Locias under Henri IV. - Explored the West Indies from 1599 to 1601 and also Acadia from 1604 to 1607. Founded Québec in 1608, discovered the region of the Great Lakes, led several expeditions against the

*(Continued on page 32)*

# A history of diversity in our small towns

*Retention of ethnic identity does not preclude good citizenship*

**By HENRI VAILLANCOURT**

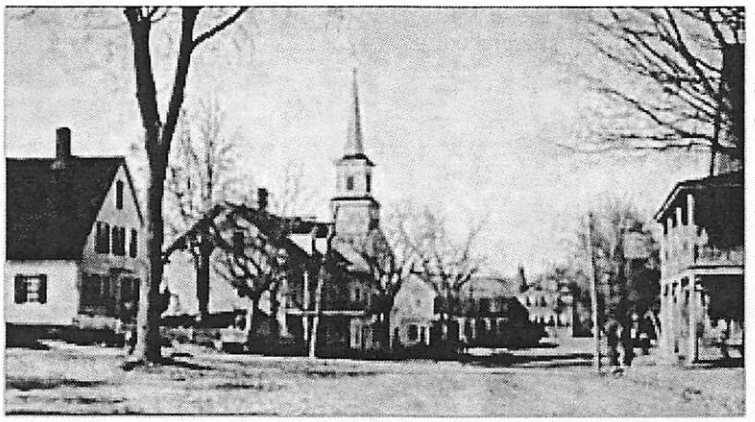
Retention of ethnic identity does not preclude responsible citizenship.

Nor does multiculturalism preclude the building of a strong and vibrant nation.

In the March 23, 2017 issue of the Ledger Transcript, Mr.Jayant Hardikar, an immigrant from India of 30-plus years, related his recent negative experiences in this era of heightened discrimination against immigrants, as well as some incidents occurring many years ago. Amongst other things, he had at times in the past been told to "act as American as you can," and to not expect his children to carry out Indian cultural traditions – that they were not Indian after all, but American.

His account struck a chord with me.

As a third generation descendant of French Canadian immigrants from Quebec in the 1880's, I have more than a passing familiarity with issues related to assimilation and Americanization within a larger cultural context.



*The iconic visions of our tree-lined streets, such as this historic view of downtown Greenville, belies the challenges newcomers often faced.*

I grew up in the town of Greenville, a community that I have been told (yet to be confirmed) was once the most Francophone community in New Hampshire based on percentage of population. The French Canadian dialect – derived from old 17th century dialects of several provinces in France – was my first language, as it was for most of my baby-boomer generation – a language which I and a number of my generation can still speak, in addition to standard international French. It was also the commonly heard language of the streets until the 70's and 80's – almost 100 years after the arrival of these immigrants from Quebec and Acadia. In the 50's, it was likewise the language I often heard spoken in the school yard by the upper grades in the parochial school – a school whose teachers conducted half of the day's lesson plans in French.

My somewhat younger generation was the first to default to English in conversation, in contrast to previous generations who – while perfectly bilingual – would speak French with anyone who understood the language, including us kids.

To an outsider, these conversations often had the amusing aspect of being conducted in two languages – my generation speaking English to our parents' generation, and they responding in French. One can frequently hear the same sorts of intergenerational bilingual conversations among more recent immigrants. This is a natural phase of acculturation – that necessary and unavoidable process of adapting to a new environment, and the requirements of a new life.

While retaining many aspects of their native culture, these French immigrants adopted many of the traditions of their new home, and were otherwise actively involved in its development and daily life. As they celebrated the big French Canadian holidays of Christmas, New Year's, Easter and the Feast of St. Jean Baptiste with religious observances, family gatherings and traditional foods, they also adopted the American celebrations of Memorial Day, Thanksgiving and the 4th of July. As they commemorated the feast days of various saints with religious processions through the streets of town, they likewise celebrated the 4th of July with their own American style marching band. The now well known midnight 4th of July "Pots and Pans Parade" is a relatively recent development of a tradition started by the Deschenes family earlier in the 1900s. Mr. Deschenes, leader of a local marching band composed almost entirely of French Canadians, and no doubt prompted by an innate love of celebration, began to ring in the 4th with a musical march through town at the strike of 12. When Mr.Deschenes passed on, the tradition was continued by some locals who paraded through town at the usual hour, but without the usual musical accompaniment. Over the years this morphed into what is now a rather raucous event that attracts thousands, and whose church bells, fire sirens and general din can be heard for miles at midnight on the 4th in an otherwise tranquil Monadnock countryside.

During the wars of the last century, these new immigrants heroically fought – and died – in the defense of their adopted home ... the local legion bears the names of those who sacrificed all – LeClair, Caron and Pelletier. They shared, along with the earlier settlers of Greenville, a love for their community and a desire to keep it safe.

The anti immigrant sentiments and general xenophobia that we are now seeing in America is nothing new. We have been here before – and in relatively recent times.

As a young man in the 1920s, my father witnessed the burning of a cross by the Ku Klux Klan in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. As a family, we would shop in Fitchburg in the 1950s and '60s. In approaching the western end of Main Street at the Rollstone Boulder, he would point to the high hill opposite this city landmark – the hill with the painted graffiti – as the gathering place of the white robed members led by their leader dressed in black. If he ever told us who the object of the Klan's demonstration was, I do not remember it. I was more transfixed with imagining what this fiery spectacle looked like from that prominent vantage point to a large part of the community of Fitchburg. It wasn't until many years later that I discovered that their main targets in New England were the immigrant Catholics, primarily the French Canadians because of their large numbers, but also the Irish, Italians, Polish, and whatever Jews or African Americans might be around. The aim of the Klan in the north was White, Protestant supremacy – first and foremost. They were active in all New England states throughout the 20s, declining to a very small membership by the early 30s.

There was considerable opposition

*(Continued on page 32)*

# 10 Reasons Why Every New Englander Needs to Visit Quebec City

***Bob Boutin <bob@yourtravelcap.com>***
***www.yourtravelcap.com***

With so many things to do and see close to home in New England, we forget about the adventures that await us north of the border. Our French friends have a lot to offer in Quebec City, the capital of the Province of Quebec. Read on for reasons why every New Englander should visit this charming destination.

***1. It Feels Like France***

When walking in dowtown, or centre ville, of Quebec City, you'll feel as if you're walking in France. The colonial buildings, cobblestone roads, historic churches and squares are longstanding testimonials to a time when this area of Canada was quite literally part France. Quebec City is the closest you'll get to Europe in North America. So if you never got around to going to Paris or Nice, just drive up to Quebec.

*This area of Quebec City looks and feels just like France*

***2. It's close***

When we usually think of international travel, expensive airfares come to mind. However, most of us New Englanders don't have to drive more than a few hours to reach Quebec City. A road trip to Quebec from Boston is about 7 hours (and of course, you get the added bonus of visiting New Hampshire, Vermont, or Maine on the way, depending on your route). In the grand scheme of international travel, Quebec is pretty much in our backyard, which makes it the perfect international destination for an extended weekend.

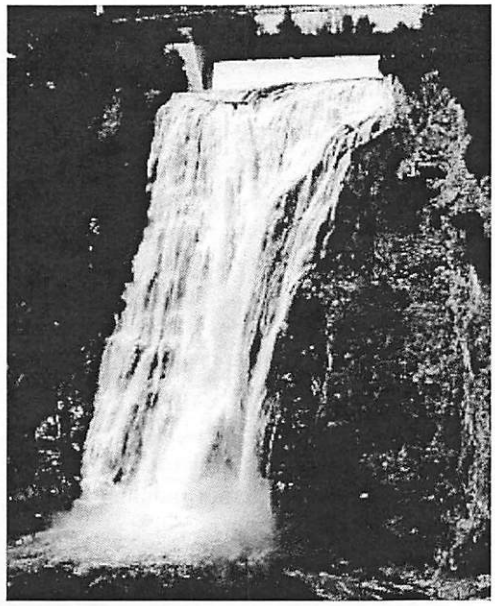
***3. Less Expensive Than Europe***

Not only is Quebec easier to get to than Paris, but also a trip to La Capitale is much friendlier on the wallet. The USD to CAD (United States dollar to Canadian dollar) exchange rate is often in our favor. Even during the rare times when the Canadian dollar is worth more than ours, it's usually not by much. The opposite is true for the Euro. Why get less bang for your buck in Europe when you can go to Quebec?

***4. Quebecers are friendly***

Quebecers are more than happy to welcome you into their city. They're proud of their history, culture, and of course, language, and love sharing their knowledge about their homeland. Many Quebecors, especially in the tourist areas, are bilingual, so there's no need to worry about a language barrier. Of course, saying "Bonjour" or "Merci" will go a long way, even if those are the only two French words you know. The Quebecor culture, and their demeanors, resemble our own more closely than you might think.

***5. Nature is all around***



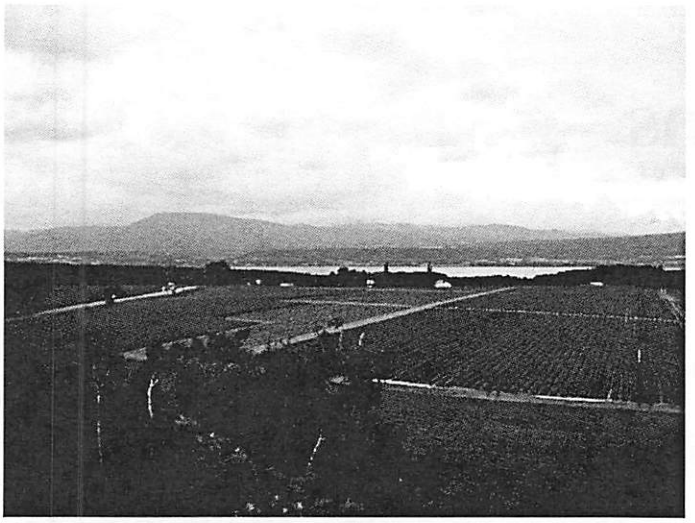
*Montmorency Falls*

While Quebec City is a bustling area, you don't have to go far to enjoy the great outdoors. The city is cyclist and walker friendly. If you enjoy strolling in a beautiful park, you can stay in the city and enjoy the Plains of Abraham, a national park overlooking the majestic St. Lawrence River. Or perhaps you'd like to take a short, 8-mile drive and explore Montmorency Falls, which are almost 100 feet taller than Niagara Falls. Perhaps a nice, leisurely drive around the nearby pastoral Island of Orleans (Île d'Orléans), is more your speed. Either way, there's plently to do outside.

*The St. Lawrence River, with the Ile d'Orléans in the background.*

*(Continued on page 27)*

*(10 Reasons Why Every New Englander Needs to Visit Quebec City continued on page 27)*



*Views of farmland on the island, with the St. Lawrence in the background*

*Make sure you say, "Bonjour" to Bonhomme Carnaval, the mascot! Photo credit Stagiairec, Wikipidea Commons*

***6. Another Perspective on History***

We share one very important trait with our French neighbors: We're proud of our history. We take credit for the American Revolution which eventually led to our independence from Great Britain. Something different happened in Quebec, however. They were part of France until 1763 when they lost the French and Indian War, and then they became part of Great Britain. So while we were ridding ourselves of the British crown, they had just become subjects. English-speaking, Protestant Great Britain wasn't thrilled that Quebec was full of French-speaking Catholics. Did the Quebecois stop speaking French and being Catholic? Do we stop cheering for the Patriots and dropping our Rs because the rest of the country hates us and thinks it's ridiculous? I think not.

It wasn't until 1774, with the passing of the Quebec Acts, that tensions started to loosen. Of course, how effective the Acts were, along with if there's still tension today, is cause for debate.

*Drawn by one of the English soldiers who was at the Battle of Quebec*

***7. The Winter Carnival***

We New Englanders are no strangers to long, hard winters. In Quebec, they embrace the winter season with their annual Winter Carnival. All sorts of outdoor, winter-related activities take place, such as an ice canoe race across the St. Lawrence River, sledding on toboggans, tasting the frozen Quebec delicacy of maple syrup on a stick, and even visiting or staying in a castle made entirely of ice. Bring your warmest jackets and get out there to enjoy winter!

***8. Milder Summers***

This isn't to say that it doesn't get warm in Quebec; it does. The summer heat and humidity just isn't as brutal as it is for us New Englanders, especially for those of us who live in Southern New England. If New England's July and August are too hot for you to handle, drive up north for a cooler, more manageable summer environment.

***9. The Food***

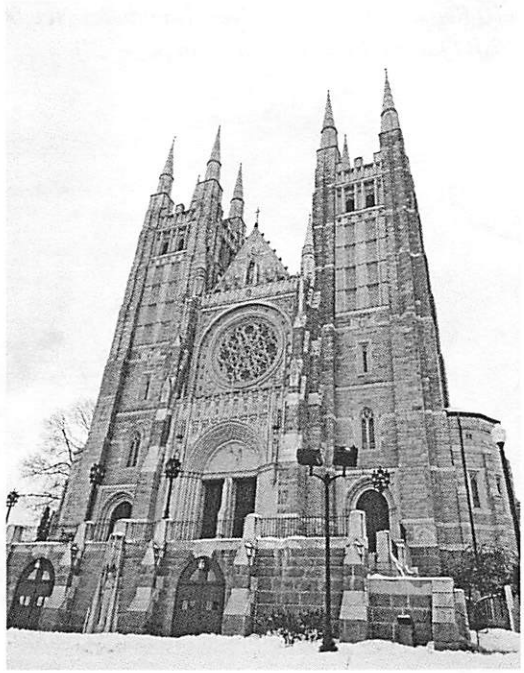
You haven't lived until you've tried the Province of Quebec's delicacy: poutine. This dish of French fries topped with cheese and gravy won't help your arteries, but it sure is good. Another thing to try to is authentic Tourtière, which most of us know simply as French meat pie. Make sure you try authentic crepes topped with maple syrup. If you visit during early summer, make sure you stop at one of the numerous strawberry stands on the way to the city – you'll never taste anything fresher.

***10. Tim Hortons***

If you're a true New Englander, I know what you're thinking. "This sounds fun and all, but are there any Dunkins up there?" I hope you're sitting down when you read the answer: No. There aren't any. Dunkin tried to get a foothold in Quebec, but it just didn't work out. But hold on, not all is lost! If you need your Dunkin fix, Tim Hortons is the next best thing. In fact, some may argue that it's even better, but that would be another discussion. Tim Hortons' menu is similar to Dunkin's, including iced coffee, so you'll be all set.

What reasons did I miss? Let me know!

# *POETRY/POÉSIE...*



## Generations

***Daniel Moreau***

Bong... Bong... Bong...
The bell rang out from the Saints Peter and Paul steeple, looking over the city on a cloudy fall day
Friends, family, and strangers calmly march to their cars with their jackets draped over their forearms
Crows fly around as if to mock the dead
The last of the Landry Silent Generation no more
Stories that were never told, will never now

The question kept stabbing at me... was who I really am connected with my last memere?
I asked my father, "Why did you never teach me French?"
He responded, "If you want to, take a class."
"No, not that kind of French... I mean our french, the French you spoke when you were my age."
He went silent for a second
"I wanted you to be an American."
"I don't feel like one though, football doesn't interest me. I was never a fan of hot dogs. I felt like I was learning someone else's history in my History classes, when I see pictures of New York, or Los Angeles, or Washington DC I feel nothing... I don't feel 'patriotic' at all.
I've heard the stories and I've seen the pictures of how memere lived
And whenever I do, I lived what she did and then I feel belonging
I was born into blood and I'll never want or be able to dissolve into water
I've tried to learn French at school but it was never the French our family spoke
And when you failed to pass it on to me, you lost it to time
It was something I could be and belong to and you've taken it away from me
And I don't know how and if I could forgive you for that."

"So you think you're the only one?
40 years ago I would speak my native tongue in school and be disciplined for that
I was punished for existing as myself.
A slap on the wrist for a word in french
And then there were those who wanted us to be Americans
We would pray, and they would burn our cross
We would speak French and they would say to speak white.
They beat the French out of me
I did the only thing I could do and that was to comply
So I became an American
And I did the same thing for you and your siblings
Because I'm protecting you too
I'm protecting you from a life of hate
I took those experiences from you so you can be who you want to be."

"Who I want to be is Franco-American.
I don't care if I'm told to speak white. I'll say whatever I want to
I don't care if I'm beat down. I'll stand up straighter
I don't care if I'm called a frog. I am a frog. And I'm proud of that.
I'm proud to be who I am
And no one can take it away from me

*POETRY/POÉSIE...*

# WYANDOTE

***Chip Bergeron***

Big, old, brick mill building
Down the steep ravine.
Across the dirty river
From the tarmac playground
Of the school I attended
As a kid-this was the '50's,
And they made wool,
Big, big rolls of wool;
You could see it being reeled in
From the looms, if you looked
Into the picture windows
At the end of the building.
Big, big rolls: you could tell
What color they were weaving
By the dye they dumped
Making the dirty little river
A toxic, sludgy, oily rainbow.
When the boilers blew off steam
A pipe near the big round chimney
Would roar, belching white, wet clouds,
And when they cleaned the wool,
The air was a yellowish miasma
Of poisonous, evil smelling fog.
The nuns still let us out at recess,
Even though it was hard to breathe,
And sometimes hard to see.
A little for shouldn't bother anyone,
And besides, that smell was money
That put food on some kids' tables.
We could watch the water
That sometimes spilled
Over the big concrete dam
At the front of the mill.
After a storm would come
Lots of debris and branches.
Once I remember
A stray telephone pole
Teetering at the edge.
We watched it all recess,
And when we went back to class
It still hadn't made up its mind
Whether it was going or staying.
But the best time for watching
Was early spring, when upriver
Ice was breaking up. Big white floes
Would cascade over the dam
And make a deafening thunder
As they broke up on the rocks below.
The economy closed the mill
Shortly after I left that school
It was closed for a good long time,
And finally refurbished and re-purposed.
Today it makes nothing. It houses
Geezers and other useless antiques.
The old mill gives me no warm feelings.
When it was a mill, I never saw
Anyone inside, entering, or leaving it.
They say people worked there,
But you couldn't prove it by me.
Sometimes I think it just ate the people
Who were supposed to work there,
And crapped out the wool–
Big, big rolls of it.

# Horticulture

When my pianist mother married my father, James K. Sullivan, she closed her music school. Despite many challenges, she never abandoned either her music or her desire to further express her creative artistry. So, reading, observing, questioning, she became a gardening expert. As the family moved from place to place in the Midwest (Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska) she raised as many flowers as time and climate permitted. After we settled in California's Central Valley, she met the challenges of hot rainless summers, hardpan, and winter fogs. This was her method.

Know soil, climate, space.
Understand what loves cold
yet thrives in heat.

Make windows into cold frames;
place them on the worn gray bench
behind the shed.
Use screens for sheltering seedlings
shaded by the fig tree.

Choose seeds, shoots, and slips
to plant by the rocks left from the old fish pond.
Place some by the west fence or near the sun porch.

Mingle daisies, poppies, pansies, among other
cherished annuals with the roses—
some nurtured from small cuttings
sheltered under last year's canning jars.

Oversee the vibrant floral alphabet
from allium to zinnia and witness its displays—
from brashly bold to muted in color, texture and design.
Inhale each season's tributes to the gardener's art.

This above all: persevere.
No plantings ever truly die.
They thrive and bloom triumphant
in random gardens of the mind.

***—Margaret S. Langford***
***Keene, New Hampshire***

# La Maison de Mémère et Pépère


Roland et Venney Bolduc

When the sour taste of the paper mill filled our nose
we knew the valley which Mémère et Pépère lived wasn't far.
A sour that lingered like a pleasant, uplifting limerick
refusing to exit our ears.

"Where are we?" I'd ask Claire, just to hear it.
"We're in Mexico." She'd say.
Sometimes I'd pretend I'd been on a plane to the country
and I fell asleep because it'd been days!

The mill's scent that galloped with the car, fell behind.
And like a river, the mighty Kennebec street flooded the skies with aromas
as beautiful and vibrant as the Northern Auroras

The river was most cheerful when
a white wood house, appeared through the clear skies.
Its windows line with pine–shaded shutters.
The green steps were always the first ones to the door
and even they seemed anxious for even a sample of the stove's freshness.

We walked in, always before the steps.
In the amount of time butter stays on a knife Mémère et Pépère greeted us.
"There! oh-Kay!" Mémère would smile
Pépère's "Bon!" Was barely audible over Mémère,
but his smile stretched like the bushel of bananas on the kitchen table.

Fresh baked bread, cookies, and pies filled the counters and the air.
Chicken soup simmered on the stove.
"Are you hungry?" She would ask
It was a silly question,
anyone could've eaten a huge symphony of food, minutes prior
and forgotten.
A trio of helpings with a side of Pépère's fresh bread loaded with butter.
Even a king would be jealous.
When dessert decorated the counter, Only a foll would stop at the trio,
A savory molasses sandwich cookie with raspberry jam
with a generous portion of pie,
raspberry, apple or blueberry, sometimes pumpkin or chocolate.
Pleasure wasn't just food, of course.
Après tout, c'était la maison de Mémère et Pépère.

Between the amazing food,
All the countless memories, fiddle-heading, Pepsi spring water, fishing,
apples in the wind, woods and rocks, picking fresh tomatoes and cucumbers,
Stories and chats (walking up hill, both ways),
staying up late with ice cream, graham crackers and strawberry milk.

A few days later, when it was time to return home
we'd leave with a heavier car, full of food and other goodies
and a saddened smile, we had part of you with us,
in our minds and thoughts
and of course in our hands, were more cookies and more bread
which we refused to share with the steps.

Everyday, I cherish these moments, these memories.
Everyday, my kitchen table reminds me of you because we worked on it together.
Merci Pépère et Mémère.

— ***Paul Bolduc 03/07/2015***

*POETRY/POÉSIE...*

# What's In A Name

They called me French
based on my heritage
from a country over 3,000 miles away
and the language I speak.

Then they called me Franco-American
a fragmented identity,
forced association of countries
a term reminiscent
of wars
and spaghettios.

When I was no longer
an immigrant
could not be distinguished
by an outward sign
of accent, religion or tradition
they no longer knew
what to call me
so they stopped
acknowledging
I was any different
at all.

— ***Danielle Beaupré***

# Sage Advice

Mémère told me
to be careful who I married
to not repeat her mistakes.

So I listened well,
and refused to date
Frenchmen and stuck to American boys
who introduced me
to new traditions
and didn't care if I went
to Church on Sundays
or what I cooked
for dinner.

But it took a Frenchman
who could ask me
in my language
to make me say yes.
I am a traditionalist after all.

— ***Danielle Beaupré***

*POETRY/POÉSIE...*

## Vive La Survivance

The mother is the lynch pin
on her hinges all tradition:
children imitate her language,
learn their prayers
from her lips.

Girls will cook
the dishes she makes,
dress like she does,
keep house the same,
recite the rosary.

Boys will
take their familes
to Mass on Sundays,
play at cards,
take vows of abstinence
from whiskey
to gain His favor.

Language is human
expression of religion,
personal communication
with the Divine,
Which unvoiced is lost.

*—— Danielle Beaupré*

## Ce Qui Me Déprime

Moi, ce que me déprime
C'est que les feuilles mortes
Ne veulent pas rester mortes
Elles flottent sure tout le Pays
Dans ma cours et ma gallerie
Elles toubillonnent et me disent:
L'été et l'automne c'est fini.ni.ni...

C'est l'hiver que s'en vient
Tes bas de laine, tu les mets
Tes chandails et tes capuchonms
Tu les mets, c'est la saison
Et n'oubli pas tes chauds pantalons
Il va faire froid en porchon.chon.chon....

C'est le sort du Canadien
De se réchauffer jusqu'à l'an prochain
Si on aime pas cette température-là
On ne demeure pas au Canada.
C'est pourquoi je demeure aux États.tats.tats...

*Adrienne Pelletier LePage*

## The Road to Kerouac's Lowell

In death you bring to Lowell the eager readers
Drawn to what appeals in how you trod
Your road — your loves, your ecstasies, your visions,
Buddhist insights, friendships, flights of drug-filled,
Boozy, yearning, wild experimentation
Leading, you hoped, to freedom from a hard
Life's grinding, soul-binding, needful exigencies.

But if they come with eyes to see, they will
Agree that you were shaped by all you tried
To flee: mill city ethos, cramped horizons,
Fierce Lowell ethnicity caught up in
Fevered U.S. dream of self-creation,
Self-promotion, self-reliance, and ceaseless
Climbing of a would-be class-free ladder.

The church on Merrimack Street, the remnants of
A now-lost Little Canada, the grotto
On the river crowned with outstretched Christ
On beckoning crucifix, the once-French churches
Of Pawtucketville and Centralville,
The words "Ti Jean" engraved upon your gravestone
Speak of all that birthed and brought you back.

For as you aged — uncool, unglamorous,
Beyond all flower-child analysis —
The mill town Catholic French-Canuck Lowellian
In you grew stronger, so that when you died,
Your Greek-Lowellian wife could barely think
To bury you somewhere else, since you were Lowell's,
Even if Lowell hardly wanted you.

A few companions of your on-the-road
And literary life came to your wake
And funeral, but Stella, your wife, furious
At the loneliness of your life with her
In Florida — where visitors rarely came —
Said she never wanted to see them again,
Now that she had finally brought you home.

Ironic that the life that gave you fame
Could not provide a burial filled with pride.
Only the city ashamed of how you'd lived,
Yet learning as the years went by how much
You'd loved and written about her, could finally
Ensure a fitting place of pilgrimage
For those who read, admire, and seek you out.

So let the visitors come; your life and Lowell's
Are intertwined, French-speaking son of immigrant
City steeped in fervent blue-collar history
Rooted in a river that powered great mills
And captured one boy's rich imagination
With sound and sight and turbulent sensation
Communicated to a world of readers.

*(A History of Diversity in Our Small Towns continued from page 25)*

to the Klan by both the recent immigrants as well as by many more reasonable heads within the older Yankee community. As such their reign of terror did not reach the level of what was seen in the South. Nevertheless they did their damage. During the early morning hours of Jan.27, 1925, the parochial school of the French Canadian parish of St. Cecilia's in Leominster, Massachusetts, was set on fire, causing severe damage.* Other local schools were heard to be targeted, including the school of St. Bernard's parish in Fitchburg. A watch was established by the immigrants that thwarted further local arson attempts, though the Klan was successful both before and after this in Shirley and Dorchester.

In the greater Monadnock region and adjoining areas, cross burnings occurred with some regularity. n November of 1925, a 35-foot cross was burned in Keene, and in Feb. 1926 a 10-foot cross blazed in Nashua. On the evening of St. Patrick's Day in Milford in 1926, a dynamite bomb was exploded, alerting the frightened residents to a fiery cross. The following month another bomb was exploded in Wilton to accompany the burning of a 15 foot cross.**

Xenophobia – racial and ethnic prejudice – fear of "the other." These are not just manifestations of individual extremist mindset, but have often been institutionalized in government policy. We saw in our own country the internment of Americans of Japanese descent in detention centers during WWII. In the U.S., Canada and Australia, the residential school system was established for indigenous children, where they were forbidden to speak their language or practice native spiritual beliefs, and punished for doing so, or for exhibiting anything related to their culture – all with the intent of erasing ethnic identity, and transforming them into that which the dominant culture deemed acceptable. The emotional, physical, and even sexual abuse of these institutions is just now coming to light, the extent of which is a national scandal in the countries involved; and the psychological toll this had on the victims of this system is now after many years being acknowledged by these governments.

THE ANTI IMMIGRANT SENTIMENTS AND GENERAL XENOPHOBIA THAT WE ARE NOW SEEING IN AMERICA IS NOTHING NEW.

WE HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE – AND IN RELATIVELY RECENT TIMES.

Even here in New England, as recently as the '50s and '60s, the speaking of French was forbidden in some schools, with children punished for doing so and rewarded for reporting classmates who did. Anglicization of French surnames was encouraged, with some adopting these without prompting in order to better "fit in" and avoid the stigma of ethnic identity.

Even as we are now experiencing a period of heightened discrimination in some sectors, we are simultaneously seeing a growing appreciation for the diversity of mankind. The internet has brought the richness of culture to our very fingertips, and with this there is a growing pride worldwide in the uniqueness of ethnic identity. Traditions and languages – on the brink of extinction a mere decade or two ago – are experiencing a renaissance as young people recognize their value in reclaiming their heritage.

I would say to the Mr.Hardikars out there: Be proud of your culture and your traditions, and don't hesitate to expose your children to their richness and beauty. They will retain – or not – as much or as little as they are personally inclined. But let it be their choice! For while I have heard adults of various ethnic origins mourn the loss of their identity as their parents, under pressure to Americanize, refrained from speaking their language or otherwise passing on their heritage – I have yet to hear a single person say they were happy their parents had chosen to do so. And, Mr. Hardikar, in the end you will be as fine an American citizen as any, and will have contributed to the colorful tapestry of a multicultural nation!

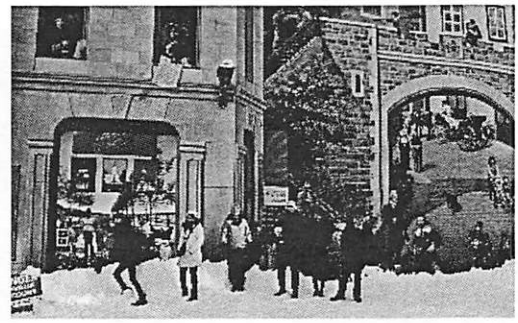
**St. Cecilia Church and School ( Burnt from History ) Film by Eliot Marquis*
***Pgs 68,69,112 Not a Catholic Nation – The Ku Klux Klan Confronts New England In The 1920s, by Mark Paul Richard*

Henri Vaillancourt lives in Greenville, NH

*(Our Trip to Quebec continued from page 24)*

Iroquis from 1609 to 1615, was successfully Lieutenant-Governor and Governor of New France. Died at Québec 25th December 1635.

The following photographs are of several of the students that came on the trip with us and some of the events/places we went to. At the Carnaval, there was ice skating, tire (taffy pulling), ax throwing, and lots of good food and drinks. We went to the Notre Dame de Québec and took photos of the fabulous vaulted ceilings and ecclesiastical paintings. It was an incredible experience being in a city with so much history and culture, especially because many of us on the trip share that culture.




# Book Review

***Denise R. Larson***

*A Distinct Alien Race: The Untold Story of Franco-Americans; Industrialization, Immigration, Religious Strife* by David Vermette. Montreal: Baraka Books, 2018.

There are three kinds of Franco-Americans, according to David Vermette, author of *A Distinct Alien Race: The Untold Story of Franco-Americans:* (1) Those who vaguely realize they have some French ancestry but inquire no further; (2) Those who know and care about French heritage but only from the standpoint of family history and genealogy; and (3) Those who have kept the French language and awareness of a distinct Quebecois or Acadian culture alive in their family and perhaps a community group.

I have to admit that I'm in Category 2 and read Vermette's book from that viewpoint. With that disclosure in mind, I'd like to share my observations about his well-researched and sometimes personal work.

Don't skip the Introduction. It's worth reading. It tells the who, what, when, where and why of the book, answering the questions I had about the title—"Alien Race" and "Franco-American."

And the Prologue—another not to be missed. It contains an excellent history-in-a-nutshell concerning New France-Canada-Quebec and British North America.

The main text of this book is divided into four sections: From Ship's Captains to Captains of Industry; The Other Side of Cotton; The Reception of Franco-Americans; and Tenacity and Modernity. There's also a poignant epilogue, extensive notes, and an index.

From Ship's Captains to Captains of Industry

The first section is informative and shows the author's research skills, but he could have applied his demonstrated talent for summarization to the abundance of details about the birth and growth of New England manufacturing. The tie-in with the book's focus on *Canadiens* (French speaking Canadians) comes with the introduction of the leading nineteenth-century mercantile families, the Perkins and Cabots.

The Other Side of Cotton

Section Two brings in the personal touch, paralleling Cabot's life with that of the author's great-great grandfather. In addition, Vermette moves from the analytical to the personal by bringing in the story of his father and his hometown of Brunswick, Maine. He does this purposefully: "Moving from general trends to a particular instance exposes the humanity within the events," he writes. There's a good explanation of the 1837 Rebellion in Canada and how it influenced migration and immigration to the south and western United States. Also included are simple, clear maps of Canadian counties and a decade-by-decade chronology.

The Reception of Franco-Americans

Survival of the French-speaking Catholic culture amidst a predominant English-speaking Protestant identity is the topic of Section Three. Vermette deserves credit for presenting a balanced view of the politics, prejudices, and xenophobia that was a backlash to World War I.

Tenacity and Modernity

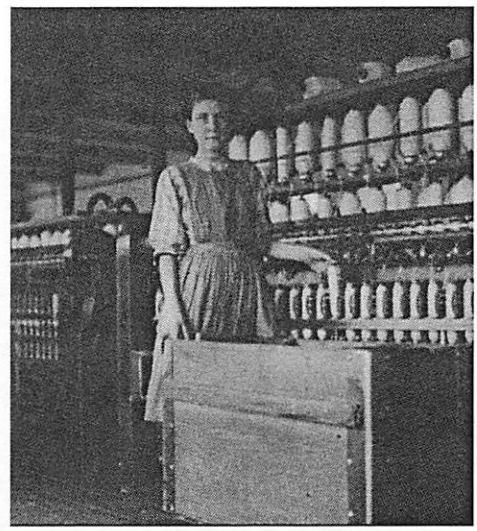
The last section tells the story of evolutions in economics and culture and the expansion of manufacturing to the South and movement of younger generations to the suburbs, the combination of which inspired youth to dream beyond work in the mills and a good life beyond subsistence survival.

In *A Distinct Alien Race*, the author raises questions that are not easy to answer: Does a common language designate a culture or is it more? What of traditions, religion, knowledge of and acknowledgement of origins? What about predispositions of character—*joie de vivre* with a tang of sharp humor, strong bonds of family and community coupled with traditions of endurance and survival—*la survivance*.

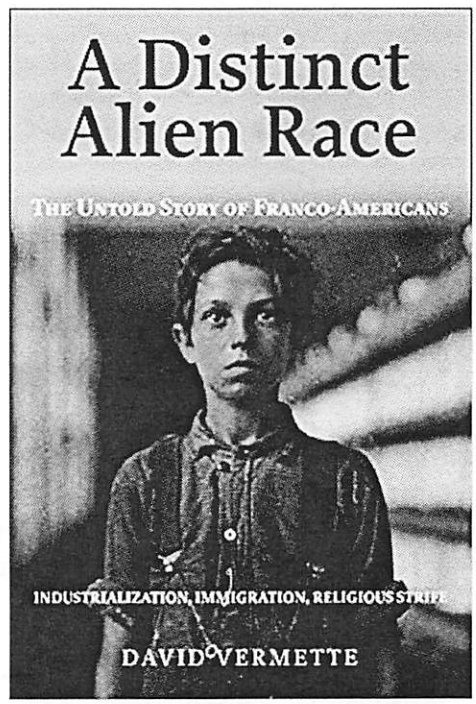
Start and Finish

Vermette's book starts and finishes at a cemetery—a good place for genealogists to begin research and a place where we all end up. But this is not a history of dead ancestors. This is a thoughtful study of the people who came after them. It is the story of the people for whom their hardworking, rarely protesting predecessors did what they had to do for themselves and their extended family while clinging to their deep faith in the goodness in life.

*Denise R. Larson is a regular contributor to* Le Forum. *Her fiction is available at Apple's iTunes bookstore. She lives in the greater Bangor metropolitan area.*



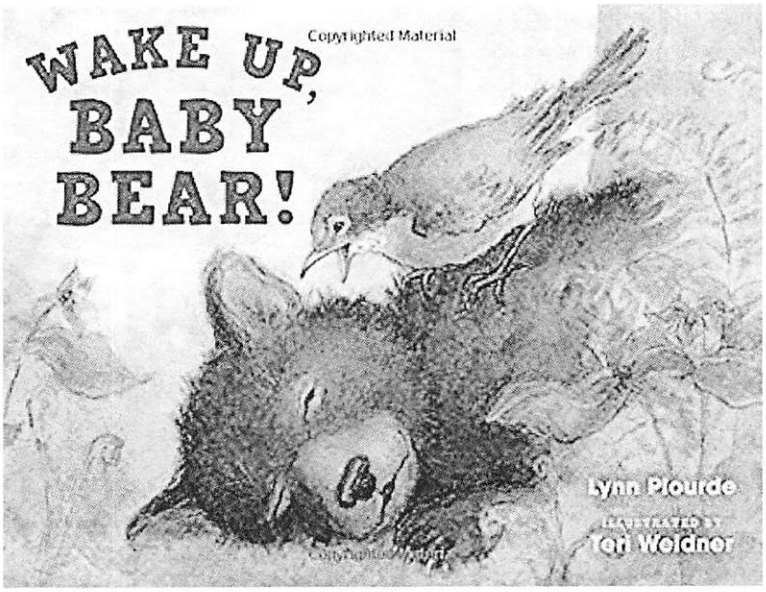
*From back cover of* A Distinct Alien Race: Adrienne Pagnette, 14 or 15, doffer, Winchendon, Mass., 1911. Lewis Wickes Hine (Library of Congress).




https://www.amazon.com/Distinct-Alien-Race-Franco-Americans-Industrialization/dp/1771861495

BOOKS/
LIVRES...

# Wake Up, Baby Bear!




***by Lynn Plourde (Author), Teri Weidner (Illustrator)***

Poor Baby Bear is so exhausted from staying up too late in the fall, that now he can't wake up in the spring. Even his old friends, Moose, Owl, and Hare have no luck waking the tired little bear. A few well-placed pecks from Mother Robin does the trick and Baby Bear finally awakes just in time to do a little babysitting himself.

This charming follow-up to Baby Bear's Not Hibernating explores themes of friendship, diversity, working as a team, and parenting; plus it concludes with fun facts and information about black bears.

***https://www.amazon.com/Wake-Baby-Bear-Lynn-Plourde/***

# Maxi's Secrets: (or what you can learn from a dog)


***by Lynn Plourde (Author)***

When a BIG, lovable, does-it-her-way dog wiggles her way into the heart of a loudmouth pipsqueak of a boy, wonderful things happen that help him become a bigger, better person. With its diverse cast, authentic narrator, and perfect blend of spot-on middle-grade humor, drama, and wisdom, this powerful debut is relatable, funny, bittersweet, and full of heart.

Timminy knows that moving to a new town just in time to start middle school when you are perfect bully bait is less than ideal. But he gets a great consolation prize in Maxi—a gentle giant of a dog who the family quickly discovers is deaf. Timminy is determined to do all he can to help Maxi—after all, his parents didn't return him because he was a runt. But when the going gets rough for Timminy, who spends a little too much time getting shoved into lockers at school, Maxi ends up being the one to help him—along with their neighbor, Abby, who doesn't let her blindness define her and bristles at Timminy's "poor-me" attitude. It turns out there's more to everyone than what's on the surface, whether it comes to Abby, Maxi, or even Timminy himself.

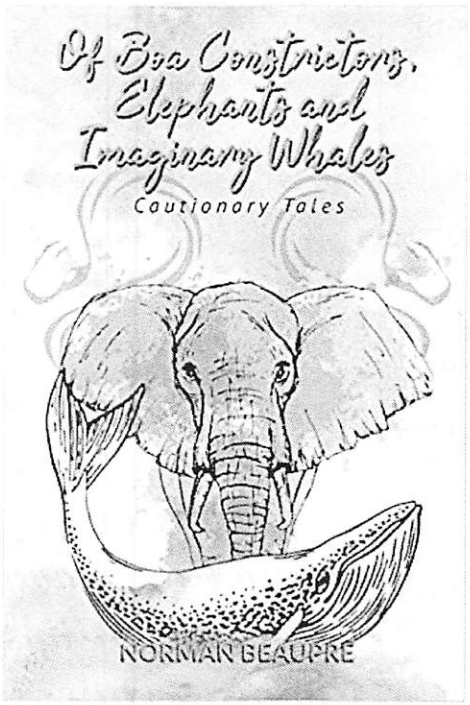
*About Lynn Plourde*

Lynn Plourde is the author of more than 30 children's books, mostly picture books, but also a graphic novel and a middle grade novel. She's a teaching author who has done hundreds of visits to schools where she shares her books interactively, acts some out as plays, and teaches writing mini-lessons to students. Lynn is a native Mainer who frequently uses her home state for inspiration when writing. She currently lives in Winthrop, Maine, with her husband. You can learn more at her website: www.lynnplourde.com

BOOKS/
LIVRES...

# Of Boa Constrictors, Elephants and Imaginary Whales: Cautionary Tales

**by Norman Beaupre**




It's a surprising combination of the illustrations of three animals that represent a collection of cautionary tales. The author counts on the creative imagination of the reader to grasp the full meaning of the three animals represented here: a boa constrictor, an elephant and a whale. The boa constrictor and the elephant are taken from the imaginative tale of St-Exupéry's "The Little Prince" where we find a boa constrictor swallowing an elephant that grown ups call a "hat." As to the whale, it's there to remind the reader of the Biblical whale that swallowed Jonah.

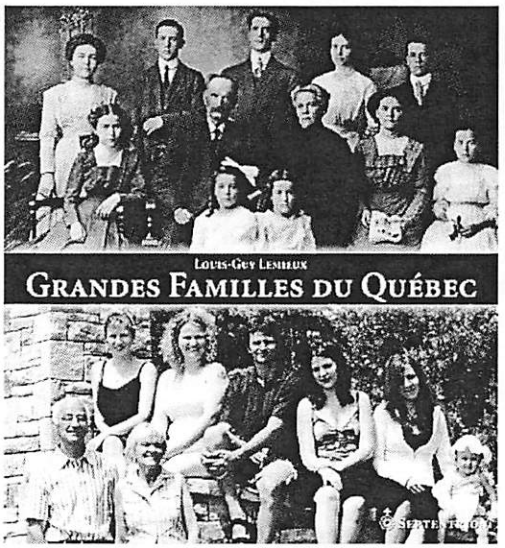
It's a reminder of being in the belly of the beast. The cautionary tales in this book are thus represented as tales of the creative imagination that remind the reader that sometimes one needs to be cautious about what one does or hears. The author simply asks the reader to open one's mind to the fascination of imaginary tales that rival so called fact and reality. Children are most often sensitive to what grown-ups fail to decipher and understand.

They see a boa constrictor swallowing an elephant while grownups see a hat.

https://www.amazon.com/Boa-Constrictors-Elephants-Imaginary-Whales/dp/1644600781

# New Addition to our Library

## Grande Familles Du Québec: Louis-Guy Lemieux




Le Québec aurait pu ne jamais venir au monde. Il aura fallu des hommes et des femmes hors de l'ordinaire pour réaliser cette belle utopie : un empire français en Amérique. Ce sera un échec aux yeux de l'histoire. Mais il reste sur place un pays et des millions de gens qui parlent français. C'est déjà beaucoup.

Ce livre est la somme de trente articles publiés dans Le Soleil sur les grands ancêtres québécois, ceux qui ont laissé la descendance la plus nombreuse sur le territoire desservi par le quotidien. Les patronymes retenus sont, à tout prendre, comparables pour tout le Québec.

Beaulieu, Bélanger, Bergeron, Bouchard, Caron, Cloutier, Côté, Dubé, Dufour, Fortin, Fournier, Gagné, Gagnon, Gauthier, Girard, Lachance, Lapointe, Lavoie, Lessard, Lévesque, Morin, Nadeau, Ouellet, Paquet, Pelletier, Poulin, Roy, Savard, Simard, Tremblay

Louis-Guy Lemieux est né à Québec en 1945. Il a commencé sa carrière au journal L'Événement. Attaché à la rédaction du Soleil depuis près de 40 ans, il a été successivement reporter, critique de littérature et de cinéma et chroniqueur urbain. Il se passionne pour l'histoire et plus particulièrement pour la généalogie.

**Louis-Guy Lemieux**

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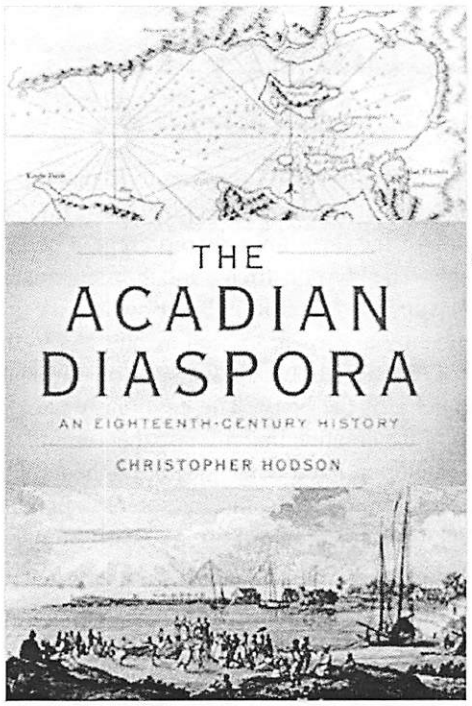
BOOKS/ LIVRES...

# The Acadian Diaspora:

## An Eighteenth-Century History (Oxford Studies in International History) Reprint Edition

***by Christopher Hodson***




Late in 1755, an army of British regulars and Massachusetts volunteers completed one of the cruelest, most successful military campaigns in North American history, capturing and deporting seven thousand French-speaking Catholic Acadians from the province of Nova Scotia, and chasing an equal number into the wilderness of eastern Canada. Thousands of Acadians endured three decades of forced migrations and failed settlements that shuttled them to the coasts of South America, the plantations of the Caribbean, the frigid islands of the South Atlantic, the swamps of Louisiana, and the countryside of central France.

The Acadian Diaspora tells their extraordinary story in full for the first time, illuminating a long-forgotten world of imperial desperation, experimental colonies, and naked brutality. Using documents culled from archives in France, Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, Christopher Hodson reconstructs the lives of Acadian exiles as they traversed oceans and continents, pushed along by empires eager to populate new frontiers with inexpensive, pliable white farmers. Hodson's compelling narrative situates the Acadian diaspora within the dramatic geopolitical changes triggered by the Seven Years' War. Faced with redrawn boundaries and staggering national debts, imperial architects across Europe used the Acadians to realize radical plans: tropical settlements without slaves, expeditions to the unknown southern continent, and, perhaps strangest of all, agricultural colonies within old regime France itself. In response, Acadians embraced their status as human commodities, using intimidation and even violence to tailor their communities to the superheated Atlantic market for cheap, mobile labor.

Through vivid, intimate stories of Acadian exiles and the diverse, transnational cast of characters that surrounded them, The Acadian Diaspora presents the eighteenth-century Atlantic world from a new angle, challenging old assumptions about uprooted peoples and the very nature of early modern empire.

https://www.amazon.com/dp/0190610735/?tag=BFWorld-20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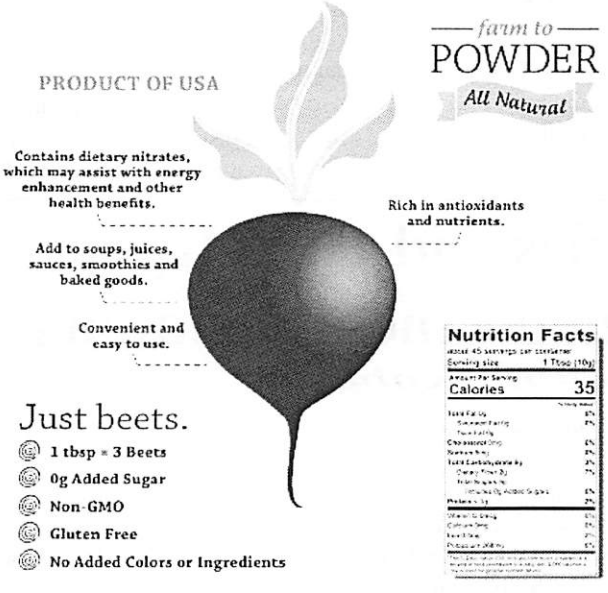



# Living on a Farm

## (A story told to me by Theresa Roberge, my mother-in-law)

***by Debbie Roberge***

Getting a piece of land etc and with that in mind I thought you might like to hear what it was like for me growing up on a farm. My dad thought like you and he bought a piece of land, about four acres with a shack. I think he paid $800.00 for it. What I remember most about that place were the spiders. I guess nobody had lived there for a long time. No power, no plumbing (kerosene lamps and an outhouse), but it was home and of course over the years my dad built a nice house, garage and barn, etc.

We put in power and plumbing and added chickens, pigs and a cow. That cow gave the best rich milk. My mother used the two vegetable trays in the fridge for the milk. One was for morning and The next day she would skim the cream off the milk. And that was cream like you never saw in the stores. It was so thick you could pick it up with a spoon. When you turned the spoon upside down the cream never moved. Most of that cream was for our butter and making the butter was my job. The cream had to be left out of the fridge for a while to get it to room temperature. The butter was made on Saturday when my folks went to town grocery shopping, etc. One time I forgot to take the cream out when I was suppose to, then wanting to hurry it along I put the bowl in the sun. Bad idea! We didn't have any butter that week. the other for the evening milking.

We never had a horse though; my father preferred tractors but he never bought one. He made his out of old cars. He could do just about anything he set his mind to. To go with his tractor he made a trailer to help haul stuff around the farm. My father tried to teach my mother how to drive the tractor and she didn't like it much. One day the two of them were spreading manure for the garden and Dad wanted to leave some extra at the end of the garden. However, my mom couldn't seem to hold the tractor still so finally Dad hollered Whoa!, Mom thought he said Go, so she stepped on the gas and Dad went flying into the manure pile. After that he tried teaching me. Now that was a hoot! That tractor had so many do hickeys under the steering wheel I could never keep them straight. One day we went to the end of the land, which happened to be at the top of a hill. Dad said now all I had to do was steer the tractor since we were going down hill. I didn't have to use the gas. Well at the bottom of the hill was a little brook with a narrow little bridge, which I would have to go across. All I could think of was going head first in that brook. We picked up quite a bit of speed going downhill and Dad kept telling me to step on the brake that we were going to fast. I couldn't even find the brake! Just before we got to the brook, the tractor hit a bump and we sailed right over the bridge and landed on the other side in a pile of dirt. That was my last ride on the tractor!

I guess the job I disliked the most was haying. We had a neighbor who cut the hay for us but then it had to be raked by hand with wooden rakes. Then it was loaded by hand of course in the hand wagon. When it was piled as high as they could get it, it had to be hauled to the barn. But something had to be put on top of the hay to keep it from flying off and that something was I. Only me! Now you have to realize on top of that hay wagon there was nothing to hold on to but the hay. More than once I slid off before getting to the barn. I never got hurt though, because I usually took half the load with me.

***A Postscript to this story - my mother-in-law passed away on August 13, 2018 at the age of 91.***

# Charles and Iva (Haycock) Fernald - their beginning

***by Debbie Roberge***

Charles and Iva , my maternal grandparents affectionately called by me as "Dedar" (and I am not sure where that came from) and "Moses" were married because one night during their courtship they fell asleep on the couch. Iva's mother said that when the time comes that you sleep together it is time to get married. What would my great grandmother think of today's world? Now Iva didn't want to marry Charlie as she called him, she had someone else in mind, his name was Lynn Worcester. Lynn and Iva were great friends and she really liked him and that was her choice, but in those days 1907 mom was the boss.

Iva and Charles got along like night and day. Charles was satisfied with very little as long as he had a roof over his head, food on the table and a warm house with enough chopped wood for winter. He was also content to just come home and relax after a hard day's work. Now Iva on the other hand liked the better things in life, a nice home

*(Continued on page 39)*

*(Charles and Iva (Haycock) Fernald - their beginning continued from page 38)*

with pretty things, flowers to plant outside, things that Charles couldn't give her because he just never had a really good job nor a steady one. Iva also like to go places and do things. The wedding took place on the 29th of January 1908 in Cherryfield, Maine a small town in Washington County where Iva was from. Charles was from nearby Ellsworth in Hancock County.

They lived in Cherryfield between eight and ten years before moving to Skowhegan in Somerset County. By then they had one son, Stanley (b. 1916) and two daughters, Eleanor (b. 1908) and Arlene (b. 1913) and had lost one child due to a miscarriage. The move to Skowhegan was to be closer to Iva's parents who had moved there earlier. Ella my great grandmother told them that there were more jobs and money there due to the lumbering industry and log drives. Frank, my great grandfather was working the log drives and Ella was running a boarding house. The boarding house was located in an area known as "Cornshop Hill", called that due to a small mill located at the bottom of it. Once my grandparents settled in the first home down by the Eddy across from Coburn Park Iva started working at the boarding house and Charles went to work in the mill handling the logs coming out of the river.

A year before any other children were born my great grandfather Frank died in 1921 of cancer of the throat. He had suffered with it for three years and had even traveled out west to Savannah, Missouri for treatment for two months. Upon returning home he caught a cold that developed into influenza which the family had. The illness made the cancerous infection grow worse, but yet the doctor said he improved and it prolonged his life another year and he died on 21 May 1921 at the age of 58.

My great grandmother Ella and her youngest son and daughter Marcia and Walter moved in with my grandparents. Marcia was able to get a job but Walter was still in school. Ella needed income and somehow (this part I don't know how) she was able to get a job as a housekeeper for someone in New York. There she had a shock and collapsed on the street. The shock left her paralyzed and her left leg crooked. The doctor told the family that it could be put back

the normal way by snapping it. He was an osteopathic doctor, and at the time weren't well liked. He snapped the leg and it came up and laid across her stomach. Anymore attempts would endanger her life according to this doctor.

Ella was transported back to Skowhegan and moved in with her daughter Iva and family. Iva said she was hard to live with, either because of her condition or her Irish heritage. When she wanted something she wanted it right then and there. One time Iva was down on her hands and knees scrubbing the bedroom floor that Ella was living in and Ella asked for a glass of water. Iva said she would get it as soon as she finished the small section of floor that was left to do. Ella reached over and grabbed Iva's hair, pulled it and yelled and said now in a very loud and angry voice.

The last thirteen years of Ella's life she lived at the Marcotte Home in Lewiston, moving there about 1930. Iva had her hands full with her own family and Charles not working (next story). Iva didn't like the idea as the family didn't have a car and she would not be able to visit her very often. All of this change of the new living place was made through a friend of Ella's and Iva was never involved in the discussion at all. In fact she knew none of it till it was time for Ella to be transported to the home. Iva took it as an insult like as if she hadn't done a good enough job for her mother. Once Ella moved down there Iva started hearing things from the ones who did get to visit, such as asking people to bring her something so she could die, that she hated living down there. One of them she asked was her own son Walter to bring her something. Can you imagine living for 13 years on your back in bed unable to do almost nothing with your left leg laying across you? In April of 1944 Ella caught a cold going around the home and died.

http://mytreestories.blogspot.com/

# Do you have Franco-American Roots?

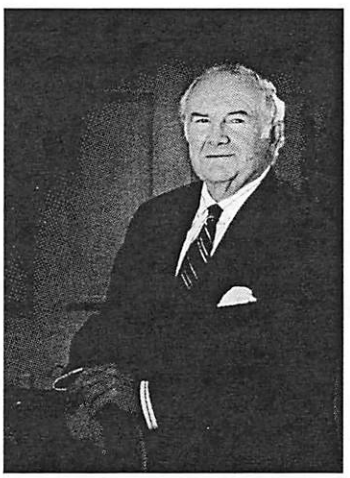
***by Debbie Roberge***

A new resource will soon be available this fall if you have Franco-American roots. A genealogical collection donated to the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine in Orono, by the family of the late Adrien Lanthier Ringuette is currently being set up for research.

Four walls with eight bookcases covering subjects from genealogy to the history of France and Canada and the individual counties of Quebec. There are also binders and files of this man's own personal research that amazes me every time I look at something in that room. This gentleman and his mother wrote everything down in their research and I can't imagine what he would of done if he would of lived longer.

The book listing will soon be online so that one can research titles of books they want to research before they visit this library. There is also a computer in the room containing numerous files that have been donated that relate to Franco-American research.

For more information contact: Lisa Michaud, Coordinator of Community Engagement
Email: Lisam@maine.edu Telephone: (207) 581-3789
or by mail at: 110 Crossland Hall, Orono, ME 04469-5719



*Adrien Lanthier Ringuette*

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

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

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

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

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

## MISSION

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

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

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

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

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

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

## OBJECTIFS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

# *Le* FORUM

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

VOLUME 41, #2 SUMMER/ÉTÉ 2019


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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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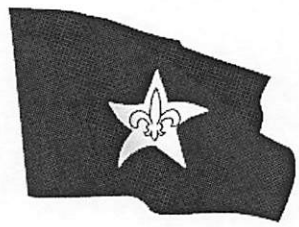

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## *Lettres/ Letters*

# Where are the Franco-Americans? Whatever happened to Frenchie?

**By**
***Gérard Coulombe***

Where is "Frenchie" in the family?

He does not exist.

"There are no more Franco-American." Pardon me! My wife, Juliette, and I, Gerard, and my brother-in-law, Raymond are among the last Franco-Americans. Others, from the immediate family, those I can count on the fingers of my hands, as I call out their names, are Franco-Americans, no more. My children and grandchildren are not, well our daughter, a bit, but not the triplets, not their older sister, not any of my sister's children and not their children, and so on.

Before I forget, I have to ad , the eldest of my nephews, David, for he still speaks some French, as I recall. Maybe some others still do, but I so seldom speak to them that I think everybody speak English, only, now.

The exception, still, would be my younger sister whose children do not speak it, although their father did, as he was Franco-American, too, as both of his parents, as were mine, and my wife's parents were Franco Americans, that is, their parents were all from the Province of Quebec, not from the other Province whose government expelled a goodly number to a totally foreign country and, where there language changed, forced by numbers' dominance, entirely, as were we, forced, eventually to speak English, primarily, at first, and, over time, exclusively.

To this day, my brother-in-law prefers French, as it is his primary language. I am not going to quibble with people who do not recognize our French as French; derogatively, our "speak" is "Canuck" French, and so be it, although I recall reading Theophile Gauthier, and I knew that what I could read , was reading and speaking and writing was French.

What other people thought was B.S. I knew it even though they did not, but they meant well, as that is what some of my Friends had heard about the Canuck Franco-American.

My youngest sister might have had a tougher time of it. She was of a different kind of schooling than mine was, and even as I say that, I do not know what I mean, except that she remained in the community where we were born, even after I left, I, having enlisted, serving in the Korean War and having the indoctrination into different cultures that I hadn't had in my own home town.

Meanwhile, my sister, she married, had children while her husband was educated to be a teacher as I was, and he served the State of Vermont in their Department of Education before he retired, having done it all from having been teacher to superintendent, going on to become a director of special education services for the State--Franco-American though he was; his wife, my younger sister and he had five children—all Americans and "Anglos," as are their children and mine and the grandchildren, too.

There's a world of us, don't tell, and we were not all from the Province of Quebec. We had already spread out, the reader might recall, from what was then Quebec, and so you find a Coulombe" in California, the one that brought you **Trader Joe's**—believe it or not.

Unrelated Coulombe's are in jail for a variety of reasons, one for "killing" a twenty-year old cat he shared with his partner. The chosen method was unusual, although the couple separated over it, they were back together.

Remember Coulomb's law.

Notoriety exists in many families.

No less among Franco-Americans and Canadians.

Here we are, mostly, still, assimilated.

And, then, what will it matter?

Whatever it is, we are likely to read about it.

Those of use who still read, that is, if you texted, recently.

No matter our ancestry.

We will be in a registry, on line, some time.

# THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE MADAWASKA ACADIANS

***by GUY F. DUBAY, Madawaska, ME***

I shall start my presentation smack-dab in the middle with a look at entries of the merchant trader accounts of Abraham & Simon Dufour of 1844-1848 or more specifically with the account of Regis "Bonhomme" Diagle 1808-1880 in the Dufour Journal of accounts. Some four years after this granson of the Madawaska pioneer of 1785 had become American, Regis "the Goodman" was already a member of the Board of Assessors of Madawaska Plantation, Maine. In the 1850 U.S. census Daigle's real estate valuation is given at $1000 which sets him at the upper end of property valuations among settlers along the St. John River. Looking at these merchant trader accounts practically feels like we are looking at the persons' check book with deposits (credits) and debits.

On January 3rd, 1846 Daigle traded a load of 64 1/2 bushels of oats for a credit of £8 17s 4 1/2d. with an additional £1 12s 3d for taking the load up river to the St. Francois river lumber operations. The account mere cites the site of the operations but elsewhere we learn tha the firm of Hammond & Atherton of Fredericton, N.b. had a lumber operation in that area at this time. Travel to the St. Francis river from Madawaska,

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***Dear Le Forum;***

I enjoy every issue!

Please renew my subscription for another 2 years.

***Thank you!***

***David Lemay, Dover Foxcroft, ME***

***(More Letters on page 23)***

# Separation, Family — the End of our Franco-American Experience

***by Gérard Coulombe***

By the end of my freshman year at the University, I knew that I had a job because my roommate said that we had one. "Bud" had always been up front with me. I trusted him. Unlike "Bud," I was a veteran attending college on the Korean War G.I. Bill. Otherwise, I would have re-enlisted.

I had enlisted, in the first place for a simple reason. I was very upset with the religious brothers who had taught me, that none of them had recommended that I attend college. Not one of them spoke to me about college, and I suspected that they spoke only to some few of the fifty or so who graduated that year, 1950, from Saint Louis High School.

I had witnessed, one morning, toward the end my senior year, upon entering class earlier than usual, that the teacher was speaking to two of my classmates about college, no less. And, later, I wondered, why not me? I found it so irritating that when a friend called to ask if I would take the bus with him to Portland, Maine, from a Biddeford Drug Store near the corner of Main and U.S. Route one to visit all of the recruiting stations in downtown Portland , I agreed.

That afternoon, we both came back to Biddeford on a return bus, and, having already signed up for the Air Force, but needing a parent signature on a release form, there was still some work to do. My Mom and his Mom signed. Mom did not ask any questions. She simply said that my dad would be surprised in the morning when she would tell him. Dad worked the second shift, and would not be home until after midnight, as he always walked to and from work, never having owned a car.

Gerard Beaudoin, a classmate, and I, had not doubted that each of our mothers would sign, and had agreed to take the next bus back to Portland later that afternoon. We returned by bus to the recruiting station on a base in South Portland, and from there, having been inducted, we were transported by a military bus to the Portland train station where we boarded a passenger car on a side track that was awaiting a final boarding of enlistees from other communities around and beyond the Portland area including lower Maine.

From there, it had been to Boston where we hooked up to other cars and a new engine, and, then, as a troop train proceeded to Albany, around the corner to Buffalo, and then to Chicago, stopping at just about every station in between until we reached Saint Louis, and, then, swung further South still until we reached San Antonio.

Upon disembarking, all of us were hustled into an irregular formation in open air, just off the troop train and the tracks and ordered to attention by an assortment of drill sergeants, whereupon the loudspeaker cracked, noisily, until the voice announced that we, the United States, were at war with North Korea. Bam! I was reflecting upon that when we were all tasked, first to the barbers who shaved the hair from our heads, leaving us all bald with some of us shamed a little, I guessed from some of the guys with perplexed looks on their faces, as if they might have been thinking that they just might have made a mistake, there was no undoing going forward.

*As for myself, I just wondered about the mess I was in, but, looking around, I sure had a lot of company.*

As for myself, I just wondered about the mess I was in, but, looking around, I sure had a lot of company.

After basic training, and the hell that that was, other than the challenge that it was, I ended up being a radar mechanic in the service, where, perhaps, the best thing that I learned and never forgot while in Mississippi, that is, which had nothing to do with any kind of knowledge in particular, is knowing how deep the water is at the end of a pier before one dives in.

My training was as a radar mechanic. And it had me, first, assigned to the Naval Air Station in Saint Paul / Minneapolis, Minnesota where we awaited the induction of the Minnesota Air National Guard and members of that outfit assigned to our real destination which was a small, newly constructed, non-operational radar station, situated in the Northeast corner of Missouri—Kirksville is the name of the nearest town on the highway North to Minnesota.

In any case, here I was with a job going with "Bud," to his hometown, a name, I've forgotten. I was welcomed there and roomed with Bud, and, on occasion, when he needed help, I would join in doing the chores.

As Bud had promised, it did not take us long to get a job, as Bud knew people. Our first job was working construction--foundations, they were. The two of us worked a two-bag cement mixer. Shovel the sand and gravel in, poor the bags of concrete mix in, bucket the amount of water into the mixer and get it turning so that the slurry would tumble over and over until the concrete was ready only as Bud knew how to make it.

It was our job, one, to operate a cement mixer, two, to wheel barrows full up – each of us had one — up the plank walk to the platform from which we, three, poured our loads into the in-place forms.

It was a tough job for a college kid., and more so to a Vet like me unaccustomed to hard work, for my tools had always been a screwdriver and a continuity checker. This wheelbarrowing was tough of muscles, hard on our hands and back But Bud had told the friend who had hired us for the job that we were up to it. And, I tell you, it was one hell of a hard job. Hard on the muscles, hard on the hands, the back and the legs. It was hard on my spirit, too. Would I, could I, make it?

I went to bed tired, exhausted, not teary, but maybe a bit weepy. All the hard work I had done so far was basic training drill and barrack fighting.

My joints hurt, my fingers were locked in place. I could hardly open my hands; stretching fingers was near impossible; standing up straight hurt, as did squatting. It took a while toughening up, getting rid of the hurt feeling, needing a reminder, what's this hard work for?

And then, we were freed. We were re-assigned to a crew with the job of removing the structure of a bridge over a road crossing a stream and replacing it with a concrete abutments and slab, instead.

The location was just great, out in the country with woods on the North-Westerly side and woods and a grassy woodland field on the other. This job was located above US Route 2, not far from Rumford where the Androscoggin River crosses under Route 2. Just about there is an a juncture that headed up Route 5, going up to Andover, Maine.

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*(Separation, Family — the End of our Franco-American Experience continued from page 4)*

Sometimes, Saturdays, maybe , we worked on a much bigger project. I rode a crane's cable ball down, into a large caisson built on the floor of the River; it was where there was work to do to prepare for the pouring of concrete, I guessed. But I didn't care to work in a caisson with water on all sides and having a crane over our heads, swinging, toing and froing.

All in all, the regular day in and out job was a good job. We joined a crew that altogether made five of us working the job. All the others, including my buddies were experienced jobbers at all kinds of tasks and with all kinds of equipment, including heavy equipment.

My job was all manual, hammer and crowbar stuff, but round spade work, mostly, in blue clay.

Slinging a hammer was taught to me by the boss man soon after he saw me drive a spike into a plank for a temporary wooden bridge across the stream so we could remove the old crossing.

My old boss showed me by saying, " 'Gimme' that!" He held the spike in one of his old, black veined hands, he slammed the hammer down on its head, and, in just two slams of the hammer, he had driven that spike through the plank.

"No tap, tap," he said. "You go home."

I also learned that digging into blue clay, sucking water, was a very back-breaking, arm aching, water sucking job just to cut into a spade full of it, lift it up and out with water holding it down, and you lifting with all your might to break the suction lifting up on your spade until it broke free, and, then, you could turn, and shove your wet, blue block of clay aside into the pile that a bucket loader would pick up an move. No. We wheelbarrowed it away or someone did.

The good part was that "Bud" suggested we live on site. We brought everything we needed from his home and set up home in a clearing about some twenty yards from the work site and not far from the stream where we drew our water and at first kept the food that needed "refrigeration."

Well that was a dumb thing to do, we soon found out, as the animals, starting with beavers new their way around and had soon broken into our water-cooled stashes and gotten away with stuff. We had the idea of hanging stuff from a tree, but some birds, big ones got into that stuff. We then switched to caching all our stuff in the tent.

Since we were near farm country and Maine Forests, game warden were around, checking out the few farm owners about and what deer problem they might have eating their corn and stuff like that. What product was being used by farmers to keep the deer away and so save the crop of corn, mostly.

Joe Zale who owned the farm up a way was keen on protecting his crop. He might have played the game with the warden. But if there was deer about eating up the corn, he might take one down, now and then. And I think that's what the warden was looking for.

One night, we were up late around the campfire after a feed and some desert that Joe's young daughters had brought down for our desert. Their mom did things like that for us.

*And everybody else, suspected, but never said or asked if I was "Canuck." Although, I don't think it was a word they would have used.*

It was late, we were dousing the fire before going to bed when "Bud" spotted a light up on the temporary bridge we had built, and then the beam switched towards us, and, then, Bud, whatever he was thinking, picked up his long gun [all I knew was that I had once fired an M1 Garand rifle on a firing range and carried one on some guard duty, but Bud wasn't fooling, he raised it and let go a round up in the air.

Soon enough we heard some hailing, saying, "We're Forest Rangers" or something like that. Soon that was followed by a chat and what the hell and all that was hollered coming from both ways.

The explanations and introductions were made. They left and we went to bed. The next day, Zoe Zale, after work at the paper mill in Rumford came over to talk about what he had heard and the part he had seen from the deck of his farmhouse, which I knew from an earlier visit had an inline latrine attached to the house, a series of one plank with four holes for an indoor latrine. I never asked about its cleaning , but I admit to using it one day, as I needed to.

The boss called me, "Hey you." Bud called me, "Gerr." And everybody else, suspected, but never said or asked if I was "Canuck." Although, I don't think it was a word they would have used. Someone might have whispered, "Asshole," but I never heard anything like that. Besides, I thought that I had been pretty much Anglicized or, for that matter, had had enough Southern drawl drilled into me, I know I used it, that it came out naturally because it hadn't been that long from my discharge, a year's not that much time to loose what's well ingrained.

There was another time that I enjoyed our stay, camping out in the field, and that was when I was invited to have dinner with a family whose land was down a side road a way. He, too, had a family, another of girls rounding it out. All of us sat at the large dinner table . There was a lot of chatter, as I recall, and the Mrs. was happily chortling around, busily supplying us all with good food and good cheer.

I felt as if I were being treated like the golden boy come courting.

A few weeks later, I thought it time to head home because my clothing needed cleaning .

My sister where I went to wash my clothes rather than trouble my mother at home already had six kids and had to do a lot of washing. So, it was easy for her to accommodate me in her home. It was best. Our mom and dad had moved in five years I had been gone from home when the time I had enlisted.

I recall my sister saying that she had never seen a wash as dirty as mine. She had had to put my stuff through a few wash cycles before she had decided that perhaps they would not have withstood another attempt to thoroughly clean them.

In the interim, I visited what I projected to be my future mother-in-law, who, by the way, died at ninety-one, having requested her oldest daughter's Rose's husband Fernand, or "Buster" to bring her a lobster for dinner. That's when she was in the hospital, terminally ill, whereupon, having finished her lobster and the tamale, she proceeded to die, happily.

What my future mother-in-law had said to me on my visit is that she looked forward to her daughter marrying a local doctor. Juliette had just finished at Saint Vincent's Hospital School of Nursing from which she had graduated and working off a loan by being employed as a nurse, of course, by Saint Mary's in Lewiston.

I returned to my job on Sunday. I didn't have a car; I really didn't drive. My parents had never owned a car, so I would guess, all these later, that I got back in

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*(Separation, Family — the End of our Franco-American Experience continued from page 5)*

a combination of hitch-hikes. I was well accustomed to hitchhiking, as I had done it before, cross-country a few times.

I need to say something about my two sisters. Therese [with the accents] was the oldest. Julienne the youngest. I was older than both. I knew Therese better.

By this time, both of my sisters were married.

Therese married a Collard, who survived her. His mother just happened to have been French Canadian from a mid-Canada Province. Therese and her husband had six children. David, the oldest is married. He went to college and became an aircraft engine manufacturer's inspector. Deborah married to a retired textile manufacturer lives with her husband in the Texas Panhandle, Denise married a lobsterman in Maine, Peter is in fabrication and lives with his wife in Maine, Julienne married a teacher, G. Asselin who is deceased. He was in his life-time a principal, superintendent of schools, and a deputy commissioner for special education in Vermont. They had four children, one girl, and four boys. All of them had children of their own. The oldest of the children earned a doctorate in exotic, esoteric, and ancient Chinese and works for the State Department. His wife is a Chinese refugee, and now due to her education as an architect now in charge of ambassadorial residences in different parts of the world. The three brothers and one sister all live in the Capital area of Vermont. One lives near the University. The youngest of the boys has lived at home. He is single and has increasingly been a companion to his Mom, my youngest sister, who enjoys traveling and maintaining, both, a Yankee and French-Canadian patois. The two other boys have families who enjoy all of the opportunities that Vermont provides its citizens.

My sisters pretty much retained their French. They frequently spoke it and so did the children for a while. But that Pretty much disappeared for all, my children and theirs more easily, of course, became thoroughly Americanized, so to speak, although they were from their time of their births, Americans, whereas, my and my sisters' upbringing and culture was in the main French. We spoke it because we grew up with the language and then we played outdoors in French because everyone else up and down the block and across town, spoke it. Biddeford, Maine, in the 1930's, 1940's and mid 1950's was all French, by that, I mean our neighborhood was French and we were comfortable being French. From the time I enlisted, I left being French behind me. No one called me "Frenchy" or anything like that. I don't even recall being called, "Gerard!" Like many others, in those days, "Hey," and whoever it was, was looking you in the eyes. There were Cajuns in the military. I tried engaging one in French, and I had no idea what he said in his patois, as much as I was hearing him say what he was saying, but in accent and the Southern drawl added, we agreed that I wasn't understanding his primary language.

# More of The Early years in Biddeford

## *From a Memoir, Leaving Maine*

***By Gérard Coulombe***
***Fairfield, CT***

We graduated from Saint Louis High School in Biddeford, Maine, in mid-June, 1950. Our class was small mainly because many of the boys from grammar school had dropped out to enter the work force as planned, either for them or by them, to help support the family or start a family as soon as they became established in a permanent job.

Later, I learned that many more of members of our class had gone to college than I had originally thought, angry as I was, that I had not been given any direction about further education. But giving directions, particularly of the guidance variety or even a lecture or two on the possibilities afforded by colleges and the mysteries, to most of us, I think, that beyond the walls of local academia there were colleges opened to our social and or financial standing and the possibilities they held, for certainly most of us were already acquainted with the jobs available to us and to the probabilities of personal advancement being low and very competitive.

For those of us who went from our grammar schools to high school, we did so because we were motivated. Either our parents motivated us, or we saw the need for further education, which was available to us. We could have attended the public school, and some students from our Catholic grammar schools might have attended public schools, it would have been anathema for those of us whose parents strongly adhered to the Catholic faith to have attended public schools. It would have taken an atheist [I never met one in Biddeford], a fallen away Catholic [but never a convert to Protestantism as there was no such person, or a French Catholic who had done the unthinkable in a staunch Catholic family and married an "Irlandais" which is not the same as an American or one of the Protestant beliefs.

I had a phone call from a classmate who asked if I would go, with him, to Portland by bus to visit the military recruiting offices to learn who would take us and which of the different branches were offering enlistments, as neither of us drove or had a car available to us. But it did not matter because neither one of us drove. My parents never had a car, so, they had no need to drive. We lived in a second-floor flat of a four–story building, a popular type of structure throughout New England to accommodate families without the means of owning their own homes.

We were French and Catholic. We started out speaking French at home because our parents were of first and second generation French-Canadian extraction in Maine. My paternal grandparents had emigrated to the State of Maine from lower Québec in the 1890's or even earlier. That's estimation, for they had died before I was born, and I only vaguely knew where they had lived at the bottom of Hill Street, in the parish my father had us move to.

My father spoke French only. My maternal grandfather was from Canada by way of Berlin, New Hampshire. My maternal grandmother's brother had fought in the Spanish American War. He was known for his annual black bear hunt and his fishing. I recall the latter because he took me fishing once, and I only managed to catch sunfish, although I confess to have been happy with my catch, such as they were. Uncle Noé continued to hunt bear throughout his life and to bring his catch of fish to the house.

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*(More of The Early years in Biddeford continued from page 6)*

As proof of his bear kill, he never failed to bring us a "share" of bear steak.

Parenthetically, a quick check of our family name in Canada reveals that the first male in Canada with the family's surname, Coulombe, arrived from France in the year 1670. At the time, there was only one way to describe Biddeford-Saco, on the Saco River in the county of York. They were the towns that depended on the textile mills for employment and the majority of employees, men and women, was French-Canadian.

Of the two cities, Biddeford was predominantly French-Canadian. That is to say, the majority language was French. It was somewhat different in Saco, where the majority of the populace was staunchly English and Protestant. Although many spoke French and there were a number of residents who attended mass at French-speaking parishes, much of the town had managed to remain Anglo. That is, the preponderance of homes in Saco were Anglo, and the dominant language on the Street was English, whereas in the homes, on the streets and in the commercial establishments of Biddeford, the language spoken was French or as some preferred, Canadian French.

Nearly all the merchants on the street spoke or had someone waiting on customers who spoke French. My uncle was a butcher at the A&P, and he spoke French and most probably English, although I can't say that I ever heard him speak the latter. In other words, along with Lewiston, Westbrook, and some other communities in Central and southern Maine, the near dominant language was French Canadian. Until the start of the Second World War, the language of our elementary schools was French.

Some people may laugh at that, and, as a matter of fact, many did laugh at our accent for the way we spoke our French. "Canuck" was the derogatory term defining Franco Americans and a Canadian hockey team that had adopted the term as its nickname, one that we, by and large, hated. On the street, "Canuck" meant "dumb" or "stupid" or both depending upon its context. If we as children were not aware of this appellation, we were indeed pretty stupid because we resented being called that, and, as the underdog, even though we were the dominant minority in the city, we certainly did not appreciate the appellation.

Our mother, Clara, had worked at Pepperell Textiles in the spinning room. She became a stay-at-home mom once married to my father. He was unemployed at the time that I was born, but he soon had a job with the Works Progress Administration during the Depression as a day laborer working on roads and town bridges. Then, we lived in an apartment that was really the second floor of my grandfather's half of the duplex on Cutts Street. It stood at the side and in the shadow of the Roman Catholic Church of Saint Joseph on elm Street, the same U.S. Route One that runs through Fairfield, CT, our hometown, today. I was the eldest of the children in my family, born in Biddeford, and I had two sisters who followed my birth.

All three of us were born in my maternal grandparents' house. One of my mother's many sisters, Eva, was the one to stay behind to take care of her parents, my grandparents. My grandmother was blind. My grandfather was a retired mill teamster. My aunt always "loved me," but she did not love my two sisters. In her eyes I could never do any wrong. My sisters nearly always did. One of the terrible things they did was to pull flower heads from their stems as bouquets for our mother. I did not do that because I was engaged with my "grandpère."

We moved to Bradbury, the street around the corner from Cutts Street when the stress and strain of getting along with my aunt, who was nursing my blind grandmother at the time became too much after grandmother died and my Aunt Eva stayed on to nurse my elderly grandfather, the only man I ever knew who ate all of his food with his knife. He would, at times use his pocketknife for the same reason, as it was for him as for others, the favored utensil.

Many of the homes and apartments on Bradbury were owned by the Irish, with whom we "Canucks" did not get along—this only from the recollection of the protective way our parents had to look over us as we played out on the street. We lived on the second floor of a six-apartment, three side–by side, box building. We played in the sand in back of the house in an area either separated by a stand-along shed or another house on a parallel, adjoining street to ours.

The Boston and Maine tracks were not so far away. We could hear the rumbling of the train trucks and the hoot of the steam horns, as the freight and passenger trains rolled along on their way to Portland or Boston. We could hear them as they stopped or slowed down along the way as signal sets went on or off for various reasons. As a boy, I had the full range of the neighborhood as far as we could walk in a day when I was only five years old. It is truly amazing that we had such a full range of the town to amuse ourselves in and at such a young age.

For the time we spent on Bradbury Street, our family of five, my parents, two younger sisters and I, lived among a bunch of "Irlandais." We were surrounded by Irish children in the streets and forced to play with them whenever they let us play in their pick-up games of stickball in the spring and summer. Otherwise, we roamed our playgrounds.

They were no ordinary playgrounds like the one at Bradbury School on our Street. Bradbury extension was an unfinished street in that it dead-ended at a blasted but ungraded rock ledge that continued to the street perpendicular to it above. There was an abandoned granite quarry with water in it where I recall having seen kids swim. Friends had warned me that it was a dangerous water hole. But I was too scared to ever approach it as I so feared the devil implanted by nuns at the very center of our minds and souls because the talk was that some kids had drowned in it, and we had been forewarned not to play on the ledges cut into the granite faces where blocks of it had been cut out. We did play in the woods back there, beyond the quarry and scarred ourselves over the hoboes we believed camped there overnight.

The other places we played were in the back of the shoe shop, where we picked up loads of shoe nails that we used for our own constructions with hammers we sneaked out of the shed at home. The wood we used to build our backyard forts for our tin soldiers came from the box shop, which was down Bradbury and across the e tracks along the river. We collected all kinds of pieces that we might have used as kindling but chose to assemble them when we played fort with our First World War tin soldiers, positioning them in the trench battlefields we constructed, some times, with the help of our father who was on weekends attuned to playing with us whenever he wasn't working in the shed fashioning pieces for his machines he used at the mill. My dad as a pretty smart toolmaker who used ordinary metal working tools available at "Ushers Hardware."

I recall many experiences as a boy because my mother was busy with the girls, my two sisters. I was allowed to roam the

*(Continued on page 8)*

*(More of The Early years in Biddeford continued from page 7)*

streets. I do not recall any friend with whom I was with for the day. Whoever they were, we managed to get around from Mr. Shaw's woods and the pool of deep water from a stream into which we swung from a rope tied to a limb over the pool and dropped from once over the center without hurting ourselves.

It was imitative of a lot of things we saw older boys do. There were bonfires from dry Christmas trees collected from the neighborhood and kept hidden in an old barn until George Washington's Birthday on February 22.when they were taken out for a bonfire. There was the July 4th fireworks fun that we had because firecracker packets of various sizes were freely available from the neighborhood variety store. Although the newspaper reported damaging accidents involving face and limbs, we somehow managed the nickels and dimes it took to buy all that we could from the varieties of fireworks available. We could blast away or freely hurl strings of them to explode away as the string broke apart and explosive petards or individual bombs flew in multiple directions.

We moved from Bradbury to Freeman Streets, or to be more specific, from my mother's parish to my father's parish, from Saint Joseph's to Saint André's, where I entered second grade and continued my duties as an altar boy. I had learned the Latin responses to the service of the Mass on my mother's knees and had already started serving at the church on Elm Street around the corner from where we had lived on Cutts Street to the side of the church. I guess I was just about five when I also served mass at the convent the nuns had behind the huge Saint Joseph's Elementary School on Emery Street.

The naming of streets suggests something more than one place to another. Although Cutts intersected Bradbury Street, the two streets were not only home to French Canadians who lived in the neighborhood. The Irish also lived in the same neighborhood because the French church, Saint Joseph, and the Irish church, Saint Emery were just three short intersections apart off Elm Street, Rout 1, going through the western edge of town. So for my dad, the move to his former parish, Saint André represented a move to a thoroughly French neighborhood, which, he thought would help solve some of the problems of language growing up where we had once lived, in the midst of an Irish speaking bunch of kids. Mon père wanted us growing up speaking French.

There was another reason that I could not have understood at the time. That was the preferred appointment of a French speaking Bishop as opposed to an Irish Bishop to the diocese of Portland. And that kind of discontent with the Irish Bishop on my dad's part was the primary fight that my father had with the Irish and the Church in general. I understood later that the Pope settled the problem by telling the Fracos to fall in line of else.

My father would not end up having to speak Irish to get along. It's not something he ever expressed, but I knew that living door to door with the Irish was not something he would unnecessarily endure. Just as the French settlers of Canada didn't like the blokes, my dad could not more stand the Irish than his brothers and ancestors could stand the blokes from Montréal or Québec because of the Dieppe raid later, an attempt involving a Canadian division to assess the capabilities of German troops in Fortress Europe. The exercise was a complete failure involving a single Canadian Division. The result in Montréal, as I heard it from my cousin, dead men and prisoners of war, is that for the rest of the War many French Canadian would-be enlisted men ran for the Provincial forests to escape service.

In closing, that last story might be a fabrication concocted my father's nephew who worked in Montréal at the time I heard him tell the story while we sat on a park bench while he ate his lunch because he was on a break and did not have much time, certainly no time to show a youngster around. I certainly never saw him again. Bud I did see his sister in Trois-Rivière many, many years later when her husband, in bed ill, sat on the pot, dying.

# *The Year Maine Went Mad — the Know Nothingism of 1854-5*

*April 7, 2019Acadians, Biddeford-Saco, Brunswick, Ellsworth, Home, Jesuits, Maine, Religion*

***By James Myall***

A political realignment. Promises to drain the swamp and put Americans first. Attacks, both verbal and physical, on immigrants and minorities. In 1854 and 1855, Maine, like much of the country, was shaken by the rise of the Know-Nothing movement. Its anti-immigrant and anti-Catholic rhetoric overturned state politics and spilled over into mob violence. For a brief period, much of the state went mad.

The Know Nothing movement had its origins in secret societies across the United States. The name given to the group was, in fact, a nod to the clandestine nature of these gatherings. When pressed, members would says they "knew nothing" about the group or its beliefs. As the members organized themselves more formally as a political party, they called themselves the "American Party" or the "Native American Party." But the "Know Nothing" label stuck.

The Know Nothings organized themselves in opposition to the recent surge in immigration to the US, particularly the influx of Irish immigrants in the wake of the Great Famine (1845-9). The Irish were seen as a different kind of immigrant from the "traditional" English and Scottish people who had come to the US in earlier decades. Not only did many Irish not speak English (speaking the native Irish language instead), and often arrived destitute of any resources, but they were overwhelmingly Catholics, and even seen as racially different from the Anglo-Scottish descendants.

While Irish-Americans were their primary target, other groups also incurred the ire of the Know Nothings. French Canadian immigrants shared many of the same characteristics the Know Nothings despised, and the small but growing Franco community is Maine was caught up in the nativist violence as well.

In its Aug 24, 1855 issue, the Union and Eastern Journal of Biddeford, which was sympathetic to the Know Nothing cause, reprinted the text of a pamphlet it had printed up for a local Know Nothing group. The principles of the movement were:

*Americans alone are capable of ruling themselves...*

*(Continued on page 9)*

*(The Year Maine Went Mad – the Know Nothingism of 1854-5 continued from page 8)*

*We stand firm as a surge-beaten rock in our opposition to the overwhelming tide of foreign and pauper immigration…*

*We oppose the naturalization of foreigners and equalization with our own citizens until they have been twenty-one years on our soil….*

*We oppose with all our hearts… the insidious aims of the Church of Rome to obtain political and secular power in the Republic…*

*We are in favor of other countries supporting their own paupers instead of dumping them here to burden us….*

*We are bitterly and fervently opposed to the designing knaves who..have used [immigrant voters] through bribery, corruption, and their own their own easily excited prejudices as tools for their own personal advancement.*

The synthesis of the Know Nothing message was that poor immigrants were flooding the United States, bringing strange customs with them, nursing divided loyalties and with a secret foreign agenda. These same immigrants were being used as pawns by corrupt politicians (especially Democrats) to rig elections. A message that sounds familiar today.


*"Father Bapst, SJ, Catholic Priest of Ellsworth, Closes the Door of the Public School Against the Children of Papists." Cartoon from the Ellsworth Herald, Feb 24, 1854.*

As a political movement, the Know Nothings (officially known as the American Party) had some short lived electoral success in mid 1850s. In Maine, their candidates helped wrest control of the legislature away from the incumbent Democrats and elect Anson P. Morrill, running on a joint Republican-American ticket, as Governor. The incoming legislature set to work with a series of anti-immigrant measures. They banned newcomers from serving in the militia, and added a 3-month residency requirement before new citizens could vote. More drastically, they removed the ability of state and municipal courts to naturalize new citizens, forcing immigrants to travel to the federal courts to apply for citizenship.

The Know Nothings also supported Maine's powerful temperance movement, which had already achieved the first statewide prohibition of alcohol anywhere in the country in 1846. The so-called "Maine Law" was partly inspired by stereotypes of drunken Catholic immigrants, especially the Irish, but it was also used to discriminate against Franco-Americans, and enforcement of the law was often lop-sided.

At the local level, Know Nothings campaigned against what they saw as Catholic influence on local school boards, and any erosion of the traditional public school curriculum , which in this period include a substantial dose of (Protestant) Bible study.

In Ellsworth, the Know Nothing group was known as the "Cast Iron Band" and led by William Chaney, the editor of the Ellsworth Herald newspaper. (In honor of Chaney's nativist sentiments, the paper later became the Ellsworth American). Conflict broke out between the Cast Iron Band and Father John Bapst, a Swiss Jesuit who oversaw a sprawling parish in central Maine. A native French-speaker, Bapst had been assigned to Maine initially to minister to the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy people, but later oversaw several small but growing immigrant parishes as far afield as Skowhegan and Eastport.

Father Bapst had moved to Ellsworth in 1854 to establish a church for the growing Catholic community in town. While his very presence was probably enough to infuriate the nativists, Father Bapst became their sworn enemy after he encouraged Catholic children at the local school to ask to be excused from studying the King James Bible. When the school board (stacked with members of the Cast Iron Band) refused, Father Bapst helped the children's parents take the case to court. In a landmark ruling, the state Supreme Court sided with the school board. The precedent in Donahue v Richards stood in US law for half a century before minority religious rights were accepted in public schools.

Undeterred, Father Bapst established a parish school for the Catholic children to attend. This only seems to have escalated

*(Continued on page 10)*


AMERICAN CITIZENS!

A PAPER ENTITLED THE

AMERICAN PATRIOT.

CONSTITUTION AND LAWS.

IN FAVOR OF

The protection of American Mechanics against Foreign Pauper Labor.
Foreigners having a residence in the country of 21 years before voting.
Our present Free School System.
Carrying out the laws of the State, as regards sending back Foreign Paupers and Criminals.

OPPOSED TO

Papal Aggression & Roman Catholicism.
Foreigners holding office.
Raising Foreign Military Companies in the United States.
Nunneries and the Jesuits.
To being taxed for the support of Foreign paupers millions of dollars yearly.
To secret Foreign Orders in the U. S.

We are burdened with enormous taxes by foreigners. We are corrupted in the morals of our youth. We are interfered with in our government. We are forced into collisions with other nations. We are tampered with in our religion. We are injured in our labor. We are assailed in our freedom of speech.

☞ The PATRIOT is Published by J. E. Farwell & Co., 32 Congress St., Boston, And for Sale at the Periodical Depots in this place. Single copies 4 Cents.

*Advertisement for the "American Citizen," A Know-Nothing newspaper in Boston, 1852. The protesters in the illustration carry anti-Catholic placards, and in the upper right, a divine hand seizes a basilisk wearing the Papal tiara snaking out of St Peter's in Rome.*

*(The Year Maine Went Mad – the Know Nothingism of 1854-5 continued from page 9)*

tensions. Someone broke into the public school and vandalized their Bibles. In response, the windows of the parochial school building were broken and a bomb was set off on the school house steps.

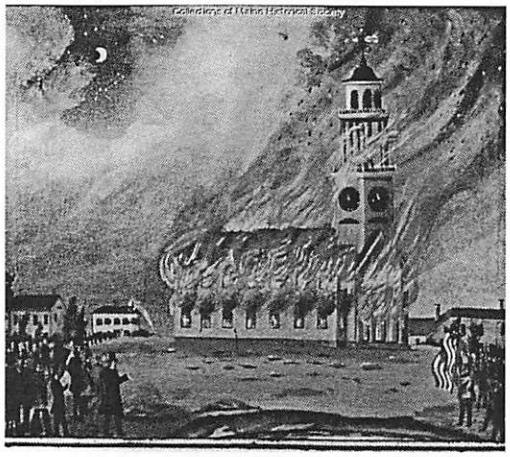
Ellsworth was not the only scene of mob violence in Maine at the time. Irish and Franco-American communities in Bath, Brunswick, and Lewiston all experienced Know Nothing attacks in the space of a few months.

A history of St John's parish in Brunswick recalls how the early parishioners faded a campaign of intimidation in this period

*There was such antipathy between Protestant Americans, the Irish and Canadians, that often, during encounters on the street and even in the factory, things came to insults and to blows. "We did not dare go out at night, a witness told us, for fear of finding ourselves in a fight. If you wanted to go to the post office to get your mail? We would all get together as a "gang" to protect ourselves in case we were attacked. What's more, it was unthinkable to go out on the town, for young men and for young ladies alike. We would just stay quietly at home.*

*In Brunswick, things didn't come to these excesses of savagery, but it is reported that one evening, returning to Topsham and passing by a small house on the edge of the river, occupied by two Canadian families, Labbé and Lévesque, some of these fanatics tried to demolish it and to throw the debris into the river. They did not get to bring their criminal project to completion; but a woman, who was then alone and sick in the house, was so frightened that she died a few days later as a result of this fear.*

Meanwhile, worse attacks occurred in neighboring Bath and Lewiston. In Bath, a visit by an itinerant preacher, who went by the name "Archangel Gabriel" whipped a crowd into a frenzy in the days following the city's Fourth of July celebration. On July 6 a mob attacked the Old South Church, which was being rented by the local Catholic congregation for worship. The parishioners were a mixture of Irish and Acadian immigrants largely engaged in shipbuilding. The mob smashed the church's windows, destroyed the pews, and hoisted an American flag on the spire before setting the building on fire. The whole structure was destroyed.



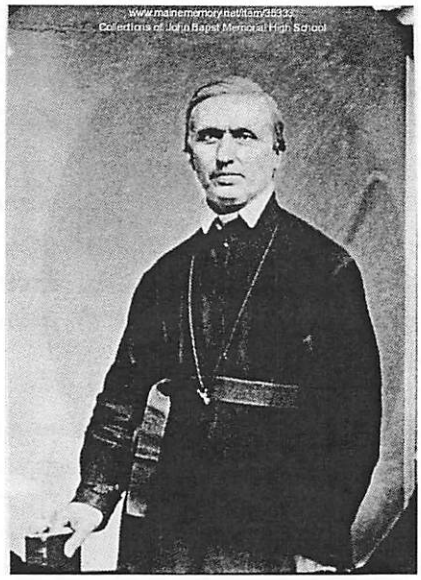
*John Hilling, "Third Phase, Burning of the Old South Church," Bath, 1854. Image: Maine Historical Society/Maine Memory Network*

In Lewiston, another small congregation had its house of worship destroyed by a nativist mob. The Catholics of Lewiston, denied a permanent home by the Franklin Company that ran the town, were worshiping in a chapel formerly used by another denomination. On December 8 1855, the building on Lincoln Street was set ablaze. Franklin Company agent Albert Kelsey recalled the incident much later:

*One night, someone set fire to the little church .... The alarm of fire was given and I hurried down to the scene. I found five or six hundred Lewiston people standing on the street opposite the burning building. They were hooting and yelling and jeering. The fire engine had come to the scene but someone had cut the hose. At that juncture I ordered out the hose from the Bates, as the building was almost directly in the rear of the mill. I posted men along the hose and told them that if anyone attempted to cut it, to hold those men on the premises at all hazards. Then I went to the end of the hose and took the nozzle. First of all I turned it across the street and swept that crowd of persons who stood there shouting in an insulting fashion. They scattered like flies before a shower. Then I put water on the fire. [But] the building was ruined.*

But Ellsworth was to host the greatest outrage of the Know nothing fever.

In the face of the escalating tension in Ellsworth, the bishop of Boston had Bapst leave town for several months. But when he returned in October 1854, the Jesuit's enemies were still waiting for him.



*Father John Bapst, SJ, ca 1860. Image: John Bapst Memorial High School/Maine Memory Network.*

On the very night Father Bapst set foot in Ellsworth again, members of the Cast Iron Band abducted him at night, took him to the town wharf, and tarred and feathered him. On the verge of hanging the priest, the mob was talked down into tying him to an iron rail and attempting to ride him out of town. A group of armed Catholics eventually found Father Bapst bloodied and unconscious and alone, and brought him to safety.

The events in Ellsworth shocked Mainers and the nation. The "Ellsworth Outrage" was reported far outside the state. While some newspapers downplayed it's significance, most Americans saw the attack on a member of the clergy by a mob of vigi-

*(Continued on page 11)*

# Fear, Prejudice, and Vaccinations

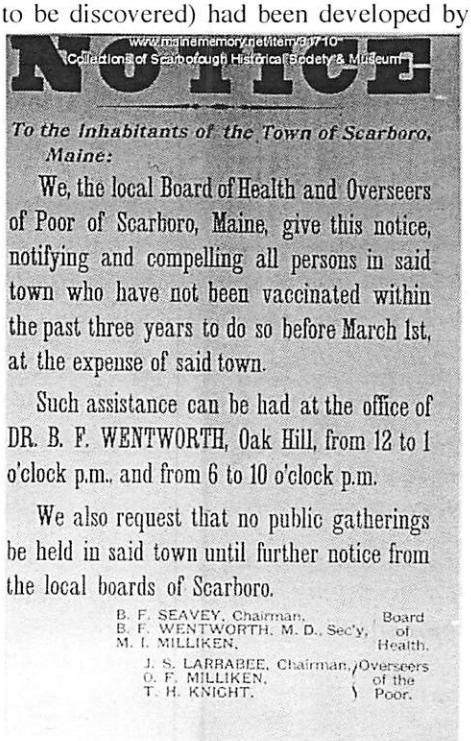
*May 1, 2019Augusta, Health, Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Politics, Quebec*

**By James Myall**

Maine's public health officials scrambled to respond to the threat of an epidemic. They were contending with a misinformation over the effectiveness of vaccinations, and xenophobic sentiment which blamed immigrants for the threat. The year was 1885, and the threat was coming from Canada.

In the spring of 1885, a smallpox epidemic had broken out in Montreal, then a city of around 200,000 people. Ironically, the disease came to the city from the United States, via a worker on the Grand Trunk Railway on the Montreal-Chicago line. Conductor George Longley had been diagnosed with smallpox at Montreal General Hospital but the facility refused to admit him, fearing the disease would spread to other patients. So Longley turned to the French hospital, the Hôtel-Dieu, took him in. From there, the disease, sometimes known as the "red death," spread rapidly among the poorer French Canadian population of the city.

Despite its virulence, smallpox was preventable. A vaccine (the first vaccine to be discovered) had been developed by British scientist Edward Jenner in 1796. The invention of the smallpox vaccine had been a great advance in public health that saved countless lives.




NOTICE

*To the Inhabitants of the Town of Scarboro, Maine:*

We, the local Board of Health and Overseers of Poor of Scarboro, Maine, give this notice, notifying and compelling all persons in said town who have not been vaccinated within the past three years to do so before March 1st, at the expense of said town.

Such assistance can be had at the office of DR. B. F. WENTWORTH, Oak Hill, from 12 to 1 o'clock p.m., and from 6 to 10 o'clock p.m.

We also request that no public gatherings be held in said town until further notice from the local boards of Scarboro.

B. F. SEAVEY, Chairman,
B. F. WENTWORTH, M. D., Sec'y, } Board of Health.
M. I. MILLIKEN,

J. S. LARRABEE, Chairman,
O. F. MILLIKEN, } Overseers of the Poor.
T. H. KNIGHT,

*Notice of Vaccinations, Scarborough, 1902. Image: Scarborough Historical Society & Museum / Maine Memory Network*

But in Montreal in 1885, large numbers of French Canadian families had not been vaccinated. Eventually, 3,000 people, overwhelmingly French-Canadian, would die duding the city's epidemic.

As word of the outbreak reached the American press, officials were worried. In states like Maine, large numbers of French Canadians were immigrating to work in the state's industrial cities or crossing the border to work in the logging industry contemporary accounts describe new trainloads of immigrants arriving in Lewiston every day. It seemed quite possible that the disease would find its way into Maine.

Officials sprang into action. The State Board of Health had been newly created in 1885, and coordinating the response to smallpox became its first major task. Larger cities employed their own physicians and health boards to oversee efforts, while in rural areas, the state sought assistance from the US Marine Hospital.

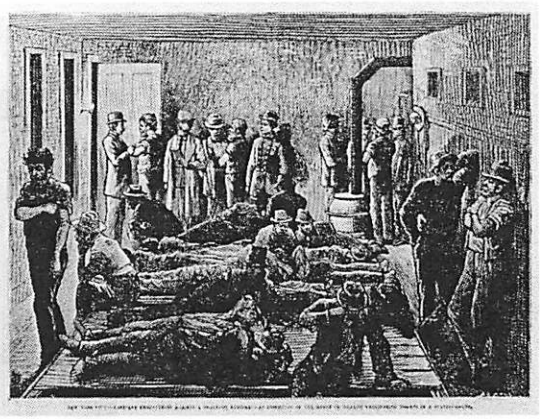
The primary initiative was a massive vaccination campaign, particularly in towns with sizable Franco-American populations:

In ***Bangor***, the City Doctor visited all 69 schools in the city during October and September, vaccinating 1,180 children.

In ***Augusta***, Dr Brickett went from house to house in the Sand Hill neighborhood, with the assistance of an interpreter, vaccinating 515 people at the expense of the city. He noted that he was "treated with great politeness" and that the houses were "in a neat and clean...and [good] general sanitary condition"

In ***Westbrook***, the Board of Health offered free vaccinations to inhabitants over the age of two, citing the "presence of so large a number of Canadians in our midst" and the "humanitarian" and "commercial" consequences an outbreak would have.

These vaccinations were generally given at the city's expense, and particularly targeted children, who were most vulnerable



*"Sanitary Precautions against a Smallpox Epidemic – An Inspector of the Board of Health Vaccinating Tramps in a Station House," Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 19 ,1874. Image: New York Public Library*

*(Continued on page 12)*

*(The Year Maine Went Mad – the Know Nothingism of 1854-5 continued from page 10)*

lantes to be shameful. Father Bapst himself received a warm welcome in Bangor, where he would take up residence for the next five years. Local officials even awarded him the freedom of the city to show their repudiation of the prejudice he had faced in Ellsworth.

After Bangor, Father Bapst moved to Massachusetts, where he helped found Holy Cross and Boston Colleges. The trauma at Ellsworth apparently haunted him for the rest of his life, causing him to have nightmares decades later.

The Know Nothing mania faded as quickly as it flared up. In Maine, as elsewhere, the movement lost support quickly in the later 1850s. Events like those at Ellsworth rightly destroyed the Know Nothings' reputation. But the groups also struggled to find a common position on slavery, which soon replaced immigration as the greatest political issue of the time. In Maine, many Know Nothings drifted into the new vigorous Republican Party. The last gasp of the American Party was in the presidential election of 1860, when many former Know-Nothing politicians supported the third-party candidacy of Senator John Bell of Tennessee.

Though the formal role of the Know Nothings was at an end, their influence in Maine lived on. Their anti-immigrant sentiments would resurge in future decades, while the policies they championed, especially prohibition, lingered for generations.

*(Fear, Prejudice and Vaccinations continued from page 11)*

Maine authorities also targeted lumber camps which employed large numbers of French Canadian workers. The state set up an inspection station at Moose River, on the major overland route from Quebec into Maine. All travelers were required to be vaccinated unless they had recently had one. However, there were reports that some immigrants were "escap[ing] by passing in the night."

The vaccination campaign seems to have been largely successful. Just a handful cases of smallpox were reported in Maine that year.

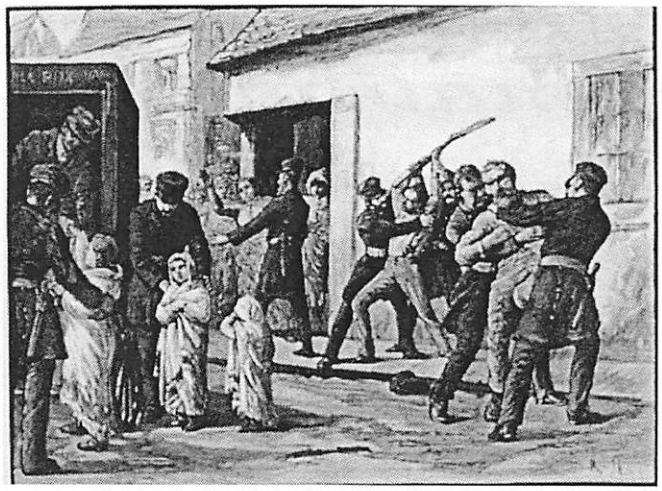
On the other hand, it's possible that the public health scare was overblown. Le Messager of Lewiston complained in an October 14 editorial that the outbreak of smallpox had given the English language press in Canada the "the eagerly-sought-after occasion to spew its hateful bile against the French Canadian race which it resents." The American press, they contended, was "no longer hide what they really think of our race, from whom they are perhaps already thinking of relinquishing their hospitality in this country." They also accused the Maine press of repeating "hateful slander" without questioning the source.

The prejudice of the disease-carrying immigrant is a long one, and one that's been repeated in our own times. Additionally, French Canadians had long been characterized as ignorant peasants held back by Catholic "superstition." On September 30, the Portland Daily Press said that French Canadians were "paying dearly" for their "superstitious prejudice" in its coverage of the outbreak.

Another example comes from the Gardiner Home Journal of September 16, 1885, which wrote:

*"There is some advantage in us not having cotton mills, with the accompanying French Canadian population: we are not liable to have the small pox imported so soon."*

There certainly was opposition to vaccination among Montreal's French Canadians. Not only was a large portion of the population unvaccinated when the disease broke out in the Spring, but when the city authorities tried to mandate vaccination, a riot broke out, and a mob stormed city hall.



*"An Incident of the Small Pox Epidemic in Montreal," Harper's Weekly, Nov 28, 1885. Image: New York Public Library*

The report of the Maine State Board of Health for 1885 cited a "strange fatality of ignorance of race" among Montreal's French Canadians, but also said that the "superstitious error" was due largely to the "demagogism of charlatans" – advocates who argued that vaccination itself was dangerous. The board scathingly called the death of the 3,164 people in Montreal – mostly children – an "experiment on a gigantic scale" by "the anti-vaccinations."

However, accounts of the trouble in Montreal (then and now) also often leave out important historical context. Anglo-French relations in Canada were particularly tense in the summer and fall of 1885. The Anglo authorities had arrested Franco-Métis resistance leader Louis Riel in May, and would execute him in November, prompting widespread protests. The French Canadians of Montreal were in no mood to have government mandated vaccination imposed on them.

*"Immigrant Inspection Service." Image: National Library of Medicine*

The outbreak was also largely localized to Montreal, as Dr Louis Martel of Lewiston explained. Originally of St-Hyacinthe, QC, Dr Martel had practiced in Montreal before coming to Lewiston. Martel gave an interview to the Lewiston Gazette which was reprinted in Le Messager (where Martel was one of the editors). In addition to a misinformation campaign spread by proponents of homeopathic medicine, Montreal's French Canadians had some reasons to distrust vaccines:

*"I witnessed the smallpox epidemic which hit Montreal in 1872. There was some opposition to vaccination, for two reasons. Firstly, because two reputable doctors, one of whom was a university professor, were themselves opposed; also because the virus used was bad; so bad that in some cases arms had to be amputated."*

Doctor Martel also pointed to another reason that smallpox didn't take hold in Maine. Because very few of Maine's Francos came from Montreal, the state's exposure to the disease was limited. In fact, the efforts at vaccination were somewhat duplicative:

*"During the year I was City Physician in St-Hyacinthe, it was my duty to vaccinate all children over six months, by going from house to house. I don't remember any objections or discontent. I hesitate to believe that I would be received with anything other than open arms in presenting myself to Lewiston homes with the same mission. I vaccinated more than 2,000 French Canadians in this city, and of that number, I don't remember a single adult who had not been vaccinated at least once in their life."*

*(Continued on page 13)*

# Acadian celebrations & family reunions planned in August at CMA 2019

*April 12, 2019, Franco-American News and CultureGrand Pre, New Brunswick Canada, Prince Edward Island*

**By Juliana L'Heureux**

This popular party is held once every five years during the month of August.

My photographs were taken when the events were held in Madawaska, Maine and when we visited Grand Pre, Nova Scotia.


*My husband and I attended the Acadian festival held in Madawaska, Quebec and New Brunswick Canada. We attended a reception held at the Fraser Mansion in Madawaska.*

Congrès mondial acadien (CMA) is a perfect opportunity to immerse in the Acadian history and culture, while enjoying a visit to the beautiful Canadian Maritime provinces. This year, there are twenty locations to explore in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island during the festivities planned in August 2019, during the Congrès mondial acadien.

The CMA goal is to strengthen the ties that unit all Acadian communities throughout the world, all while showcasing a modern and authentic Acadian culture and identity. The Congrès is also an opportunity to welcome all those who are interested in l'Acadie and love its culture.

Family reunions are a major part of the CMA, as they have been since the first one. As of April 11th, 36 families registered for the events and several more are expected.

A partial list of the family reunions are at this site here https://www.dropbox.com/preview/Public/Acadian%20festival%20Copy%20of%20CMA%20family%20list.xlsx-?role=personal

When my husband and I visited the CMA held in Madawaska and New Brunswick, a few years ago, we were impressed by the numbers of people who participated. Two events we particularly remembered were the joyous tintamarre, which is essentially a fun filled noise parade. Of course, the celebration of Acadia Day with a Mass celebrated on the Feast of the Assumption, is the memorial to Le Grand Dérangement , the 1755 deportation of the Acadians, who were brutally forced out of Nova Scotia. Our Lady of the Assumption is the patron saint of the Acadian people.

*A cultural exhibit we visited at the Saint David's Church, when we attended the CMA in Madawaska.*

*(Continued on page 14)*

*(Fear, Prejudice and Vaccinations continued from page 12)*

The 1885 smallpox scare is both similar and different to our current conversation about vaccinations. Then, as now, immigrants faced prejudice and were unfairly maligned as vectors of disease. Then, as now, public health was threatened by a mistrust of vaccinations, fueled by a misinformation campaign. The public health response in 1885 was quite different to today's. While the question of mandatory vaccination for school children has divided Mainers, there was a consensus among the politicians of 1885 not only that vaccination was a public good, but that it was worth spending taxpayers' money to improve the health of immigrants – quite the opposite of some of the hostile rhetoric we've seen today.

**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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***http://myall.bangordailynews.com/***

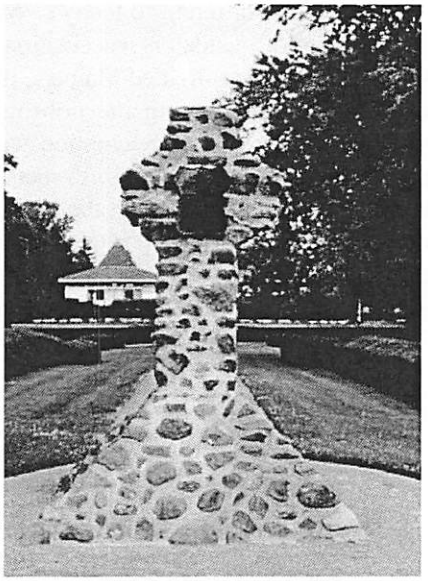
*(Acadian celebrations & family reunions planned in August at CMA 2019 continued from page 13)*

Marc Poirier is the CMA 2019, director of marketing and communications. I was delighted with the well organized information he sent, after we spoke about the schedule.

Check the website CMA 2019 here for details about the schedule and practical information, including links for some lodging locations.

Following is Poirier's well written narrative about the CMA highlights:

This year's Congrès will be the sixth and will mark the 25th anniversary of the first Congrès in 1994 that was held in southeastern New Brunswick. The other Congrès were held in 1999 (Louisiana), 2004 (Nova Scotia), 2009 (Acadian Peninsula) and 2014 (Madawaka, New Brunswick – northern Maine – an Témiscouata region in Québec, near the border of New Brunswick).



*Grand Pre Nova Scotia site where the 1755 deportation of the Acadian people began. (L'Heureux photograph)*

The Congrès take place every 5 years. The location of the 2024 edition will be announced by the Société nationale de l'Acadie, in June of this year. The Société nationale de l'Acadie is the group that supervises the selection of the location of each Congrès and sets the main guidelines of the organization of the event.

CMA 2019 will be the first to be held in Prince Edward Island and it will be the second time for southeastern New Brunswick.

The framework of the Congrès are in the 20 host municipalities. There are 12 in New Brunswick: Saint-Louis-de-Kent, Rogersville, Richibucto, Bouctouche, Cocagne, Shediac, Cap-Pelé, Beaubassin-Est, Saint-Antoine, Dieppe, Moncton and Memramcook.

Eight host municipalities are in Prince Edward Island (PEI): Souris, Charlottetown, North Rustico, Miscouche, Summerside, Wellington, Abram-Village and Tignish.

Each of the host municipalities have one day designated as their special day of activities, that they organize. Since the Congrès lasts for 15 days and there are 20 host municipalities, some will share the same days.

The highlight of the Congrès will be the opening day, August 10th, in Abram-Village PEI, the 135th anniversary of the adoption of the Acadian flag and anthem on the 14th, in Miscouche PEI, the national Acadia day on the 15th, and closing day in Shediac New Brunswick, on the 24th.

One major part of the Congrès will be held in downtown Moncton New Brunswick, at the Extrême frontière space, from August 16 to 23, along the Riverfront Park and Downing Street. This area will be open to pedestrians only for the duration of Extrême frontière. It will have an outdoor urban festival feeling with booths and pavilions, where art, genealogy, street artists, food, and all kinds of experiences will be offered.

Each night, the action will move to the big stage nearby, for diverse shows. On August 16th, will be the special 25th anniversary show, that will highlight artists that performed in the first Congrès in 1994, like the legendary Acadian group 1755, famous Cajun signer Zachary Richard and artists that played in other editions of the Congrès. Extrême frontière will showcase more than 50 artists and musicians.

The name Extrême frontière comes from a novel from the late famous Acadian poet Gérald LeBlanc, who made Moncton his home.

Other components of the Congrès will be a three-day popular conference called Grand parle-ouère (the big talk) where topics concerning modern Acadie chosen by the participants will be discussed. There will also be an Economic Forum, a Youth Event, a Women's Summit, a senior event and a First Nation component that are not yet defined.

The events are expected to attract participants from Canada, New England, Louisiana, and many other US states and internationally, of which several tens of thousands will be attracted to the family reunions.

Contact Marc Poirier for more information at this email: marc.poirier@cma2019.ca

***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/***

# *Biddeford update about the Lincoln Mill Tower Clock and bell restoration*

*April 26, 2019Franco-American News and CultureLa Kermesse, Louise Merriman*

***By Juliana L'Heureux***

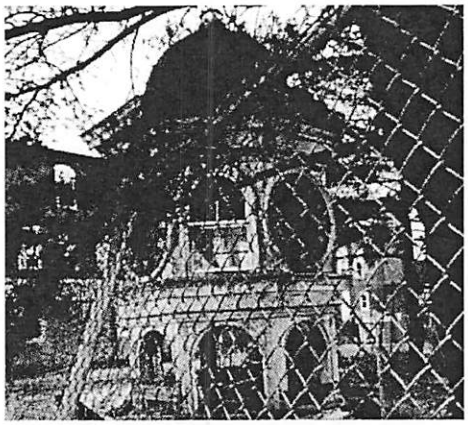
BIDDEFORD, ME – Historic clocks are often interesting destination locations for tourists. In Biddeford, the Lincoln Mill Clock Tower and bell could be one of those destinations, if restoration efforts continue to progress.

For example, my husband and I joined with the crowds in Prague, in the Czech Republic, during our visit there, to wait for the famous medieval Astrological Clock to chime on the hour, as a reminder about our destined mortality. Of course, London's Big Ben, on the historic Parliament building, is a focal point on the city's landscape. In downtown Portland, Maine, the big City Hall tower clock, the municipal statuesque Monument Square and the Congress Street Hay and Peabody clocks are included in the city's historic charm.

Therefore, it seems timely to create a historic landmark in Biddeford, by re-

*(Continued on page 15)*

*(Biddeford update about the Lincoln Mill Tower Clock and bell restoration continued from page 14)*



*Lincoln Mill Clock Tower is undergoing a restoration effort. The bell is located in another location, as reported in a prior blog. Photo by Louise Merriman*

storing the Lincoln Mill Tower Clock and bell. Thanks to civic leadership by Louise Merriman, this lovely tribute to Biddeford's industrial past might become a focal point for cultural tourism. Merriman is helping to lead efforts to restore the Lincoln Mill Tower Clock and its bell in a visible location where the public and tourists can experience the city's industrial history.

Merriman's leadership in the restoration efforts to save the Lincoln Mill Clock and Tower were reported in a previous blog posted at this link here.

My report described how the Biddeford Lincoln Mill Clock represents the city's pride as an industrial leader in manufacturing, during the 19th and 20th centuries.

Support for the historic clock's restoration is significant to the large Franco-American communities who reside in York County's industrial region, and near the cavernous buildings where thousands of the residents' ancestors worked in the textile and shoe manufacturing mills.

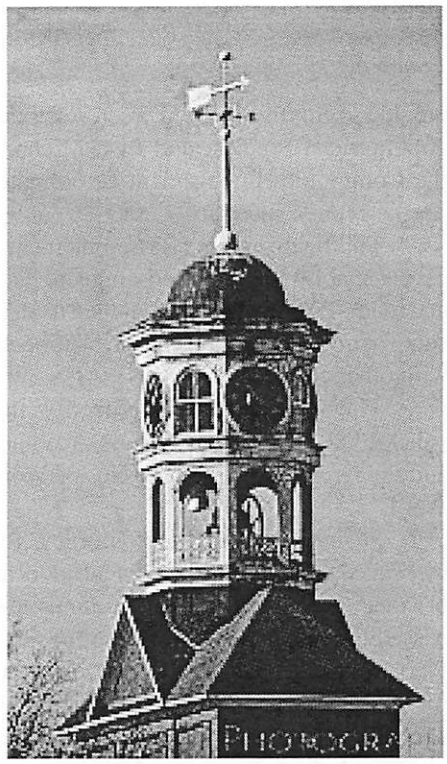
Franco-Americans, and all of Biddeford's residents, and visitors were familiar with the clock, when it stood on the roof of the Lincoln Mill building, located on the corner of Lincoln Street and Main Street. It was considered to be a civic honor for individuals to be invited to ring the bell in the clock tower. Many of those who rang the clock's bell even carved their names into the walls of the clock tower.

The history of the Lincoln Mill began in 1853-54, when the Saco Water and Power Company built the Lincoln Mill. In 1853, the clock was constructed. In the 1870's the tower and clock were moved to the top of the stairwell of the Lincoln Mill.

Merriman says the 166 year history of the clock tower is inter woven with Biddeford's industrialization and the region's preeminence as a manufacturing leader, a position it held during the 19th and into the 20th centuries.

City leaders are asking for the public's support to help the restoration project. This old historical clock tower in Biddeford, belonging to the Lincoln Mill, needs a major helping hand. If everyone who considered it worthy would donate whatever you can afford, the bells would toll again..." said Michael A. Caron on his social media page.

I appreciate the updated information Merriman sent about her preservation leadership progress. In a series of educational presentation slides, she described how the Lincoln Mill Clock and Tower with the bells were the "heartbeat of our community", in Biddeford. She quotes "The Men and Times of the Pepperell, the ringing of the bells," how the "...mellow-toned bell of the mill rang six times daily. The first bell came at twenty-five minutes before sunrise, when the sun rose the mill had been at work for a quarter of an hour. The bell rang again to open and close a forty-five minute interval before breakfast; at noon it rang twice to open and close another forty-five minute



*Ringing the bell in the clock tower was considered to be a privilege. Many who were ringers wrote or carved their names in the clock tower's walls.*

spell for dinner. And, its final peal was (..closing...) time, at sunset in summer or at 7 PM or 7:30 PM in the winter."

Merriman will be presenting information about the Lincoln Mill Clock Tower history and restoration, beginning on June 21, at the 37th annual Biddeford La Kermesse Festival. Information about the 2019 festival is available at this link: http://www.lakermessefestival.com/

*"Indeed, the Lincoln Mill Clock Tower is steeped in Biddeford History," says Merriman. "People timed their lives by the bell when it rang in the Clock Tower."*

Contact Louise Merriman at louisem366@gmail.com for more information.

*(N.D.L.R. Part I & II first appeared on Patrick's Blog at http://querythepast.com/)*

# History, Heritage, and Survival: Rassemblement 2019, Part I

*019-05-02 PL Franco-Americans, Heritage and Memory, Historical Memory, Public History, Survivance*

***by Patrick Lacroix, Historian***

What do you call a gathering of Franco-Americans and friends of Franco-Americans? If you are in central Maine, it's a Rassemblement, and you are sure to see it happen every spring.

The latest installment of the Rassemblement, an annual tradition for the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine, was a tremendously thought-provoking and inspiring event, not least by virtue of the diverse voices that shared the stage. As a gathering of scholars, students, creative writers, artists, and community members, the event continues to offer insight on Franco-Americans' history, memory, and identity. Immense thanks and kudos

*(Continued on page 16)*

*(History, Heritage, and Survival: Rassemblement 2019, Part I continued from page 15)*

are due to Susan Pinette, Director of Franco-American Studies, and Lisa Michaud, the Community Engagement Coordinator, for the event's success.

This being my first Rassemblement—caveat lector—I was thrilled simply to listen and learn. But I was also privileged to share some of my research and engage historically with other attendees.

The weekend was prefaced with a panel titled, "Franco-Americans, Acadians, and the Great War: The Legacies of World War I."

Severin Beliveau—an attorney, former state legislator, and prominent advocate of Franco-American rights and culture—discussed his father's experience in the Great War through the lens of his diary. (Stay tuned for his book!) Historian Mark Richard built upon prior research to discuss the effects of xenophobia on Franco-Americans; he notably drew from F. X. Belleau's letter on the balance of survivance and legal Americanization. Doctoral candidate Elisa Sance brought much-needed attention to the struggle for equal rights in education in the Saint John River valley, in northern Maine. I learned a great deal from all three of my co-panelists, as I am sure our audience did.

I added my own touch by delving into the relatively unexplored field of Franco-American politics by addressing electoral success in the context of hardline Americanism. As many in the room recognized, my findings did not coincide perfectly with existing narratives on the subject.

There is ample knowledge of the discrimination and marginalization that people of French-Canadian descent faced on U.S. soil. No one denies it. It is, in fact, central to Franco-Americans' historical consciousness. But researchers can do more to explore how Francos reacted and found modes of expression, which were religious but also political. At times they resisted, at times they conformed. Often they eagerly moved between two cultures—one of baseball and motion pictures, the other of parish rites and bilingual schooling—and this only served to raise suspicions among their neighbors. But the way in which Franco-Americans interpreted opportunities and viewed life in the United States appears to have undergone a significant shift in the period anchored by the Great War; further exploration of the crucial era may change how we understand Francos' "arduous ascent," as I put it. Without offering my research (indeed, still in its preliminary stage) as the last word on the subject, I hope I invited scholars to keep probing longstanding narratives.

Our moderator, author David Vermette, actually opened up the discussion by sharing some of the dominant narratives of the Franco-American community.

In regard to their relationship to the past, some Franco-Americans speak of decimation and decline; some offer a resolute, "We are still here!" Although few broached the question, the Rassemblement seemed in its humble but spirited way to weigh in favor of the latter.

Another important theme is the issue of labeling. Again, few touched on this. Yet it is apparent that many in the community, regardless of generation, grew up identifying not as Franco-American, but as French or French-Canadian, or even Acadian in some areas of Maine. The term Franco-American seems to long have been elites' preferred designation and seems to have become a more common label only in recent decades. There is still some resistance to the term. I leave the matter to those who claim that heritage... whatever "that" might mean to them.

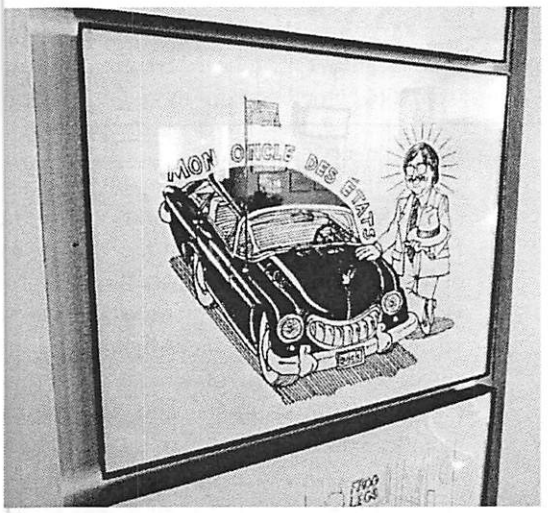
At last, there is the big question of Franco-American solidarity—whether Francos truly support one another. Beliveau and others recalled that doubts among fellow Francos sank Elmer Violette's congressional campaign in the 1970s. That, of course, is assuming that solidarity, no matter what, should trump other interests that might arise, as some early twentieth-century editors and activists argued. With the Franco-American community—even this is a lofty term—being more diverse and divided now than perhaps at any point prior, unequivocal solidarity might be too remote a luxury. The governorship of Paul LePage has had the dubious virtue of showing how unlikely Franco political consensus has become—and with good reason.[2]

Historical research on Franco-Americans, however anchored in past events, inevitably touches on these identity-related themes, the first one in particular.

All historians are implicated in this. From a personal standpoint, none of my research is prescriptive.[3] I write about past people in past circumstances as honestly and as far as my sources will enable me. I believe this is true of most of my colleagues in the field—although few would relinquish their own agency as citizens. Yet I am keenly aware that my findings may not coincide with Franco-Americans' vision of their own past—or that they may interpret my research in ways I had not intended or expected. The Rassemblement was especially helpful in this regard. Although I have been engaging with Franco-Americans for years, the event enabled me to better understand how history, memory, and identity can dialogue with one another. As I have previously argued,

> *conceiving of rather different destinations, academics and members of the Franco-American community should continue to nudge one another, urging one another on—here, in the direction of justice in our day, in the direction of an honest portrayal of our past. This means withdrawing from the debate as to who has the whole truth, or useful truths, and approaching one another with charity and*

*(Continued on page 17)*




*Currently on display at the Franco-American Centre is the art of cartoonist Peter Archambault.*

# History, Heritage, and Survival: Rassemblement 2019, Part II

*2019-05-09 PL Franco-Americans, Heritage and Memory, Historical Memory, Public History, Survivance*

***by Patrick Lacroix, Historian***

As the Rassemblement moved past academic history—and well past the First World War—on April 26 and 27, we had the opportunity to ponder the theme of this edition. Artist and performer Abby Paige had proposed the "Ship of Culture" as a theme and invited us to consider the ship of Theseus, the mythical founder of Athens. When Theseus returned to Athens, his ship was long kept in the harbor and it began to fall apart. Little by little, over time, the Athenians replaced its every part and piece with new materials, leading some to ask whether this was still the same ship Theseus had sailed in or a new one. Applying the story to the last hundred years of Franco-American history, attendees recurrently returned to the question of cultural legacy and change—how much has been preserved, how much lost.

I was especially absorbed by the presentations of Keith Chevalier and Raymond Pelletier, who touched on the matter of physical and human artifacts in the telling of Franco-American history. Chevalier, an archivist at St. Anselm College, discussed the challenges of preservation in the transition from physical records to microfilm to digitization. He brought to our attention a severely, irreparably redacted diary to exemplify the purposeful silences in the archives. (Robert Perreault provided an interesting footnote to the diary's story the following day.) Pelletier, a professor emeritus at the University of Maine, shared his own Franco story, from humble origins in Berlin, New Hampshire, to a successful career in French education—after bucking French-language pedagogies long at odds with the lived experience of Franco-Americans.

A rich discussion ensued, with many Franco-Americans in the room sharing their view of the past, of their identity, and of their relationship to one another. To Quebec-born Yvon Labbé, long a leading figure at the Centre, this discussion was nothing new, nor were some of the proposed answers. "We had the same conversations in this very room" in the early 1970s, he explained. But whatever disagreement there might be in the room in 2019, it was nothing as compared to the often heated and sometimes bitter debates of nearly fifty years ago—not merely between young Franco-American activists and the higher powers of the University of Maine, but among Francos.

Labbé proposed his own metaphor—culture as a cage. His emphasis was less on confinement than on the way in which we are products of our formative years. A person might push out the cage's walls and bars and, every now and then, its roof. But to a great extent they will always be in the cage of their upbringing. Few returned to Labbé's model, but, from hearing other voices at the Rassemblement, I could see the truth in it. Some individuals might have left Berlin or Lewiston or Manchester, but they understood how much Berlin and the other cities had made them and, in a sense, are still with them.

Along the way, we were treated to creative writing and performances by Joan Vermette, Susan Poulin, Normand Beaupré, and Robert Perreault. Chelsea Ray of UM–Augusta shared her study of Franco-American plays and students of the University of Maine and Université Laval also stepped forward to share their work. Regrettably—travail oblige—I missed the second day's afternoon and evening presentations, although I trust that they were just as inspiring.

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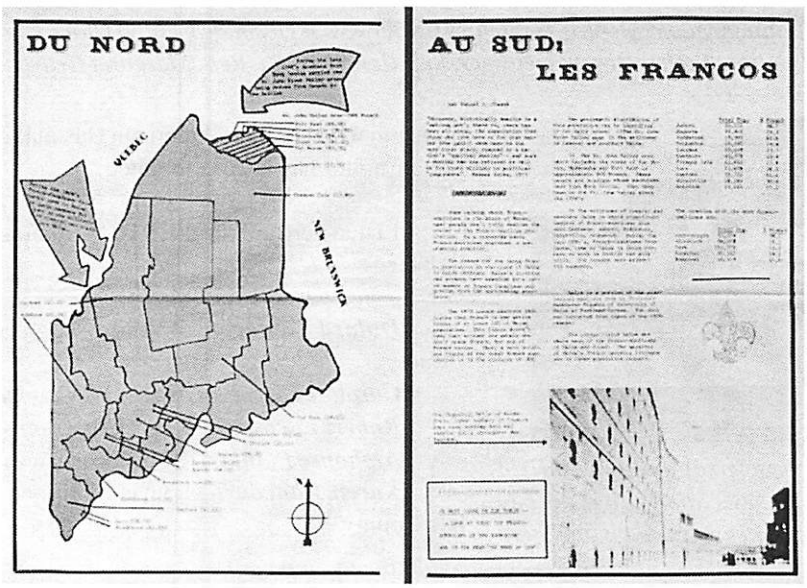



*Cut-out from a four-decades-old copy of Le Forum – a relic of a far more turbulent era among Franco-Americans*

*(History, Heritage, and Survival: Rassemblement 2019, Part I continued from page 16)*

*humility.*

Thus, having shared my findings, I was happy to simply listen. In this regard, in my next post, I will move beyond big historical—often unanswerable—questions to discuss what I heard Friday evening and Saturday and what we might make of Franco-American life in 2019. As always, stay tuned for more.

[2] I am reminded of an incident that took place along Lake Champlain in upstate New York, in the early 1790s, after French-Canadian soldiers had settled the area. Amidst an escalation of conflict among the settlers, Jacques Rouse visited a neighbor, sword in hand, and asserted that he was "full of grief that, so few Frenchmen as we are here, we cannot live in concord together." See The Moorsfield Antiquarian, vol. 1, no. 2 (1937).

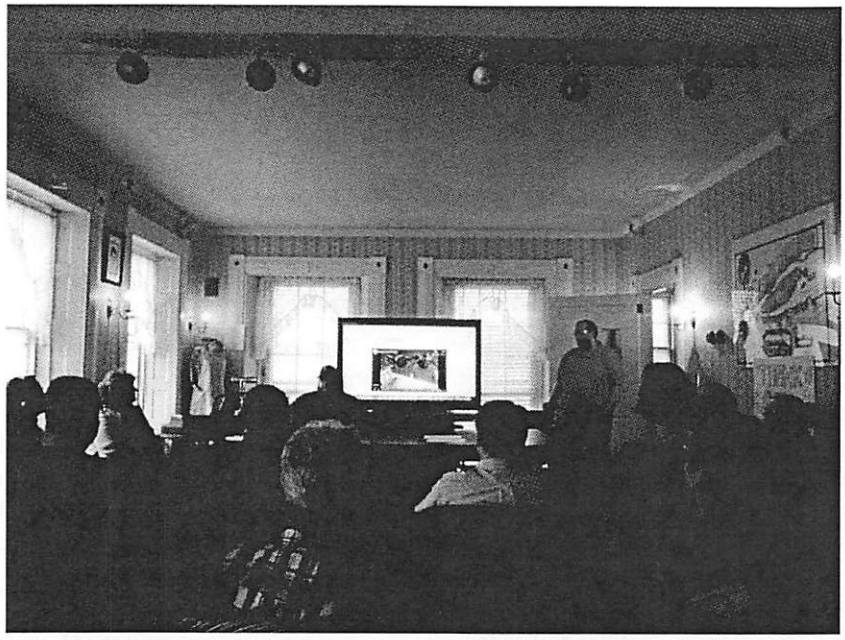
[3] A person of Franco-American descent recently told me, in almost as many words, "Don't tell me who I am." I make no such claim, of course, but the exchange goes to show how difficult it is to disentangle historical research from identity.

*http://querythepast.com/rassemblement-2019-part-1/*

*(History, Heritage, and Survival: Rassemblement 2019, Part II continued from page 17)*

Although my first post on the Rassemblement focused on history and memory, I also want to salute three initiatives showing that all things Franco-American are not relegated to the past:

Jesse Martineau and Mike Campbell, respectively host and producer of the French-Canadian Legacy Podcast, shared with attendees the tremendous conversations they have had on the past, present, and future of Franco-Americans. Picking up on the Theseus analogy, Jesse likely spoke for the entire group in explaining, "I have no idea whether it's the same ship, but it's still a cool ship and we want to bring others on board and check it out." As he has stated before, he does not see the culture as dying, but as different, and the podcast is an eloquent testimony to that idea.



*Jesse Martineau and Mike Campbell present their podcast to a packed house at the Rassemblement.*

Jessamine Irwin, a former University of Maine student now teaching at New York University, shared her experience as guide and leader of an alternative spring break. Self-selecting students from NYU have participated in a cultural enrichment program that have taken them through francophone New England to Quebec City. They have had the opportunity to meet people who grew up with the French language and French-Canadian culture in the United States, but also recent French-speaking immigrants who have come from other countries and continents. Jessamine is currently developing a documentary film on the Francos of Maine with Natalie Baird.

The first issue of Résonance, a literary journal dedicated specifically to Franco-American culture, appeared earlier this year and the Rassemblement provided an opportunity to cheer its launch. The journal is under the editorship of poet and library cataloging manager (at Harvard, no less) Steven Riel. It is available online and merits much more than a heavy skim.

Beyond fruitful but less formal discussion, the weekend closed with an homage to Dean Louder, an American-born geographer, writer on Franco-American themes (writ very large), and long-time professor at Université Laval. He passed away almost exactly two years ago, leaving behind a rich output of research, a blog chronicling his explorations of French America, and, for those who knew him, very fond memories as well. I hope his spirit of adventure and discovery continues to offer inspiration—in particular, to discover others and understand them on their own terms.

The Rassemblement was, in my case, one opportunity to do so in some small measure; I hope to find many more.

# Pictures of the Franco-American Day in the Maine State Capitol

*May 17, 2019Franco-American News and CultureAlphonse Poulin, Armand Mentré, Biddeford Cultural and Heritage Center, Diane Cyr, Heather Pouliot, Le Club Calumet, Lisa L. Newell, Lorraine Pouliot, Rachel Desgrosseilliers, Rep. John Martin, Rep. Margaret Craven, Senator Susan Deschambault, Severin Beliveau, Susan Poulin*

## By Juliana L'Heureux

AUGUSTA, ME- Franco-American Day at the State Capitol was a cultural success.

On Wednesday, May 16, 2019, the Maine Legislature held a joint session in the House of Representatives to recognize the Franco-American heritage evident throughout the state. Eleven citizens were inducted into the Franco-American Hall of Fame during formal legislative ceremonies. This special recognition for and about Franco-Americans marked the seventeenth occasion when Franco-American Day at the State Capitol has been celebrated.

*Heather Pouliot prepared Acadian buckwheat pancakes called ployes. They were a delicious success served in the State Capitol Hall of Flags.*

Listed here are the 2019 Hall of Fame inductees:

***Dolard Gendron*** of Androscoggin County

***Caroline Dubois*** of Aroostook County

***Robert Lacasse*** of Kennebec County

***Alphonse Poulin*** of Kennebec County

***Karen Rancourt-***Thomas of Kennebec County

*(Continued on page 19)*

*(Pictures of the Franco-American Day in the Maine State Capitol continued from page 18)*

***Roger Hurtubise*** of York County
***Susan Poulin*** of York County
***Armand E. Cote***- posthumous
***Raymond Gagnon*** – posthumous
***Priscilla Gendron*** – posthumous
***Reverend Father***
***Rudolph J. Leveille***- posthumous

*Heather Pouliot (left) with Lorraine Pouliot of Augusta, prepared ployes to serve in the State Capitol Hall of Flags during Franco-American Day.*

Awards were presented to the inductees in a Hall of Flags ceremony following the joint legislative recognition session. A joint session of the legislature was led by Senator Mark Lawrence of York County and Rep. John Martin of Eagle Lake. Presentations of the awards were given by Senator Susan Deschambault and Representative John Martin.

*Le français était la langue du jour*! In fact, the diversity of French language accents heard in the State House conversations were interesting to listen to; because, they were examples about the cultural diversity within the French speaking communities.

Counsel General of France Armand Mentré recognized and complimented the Maine Legislature for leading the Franco-American Day ceremonies in French and English.

"I appreciate the diversity of accents being heard today," he said. "French is a universal language".

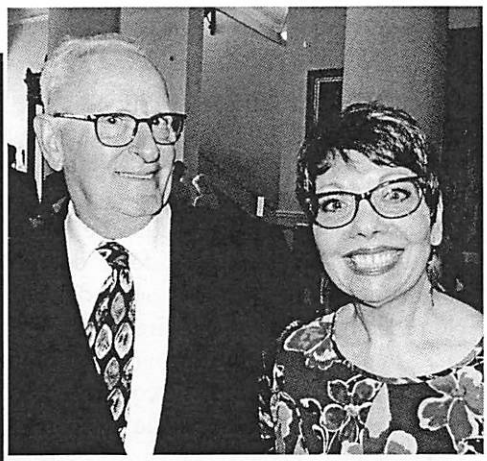
In fact, the Maine State Capitol was filled with people who were speaking French and interested in learning more about the language. Indeed, the occasion was a bilingual French and English celebration. Enthusiastic cultural pride was evident. Franco-Americans shared their stories with the public and among each other, as though all were attending a family reunion.

*Guests attending the Franco-American Day in the Maine State Capitol were (left) Hon. Rep. Margaret Craven, of Lewiston, Rachel Desgrosseilliers, executive director of the Museum L-A, in Lewiston and the Consul General of France in Boston, Armand Mentré.*

*Le Club Calumet in Augusta was among the Franco-American exhibitors. Lisa L. Newell is president, pictured with a plaque, engraved with the surnames of the Acadians who were deported during the 1755 Acadian expulsion, a terrible period in North American history known as "le grand derangement". Information about Le Club Calumet is available at this website: www.calumetclub.com.*

In the Hall of Flags, cultural exhibits were hosted by Le Club Calumet and the Biddeford Cultural and Heritage Center. A delicious "ployes" cooking exhibit was hosted by Rep. Matthew Pouliot's family, his wife Heather Pouliot and his Memere Lorraine Pouliot, of Augusta.

Ployes are delicious Acadian buckwheat pancakes. They are served with offerings of butter, brown sugar, Maple syrup or molasses. Ployes are often served at local events and fairs.



*Among the inductees recognized in the Franco-American Hall of Fame were Alphonse Poulin of Kennebec County and Susan Poulin of York County. Although they are not directly related to one another, they learned, at the ceremonies, that they share the same first immigrant ancestor, who arrived in Quebec in the early 17th century. Franco-American cultural pride was evident in the Hall of Fame induction ceremonies.*

*Biddeford Cultural and Heritage Center was among the Franco-American Day exhibitors. Pictured with Severin Beliveau, the Honorary French Consul to Maine with Diane P. Cyr of Biddeford and Nicole Morin-Scribner.*

For information about the Biddeford Cultural & Heritage Center check this website: www.biddefordculturalandheritagecenter.org.

*C'était une bonne journée Franco-Américaine!*

# La cour de l'école en 1961

***Ann Marie Staples, Rochester, NH***

À droite se trouve un édifice à trois étages. Il est tellement long qu'on ne voit pas la rue River derrière lui. Ses murs sont construits de briques rouges et une inscription gravée sur une plaque de bronze identifie le bout le plus moderne donnant sur la rue Bridge « École Secondaire de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire, 1948. » Si on se tient au centre de la cour on voit tout le panorama du rectangle : le couvent accroché à l'ancienne école, l'école primaire de 1935 jointe à l'école secondaire, l'église et sa sacristie, le presbytère, et l'incinérateur où les grands garçons brûlent les décombres chaque après-midi. On voit surtout le moulin Wyandotte derrière la rivière.

Comme ceux de l'école secondaire, les murs de l'école primaire sont faits de briques rouges, sans doute crées dans les brick-yards de Gonic. Le mur qu'on voit de la cour est décoré de huit énormes fenêtres qui sont tellement grandes que le bedeau peut grimper sur leurs rebords et faire cinq pas. Ces énormes fenêtres sont presque toujours embellies par les chefs-d'œuvre des jeunes artistes qui trouvent leurs inspiration assis derrière elles.

Au côté gauche de la cour, c'est une autre histoire. À gauche une clôture de fil de fer borde la cour sur toute sa longueur passant derrière l'église et le presbytère. Elle protège les occupants de la cour contre les deux chutes d'eau sale de la rivière Cocheco qui hurle vers le moulin Wyandotte. De temps en temps, à midi et quart, le moulin Wyandotte déverse sa teinture dans la rivière et la vapeur caustique remplie vite la cour, ainsi que toute la ville jusqu'à la mairie. La cloche pour faire rentrer les élèves ne sonne pas longtemps après ces déversements. Au printemps, quand la rivière se réveille et commence à courir au sérieux, les fils de fer de la clôture se font réchauffés par des centaines de petites mains – quelquefois de grandes mains aussi. En été, les lilacs au bord de la rivière derrière la clôture produisent un vent qui est doux quand il se rend à l'édifice de briques rouges, mais qui devient bien énervant quand on s'approche à la clôture.

La terre est toute couverte d'asphalte noir abîmé ici et là. Aucun brin d'herbe ne pousse, sauf dans les fissures, cependant le bedeau les tue avec du goudron chaque été. Une ligne blanche est peinte la longueur de la cour la divisant en deux. La division est juste parce que le poteau télégraphique érigé exactement dans le centre de la cour est exactement au milieu de la ligne. C'est sur ce poteau où l'équipement de basket-ball est monté. Cet équipement de basket-ball fait face à gauche et surveille la clôture et la rivière. C'est là où les garçons doivent jouer leurs jeux de garçons. Ils ont la rivière. Le côté à droite ne se plaint pas car il possède les huit balançoires et les merveilleux poteaux de fer qui les supportent. Les balançoires sont dominées par les filles. Chaque septembre, les écolières établissent l'ordre entre-elles avant d'utiliser des balançoires et créent un protocole strict à suivre avant de grimper sur les poteaux.

Sur l'asphalte du côté à gauche on a peint les lignes essentielles pour jouer au base-ball, tandis que les lignes de hop-scotch se trouvent sur l'asphalte du côté droit. Mais c'est le côté droit qui a le trésor. Il s'agit de la plate-forme de ciment nichée dans un coin au pied du mur où les écoles primaires et secondaires se rejoignent. Ensemble, les murs et la plate-forme servent d'une jolie scène pour de beaux spectacles improvisés. Quand le camion vient verser ses tonnes de charbon, il les verse dans le trou au centre de cette plate-forme. Il faut sonner la cloche, car ça cause une poussière affreuse qui colle à tout, surtout quand le monsieur remet le couvert de fer au trou et fait son balayage. Le lendemain, le calme retourne. C'est au bord de cette plate-forme que les plus grandes filles s'asseyent et discutent les garçons qu'elles regardent se secouer au côté gauche.

Au fond du rectangle se trouve un énorme vieux couvent à quatre étages, construit de bois et peint entièrement d'un gris pale. Celles qui y habitent doivent se soulager avec les vents divers des arbres qui poussent autour. À la porte de l'ancienne école en bois accrochée à ce couvent, on voit une inscription presque tout effacée proclamant faiblement, « -cole de Notre – du -osaire. » Les rideaux blancs dans la vingtaine de fenêtres du couvent et son ancienne école défient l'asphalte noir et la peinture grise autant qu'ils défient le poison du moulin et la poussière du charbon. Il n'a jamais été nécessaire d'inscrire, « Ici prospère un peuple têtu. »

# The School Yard in 1961

***Ann Marie Staples, Rochester, NH***

A three-story building is to the right. It's so long that you can't see River Street behind it. Its walls are made of red brick and a bronze inscription identifies the most recent part of the building fronting on Bridge Street as "Our Lady of the Holy Rosary High School, 1948." If you stand in the middle of the yard you get a panoramic view of the whole rectangle: the convent hooked on to the old wooden school, the 1935 grammar school joined to the high school, the church and its sacristy, the rectory, and the incinerator where the big boys burn school trash every afternoon. You can especially see the Wyandotte mill behind the river.

Like those of the high school, the grammar school walls are made of red brick, undoubtedly fabricated in the Gonic brick yards. The wall that you can see from the yard is decorated with eight enormous windows that are so big that the janitor can climb up onto their sills and take five steps. These enormous windows are nearly always embellished by the masterpieces of the young artists who find their inspiration seated behind them.

On the left side of the yard it's a whole other story. On the left, a chain link fence borders the whole length of the school yard, passing behind the church and rectory. It protects school yard occupants against the two falls of dirty Cocheco River water rushing towards the Wyandotte Mill. From time to time, at a quarter past twelve, the Wyandotte dumps its dyes into the river and the caustic steam quickly fills the school yard, as well as the whole downtown all the way to City Hall. The bell that calls students back to class rings not too long after these dye dumps. In the spring when the river awakens the starts running for real, the chain links get warmed up by hundreds of little hands – sometimes big hands, too. In summer, the lilacs on the river banks behind the fence send a breeze that's quite gentle by the time it reaches the red brick building, but it becomes very exciting as you get nearer to the fence.

The land is totally covered in black asphalt with a little wear and tear. Not a blade of grass grows, except in the cracks, but the janitor kills them off with tar during

*(Continued on page 21)*

*(The School Yard in 1961 continued from page 20)*

the summer. There's a while line painted down the center of the school yard dividing it in two. It's an even division because the phone pole stuck exactly in the middle of the yard is exactly in the middle of the line. On this pole is where the basket ball back board and hoop are located. It faces left and oversees the chain link fence and river. It's there where boys must play their boys' games. They have the river. The right half of the yard doesn't complain because it has the eight swings and the fabulous iron poles holding them up. Girls dominate the swings. Every September, school girls establish order among themselves before using the swings and create a strict pole climbing protocol.

On the left side of the asphalt yard, somebody painted a baseball diamond, while a set of hop-scotch lines was painted on the right side. But it's the right side that has the treasure. It's a cement platform wedged in the corner formed by joining the grammar and high schools. Together, the walls and platform make a pretty stage for improvised performances. When the truck comes to deliver its tons of coal, it dumps them into the hole in the middle of this platform. They have to ring the bell then because it creates a horrendous dust that sticks to everything, especially when the man puts the steel lid back on the hole and does his sweeping up. The next day, things are normal again. It's along the edge of this platform that the big girls sit and talk about the boys they see horsing around on the left side.

At the far end of the rectangle you see an enormous old four-story convent, built of wood and painted entirely in pale gray. They who live in it must find comfort in the various breezes that the few surrounding trees produce. At the door of the old wooden school connected to this convent, you can see a faded painted inscription weakly announcing " – ool of Our --- of – osary." The white curtains in the twenty odd windows in this convent and its old school building defy the black asphalt and gray paint as much as they defy the mill's poison and coal dust. It has never been necessary to inscribe, "In this place prospers a stubborn people."

*(THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE MADAWASKA ACADIANS continued from page 3)*

by horse & sleigh, was on the frozen rivers of the season.

Four days later, once again, this time, a load of 77 bushels of oats earned Daigle a credit of £10 11s 9d. with a credit of £1 1s. 6d. for the delivery of the load "Hez" Drake" In the 1850 U.S. Census we find Melzar Drake at Portaage Lake where he is lumber camp foreman of the Shephard Cary operations on the Fish River. Cary, of Houlton, Maine, at some point was a U.S. Congressmen regarded as a hick from Maine by John Quinch Adams.

That same day, Feb. 4, 1846 there's a purchase of a pair of boots for his employee with the account debited at £1.. We know from other citations in the account who the employee is, in deed the 1850 U.S. Census gives Antoine Beaulieu as a resident in the Daigle household.

Allow me, if you will to take a bit of poetic license and imagine the following conversation of that day.

Daigle: 'Toine go hitch up the horses, we're going up river again.

Beaulieu: Today?

Daigle (with exasperation) What do you mean, today?

Beaulieu: Well, Monsieur, Look at my boots, I'll freeze my toes off if I goo on the river with these boots.

Daigle: Look, young man, when you get to the Dufours, pick yourself out a good pair of boots and charge it to my account, but that's going to come out of your wages.

Again on Feb. 14th, 1846 a credit of £12 12s 6d for 101 bushels of oats and £3 3 s 1 1/2d for the transport of this load to Thomas E. Perley. The Perley brothers of Fredericton had a lumber operation on what we now call Perley Brook in Fort Kent which empties into the Fish River just below Fort Kent Mills.

So there we have it, the newly Americanized Madawaska farmer was a supplier of fodder for the oxen of various lumber operations From St. Francis to Fort Kent to Portage Lake in Maine.;

In the middle of winter, we are not seeing the Acadian farmer hibernation in his home spending the evening relating folklore or listening to his widowed mother telling stories, à la Longfellow fashion of what the Acadians called "le grand Dérangement" (The Great unsettling). No, in these two Winter months there was £38 14s 6d. to be earned in shipping farm produce to the lumber camp operations. Various citations in the accounts show a day laborer's wage to have been 2s 6d. a day. Multiply that amount by eight and you get £1. £38 at 8 days salary vakye gives us a value of 304 days' wages of the time.

On Feb. 19, 1846 the account shows 5s paid to Antoine Beaulieu. That is he gets two day's wages (twice 2s 6d). I read that as saying he's got his new boots and he's back from Portage Lake and he gets his salary anyway.

I don't know what farm work was being done in the spring, but Antoine Beaulieu gets a credit of 1s 5d on May 25 and 5s on June 16th 1s 10 1/2d on July 17th and 2s on Sept. 19.

We learn in a letter of the Assesors of Madawaska Plantation to Bishop Fenwick of Boston that Regis Daigle indeed is one of those municipal officers.

Allow, once more a little poetic license here. The Petiton of the residents of Madawaska for the right to build a chapel "In the middle of the plantation is addressed to the Right Reverend ---------- Fenniwick Bishop of Bangor, He there is no such office as a Roman catholic Bishop of Bangor. But let us look at this from a Madawaska oerspective of 1846. Bangor? Boston? what the hell is the difference, isn't it all "from" away" as the Aroostook County folk put it? Isn't it al way out thre beyond the Haynesviile woods?

I'm being facetious and playful here in putting it that way, The honorable municipal officers do not even know the bishops' first name and they spell the Bishops' surname with two "n's". Sorry about that, folks, But the good bishop does grant the peti these new American citizens are not Red Sox fans yet with the ball park name spelled with but

*(Continued on page 22)*

*(THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE MADAWASKA ACADIANS continued from page 21)*

one "n" in Fenwick. But the good Bishop does grant the petitioners their request and he dies a month later.

However, we have the Journal of his successor, the Right Reverend, John Bernard Fitzpatrick recorded during his 1847 Summer trek to Madawaska to personally look at church conditions there. But one more look at the petition is necessary. The Madawaska residents state that in their attendance at the parish church in St. Basile, N.B, the building hardly accommodates them and they sometimes have to follow services from out in the church yard. Then too they state that during the ice out season, they can not cross the river in time to perform their Easter duties. Then they play their American card. They tell the American bishop as a further reason for wanting a chapel on this side of the border is "In case of a War with Great Britain. What better appeal could the present to an American to serve their hearts' desire?

A final remark states: "Your Lordship will be please to direct your answer to Francis Thibodeau, Justice of the Peace.. Make note that his Justice of the Peace served as a State Representative in 1849. An Acadian who is now a state officer.. We look once more at the Dufour Journal of Accounts and find Francis Thibodeau's account a credit of £4 3d. for a load of hay of one ton, 6 hundredweight, and 84 pounds delivered "au Lac." We are not told which lake that applies to but at the time lumber operations also took place on La Temiscouata at the head of the Madawaska River.

Then In April 1847 one ton, 5 hundred and 54 pounds of hay was taken from his farm of a credit of £1 11s 10d. Again an Acadian now Americanized conducting business in French with accounting in British currency for supplying farm produce to lumber camp operations on both sides of the International border.

Now, a look at another account, that of Francois Cyr who resides on river lot 358 near the easterly bound of the State of Maine. In the report of December 1844 of the Land Commission set up by the Treaty of Washington of 1842, "to quiet the settler's claim, Francois Cyr claims that lot cited stating that he has been in occupation of that lot since 1838. Among his neighbors are Abraham Dubé and Magloire Dubé, who as it turns out are his brothers in law.

The account, however shows that Cyr has been engaged in a lumber drive on the Green River in New Brunswick which empties into the St. John River opposite present day Grand Isle. Maine. But I want here to single out the closing of the account on April 5, 1848 where we set amounts debited in favor of his employees among whom are his brother's in law, Germain Dubé and Magloire Dubé. Especially noteworthy are the credits in value of £152 19s 8 1/2 pence for effects left in the lumber camp, for the driving of 276 tones of logs and for the residue of logs remaining in the Green River.

Cyr had married Helen Dubé. The Dubé name is not Acadian, it is French Canadian, i.e. Quebecois, but Francis Cyr, like Regis "Bonhomme" Daigle is a grand son of a Madawaska pioneer. He is given as Francois Cyr, son of Hilarion, who it turns out was a son of Joseph Cyr land grantee in the British land grant to Madawaska settlers in 1791. Regis Daigle, son of Jean Baptiste Daigle, was the grand son of Joseph Simon Daigle who receive lot 25 the British land grant to the Madawaska settlers in 1790

***I read into this the rapid willingness of the Acadians to adopt American governance.***

The Land Grants take us back to the beginning of the story, but I shall once more concentrate on the Americanization phase of the story by regarding next the 1844 Census of Van Buren plantation in which Francis Cyr, cited is a resident. My concentration here again is on the Acadian municipal officers here just two years after the Treaty of Washington rendered them American.

In this census record of the heads of household s of Van Buren Plantation on May 31st 184 we have as plantation assessors three Acadians, Paul Cire, , Joseph Cire and Bellonie Violette who each in turn would serve as members of the Maine House of representatives. Joseph Cyr served in Augusta in 1846, Paul Cyr Serve as representative in 1851 and 1859 and Bellonie Violette went to Augusta in 1867 having served not only as a local office but having been an a Commissioner of Aroostook County in 1859. They each went to Augusta as Democrats following the era of Jackson Democracy in which the Irish Catholics in Main hand an influence among the Acadians in their new American experience.

Irish Catholics who especially impacted on our regions Madawaska history included Edward Kavanaugh, ,U.S. Congressman in 1831 and acting governor of Maine in 1843 and James C. Madigan, Esq. from the same town and parish as Kavanaugh who sent Madigan here to organize plantation government here following the adoption of the Treaty of Washington of 1842.

It must be noted that the State of Maine first incorporated the town of Madawaska in 1831 covering some 4000 square miles on both sides of the st. John River. The 1840 U.S. Census enumerates residents here two districts or listings: Madawaska North (now New Brunswick) and Madawaska South, (now Maine).

John G. Denae of Ellsworth and Edward Kavanaugh of Newcastle, Maine were sent here in 1831 bringing with them a Warrant for the first Town Meeting of Madawaska as incorporated by the State of Maine In Pl. Chapter 151 of 1831. The Town warrant was signed by William D. Williamson of Bangor, as Aroostook County had not yet been incorporated.. The meeting was set to take place at Pierre Lizottes' resident, but leery of reprisal from the British, Lizotte did not let them in his home. Being that the meeting took place on a bright August day, the meeting was held in Lizotte's yard.

Come September with the first state election to be held in Madawaska, Lizotte won election to the office of State Representative. Lizotte however declined to serve , stating in a letter to Maine Governor Samuel Smith, "I was born a British subject and Intend to die so." As a south shore resident, The Treaty of Washington of 1842 rendered Lizotte an American

Now back to the officers of Van Buren Plantation, we note that Paul Cyr, State Rep in 1852 and 1859 sent his son Alexis Cyr to Worcester College after which Alexis Cyr served as State Representative in 1864, 1877, and from 1883 to 1887, which last years was the date of his decease. As subsequent family history has it , this Alexis Cyr has among his grandsons, no less that Leo G. Cyr, U.S. Ambassador to Rwanda during the Lyndon Baines Johnson administration and Edward P. Cyr who first won election as a State senator from Madawaska in 1960 Aye, An Acadian dynasty in American politics.

Belonie Violette (1818- 1879), Like Paul Cyr (1796-1865) an assessor of Van Buren Plantation also had a son, Frederic Violette (1844-1911), a grist mill owner of

*(Continued on page 23)*

# *Lettres/ Letters*

***Dear Le Forum;***

Just to say what a nice job you continue to do on The Forum - the Spring issue 2019 has several particularly interesting stories that brought us a lot of information.

We did spend four months in Paris this year and returned at the end of March to be witness to a snow storm on April 9 and to the catastrophic fire at Notre Dame from a distance - we are still in shock.

Thanks again for your dedication!

***Anita & Gerard Tassel***
***Bangor, ME***

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***Dear Le Forum;***

Please keep them coming — I really enjoy them!

***Thanks!***

***Evelyn Joiner***
***Lake Forest, CA***

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***Salut Le Forum;***

I loved reading Wilfred Bergeron's "Mémère Bergeron" article In the Spring 2019 issue. Then, flipping some pages, I found "Wyandotte" by chance, and had a pile of joyful flashbacks. I know his subjects well!

Back in 1996, I wrote a little descriptive composition for a UNH course assignment. My subject was the school yard mentioned in Chip Bergeron's Wyandotte poem.

So, I'm sending you my little 1996 composition en français with sort of an equivalent en anglais to do with as you please.

I'm also pasting the Google Maps street view URL for what is left of the buildings in my composition: the sacristy (now daycare?) and grammar/high school (now K-8).

https://www.google.com/maps/@43.303872,-70.979029,3a,85.4y,143.74h,102.36t/data=!3m6!1e1!3m4!1sKHU85jhfURaRY2tE7o0V6Q!2e0!7i13312!8i6656

Now, I have so much more to read in this issue!

***Good job!***

***Ann Marie Staples***
***Rochester, NH***

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***Chère Le Forum;***

Il y'a de nombreuses années , nous avons souscript à votre journal, ***Le Forum***, et chaque nouvelle publication nous fait connaitre la vie de now 'cousins' franco-américains. Ils portent des noms comme Pelletier, Cyr, Soucy, Martin et combien d'autres.

Merci pour votre dévouement inlassable à cette magnifique revue.

Vous trouverez c-inclus un cheque pour couvrir un peu le coût de cette revue que nous avons reçu depuis de nombreuses années.

***Amicalement vôtres,***
***Alphée et Jeannine Cyr***
***St-Basile, N. B.***

***Dear Le Forum;***

Many years ago, we subscribed to your journal, ***Le Forum***, and each new publication made us know the life of our now Franco-American 'cousins'. They carry names like Pelletier, Cyr, Soucy, Martin and many others.

Thank you for your tireless dedication to this wonderful magazine.

You will find a check to cover the cost of this publication that we have received for many years.

***Regards,***
***Alphée et Jeannine Cyr***
***St-Basile, N. B.***

*(THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE MADAWASKA ACADIANS continued from page 22)*

Violette Brook who went to August as Ste Rep in 1897 and a nephew Neill Violette (1882-1935 who served in the State House in 1911. Neill Violette stayed on in Augusta serving as Deputy forest commissioners in the 1920 and state Forest Commissioner at his decease in August in 1935. During his term of service the lumber industry in Maine saw the entry of the Paper Industry in Maine forest land ownership and at that time we get the erection of Forest Fire protection and observation towers on the mountain tops in Maine's wild land townships.

In Belonie Violettes 1867 term of service we get the state passing a resolve "To render legal the doings of Van Buren Plantation". We have no documentation to determine the nature of those doings However some family story is noteworthy. Bellonie Violette' grandfather ,Francois Violette (1744-1824) was one of the land grantees of 1791 with a lot located at the mouth of the Grand River in present day St. Leonard, N.B. In 1825, his son Francois Violette (1774-1856) applied to the British authorities in New Brunswick for the right to set up a gristmill on the Piquanositac stream (Now Violette Brook in Van Buren Maine. Now get this In 1824 this Francois Violette served as a Captain in the York County militia of New Brunswick.. In 1831 He diplomatically received the American visitors, Deqne and Kavanaugh answering their questions to their satisfaction. The Dean-Kavanaugh Report cites instances of resistance to the American visitors.

In 1844 when Belonie Violette serves as assesor of Van Buren Plantation, the former British militia captain is now of retirement age and we find in the Aroostook Registry of Deeds in Houlton, Maine, the Life support mortgage of Belonie Violette in favor of his father, for title to lot 301 which includes the grist mill site of 1825. I read into this the rapid willingness of the Acadians to adopt American governance. Belonie went to Augusta as a Democrat but his son went to the State House as a Republican, as did Belonie Violette's son Neil Violette. In the interval between the father's service and the sons' service in a state office, we have the Republican ascendency in Maine.

# Finding the Franco, Part I: Introduction & Who do you belong to?

***By Daniel Moreau***

***Introduction***

This is the first part to an eight part series of compositions with the goal of identifying what it is to be Franco-American and to police the policing of Franco-American identity. I will be looking at how those my age (Millennials and Gen Z) find identity and whether or not they as individuals choose to identify with their Franco-American roots. What does it mean to be Franco-American? What does it mean to be American? How is being a Franco-American different from being another culture? Through this series I expect that some will be insulted, however, with a subject as vast yet specific as this, it is to be expected. The subjects and questions presented in this series do not necessarily represent Le Forum or the Franco-American Centre, but only represent myself as a writer. If you disagree with anything I will present, you can write a nicely worded article to be presented in Le Forum, though I may not care to read it.

***Who do you belong to?***

We are not unique. Though we like to think we are, there is always going to be someone in this world who talks, thinks, and likes the same things as we do. The thing is, we rarely ever get to meet this person. There are over 7.5 billion people on this earth. 327 million people in the United States, 1.34 million in Maine, and 11 thousand in Orono. These numbers are difficult to comprehend so let's bring it to more of a ratio form. For every single person in Orono, there are 134 other people in Maine, 30 thousand people in the United States, and 700 thousand worldwide. Basically, for every person in Orono, there is an entire Denver, Colorado representing the worldwide population. The odds that your "twin" would be in the same town as you are very slim. Of course, it doesn't take many things for people to get along with eachother and create a community. My neighbor in Auburn has very different political opinions than I do, however we still get along because we are part of the same community. Community is putting differences aside for the greater cause of the relationship between multiple individuals. The Franco-American Community is of course a community, meaning that by definition, each Franco-American is different from the next.

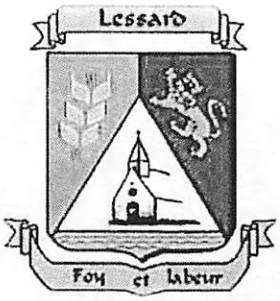
As each community, members have their differences, but also their similarities which are more often than not in the name itself. For instance the Franco-American Community is comprised of Franco-Americans (who knew) sharing the common thread of their culture. Not all communities are based around culture. Because culture is such a large thing, I'll use the community I am part of home in Auburn, which has the commonality of the Stevens Mill neighborhood, the subject of which variates over time. Neighborhoods change over time, sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse, sometimes in no general direction whatsoever. New houses, houses going vacant, changes in land value, etc. The neighbors are different, but share the commonality of the community subject. These people change, too. Everything in the community changes, except for that subject at the very root.

*After acculturation comes assimilation. Aspects of the culture are lost with the children, and they become more "Apple-pie, white-picket fence, American."*

In turn, the Franco-American Community changes, and what makes a community is a collection of individuals. When the Community changes, it doesn't change as one complete entity but instead with a few people to a large percentage of people. And this change doesn't happen quickly but instead, with time. I do not mean this in the sense of an event, but in social and change in identity. According to Mark Paul Richard's book Loyal But French which highlights the Franco-Americans of Lewiston, he states that the French-Canadians kept their identity through regular visits or new immigrants from members of French Canada. Once this immigration dwindled and borders became more restrictive, the identity slowly shifted to Franco-"American", as seen with the term "Loyal but French," meaning that they were loyal to their country of the United States, but they were still French and they had no plans of giving that up.

Another significant change in the Franco-American Community is Assimilation, a subject non-Anglo-Americans are all too familiar with. It starts as acculturation. Those who completely identify with their culture meet and adapt with the "native" culture. A form of acculturation can be seen in the imagery of the Pilgrims shaking hands with the indigenous peoples as grade school would like you to believe, but if you know history, you know this was not the truth. Acculturation is always violent and messy, as people are afraid of people different from themselves. After acculturation comes assimilation. Aspects of the culture are lost with the children, and they become more "Apple-pie, white-picket fence, American." The road to assimilation is not a linear road, but instead a winding network of highways, roads, streets, and trails that lead to different places. It is different for every person. Another note is that you can go in reverse on the network of assimilation. For instance, the Franco-American culture which was lost with my parents, is that of which I am rediscovering. This is not an isolated event, I know more than a handful of individuals my age who have done a U-turn on the network to assimilation, I call these individuals revivalists. More often than not, those who never truly assimilated are eager to see those younger than themselves who have become these revivalists.

But it isn't easy even if you want to, for many revivalists of the Franco-American culture, if you did not grow up speaking the same localized French language as your grandparents did, relearning the French language can damage the view of that one true goal. I, as many others who lost the French-Canadian language, go along with learning Parisian French, and once the revivalist has learned that language, often, if they are not specifically informed, may assume that is the language of their grandparents. However, the Franco-Americans of New England have their own special language denomination of French that identifies Franco-American culture as an identifiable culture. But that's not something I will lead into right away, that will be saved for Part II of Finding the Franco.




# The Lessards

***by Treffle Lessard***

Stephen Lessart, (Étienne de Lessart) ancestor of the Lessard families was born in Normandy, 1623. One does not know his origin except that of the name of his parents, Jacques (James) and Marie Herson and that of the village where he grew, Chambois [1] Normandie France.

It is believed that Étienne[2] de Lessart came to live in New France approximately 1645. In June 1646, he is present at a baptism celebrated in Trois-Rivières and, the following year, he is the messenger of good news. It is he who announces the next arrive of help promised by France. The event is noted in these terms: "On this same day (June 21st) Mr. de Lessart returning from Tadoussac[3] brought the first news from France given to him by Captain Le Fèvre[4] arriving at l'Île Percée (...) that five vessels made ready to come and that peace was attained in France."

The 10th of February 1651, Olivier Le Tardiff, Co-Lord of Beaupré, grants to Étienne de Lessart a parcel of land[5] 2 1/2 miles in depth with ten acres of frontage, on the banks of the Saint-Lawrence River. This land is one of the most beautiful. It will also be one of the most frequented in North America...Captivated by life in New France, Étienne de Lessart chooses this part of the world for his children to be born. The young girl that he loves was born in Paris around 1634. She is eighteen years old, and has already lived in New France for seventeen or eighteen years of her life. Marguerite Sevestre is the daughter of Charles and Marie Pichon who arrived here with three children born of the first marriage of Marie Pichon with Philippe Gauthier, including two girls from Marie's second marriage. Charles Sevestre is an admired man who has "prominence." His lineage perpetuate itself until today by his dauthers.

Étienne de Lessart and Marguerite Sevestre perpetuated their name by giving birth to twelve children, of whom are six sons and two dauthers are known. They had to make an alliance to gain widespread acceptance and declare their fathers' patronage in the region of Québec, the coast of Beaupré and the Beauce. March 8, 1658 worried by the absence of a church in Beaupré, Étienne de Lessart and his wife Marguerite brought forth an idea that, three centuries later, is not forgotten. Ardent "to contribute something to the glory of God and to his service, and seeing the inclination and the devotion that the inhabitants of Beaupré have had for a long time, is to have a church and a chapel in which they can attend the divine service and to take part in the sacraments of our mother the holy church," Étienne de Lessart donated a portion of his land on which will be raised the first chapel dedicated to the good Saint Anne.

Pursuant to a requirement from the donors, the construction of the chapel begins during the weeks following the customary ceremonies The 13th of March 1658, Père Jean de Quen, the interim governor Louis d'Ailleboust and l'abbé Guillaume Vignal participants in the blessing at the church construction "at the site of Petit Cap, (Little Cape) while the interim governor placed the first stone." June 16, 1659, Monseighneur(6) de Laval can finally visit the first one of three churches, which will be raised at Petit Cap, in the XVIIth century. In 1661, tides have eaten away "the soil from under" the little chapel where "wonders" were already occurring by the intercession of Saint Anne. Étienne de Lessart and Marguerite Sevestre submitted a new plot of land for the construction of a new chapel.

Charles Sevestre died in 1657 and his wife, Marie Pichon in 1661. In the month of February 1662, they officially began the division of the goods left by this couple, which must be divided between the children of the first marriage of Marie Pichon and those of Charles Sevestre. Seven heirs claim their share of houses, lands, furniture and debts to be equally divided. But the division of a house in quarters or the division of land or a lordship is not made without difficulty. Also, after having all items recorded, justly estimated and numbered, prompt action was demanded: "Antoine Boutin age seven or eight years old was called to choose the numbers at random." Étienne de Lessart had just inherited one fourth in a house situated on rue Notre-Dame, in the lower city of Québec. The heirs had to further share a lordship granted according


to Charles Sevestre in the approximate year of 1637. This land "close to Montreal" will later be known as Lanoraie. In 1668, this lordship, which had not been resolved, was recaptured by the authorities of the country and distributed among the heirs. It is of little interest to Lessart who sold it to his brother-in-law, Louis de Niort de la Noraye, in 1698. Étienne de Lessart has twice been granted lordship. It is to him that the Ile-aux-Coudres was granted in 1677 and he sold it to Monseigneur de Laval in 1687. Étienne de Lessart and Marguerite Servestre meanwhile have other concerns. In 1684, renewing the grants made in 1658 and 1661, the couple chose their place of burial "in the nave" of the church at Saint-Anne de Beaupré. In 1699 "victims of old age and exhaustion," they submitted themselves to their sons Prisque and Joseph. Étienne died in the month of April 1703, and then in 1720, 17 years later his wife Marguerite, approximately age 86, joined him.

And there in St. Stephens' (à la Saint-Étienne) since 1703, mass is celebrated as promised to the ancestor in 1661. As for the bench that he had constructed in the church and that would be occupied by him and by the eldest son of his descendants, would forever be reserved and was continually occupied by Lessards until 1931, then, one got rid of it for the sum of sixty-five dollars.

Étienne was a very active man. He carried on business relations with many Merchants such as Charle Auber, Sieur de la Chesnaie de Québec and Daniel Baille, Sieur de Saint-Meur de la Rochelle in France. Étienne owned a boat, a rather large one considering the times, about 30 by 13 feet. It had a cabin at either end that made it seem elegant indeed and was configured to carry cargo, often between Québec and Sainte-Anne; but his principal occupation

*(Continued on page 32)*

*(The Lessards continued from page 25)*
seems to have been farming.

Étienne (de) Lessard: Note that the de was dropped in the late 1700's and that Lessart was recorded as Lessard. Variations of the Surname are: DeLessard-Dessaliers-Lessart and Lessard.

There is an estimated population of over 5,800 Lessards in the United States and over 37,000 Lessards in Canada, the majority living in and around Québec. The United States census Records up to the 1900 Census list over 89,000 Lessards.

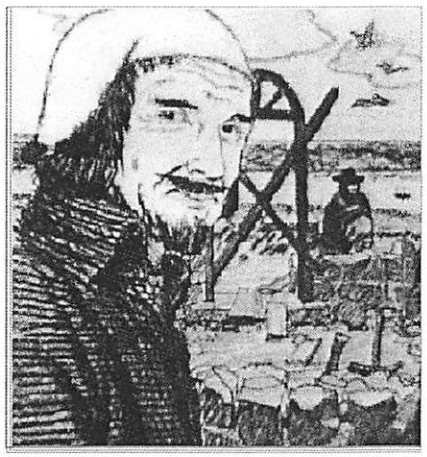
Most Lessards can trace their ancestry to a single individual: Étienne de Lessart and Marguerite Sylvestre.

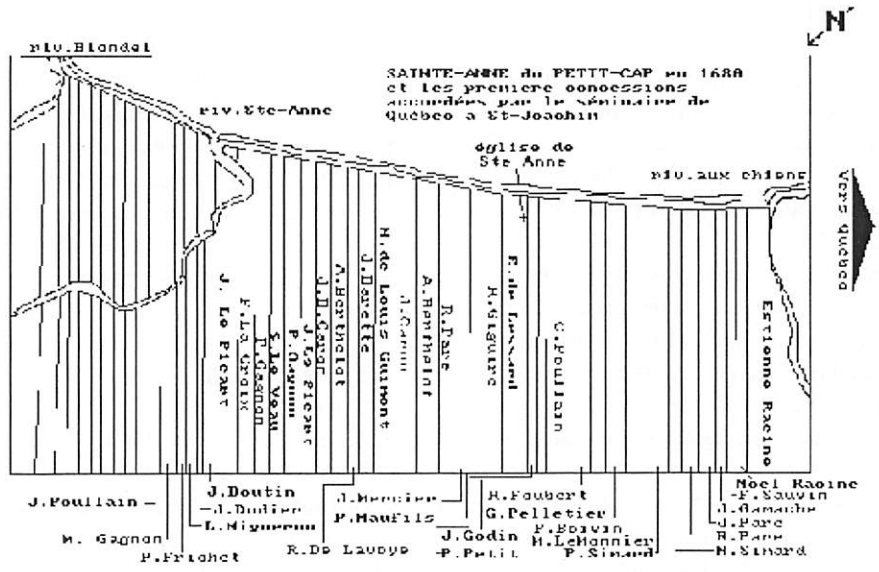
Born in 1623 in Normandy Franc. Étienne de Lessard arrived in Québec in 1645. Lieutenant junior grade of the militia of Cote de Beaupré, he became co-lord of the Lanoraie fief in 1688.

Married to Marquerite Sevestre, Étienne de Lessard was survived by a large family of six boys and two girls.

Étienne de Lessard, son of Jacques de Lessard and Marie Herson, was born in Chamblis, diocese of SEE (Orne) in Normandy. In 1645, at the age of 22, he left France on a ship to come to New France (Canada). At the time only a few people from Europe lived in the colony of France.

Étienne owned a boat and was associated with Martin Grouvel who was a navigator from Québec. This work gave him the opportunity to go from Tadoussac to Trois-Rivières on the St-Laurence River for the purpose of transporting merchandise. Surely he was trading furs, because in those days it was the best way to make money quickly.






(1) Chambois: A small community of the diocèse de Sèes, in lower Normandy of the département de l'Orne located about 14 km north-east of Argentan.

(2) Étienne de Lessart: (de) signifies (of). It is believed that it dates as far back in time before surnames existed. To distinguish individuals who occupied the same name, the area, the village and other means were added to their birth name to set them apart thus becoming a surname.

(3) Tadoussac: A community in the vicinity of Trois-Rivières. (Three Rivers)

(4) Captain LeFèvre was a mariner involved in the shipping trade.

(5) A parcel of land: The land granted to Étienne in 1651, situated at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, was named, Saitn-Étienne, (Saint Stephen) and cleared by indentured workers whom he had in his service.

(6) Monseigneur means, Monsignor

(7) Seigneur means Lord, a title given to a nobleman. Étienne inherited this title from his father.

# *FRENCH-CANADIAN INFLUENCE IN THE UNITED STATES*

*Anne-Marie Perrault, #2238*

*American-Canadian Genealogist*
*Vol. 20, Number 1, Issue 59*
*Winter 1994*

### *Vincennes, Indiana*

In 1732, Francois BISSOT de Vincennes founded the city of Vincennes, Indiana. It was a fortified town, developed to protect traders up and down the Mississippi. In 1785, the first permanent parish was established by Father Pierre GIBAULT. Americans called him the "patriot priest", because he promoted independence in Illinois. In 1795, Father Jean François RIVET, a native of France, opened the first school, a French-language facility, with the blessing of George WASHINGTON. A library opened with 5000 volumes from the personal library of the bishop of Vincennes, Simon BRULÉ de Bémur, from Rennes. The library still exists and is recognized as one of the best American libraries on the history of French in what became the United States.

### *John C. Fremont*

Jean-Charles FREMONT, son of a *Québecois*, was, in 1846, commander of the pueblo of Nuestro Senora of Los Angeles, an army which eventually defeated Mexicans. FREMONT became governor of California until it was annexed into the Union in 1850. He was the first presidential candidate of the new Republican party. His platform had four points: (1) to stop the progress of slavery in the free territories, (2) to admit Kansas to the Union. (3) to change the politics of then president Pierce, (4) to build the Pacific Railroad. We all recall that FREMONT was defeated by Buchanan.

*(Continued on page 28)*

# *PLEASE HELP US....*

Greetings! My name is Meghan Murphy, and as well as being a student here at the University of Maine, I am also a proud Franco-American and the president of FAROG. FAROG is the Franco-American Resource Opportunity Group here at the Centre. As well as having a super cool acronym, we also host monthly dinners and holiday parties for Christmas, Thanksgiving, Mardi-Gras and more! We are a modest group and we exist for the simple purpose of gathering Franco's together to enjoy the amazing culture we all share. We are currently re-doing our office space to accommodate our busy schedule of representing Franco's at multicultural events around campus, holding food and toy drives yearly, a full class schedule for all of our officers, and spending quality time with our amazing community members. We are accepting and appreciating donations for our self-run office remodeling, our monthly dinners, and our expenses for running the club whether it be napkins and silverware, or table cloths and food for meetings.

We thank you for taking the time to read our request, and we hope to see you soon at one of our gatherings. Please follow us on Facebook, FAROG@FrancoAmericanROG, for updates on upcoming events and following our activities! ***Please consider supporting our student group! Make checks payable to FAROG.***

***Thank you very much and hope to see you soon!***

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The top Surnames for MAINE are:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. SMITH | 2. BROWN | 3. JOHNSON | 4. DAVIS |
| 5. CLARK | 6. MARTIN | 7. WHITE | 8. JONES |
| 9. WILLIAMS | 10. ALLEN | 11. PELLETIER | 12. MICHAUD |
| 13. THOMPSON | 14. HALL | 15. ANDERSON | 16. YOUNG |
| 17. LIBBY | 18. ADAMS | 19. CYR | 20. OUELLETTE |
| 21. MILLER | 22. STEVENS | 23. TAYLOR | 24. GRAY |
| 25. ROBINSON | 26. GRANT | 27. ROY | 28. WILSON |
| 29. CAMPBELL | 30. KING | 31. GAGNON | 32. MOORE |
| 33. COTE | 34. MURPHY | 35. MORIN | 36. MITCHELL |
| 37. PERKINS | 38. WOOD | 39. ROBERTS | 40. SHAW |
| 41. NADEAU | 42. PERRY | 43. JORDAN | 44. BAKER |
| 45. CURTIS | 46. BEAULIEU | 47. CARTER | 48. MERRILL |
| 49. THOMAS | 50. BAILEY | 51. PARKER | 52. CARON |
| 53. JACKSON | 54. LEWIS | 55. RUSSELL | 56. WALKER |
| 57. BOUCHARD | 58. FOSTER | 59. SMALL | 60. COLE |
| 61. DYER | 62. HARRIS | 63. TURNER | 64. CHASE |
| 65. RICHARDSON | 66. SAWYER | 67. NELSON | 68. COLLINS |
| 69. KELLEY | 70. THIBODEAU | 71. COOK | 72. ROGERS |
| 73. WRIGHT | 74. HIGGINS | 75. RICHARDS | 76. LEVESQUE |
| 77. BERRY | 78. SULLIVAN | 79. REED | 80. MACDONALD |
| 81. HILL | 82. WARD | 83. BROOKS | 84. MCLAUGHLIN |
| 85. THERIAULT | 86. YORK | 87. DAY | 88. BENNETT |
| 89. POULIN | 90. MURRAY | 91. SCOTT | 92. BELANGER |
| 93. KIMBALL | 94. ROSS | 95. LEE | 96. DOW |
| 97. GOODWIN | 98. ELLIS | 99. HANSON | 100. REYNOLDS |

Some of the above Anglicized are also French such as Libby, King, Young, Taylor, Foster, Wood, Baker, Dyer, Murray, Rogers, Brooks, Lewis, Richards, York etc.

## *POETRY/POÉSIE...*

# MEMORY FOR SALE


"In Memory of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Niles"
reads the tiny tarnished brass plaque
as I wipe away the dust with my index finger.

Who might they have been?
They, whose names someone long ago affixed,
with hope for posterity, to the middle door
of this ornate walnut Victorian-era confessional
through which have entered dozens of good shepherds
to help cleanse and soothe the ailing souls
of generation after generation of their repentant flocks.

Could they have been wealthy, prominent members of the parish,
whose generous bequest easily covered the cost of this confessional?
Or—though much less likely—were they simple folk,
humble, and of modest means,
whose heirs made an overwhelming sacrifice
for love of parents and as a testimony to their profound faith?

Perhaps my questions will forever go unanswered
because although this confessional
rests in familiar company beside pews, communion rail,
sanctuary chairs, tabernacle, stained-glass windows,
and other furnishings of worship,
I can't walk down this aisle before me
to ask the pastor, "Who were these special people
whose memory we're being asked to honor
for all time?"

No, not today. Today, I can only walk down this aisle,
lined also with old claw-foot bathtubs, sinks, toilets,
iron radiators, doors, windows, moldings,
porch rails, columns, and so many more remnants
of our demolished heritage,
to ask the clerk—out of mere curiosity, mind you—
"How much for the confessional?"

For here, in the gargantuan warehouse
of the local salvage company, near the millyard,
within earshot of speeding highway traffic
and the rush of the Merrimack's waters,
lies the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Niles.

Anyone care to buy a memory?

**—— by Robert B. Perreault**

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*(FRENCH-CANADIAN INFLUENCE IN THE UNITED STATES continued from page 26)*

***Hot Water in your Hotel? Thank Remi Nadeau***

A Québec native, NADEAU built a covered wagon, grew grapes, developed the largest vineyard in the world, built the first hotel in the West to boast hot and cold running water and an elevator and was widely known in Los Angeles as the "crazy Frenchman". You will find a street in the City of Angels named for NADEAU.

***Gold in California: Charles Prud'homme***

In 1842, Charles PRUD'HOMME discovered gold in California. Many Frenchman came to the Gold Rush from France and their descendants still live in the town of Battlemountain, Nevada, completely surrounded by Amerindians. They still spoke French in 1970, and raised sheep for wool.

***First Fire Company in San Francisco***

The first fire company in San Francisco was founded by a group of Francophones and was named, *"Companie Lafayette des Echelles et de Crochets"* (hooks and Ladders).

***French-Canadian Immigration to the United States***

In 1808, 300 Franco families had moved to the Québec border of Vermont. In 1837, Vermont became the refuge of the Patriots, following the failure of the Papineau Rebellion. Between the years of 1870 and 1890, 200,000 French-Canadians crossed into New England. Between the years of 1890 and 1910, the number decreased to 150,000. For the entire period of 1871-1931, the number was 1,600,000 from the province of Québec and 400,000 from France.

In 1950, the results of this emigration were reflected in 427 Franco parishes in New England, representing 30% of all Roman Catholic New England parishes. Also part of this: 1,000 priests and 264 colleges, high schools and parochial schools, serving 8,000 students.

In 1940, 82% of all Franco immigrants to New England still spoke French. In his campaign speeches in the area, Francklin Roosevelt occasionally spoke French.

*MUSIC/MUSIQUE*

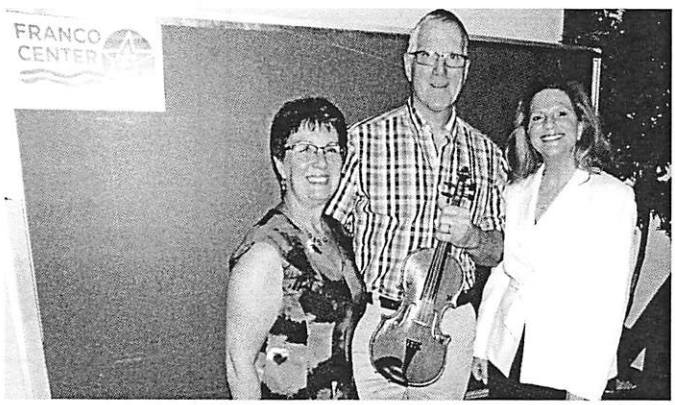
***National Award Recipients***

# Honored Franco-American musician couple perform during St. John Baptist program

*June 23, 2018 Franco-American News and CultureFranco-American Collection, Franco-Gendron Center, Lewiston Maine, National Heritage Fellowship*

***By Juliana L'Heureux***

LEWISTON, Me– It was a special occasion to enjoy the performance of the talented Don and Cindy (Lebrecque) Roy, when the talented musical couple from Gorham performed on Friday, June 22, at the Saint John Baptiste celebration held at the Franco-Gendron Center, on Cedar Street in Lewiston.




*Don and Cindy Roy with Marie-Claude Francoeur, from the Quebec Delegation to New England from Boston, at the Franco-Gendron Center in Lewiston, Maine*

In fact, the talented Maine musical duo will be inducted into the National Heritage Fellows by the National Endowment for the Arts, during the organization's September 28, 2018 ceremonies. They are expert performers. Don Roy is a masterful fiddler, he even makes violins. His talented wife Cindy accompanies him on piano and entertains with step dancing during certain segments of the music. They are fun to watch and their personal chemistry demonstrate their joy in performing lively Franco-American music.

In fact, Don Roy learned to play the violin at 15 years old. He played music with his Uncle Lucian, who is also a talented fiddler. He taught himself the Franco-American music and fiddling by ear, while listening to long playing records of fiddlers music. He would put the records on a stack and set the playing speed at 16 rounds per minute, so he could hear the notes while he taught himself how to play the tunes on the recordings. "I would go to sleep while listening to the long playing records," he told the audience who attended the duo's performance in Lewiston.

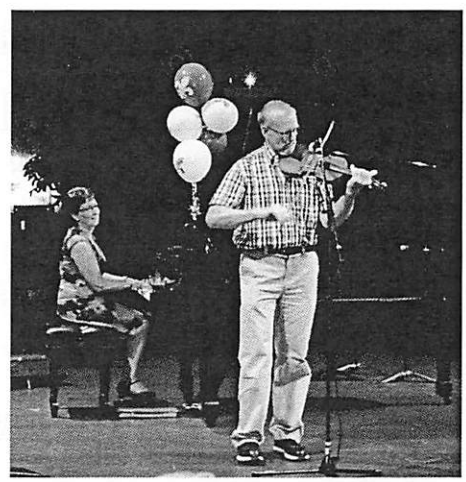
Among those attending their enjoyable performance was Marie-Claude Francoeur, the Quebec delegate to New England, who came from Boston to attend. (Congratulations to Madame Francoeur for celebrating her birthday during the June 22 program!).

During their 40 year partnership, the Roy's have performed at Carnegie Hall, at the Lincoln Center in New York City, the Kennedy Center and the Library of Congress in Washington DC. Don Roy is a leader among Maine's best fiddlers. He attributes his talent to a deep respect he holds for the musical traditions he grew up with in his family and his Franco-American heritage. His family lived in Rockland when he grew up and their Franco-American roots originated in the Winslow area of Maine. During school vacations, he would go to Westbrook to fish and play music with his Uncle Lucien. His wife Cindy grew up in a Franco-American family and her ancestry is traced to the French-Canadians who came to Maine from Prince Edward Island, in the Canadian Maritimes.

What I most enjoyed about watching Don and Cindy perform was the pleasure of feeling like they were comfortable guests in my home, as though they just stopped by to say "bonjour". Their joy of performing is as much a part of their talent as are their expert musical abilities.

Saint John Baptiste celebrations are held annually around the saint's feast day of June 24, to honor the cousin of Jesus Christ and the patron of Quebec. In fact, there are places in France where the ceremonies continue to be a tradition, said Mary Rice-DeFosse, who is a French professor at Bates College and a member of the Franco-Gendron Board of Directors and the Franc-American Collection Board of Directors at the University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn College.

Congratulations to the vibrantly talented Don and Cindy Roy! Maine is fortunate to have you among the state's recognized Franco-American musicians. Your NEA National Heritage Fellowship honor is well deserved.

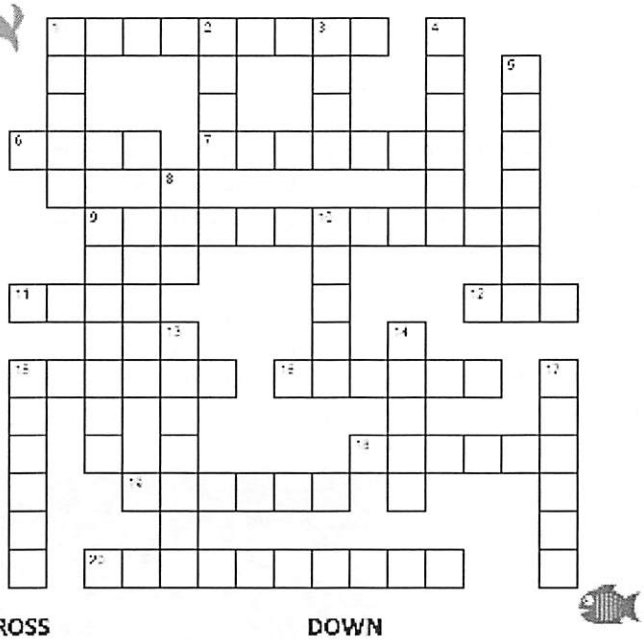


*Don and Cindy Roy performed at the Franco-Gendron Center in Lewiston Maine on June 22 for the Saint John Baptiste program.*

*http://francoamerican.bangordailynews.com/2018/06/23/franco-american-news-and-culture/honored-franco-american-musician-couple-perform-during-st-john-baptist-program/*

# Coin des jeunes...

## Les Animaux



**ACROSS**

1. crocodile
6. deer
7. snake
9. bat
11. moose
12. donkey
15. horse
16. fox
18. bird
19. giraffe
20. frog

**DOWN**

1. dog
2. bear
3. wolf
4. beaver
5. fish
8. rat
9. camel
10. monkey
13. whale
14. rabbit
15. goat
17. sheep

## Le Corps Humain

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| U | L | A | O | S | A | I | P | X | Y | X | Z | K | K | G |
| J | A | M | B | E | Q | F | F | D | Y | E | U | O | J | S |
| L | X | E | L | R | M | B | X | S | N | P | I | E | D | O |
| E | M | H | Y | C | P | V | S | U | V | V | L | O | Y | D |
| V | F | C | X | D | O | U | C | H | E | L | A | N | L | U |
| I | U | N | P | C | K | H | O | H | I | V | H | Q | O | X |
| S | V | A | B | R | W | Z | T | E | B | B | E | C | T | J |
| A | P | H | P | O | I | T | R | I | N | E | M | H | P | F |
| G | V | V | C | L | P | O | F | R | O | N | T | O | C | F |
| E | H | G | E | N | O | U | C | H | E | V | I | L | L | E |
| T | Ê | T | E | S | T | O | M | A | C | G | H | Y | Y | Q |
| M | I | B | E | L | U | A | P | É | N | O | N | G | L | E |
| A | V | B | R | T | F | Y | G | E | Q | R | C | T | P | J |
| I | Q | Z | I | A | O | L | T | Y | T | G | K | U | Z | Z |
| N | J | W | U | A | S | T | F | T | Z | E | I | N | B | W |

BOUCHE
BRAS
CHEVEUX
CHEVILLE
COU
DOS
ÉPAULE
ESTOMAC
FRONT
GENOU
GORGE
HANCHE
JAMBE
JOUE
MAIN
NEZ
ONGLE
OREILLE
PIED
POIGNET
POITRINE
TÊTE
TIBIA
VISAGE
YEUX

## *Les Couleurs/Colors*

***Draw a line from the English to the French color.***

1. *Brown*
2. *White*
3. *Light Purple*
4. *Violet or purple*
5. *Yellow*
6. *Beige*
7. *Pink*
8. *Red*
9. *Orange*
10. *green*
11. *Blue*
12. *Gray*
13. *Black*

1. *Noir*
2. *Bleu*
3. *Gris*
4. *Rouge*
5. *Orange*
6. *Marron*
7. *Beige*
8. *Violet*
9. *Mauve*
10. *Brun*
11. *Blanc*
12. *Rose*
13. *Bleu*

## EASY SUDOKU #1

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 8 | 9 | | | 5 | 1 | 4 | |
| 3 | | | 8 | 1 | 7 | | | 6 |
| 7 | 1 | | 6 | | 4 | 3 | 8 | |
| | 4 | 3 | 9 | | | | | |
| 9 | 7 | | | | | | 1 | 4 |
| | | | | | 8 | 7 | 3 | |
| | 9 | 6 | 4 | | 2 | | 7 | 1 |
| 4 | | | 1 | 5 | 9 | | | 2 |
| | 2 | 1 | 7 | | | 4 | 9 | |

*(N.D.L.R. Reprinted from Le Club Français Newsletter, Le Fanal.*
*Publié par Marie-Anne Gauvin dans Le Fanal (Le Club Français) en avril 2008.*
*Soumis par Jacqueline Blesso.*

# LA PIE BAVARDE

À tous et à chacun:

Un envoi qui mérite d'être lu vient de mon amie qui habite dans une banlieu de Chicago et qui a joué un role innocement dans l'enchaînement des évènements menant aux fonds en fidéicommi Mikesell. L'article semble avoir été écrit en 2001 et la copie sur America on Line est daté de 2004. L'auteur m'est inconnu. Je l'ai traduit en français parce que c'est écrit en anglais.

LETITRE: Moment propice, Endroit favorable

(The Right Time, The Right Place)

Le sujet: Amitié

Il s''appelait Flemming ce pauvre fermier écossais. Un jour, en travaillant pour faire vivre sa famille, il entend un appelle, "**Au secours**," venant d'un marais tout près. Il mit ses outils de côté et courut au marais. Là, il trouva un garçon pris dans la boue jusqu'à la ceinture. Le fermier Fleming sauva le jeune d'une mort lente et terrifiante.

Le lendemain, une diligence grand luxe arriva à la maison du pauvre Écossais. Un noble en vêtement élégant descenda et se présenta comme le père du garçon que le fermier Fleming avait secourut. "**Je veux vous payer," dit L'aristocrate. " Vous avez sauvez la vie de mon fils." "Non, je ne peut pas accepter de paiement pour ce que j'ai fait,"** répondit le fermier écossait en refusant cet offre. À cet instant le fils du fermier vint à la porte du taudis familial. **"Est-ce votre fils?" demanda** le noble. "**Oui,**" répondit fièrement le fermier. **Je vais vous faire un marché. Permettez que je fasse instruire votre fils du même niveau que mon fils. Si le jeune retient quelque chose de son père, sans doute il deviendra l'homme dont nous seront fiers tous les deux."** Ce fut ce qu'il a fait.

Le fils du fermier Fleming fut instruit dans les meilleures écoles en finissant ses etudes à St. Mary's Hospital Medical School à Londres. Par la suite il se fit connaître à travers le monde entier comme le célèbre Sir Alexander Fleming qui a découvert la pénécilline.

Deux ans plus tard, le fils du même noble qui fut sauvé du marais fit une pneumonie. Comment lui a-t-on sauvé la vie cette fois. La pénécilline! Le nom du noble? Lord Randolph Churchill. Le nom du fils? Sir Winston Churchill.

*Votre pie bavarde. Marie-Anne*

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À tous et à chacun:

Comme vous le savez tous, nous avons cinq sens, l'ouïe, l'odorat, le gout et le toucher. En général, nous ne sommes pas conscients de ces sens qui nous permettent de fonctionner normalement. Une interruption de la normale nous fait réagir de différentes manières.

Par exemple, l'ouïe permet la perception des sons. Si c'est trop fort nous avons envie de se mettre les mains sur les oreilles, l'organe de l'ouïe. C'est une réaction normale qui veut protéger les parties délicates internes. De nos jours ceux qui travaillent près de ou avec des machines bruyantes doivent se protéger en portant des cache-oreilles.

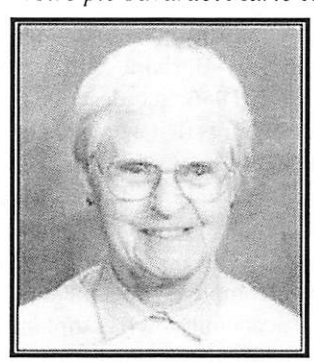
Si le son est bref mais très fort, il peut nous faire sauter ou nous faire échapper un cri de surprise. Je me rappelle qu'un beau matin j'étais allée essayer de pêcher dans le petit ruisseau qui se vidait dans le lac pas très loin de mon chalet. Je suis arrivée

silencieusement au bord d'un remous. J'ai envoyé ma ligne dans ce remous avec un ver de terre accroché au hameçon. J'étais seule. Tout était silencieux sauf quelques oiseaux et le ruisseau qui chantaient à leur façon. Soudain, tout près de moi, un son comme si quelqu'un avait lancer une grosse roche dans le trou d'eau. FLOC! Un grand cri m'a échappé tellement ça m'a fait peur. Je ne l'avais pas vu mais un castor, lui, m'avait vue. Lui aussi, je crois avait été surpris. C'est leur façon de nous avertir. Il se claque la grosse queue plate sur l'eau. Je l'ai vu s'en aller la tête sur l'eau suivant le courant, fier de son coup! La vue m'a aidée à comprendre ce qui s'était passé.

De temps en temps, plusieurs sens ensemble nous font réagir. Longtemps passé, 1944, j'étais assise à lire dans un fauteuil à bascule dans le petit salon de la maison familiale et mon père supposément écoutait la radio dans l'autre coin du salon. Je crois qu'il sommeillait plutôt, les jambes allongées devant lui. Ma mère dans la cuisine, la première à réagir au pet qui nous a paru comme un coup de fusil. Sans avoir le temps de réagir au cri de mort de ma mère, la radio s'est mise à péter du feu. Aie! Je suis restée figée dans ma chaise. Mon père s'est vite replier les jambes. Tous les deux, nous avions la vue fixée sur les étincelles qui pétillaient en arrière de la radio et qui roulaient vers nous sur le plancher. Puis une odeur de foudre et de fumé nous avertissaient que quelque chose brûlait. Nous avons compris plus tard que le tonnerre était tombé dans l'antenne installée dans un poteau dehors rendant meilleure réception de la radio. En suivant le fil de l'antenne, le tonnerre avait pénétré dans la maison et brûlé l'intérieur de la radio. Il a continué à suivre le fil qui brûlait àu fur et à mesure qu'il avançait jusqu'au sous-sol en s'évadant par le fil de terre à l'extérieur.

Ce petit récit prouve que plusieurs sens, louïe, l'odorat et la vue ensemble peuvent s'engager à nous surprendre ou à nous prévenir du danger. Ma foi, j'étais tellement traumatisée que j'ai eu peur jusqu'au lendemain quand j'ai pu enfin maîtriser mon énervement. Heureusement, jamais plus ai-je eu peur des tempêtes de tonnerre. Apprécions tous nos cinq sens. Ils sont merveilleusement créés.

*Votre pie bavarde. Marie-Anne*



BOOKS/
LIVRES...

# *French-Canadian Legacy podcast*

*April 5, 2019 Franco-American News and CultureFleur de Lys, French-Canadians, Haiti, immigration*

***By Juliana L'Heureux***

Good questions were posed during my podcast interview with Jesse Martineau on the French-Canadian Legacy podcast. In fact, the interview is now live at this site.

We enjoyed an uplifting discussion about Franco-American identity.

In the podcast, I was able to reflect about the history of Franco-Americans and cultural identity. Although I'm not a sociologist or anthropologist, my experience writing about the culture has exposed a universal theme about the Franco-American subtitle, being a Quiet Presence" (per Dyke Hendrickson). In fact, Franco-American history does not blend with the homogenized Great American Melting Pot, because the history of immigration, beginning in 1604, with the failed St. Croix Island settlement, pre-dated the Plymouth Colony. Instead, Franco-Americans have experienced the marginalization of their history, and culture, largely because of language, religious and immigration discrimination.

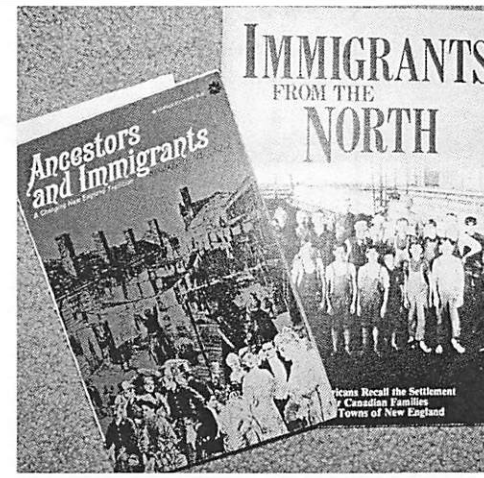
It's important for Franco-Americans to have their stories told. It's important because of the credit deserved for the sacrifices, and contributions they have made for the development of the industrialization of New England, for their patriotism and as examples of the immigrants' American Dream.

It's interesting to read about the history of immigration attitudes that were framed during the 19th century's industrialization of New England. In the book, "Ancestors and Immigrants: A changing New England Tradition", by Barbara Miller Solomon, published in 1956, she described attitudes about immigrants that were held in the past. Unfortunately, many of the attitudes seem to have transcended time. There are definitely parallel opinions between then and now.

In fact, the book described an "Anglo-Saxon complex", documented in 1880, by noted academics who complained about how the Irish and the French Canadians were "by race, 'uncongenial'" to the institutions familiar in New England traditions and politics. (p. 67). Moreover, one politician even wrote an essay in the Cyclopaedia of Political Science (a publication that began publishing in 1881) about how "Institutions which were successful with the well-trained and thoughtful New England Community, could not work with the "mixed and ignorant population." Other opinions about the immigrants to New England, claimed that the new arrivals of Irish and French-Canadians "caused a shock to the population".

Of course, today, the Franco-Americans who are descended from the French-Canadians, are assimilated into 25 percent of Maine's population. Franco-Americans are Maine's largest ethnic minority. "Maine is the most French of the New England states," said Severin Beliveau, in a 2016, speech given to the American Council of Quebec Studies, published in Le Forum, a University of Maine quarterly journal. This cultural transition, from French-Canadians to Franco-American citizens, occurred within three to four generations after the arrival of the first immigrants, as described in Solomon's history.

As I prepared to answer the thoughtful questions asked during the interesting podcast, it occurred to me how many Franco-Americans are unaware about the discrimination experienced by their ancestors. In fact, there are many Franco-Americans who are unaware about where their grand-parents came from when they immigrated to New England from Canada. It is a tribute to today's French-Canadians that their outreach programs to Franco-Americans have supported building those historic cultural connections. For example, signing the Fleur de Lys agreements with Franco-American cultural associations, are among these efforts.




*Immigration history then and now.*

*Blaine House distinguished guests on March 19, 2019 (left) Severin Beliveau of the U.S., Stephanie Jean of Haiti, Marie-Claude Francoeur of Quebec, Armand Mentre of France and Marc Jacques of Canada. This historic photograph (photo credit Juliana L'Heureux) is an example of how the French and the French-Canadians have reached out to Maine's Franco-Americans and other French speaking cultures.*

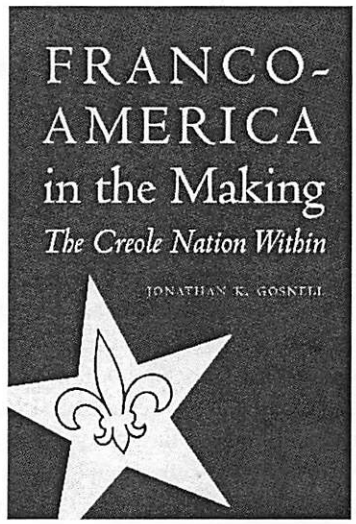
In my opinion, learning about Franco-American history is important because the experiences of our ancestors and immigrants will connect us to what we are witnessing today, with the immigrants who are desperately fleeing economic insecurity and persecution in their native countries. Our immigration histories share their human condition.

While browsing through some of the materials I've collected about French-Canadians and immigration, I found a reference published in "The Franco Files", by the Franco-American writer Jo Anne Lapointe, attributed to John Lambton (1792-1840),

*(Continued on page 33)*

BOOKS/
LIVRES...

# Franco-America in the Making: The Creole Nation Within




***Jonathan K. Gosnell***
***U of Nebraska Press, 2018 - History -***

Every June the city of Lowell, Massachusetts, celebrates Franco-American Day, raising the Franco-American flag and hosting events designed to commemorate French culture in the Americas. Though there are twenty million French speakers and people of French or francophone descent in North America, making them the fifth-largest ethnic group in the United States, their cultural legacy has remained nearly invisible. Events like Franco-American Day, however, attest to French ethnic permanence on the American topography.

In Franco-America in the Making, Jonathan K. Gosnell examines the manifestation and persistence of hybrid Franco-American literary, musical, culinary, and media cultures in North America, especially New England and southern Louisiana. To shed light on the French cultural legacy in North America long after the formal end of the French empire in the mid-eighteenth century, Gosnell seeks out hidden French or "Franco" identities and sites of memory in the United States and Canada that quietly proclaim an intercontinental French presence, examining institutions of higher learning, literature, folklore, newspapers, women's organizations, and churches. This study situates Franco-American cultures within the new and evolving field of post-colonial Francophone studies by exploring the story of the peoples and ideas contributing to the evolution and articulation of a Franco-American cultural identity in the New World. Gosnell asks what it means to be French, not simply in America but of America.


## *Maxi's Secrets*

*(or, what you can learn from a dog)*

***by Lynn Plourde***
***Illustrated by***
***Maira Kalman (cover art)***
***Nancy Paulsen Books/Penguin***

To be honest, I never dreamed of getting a dog. Maxi was a bribe from my parents.

Timminy is moving to a new town and going to a new school for grades 5-8, where he's the shortest kid at the school and where his dad is the new assistant principal. No wonder his parents get him a dog as a "bribe!" But Timminy and his parents get more than they bargain for. Their new Great Pyrenees puppy Maxi (short for Maxine) is large, lively, and lovable, but also DEAF. While Timminy is busy feeling sorry for himself after getting teased at school and shoved into lockers, Maxi and their next door neighbor Abby who's blind show Timminy that you don't have to be just like everyone else to 'fit in." But will Timminy learn that lesson along with all the other secrets to life Maxi tries to teach him?

**https://www.lynnplourde.com/index.php/books?bid=35**

*(French-Canadian Legacy podcast continued from page 32)*

the 1st Earl of Durham: "He thought that French Canadians, whom he described as a people 'without history and without literature', would gradually abandon their identity." https://www.cbc.ca/history/EPISCONTENTSE1EP7CH5PA1LE.html

It's important to set the record straight and prevent that wrong minded prophesy from happening.

Franco-Americans have a special immigration history and the 400 years of historical stories continue to be told.

"Merci!", to Jesse Martineau, for bringing attention to this history in the French-Canadian Legacy podcast.

*https://francoamerican.bangordailynews.com/2019/04/05/franco-american-news-and-culture/french-canadian-legacy-podcast/*

***https://robertberubeblog.wordpress.com/***

# *La vieille photo*

***par Robert Bérubé***

Une photo en noir et blanc révélant un passé vieux de plus d'un siècle. Dans la photo, il y a deux personnes assez âgées. Elles sont assises sur des chaises de bois devant une maison en bois. La vieille femme porte un bonnet. Son mari, un homme à la barbe blanche, porte un grand chapeau. Il y a deux enfants. Une fille et un garçon au seuil de l'adolescence. Il y a aussi deux jeunes hommes, affichant des moustaches, des complets et des chapeaux melon. Il y a quatre jeunes femmes. Les robes sont longues reflétant la mode du temps. Toutes les personnes portent des souliers et elles sont endimanchées. Tous ont un air très sérieux sauf la vieille qui affiche un début de sourire. Quelle était l'occasion qui a engendré cette photo? Un mariage? Des funérailles? Impossible de déterminer en regardant cette photo.

Depuis un très jeune âge, j'ai été un passionné de la généalogie. Lorsque j'avais 18 ans, l'oncle maternel de ma grand-mère maternelle, Hormidas Lepage, me donna une copie d'une photo de la famille de ses grands-parents maternels accompagnés de quelques membres de leur famille. Il m'a dit : «Y'a pu personne qui veut ça sauf toi! » Il ajouta : «C'est une copie d'une photo qui a été envoyée à des gens de la famille exilée aux États-Unis. » Je voulais des précisions concernant la photo. Qui étaient les personnes dans la photo? Quelle était la circonstance? En quelle année la photo avait-elle été prise? Malgré son âge avancé, Hormidas était centenaire et plus, il possédait une mémoire encyclopédique de son histoire familiale.

«Tout ce que je sais c'est que les deux vieux sont Louis Moisan et Eulalie Racette! Pour les enfants, je ne pourrais pas te dire qui est qui. La photo a été prise à St-Jacques-L'Achigan au Québec! Pour l'année, je sais que c'est avant le départ de mes parents qui sont déménagés au Massachusetts vers 1877. Ils étaient allés travailler dans les usines de tissage. »

La mère d'Hormidas, Euphémie Moisan, était aussi la fille d'Eulalie Racette et de Louis Moisan. Cette Euphémie que je ne pouvais identifier dans la photo, et ce, à cause des ressemblances avec ses sœurs avait épousé Israël Lepage. Euphémie et Israël, accompagnés de leurs filles, avaient quitté St-Jacques comme plusieurs Québécois du temps et s'étaient aventurés au Massachusetts afin de survivre. Ils étaient des réfugiés économiques et la vie aux États-Unis pour cette famille n'était pas plus facile qu'elle ne l'avait été au Québec. Célina Lepage, la fille aînée d'Euphémie et d'Israël, avait raconté les péripéties de sa vie à ses enfants et à ses petits-enfants, et à ma mère Huguette Marion. Maman nous avait régalés avec les histoires d'aventures de sa grand-mère aux États. Pendant de nombreuses années tout ce que je savais, c'est que Célina et ses sœurs avaient travaillé dans des usines de textile à Holyoke, au Massachusetts. Ce n'était pas une vie facile. Ils vivaient dans une communauté d'exilés canadiens francophones parsemée d'immigrants de diverses origines européennes. Célina connaissait un peu l'anglais, assez pour travailler. Elle avait appris une chanson bilingue et elle la chantait à ses descendants.

'I went to the market mon petit panier sous mon bras. I went to the market mon petit panier sous mon bras. The first girl I met was la fille d'un avocat. I love you et vous ne m'entendez guère, I love you et vous ne m'entendez pas...'

La famille Moisan-Lepage a vécu aux États-Unis pendant dix ans. Les conditions de vie étaient très difficiles et dans les usines, le travail encore plus dangereux. De plus, un des moulins avait brûlé et plusieurs personnes avaient péri. Le manque de sécurité financière et physique, l'isolement, la pression du clergé de rapatrier les exilés furent les raisons principales qui ont motivé leur retour au Canada. Une odyssée monumentale les attendait car la famille retournait au Canada mais non au Québec. Ils devenaient des pionniers d'une nouvelle colonie dans le nord de l'Ontario. Ils quittaient une ville américaine moderne, en pleine révolution industrielle, pour vivre dans un pays où il n'y avait que peu de population. En quelque sorte, ils devenaient les premiers habitants dans un territoire immense et éloigné avec une profusion de lacs, peu de terres cultivables, des forêts immenses et des maringouins gros comme des rats. Tout était à découvrir. Tout était à construire. Un avenir se dressait.

Pendant de nombreuses années les seuls renseignements et documents que je possédais au sujet de cette famille ancestrale étaient la chanson de Célina Lepage, la courte histoire concernant l'exil et bien entendu la photo des Racette-Moisan. Trois éléments qui manquaient de liens entre eux.

Et la vie continua...

Lorsque j'avais le temps, je m'adonnais à mon passe-temps d'apprenti généalogiste et je faisais des découvertes. La première fut le recensement américain de 1880. Ce document me révéla que la famille Moisan-Lepage vivait à Chicopee Hampden dans l'État de Massachusetts. Israël (33 ans) et ses filles Célina (16 ans) et Délia (15 ans) travaillaient dans un 'cotton mill', une usine de tissage de coton. Les sœurs Louisia (11 ans), Parmélia (9 ans) et Wivina (Ouivina) (7 ans) fréquentaient l'école et les deux plus jeunes Malvina (4 ans) et Luména (2 ans) vivaient à la maison. Une dernière fille Alexina est née au Massachusetts après le recensement. Dans le document l'épouse d'Israël se prénomme «Molzer» (34 ans) et son rôle était de «keeping house» donc elle était ménagère du foyer. Ce prénom m'était étrangé et il me fascinait. Je ne voyais aucun lien phonétique entre Euphémie et Molzer. Ce n'est qu'en feuilletant davantage le document que j'ai constaté que presque toutes les épouses originaires du Canada français portaient le nom Molzer. Une mère en anglais est «mother». Certes, le recenseur comprenait mal l'accent francophone et toutes les «mother» héritèrent du prénom Molzer. Notre bonne Euphémie Moisan s'était faite américaniser et fut transformée statistiquement en Molzer Lepage.

Le deuxième document trouvé fut un condensé d'histoire produit par la société historique du Nouvel-Ontario intitulé «Verner et Lafontaine». On y raconte :

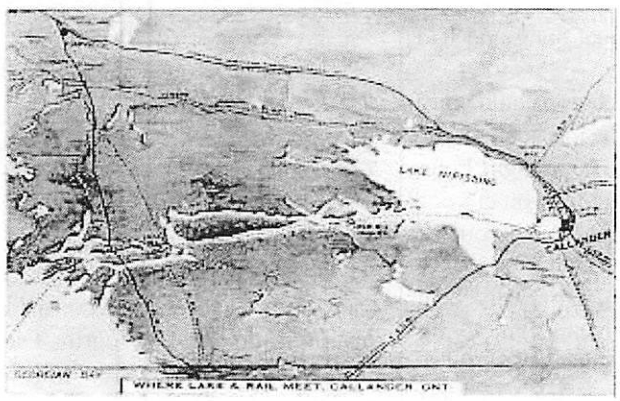
«Grand branle-bas dans la colonie. M.I. Lepage arrivait avec ses huit filles. Huit filles dans une paroisse de colons. Que de mariages en perspective...»

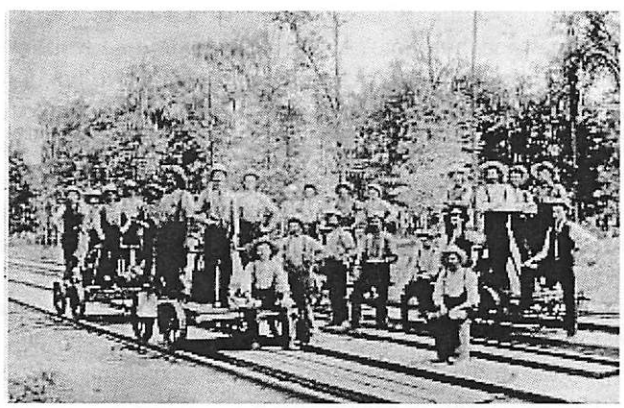
La chroniqueuse oublie de mentionner le fait que Monsieur I. Lepage et ses huit filles étaient aussi accompagnés de son épouse et de leur mère Euphémie Moisan. Ayant vécu la transformation de son nom, la pauvre femme était maintenant reléguée à l'oubli. Tel est le sort de plusieurs de nos pionnières en terre Nord-Américaine. L'histoire est injuste envers nos mères! L'arrivée des Moisan-Lepage en territoire de colonisation eu lieu en 1887. Personne n'a décrit la route précise et les défis encourus par cette famille lorsqu'ils ont quitté Chicopee

*(Suite page 35)*

*(La vieille photo suite de page 34)*

Hamden au Massachusetts pour se rendre à Verner, en Ontario. Ce qui est dit cependant c'est qu'ils sont arrivés durant la nuit et qu'il n'y avait ni hôtel, ni maison, ni famille qui les attendaient. Le train arrêta à une vingtaine de kilomètres de leur destination finale. La dernière partie de leur périple est presque incroyable. Les dix membres de la famille ont dû se transporter eux-mêmes, en utilisant deux vélocipèdes manuels sur les rails. La rédactrice précise qu'un voisin «ne put leur offrir que le plancher de la cuisine ce que la famille Lepage accepta avec plaisir». Chaque fois que je relie ce passage je suis très ému. Les défis qu'ils ont surmontés dénotent la dureté d'une vie de colonisation et d'une terre inhospitalière, mais aussi leur force de caractère et, surtout leur détermination de surmonter des obstacles en dehors de toutes mesures humaines.



À Verner, la vie des Moisan-Lepage continua…

En 1888, Euphémie Moisan donna naissance à un fils, Hormidas Lepage. Hormidas bien entendu, était l'arrière grand-oncle qui m'avait donné la photo. Les huit filles Lepage se sont trouvé des conjoints et à elles sont seules les ancêtres d'une bonne partie de la population du Nouvel-Ontario.

Connaissant ma passion pour la généalogie, plusieurs descendants de cette famille me firent don de photos, et je les en remercie. Le séjour des filles Moisan-Lepage aux États-Unis était bel et bien documenté. Adolescentes, Célina et ses sœurs profitèrent un peu de la vie américaine. Le legs pour la postérité, de leur exode à Chicopee Hamden, fut une trentaine de belles photos prises par un photographe professionnel.

Il y a quelques mois, je recherchais des renseignements additionnels au sujet d'Euphémie Moisan et de ses parents Louis Moisan et Eulalie Racette. Ma grande découverte fut celle d'apprendre qu'Euphémie Moisan et son époux Israël Lepage n'étaient pas les premiers membres de cette famille à s'exiler aux États-Unis. Louis Moisan avait un frère qui avait quitté St-Jacques l'Achigan en 1838. Il s'appelait Thomas Moisan. Son histoire témoigne d'une vie extraordinaire.

En 1838, âgé de 28 ans, Thomas Moisan s'est rendu à New-Orleans en Louisiane pour assumer le poste de trappeur pour la «American Fur Company». En 1839, il traversa les Rocheuses pour se rendre à Fort Vancouver, voyage long et très périlleux. Durant ce temps, il a occupé les fonctions de mineur en Californie, d'employé chez McLoughlin et ensuite d'engagé chez la «Hudson's Bay Company». En 1842, il a établi une réclamation territoriale à Salem en Orégon, devenant fermier et propriétaire d'un grand domaine. Le 3 octobre 1842, Thomas avait épousé Henriette Longtain fille d'André Longtain et de Nancy Okanagan. Durant sa vie, Thomas a géré plusieurs entreprises et est devenu riche. Il a construit une très belle maison qui, à l'époque a fait beaucoup d'envieux. Cette maison est maintenant un musée. Thomas Moisan est aujourd'hui considéré comme un des pionniers et fondateurs de l'État de l'Orégon.

Bien que la vie extraordinaire de Thomas Moisan mérite une attention toute particulière, tel n'est pas le but premier de mes propos. Une autre découverte m'attendait! En approfondissant mes recherches j'ai découvert que Thomas Moisan entretenait une correspondance avec ses neveux et ses frères dont Pierre de Montréal et Louis Moisan de St-Jacques. Mon Louis Moisan! Celui qui était le père d'Euphémie Moisan, grand-père de Célina Lepage, qui était la mère de Maria Fortin, qui avait donné naissance à Huguette Marion, ma mère.

Le 27 juillet 1861, Louis Moisan avait rédigé une longue lettre à son frère Thomas. Cette lettre donne un aperçu de la vie de mon ancêtre Louis, de son épouse Eulalie Racette, ses enfants et ses frères et sœurs. Il parle du quotidien, du journal 'La Minerve', du curé, de ses vaches, de ses agneaux et de ses chevaux et de ce qui lui tient à coeur. Il rapporte des détails concernant la santé et la condition de vie de ses proches. Le vocabulaire et les expressions sont empreints de catholicité, d'archaïsme et de terroir. Ce qui est des plus touchants c'est la salutation de la fin :

«Je suis ton tendre frère

Louis Moisan qui ne t'oubliera jamais.»

Le lecteur se demande si les deux frères se sont revus au moins une fois avant de mourir. Je doute…

Une seconde lettre écrite par un autre frère, Pierre, le 25 mars 1888 est adressée à la veuve de Thomas Moisan, Henriette Longtain. Pierre parle du deuil éprouvé suite à la mort de Thomas. Henriette dans une correspondance antérieure avait demandé aux Moisan de lui faire parvenir des photos de famille. Pierre confirme que les photos de famille lui seront remises dans quelques temps par le Missionnaire Monsieur Delorme. Il termine sa correspondance en indiquant qu'il est son beau-frère pour la vie.

Une photo en noir et blanc révélant un passé vieux de plus d'un siècle. Dans la photo, il y a deux personnes assez âgées. Elles sont assises sur des chaises de bois devant une maison en bois. La vieille femme porte un bonnet. Son mari, un homme à la barbe blanche, porte un grand chapeau. Il y a deux enfants. Une fille et un garçon au seuil de l'adolescence. Il y a aussi deux jeunes hommes, affichant des moustaches, des complets et des chapeaux melons. Il y a quatre jeunes femmes. Les robes sont longues reflétant la mode du temps. Toutes les personnes portent

*(Suite page 36)*

***https://robertberubeblog.wordpress.com/***

# *The old photo*

***by Robert Bérubé***

A black and white photo revealing a past of more than a century. In the photo, there are two elderly people. They sit on wooden chairs in front of a wooden house. The old woman wears a bonnet. Her husband, a man with a white beard, wears a big hat. There are two children. A girl and a boy on the threshold of adolescence. There are also two young men, with mustaches, suits and bowler hats. There are four young women. The dresses are long, reflecting the fashion of the time. All the people are wearing shoes and their Sunday best. All of them show a very serious look except the old woman who displays what seems to be the beginning of a smile. What was the occasion that spawned this photo? A marriage? A funeral? It is impossible to determine the occasion by looking at the photo.

From a very young age, I was a passionate genealogist. When I was 18, the maternal uncle of my maternal grandmother, Hormidas Lepage, gave me a copy of a photo of the family of his maternal grandparents shown with some members of their family. He said, "There's nobody who wants those souvenirs except you!" He added, "This was a copy of a photo that was sent to exiled family in the United States I wanted some details about the picture What was the circumstance? When was the photo taken? Despite his advanced age, because Hormidas was over one hundred years old, he displayed an encyclopaedic memory of his family history.

Hormidas stated: " All I know is that the two old folks are Louis Moisan and Eulalie Racette. As for the children I could not tell you who is who.The photo was taken in St-Jacques-L'Achigan in Québec. As for the year, I know that it was before my parents departure when they moved to Massachusetts around 1877. They had gone to work in the weaving mills. "

Hormidas' mother, Euphémie Moisan, was also the daughter of Eulalie Racette and Louis Moisan. This Euphémie, that I could not identify in the photograph, because of her resemblance to her sisters, had married Israël Lepage. Euphémie and Israël, accompanied by their daughters, had left St. Jacques as had many Québécois of the time and had ventured into Massachusetts in order to survive. They were economic refugees and life in the United States was no easier than it had been in Québec. Célina Lepage, the eldest daughter of Euphémie and Israël, had recalled and shared the adventures of her life with her children and grandchildren one of whom was my mother Huguette Marion. Maman had entertained us with her grandmother's stories of adventures in the States. For many years all I knew was that Célina and her sisters had worked in textile factories in Holyoke, Massachusetts. It was not an easy life. They lived in a community of French-Canadian exiles dotted with immigrants from various European backgrounds. Célina knew a little English, enough to work. She had learned a bilingual song and had sung it to her descendants.

"I went to the market mon petit panier sous mon bras. I went to the market mon petit panier sous mon bras. The first girl I met was la fille d'un avocat. I love you et vous ne m'entendez guère, I love you et vous ne m'entendez pas..."

The Moisan-Lepage family lived in the United States for ten years. The living conditions were very difficult and even more dangerous in the textile industries. In addition, one of the mills had burned and several people had perished. The lack of financial and physical security, isolation, and pressure from the clergy to repatriate the exiles were the main reasons for their return to Canada. A monumental odyssey awaited them as the family returned to Canada but not to Québec. They became pioneers of a new settlement in northern Ontario. They were leaving a modern American city, in full industrial revolution, to live in a country where there was little population. In a way, they became the first inhabitants in an immense and remote territory known for its a profusion of lakes, not much cultivated land, immense forests, and gigantic mosquitoes. Everything was to be discovered. Everything had to be built. This was the beginning of new future.

For many years, the only information and documents that I possessed regarding this family of ancestors were Célina Lepage's song, the short story about their exile and return and the Racette-Moisan photo.

And life went on ...

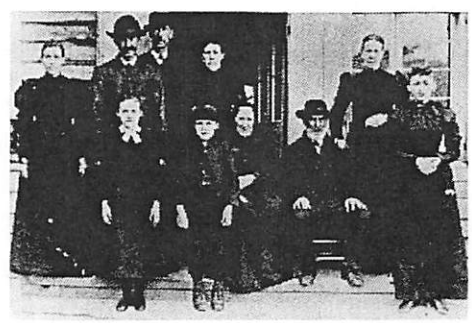
*(Continued on page 37)*

*(La vieille photo suite de page 35)*

OLDEST CENTURY farm boasts this 103-year-old dwelling still used by granddaughter of builder. Built by Thomas Moisan in 1856, stately structure is visible just south of Brooks looking eastward from highway 99E. Gratiol French-Canadian founder of farm even had indoor bathroom when such facilities were rarity in Oregon country. House now is occupied by Mrs. Albena Moisan Tenius. Its hand-hewn timbers and planks were shaped and put together over two-year construction period.

des souliers et elles sont endimanchées. Tous ont un air très sérieux sauf la vieille qui affiche un début de sourire. Quelle était l'occasion qui a engendré cette photo? Un mariage? Des funérailles? Impossible de déterminer en regardant cette photo.

Je pouvais maintenant conclure que la photo de Louis Moisan, d'Eulalie Racette et de leurs enfants avait été prise avant 1877, avant le départ d'Euphémie Moisan et d'Israël Lepage. Un des destinataires de cette photo était, sans aucun doute, Thomas Moisan. Le fait de recevoir une photo était la seule façon de voir sa famille lorsque l'on vivait aux deux extrêmes d'un continent durant les débuts d'une colonisation en terre américaine. Mais, quel précieux témoignage!



*(The old photo continued form page 36)*

When I had the time, I devoted myself to my hobby as an apprentice genealogist and I made discoveries. The first was the American census of 1880. This document revealed to me that the Moisan-Lepage family lived in Chicopee Hampden, Massachusetts. Israël (33) and his daughters Célina (16) and Délia (15) worked in a cotton mill, a cotton weaving plant. Their sisters Louisia (11), Parmélia (9) and Wivina (Ouivina) (7) attended school and the two youngest ones Malvina (4 years) and Luména (2 years) lived at home. One last daughter Alexina was born in Massachusetts after the census. In the document the wife of Israël is named "Molzer" (34 years) and her role was "keeping house" so she was a housewife. That name was foreign to me and it fascinated me. I did not see any phonetic link between Euphémie and Molzer. It was only by flipping through the document that I noticed that all the French-Canadian mothers were identified with the name Molzer. Of course, the enumerator did not understand the French-speaking accent and all the "mothers" inherited Molzer's as a first name. Our good Euphémie Moisan had been Americanized and was statistically transformed into Molzer Lepage.

The second document that I discovered was a summary of a history produced by the Historical Society du Nouvel-Ontario entitled "Verner and Lafontaine." It stated: (translation) "Great commotion in the colony, Monsieur I. Lepage has arrived with his eight daughters. So many marriages should occur!"

The columnist forgets to mention the fact that Mr I. Lepage and his eight daughters were also accompanied by his wife and their mother Euphémie Moisan. Having lived with the transformation of her name, the poor woman was now relegated to oblivion. This is the fate of many pioneers in North American soil. History is unfair to our mothers! The arrival of the Moisan-Lepage in colonisation territory took place in 1887. No one has written about the challenges surmonted by this family when they left Chicopee Hamden in Massachusetts to travel to Verner, Ontario. What is stated though is that the family arrived during the middle of the night and that there was no hotel, no house and no family to greet them. The train stopped twenty kilometers from their final destination. The last part of their journey is almost incredible. The ten members of the family had to transport themselves, using two manual rail carts! The writter states that a neighbor "could only offer them the floor of their kitchen as lodging.. .and that the Lepage family accepted this offer with pleasure". Every time I read this passage I am very moved. The challenges they overcame denote the harshness of life of pionneers in an inhospitable land, and also all their determination to overcome obstacles beyond ordinary human measure.

In Verner, the life of Moisan-Lepage continued ...

In 1888, Euphémie Moisan gave birth to a son, Hormidas Lepage. Hormidas of course, was the great great-uncle who had given me the picture. The eight Lepage daughters had found spouses and are the ancestors of much of Northern Ontario's population.

Knowing my passion for genealogy, many descendants of this family donated pictures to me, and I thank them for it. The Moisan-Lepage girls' stay in the United States was well documented. The legacy for posterity, of their stay in Chicopee Hamden, are some thirty beautiful photographs taken by a professional photographer on tin plates.

A few months ago, I was looking for additional information about Euphémie Moisan and her parents Louis Moisan and Eulalie Racette. Euphémie Moisan and her husband Israël Lepage were not the first members of this family to go into exile in the United States. Louis Moisan had a brother who had left St-Jacques l'Achigan in 1838. His name was Thomas Moisan. His life history is a testimony to an extraordinary life.

In 1838, aged 28, Thomas Moisan traveled to New Orleans, Louisiana to assume the post of trapper for the American Fur Company. In 1839, he crossed the Rocky Mountains to Fort Vancouver, a long and perilous journey. During this time, he worked as a miner in California, as an employee of McLoughlin, and later as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1842, he established a territorial claim in Salem, Oregon, becoming a farmer and owner of a large estate. On October 3, 1842, Thomas married Henriette Longtain, daughter of André Longtain and Nancy Okanagan . During his life, Thomas managed several companies and became rich. He built a very nice house which at the time made some people envious. This house is now a museum. Thomas Moisan was a pioneer of the State of Oregon.

Although the extraordinary life of Thomas Moisan deserves special attention, this is not the primary purpose of this text. Another discovery awaited me! In deepening my research I discovered that Thomas Moisan had a correspondence with his nephews and brothers including Pierre from Montréal and Louis Moisan from St-Jacques. My Louis Moisan! He was the father of Euphémie Moisan, grandfather of Célina Lepage, who was the mother of Maria Fortin, who had given birth to Huguette Marion, my mother.

On July 27, 1861, Louis Moisan wrote a long letter to his brother Thomas. This letter gives an insight into the life of my ancestor Louis, his wife Eulalie Racette, his children and his brothers and sisters. He talks about everyday life, about the newspaper 'La Minerve', about the priest, about his cows, his lambs and his horses and what he loves. He reports on the health and living conditions of his family. The vocabulary and the expressions are marked by catholicity, archaism and 'terroir'. What is most touching is the greeting of the end:

"I am your tender brother

Louis Moisan who will never forget you."

The reader wonders if the two brothers ever met again, at least once, before they died. I doubt it...

A second letter written by another brother, Pierre, on March 25, 1888 is addressed to the widow of Thomas Moisan, Henriette Longtain. Pierre speaks of the mourning experienced after the death of Thomas. Henriette in an earlier correspondence had asked the Moisans in Québec to send her family pictures. Pierre confirms that the family pictures would be handed to her in a short while by the Missionary Mr. Delorme. He ends his correspondence by indicating that he will remain her brother-in-law for life.

A black and white photo revealing a past of more than a century. In the photo, there are two elderly people. They sit on wooden chairs in front of a wooden house. The old woman wears a bonnet. Her husband, a man with a white beard, wears a big hat. There are two children. A girl and a boy on the threshold of adolescence. There are also two young men, with mustaches, suits and bowler hats. There are four young women. The dresses are long, reflecting the fashion of the time. All the people are wearing shoes and their Sunday best. All of them show a very serious look except the

*(Continued on page 38)*

## *BOOKS/ LIVRES...*

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A three volume set of books covering all the birth and death records of the 19 oldest Catholic parishes in Beauce County, Quebec from 1739 to 1900. Included with the nearly 120,000 records is a DVD with a jpg image of each register page where the author discovered nearly 1,000 major and minor errors. Each image explains the source of these errors.

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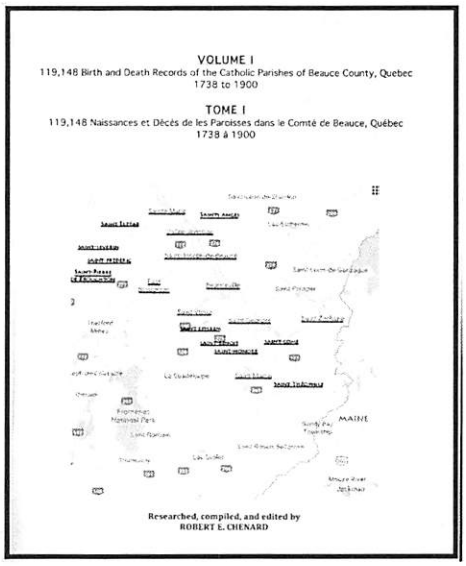
This very limited set of books sells for only $125 plus 10% for U.S. postage. To obtain a set of these volumes please contact the author (Bob Chenard) either by phone (207-649-2774) or by email (rechenard@roadrunner.com).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Researched, compiled, and edited by
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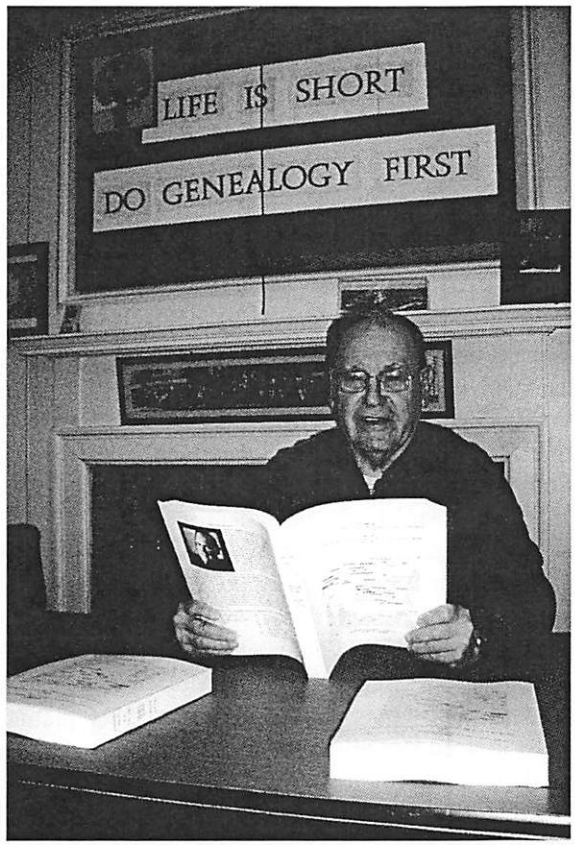


*Robert Chenard*

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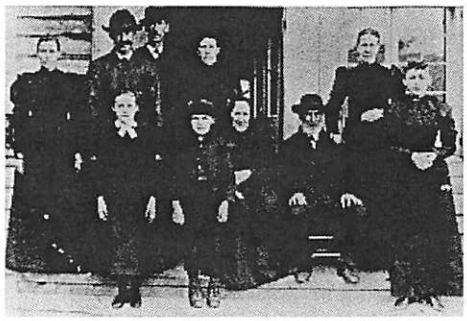
(*The old photo* continued from page 38)



old woman who displays what seems to be the beginning of a smile. What was the occasion that spawned this photo? A marriage? A funeral? It is impossible to determine the occasion by looking at the photo.

I could now conclude that the photograph of Louis Moisan, Eulalie Racette and their children had been taken before 1877, before the departure of Euphémie Moisan and Israël Lepage. One of the recipients of this photograph was, without a doubt, Thomas Moisan. Receiving a photograph was the only way to see one's family when siblings lived at the two extremes of the large North American continent.

## Franco-American Families of Maine

par Bob Chenard,
Waterville, Maine

## *Les Familles Crépeau*

Welcome to my column. Over the years Le Forum has published numerous families. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as this one are never complete. However, it does provide you with my most recent and complete file of marriages tied to the original French ancestor. How to use the family listings: The left-hand column lists the first name (and middle name or initial, if any) of the direct descendants of the ancestor identified as number 1 (or A, in some cases). The next column gives the date of marriage, then the spouce (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same number in the right-most column above. For example, if it's #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with the rare exception of small letters, e.g., "13a." If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere appologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

### CRÉPEAU

Maurice Crépeau, born 1639 in France, died 1704 in PQ, son of Jean Crépeau and Suzanne Faumoleau of the town of les Roches-Beritaud, depart of Vendée, ancient province of Poitou, France, married on 12 October 1665 in Québec city to "Fille-du-Roi" Marguerite Laverdure, born 1646 in France, died 1727 in PQ, daughter of Martin Laverdure and Jacqueline Leliot (or Laliot & Lecat) from the parish of St.Nicolas-des-Champs, Paris, France. The town of les RochesBeritaud is located 37 miles west-northwest of the city of Parthenay.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Maurice | 12 Oct 1665 | Marguerite Laverdure | Québec city 2 |
| 2 Maurice | 06 Feb 1702 | Marie Audet | St.Jean, I.O. 3 |
| 3 Basile 1m. | 26 Nov 1725 | Marguerite Raté | St.Pierre, I.O. |
| " 2m. | 18 Apr 1746 | M.-Elizabeth Matteau | Château-Richer 4 |
| Charles | 20 Apr 1740 | Agnès Charland | Château-Richer 5 |
| Pierre | 06 Nov 1752 | M.-Josette Dorval | St.Pierre, I.O. 6 |
| 4 Maurice | 13 Jul 1778 | Marguerite Cloutier | Château-Richer 7 |
| 5 Joseph | 26 May 1777 | M.-Josettte Gagnon | Château-Richer 8 |
| 6 Pierre | 17 Aug 1778 | Charlotte Bussière | St.Henri 9 |
| 7 Joseph 1m. | 08 Feb 1813 | Marguerite Martin | St.Jacques-l'Arch. |
| " 2m. | 09 Feb 1819 | M.-Thérèse Moreau | l'Assomption 10 |
| 8 Joseph | 17 Jul 1797 | Thérèse Trudeau | St.Michel-Yamaska 11 |
| 9 Joseph | 10 Jan 1809 | Reine Laflamme | St.François-du-Sud 12 |
| 10 Stanislas | 12 Sep 1848 | Henriette Richard | St.Edouard 8A |
| 11 Jérémie | 01 Mar 1824 | Marguerite Théroux | St.Michel-Yamaska 13 |
| 12 Laurent | 03 Feb 1845 | Rosalie Martin | Ste.Marguerite 14 |
| 13 Régis | 16 Feb 1857 | Marie Crépeau | St.David-Yamaska 15 |
| 14 Marie | 30 Jan 1872 | Georges Gaboury | St.Évariste (to Augusta) |
| Laurent | 06 Jun 1876 | Virginie/Eugénie Pelchat | St.Honoré 13A |
| Napoléon | 18 Feb 1884 | Adèle Dulac | St.Honoré 13B |
| Séraphie | 09 Feb 1886 | Majorique Cloutier | St.Honoré (to Augusta) |
| 15 Olivier | 19 Aug 1884 | Marie Février-Laramé | St.David-Yamaska 17 |
| 17 Albert | 08 Jul 1913 | M.-Rosa Brouillard | St.David-Yamaska 17A |

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

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 8A Edmond | 08 Apr 1882 | Clara Lemire | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| 13A M.-Louise | 14 Jan 1901 | Louis Betit (Bétil) | Augusta(St.Aug.) |
| Léa | 10 Feb 1901 | Évangeliste Bédard | Augusta(St.Aug.) |
| M.-Anne | 16 Jun 1901 | Louis Tondreau | Augusta(St.Aug.) |
| Philippe | 07 May 1906 | Joséphine Breton | Waterville(SFS) |
| 13B Séraphine | 25 Aug 1901 | Joseph Cloutier | Augusta(St.Aug.) |
| Alphonsine 1m. | 10 Apr 1913 | Gédéon Trépanier | Augusta(St.Aug.) |
| " 2m. | 21 Jan 1956 | Joseph Huard | Waterville(ND) |
| Marie 09 | Oct 1916 | Wilfrid Poulin | Augusta(St.Aug.) |
| 17A Henry-Wilfred | 30 May 1940 | Arlene-Frances Lowell | Biddeford(St.Mary) |
| Rose | 31 Aug 1940 | Charles Bélanger | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| Maurice | 12 Oct 1940 | Blanche Hamel | Biddeford(St.And.) 17B |
| Lucille | 26 Aug 1940 | Lawrence Burke | Biddeford |
| " rev. | 25 Oct 1940 | (Wilfred) Burke | Biddeford(St.Mary) |
| Léandre | 21 Oct 1950 | Jacqueline St-Louis | Biddeford(St.Jos.) 17C |
| Walter-G. | 07 Apr 1951 | Lucille-L. Dumas | Saco(NDL) 17D |
| Madeline | 05 Sep 1953 | James-M. Shafer | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| Roger-L. | 27 Feb 1954 | Barbara Lessard | Biddeford(St.Mary) 17E |
| 17B Raymond-M. | 02 Sep 1961 | Monique Levasseur | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| Gérard-A. | 31 Aug 1963 | Gabrielle-M. Jacques | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| Norman-Paul | 28 Jan 1967 | Diane-A. St-Ours | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| Lucien-Fernand | 10 Oct 1970 J | oanne-Elaine Vallière | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| Robert | 27 May 1972 | Elaine Fecteau | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| 17C Judy-Ann | 23 May 1970 | Francis Grégoire | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| Susan | 07 Sep 1970 | Gérard Goulet | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| Diane-Rita | 30 May 1975 | Ronald-Richard Vasc | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| Thérèse-Irène | 11 Sep 1976 | Gary-Wayne Corey | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| 17D Denis-Marcel | 08 Oct 1983 | Linda-Ann Lambert | Saco(NDL) |
| 17E Carol-Ann | 12 Sep 1975 | Roland-R. Hurtubise | Saco(HT) |

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

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

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

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

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

## MISSION

• To be an advocate of the Franco-American Fact at the University of Maine, in the State of Maine and in the region, and

• To provide vehicles for the effective and cognitive expression of a collective, authentic, diversified and effective voice for Franco-Americans, and

• To stimulate the development of academic and non-academic program offerings at the University of Maine and in the state relevant to the history and life experience of this ethnic group and

• To assist and support Franco-Americans in the actualization of their language and culture in the advancement of careers, personal growth and their creative contribution to society, and

• To assist and provide support in the creation and implementation of a concept of pluralism which values, validates and reflects affectively and cognitively the Multicultural Fact in Maine and elsewhere in North America, and

• To assist in the generation and dissemination of knowledge about a major Maine resource — the rich cultural and language diversity of its people.

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

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

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

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

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

## OBJECTIFS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

# *Le* FORUM

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

VOLUME 41, #3 FALL/AUTOMNE 2019

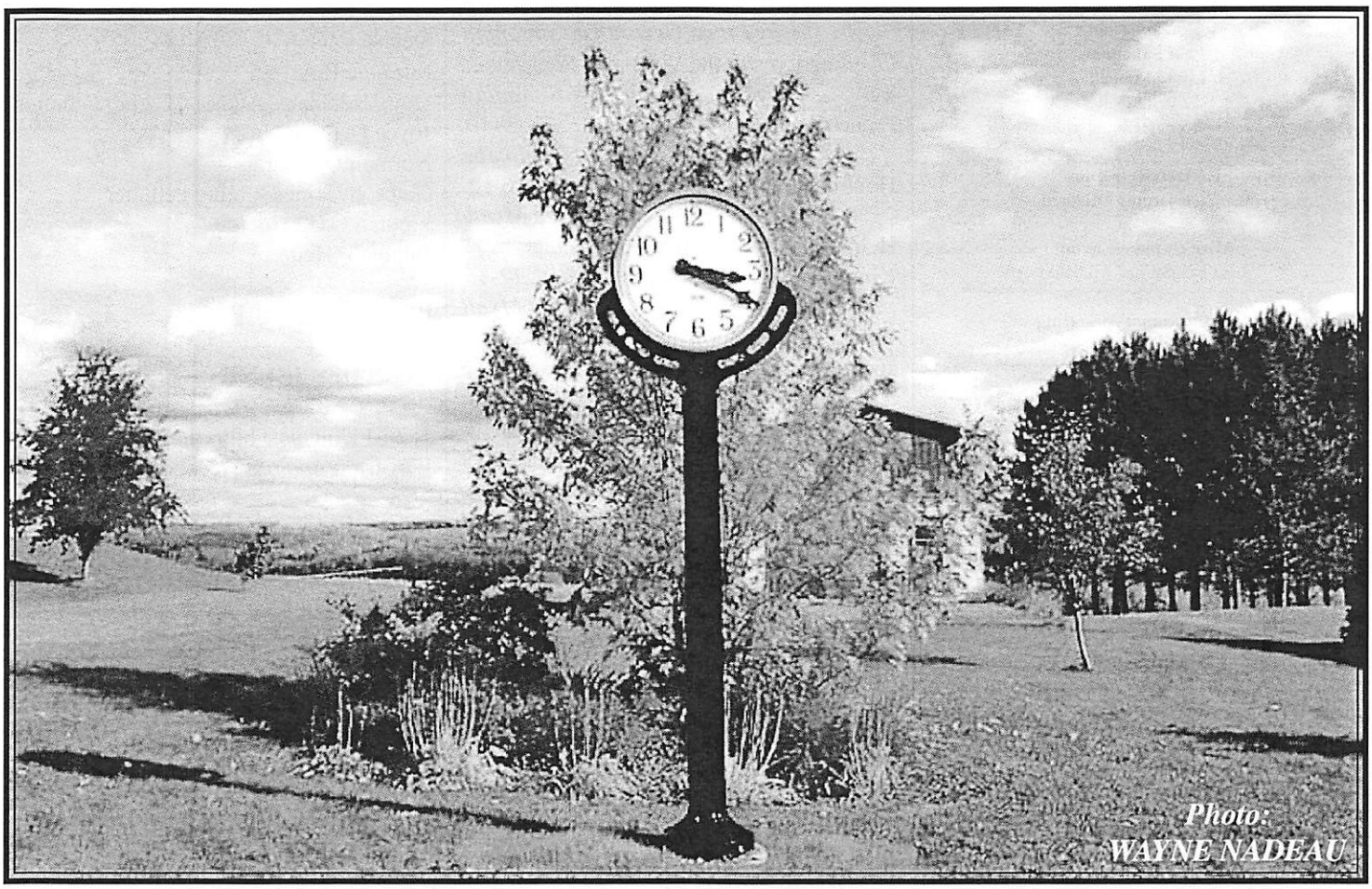

*Photo:*
*WAYNE NADEAU*

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**Occasional Papers:** http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/occasional-papers/
**Résonance, Franco-American Literary Journal:**
https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/resonance/vol1/iss1/
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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L'équipe de rédaction souhaite que *Le* Forum soit un mode d'expression pour vous tous les Franco-Américains et ceux qui s'intéressent à nous. The staff hopes that *Le* Forum can be a vehicle of expression for you Franco-Americans and those who are interested in us.

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

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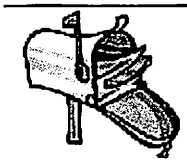


## *Lettres/ Letters*

# THE WAY IT IS..... no apologies, s.v.p.

We all have pet peeves. One that is really annoying is the continued apology, "Oh, we speak Canuck French" or "Our French is not Parisian French." Let's face it, even Parisian French is not standard French. Standard French is the French spoken in the Loire Valley. The French spoken by our ancestors in Quebec was the standard French of the time. King Louis the XIV would say, "L'état c'est moé". Today, "moé" and "toé" are part of the old French known as "joual", referring to the way the settlers would say "cheval". Among the settlers there were colonists, soldiers, and mariners with different degrees of education. In the 1600's the French spoken in Quebec was the standard French of the day among the elite (educated). What changed were several facts, including the passage of four centuries. First and foremost was the battle on the Plains of Abraham where the destiny of 60,000 French colonists changed in a 20-minute battle between Generals Wolfe and Montcalm. With the Treaty of Paris, the English permitted the settlers to continue to speak their language and practice their religion because they were outnumbered. However, if settlers wanted to participate in trade or government, they had to be bi-lingual. Being a stubborn race not everyone cooperated. Many sought the support of their religion and their religious schools to keep their French culture alive. It is thanks to the Catholic church and the Parochial schools that French is still spoken in Quebec. Another factor was the yearning for a better life in the second life --- Paradise. Consequently, many parents did not promote education as much as the English. A new child for "l'habitant" (the farmer) was another hired hand. In seven or eight years, that child could gather eggs, clean the chicken coop, pull weeds, etc. A current philosophy for many at the time was that you never wanted your children to be smarter than you or you would lose them. Therefore, a lot of children were taken out of school after three or four years of schooling to help on the farm. Even though many settlers did not have a formal education, they were not stupid. They were very resourceful and they had to be. They were "les survivants", the survivalists.

Other factors were the lost of contact with the Mother Country and the necessity to work side by side with the English who often owned the large companies. User manuals were another factor. When Pépère bought his Buick, the manual did not say "la calandre" for grill, "l'enjoliveur" for hubcaps or "les pneus à flancs blancs" for whitewalls. Consequently, many English words became incorporated in "la langue québècoise" this way. Today, manuals are required by law to be translated into standard French.

Words were also made up because there was little contact with the French for decades, e.g. "la bacausse" (the back house) instead of "la vespasienne", "le tripoteur" (the chiropractor) instead of (le kinésthérapeute), or (le blé d'Inde" (corn) instead of (maïs) became part of the vocabulary.

However, the French themselves cannot be so sanctimonious, they do the same e.g. "la redingote" (riding coat), "le week-end" (la fin de semaine) and "mail" (e-mail). Also, thanks to "la langue québécoise", most of the new tech vocabulary added to the French language is developing in the computer industries around Montreal.

Noah Webster had a big influence on the American English dialect with the publication of his "American English Dictionary. Today, there exists an equivalent by Léandre Bergeron, "le Dictionnaire de la langue québécoise". After four centuries, an American English dialect exists alongside a Quebec French dialect, as well. French Canadians have no qualms about the way they speak. An educated Quebecker can easily converse with an educated Frenchman just as an educated American can easily converse with an educated Englishman. So, the difference is education. Francos picked up their French at home and in the streets. Unfortunately, they were not offered the opportunity to learn or speak "school French". Case in point, a friend told my mother once, "Hier, j'ai baiké un cake", now that is Canuck (hillbilly) French. At least she knew how to put the sentence into "le passé composé".

So that is the way it is. Never, ever tell a Quebecois that they speak Canuck (bad) French. They speak French "avec un zeste", like Americans who speak English "with a twist"

***Xavier de la Prade***
***Petaluma, CA***

---

***Chère Le Forum;***

Je reçois et lis fidèlement "***Le Forum***" depuis plusiers année.

Vous trouverez ci-inclus un chèque pour renouvellement de souscription et un peu de surplus pour les oeuvres du Centre Franco-Américain, à l'Université du Maine.

Je vous envois également deux petits poèmes pour insérer dans votre prochaine numéro. Je les ai écris pour lire à une réunion du Club Richelieu ici à Woonsocket. Je peu continué à vous envoyer de mes poésies. (J'en ai un trentaine, et aussi des articles intéressants si vous voulez. J'ai écris dans les journaux français de la Nouvelle Angleterre il y a plus de cinquante ans quand ces journaux existaient encore. Ça me vieillé n'est ce pas? (84 ans) mais j'ai fait des études a Rivier, et j'ai travaillé dix ans au Bureau chef de L'Union St. Jean Baptiste d'Amérique à Woonsocket, (1954-1964).

Mon ordinateur est en panne depuis deux jours et ma fille doit venir à mon secour la semaine prochaine pour me remettre brochés. Donc je vous écris à la main aujourd'hui.

Bonne Chance dans votre entrepris du **FORUM**, ainsi qu'à votre équipe. Vous faites un bon travaille trés utile.

***Trudy Lamoureux***
***Woonsocket, RI***

*(Voir page 29)*

***Dear Le Forum;***

Lisa you are the force behind ***Le Forum*** and what a great job you are doing!

Enclosed is my renewal for 2 years.

Thanks for all you do for the Franco-American population.

***Sincerely,***

***Ken Soucy, Pinellas Park, FL***

# P'tit Jean & le vieux magicien

## *Par Don Levesque*

*Notez b'en: Le conte traditionel de Petit Jean m'a été conté par M. Thadée Lausier de Grand Isle dans les années 1970 quand j'travaillais pour Roger Paradis a l'universit'de du Maine a Fort Kent. Pour entendre M. Laurier raconter le conte, allez au Archive Acadienne du l'université du Maine a Fort Kent et demandez pour le CD.*

Ont commence: **P'tit Jean pi le vieux magicien**

Une fois y avais un p'tit gah a peut près de ton âge qui restais dans un village pas mal comme icitte. Y restais tous seul avec sa mére en cause que son pére travaillais loin Une bonne journée, la mére a P'tit Jean lui d'mande d'aller chercher du pain pi du lait au magasin. P'tit Jean dit oui toute suite pi y décolle a pied vers le magasin.

Y avais un p'tit vieux avec un vieux damier assis su' un banc pas loin du magasin. Y dit, "Bonjour, P'tit Jean."

P'tit Jean connaissais pas le p'tit vieux mais y répond poliement, "Bonjour, messieur."

Le vieux dit a p'tit Jean, "Vien jouer une game de dames avec moué."

P'tit Jean explique qu'y avais pas l'temps en cause qu'y allais en commission pour sa mére. Le p'tit vieux dit, "Vien, vien. Ca prènera pas d'temps, tu va ouaire."

P'tit Jean voulais pas être éfonté pi y savais qu'une game de dames ça prend pas grand temps d'habitude. Y dit, "Okay. Juste une game."

"Merci, merci," dit le p'tit vieux. "J'm'ennuyais assis icitte tous seul." Y sort les dames de sa poche, les place sur le damier pi y dit, "Enouaye, mon jeune homme, commence."

P'tit Jean pouce une dame rouge. Le p'tit vieux pouce une dame noir. Mais, bang-bang-bang! la game étais fini pi P'tit Jean avais gagné. "T'es bon en tabarouette!" dit le p'tit vieux. "Viens, ont va en jouer une autre. T'as vu que ça prend pas d'temps."

P'tit Jean pouce une dame rouge. Le p'tit vieux pouce une dame nois. Pi bang-bang-bang! P'tit Jean gagne encore.

"T'es a plein a plein meilleur que j'pensais," ris le p'tit vieux. "On devrais faire une p'tit gagure pour le fun. Cosse tu dit?"

P'tit Jean voulais pas vraiment gager mais le p'tit vieux souriais pi y avais l'aire assez gentil. "Okay," repond p'tit Jean. "Juste pour le fun."

Le p'tit vieux part a rire pi y faise la main su' sa vielle quisse. "Okay okay," y dit. "Ce lui la qui pert trois games de file va être l'esclave du gagnant pour l'restant de sa vie." Pi y part a rire.

P'tit Jean ris lui itou pi y s'assis su' l'banc sure de gagner.

P'tit Jean pouce une dame rouge. Le p'tit vieux pouce une dame noir. Pi bang-bang-bang! le p'tit vieux gagne. Trois fois de files le p'tit vieux gagne.

Y s'lève déboute, le visage en grimace, les poings fermées b'en dur. Ces vieux yeux, maintanant rouge comme l'enfer r'garde P'tit Jean sans cligner. "La j'tes, mon p'tit snoreau! La j'tes!" cri le p'tit vieux a pliene tête. "La t'est mon esclave pour l'restant d'ta vie, mon P'tit Jean!"

Pauvre P'tit Jean, y savais pas quoi dire. Y avais faite une gagure avec le p'tit vieux pi y avais perdu trois games de files. Y avais pas d'choix. "Oui, c'est vrais," dit P'tit Jean tous bas.

"Quoi? C'est quoi que tu dit, mon p'tit snoreau? Parle plus fôrt que j't'entendre."

"C'est vrais que je suis votre esclave," dit P'tit Jean un peut plus fôrt.

"Plus fort!" cri le p'tit vieux en dansant su'une patte pi l'autre en riant comme une vielle corneille. "Plus fôrt! Plus fôrt!"

"C'est t'assez fôrt," dit P'tit Jean, voulant pas qu' sa mére entendre le p'tit vieux. "Ou resté vous, messieur?"

Le p'tit vieux ris encore plus fôrt. "J'rest a l'autre bôrd du soleil!" y cri. Pi, tous d'un coup, le p'tit vieux disparais.

P'tit Jean s'lève deboute pi y r'garde allentours mais y voyais pas l'ptit vieux. Y commence a marcher vers le soleil. Y avais pas d'choix. Y avais donné sa parole. Y' avais faite une gagure pi y avais perdu. P'tit Jean étais l'esclave du p'tit vieux pour l'restant de sa vie. C'étais au simple que ça.

Avant trop trop longtemps y passe une maison blanche sur une petite colline. Y avais une femme su' l' perron apres accrocher du linge su' 'a ligne. "Bonjour, P'tit Jean," a dit, une clothes pin entre les dents.

"Bonjour," dit P'tit Jean.

"Ésyous que t'est partis pour aller, P'tit Jean?"

P'tit Jean conte a la femme quoi qu'avais arrivé. La femme met ses deux mains sur les hanche et a r'garde P'tit Jean avec des gros yeux. "Va pas la, P'tit Jean," elle dit serieusement.

"Mais j'ai donné ma parole pi j'ai perdu," dit P'tit Jean, la tête basse.

"J'te dis, P'tit Jean, faute pas que tu alle la. C'est un vieux magicien! Ma fille, Petite Chaperon Vert ces faite prendre dans un piége la s'maine passée, pareil comme toué. La elle est l'esclave du vieux magicien pour l'restant de sa vie. Va pas la, P'tit Jean!"

P'tit Jean dit, "J'ai pas de choix, madame. Y faut que j'y alle."

"B'en, si c'est ça que tu veut, prend mon joual Gros Gris. Va su' l' bôrd d' la riviére pi tu va ouaire une grosse île. Appel Gros Gris pi y va mnire a toué. Ride Gros Gris jusqu'a l'autre bôrd du soleil, P'tit Jean. J'me fie a toué."

P'tit Jean remerci la madame pi y decsend un p'tit ch'min étrette jusqu'au bôrd de la riviére. Comme de faite, y avais une grosse île au mitant de la riviére. P'tit Jean cri, "Gros Gris!" Rien. Y cri encore, "Gros Gris!" Y cru d'ouaire que chôse grouillé a travers les abres. "Gros Gris!" Tous d'un coup, un beau gros joual gris, le plus beau joual que P'tit Jean avais jamais vu, sôrt du bois en courant. Le joual saute a l'eau pi y nage jusqu'a côté de P'tit Jean.

P'tit Jean grimpe su' l'dos de Gros Gris pi l'joual décolle comme une balle. P'tit Jean s'tchènais aussi fôrt qui pouvais. Le joual courais tous l'temps plus vite. Y courais assez fôrt qu'y ont commencé a flyer. P'tit Jean avais quissement peur mais Gros Gris volais comme un nuage, très vite mais très solide.

Dans rien d'temps sontais rendus chez l'vieux magicien.

P'tit Jean met Gros Gris dans l'étable pi y va a maison, cogner a la porte d'en arriére. Une voix douce dit, "Entrée." P'tit Jean rentre dans la cuisine pi y voie la plus belle fille qu'y avais jamais vu après faire la vaiselle. C'étais Petite Chaperon Vert. Elle se tourne vers lui et dit, "P'tit Jean! Cosse tu fait icitte!"

P'tit Jean lui conte s'qu'y étais arrivé. A dit, "Mon djieu, P'tit Jean. Tu peut pas rester icitte. Le vieux magicien est près a revenir. Sauve toué, P'tit jean, sauve toué en attendit que tu peut!"

P'tit Jean dit, "Non, j' me sauve pas sans toué, Petite Chaperon Vert. J'peut pas t'laisser icitte avec le vieux magicien!" Y s'en va a l'étable pour essayer de trouver une maniére de s'sauver avec Petite Chaperon Vert.

*(Suite page 5)*

*(P'tit Jean & le vieux magicien suite de page 4)*

Après tchuque minutes, y s'en dort. "P'tit Jean!" P'tit Jean fait un saut. Y r'garde allentours pi y oué personne. Y s'farme les yeux. "P'tit Jean!" La P'tit Jean étais sur qu'y avais pas rêvé. "P'tit Jean!" P'tit Jean s'assis pi y r'gard Gros Gris. Gros Gris dit, "P'tit Jean, faut faire tchuque chôse." Gros Gris parlais!

"J'sais," dit P'tit Jean, "mais shu pas sure quoi faire, you know."

"Moué j'sais," dit Gris Gris. Gros Gris étais un joual magique qui pouvais dire l'avenir. Gros Gris dit, "Demain matin le vieux magicien va te demander de jouer a la cachette. Tu ira su' bôrd du pondou, tu t'coupera une branche, pi tu pêchera dans l'pondou. Quand tu poignera un petite poisson toute lette, ratatinée, pi qui fait pitché, tu prendera ton couteau de poche pi to commencera a le cleaner."

Comme de faite, le vieux magicien arrive a l'étable l' lendemain matin pi y dit a P'tit Jean, "Aujourd'hui a jouent a la cachette. C'est toué qui conte jusqu'a cent!" Pi y disparais.

P'tit Jean s'ferme les yeux pi y conte jusqu'a 100. Après ça y déscend jusqu'au pondou pi y s'coupe une branche pi y commence a pêcher. Y poignais des beaux gros poissons, plus beau pi plus gros qu'y avais jamais vu. Tous d'un coup, y poigne un p'tit poisson lette, toute ratatinée, qui faisais vraiment pitché. P'tit Jean perd pas d'temps pi y commence pour cleaner le poisson. BANG! Le poisson devien le vieux magicien. Pi y étais pas content! "Mon p'tit snoreau! Tu gagne aujourd'hui mais ont ouaira b'en demain!" Pi y disparais.

P'tit Jean étais fier de son coup. Y r'tourne a l'étable pi y conte toute ça a Gros Gris en riant. Gros Gris dit, "Demain matin vous allez encore jouer a la cachette. Tu ira au milieu du verger. Tu va ouaire un beau gros t'ahbre de pomme. Tu grimpera dans l'toppe de l'ahbre. La tu va trouver une p'tite pommette verte a moitié pouris. Tu prendera ton couteaux de poche pi to commencera a éplûcher la pommette."

L'lendemain matin le vieux magicien vien a l'étable très de bonne heure pi y dit a P'tit Jean, "Ont jouent encore a cachette pi c'est toué qui conte!" pi y disparais.

Quand P'tit Jean a fini de conter y va au milieu du verger ou y trouve un beau gros t'ahbre de pomme, remplis de belle pomme rouge. P'tit Jean grimpe jusqu'au toppe de l'ahbre. Y avais une p'tite pommette verte a moitié pouris. P'tit Jean commence a éplûcher la p'tite pommette. BANG! La pommette devien le vieux magicien. Y étais encore plus malin que la journée d'avant. Y étais assez faché qu'y avais d'la misére a parler. "Mon! Mon! Mon p'tit snoreau! Mon p'tit vera! Mon! Mon! Mon! Demain! Demain! On ouaira b'en demain qui va gagner!" pi y disparais.

P'tit Jean avais assez envie d'rire que c'est effrayable. Voir le vieux magicien trembler de rage l'avais fessé assez drôle qu'y avais envie de buster. Y s'dépêche pour aller a l'étable conter toute ça a Gros Gris. Mais Gros Gris riais pas. "Ris pas, P'tit Jean! Le vieux magicien a figuré que shu un joual magique. Y va mnir s't'enuite pi y va m'tuer."

P'tit Jean cri a tous coeur, "Non! J'va tuer l'vieux magicien!"

Gros Gris dit, "C't'enuit ride moué d'un boute du ciel a l'autre, aussi vite que tu peut. Ramasse ma sueur dans un crûchon. Demain matin frotte moué avec ma sueur. Asteur, couche toué pi r'pose toué une p'tite secouse."

Aussitôt que l'soleil étais couché P'tit Jean saute su' Gros Gris pi y décolle tou' 'es deux a pliene vitesse, d'un boute du ciel a l'autre, aussi vite que possible. P'tit Jeaan ramasse un crûchon de sueur de Gros Gris pi y r'tourne a l'étable, épuisés.

L'lendemain matin P'tit Jean s'reveille en peur. Gros Gris étais mort. "Gros Gris," dit P'tit Jean tous bas, les larmes aux yeux. "Gros Gris, reveille toué." Rien. Gros Gris étais vraiement mort. P'tit Jean prend le crûchon de sueur pi y commence a frotter Gros Gros. Y frottais pi y frottais pi y frottais pi rien arrivais. Y continue a frotter pi a frotter, ses larmes se mélans avec la sueur a Gros Gris.

Tous d'un coup, Gros Gris ouvre un oeille pi y dit, "Vite, P'tite Jean! Y faut s'sauver toute suite. Mé que l'vieux magicien ouaie que shu pas mort, y va nous tuer tous 'es deux!"

P'tit jean dit, "Faut que j'alle chercher Petite Chaperon Vert. J'peut pas la laisser icitte avec le vieux magicien."

"Dépêche toué! Dépêche toué! Ont a pas d'temps a perde," dit Gros Gris, deboute pi près pour partir.

P'tit Jean prend sa course pi y rente dans 'a cuisine. Petite Chaperon Vert etais après ballier. "Vien t'en, Petite Chaperon Vert! Y faut s'sauver au plus sacrant!" Petite Chaperon Vert lâche le ballette drette la pi a part a courir avec P'tit Jean vers l'étable.

Y saute tous 'es deux su' Gros Gris qui décolle comme un balle. Dans rien d'temps y flyais. Après une p'tite éscouse, Petite Chaperon Vert dit, "Le vieux magicien vien par darriére nous autres! Y ses viré en nuage pi y fly lui itou."

Gros Gris dit, "P'tit Jean a tu ton peigne avec toué?"

P'tit Jean sôrt son peigne. "Tire les en arriére," dit Gros Gris.

Le peigne tourne en montagne pi le nuage du vieux magicien reste stucke après l'bôrd d'la montagne.

Après une p'tite sécouse, Petite Chaperon Vert dit, "Le vieux magicien vien encore par darriére nous autres. Y ses tourné en géant pi y pile par desus les montagnes!"

Gros Gris dit, "P'tit Jean, as tu ton couteaux d'poche?"

P'tit Jean sort son couteau d'poche. "Tire les en arriére," dit Gros Gris.

Les montagnes tourne en rasoirs.

Après une p'tite sécouse, Petite Chaperon Vert dit, "Le vieux magicien s'coupe le devant des jambes avec chaque pas, mais y continue a mnire par darriére nous autres."

Gros Gris dit, "P'tit Jean, a tu encore un caré d'sucre comme tu m'donne a manger?"

P'tit Jean sort le darniér caré d'sucre. "Tire les en arriére," dit Gros Gris.

Le caré sucre tourne en sel pi vous savez toute comment ça fait mal du sel sur une coupure. Le vieux magicien tourne de bôrd pi y s'en va chez eux toute découragé.

Gros Gris ramène P'tit Jean pi Petite Chaperon Vert chez eux. P'tit Jean va au magasin chercher du lait pi du pain pour sa mére.

Pi tous l'monde vive un belle vie plaisante.

*Don Levesque est un gah de Grand Isle, Maine, qui a été a high school a Van Buren, au collège a Fort Kent, travaillais a Madawaska, a marrié une fille de St-André, NB, pi qui reste a St-Basile, NB.*

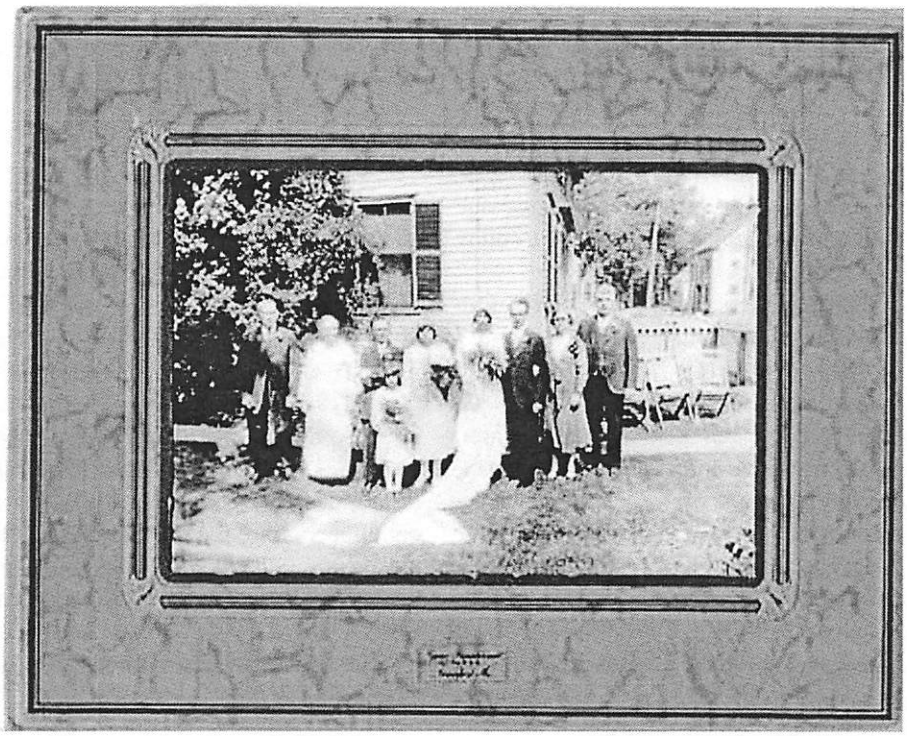
*Il a été au St. John Valley Times pour 25 ans, de vendeur d'annonce a journalist a Publisher et Editor a partir de 1996 jusqu'a 2010 quand il a pris sa retraite. Il a écrit une chronique, Mon 5¢, de 1988 a 2015.*

*Il est dans le Maine Franco-American Hall of Fame et dans le Maine Journalism Hall of Fame.*

# More of The Early years in Biddeford

## *From a Memoir, Leaving Maine*

**By Gérard Coulombe**
**Fairfield, CT**



Wedding party, Felix Coulombe and Clara Coutu [my mom and dad] at my grandparents' home, a half-duplex with barn and shed attached at rear of yard.

L.R. Joseph Coutu [my grandfather], Marie, Lucie Poirier, Coutu [my grandmother], Joseph LeFevre [best man], Eva Coutu [mom's youngest sister& maid of honor],

Clara Coutu [my mom], Felix Coulombe [my dad], Olivia Grenier [my dad's sister-in-law] and Joseph Grenier [Olivia' second husband standing in for my deceased grandparents, my dad's parents]. The little girl, the flower girl is Gabrielle Chabot, [oldest child, but at this point, maybe the only, of one of my mom's sister's, Eugenie Chabot, who had married a lumberjack. "Gabe" married a paratrooper named Herson, who was, going into WW II. A glider trooper, Herson's glider "successfully" landed; he survived the war.

*I believe that Mrs. Olivia Grenier's former husband was deceased, making her related to my dad by marriage to a relative named Coulombe, whom I never knew or whose exact relationship to my dad I ever knew. My dad was like that, and my mom was never completely honest with past relationships, given that one of her sister's had been given up for adoption [on the church doorstep], as far as I knew, and which fact I did not learn until much later when my mother, again, failed to reveal the complete details...such were the early relationships as far as we children knew. Whereas my dad was a silent man, although an actor by avocation, my mom was a more secretive woman than I ever knew. Something that I neither understood nor ever learned why that was. While, for many reasons my father was no better at explaining things, it seems far more reasonable that I knew him as the "silent type" simply because...well, I rationalize, he was always more at ease in his role of "acting" parent, as he was never home, choosing to work second shift, than he was when he was at home, at which time, he was either silent, mostly, or sleeping because he was either back from work or soon going to work, second shift. Mr. Grenier remained my father's best friend for all of his life. He was the more jovial of the two. My dad remained pretty much the silent man, unless, the door was left opened for him to assume the dramatic pose that allowed him to declaim.* *(See page 9)*

# The Franco-American: "Le Jeune Homme, Gerard"

**By Gerard Coulombe**

Growing up in Biddeford, Maine, as a Franco -American citizen was hardly a unique experience. Many others had done so before me and after me. While I left home at seventeen, soon after graduating from high school, it was not to attend college, as my parents neither knew how to help me to apply, nor did they have the savings to send me because, for all of their lives, my parents lived week to week on dad's paycheck; woe to the family had either of them fallen ill, for my mother never had the savings to cover rent, ever, and, as far as Dad was concerned, It was never that life was ever so dire for him, it was that wages were low, throughout the years that he worked; even overtime, when it was available during the war years, meant that the extra money went to pay those extra expenses, like visits to the dentist, which rarely resulted in a cavity being filled, but, more naturally, in a tooth being extracted

There were three parishes in Biddeford, proper, serving Catholics when I enlisted. There was the Irish church, Saint Mary's which was closed sometime between my enlistment and graduation from college, and there were the Franco-American churches: Saint Joseph, on Elm Street, the oldest church and the only one still functioning, and Saint Andre, on Bacon Street, which was closed long after I left Biddeford altogether. [I heard, recently that its beautiful, stained glass windows, the ones I looked at as an altar boy, as the pastor preached, were sold to someone in Japan--years ago, already. Correction or confirmation requested.].

There was no unwinding of the clock. Franco-Americans assimilated into the ordinary, Anglo population. High school graduations, one after another, and wars saw to that. Horrors: With my G.I. Bill, I earned a master's degree in English, and, I had grown,

*(Continued on page 7)*

*(The Franco-American continued from page 6)*

as had my best friends in our French speaking neighborhoods of Biddeford, Maine, a bedrock Yankee town, had grown. And, all of a sudden, parishes in town could no longer support secondary schools.

My Catholic School education never depended on my teachers ever advising me that I could or should attend college, although in elementary and grammar school, priests, or teachers or both advised some of us to seek a religious vocation through prayer. There was no counselor at Saint Louis High School. Although, some of my classmates did attend college. Some who did had no need of teacher advice on that score.

Their parents were, themselves, educated enough to value education and to have been able to manage well- paying jobs or own their own businesses, in which case, they might have been better able to support education, particularly for a son, as a lawyer or dentist or, even a doctor. We had no counselors; as an aside, I do not recall that Saint Louis, Biddeford, 1947-1950, had a library, for, I was so accustomed to the public library. One of my Saint Andre Elementary School Teachers had compelled me to go with her to get my library card, and she had, every time, accompanied me to the library after school, and, thereafter, simply to see to it that I not only returned the books that I had taken out to read or look at, but to assure herself, also, that I checked out even more books to read.

The miracle of this "compulsory guidance" is that I was both shameful to be escorted across town to the library by Miss Grenier, but, it was difficult or impossible to avoid her, my third and fourth grade, lay, teacher .

She would have dragged me down and up Main Street to the MacArthur Library and back to school if I had tried to skip out of her parental grasp. Later, in my adulthood, when I visited her home to thank her, I called her a saint because, had she not dragged me to the library, I might never have gone. Seriously. None of my friends ever did; and neither did my parents because, although I saw my dad read. I never knew that he could read English. But he had to have known how to read some French, because I had seen him read La Presse, and, as he had been an actor before he married in 1930, and he could not have acted without having known how to read his lines before memorizing them, something I had to learn to do, too, because I, following, innocently, in my dad's footsteps, did get my first acting role, as "Sergeant Javorsky" in The Great Sebastian, a community theatre production when I was about his age when he acted. After all, "He took the late train when he married." I heard my mother say, many times.

Interestingly, neither my dad nor my mom ever talked about our dad's acting—not while I was at home, as far as I can recollect. My sisters have never, to my knowledge, commented on the subject of our dad as an actor, for, later, what was retrospect at the time, he surely had been an actor all of his life, for declaiming was dad's only manner of speech. Parenthetically, what I can say now is that our father never changed. My sisters and I had to have known all along that all of our father's speech was that of a voice that declaimed; to be sure, he never spoke in answering or asserting something in any, normal way. I mean, our Dad always spoke as if he were delivering his lines, call it "speech." For him, life which included marriage was like acting the part in a theatrical production: Everyday life, to our father, was like a play with assigned parts, and for all of his life, he had his role to play. I must say, Felix Coulombe, actor and father played his role to the hilt when he had to. Otherwise, he knew his roll to be that of the silent onlooker on the stage of daily life. But, surely, in the dank weave room, he, paradoxically sweated away all of his natural life, mostly, alone at the task.

To make a longer story even shorter, my dad, our dad, certainly knew his part very well from one point of view, only, and that was that of the officious parent—this, in retrospect: I could not have, ever, faulted him on his lines, I suppose. I was not or rarely at home when he was getting himself ready for work after dinner with my mother. We were at school. We children were also in school when he left home with his lunch pail for work at two-thirty p.m., and from which he would return, walking all the while, to get home at around midnight.

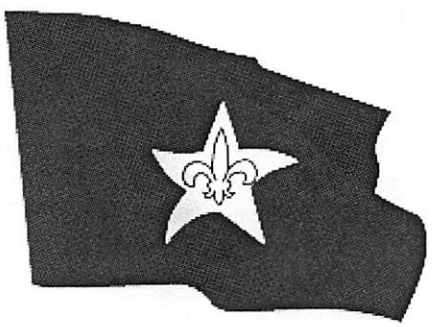
I was up at five-thirty a.m., often, as an altar boy for the six a.m. Mass at either the convent or the Church. When I returned home for breakfast, Dad was asleep, when I left for school, he was asleep; I had a job after school, and on weekends, when I was older. When I was young, I was out and about, playing, because, in our day, kids wandered far and wide. Were kids today to do what we did, parents would go absolutely nuts, out of their minds. In my day, our only restrictions as kids were that we had to be back in time for supper; otherwise, we had leftovers, or we would and could go without.

But, in those days, there were corner stores on every block or on every corner where we kids could buy a wide range of candy varieties and sodas to fill-up on. We had to beg for money! But barring any available small change from the small change purse in mom's pocket, there wasn't any small change available to us. Oh! During the War. We collected all that we could sell at a junk yard, and with the pocketed money, we bought chewing gum which we kids, as a group, managed to stick under our folding seats, and later as we were older and sat no longer in the front row, hut way up in the balcony under the projectionist's window, we manage to maneuver ever closer to one of the girls who sat up there, too, and managed to kiss a girl, having held her hand, first, before maneuvering an arm safely across the back of her neck to grab a hold of her right harm and hold it ever tighter.

It was the only thing, then, that we knew how to do when hugging a girl in our movie theatre seats, when young and thinking to ourselves, "What do I do with this gum that I'm tired of chewing, and I certainly don't want to exchange pieces of gum with her while kissing...."

So ,we, I, just stuck it under my seat with the fingers of my left hand, having successfully removed the gum from my mouth and properly disposed of it before smothering her mouth by successfully placing my lips on hers, as she, too, sought mine. It was an initial accommodation, of sorts, one that was not easy, but became exciting and terrifying.

I worked throughout secondary school and helped, in this way, with the household income, and I became, to some extent, independent.



(N.D.L.R. this article first appeared in the Maine Sunday Telegram, Sunday, November 5, 2017. Titled: *Fall should remain the season of silence*.)

# Noise Pollution

### *by Linda Gerard DerSimonian*

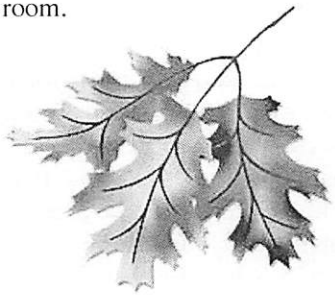
As we travel down the technological superhighway of our lives, the world is getting noisier, despite my deep affection for silence. There is a calmness in the air as Autumn unfolds with its colored splendor, and leaves quietly twirl to the ground. But when the branches become bare, the ambience changes. I hear the roar of leaf blowers being fired up, spewing toxic gasoline, and vandalizing Autumn's spirit of quietude. The shrill, ear piercing noise disconnects me from the gentle whisper of the natural sounds in my neighborhood; squirrels and chipmunks scratching through the dry, fallen leaves, and breezes tiptoeing through the trees. With bated breath, I wait for the machine to be turned OFF.

Today, it is rare to see people using the human caress of their hands to rake and sweep leaves up in a pile. The exercise that raking leaves commands from us would eliminate the need to visit an inside gym that day. It might foster the gift of a conversation with a neighbor or a walker passing by, and it leaves the air and ground cleaner. Leaves deserve to go their final rest without pollution and motor noise, which is not in tune with their nature's flow and grace.

On my walk yesterday, I saw a family with two children on their front lawn. The parents were raking leaves into a pile as the children, with mile long smiles on their faces, and belly laughs, were jumping in them. It was a sentimental scene that renewed old memories of my siblings and I having the same fun when I grew up in the fifties and sixties. I juxtapose that warm scene with seeing a covered pick up truck stop in front of a large apartment complex. Out come six men carrying gas-powered backpack leaf blowers, holding the blowing wands in their hands, like soldiers ready to attack with their guns.

There are many other noise pollutions in our daily lives that could be eliminated, but our society seems to be afraid of quiet, and thinks that we need constant auditory stimulation. Establishments assume we need background music. For example, most restaurants, hair salons, grocery, furniture, and other stores have nonstop piped in music whether we like the music, or are in the mood to listen or not.

Then, there is the omnipresent noise from television screens, who never stop talking; grabbing our time in many of the common spaces in professional offices we visit. TVs delete the sounds of silence with their every other minute commercials, programs, and round the clock news. Do we need to focus our eyes on a loud box with constant flickering scenes as we wait to be seen by a doctor or dentist? I think it would be more dignifying to sit and listen to the rhythm of my own heartbeat, perhaps have the chance to bond with a stranger, or simply have quiet moments with other people sitting in the room.



(N.D.L.R. this article first appeared in the Maine Sunday Telegram, Sunday, January 22, 2017.)

# Opening Eyes to the Virtues of Squirrels

### *by Linda Gerard DerSimonian*

Most people think of gray squirrels as tenacious thieves who raid their bird feeders and interfere with their good intentions of feeding and watching birds in their yards. It frustrates them that squirrels possess the keen native intelligence to outsmart most anti-squirrel tactics they employ to bar them from their premises. Others, like me, in the minority, find some virtue in this creature who does what he needs to do to stay alive.

On the outdoor stage, squirrels are vibrant characters in a silent nature film. They are nimble acrobats in a 3-ring circus, who perform death-defying feats for me to see throughout the theater of the four seasons. They leap through the air like Spiderman springing from building to building, and careen across telephone wires like tightrope walkers.

It's when Autumn's dazzling colored leaves have grown old, and swirl down to

mingle with the ground, that you can vividly see squirrels scampering up and down bare branches and tree trunks with their tails spread over their backs like parachutes.

When old man winter breathes snow and ice upon our spirits, observing wildlife is scarce, but squirrels stay on the stage. I peer out my windows eager to see them chasing each other up and down and around, crisscrossing towering trees that reach to the sky, like capricious children playing tag with wild abandon. I focus my eyes on one squirrel on a lofty limb and follow him...I worry if he will fall as he runs along unsteady, pencil thin branches that sway in the wind; but his sharp claws never seem to fail him. He rockets from branch to branch, and sprints up and down the tree trunk like a well-greased zipper.

Squirrels are part of nature's checks and balances. Yes, they steal seed out of bird feeders, pull up new plants, and eat bulbs from gardens, but they're doing what comes naturally to them to survive. They prey upon nesting birds and their eggs, but cats, hawks, and owls prey on them. Occasionally, they may damage trees by chewing bark and branches, but since their two upper and two lower teeth continually keep on growing, they need to gnaw to keep their teeth filed down. They can hurt a tree's new growth if they eat its buds and shoots, but on the other hand, if they overlook and don't retrieve a seed or nut that they buried, it can germinate into a seedling tree in the spring, which helps replant our forests, or add to the natural landscape in our own yards.

I'm grateful for the lovely old Oak and Maple trees in my neighborhood who perform many kind deeds, one being to provide a habitat for squirrels. Like curtains

*(Continued on page 9)*

# Franco Americans: 1931-1933

***By Gerard Coulombe***

I'm a Franco-American, and by definition, I am an American of French-Canadian descent. For my purpose, I am a Franco-American of the kind whose parents were Franco-Americans. My mother, Clara, Fabiola Coutu, who was born in the States of parents who were Franco-Americans. I believe her parents, my grandparents, were naturalized citizens, since they were admitted as citizens of the United States. It sounds stupid to say it this way, but in the day, there were people, Americans, who did not believe anyone who was Canuck, that is, born Canuck French could be either French or American. They, descendants of the Puritans, I suppose, could not believe that anyone here before them could be anything other than some other, whatever they were or however they called themselves. Whatever!

These Franco-Americans, our parents, lived in Biddeford, Maine, a textile mill town like any other in Maine that employed Quebecois Canadians because they were hard laborers who complained very little and could be trusted to do their work and be happy with it. One company in town, the Saco Lowell Company, made textile machinery for home and export use. They, too, employed French. The other industries were a box shop and, later, shoe shops.

The box shop got its wood from the logging industry on the Saco River, the same River that provided continuous power to the textile mills, the power of the water turned turbines that in turn generated the electrical power that ran all the motors powering the machinery in the various sections of the mills located in these huge brick and heavy lumber, multistoried buildings on the river that produced the cloth that made the sheets, pillows, towels of various kinds and other and varieties of magnificent textiles, such as parachutes during World War Two.

The descendants of the Quebec French were born Americans who grew up to vote and some even attended public schools at a time that Catholic Schools were functioning and the teaching, early on was in French, and the start of the day began with a prayer, followed by a singing of the French National anthem: "O Canada!" The Pledge of Allegiance might have followed. The start of the Second World War changed all of that. The State, I seem to recall, mandated that all instruction be in English with the exception of French as a language and French as "literature." Previously, our instruction had been in French.

Had English been a foreign language to me? It certainly was. My friends in my French speaking neighborhood were all French. That's why we had moved from our former neighborhood where Irish kids ruled the street. So those of us French kids stuck together, as we spoke only French at home and so did our parents and in the tenement block that we lived in; everyone else spoke French.

My grandfather Coutu, my mom's dad, and his wife raised their children in a half- duplex with barn built in the shadow of Saint Joseph 's Church on Lower Elm Street, which is U.S. Route 1. Three of their near dozen children were citizens until they were not. Two of them, girls, became nuns, sisters of a Canadian order. They took their studies and vows in Canada and worked their whole lives, as nuns, in Canada. One other girl was given away, for reasons unknown and was placed in a Canadian orphanage until she was old enough to marry; at which point, when her husband died, the children, whose stepmother she was, expelled her, their stepmother, from her [their] home. She, "my aunt," wrote to her older Sister Eugenie in Maine, and, having been accepted by Eugenie, an older sister of hers [as my mother was, too] who was married with grown, married children, in the town where she had been born, came to live in our hometown—this when I was still a teen.

Curiously, neither my mother nor any one of her two sisters living in the same town that we lived [repetition Is so important to this story] in had ever mentioned , to me or to my sisters, this woman who was their sister who had been given away as infant, when both were children themselves, and who now was coming to town to live with her older sister, Eugenie

To me. and I'm sure to my two, younger sisters, just learning this from my mother was a strange and curious event in the late 1940's. Why had mother not told us about having had a sister given away "to the Church" as an infant and who became a "disappeared" person in the lives of my mother, her brother, Antonio, for another, and my four aunts. Marie Louise and Rose Anna, the nuns, Eugenie, the oldest of the surviving girls, and my Aunt Eva who always favored me, and who had taken care of her parents, my grandparents in whose home my parents were living when I and my two sisters were born.

My grandfather spent his time looking after me when I was allowed to play on the grassy knoll or to climb a cherry tree, or to ride the lawn swing along with him, or to join him whenever he sat in the opening of the barn door to whittle a toy for me. From the time I was able to open the front gate to step on the sidewalk, Pepere was the one who had looked after me from the time I was able to walk until I was we moved away.

I tell you, walking out the front gate to my grandfather's property and step onto the sidewalk, I was allowed and able to wander way down the street [not that far, really] to the corner of Cutts and Bradbury where there was and still is a gathering of rock formations that allowed our imaginations to transform the these crags into forts from which we could fight imaginary battles back and forth, and all this, in memory, at such a young age...I wasn't more than three, imagine the possibility today, wandering away, already, playing war games...as we kids already knew, how had we learned all these things? Cowboys and Indians from cereal boxes for sure, but where did war come from. I have an idea that it might have been a book on Eugenie's living room table that was always there for me to turn one page of photos after another, all about World War One.

*(Continued on page 10)*

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*(Opening Eyes to the Virtues of Squirrelscontinued from page 8)*

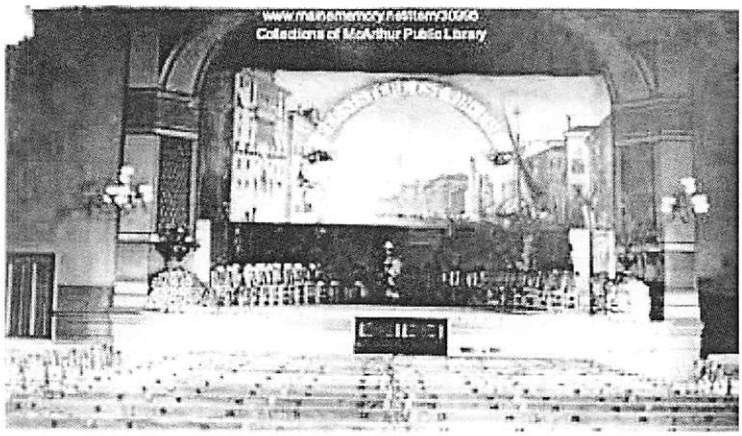
opening up at a play I'm eager to watch, I anticipate seeing the daily show of squirrels in action as they go about their routines. If they packed up their nuts and took their act away, I'd surely miss them!

# Honoré Mercier "Takes the Heart of Young America" at Old Orchard Beach

***August 21, 2019. Biddeford, Home, Maine, Old Orchard Beach, Politics, Quebec***

***By James Myall***

On August 4 1890, an overflow crowd packed Biddeford's Opera House for a political speech. Community leaders from several parts of the state had come to pay their respects to the speaker and hear his ideas. The speaker that night was not a Maine politician, nor a federal official from Washington, but Honoré Mercier, the Premier of Québec, and his audience was largely made up of Franco-Americans.




*Biddeford City Opera House, June 1890.*
*Image: McArthur Public Library/ Maine Memory Network.*

The Premier had been asked to speak in Biddeford by Daniel Côté, a prominent member of the local Franco community, and one of Biddeford's representatives in the state legislature. Mercier and his family were staying at nearby Old Orchard Beach, their first stop on a trip that was part vacation, part politics.

By 1890, Old Orchard had already established itself as a vacation resort, and had become popular with Québécois, especially upper-class residents of Montréal. A correspondent for L'Electeur, a Quebec City newspaper, described the appeal in a pair of reports on August 15 and 21, 1890:

***"Perhaps like me, driven by a misplaced sense of patriotism, you have only previously had occasion to dive into the icy waters of the Gulf [of St Lawrence]. But in doing so, you haven't known anything like the experience at Old Orchard…Those who have, once, put their foot on the long and silky shore at Old Orchard, always come back, or talk about coming back."***

The journey to Old Orchard Beach, some 280 miles from Montreal, was made possible by the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway's connection to Portland in 1859, and to downtown OOB from 1873. The Électeur correspondent, writing under the pen-name of "O Varech," (Varech is a French word for kelp) described the train journey as a hot day's worth of stifling hot temperatures, followed by the sweet relief of the breeze brought by the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the trip into Maine.

Due to the Beach's widespread appeal, Premier Mercier was not the only distinguished Canadian guest there that summer. Old Orchard House, perhaps the most famous of the town's hotels, paid host to Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, Aldric Ouimet, Mayor James McShane of Montreal, several judges, members of the clergy, and other representatives of high society. According to Varech, about a quarter of the residents at the Old Orchard House that summer were French Canadians. Perhaps with some partisanship, Varech declared that the French Canadians were the envy of other guests, with their beautiful women and tasteful outfits (which he contrasted to the "screaming" clothes of the Americans). What's more, at least according to Varech, the Americans delighted in hobnobbing with the Canadian elite:

*(Continued on page 11)*

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(**Franco Americans: 1931-1933** *continued from page 9)*

My grandmother was blind and hard of hearing. She sat by a window in the kitchen in a comfortable chair and looked out of a window, where she could imagine seeing my grandfather and I on the lawn swing, going back and forth.

My "memere," did not speak very much, so, all I could hear was my aunt, named Eva, who cared for her mother, my grandmother, of course. My aunt yelled, shouted, at her mother, repeatedly, so she could hear what little was being said to her. All that I recall of her is that she seemed small in her chair by the window.

My two little sisters were near invisible; maman kept the two of them away from my aunt, as she believed they were ruining the flower beds, and, apparently, had told my mother so. As for me, I was the exception, for Aunt Eva loved me. I knew that even then. But, I did not like her or the witch that I thought she was, even then, although I had not, as of yet, learned about witches and witchcraft. That would come much later.

My aunt never yelled at me. I learned that I was her favorite of "the children." It was true. My aunt did not like my sisters who were aged two and one, at the time. I knew nothing about this then. I was too busy looking askance as I ate lunch with my grandfather who ate his peas with his knife and much of everything else. That, to me, was pretty clever of him. I think I tried eating my peas like that, loading them up, in line on the blade part of the knife and then lifting the knife to my mouth to dump the load of peas into my opened mouth, but I never managed to get very far without first getting the knife to my mouth with even one left over pea still enjoying the distance between my plate and my mouth. I didn't say how close to one's plate one had to bring his mouth.

Papa worked for the WPA at the time. That's the "Works Progress Administration."

Father worked on a bridge somewhere. That, I seem to recall. But, as to what bridge and how he got to his work, I had and have no idea, and I do not recall ever asking.

*(Honoré Mercier "Takes the Heart of Young America" at Old Orchard Beach continued from page 10)*

***"The Yankees claim not to be attracted to titles whatsoever, yet in my observation, there's nothing they want more, without wanting to let it show."***

Mercier himself was treated like a celebrity as well. His speech appears to have been barely noticed by the local English-language journalists. The Portland Daily Press ran a short notice that botched the Premier's name, calling him "L.A Mercier." Nonetheless, reports in French Canadian papers claimed that the audience included Yankees as well as Francos from Biddeford and elsewhere.

Mercier's speech focused on education, which was a cornerstone of his policy agenda in Quebec. He had come to the premiership in 1887 as the head of the Parti National, a coalition of Mercier's own Liberal Party with a small number of Conservative assembly members supporting them. Mercier's nationalist platform had won him popularity in the aftermath of Louis Riel's arrest and execution by the federal government in 1885. Mercier's government's accomplishments included holding the first inter-provincial convention to curb the power of Canada's federal government. Mercier's views on education reflected his cross-party appeal. He advocated the expansion of publicly funded education, but within the existing Church-run system of schools.

L'Electeur reprinted a portion of Mercier's speech in its August 11 issue:

***He spoke of education as a means of welfare and well-being for the working classes. He reminded parents that they must never neglect the schools in favor of the factories. He also made an allusion to the liberalism of the citizens of our province towards the Protestant minority, and expressed a wish that the American nationality take a step in the same direction towards our émigré countrymen, whose faith forbids them from attending the public schools.***

***He also gave a elegy to the Canadienne woman who devotes herself to teaching. He posited that in principle education should be Christian before anything else, if one wants to make good citizens. He said that he would be like to know how many of the impious have ever spilled their blood on the field of battle. "To be a good patriot you must love your country." He said. "And to love your country well, you must have religious principles."***

Mercier was an explicit supporter of Catholicism and the church. As Premier, he had pushed for the restoration of rights to the Jesuit Order, who had been expelled from Canada after the British Conquest in 1760. The day before his Biddeford speech, Mercier had attended Sunday Mass locally, and he was accompanied onstage by clergy from the local parishes.

His intertwined view of education and religion would have been familiar to Franco-Americans in the audience. Most Franco communities in Maine included parish schools in which most of the Franco children were educated. This parallel education system allowed Franco Americans to maintain their native language, but also their Catholic faith. Some parents, as Mercier noted, even saw public schools as an instrument of the Protestant establishment.

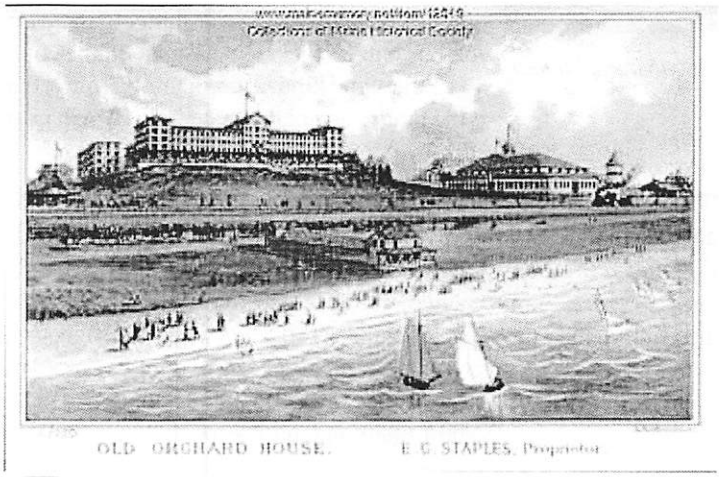
Outreach to Franco-Americans was also very much part of Mercier's nationalist agenda. His government had sent official representatives to the 17th convention of Franco-Americans at Nashua New Hampshire in 1888. He supported efforts to entice Franco Americans to return to Quebec, but also saw a need to support international efforts to promote unity among people of French extraction, and would seek the support of governments in France for his goals.

The speech was apparently well received. L'Electeur said that it was met with a standing ovation and three separate rounds of applause. According to Varech, the Premier was a hit at the Old Orchard Hotel as well:

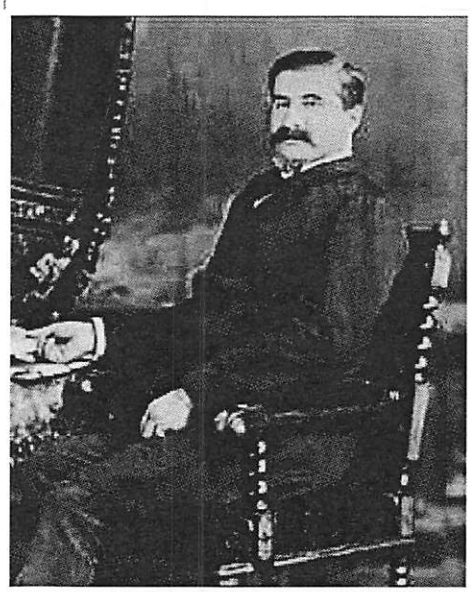
***The passage of Mr Mercier has left an impression which still lasts. The conversations of which he is the subject are like an echo of his visit. Not only has he stunned the Americans with his bold and practical ideas concerning primary education, in his speech at Biddeford, but he has still taken the heart of young America after having captured the intelligence of their fathers.***

In the wake of his speech, the Premier spent a couple of days "sampling the delights of Old Orchard Beach," which included a visit to Portland, a trip around the islands and a fishing excursion. According to Va-

*(Continued on page 12)*




*Old Orchard House, Postcard, 1884. Image: Maine Historical Society / Maine Memory Network*

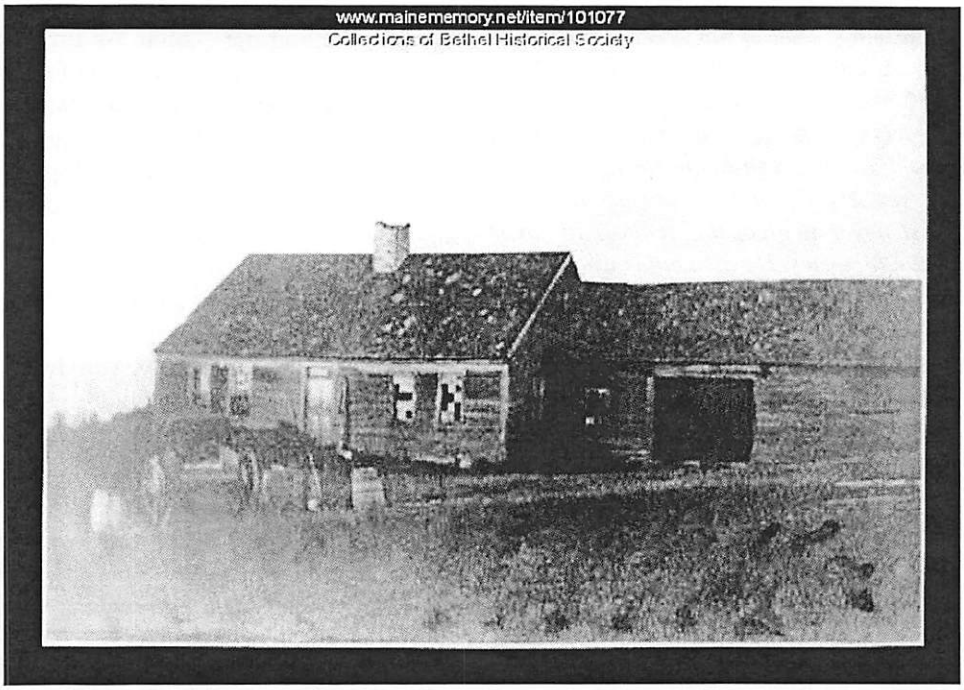


*Honoré Mercier, 1890. Image: Bibliotheque et Archives Nationales de Québec.*

# Help Wanted – The White, Protestant Kind

***July 20, 2019Acadians, Agriculture, Home, Labor, Maine***

***By James Myall***




*Abandoned Farm, Bethel, Maine, ca 1895. Image: Bethel Historical Society/Maine Memory Network*

Rural Maine was in a bad way. Young people were leaving in droves, headed to the cities, or to other states to seek their fortune. Farms sat empty, while the farmers that remained couldn't find enough help.

It's a story that has resonance today, when economists are warning that Maine, especially its rural areas, are seeing economic stagnation and a lack of population growth. In 1908, the Maine Bureau of Labor Statistics summed up the problem like this:

***The great need of the State is for young blood, people who will increase the population by rearing families that will have a love and desire for agricultural pursuits. This is the kind of people that will solve the question of abandoned farms and decrease in population***

Then, as now, one solution was to encourage immigration to Maine. In the early 20th century, the hope was that Maine could see the same kind of population growth that the prairie and plains states had seen in prior

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*(Honoré Mercier "Takes the Heart of Young America" at Old Orchard Beach continued from page 11)*

rech, "the day passed in the most agreeable way." Mercier may also have attended the costumed balls, witnessed the evening fireworks or bathed in the sea like the other beach-goers.

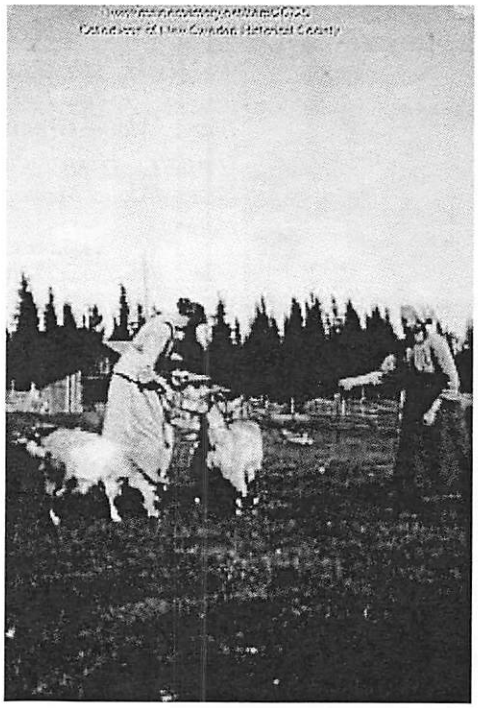

*Old Orchard Beach Center, ca 1900. Image: Dyer Library / Maine Memory Network*

This summer idyll was not to last. Unbeknownst to the crowds at the beach that summer, Mercier's premiership was in its final months. Despite having won an electoral victory in June 1890, he would be ousted by December 1891. Mercier's politics had made him many enemies, especially among Anglo-Canadians, the federal government and members of the Conservative Party. Accused of embezzling public funds in September 1891, Mercier was dismissed as Premier in December by the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. Although he was later exonerated, his career as an elected official was effectively over.

Instead, Mercier would turn his attention to the cause of wider Franco-American cooperation. In this capacity he visited dozens of Franco-American cities across New England, and would return to Maine in the summer of 1893.

*(Help Wanted – The White, Protestant Kind continued from page 12)*

decades. Maine had experimented briefly with incentives for immigration before. In 1870, the state offered cash assistance and tax abatements for families to travel from Sweden to Aroostook County, where they founded the town of New Sweden.



*Farm Life in New Sweden, ca 1910. Image: New Sweden Historical Society/ Maine Memory Network*

State support for the New Sweden project ended by 1874, however, and while immigrants (especially French Canadians) continued to stream into Maine's manufacturing cities, the state's rural areas continued to suffer depopulation and stagnation in the later 19th century. Farming in Maine was (and remains) a tough occupation. Many young families moved to the cities for different lines of work, or headed west where land was cheap and productive.

In 1908, the Bureau of Labor took up the issue of rural decline in its annual report. In addition to examining the policy solutions adopted in other states, the bureau surveyed farmers across the state. The bureau asked town clerks to supply them with the names of six "representative farmers" who could report on local conditions. The 1908 report includes accounts from hundreds of communities, with details of the number of farms for sale, the local need for labor, prevailing wages, and key local industries.

The bureau also asked farmers about immigration. Respondents were asked, "in case immigrants from other countries were coming to your town to become permanent residents, what nationalities would you prefer?" While hardly a scientific survey by today's standards, the answers given in 1908, offer a rare and candid look at the attitudes of everyday rural Mainers of the time towards immigration.

The bureau itself recognized that there was "an aversion to anything that savors of alienism," but recommended Mainers put aside their prejudices. The perspective of the Bureau is emblematic of the ambivalence around immigration at the time. On the one hand, it warned:

***When we apply prejudice against everyone born outside of the United States, it is also well to remember that the people who discovered Maine and the rest of the Western Hemisphere were foreigners...In our own state we have communities made up of people from foreign countries and their presence is certainly not detrimental to the prosperity and prosperity of the Commonwealth.***

Yet even as it extolled the virtues of immigration, the Maine Bureau of Labor qualified that support. It distinguished between "desirable and undesirable [immigrants]" but was ambiguous about what made someone "desirable." The Bureau quoted President Theodore Roosevelt's recommendation that the quality of immigrants be assessed on "the individual qualities of the individual man" regardless of nationality or religion – but immediately followed this with reports of several Finnish communities in Maine, reinforcing the impression that nationality was a key component of desirability.

The farmers and town clerks surveyed by the Bureau displayed a similar range of opinions about immigration. Some of the respondents expressed outright hostility to immigrants. For example a Hodgdon farmer wrote

***I am not much in favor of foreign immigration except those from English speaking countries...I believe in encouraging our own people to settle on our land and keep up the old stock.***

At the other end of the spectrum, a few respondents expressed openness to newcomers, saying they would be happy to see any kind of immigrant in their town. Frequently, however, even this broad-mindedness came with a caveat. A common response was one from a Bridgton resident, who welcomed arrivals, "so long as the people are temperate, honest and industrious, and have intelligence enough to take advantage of the opportunities and benefits of American institutions and citizenship."

Those traits weren't just general descriptors. Americans of the time had strong ideas of which nationalities exemplified those qualities. They were generally Northern European Protestants. Immigrants from Eastern or Southern Europe, Catholics and Jews, were caricatured as lazy people who failed to assimilate, and who drank too much. One farmer from Greenwood, described by the Bureau as having "a general prejudice against foreigners" laid bare the stereotypes attributed to immigrants:

***Of course there are some good ones, as there are some good and bad Americans. I have more faith in those coming from the Protestant countries of Europe than the Latin countries...we also have quite***

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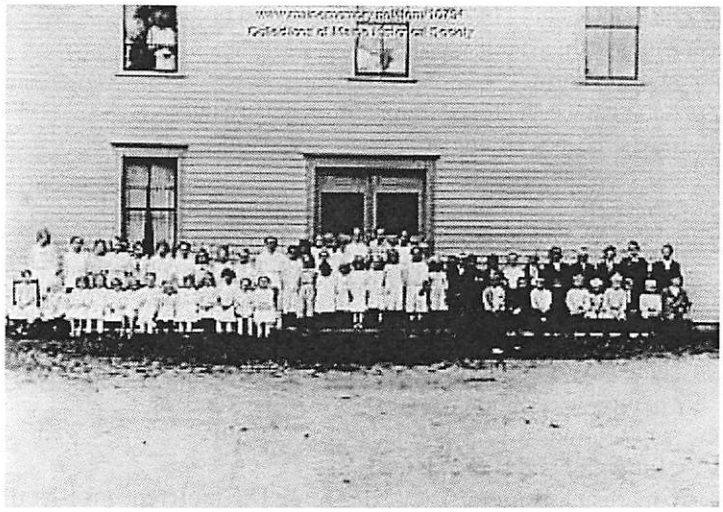


*Finnish Congregational Church Sunday School, West Paris, Maine, 1910. Image: Maine Historical Society/Maine Memory Network*

*(Acadian celebrations & family reunions planned in August at CMA 2019 continued from page 13)*

***a number of Finlanders newly settled and they seem better than we ought to expect from the way their country is run.***

Aside from these prejudices, there was some general concern about immigration that would be familiar to readers today. A Prentiss farmer told the Bureau it should focus on attracting urban Americans to the countryside, rather than "foreign hoboes [sic]." He also worried that immigrants were "made voters for a political purpose." Claiming that foreign-born residents had the same mental abilities as children, he proposed a waiting period of 21 years before new citizens could vote.

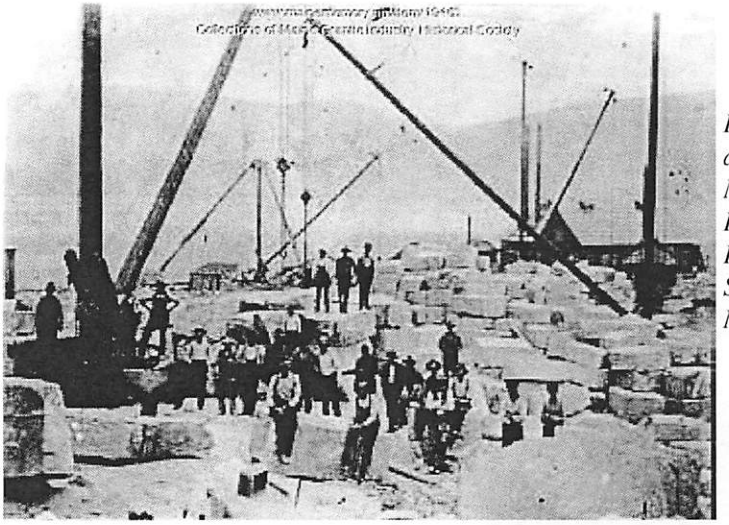
These outright hostile and discriminatory views may well have been minority opinions in early 20th century Maine. But even the vast majority of the responses listed in the Bureau's report display a clear preference for white, northern European Protestants in favor of any other immigrants.

Overwhelmingly, the first choice of most farmers was for Swedish help. Of 447 responses, some 162 (36%) indicated a desire for Swedes. This might partly have been because Mainers were familiar with the New Sweden colony, and the presence of Swedish immigrants in the state. Several Mainers also said they thought Swedes made the best farmers. Yet Swedes also fit the model of white Protestants from Northern Europe who were thought to be most similar to the old Yankee stock in New England, and who were preferred to other groups. In his 1870 address to the Maine Legislature, then-Governor Joshua Chamberlain explicitly promoted the New Sweden colony by saying that "a little retouching of our color by the infusion of fresh, young Northern blood, would do us no harm."

Other popular choices included immigrants from elsewhere in Scandinavia, the British Isles, and Germany. British immigrants and those from British provinces (like maritime Canada) were especially desirable from the respondents' perspective because they already spoke English. A Smyrna resident preferred English speaking residents "as they have a language and a religion [i.e. Protestant Christianity] in common with our own." Yet the same farmer was concerned that even these immigrants displayed "unfriendliness to American institutions."

A Pownal farmer reported a "preference for the Englsih speaking races," illustrating the nebulous nature of race theory at the time, which distinguished between different groups of "Whites."

Somewhat surprisingly, a number of those surveyed expressed a preference for Irish immigrants. When they first came to Maine and the United States, the Irish were treated with suspicion and hostility. But by 1908, they had become part of the group of "good immigrants," despite their Catholicism. This may partly have been due to their reputation as farmers.



*Immigrant workers at Hall Quarry, Mount Desert, 1905. Image: Maine Granite Industry Historical Society/Maine Memory Network*

Other nationalities were seen as preferable for certain jobs. In York, the correspondent said Italians were sought after, since the town planned several projects in the future, including "road building, brick making, and sewer construction...and they are desirable laborers for this kind of work." An Oakland man preferred "Dutch for dairymen, Germans for all-round farmers, and Italians as truck drivers."

**Table of Responses, 1908 BLS Report**

| Nationality | Number | Share |
|---|---|---|
| Swedes | 162 | 36% |
| Germans | 59 | 13% |
| Irish | 36 | 8% |
| Scots | 32 | 7% |
| English | 26 | 6% |
| (Anglo) Canadians | 22 | 5% |
| Norwegians | 20 | 4% |
| Danes | 19 | 4% |
| French | 18 | 4% |
| No preference | 13 | 3% |
| Finns | 9 | 2% |
| Poles | 5 | 1% |
| Russians | 5 | 1% |
| Welsh | 5 | 1% |
| Italians | 4 | 1% |
| Dutch | 4 | 1% |
| Scandinavians | 2 | 0% |
| Northern Europeans | 2 | 0% |
| British Isles | 1 | 0% |
| Great Britain | 1 | 0% |
| "Russian Finns" | 1 | 0% |
| Hungarians | 1 | 0% |
| **Total** | **447** | |

The preference for Northern Europeans expressed by the Maine farmers was very

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*(Acadian celebrations & family reunions planned in August at CMA 2019 continued from page 14)*

different from the reality of immigration at the time. According to the records of the 1910 census, immigrants arriving to the US in 1908 were much more likely to come from Russia, Italy, or the Austrian Empire.

**Origin of Immigrants to the United States in 1908**

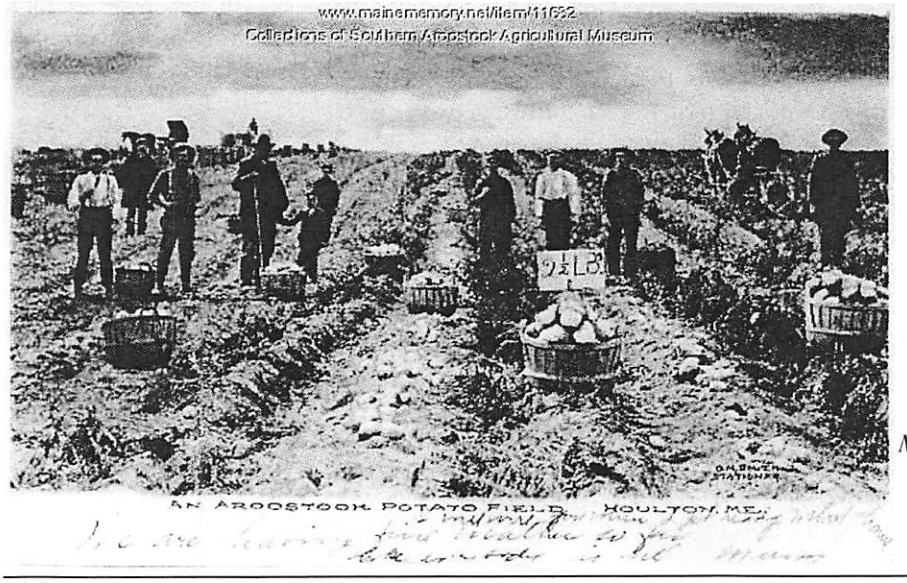
| Origin | Share |
|---|---|
| Russia | 17% |
| Italy | 17% |
| Austria | 14% |
| Hungary | 7% |
| Germany | 6% |
| England | 5% |
| Ireland | 5% |
| Canada (English) | 4% |
| Mexico | 4% |
| Sweden | 3% |
| Canada (French) | 2% |

***Source: 1910 US Census, via the Integrated Public Use Microdata System (IPUMS). Canadian immigrants broken out by native language.***

**Origin of Immigrants to Maine, 1906-1910**

| Origin | Share |
|---|---|
| Canada (French) | 38% |
| Canada (English) | 30% |
| Russia | 8% |
| Turkey | 6% |
| Italy | 5% |
| Ireland | 4% |
| England | 2% |
| Finland | 1% |
| Puerto Rico | 1% |
| Denmark | 1% |
| India | 1% |
| Sweden | 1% |

***Source: 1910 US Census, via the Integrated Public Use Microdata System (IPUMS). Canadian immigrants broken out by native language.***




*Aroostook Potato Field, 1916. Image: Southern Aroostook Agricultural Museum/ Maine Memory Network*

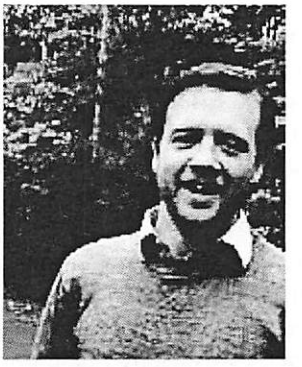
In the end, whatever plans the Bureau of Labor had for repopulating rural Maine by encouraging immigration never came to pass. As in the rest of the country, 1908 would represent the high water mark of immigration in Maine. New federal laws would place the first broad-based restrictions on immigration in 1917 and again in 1924. In retrospect The 1908 Bureau of Labor report is a reminder of a path not taken. Instead of attracting more residents from diverse backgrounds, Maine turned inwards in the 20th century, seeing a continued decline in population growth and the flourishing of anti-immigrant movements like the Ku Klux Klan.

Maine's population continued to grow through the 20th century, but slowly. Between 1900 and 1970, Maine's population grew by just 300,000, an average of 0.6% per year. As a result, the state's influence relative to the rest of the country declined. In 1900, Mainers made up 1% of the US population and were represented by four Congressmen. By 1970, that share had halved, and the state now has two Congressional Districts.

Without welcoming more newcomers, Maine's 21st Century decline could be even more dramatic.

***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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# Finding the Franco Part II: What do you speak?

I never spoke French at home, like those my age. On the few occasions we did, they were flashwords like "cochon" (which I learned only a couple years ago is called a garbage disposal), "ma-tante", "memere/pepere", "maudit", or "marde" when my mother would get angry. As a child, I had little understanding of these words. All I knew was that they were French, how they sounded, and when to use them, and that's all I needed to know. My French vocabulary never extended beyond that until a French class in high school, and my pepere and memere were very content with myself taking the class. But in those two years of French I took, I never realized it wasn't the French of my family and ancestors. It was a formal, Parisian French.

The story of the French language in the last three generations of my family is a familiar one indeed. My parents grew up speaking French as a first language, as they progressed through the 60s and 70s, they slowly gave up their French language in favor of English. Some common reasons for this were pressures from outside, assimilation, and my father's reason was that, "it wasn't cool to speak French," even in Franco-American dominant Lewiston. From the inception of French Canada, French-Canadians and Franco-Americans (I use these terms to mean different things, as inspired from Mark Paul Richard's book Loyal But French, which is a great influence to me and my identity. I will get to this in a later part of Finding The Franco) were often at the sharp end of the sword, and were rarely ever able to wield it in defense. In order to not be a social outcast at public school in the Cold War era, you would have to give up your mother-tongue. And to be a social outcast as a teen in the Cold War era, and even to this day, is to lose a coming-of-age story that mainstream culture makes us acclaim. So what choice do you have then, but to give up your language?

Growing up, I never spoke French except for those flashwords. And being in the United States, acclaiming mainstream culture, my language never crossed my mind. In fact, I was happy I didn't have a barrier between myself and the English-dominant world around me. When middle school came around, one year, we took one semester each of either foreign language, French and Spanish. I don't have many memories of that, however French came to me easier than Spanish. Come high school, we were required to take two consecutive years of a foreign language. My choices were Spanish, Latin, and French, and I chose French.

It's been over four years since I took a French class, but I'm still trying to learn the language. Why am I? I have no practical use for it, nor have I any plans to move outside the United States. After thinking about this for some time, I have realized what the French language means to me. The rest of the world has a set idea of what a Franco-American is, defined only as someone who speaks French and lives in America. The way society defines the Franco-American this way, indirectly affects the way we define ourselves as Franco-American. Resulting in the false pretense that you are only Franco-American if you speak French and live in America, and if you speak French and live in America, you are automatically a Franco-American. In order for future differentiation, I call the Franco-Americans of Canadian Descent, Franco (hyphenated) American, and people who speak French and live in America as French (space) Americans. Over the past few centuries, French Americans have derived their own language. Starting from colonial French Canada of the 17th century, and ending with Franco-American towns of the 20th and 21st centuries, each region has its own unique French tongue, due to the rich histories of the people. Not to say these languages are that different. They're still French, and someone from Lewiston can understand someone's French from Van Buren, but these are those regional details which make the dialects worth preserving.

***The way society defines the Franco-American this way, indirectly affects the way we define ourselves as Franco-American.***

Beside the threat of linguistic assimilation, there was another threat to the diverse array of French dialects in Maine, in 1919 a bill became state law which banned practical use of any language in schools beside English. This law lasted until 1960, but the effects were still felt after it was recalled, and even to this day, where most if not all public schools in Maine are English-only, not representative community's language. Truly, the reason at fault for the loss of the French language is the government. The conservative party rallies for an English-only United States, primarily targeting Spanish-speaking Mexicans (and those in Puerto Rico, a US territory). But what that hypothesis also effects is the French-speaking communities; Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and every other Franco-American community. Our (and others') language and culture is and always has been a threat to the Anglo-American agenda. Assimilation into Anglo-America is a gangway to that prison.

From the beginning of this article to its end, it may seem that I am wholly against Franco-Americans who speak only English. Instead, I would ask the reader to understand the history of linguistic oppression of the Franco-American population. Linguistic oppression is a common theme in the United States, French or other. If we define our or a culture through language in the United States, then that culture is sure to be lost. In turn, to ensure that Franco-Americans remain, and in large numbers, language should not be a consideration for Franco-Americans. It's not right that there are so few French speaking Franco-Americans, but that is the status of our society, that languages are lost in favor of assimilation.

"Qui perd sa lange, perd sa foi," or, "whoever loses their tongue, loses their faith." This is one of the most common phrases of Franco-America, canonized by the fact that the main faith is in French, and more specifically, the Lord's Prayer is in French. But as the modern Franco-American identity changes, must the faith be fixed? That's for the third part of Finding the Franco.

—— *Daniel Moreau*

# Franco-American heroine and nursing colleague – Muriel Poulin

***September 13, 2019. Franco-American News and CultureBoston University, polilo epidemic, Springvale***

***By Juliana L'Heureux***

SPRINGVALE, Me– A terrific friend to all, and an expert nurse, Dr. Muriel Poulin was a great lady who proudly represented her family's Franco-American heritage. She died on September 6, 2019, at 94 years old. Her obituary describes a wonderful nursing leadership career.

As a nurse, she was a giant in the profession. Thankfully, with my nursing friend Susan Henderson, we experienced the wonderful opportunity to record Poulin's oral history. She is among the heroines and heroes we wrote about in Maine Nursing: Interviews and History on Caring and Competence. "The patient has to be the focus of our attention. I know there is a money problem, but I am sorry, find the money from someplace else. We have to take care of that patient!," she said during the interview.

I first met Muriel because she followed my Franco-American writings. My family lived in Sanford at the time. We met shortly after she retired from Boston University and returned to live in her hometown of Springvale.

A double bond developed in our friendship, because I am a nurse.

She gave me the best advice about how to bake a tourtiere. "You can't bake a good tourtiere without using fat....". Her recipe was among the best. Guests attending many of her annual Christmas parties enjoyed Muriel's tourtiere. In 2017, Muriel and I were inducted into the Franco-American Hall of Fame.

*Franco-American Hall of Fame inductees in 2017, Juliana L'Heureux with Muriel Poulin at the Maine State House in Augusta.*

*Muriel Poulin always welcomed nurses into her Springvale home. We enjoyed this nursing "selfie" with Donna DeBlois, a nurse colleague, after we shared lunch at her home.*

She allowed me to publish her recipe for Rutabaga and Apple Casserole, because we discussed the origin of French words and the translation for "rutabaga" as having French-Canadian origins. Translated, "novet" the word means "turnip", but a rutabaga is much more regal than an ordinary "turnip", because (as every Franco-American knows) it mixes well with other ingredients. Also, novet is excellent when diced and sautéed with vegetable soup ingredients.

Novet et Pomme recette est ici.
https://www.mainewriter.com/recipes/

Here is Muriel Poulin's oral history, as it was published in Maine's nursing history. By the way, her unedited interview is also recorded.

The following oral history interview was conducted during a lunch meeting, in Biddeford, Maine, with Susan Henderson:

Muriel Poulin graduated in 1946 from Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing and was coordinator for staff development there early in her career. She was an internationally known administrator and educator whose early work in developing guidelines for the establishment of Magnet designation for hospitals was inspirational to Maine nurses as well as other professional nurses nationally and internationally. She was a Fullbright Scholar and a member of the American Academy of Nursing, In addition to her many roles, after retiring from Boston University, she served on the Board of Directors of the Southern Maine Visiting Nurse Association from 1989 to 1999, was a member of an early study group for the Hospice of Southern Maine and has been a long term supporter of the ANA, in Maine (American Nurses Association).

Nursing has really been the prime focus of my life. I left home to go to nursing school, and I worked all my life both as a staff nurse right up through when I got to be a supervisor at what was really then a city hospital which was in Washington, DC. While I was there, I went back to school and got my BS degree and got to be a head nurse and then got to be clinical director. I started out as head nurse on an orthopedic and medical-surgical floor and then, when I was promoted to supervisor, today it would be a director position, I had all of the medical-surgical unit, the emergency room and what we used to call the central supply, so I had a lot of experience.

From there I went to Damascus, Syria, which I shouldn't have done. But nobody else had a bachelor of science degree, and they were looking for someone with a BS degree. In 1953, 1954, those weren't common. I had gone to Catholic University to get my degree, and I was offered this job. When I was first asked, my reaction was, "Damascus, where is that?" But three months later, I landed in Damascus, Syria. I spent one year there.

I was Director of Nursing and charged with setting up the hospital, Damascus General Hospital, which had been built for several years, and they had just never opened it. We had a team that went over to

*(Continued on page 18)*

*(N.D.L.R. Reprinted from Le Club Français Newsletter, Le Fanal.*
*Publié par Marie-Anne Gauvin dans Le Fanal (Le Club Français). Soumis par Jacqueline Blesso)*

# *LA PIE BAVARDE*

À tous et à chacun:

A chaque automne je m'amuse à regarder les feuilles. Chez moi je n'ai pas beaucoup d'arbres feuillus. J'ai transplanté beaucoup d'arbres conifères afin de couper le vent qui parfois veut tout apporter, surtout la neige. Les quelques feuilles qui visitent ma cour sont distinctes. Je peux facilement mettre mon attention sur une seule et la suivre. Il y en a que je peux suivre deux ou trois jours. Et hop! Elle est disparue. J'imagine qu'elle est allée finir ces jours ailleurs.

*Ma feuille*

Elle est de taille moyenne; un bon quatre pouces à sa largeur et peut-être trois et demi à sa longeur avec une tige de trois pouces à peine. Intriguantes sont ses pointes car elle en a cinq et tout autour une bordure finement dentelée. Il ne faut pas oublier sa couleur de rouge-orange la rendant très voyante. "D'où vient-elle?", je me demande.

Je l'ai vue arriver sur le chariot du Vent qui l'a déposée bien gentiment dans mon jardin. Au printemps de sa vie, attachée à une branche, ma feuille jouait avec Vent. Puis en automne Nature a asséché sa verdure

*(Suite page 21)*

*(Franco-American heroine and nursing colleague – Muriel Poulin continued from page 17)*

help them open that hospital, but because of the political situation, we came home at the end of the year.

I think some elements of nursing is still very with us. The basic element of caring for people and trying to keep them as whole, I think, is still there. The human element is still there. In terms of knowledge, the nurse today has to know so much because there is so much new material: new drugs, new treatments. I can remember the first heart valve patient I took care of. You stood by the bed and could hear the clicking of the metal ball. That's not known today; people wouldn't know what you are talking about. But I can remember standing near a patient who had a valve replacement, and it was metal. And the ball clicked every time there was a pulse; you heard the ball click. If it bothered you a bit as a nurse, you had to get used to it. But just imagine what it felt like for the patient.

When I came back from Syria, I came back to Mass General to be in charge of the education department, and almost right away, it seems, we had this polio epidemic. It was the last big polio epidemic of the world, and patients just came in. Most of them were in iron lungs. We had to recruit, and I think we had to recruit medical students in force. I remember taking a whole class of medical students and teaching them how to run an iron lung. It was something, because those things were big, no doubt about it. The goal was, if the power went off, we had enough people to handle the iron lungs by hand. It was definitely a pressure thing, and you had to push the bellows at the end of the iron lungs in and out. That was what would keep the patient going. The iron lung would help the patient survive, and it would relax the patient's body enough that eventually the lungs would start improving a little bit. A lot of the patients were not in the iron lungs; that's where the Kenny packs were used. You would use it every few hours.

I don't remember that we did get sick from patients. I mean if the staff did, it was probably while they were dealing with the public. But I don't remember one case of someone getting it working on that unit. I think people were very frightened, but they were very careful, too. You went around with masks on and used precaution measures. I don't think people understood what caused polio and how it was transmitted. We all used the whole bit: gowns and gloves and masks.

I was teaching. I was in charge of the program in nursing administration, first at the master's level and then, the last year, we had started a doctorate in nursing science with a major in administration. I think that the administrator has to be knowledgeable, and you don't get by by the seat of your pants. You're dealing with top-notch people when you're at that level. And today, you're a Vice President for Nursing, and it means that you're dealing with administrators, physicians, and assistants that are well educated and advanced, and you have to have a very knowledgeable director. They're no longer directors of nursing, but are VPs for Nursing and VPs for Patient Care, and I am all for that. You have to be very knowledgeable to get along with people at this level, because you're no longer a peon or somebody on the lower level. You're on the top of the ladder, and you have to function that way.

I am a strong believer in Bachelor of Science education. Now I don't want to demean or lower the importance of the two year programs, but it has to be baccalaureate education. Two year education to me is not professional nursing. It's technical nursing. My adviser on my doctorate was Mildred Montag, who started the two year program, and Mildred never meant it to be a general degree. She meant it to be a technical degree. And it was taken on by people who did not know her, and it was turned into an RN program with the same education, the same credentialing. That's unfortunate. If you want to function on the level of other professionals, you have to have a professional degree, and the two year degree doesn't do it. That's the first thing I'd say if you're interested in nursing. I know why they go to the two year schools, to give them a reputation, to give them a job. But I'm sorry; it's worth looking at the four year program. There is help with scholarships to help people in the four year programs. I don't want to demean the two year program. But if at all possible, a young man or woman should go through the four year program.

I do think the emphasis on developing nursing education has slowed down because of what is going on with healthcare, what is going on with hospitals, how they are restructuring, and how they are merging. We are going to end up with big conglomerates, big corporations. I am afraid that nurses are going to have to fight to keep that patient in focus because, right now, the focus is on money. I don't care what anybody says, these mergers going on around us are not for the welfare of the patient. They tell me it's for the welfare of the patient. Show me. The patient has to be the focus of our attention. I know there is a money problem, but I am sorry, find the money from someplace else. We have to take care of that patient!

Muriel Poulin (1925-2019). Her obituary is published at this site. She lived a long and remarkably accomplished life.

With my husband Richard, we extend our sincere condolences to Muriel's family.

# Camille Lessard Bissonnette, suffragist, 1883-1970

***Rhea Côté Robbins, Brewer***

*(Camille Lessard Bissonnette*

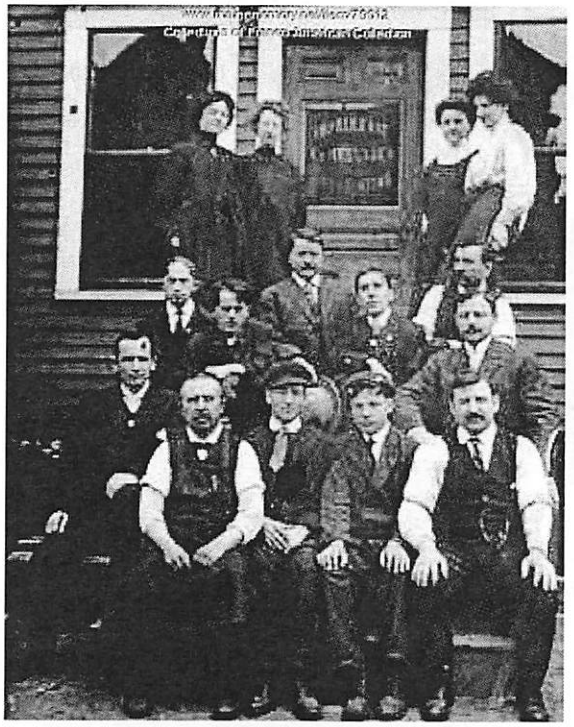
Camille Lessard Bissonnette, suffragist, 1883-1970, was a 1904 Maine immigrant woman born in Ste-Julie-de-Mégantic, QC and moved to Maine from Laurierville, QC. Camille was a proto-feminist in the early 1900s. She became a school teacher at age sixteen while living in Quebec and when she immigrated to Lewiston, she began working in the Continental Mill and two years later, 1906, she also joined the staff of *Le Messager*, Lewiston's French language newspaper. Camille was a correspondent of the paper until 1938. In 1910, Camille, as a journalist, writes her support of the suffrage movement, two years before the conversation began in Canada.

As a French heritage woman, immigrated from Canada, her views on pro-the-vote for women were unique and daring given the inherent reluctance on the part of the French speaking cultures, world-wide, to grant women the vote—women in Quebec were granted the vote in 1940 and women in France, 1945. In order to understand Camille's suffrage situation, it is necessary to be aware of her bi-cultural, bi-lingual, bi-border conversation with the women in French Canada as well as her commentary meant for the immigrant, working women in Lewiston for whom she wrote her columns in *Le Messager*.

Camille, as a woman of the French heritage, language, culture, ethnicity, struggled against the thinking and beliefs of the larger dominant group and also against many of her own, women and men, in the culture. Her struggle to voice her opinion of pro-the-vote for women existed in the cultural corridor, sound-proof vacuum of the deafness to cultural diversity.

Under the pen name, Liane, Camille expressed her views on the reasons why she believed women should be granted the right to vote despite the deterrents from the culture, the clergy, journalists and the arguments against giving women the right to vote were centered on their place in the home and their role as guardians of the French-Canadian race.

Meanwhile in Canada--1791 to 1849 Constitutional Act of 1791 granted certain landowners qualified voter status with no distinction to gender. Women of Lower Canada, Quebec, interpreted this oversight as permission to vote and did so up until 1849 when this was "corrected" and women's right to vote was taken away. This happened ONE year after Seneca Falls which the Quebec men noticed and acted to rescind the vote. 1912-1922 Canada's suffrage movement era occurred with the vote granted nationally in 1918. After gradually obtaining the right to vote in federal elections, from 1917 to 1919, the struggle still continued for the same right to vote on a provincial level.



This is the cultural mindset Camille was surrounded by and she took a stand, publicly, in voicing her opinion pro-the-vote for women in a debate and through her writings as early as in 1910. She presents her view in a speech and then a M. Poulin responds in Lewiston with a responding speech. She is a regular correspondent for *Le Messager* and her talk is printed on page two of the newspaper, simply entitled, "Le Suffrage des Femmes," signed with her pen name, Liane, while M. Poulin's address appeared three days later on page one of *Le Messager*, entitled, "Villante réplique au discours de Liane, advocate du suffrage des femmes" ("Villante replies to the speech of Liane, advocate of women's suffrage."). Her message is reduced by the cultural press and men of the culture.

Camille debates with her readership in Maine and also across the border with the women in Canada about her desire that women be granted the vote. The larger picture for the French heritage woman had to include the conversation across the borders. Camille is seen as a force that influences the women in the province of Canada in regard to the vote. Using her journalistic platform, she expresses her opinions to both the women in the U.S., Maine and also to the women in Quebec, Canada as to why women should be able to vote. This was in 1911. In 1912, English Canada began their collective movement to work towards gaining the vote. 1922 was the beginning of the movement for suffrage in Quebec.

Camille was the lone voice speaking to the suffrage action in the Maine French heritage women's public space.

Recognition of Camille's efforts in voicing her opinion is important to understand that there was an immigrant woman of French heritage in Maine who was pro-the-vote for women and that she was vocal about those beliefs in an atmosphere that was hostile to such views.

The prejudices against the French heritage culture/people posits for women a double discrimination based on gender and ethnicity.

Even if Camille's voice lacked, or lacks amplification, she presents a very important aspect of the presence of the French heritage women in the state of Maine that is a reality today.

*(Continued on page 21)*

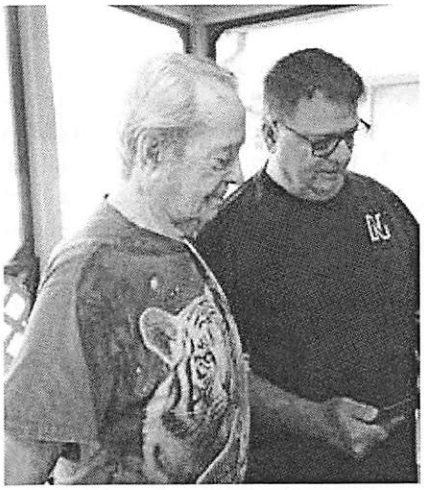
# A Kerouac Journey Winds Down

***by Suzanne Beebe (text & photos)***

For more than 30 years Roger Brunelle of Lowell, MA has guided devotees of Jack Kerouac —Lowell's native son and internationally famous author — along the streets in Lowell where Jack was born, studied, prayed, worshipped, caroused, and finally was buried in his wife's family plot in Edson Cemetery. A founding member of the *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac!* committee, Brunelle, like Kerouac, grew up in Lowell's intensely French-Canadian neighborhoods, schools, and churches, speaking French as well as English, and being shaped as much by French-Canadian culture as by the surrounding Anglo-Saxon culture. He heard the rhythms of spoken Québecois French in much of Kerouac's writing long before researchers and academics became attentive to them. And, for all the lucky visitors who've taken tours with him throughout the years, he's made Jack's French connections absolutely clear in short readings pulled from Jack's "Lowell" novels, with all their specific references to Lowell's Franco people and places.

Now in his 80's, Brunelle is pulling back from many of his longtime *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac!* activities, leaving it to other committee members to lead most of the private Kerouac tours requested through the year, as well as some of October's annual Kerouac Festival bus tours. He will, however, be co-leading his very popular "Mystic Jack" tour with Lowell historian Bill Walsh this October 13, beginning at the still-open St. Louis de France school attended by Jack's brother Gerard before his death at age nine and described in key passages of Jack's *Visions of Gerard*. (For detailed information about this and other Kerouac Festival events, go to www.LowellCelebratesKerouac.org)

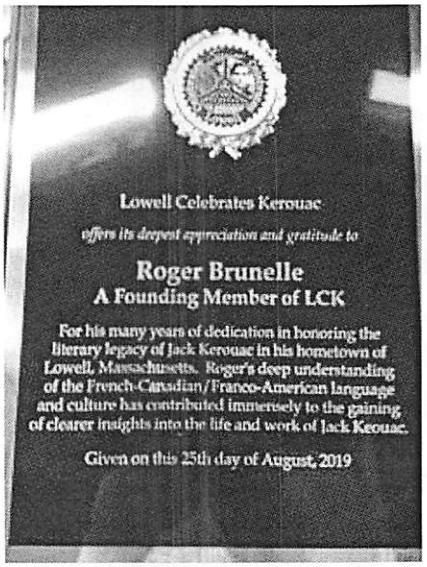
Appreciative of his influence on both popular and scholarly awareness of Jack's French background and its role in Jack's life and writing, the *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac!* committee honored Brunelle on August 25 with a plaque expressing gratitude for his many years of dedication to Jack's memory. As his Kerouac journey winds down, Roger is wished: *merci mille fois et tous nos meilleurs voeux!*



*Roger Brunelle (left) listens intently as his longtime colleague on the Lowell Celebrates Kerouac! committee, John McDermott, reads the dedication on a plaque presented to him Sunday, August 25.*

"I am French Canadian. When I am angry, I often swear in French; when I dream, I often dream in French...All my knowledge comes from my being French Canadian."

— Jack Kerouac
La Vie est d'Hommage




*The plaque presented to Roger by the Lowell Celebrates Kerouac! committee, thanking him for his 33 years of work as a founding member of the committee.*

*Roger and his wife Alyce with the plaque presented on Sunday, August 25.*

*Roger and John, both of Lowell, display the plaque presented to Roger as his wife Alyce looks on.*

Facebook:
@LowellCelebratesKerouac

Twitter:
@KerouacInLowell

*(LA PIE BAVARDE suite de page 18)*

et la peint de couleurs voyantes avant de la laisser tomber. Aujourd'hui, Vent l'a choisie et l'a promenée dans son chariot.

Quelle bon plaisir ils ont, Vent et ma feuille. Je l'ai vue, ma feuille, partir en tourbillon et redescendre sur terre en sautillant avec les quelques autres. Tantôt elle s·avance, hésite, puis recule, se branle un peu avant de repartir flottante, voyageant avec la brise, s'en trop s'éloigner. Une accalmie totale permet que ma feuille se trouve encore dans mon jardin le lendemain.

Patiente, elle attend que Vent revienne. Enfiin, II arrive soufflant de toute ses forces. Effrayée, elle résiste un peu à son ami féroce. II réussit à la balayer avec les autres, les secouent etles trimbalent d'un bord à l'autre. Epuisée, mêlée avec les autres, elle est devenue insignifiante. Vent a bien réussi à l'entassée avec les autres dans un coin quelconque. A l'abri du vent, elles y resteront, se détériorant avant de retourner en terre. Nature l'a ordonné. C'est ce qu'elles doivent faire!

***Votre Pie bavarde, Marie-Anne***

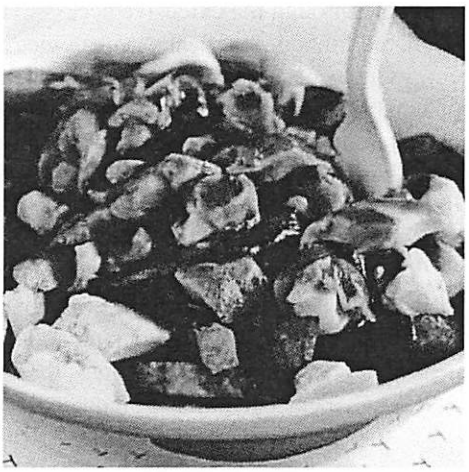
# 2020 NH PoutineFest Event Date

Can you believe it's been five years?! We are officially the longest-running poutine event in the United States!

After a really fantastic 2019 event at Anheuser-Busch in Merrimack, NH, we are proud to announce NH PoutineFest will return to the grounds at Anheuser- Busch on June 13th, 2020!

We will be announcing our on-sale date for tickets later this year. We sell out quickly so keep an eye on our Facebook Page and website (www.nhpoutinefest.com)!

We want to thank the Arbor Restaurant, Hot Mess Poutine, New England's Taphouse Grille, Stark Brewing Company, Vulgar Display of Poutine, The Foundry Restaurant Kimball's Cav'ern and last but certainly not least Chez Vachon for their generous donations to the Franco-American Centre's fall auction.



**www.nhpoutinefest.com**

*Camille Lessard Bissonnette, suffragist, 1883-1970 continued from page 19)*

*Rhea Côté Robbins was brought up bilingually in a Franco-American neighborhood in Waterville, Maine known as 'down the Plains.' She is the author of the award winning, creative nonfiction, Wednesday's Child and 'down the Plains.' Through her work and studies, she has had the luxury and opportunity to spend much time contemplating and researching what does it mean to be Franco-American and female in the U.S. She is a founder and Executive Director of the Franco-American Women's Institute which is an organization that promotes awareness about the contributions of the Franco-American, French heritage women to the culture, their families and their communities. She developed and taught several courses for the University of Maine offered through the Franco-American, Women & Gender, and University Studies. Her writings and research are focused on the contributions of the French heritage women in order to better inform the scholarship and creative works of the state of Maine and beyond.*


**https://mainestatemuseum.org/exhibit/temporary-exhibits/womens-long-road-100-years-vote/**

***Rhea Cote Robbins, M.A.***
***Franco-American Women's Institute***
***http://www.fawi.net***
***641 So. Main St.***
***Brewer, Maine 04412***
***rjean.cote@gmail.com***

# Franco-American genealogy super ancestors

**October 18, 2019Franco-American News and CultureBALSAC, David Coutu, Quebec**

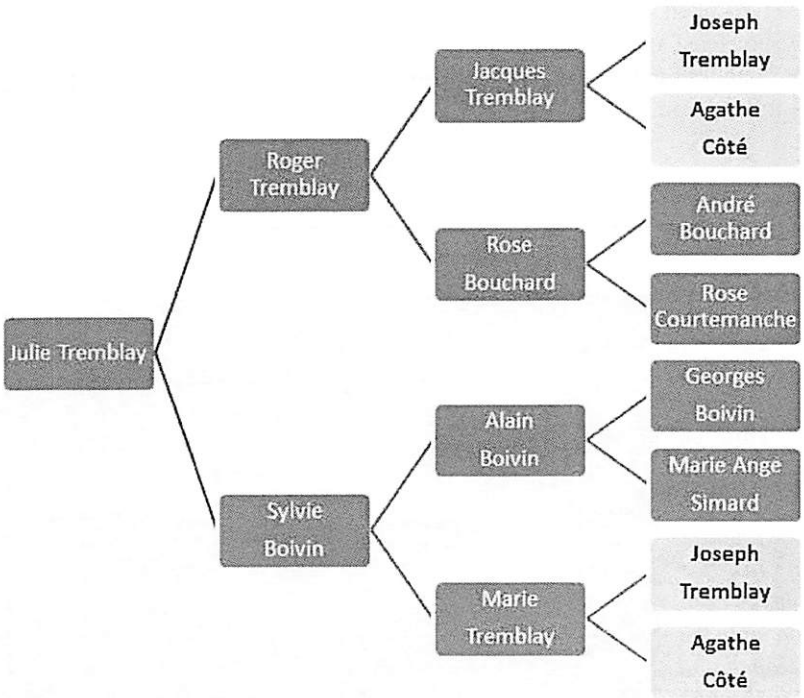
## *By Juliana L'Heureux*

Franco-Americans are generally familiar with their genealogy because family reunions are celebrated during multiple generations, so it's fairly easy to keep track of the current data. For example, our L'Heureux family genealogy is well known going back four generations. Moreover, many of the ancestors' names have been hand written on small pieces of paper or printed in family reunion booklets. As a result of the amazing genealogical resources made available through the extensive access to the Internet, the documentation about hundreds of shared Franco-Americans genealogies are now much easier to authenticate.

One genealogy researcher on social media posted information about the French-Canadian "super ancestors". In other words, the names that are documented to have the most cross references in genealogy research. David Coutu is a native of Massachusetts who is now living in Georgia. Has been doing genealogy research for 36 years. He posed this interesting information about "super ancestors" and I requested his permission to credit his source. (Merci!).

The "super-ancestors in genealogy" of the French Canadian families are those names that stand out as having the largest number of occurrences in the same genealogy.

But, by which phenomenon can an ancestor appear several times in the same genealogy? This graphic demonstrates the occurrences in one genealogy chart published in BALSAC, a Quebec population database:

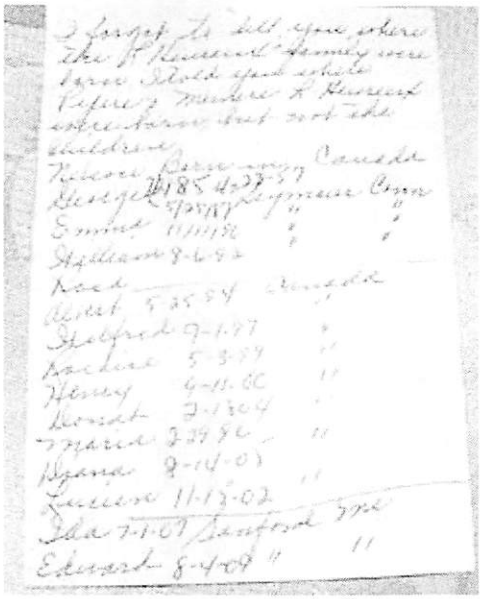



*Example of how one name can appear in several genealogies.*

Explained on the website: In a real family tree that spreads over many generations, the same phenomenon occurs very often. To demonstrate this, we reconstructed the genealogy of 25,757 individuals whose parents married in Quebec between 1925 and 1948. Nearly 600,000 ancestors distributed among 16 generations were found in the BALSAC database. Among these ancestors, certain couples stand out for their large number of occurrences within a genealogy. Here are the three most important.

**IN FIRST PLACE :**

Pierre TREMBLAY and Anne ACHON: This couple of French immigrants who married in Quebec in 1657 are ancestors to all the Tremblays of Quebec. Found in about 46% of genealogies, the couple TREMBLAY-ACHON holds the record for the largest number of occurrences appearing up to 92 times within the same genealogy



*Hand written list of aunts and uncles composed in classic cursive by Rose Anna Morin L'Heureux. The dates (ie "94" etc) are 1800 and 1900. In other words, Diana was born on August 14, 1905.*

**SECOND PLACE:**

Abraham MARTIN and Marguerite LANGLOIS: The MARTIN-LANGLOIS couple arrived in New France around 1620. They have a very large descent by their daughters. The couple appears in 77% of genealogies with a maximum number of occurrences of 69 in the same genealogy.

**THIRD PLACE :**

Zacharie CLOUSTIER and Sainte DUPONT : Married in France in 1616, this couple immigrated to New France with five children. It appears in nearly 82% of genealogies. We have counted it up to 50 times within the same genealogy.

Not surprising, is my husband's maternal genealogy with the name Martin falls into the second place category! His grandmother's name was Emma (nee) Martin.

Although the family's paternal L'Heureux genealogy does not include the name Martin, the connection with the Langlois name is documented through marriage.

*(Continued on page 23)*

# Thoughts on Studying Genealogy

*by Debbie Roberge*

As we trace the family tree we find its fraught with pitfalls. Too delve too deeply into the subject we find relatives that result in remarkable and sometimes painful discoveries. It is somewhat like fortune telling but in the case of genealogy we are dealing with a history of the people of the past and some in the present.

I started researching my lineage a long time ago due to a family story I just had to find out if it was true or not. It led to me to many books on many subjects. Like everyone else I looked into church and town records, graveyards and cemeteries (yes there is a difference) to try and find that right connection. It is an exer- cise in persistence, patience with checks and double checks for accuracy. Not like some I see today that grab potential ancestors for the sake of completing the tree.

Somewhere along the line we find something that spurs our attention that we might be a member of a "first family" whether it be a descendant of the Mayflower, Royalty or some other fancy line- age. But does that make us a better or more deserving person. Does it add a sense of assurance and stability, based on our an- cestral branches?

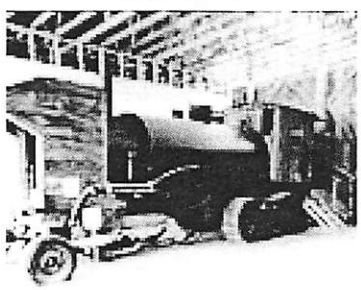
I find researching genealogy like making a puzzle or being a de- tective, putting the pieces together. I travel to places my ances- tors lived or worked, I write inquiries to places I can't get to. I make telephone calls and interviews, send emails and yes re- search online. Many times I still can't find the answers but I don't give up, some may be lost to the ages but it doesn't stop me. There is that curiosity inside of me where I want to know who I am made up of and with every clue I need to know more. I have the "bug" and it can't be cured with a prescription or a visit to the doctor. It will be with me for ever.

I am working with students right now who are interested but only when they find something that catches their attention, like what the person did. Is it an age thing or is it because of the time in- volved. I know the more involved one becomes the more intri- guing the search becomes.

Blood ties are important in tracing ones personal history and to- day we see more and more about it with DNA. Most of this is closely tied with history which is an important aspect when study- ing genealogy. You can't have one without the other.

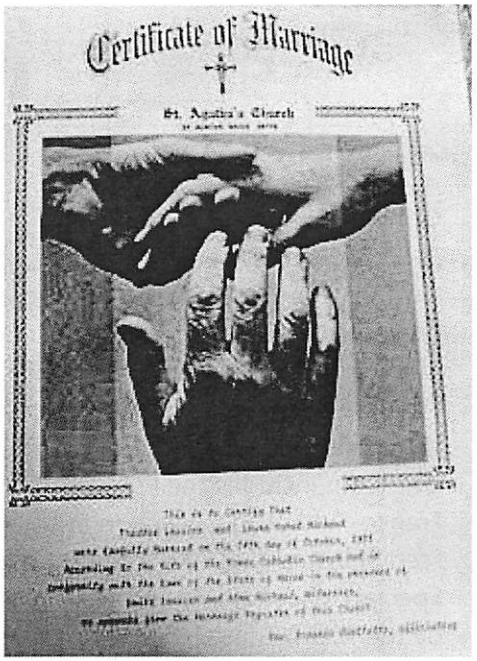
# You don't have to go far to find things from home...

I recently attended Lombard Mill Days in Bradley at the Logging and Lumberman's Muse- um not knowing what to expect. What a great day's event and if you haven't been put it on your calendar for next year it is well worth going! I not only tried for the first time bean hole beans but found items from Waterville there—the Lombard Log Hauler and Tractor. Along with the history and pictures of the Lombard Factory that was once in Waterville. This was only about 8 miles from where I live now, I couldn't believe it, the rest of the day was in the plus column after seeing this. I hope you can see the pictures okay. Oh by the way—thanks to Pam Beveridge and not telling me what I was eating I also tried venison stew for the first time!



*—by Debbie Roberge*

*(Franco-American genealogy super ancestors continued from page 22)*




*Genealogy marriage certificate from the Lausier family reunion 60th anniversary book.*

A data base containing the names of thousands of descendants of the L'Heureux ancestors who trace their lineage to Simon Lereau dit L'Heureux and Suzanne Jaroussel is maintained by a distant cousin to my husband. His name is Jacques L'Heureux. At happyones.com, the genealogy page is at this site here. L'Heureux, had a family name with many variations, according to notarized writings: the name variations include Levreau, Lerreau, Leureau, L'Hérault, l'Heros, etc... But, out of all the spellings, maybe only one carries in its veins an historic sense: "Héraut, public officer who carried messages".

I am an advocate for updating family genealogies as a tradition, every New Year or during Les Fetes, because it is important to document data for future generations. In other words, today's families must be our own genealogy notaries. Don't forget to document current family members as well as the ancestors!

http://francoamerican.bangordailynews.com/2019/10/18/franco-american-news-and-culture/franco-american-genealogy-super-ancestors/?fbclid=IwAR3_M-KiRZxCB4esyVOWP1bcds_h8chf_ZuDShOMmVY86SV3j6-rYmK-Sp4o

# Franco American Portal Project

## Building an online discovery tool for Franco American Collections

**Our Mission**

The histories of French-Canadian and Acadian communities in the US Northeast are an important part of the American story. We aim to help preserve these histories and use new information technology to make them more accessible to the public.

**Who We Are**

Our team includes the Franco American Programs at UMaine, the Franco-American Collection at USM, the Acadian Archives at UMFK, the French Institute at Assumption College, and the Paradis Archives & Special Collections at St Anselm College. Our project is also supported by the Maine State Library.

**What We Do**

We search the US and Canada to locate photographs, letters, scrapbooks, diaries, business records, family archives, and other materials that concern French-Canadian and Acadian communities in the Northeastern US, and we bring these collections together into a digital space — a "portal"— for the public to search and discover.

**What We Need**

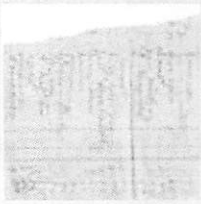
We need your support to digitize these historic materials, to maintain the portal that organizes them, and to pay for student interns to work on this portal with us.

*For more information about the Franco American Portal Project, contact Jacob Albert, Program Manager, at jacob.albert@maine.edu or Susan Pinette, Director of Franco American Programs at spinette@maine.edu.*

francoamericanportal.org

### How the portal works:

1. *Historic records tell our stories.*
   **The problem: these records are difficult to preserve.**
2. *Franco records are kept all over the US and Canada: in boxes, in digital form, or both.*
   **The problem: they are scattered, with no single source to help find them.**
3. *Access to these records improve how we understand the past.*
   **Our solution: Franco American Portal Project will help preserve Franco materials from the US and Canada. We will make them discoverable in one place online in order to make them easier to access and use.**



**To find out more about making a gift to benefit this project, contact**

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

## *Les Familles Coulombe*

Welcome to my column. Over the years Le Forum has published numerous families. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as this one are never complete. However, it does provide you with my most recent and complete file of marriages tied to the original French ancestor. How to use the family listings: The left-hand column lists the first name (and middle name or initial, if any) of the direct descendants of the ancestor identified as number 1 (or A, in some cases). The next column gives the date of marriage, then the spouce (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same number in the right-most column above. For example, if it's #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with the rare exception of small letters, e.g., "13a." If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere appologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

# COULOMBE

**(Colombe, Conlogue# Columbus* CoolongΔ)**

Louis **Coulombe**, born 1641 in France, died 1720 in PQ, son of Jacques Colombe and Rolline Drieu from the village of le Neubourg, department of Eure, ancient province of Normandie, France, married on 30 September 1670 at Ste.Famille, Ile d'Orléans, PQ to "Fille-du-Roi" Jeanne Foucault (or **Boucault**), born 1651 in France, died in PQ, daughter of Nicolas Boucault and Marguerite Tibault from the suburb of St.Germain in Paris, France. Le Neubourg is located 14 miles northwest of the city of Evreux.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | Jacques | | before | 1641 | Rolline Drieu | France | 1 |
| 1 | Louis | | 30 Sep | 1670 | Jeanne Boucault | Ste.Famille, I.O. | 2 |
| 2 | Jean | 1m. | 27 Apr | 1706 | Jeanne Balan dit Lacombe | Montmagny | 3 |
| | " | 2m. | 20 Apr | 1716 | Jeanne Leblanc | St.Michel | |
| | Louis | | 17 Nov | 1710 | Hélène Paulet | St.Pierre, I.O. | 4 |
| 3 | Jean-Baptiste | | 03 Jul | 1730 | M.-Anne Liénard | Ste.Foye | 5 |
| | Alexis | | 26 Jan | 1733 | Madeleine Groissard | Berthier | 7 |
| | François | | 25 Jul | 1746 | M.-Josette Lavoye | Berthier | 8 |
| 4 | Louis | | 16 Aug | 1734 | Mgte.-Angélique Pouliot | St.Laurent, I.O. | 9 |
| | Pierre | | 26 Oct | 1739 | M.-Anne Côté | St.Laurent, I.O. | 10 |
| | | | (b.8-3-1713 St.Laurent, I.O.) | | | | |
| | Antoine | | 15 Jul | 1748 | Geneviève Magnan | Charlesbourg | 11 |
| 5 | Jean-Bte. | 1m. | 18 Feb | 1760 | M.-Louise Lagneau | Ste.Foye | |
| | " | 2m. | 29 Sep | 1778 | M.-Thècle Marceau | Ste.Marie, Beauce | 12 |
| | Pierre-Ignace | | 30 May | 1768 | Marie Boucher | Berthier | 13 |
| 7 | François | | 07 Jan | 1756 | Suzanne Vallière | St.Pierre-Sud | 14 |
| | Louis | | 15 Feb | 1779 | M.-Angélique Lessard | Berthier | 15 |
| 8 | Thomas | 1m. | 25 Nov | 1783 | Rosalie Perron | Baie-St.Paul | |
| | " | 2m. | 09 May | 1808 | Josette Rousseau | Baie-St.Paul | 16 |
| | François | circa | | 1784 | Suzanne Lavoie | PQ | 17 |
| 9 | Louis | | 10 Oct | 1757 | Marie Audet | St.Laurent, I.O. | 18 |
| | Pierre | | | | | | |
| | | | (b.10-6-1742 St.Laurent, I.O.) | | | | |
| 10 | Pierre | 1m. | 11 Jul | 1770 | Mgte.-Benjamin Dureau | Bécancour, Nico. | 19a |
| | | (names of his parents missing) - probably #9 Pierre b.1842 | | | | | |
| | " | 2m. | 28 Jul | 1783 | Geneviève Richer | Bécancour | 19b |
| | | | (b.24-9-1741 St.Jean, I.O. - d.7-4-1823 Bécancour age 86) | | | | |
| | | NOTE: ages at death were often exaggerated then. | | | | | |
| | Louis | | 05 May | 1780 | M.-Charlotte Genest* | St.Antoine-Tilly | |
| | | | (b.5-11-1748 St.Jean, I.O.) | | *dit Labarre | | |
| | M.-Monique | | 24 Oct | 1774 | Amable Hébert | Bécancour | |
| | | | (b.1-3-1753 St.Antoine-Tilly) | | | | |
| 11 | Pierre | | 24 Jan | 1785 | Madeleine Godbout | St.Laurent, I.O. | |
| | | | (b.14-2-1751 St.Laurent, I.O.) | | (Louis Godbout & Madeleine Dufresne) | | |
| | Antoine | | 03 Feb | 1773 | Louise Boissonneau* | St.Jean, I.O. | 20 |
| | | | | | *dit St.Onge | | |
| | Louis | | 20 Nov | 1783 | Josette Dufresne | St.Laurent, I.O. | 21 |
| 12 | Pierre | | 16 Feb | 1801 | Josette Lionnais | Baie-du-Fèbvre | 22 |
| 13 | Marie | | 29 Oct | 1787 | Dominique Mérande | Berthier | |
| | M.-Geneviève | | 12 Jan | 1789 | François Vadenais | Berthier | |
| | Marguerite | | 27 Jan | 1794 | Antoine Brisset | Berthier | |
| | Félicité | | 09 Feb | 1795 | Joseph Brisset | Berthier | |
| | Pierre | | 19 Feb | 1798 | Magdeleine Lavallée | Berthier | 23 |
| 14 | Philippe | 1m. | 19 May | 1783 | Frse.-Ursule Cloutier | Islet | 24 |
| | " | 2m. | 08 Oct | 1810 | M.-Anne Deschesnes | Ste.Anne-Pocatière | |
| | Clément | | 03 Oct | 1785 | M.-Ursule Duval | Islet | 25 |
| | Pierre | | 19 Sep | 1786 | Marie-Roger Campagnat | Montmagny | 26 |
| | (b.26-9-1765 St.Frs.-Sud) | | | | | | |
| 15 | Louis | | 14 Aug | 1810 | M.-Louise Proulx | Montmagny | 30a |
| | Marcel-Laurent | | 31 Jan | 1826 | Luce Bernier | Montmagny | 30b |
| 16 | Thomas | 1m. | 26 Jan | 1830 | Zénobie Gosselin | Baie-St.Paul | |
| | " | 2m. | 24 Nov | 1840 | Geneviève Duchêne | Malbaie | 31 |
| | " | 3m. | 18 Jan | 1858 | Olive Gauthier-Larouche | Baie-St.Paul | 32 |
| 17 | Éloi | | 07 Nov | 1809 | Marie Boucher | St.Joachim | 33 |
| | Élie | | 16 Feb | 1819 | Archange Patenaude | Longueuil | |
| | Léon | | 29 May | 1826 | Suzanne Boivin | Eboulements* | 34 |
| | | | | | *aka "les Eboulements" | | |

*(Continued on page 26)*

*(COULOMBE continued from page 25)*

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 18 | Ambroise | 1m. | 04 Jul | 1780 | M.-Josette Côté | St.Charles | 35a |
| | " | 2m. | 25 Jan | 1833 | Ursule Duquet | St.Charles | |
| | Louis | 1m. | 04 Apr | 1785 | Marie Carreau | St.Laurent, I.O. | 35b |
| | " | 2m. | 20 Jun | 1803 | Marie Dallaire | St.François, I.O. | 35c |
| | | | | | (Joseph Dallaire & Angélique Landry) - m.31-7-1752 St.Frs., I.O. | | |
| 19a | Pierre-Frs. | | 27 Jun | 1803 | Charlotte Genest-Labarre | Bécancour | 36a |
| | | | (b.1772 - d.15-11-1819 Bécancour) | | | | |
| 19b | | Joseph | 06 Oct | 1807 | Marguerite Benoit | Bécancourt | 36b |
| 20 | Pierre | | 20 Jul | 1801 | Basilisse Audet-Lapointe | St.Jean, I.O. | 37 |
| 21 | Jean-Baptiste | | 05 Nov | 1816 | Modeste Bouchard | Eboulements | 38 |
| 22 | Jean-Baptiste | | 28 Jan | 1833 | Marie Prince | St.Grégoire, Nico. | 39 |
| | Olivier | 1m. | 01 Jul | 1839 | Louise/Luce Trottier | Bécancour, Nico. | 40 |
| | " | 2m. | 10 Jul | 1888 | Esther Ouellette | Victoriaville, Artha. | |
| 23 | Pierre | | 21 Oct | 1823 | Marie Roberge | St.Cuthbert, Berthier | 41a |
| | Jean-Bte. | | 17 Jul | 1827 | Emérence Guilbault | Berthier | 41b |
| 24 | Joseph | | 01 Jul | 1817 | Zoé Thibault | St.Roch-Aulnaïes | 42 |
| 25 | J.-Louis | 1m. | 07 Nov | 1815 | M.-Louise Guay | Islet | 43 |
| | " | 2m. | 04 Feb | 1840 | Françoise Fournier | Cap St.Ignace | 44 |
| | Charles | 1m. | 18 Jun | 1816 | Julie Lemieux | Islet | |
| | " | 2m. | 20 Feb | 1827 | Geneviève Larrivée | Islet | 45 |
| | " | 3m. | 15 Jun | 1847 | Rosalie Pelletier | St.Jean, Port Joli | |
| | Laurent | | 13 Jan | 1818 | M.-Luce St.Aubin | Islet | 47/25A |
| | Joseph | | 02 Oct | 1821 | Marguerite Morissette | St.Henri | 48 |
| | Germain | 1m. | 02 Oct | 1827 | Victoire St.Aubin | Islet, Islet | |
| | " | 2m. | 25 Jul | 1854 | Esther Bernier | Cap-St.Igance | 25B |
| | Frédéric | | 08 Feb | 1831 | Angèle Roy | St.Henri | 50 |
| 26 | Alexis | | 11 Apr | 1831 | Marguerite Thériault | St.Jean, Port Joli | 51 |
| 30a | Pierre | | 29 Oct | 1839 | Lucie Mercier | Montmagny | 55 |
| | Pascal | | 21 Jan | 1843 | Rose Laberge | Montmagny | 56 |
| | François | | 25 Jan | 1853 | Léocadie Couture | Montmagny | 58 |
| | Marcel | | 18 Sep | 1866 | Luce Gaudreau | Montmagny | 60 |
| 30b | Marcel | | 10 Jul | 1849 | Elisabeth Granger | Henryville, Iberv. | |
| 31 | Thomas | | 16 Mar | 1882 | Georgiana Gagnon | St.Jérôme, Lac StJn. | 62 |
| | | | (b.16-8-1844 Baie-St.Paul) | | (b.1-8-1850 St.Agnès, Chlvx.)(François Gagnon & Apolline Dallaire) | | |
| 32 | Clovis | | 14 Aug | 1882 | Alexina Murray | St.Gédéon | 32A |
| 33 | Georges | | 20 May | 1846 | Justine Caron | St.Joachim | 63 |
| 34 | Marc | | 20 Sep | 1852 | Adélaïde Bouchard | Eboulements | 64 |
| 35a | Ambroise | 1m. | 13 Oct | 1807 | M.-Anne Gosselin | St.Charles | 5a |
| | " | 2m. | 13 Oct | 1829 | Marie Goulet | St.Charles | |
| | Louis | | 26 Feb | 1820 | Angélique Meunier-Lapierre | St.Hyacinthe | 65b |
| 35b | | Ambroise | 03 Feb | 1824 | Elisabeth St.Mars | St.Laurent, I.O. | 66a |
| 35c | Charles | | 08 Feb | 1831 | Cécile Curodeau | St.Laurent, I.O. | 66b |
| 36a | Louis | | 22 Jul | 1823 | Anastasie Boisvert | Ste.Croix, Lotb. | 67 |
| | Pierre-Frs. | | 31 Jan | 1826 | Marie Deshaies | Bécancour | 36A |
| 36b | Narcisse | | 26 Jul | 1853 | Aurélie Champoux | Bécancour | 36B |
| 37 | Antoine | | 24 Nov | 1845 | Marie Hamel | Ste.Croix, Lotb. | 68 |
| | | | | | (David Hamel & Rose Biron) | | |
| 38 | Jean-Nazaire | | 01 Jun | 1940 | M.-Cirille Perron | Baie-St.Paul | |
| | " | 2m. | 15 Jun | 1957 | Marie-Rose Desbiens | Eboulements | 69/38A |
| | (b.1823 Les Eboulements)(b.1843 Isle-aux-Grues) | | | | (Joseph Desbiens & Félicité Dufour) | | |
| | Ubald | | 19 Feb | 1849 | M.-Luce Tremblay | Eboulements | 71 |
| 39 | Nazaire | | 13 Apr | 1858 | Philomène Nadeau | Stratford, Wolfe | 74 |
| | Moïse | 1m. | 09 Apr | 1866 | Célina Marcotte | St.Paul-Chester, Artha. | 39A |
| | " | 2m. | 29 Apr | 1895 | Clarisse Poisson | Ham Nord, Wolfe | |
| | " | 3m. | 06 Oct | 1913 | Philomène Côté | Ham Nord | |
| | Jean-Baptiste | | 07 Jan | 1868 | Éliza "Alice" Boulanger | St.Paul-Chester | 39B |
| 40 | Emélie | | 02 Oct | 1860 | Cyprien Nadeau | St.Norbert, Artha. | |
| | Nazaire "Henry" | | 23 Apr | 1872 | M.-Emélie Côté | Arthabaska, Artha. | 40A |
| | (living in Gorham, NH) | | | | (Frs.-X. Côté & Félicité Côté living in Ste.Hélène-de Chester) | | |
| | (b.14-5-1849 Arthabaska) | | | | (b.26-12-1854 St.Antoine-Tilly - d.27-9-1927 Gorham, NH) | | |
| | (d.21-2-1924 Gorham, NH age 75-9-3) | | | | (1900 Gorham census: 13 children, 12 then living, 7 at home) | | |
| | Norbert-Adolphe | | ca. | 1877 | M.-Henriette Côté | Gorham, NH ! | 40B |
| | (b.11-5-1854 St.Norbert, Artha. | | | | (b.8-6-1856 St.Antoine-Tilly) (Frs.-Xavier Côté & Félicité Côté) | | |
| | - d.17-12-1899 Lewiston; buried in Gorham, NH) | | | | (widow with 8 children living in Rumford in 1900 census) | | |
| 41a | Norbert | 03 Oct | 1848 | | Isabelle/Elis. Coutu | Berthier, Berthier | 41A |
| 41b | | Joseph | ca. | 1848 | M.-Zoé Gravel | ?? | 41B |
| | (b.12-7-1828 Berthierville, Berthier) | | | | (b.12-7-1828 Baie-St.Paul, Chlvx. cty.(Chls. Gravel & Félicité Tremblay) | | |
| | | | | | (Zoé was a twin with M.-Hermine Gravel) | | |
| | | | | | M.-Hermine m. Thomas Boudreault 8-2-1846 at Les Eboulements) | | |
| | | | | | (M.-Zoé Gravel m. 12-8-1845 Joseph Gagnon at Les Eboulements) | | |

*(Continuation in the upcoming issue, Winter/Hiver 2020)*

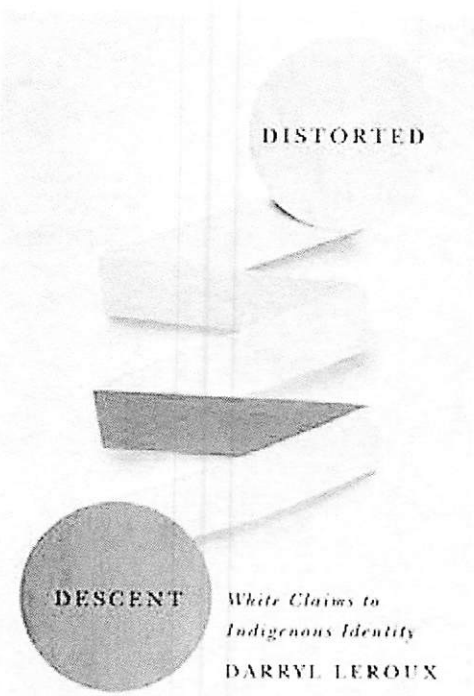
# *PLEASE HELP US....*

Greetings! My name is Meghan Murphy, and as well as being a student here at the University of Maine, I am also a proud Franco-American and the president of FAROG. FAROG is the Franco-American Resource Opportunity Group here at the Centre. As well as having a super cool acronym, we also host monthly dinners and holiday parties for Christmas, Thanksgiving, Mardi-Gras and more! We are a modest group and we exist for the simple purpose of gathering Franco's together to enjoy the amazing culture we all share. We are currently re-doing our office space to accommodate our busy schedule of representing Franco's at multicultural events around campus, holding food and toy drives yearly, a full class schedule for all of our officers, and spending quality time with our amazing community members. We are accepting and appreciating donations for our self-run office remodeling, our monthly dinners, and our expenses for running the club whether it be napkins and silverware, or table cloths and food for meetings.

We thank you for taking the time to read our request, and we hope to see you soon at one of our gatherings. Please follow us on Facebook, FAROG@FrancoAmericanROG, for updates on upcoming events and following our activities! ***Please consider supporting our student group! Make checks payable to FAROG.***

***Thank you very much and hope to see you soon!***

*BOOKS/*
*LIVRES...*




# DISTORTED DESCENT: WHITE CLAIMS TO INDIGENOUS IDENTITY

***by Darryl Leroux***

Distorted Descent examines a social phenomenon that has taken off in the twenty-first century: otherwise white, French descendant settlers in Canada shifting into a self-defined "Indigenous" identity. This study is not about individuals who have been dispossessed by colonial policies, or the multi-generational efforts to reconnect that occur in response. Rather, it is about white, French-descendant people discovering an Indigenous ancestor born 300 to 375 years ago through genealogy and using that ancestor as the sole basis for an eventual shift into an "Indigenous" identity today. After setting out the most common genealogical practices that facilitate race shifting, Leroux examines two of the most prominent self-identified "Indigenous" organizations currently operating in Quebec. Both organizations have their origins in committed opposition to Indigenous land and territorial negotiations, and both encourage the use of suspect genealogical practices. Distorted Descent brings to light to how these claims to an "Indigenous" identity are then used politically to oppose actual, living Indigenous peoples, exposing along the way the shifting politics of whiteness, white settler colonialism, and white supremacy.

***https://www.chapters.indigo.ca/en-ca/books/distorted-descent-white-claims-to/9780887558467-item.html***

*(See page 32 for more books)*

# *POETRY/POÉSIE...*

## *The Maine I Know*

I can't stand some of these magazines
Yankee, Downeast, what have you
I can't stand what they show Maine as
"Best blueberry pie recipe"
"10 things to do in Acadia National Park"
It's all complete nonsense

I was just reading an article on the "best places in Maine"
Are you willing to bet what towns they had?
Portland, Bar Harbor, Camden, Biddeford, Kennebunk
All tourist havens
Well, you can argue Biddeford isn't exactly a tourist haven like the others
I'm noticing because it's between Portland and Massachusetts
It's definitely gentrifying and becoming one

The Maine I Know is different
It's not lake homes, flannel, and LL Bean
It's not pine scented pillows, or lobster boats on a foggy morning
The Maine I Know has heart and soul
Men with weather-beaten faces and calloused hands
Women with strong soul, and humble eyes

The Maine I Know is modest
She is kind and genuine, yet honest and loyal
She is the fourth generation farmer hoping the next harvest is enough to put food on the table
She is the millworker who has lost their hearing, yet too stubborn to get a hearing aid
She is the fisherman away from their family, trying to stay on the island
She is the lumberworker off the beaten path, with few yet true friends
She is the hunter quiet as the night, ready to shoot the prey
She is the laborer working overtime, with tired, aching bones
She is the military veteran welcoming the peace of family, and the purpose of work
She is the trucker on the lonely highway passing rivers, hopping from town to town

**The Maine I know is beautiful**
**She is towering pines, and rolling mountain ranges**
**She is babbling brooks, and tranquil rivers**
**She is snow covering an old wooden house**
**She is colors of autumn that so many writers have been possessed by**
**She is the red blueberry field**
**She is the sound of a loon at sunset**
**She is the roar, and warmth of a campfire**
**And most importantly… she doesn't ask to be seen**
**She is there for others to find**
**Where only the true remain**

*—— Daniel Moreau*

*POETRY/POÉSIE...*

## The Drunken Fire-Eater

Quartier Latin, Paris, 1980s

We'd settled on a good prix fixe,
apéritifs, then wine with dinner.
As we ordered in French,
to explain our wants,
the serveur was quite helpful.
When he beckoned us to a sidewalk spot
we eagerly scurried towards it.
Fin-de-siècle fans didn't cool
that crowded, no-star restaurant.
While gazing at the passers-by, we ignored
the pesky hucksters.
Dog-eared post-cards, grungy Tour Eiffels
did not in the least entice us.
Then suddenly, while sav 'ring our escargots,
we spied an intriguing artiste.
Out from a bistro, unlit torch in hand,
lurched a tipsy fire-eater.
After striking a match, a second,
a third, he finally ignited his torch.
At first, few noticed; that quickly changed.
As he belched out bright flames, many did.
We'd ordered enough to treat ourselves
to a modest but leisurely dinner...
We decided to add cafés and cognacs—
the fire-eater had hooked us.
As the evening wore on, we anxiously watched
while he weaved in and out of his bistro.
Was he truly drunk? Or was this an act?
We never found out for certain.
He bowed one last time as we settled our bill,
then picked up his chapeau full of coins.
Then, singing, he stumbled off 'round the block.
The evening's performance had ended.

*— Margaret S. Langford*
*Keene, New Hampshire*

## Les Haricots Verts

Mémère est venue de faire une visite
Avec mon oncle George ce jour chaud de l'été
Quand ma mère a des haricots verts
De faire à manger quand mon père est rentré.

Le jardin de mon père est grand et nous donne
Des fruits et légumes si beaux et si bons
Qu'on mange comme les rois et les reines à l'automne
Des tomates, et des courges, et des fraises et concombres

Et des haricots verts, qui exigent morceler
À souper ou peut-être à les conserver.
Et Mémère et mon oncle aiment beaucoup aider
Quand ils sont chez nous à nous visiter.

Bien, à la sale à manger, on est
Assis autour de la table — ma mère,
Mon oncle, Mémère, et moi — et on rit
Et on parle sur les haricots verts.



## Naissance

Américain de naissance
On garde notre héritage
On apprécie la connaissance
De la langue française à tout age

Après plusieurs générations
On continue à le parler
C'est une manifestation
D'une culture bien préservée

Dans nos église et nos écoles
On a appris à le conserver
Les anglophones nous pensent frévoles
Cette langue nous donne diversité

Avec les années on s'apperçois
Des bénéfais à ce niveau
On parle aussi l'Anglais c'est la loi
Mais pour toujours on est Francos!

*— par Trudy Lamoureux*
*Woonsocket, RI*

# *POETRY/POÉSIE...*

## Intermezzo

When Margaret Murdock married Jim Sullivan in 1929, she closed her music school to become a housewife. Though her professional life ended then, she still filled her days with music. Later in life, in Fresno, this is how she passed her days.

**After Breakfast**

Pausing after dusting, mopping, gardening, . .
she removes her apron, smooths hair and patterned housedress.
Transformed, she chooses music, positions bench,
feet, hands, and wrists just so.

Soon come the scales, arpeggios, then, a new piece
dissected¾just one portion of the future whole.
In time the studied practice yields its harvest:
Bach, Mozart, Liszt, Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy¾
sometimes old folk song and melodies.

**After Lunch**

Next, the day resumes its rhythms: clearing, dish-washing,
composing dinner's menu—varied for each season
and tastes of random guests.

**After Dinner**

Often as the conversation fades and grownups sip their coffee,
for one short Cinderella moment she becomes herself again.
All mundane worries leave as notes flow from her fingers.
Sometimes a passing neighbor stops as music fills the night.

*— Margaret S. Langford*
*Keene, New Hampshire*

## MA VALLÉE (LA ST-JEAN)

Ma vallée, la St-Jean
Quand je te revois, amène
Des larmes à mes yeux
Avec tes champs verdit
Et ton ciel ensoleiller.

Je revois tes promesses
Dans tes fermes et champs
Remplis de fleurs sauvages
Et ton ciel souvent nuageux.

Cherchant un arc-en-ciel
Après une pluie chaude
Voyageajnt sur ses chemins.

Après une rafale de pluie
Un bel arc-en-ciel
Encercle mon village
Je fais un souhait,
De toujours revenir
Dans ma Belle Vallée!

La St-Jean, demeure de mon enfance.

## MY VALLEY (THE ST. JOHN)

My VALLEY; THE St. John
When I see you again
Bring tears to my eyes
With its green fields
And itís sunny sky.

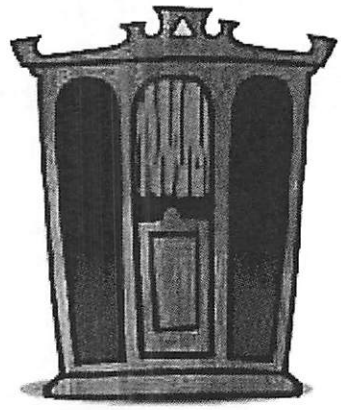
I still see promises
In its farms and fields
Full of wild flowers
And itís cloudy sky.

Looking for a rainbow
After a gentle rain
Traveling on the highway.

A cloud burst show me
A beautiful rainbow
Encircling my village.

I make a wish
To always return
To my beautiful Valley.

The St. John, my childhood HOME!



## Le Confessional

Une femme entre dans le confessional
Un peu gênée elle se sent mal
De dire au prêtre toutes ses sottises
Dans la noirceur de cette bell église

A genoux ell commence par une prière
Dit ensuite ses péchés qu'elle n'est pas fière
S'accuse d'être toujours en retard
Et pour les autres n'avoir pas d'égard

L'homme lui dit "Madame pour vos péchés
Vous allez plus souvent épousetter
Ensuite faire partout du ballayage
Tout a besoin d'un bon ménage".

Mais pourquoi, Mon Père, cette pénitence?
Et ainsi bouleverser ma conscience
Etre en retard n'est pas péché
C'est votre avis que j'ai demandé

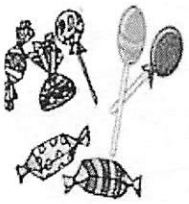
C'est votre retard qui est votre ennui
Le Père confesseur était déjà parti
Je m'assis ici pour mon lunch en paix
Je suis le bedeau qui ouvrit le guichet!

*— par Trudy Lamoureux*
*Woonsocket, RI*

*Adrienne Pelletier LePage*

# Coin des jeunes...

## Halloween Vocabulaire



des bonbons

une bougie

un cimetière

une citrouille

un déguisement

un diable

Une potion

un lutin

un masque

un potiron

une sorcière

un squelette

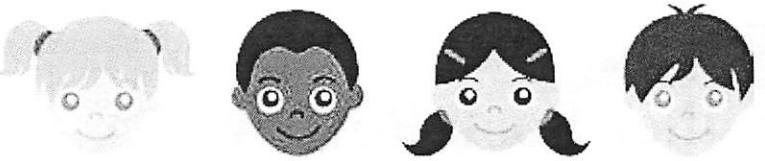
un loup-garou

un zombie

La maison hantée

une araignée

un balai



Voici une petite comptine du nord du Maine qu'on récite avec les jeunes enfants pour leur apprendre les traits du visage:

Menton fourchu
Bouche d'argent
Nez cancan
Joue bouillie
Joue rôtie
P'tit oeil
Gros-t-oeil
Sourcillon
Sourcillette
Tempe, tempe, temponette

***Soumis par Jacqueline Blesso***

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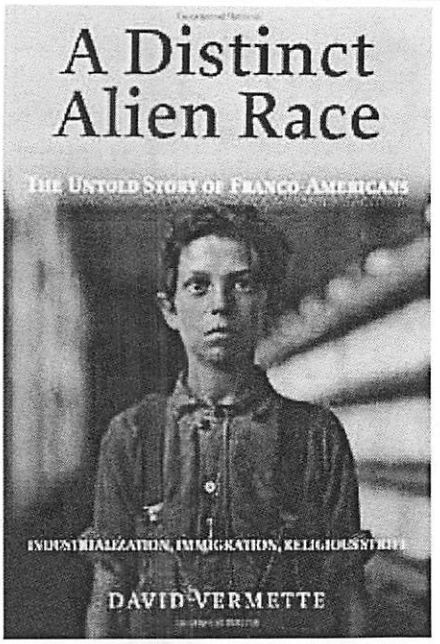
*BOOKS/ LIVRES...*

# Another Book Review of A Distinct Alien Race

## The Untold Story of Franco-Americans

### Industrialization, Immigration, Religious Strife By David Vermette

***By Gerard Coulombe***




I encountered the title in *Le Forum*, Printemps, 2019, p. 33, along with a review by Denise R. Larson.

There's a picture of a doffer in Miss Larson's review. When I saw it, I was reminded of the time I worked second shift at the Bates. It was 1948-1949. I went to work from Saint Louis High School after having had lunch at a popular lunch-car diner on Franklyn Street in Biddeford, my home town.

I remember well my job, which had me push a canvas cart on casters all over the large mill rooms and into any corner that could serve as a hiding place for one or two carts. I was hunting bobbins to collect, all the empty ones, of course, for my doffers--I called them "dobbers," not knowing what the term really sounded like or what was meant by it, for, it was the ladies' survival on the job that I cared about and not what their occupation was called. In any case, it was my ignorance, no one ever corrected me. Or, I was just a dumb "Canuck."

As for author/historian David Vermette's history, it is unlike any book about French Canadians, now Franco-Americans in the United States, that I have ever read. It is not only because it is a history, for me, it is also because it is a history from a historical viewpoint that looks first at the whole textile mill culture in its fractional totality that includes all aspects, from its foundational beginnings into the textile industry's modernity of the times, and then, the author attends to the place of the transitioning of Canadian "Francos-to-be" In Maine and all of the other New England States.

The first two parts of the book are extra long and detailed. The birth and rise of the textile industry are in its very beginnings with the shipping industry in its very infancy and of the men who worked it and made the money that was the stuff for more investments that led to the establishment of an industry, the textile industry, followed by investments in manufacturing, trial and error, bankruptcy, and failure at new mills throughout New England, and fresh starts with new found money, and virtually the same players.

Then comes the author's focus on the mills in Brunswick, Maine, with the influx of Canadian worker, their families, the hardships, the poverty, the diseases, their religion, their allegiances, and their wants. And there follow the struggles. Their religion, their tenacity, their health, their enemies, their organizations, their detractors and denigrators, their enemies, and even the Ku Klux Klan, no less.

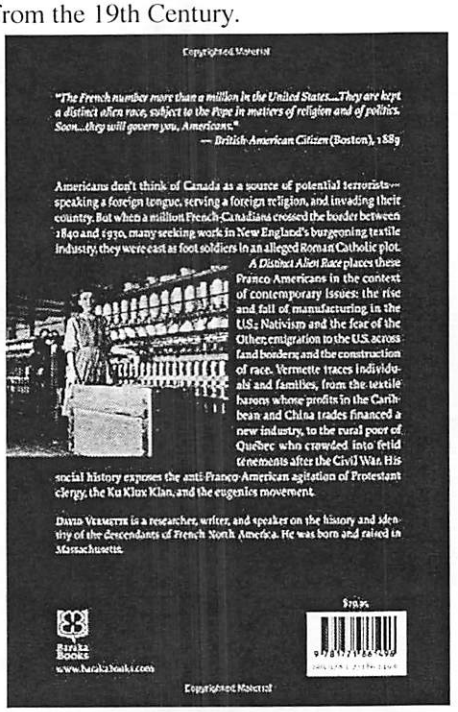
As to the "raison d'etre" for the book, Vermette tells us that it was upon coming to visit his grandmother's grave in Biddeford, that he, a boy with a French name, who had grown up speaking English, only, but knew that he was Franco-American, had suddenly realized that all of the people buried in Saint Joseph's Cemetery on West Street had French names; well, there are a few whose names are not French, but it is fair to say that the cemetery is overwhelmingly French, and, I might add that the vast majority spoke French, and a large number, including my father and grandparents, on both sides, spoke only French.

In addition, if my family's "plot" has my parents in it; it also has my grandparents and a goodly number of others who, for one reason or another, had no other plot of their own where they could rest their bones, and my dad provided one for them. I believe the last story may be legend. My father could be very generous with what he had, even if it were very little, indeed. So, you cannot tell, and I do not want to guess or to ask how all of the bones of my relatives could still be under the names now on the tombstone, as there are so few names and so many bones, the result of modernity and economy, when new bones substitute for old. "C'est la mort."

In conclusion, I offer this review in part, a living testament to the fortitude of Franco-Americans and to all other immigrants whose descendants even now, settle as permanent residents of these United States, for as migrations have not ended, due to this or that cause, we feel the pressures that our ancestors felt-- just as the world changed then, it does now and adjustments, although difficult, needed to be made then, as they do now.

I view this book as an academic tome. It is not for everybody's read. I read it seated at an uncomfortable desk with a formal, studio portrait of my father in a 1920 studio pose; it's up on the wall to my left and to my right there's a snapshot of my long, grey-bearded, grandfather Coulombe sitting in a turn of the century chair. I never knew him or his wife, my grandmother.

There's a long distance in years and age between the latter and me. They come from the 19th Century.



BOOKS/
LIVRES...

# Hidden Gems in Jetté's Dictionnaire Genealogique

Denise R. Larson

Genealogists collect generations like sports fans collect baseball cards. While doing some lineage research, I found a "Mickey Mantle" of an ancestor.

My original search was for a Levesque line that linked with the Miville family of Switzerland (Jean-Baptiste Levesque and Angelique Miville married in 1764 in Riviere Ouelle, Kamouraska County, Quebec). I was using René Jetté's *Dictionnaire généalogique des familles du Quebec des origines a 1730*. My Miville line eventually joined with that of Catherine de Baillon, and that's when I hit pay dirt.

The "Ascendance de Catherine de Baillon" in Jetté's work includes her ancestors from numbers 2 through 431. Though not complete, the list runs for one and a half columns of small print and goes back to the early fifteenth century, to about 1420—six hundred years ago.

## Links to nobility and influential people

Among Catherine's—and my!—illustrious ancestors were a notary and secretary to the king of France in 1504, sieurs and seigneurs galore, a vicomte, a procurer serving King Louis XII at Blois, a *"gentihomme ordinaire de la chambre du roi"* ca. 1590, members of the Election of Paris, and counselors and financial advisors to several kings of France. The *creme de la creme* were the sister and parents of Guillaume Budé, a celebrated humanist of the Renaissance. (Using a kinship chart, I figured out that Guillaume was my twelfth great-grand uncle.)

By amazing coincidence, on the same day I was researching Catherine's lineage, I found, among a local library's New Books, John Julius Norwich's *A History of France* (Atlantic Monthly Press, 2018). In it, the author references a letter written by Guillaume Budé, "the king's librarian," to Erasmus of Rotterdam. That king was Francis I, who ruled France from 1515 to 1547. He was also a Renaissance man and loved hunting, feasting, jousting, art, and books. He brought Leonardo da Vinci to France from Italy.

Further digging found that Guillaume was also the king's secretary and as such traveled extensively on diplomatic missions and Crown business. He sometimes complained in his letters that he would have preferred a more secluded life closer to his books and family, to which he was devoted. His wife was from a well-educated family who also served the Crown. She helped Guillaume with the preparation of his texts in Latin while managing household duties, including the care of the seven children she birthed in a ten-year span.

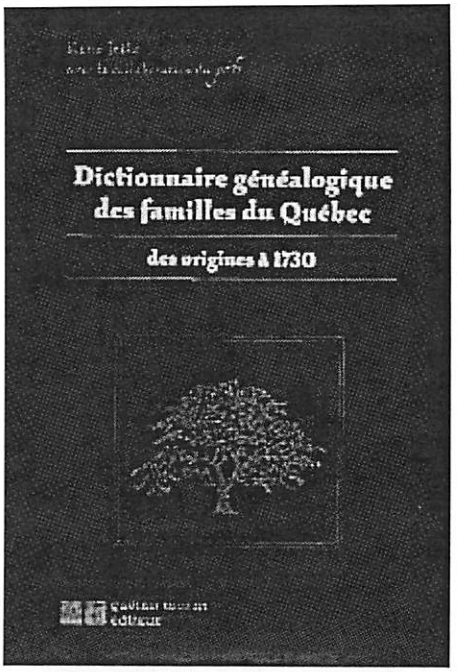
The Metropolitan Museum in New York City has in its collection a portrait of Guillaume Budé by Jean Clouet, who painted portraits for King Frances I. Amazingly, the portrait of Guillaume is the only known surviving work of Clouet. The Met describes Guillaume as "librarian to Francis I and the leading humanist of sixteenth-century France." Guillaume was instrumental in the founding of the Bibliotheque Nationale and the College de France to encourage the study of ancient history and languages.

## Seeking sources

I wondered how and why the long lineage back to the fifteenth century came to be in Jette's work, which has the parameter of 1608 to 1730. Checking the source list in Jetté's book, I saw that he explored beyond his intended parameters when the resources were available. In addition to the usual Canadian references, he also examined the holdings and publications of historical and genealogical societies and libraries. In the case of Miville and de Baillon, Jetté had accessed the municipal library of Dijon, France, and its copy of the genealogy of the House of Budé.

## Unindexed entries

Jetté's *Dictionnaire* does not contain cross references to the de Baillon nor the Budé families. Stumbling across the ascendancy while following the Miville line was a stroke of luck. I urge anyone who is tracing a family line to follow each branch in Jetté's work as far back as possible to see if it will link up with an illustrious ancestor or two. There are unindexed gems hidden here and there in the *Dictionnaire*.




## A soupcon of hubris dashed

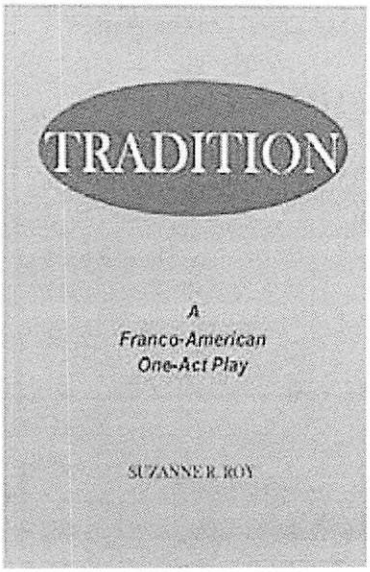
Finally, though, I do have to admit that my bragging rights of having a dab of nobility and a pinch of the humanities on the family tree quickly expired. The 1996 edition of corrections and additions to Jette's *Dictionnaire* contained a note that the ascendence of Catherine de Baillon was incomplete and included *"quelque erreurs."* So I might not have that tie to courtiers and grand financiers who whispered in the king's ear. Ah, well. *C'est la vie.*

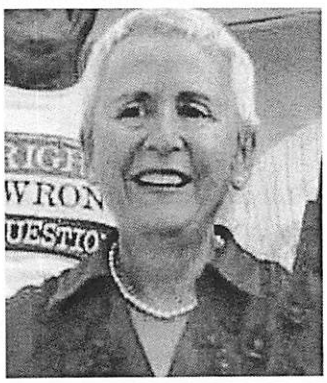
*Denise R. Larson is a free-lance writer and author who lives in the greater Bangor metropolitan area. Her works of fiction can be found online in Apple's iTunes bookstore.*

*Porttrait of Guillaume Budé by Jean Clouet. Metropolitan Museum. Photo in Public Domain.*

*https://www.metmueum.org/art/collection/search/435914*

*BOOKS/*
*LIVRES...*



# Tradition: A Franco-American One-Act Play

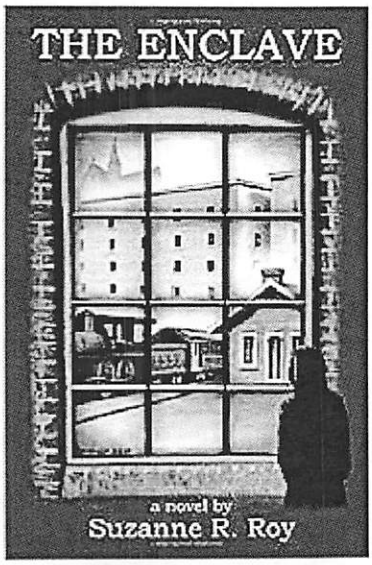
***by Suzanne R. Roy***

"*Tradition*" - a one-act play - focuses on three generations of a Franco-American family in Maine. The value of a French-Canadian tradition that calls for young women to sacrifice their personal dreams for the good of the family is called into question by an ailing woman as she and her elderly mother prepare for her daughter's wedding. This play was showcased for three nights at the Harold Clurman Theatre in NYC and produced in Australia.

***https://www.amazon.com/s?k=Tradition%2C+Suzanne+R.+Roy&ref=nb_sb_noss***

# THE ENCLAVE

***by Suzanne R. Roy***




A French-Canadian immigrant girl attempts to keep her dreams alive as she grows into womanhood in the "Little Canada" enclave her culture created to protect itself from the American melting pot.Her journey toward self-discovery and self-determination is one that women of all cultures are still struggling to complete.

***https://www.amazon.com/enclave/s?k=the+enclave***


# The Ragin' Cajun: Memoir of a Louisiana Man (Music and the American South)

***by Doug Kershaw (Author), Cathie Pelletier***

Doug Kershaw's musical career as a fiddler, songwriter, and singer has spanned over seventy years. Born on a houseboat tied to a cypress tree in the swamps of Southwest Louisiana, his family followed the fishing up and down the Mermantau River. Alligators and snakes lurked beneath the waters. Alcoholism and violence lurked above. The fais do-dos, those popular houseboat dances, were the only escape from a harsh way of life.

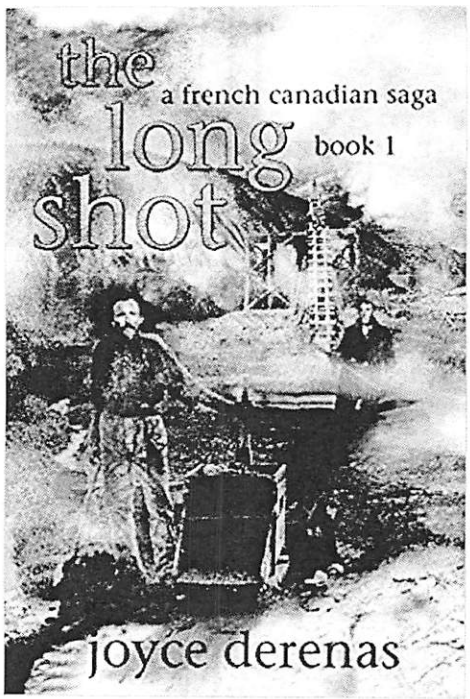
Until the Kershaws were forced to move into town following a family tragedy, Kershaw spoke only Cajun-French. He got his first pair of shoes when he was eight years old, the same year he began supporting his mother by playing fiddle and shining shoes. Throughout his career, he has mastered twenty-eight instruments. Because of his signature style of music-making and entertaining, Kershaw is considered by many to be a consummate performer and storyteller.

His is a classic American story of how one young man rose from poverty in the swamps to the stage at Carnegie Hall. Despite the pitfalls known to many entertainers--alcohol and cocaine rehab, divorces, scandal, bankruptcy, music business woes, even cancer--Doug Kershaw's life was filled with exciting and comic adventures. The proof is in the amazing people he met along the way: Roger Miller, Johnny Cash, Mary Tyler Moore, Kris Kristofferson, Bob Dylan, Leon Russell, Jean Shepherd, Chet Atkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Bill Wyman, and many more.

Kershaw recalls the bad and the good with the same humor that helped him survive it all. While many accolades have since come his way, his greatest pride was hearing his autobiographical song, "Louisiana Man," broadcast back from space before Apollo 12 landed on the moon.

BOOKS/
LIVRES...

# the long shot: a french canadian saga

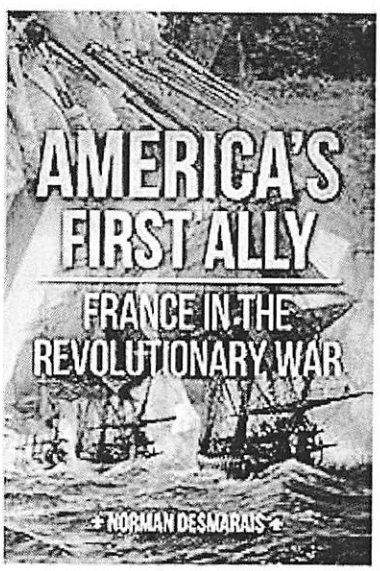



*by Joyce Derenas*

Nazaire Poulin, a grain grower from Quebec, wants his old life back, but the sudden death of his spouse and the removal of his children have flipped his world upside down. He can't afford seed money for his coming summer crop. He is a man lost.His spouse is dead - His children are taken - His land is at risk What man wouldn't fight for what is his? A dog-eared letter written in 1900 sits on the kitchen table. The last line reads, "If things bad at home, tell brothers come." Come to the Dawson gold fields. The Klondike Gold Rush has been over for a decade. Is it too late to find gold or a job rumored to pay six dollars a day? A spark of hope flashes in Nazaire's body. Dare he go? Everything that Nazaire has is at risk as he ventures thousands of miles from home on a long shot. Many men have gone. Most returned broken while some starved on the way.Nazaire Poulin embarks on a 4,000-mile journey with his youngest brother, Raoul. They cross Canada from Quebec to Winnipeg, walking through the Prairies to Edmonton, and then bridging the Rocky Mountains. Heartbreak, insult, and anger follow him, but an unlikely friendship with an Ojibway shaman turns his loss to hope. This exciting adventure story based on the real lives of five brothers brings Nazaire from despair to joy as he fights through the challenges that would flatten a lesser man.This novel, the long shot is Joyce Derenas' debut novel about Nazaire Poulin's incredible courage and resilience during one of Quebec's darkest hours. It's a slice-of-life portrait of a nation as it struggles to create stability amidst the chaos of a world depression.

*https://www.amazon.com/long-shot-french-canadian-saga/dp/1090787294*

# America's First Ally: France in the Revolutionary War Hardcover




*https://www.amazon.com/Americas-First-Ally-France-Revolutionary/dp/1612007015*

*by Norman Desmarais*

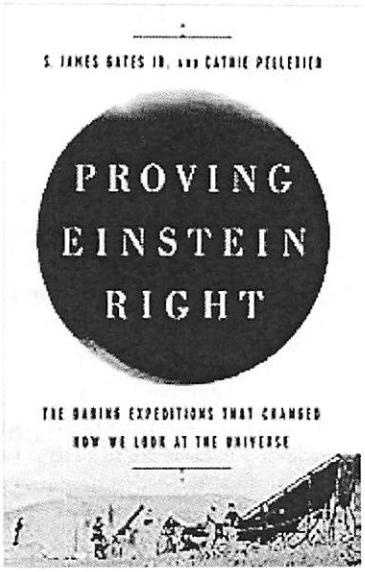
This is a comprehensive look at how France influenced the American Revolutionary War in a variety of ways: intellectually, financially, and militarily. It raises the crucial question of whether America could have won its independence without the aid of France.

The book begins with an overview of the intellectual and ideological contributions of the French Enlightenment thinkers, called the philosophes, to the American and French revolutions. It then moves to cover the many forms of aid provided by France to support America during the Revolutionary War. This ranged from the covert aid France supplied America before her official entry into the war, to the French outfitters and merchants who provided much-needed military supplies to the Americans. When the war began, the colonists thought the French would welcome an opportunity to retaliate and regain their country. France also provided naval assistance, particularly to the American privateers who harassed British shipping and contributed to the increased shipping rates which added to Great Britain's economic hardships. France's military involvement in the war was equally as important.

America's First Ally looks at the contributions of individual French officers and troops, arguing that America could not have won without them. Desmarais explores the international nature of a war which some people have called the first world war. When France and Spain entered the conflict, they fought the Crown forces in their respective areas of economic interest. In addition to the engagements in the Atlantic Ocean, along the American and European coasts and in the West Indies, there are accounts of action in India and the East Indies, South America and Africa.

Also included are accounts drawn from ships' logs, court and auction records, newspapers, letters, diaries, journals, and pension applications.

*BOOKS/ LIVRES...*




*https://www.amazon.com*

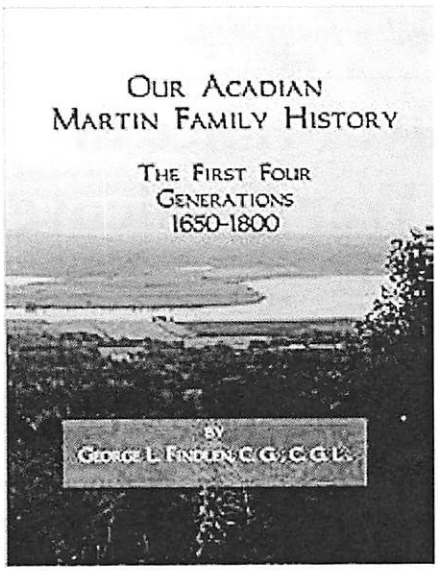
# Proving Einstein Right:
## The Daring Expeditions that Changed How We Look at the Universe

***by Gates , S. James, Cathie Pelletier***

A thrilling adventure story chronicling the perilous journey of the scientists who set out to prove the theory of relativity--the results of which catapulted Albert Einstein to fame and forever changed our understanding of the universe.

In 1911, a relatively unknown physicist named Albert Einstein published his preliminary theory of gravity. But it hadn't been tested. To do that, he needed a photograph of starlight as it passed the sun during a total solar eclipse. So began a nearly decade-long quest by seven determined astronomers from observatories in four countries, who traveled the world during five eclipses to capture the elusive sight. Over the years, they faced thunderstorms, the ravages of a world war, lost equipment, and local superstitions. Finally, in May of 1919, British expeditions to northern Brazil and the island of Príncipe managed to photograph the stars, confirming Einstein's theory.

At its heart, this is a story of frustration, faith, and ultimate victory--and of the scientists whose efforts helped build the framework for the big bang theory, catapulted Einstein to international fame, and shook the foundation of physics.




# Our Acadian Martin Family History: The First Four Generations, 1650-1800

***by Findlen C.G., George L***

The story of Barnabé Martin and Jeanne Pelletret, son René, grandson Jean-Baptiste, and great-grandson Simon is the story of an Acadian family who developed a productive farm they left to escape the 1755 deportation. The family sought shelter along the lower Saint Lawrence during the French and Indian War, resettled on the central Saint John River until the arrival of the Loyalists after the American Revolutionary War, and resettled along the upper Saint John River. The work of 20 years, Our Acadian Martin Family History describes details of their daily lives and historical events impacting the family directly. Findlen takes readers to a richer understanding of an Acadian family's perilous journey from Acadia (Nova Scotia) to Northern Maine and New Brunswick, Canada. The book's genealogy not only supplies the genealogy of the Martin family but also provides the names of Acadians who served as godparents of baptized Martins and as witnesses to Martin marriages. Family historians and genealogists tracking their own Acadian families will find invaluable resources and leads for discovering their stories.

**ISBN: 978-10892000093**
**(Books for Generations)**
**336-pages**
**Softcover**
**Images, Bibliography, and Index**
**$19.99 retail (plus s/h)**

***George Findlen's long-awaited Martin family history is a valuable resource for descendants of Acadians in the Upper Saint John river Valley.***

***Available at: Amazon.com (search "George Findlen" and Our Acadian Martin Family History will result).***

BOOKS/ LIVRES...

# The Story of an Acadian Family

***by George Findlen (author)***

Have you ever wanted to know where some of our Acadian ancestors came from? Or what crops they raised or even what they likely cooked and ate? Or how they built their houses? Or what route they may have taken if they escaped being deported to the American colonies?

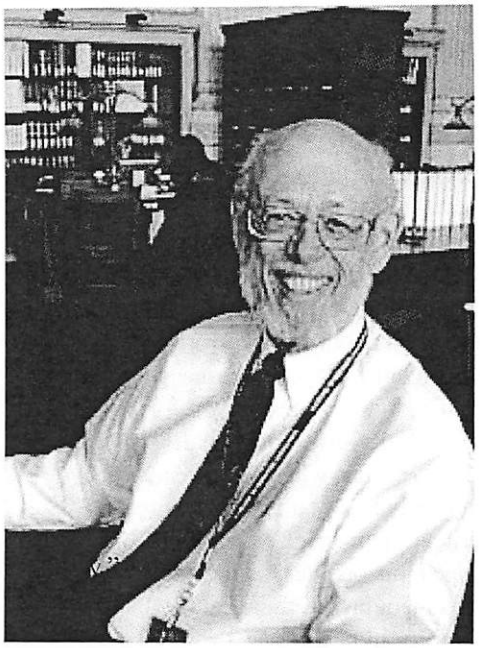
For years I have wanted to know the answers to these questions and more. For me, genealogy—sheets of names and dates—is not enough. I want to know how my Acadian ancestors lived and what happened to them. I want family history which includes not only documents with my ancestors' names on them but also what was happening to them, the context. *Our Acadian Martin Family History: the First Four Generations, 1650—1800, from Barnabé Martin and Jeanne Pelletret of Port Royal, Acadia, to Simon Martin and Geneviève Bourgoin of Saint Basile, New Brunswick* answers these questions. (For those who are curious, my Martin ancestors likely came from a village within 50 miles of La Rochelle in France, their primary crop was wheat, they likely cooked *la chaudrée*, the walls of their houses had a lot of clay, and, in 1755, they likely took refuge at Sainte-Anne [today's Fredericton, New Brunswick] after spending the winter at a place now named Morton).

As the title indicates, the book traces the lives of four generations of Martins from when our ancestor likely arrived from France to the move of a great-grandson and his wife to the Upper Saint John River Valley. (By the way, many other family histories give another individual as our ancestral immigrant. That individual is not our ancestor, and I explain why.) What applies to the Martins also applies to the many families who lived at Port Royal (today's Annapolis Royal). This book describes how other Acadian families lived, especially those who escaped deportation in 1755.

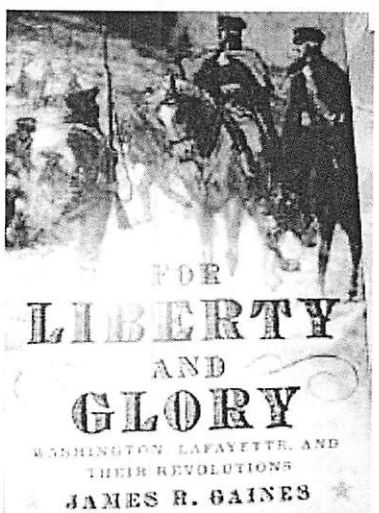
The book was written with two groups in mind. The first group is made up of those who want the story. Period. That they get, with maps and illustrations to help. Others of this group want just the genealogy. And they get that too, with a source citation for every name, date, and event. The second group of readers focuses on "How do you know?" and "Where did you get that?" This group wants sources and arguments that need to be justified. They get what they want in 86 pages of endnotes, some taking up most of a page. The book also has a short list of books so readers can learn more and a name index with an entry for every person named in the four genealogy sections.

My curiosity is not yet satisfied, and I am already doing the research and writing which will take the family from 1800 in Madawaska County, New Brunswick, to 1950 in Aroostook County, Maine.

The current volume is available for 19.99 (plus shipping) from Amazon.com. Search for "Our Acadian Martin Family



*Born in Van Buren, Maine, George Findlen grew up on a farm in Hamlin Plantation on the Upper Saint John River. His genealogical training and experience solidly prepared him for writing this in-depth family history. A certified genealogist and a certified genealogy lecturer, Findlen has presented talks and workshops at state, regional, and national conferences. His publications include* The Genealogist's Handbook for Upper Saint John Valley Research, *numerous articles in the* National Genealogical Society Quarterly, *and society publications in New England, Louisiana, New Brunswick, and Quebec. A former board member of the NGS, he currently serves on the editorial board of the* NGSQ. *Findlen is a direct descendant of the Martins in this book through his mother, a Martin.*




*For Liberty and Glory: Washington, Lafayette and their Revolutions by James R. Gaines, published in 2007, First Edition.*

# A Franco-American tribute to Marquis de Lafayette

*September 20, 2019, Franco-American News and CultureAurore Eaton, General George Washington, James R. Gaines, Julien Icher, Maine Historical Society, Senator Susan Deschambault*

Lafayette Trail in Maine – Julien Icher is a French scholar who is leading the process of documenting the footsteps of General Lafayette, at the time he visited the United States, after the Revolutionary War (1775-1783). This historic visit by Lafayette was significant because the French General had been a close ally to General George Washington. He visited the United States, in 1824-1825, at the invitation of President James Monroe.

In addition to being a military hero, as well as a French aristocrat and a friend to George Washington, the Marquis de Lafayette (1757-1834) was also an inspired humanitarian.

During America's Revolutionary War, the Marquis de Lafayette was a close friend with General George Washington, who led the colonial armies. A history about their

*(Continued on page 38)*


*(A Franco-American tribute to Marquis de Lafayette continued from page 37)*

friendship is documented in "For Liberty and Glory," by James R. Gaines. I was glad to find my hard copy edition of this book when I learned about Icher's work to document Lafayette's last visit to the United States.

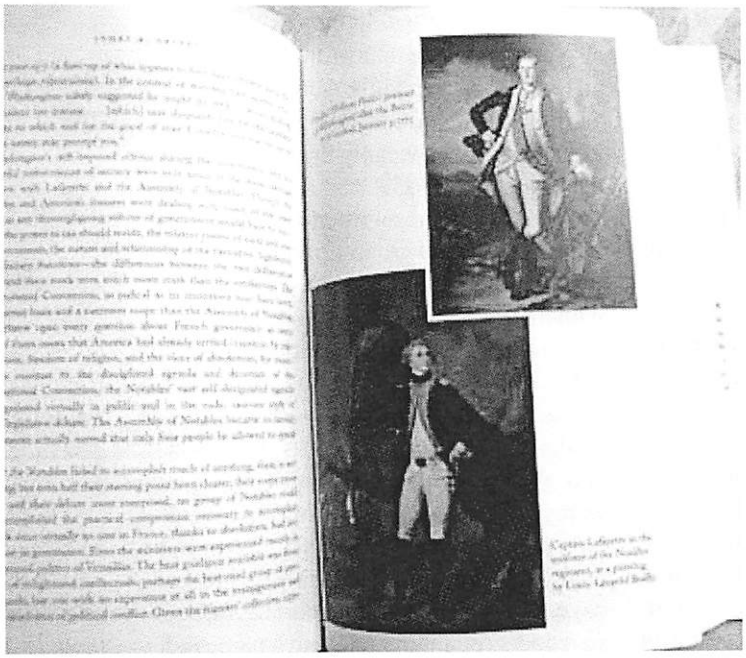
Lafayette was wealthy and an orphan when, at 16 years old and already a French army officer, he married Marie Adrienne Francoise de Noailles, who was from one of the wealthiest families in France. At a gathering in France on August 8, 1775, Lafayette heard about the struggle in the British colonies. He made clandestine arrangements to travel to America and joined the revolutionary cause.

He landed near Charleston, South Carolina, June 13, 1777, and then traveled to Philadelphia, where he was commissioned on July 31, as a Major General. This reflected his wealth and social station, rather than years of battlefield experience, because, he was only 19 years old at the time. He was introduced to his commander-in-chief, General George Washington, who would become a lifelong friend. "They were often seen as father and son," wrote Gaines.

Aurore Eaton, a New Hampshire writer, reported, "In addition to his military contributions, Lafayette was instrumental in obtaining vital aid from the French government in support of the new United States of America. After the American Revolution, Lafayette returned to France, where he was caught up in the perilous political conflicts that emerged at the time of the French Revolution. He was arrested in 1792, and held in captivity for more than five years."

"Throughout his adult life, Lafayette advocated for human rights, including an end to slavery in the United States. His 1824-1825 tour of the 24 American states, a pilgrimage through his adopted country, was cause for celebration in the towns and cities where he stopped along his route." (Including in Maine.)

On the Maine Historical Society website, it was reported, "Between July 1824 and September 1825, the Marquis de Lafayette – the last surviving French general of the American Revolutionary War – toured the US at the invitation of President James Monroe to help mark the fledgling nation's 50th anniversary. Lafayette's tour encompassed several stops in Maine, including a visit to Portland, where he met Stephen Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's father."



*Portrait of George Washington after the Battle of Princeton January 3, 1777, and Captain Lafayette, in uniform.*

Icher has a website, The Lafayette Trail. This nonprofit Franco-American effort will document Lafayette's footsteps during his 1824-1825 tour.

From the website www.thelafayettetrail.com:

"We are **The Lafayette Trail**, a Franco-American effort to document, map and mark the footsteps of General Lafayette during his fourth and last visit to the United States in 1824-1825."

Icher contacted me to explain the project, "I created The Lafayette Trail to increase mutual understanding between France and the US by building upon Lafayette's ubiquitous legacy. The goal of the trail is to document, map, and mark the footsteps of Lafayette during his fourth visit to his adopted land in 1824. This is in preparation for the bicentennial celebrations, in 2024. The trail also aims at raising Lafayette's critical contribution to the founding of the United States."

"It is my intention to invite as many localities as possible to proactively engage in the national conversation that we are building around Lafayette, his message and the values he consistently advocated for throughout his entire life."

Read Aurore Eaton's article in "Looking Back" at this site:

Looking Back with Aurore Eaton: Revolutionary War Hero Lafayette is remembered in New Hampshire.

Check out the social media page @thelafayettetrail for The Lafayette Trail.

Contact Julian Icher at thelafayettetrail@gmail.com

Icher is wroking with Maine legislators, including York County Senator Susan Deschambault, and other across the United States, to secure official recognition about the significance of Lafayette's 1824-1825 visit. He is looking to obtain from state legislatures the authorization to work with their transportation departments, to erect and maintain Lafayette Trail historical markers.

***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.*

*N.D.L.R: This article first appeared in the Twin City Times, Oct. 3, 2019. Used with permission.*

# Out & About with Rachel Morin: Meeting Franco author Ernest Herbert

***October 3, 2019 / Author editor***

*Franco friends and book lovers posed for a photo before the evening began. Pictured l to r, Margaret Craven, Celia McGuckian, Bruce Pagliaroli, Doris Bonneau, Ernest Hebert, Author; Susann Pelletier, Denis Ledoux, Aliette Couturier and Juliana L'Heureux*

I was looking forward to seeing how "Meet a Franco Author" sponsored by the Franco-American Collection's innovative reading series at USM's Lewiston-Auburn College was going to be, starting September 23. It sounded so interesting. I had heard so much about the first presenter, Ernest Hebert, renowned author and poet from Keene, New Hampshire.

I joined early arrivals gathered around Author Ernest Hebert. Denis Ledoux, FAC Board Member, came forward and introduced us. All of a sudden, I heard myself saying, "Je suis enchante du faire votre connaisance" as the author and I shook hands. It was spontaneous and I surprised myself, hearing this stilted greeting from my decades ago LHS French classes! (Merci, Mademoiselle Boucher.)

My jubilance was short lived as I learned later that Franco Author Hebert, by his own account, does not speak French. He explained he was fluent in French through the age of five when he entered kindergarten at Lincoln School in Keene, where no one spoke French—not teachers, not students. It was so upsetting to him as a young child, being unable to communicate with his classmates, that his parents spoke English only in his presence. He never spoke French again. English became his preferred language—his only language.

It was the same story at St. Joseph Elementary School, the only Catholic School in Keene. The priests, curates and nuns were Irish, it was an Irish Parish School. and everyone, including the students with French names, spoke English and knew not a word of French. It was the sign of the times, as all his school friends and buddies now spoke English only and to blend in with them, Ernie did the same. (The author kindly requested I call him Ernie.)

He tells us he tried regaining his French language in high school and college French classes,but was unsuccessful. Ernie is not one to give up, however, so who knows one day we may attend one of his lectures and hear something different.

The audience soon settled into Hebert's recitation of his childhood memories taken from his Memoir of My Childhood, now in progress. He has a warm, friendly, down to earth, storytelling style of how it was growing up in a family with four boys. His delivery was just like he was talking to you alone, as you sit having coffee together. He also has humor thrown in, as one might expect with the antics and jostling of three male siblings.

Father, mother, four sons, aunts, uncles with nuns and priests in the family made a tight, close and loving family in the Franco-American tradition. They knew the value of hard work and had a good work ethic as the Franco-American people are known for.

Ernie proudly told us about his mother's brother, and leader of the family, for whom he was named after, the Right Reverend Father Joseph Ernest Vaccarest. Father Vac, as he was known, even after he was elevated to Monsignor, became a father figure for Ernie during his father's absence, serving in the U.S Navy during WWII. Father Vac, a hunter and a fisherman, was Ernie's first mentor and taught him many useful things in life.

"Father Vac wasn't like any priest I know of today," Ernie reminisced. "He never talked to me as if I were a child. He was the only adult who actually conversed with me." When Father Vac died suddenly of a heart attack at age 61, Ernie remembers, "Father Vac's death was the most traumatic event of my teen years." Ernie was 14 at the time.

Ernie had a close relationship with his mother and read us a poem he wrote about her. He was especially pleased when she warmly welcomed his wife Medora Lavoie into the family, embracing her as the daughter she never had.

The author knows the value of a name. He dedicates ample time on names and their importance to him, giving examples throughout his presentation. He is very proud of his Hebert name and grew up with the pronunciation "Hee-bert" in Keene. He paid particular attention to the different pronunciations of Hebert in the many places he lived or worked, or in his and Medora's travels. We loved hearing these pronunciations! Ernie ended with his favorite where they lived six winters: New Orleans, Louisiana! "Ay-bare, that's a fine South Louisiana name" a co-worker would often say. Ernie then said to us, "Nobody in my part of New Hampshire ever said 'Hebert, that's a fine New England name!'"

There are so many treasured and poignant memories in his memoir, which bears having Hebert return so others may have the opportunity to hear him speak again. The author remained with the audience for a question and answer session and a personal talk as well.

Herbert is a well-known Franco-American author and poet. His inaugural novel "Dogs of March", the first in a series of six books that take place in the fictional town of Darby, New Hampshire, created a stir when it was published in 1979. The following books completed the series: "A Little More Than Kin", "Whisper My Name", "The Passion of Estelle Jordan", "Live Free or Die", "Spoonwood", and "Howard Elman's Farewell". The books were very

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# Why is an Apology Necessary? Recollection of the Acadian Deportation and Historical Justice*

***Jean-François Thibault***

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*"We are now upon a great and noble Scheme of sending the neutral French out of this Province [...] If we effect their Expulsion, it will be one of the greatest Things that ever the English did in America."*[1]

In light of other historical injustices that have been the object of various forms of restitution, reparation or repentance, does the Deportation, decided upon by the British Crown and endured by Acadian populations between 1755 and 1763, belong to this category of faults, wrongdoings and prejudices committed in the past, and for which amends must be made today?

In spite of the fact the answer should apparently goes without saying, especially if we suppose that "having been a victim" gives certain rights including "to complain, protest, and make demands"[2], the moral questioning is in all likelihood more complex than it appears. After all, the victims of this deportation are long since deceased. Furthermore, even if we posit that the descendants of this population – as members of an uninterrupted society whose relation to the deceased victims is a special one – are still subjected to "the repercussions and the effects of this disaster"[3], the argument remains morally unsatisfactory if it rely only on the consequences from the point of view of those who live today. This would indeed signify that we no longer owe anything to these deceased victims as they can no more be affected by events posterior to their deaths than have an impact on these same events. In short, the dead no longer exist, and as departed holders of rights, they cannot complain today. Even less recognize that any justice has been rendered.

There remains therefore the descendants of these victims who, though they have not been touched directly by the tragedy, nevertheless still hear the "call"[4] of their ancestors and possibly continue to suffer its repercussions and effects. Logically, the challenge would then consist in determining if these indirect victims' situation is worse today than that which they would be living had the events not occurred. If so, the situation would need to be rectified. For many, the feat consists then essentially in ruling first on the property titles in existence at the time of the Deportation, then to estimate the current value of what was unjustly acquired following the Deportation and, finally, to rectify the situation in the hopes of simultaneously repairing the injustice.

However, and beyond the difficulties that such a trans historical and intergenerational approach raises in the case of Acadian populations deported in the middle of the eighteenth century, is there not a risk of missing the moral issue by embarking on such a path? The moral issue consists essentially in answering to the fact *that individuals now deceased were victim of faults, wrongdoings and prejudices back then?* This is the paradox raised by the idea of historical justice seeking to go beyond the notion of "reparation" to re-establish a moral equilibrium between involved parties. It is the spirit of this notion and consequently the demands expressed in the name of past victims of the Deportation that is the focus of my attention in this article.

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Let us consider the case of the Royal Proclamation signed by Governor General Adrienne Clarkson in December 2003 and the designation of July 28 as the "Day of Commemoration of the Great Upheaval"[5]. According to the Proclamation document, the British Crown recognizes having "made the decision to deport the Acadian people." The Crown recognizes that this decision "had tragic consequences" as well as "the trials and suffering" that it brought about upon "many thousands of Acadians." Ostensibly, this seems to be a "great victory", to borrow the expression used by Euclide Chiasson, president of the *Société nationale de l'Acadie*. However, is this really the case? Is the Proclamation truly satisfactory on a moral level? Does it genuinely make amends for the faults, wrongdoings and prejudices endured by Acadian populations between 1755 and 1763? I do not think so!

Let us continue with our reading of the Proclamation. The document specifies that the objective targeted by the recognition of these "historical facts" consist in allowing Acadians to "turn the page on this dark chapter of their history." Of their history! Nevertheless, are we not authorized to think that this chapter also belongs to the British Crown's history as well? Moreover, between Acadian populations living in Nova Scotia in the mid-eighteenth century and the British Crown who acquired this territory by way of the 1713 Treaty of Utrecht, in effect terminating the War of the Spanish Succession, is the Deportation not chronicling a common history?

Yet, thanks to this possessive adjective that literally turns on its head the rest of the Proclamation, the burden of hardship and

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* Thank you to Fidèle Thériault for his comments on this text. All errors contained herein are mine alone. Thank you also to Marie Leconte for the translation. / Article first published in the *Cahiers de la Société historique acadienne* (SHA) vol. 36, no. 2 and 3, September 2005, p. 122-131. Republished in the 5th edition (Automne 2016, p. 79-85) of *Veritas Acadie, the Société internationale Veritas Acadie's (SIVA) journal of Acadian history.*

1 Anonymous correpondence published August 23, 1755 in the *New York Gazette*, September 4, 1755 in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, and September 18, 1755 in the *Maryland Gazette*

2 Tzvetan Todorov, "The Abuses of Memory" [1995], trans. Mei Lin Chang, *Common Knowledge*, vol. 5, issue 1, 1996, p. 24

3 Fidèle Thériault, « Oui à une commission d'enquête sur la déportation », *L'Acadie nouvelle*, 22 November 2002, p. 13. [Translated]

4 Antonine Maillet, *Pélagie The Return to Acadie* [1982], trans. Philip Stratford, New Brunswick, Goose Lane Editions, 2004, p. 13

5 Canada Gazette, Record SI/2003-188, December 31, 2003

# Pourquoi des excuses sont-elles nécessaires? Mémoire de la déportation acadienne et justice historique *

*Jean-François Thibault*

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"Nous sommes actuellement engagés dans une grande et noble entreprise consistant à expulser les Français neutres hors de la province ... Si nous y parvenons, il s'agira d'un des plus grands succès accompli par les Anglais en Amérique."[1]

À l'instar d'autres injustices historiques ayant récemment fait l'objet de diverses formes de restitution, de réparation ou de repentance, la déportation décidée par la Couronne britannique et subie par les populations acadiennes entre 1755 et 1763 appartient-elle à cette catégorie de fautes, de torts ou de préjudices commis dans le passé mais exigeant aujourd'hui de faire amende honorable?

Bien que la réponse ne fasse apparemment pas de doute – surtout si l'on suppose que le fait d'avoir « été victime » donne certains droits dont ceux de se « plaindre, de protester, et de réclamer »[2] – l'interrogation morale est vraisemblablement plus complexe qu'il n'y paraît. Après tout, les victimes de cette déportation sont aujourd'hui décédées depuis bien longtemps et si l'on peut certes avancer l'hypothèse que les descendants de cette population acadienne subissent toujours – en tant que membres d'une société continue dont les liens avec les victimes décédées sont spéciaux – « les répercussions et les effets de ce drame»[3], l'argumentation demeurera moralement insatisfaisante *si l'on s'en tient aux seules conséquences du point de vue de ceux qui vivent ici et maintenant*. Cela signifierait en effet que nous ne devrions rien à ces victimes décédées puisqu'elles ne pourraient pas plus être affectées par des événements postérieurs à leur décès, qu'avoir un réel impact sur ces événements. En somme les morts n'existent plus avec comme principale conséquence qu'en tant que porteurs de droits ayant autrefois existés, ils peuvent difficilement se plaindre aujourd'hui et encore moins reconnaître que justice a été rendue.

Resteraient donc les descendants de ces victimes qui, s'ils n'ont pas été directement touchés par le drame, entendent peut-être toujours « les appels »[4] de leurs ancêtres et en subissent possiblement encore les répercussions et les effets. En toute logique, l'enjeu consistera alors à déterminer si la situation de ces victimes indirectes est aujourd'hui pire que celle qui aurait été la leur si de tels événements ne s'étaient pas produits. Le cas échéant, il s'agirait de trouver une façon de rectifier la situation. Pour plusieurs l'enjeu consisterait alors essentiellement à statuer d'abord sur les titres de propriété existant au moment de la déportation, à estimer ensuite la valeur actuelle de ce qui aurait alors été injustement acquit suite à la déportation et, enfin, à rectifier la situation en espérant réparer du même coup l'injustice.

Pourtant, et au-delà des diverses difficultés que soulèverait vraisemblablement une telle démarche transhistorique et intergénérationnelle dans le cas de la déportation des populations acadiennes du milieu du 18ième siècle, ne risquerions-nous pas en nous engageant dans une telle voie de passer à côté du problème moral à proprement parler? Un problème qui consiste, au fond, à répondre au fait que *des personnes aujourd'hui décédées furent alors victimes de fautes, de torts ou de préjudices?* C'est ce paradoxe soulevé par l'idée de justice historique que cherche à dépasser la notion de « réparation symbolique » dont l'objectif consiste notamment à rétablir un équilibre moral entre les parties impliquées. C'est l'esprit de cette notion et par conséquent *des demandes exprimées en mémoire des victimes passées* de la déportation qui retiendra mon attention dans cet essai.

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Considérons le cas de la Proclamation royale signée par la gouverneure générale Adrienne Clarkson en décembre 2003 et désignant le 28 juillet « Journée de commémoration du Grand Dérangement »[5]. Selon la lettre de la Proclamation, la Couronne britannique reconnaît avoir « pris la décision de déporter les Acadiens ». Elle reconnaît en outre que cette décision « a eu des conséquences tragiques » ainsi que « les épreuves et souffrances » que celle-ci a entraîné pour « plusieurs milliers d'Acadiens ». À première vue, il s'agit là selon l'expression utilisée par le président de la Société nationale de l'Acadie, Euclide Chiasson, d'une « grande victoire ». Mais, est-ce le cas? La proclamation est-elle véritablement satisfaisante sur le plan moral? Fait-elle sincèrement amende honorable quant aux fautes, aux torts et aux préjudices subit par les populations acadiennes entre 1755 et 1763? Je ne le pense pas!

Continuons notre lecture de la proclamation. L'objectif visé par la reconnaissance de ces « faits historiques » consiste, précise le document, à permettre aux Acadiens de « tourner la page sur cette période sombre de leur histoire ». De leur histoire! Mais, ne serions nous pas autorisé à penser qu'il s'agit également de l'histoire de la Couronne britannique? Et, entre les populations acadiennes habitant la Nouvelle-Écosse au milieu du 18ième siècle et la Couronne britannique qui acquiert ce territoire dans le cadre du

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• Je remercie Fidèle Thériault pour ses commentaires sur ce texte. Les erreurs qu'il pourrait toujours contenir demeurent les miennes. / Article paru dans le vol. 36 (nos 2 et 3, p. 122-131, septembre 2005) des *Cahiers* de la Société historique acadienne (SHA) ainsi que dans la 5e édition (automne 2016, p. 79-85) de *Veritas Acadie* de la Société internationale Veritas Acadie (SIVA).

1 Correspondance anonyme publiée le 23 août 1755 dans la *New York Gazette*, le 4 septembre 1755 dans la *Pennsylvania Gazette* et le 18 septembre 1755 dans la *Maryland Gazette*.

2 Tzvetan Todorov, *Les abus de la mémoire*, Paris, Arléa, 1995, p. 56.

3 Fidèle Thériault, « Oui à une commission d'enquête sur la déportation », *L'Acadie nouvelle*, 22 novembre 2002, p. 13.

4 Antonine Maillet, *Pélagie-la-Charrette* [1979], Montréal, Bibliothèque québécoise, 1990, p. 20.

5 *Gazette du Canada*, Enregistrement TR/2003-188, 31 décembre 2003.

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suffering relating to "this dark chapter" finds itself undeniably projected back onto Acadian shoulders alone. Subsequently, is it truly surprising to see the Proclamation add next that recognition of the facts themselves do not involve an admission of any "legal or financial responsibility by the Crown in right of Canada and of the provinces," nor that "any right or obligation" should come from it?

Under these circumstances, and beyond the interpretation given to the expression "the Crown in right of Canada and of the provinces," even if the Queen of England, Elizabeth II, had decided to come and read herself the Proclamation in 2005, it would change absolutely nothing of the situation at a moral level. Indeed, the objective of making amends that one could reasonably hope to come from such a Proclamation remain well below the moral expectations that should be legitimately counted upon from such an effort. Here, the Proclamation does not express nor reflect a moral attitude. For this reason, it satisfies only partially the answer – the one relating to the recognition of the facts – that was long expected following the violence of the Deportation and the consecutive humiliation to which Acadian populations were subjected.

By neglecting to admit any responsibility and omitting to apologise, as is frequently the case in these types of restorative approaches, the Crown finally showed how little it cares about the moral motivations that should have warranted such a Proclamation. All the more so, with few exceptions, as it is the symbolic reparation relating to the "recognition" of responsibilities and obligations resulting from the faults, wrongdoings and prejudices to which their ancestors were victim that is sought today by the deceased victims' descendants; and not some financial compensation, legal settlement or restitution of property. Therefore, by refusing to apologise this way and to express sincere regrets, the British Crown refuses in practice to admit publicly that such acts were in any way morally reprehensible.

Let us not forget that the events in question were regularly the object of discussions as early as 1708. Indeed, the plan to recapture French Canada then proposed to the British government by Samuel Vetch, a plan eventually adopted by the former, foresaw the expulsion of Acadian populations and their replacement by Protestant settlers[6]. It was in all likelihood strategic reasons, notably one consisting in assuring the survival of British troops using Acadian populations' acquired experience (experience that other settlers did not have), and another one that consisted in limiting the participation of Acadian populations in the development of French colonies, that delayed the application of such a plan. A plan that incidentally was not completely exceptional at that time since the Crown had proceeded with the deportation of Spanish populations during the conquest of Jamaica in 1655 and that it would use the same method again against the Garifuna population of the Island of Saint-Vincent in 1796. It was a similar expulsion plan, but one elaborated in detail this time by the surveyor Charles Morris, that was finally presented to the new Lieutenant Governor Charles Lawrence during the summer of 1754, as well as to the Nova Scotia Council, which was presided by Lawrence and of which Morris was a member[7].

The plans having been concluded at the latest in 1754[8], Lawrence set in motion the procedure and finally took advantage of the fact that a group of Deputies from the Minas Basin appeared in front of the Nova Scotia Council on July 3, 1755, in connection with the confiscation of their arms and their boats at the beginning of June, to request a new oath of allegiance without any exceptions this time. After deliberations, Lawrence, the following day, refused the right of certain Minas Basin Representatives to go back on their decision and to pledge unconditional allegiance by stating that the oath would not be "from an honest mind" but "could be esteemed only the Effect of Compulsion and Force"[9]. Thus, Lawrence imprisoned them and summoned new representatives. He advised them as well, on July 25, that they must pledge an oath without any conditions or "quit their Lands." The situation in North America was such that, as will stipulate Lawrence, "no delay could be admitted" this time and if they "would not become Subjects" of the British Crown, "they could not be suffered to remain in the Country"[10]. Once again, they refused to pledge an oath that would have forced them to abandon their neutrality, but they insisted on renewing their oath of loyalty to the British Crown.

This time, the refusal served as a pretext for the Nova Scotia Council to announce on July 28, 1755 that, following a earlier decision, the Council now intended to proceed with the expulsion of Acadian populations and the expropriation of their land. The directives given by Lawrence to the officers in charge of operation were transmitted at the end of July or the beginning of August 1755. In a letter dated August 11, 1755 addressed to the other governors of continental English colonies, Lawrence exposed the situation and demanded their collaboration, which consisted in receiving the deportees, and disperse them to prevent them from reconstituting a community[11] . Thus, in spite of a letter dated August 13, 1755, written by Sir Thomas Robinson, the Secretary of State responsible for North American affairs, in which he suggested that Lawrence use "the greatest Caution and Prudence in [his] conduct" with Acadian populations and to "assure such of Them, as may be trusted, especially upon taking the Oaths to His Majesty, and His Government, That They may remain in the quiet Possession of their Settlements"[12], the work was already under way. It is only on October

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6 *Samuel Vetch, « Canada Survey's », 27 juillet 1708, Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series, America and West Indies, June 1708-1709, London, Public Record Office, 1922, Kraus Reprint Ltd., 1964, p. 41-51*

7 *Charles Morris, « Remarks Concerning the Removal of the French Inhabitants », in Henri Raymond Casgrain, Collection de documents inédits sur le Canada et l'Amérique published by French Canada, Volume 1, Quebec, Imprimerie de L.-J. Demers & Frère, 1888, p. 130-137. See also John Mack Faragher, A Great and Noble Scheme, New York, W.W. Norton & Company, 2005, p. 288-290*

8 *December 12, 1754, Lawrence writes to lieutenant colonel Robert Monckton that it is without a doubt pointless to wait for other directives from London with regard to the "Big project" they are considering. Naomi E.S. Griffiths, under the dir. of, The Acadian Deportation: Deliberate Perfidy or Cruel Necessity?, Toronto, Copp Clark, 1969, p. 108*

9 Thomas B. Akins, *Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia*, Halifax, Charles Annand, 1869, p. 256. Let's not forget that Lawrence had formally recommended to Monckton, in a letter dated January 30, 1755, to avoid having the Acadian populations of Chignictou pledge an oath because this would "tye up our hands and disqualify us to extirpate them, should it be found (as I fancy it will)." N.E.S. Griffiths, The Acadian Deportation, op. cit., p. 108

10 T.B. Akins, *Selections...*, op. cit., p. 262

11 *Ibid.*, p. 277-278

12 N.E.S. Griffiths, *The Acadian Deportation*, op. cit., p. 111

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Traité d'Utrecht de 1713 mettant fin à la guerre de Succession d'Espagne, n'est-ce pas vraisemblablement une histoire commune que la déportation devrait raconter?

Pourtant, grâce à cet adjectif possessif qui fait littéralement basculer le reste de la Proclamation, le fardeau des épreuves et des souffrances liées à « cette période sombre » se trouve ici indiscutablement rejeté sur les seules épaules acadiennes. Dès lors, faut-il véritablement se surprendre de constater que la Proclamation ajoute ensuite que cette reconnaissance quant aux faits proprement dit n'implique cependant pas l'admission d'une quelconque « responsabilité juridique ou financière de la part de la Couronne du chef du Canada et des provinces » pas plus qu'elle n'implique qu'un « quelconque droit » ou qu'une « quelconque obligation » en découle?

Dans ces circonstances, et au-delà de l'interprétation qu'il convient de donner à l'expression « Couronne du chef du Canada et des provinces », même si la reine d'Angleterre, Elizabeth II, avait décidé de venir elle-même lire la Proclamation en 2005, sur le plan moral cela ne changerait absolument rien à la situation. En effet, l'objectif d'amende honorable que l'on pouvait raisonnablement espérer d'une telle Proclamation demeure en deçà des attentes morales que l'on pouvait légitimement escompter qu'une telle démarche satisferait. Ici, la Proclamation n'exprime pas et ne reflète pas une attitude morale. Pour cette raison, elle satisfait une partie seulement – celle portant sur la reconnaissance des faits – de la réponse qui était demandée et attendue suite à la violence de la déportation et à l'humiliation consécutive que les populations acadiennes ont subit.

En négligeant d'admettre une quelconque responsabilité et en omettant de s'excuser comme cela est fréquemment fait dans ce genre de démarche réparatrice, la Couronne fait finalement bien peu de cas des motivations morales qui devaient justifier une telle Proclamation. D'autant plus que, sauf de rares exceptions, c'est une telle réparation symbolique portant sur la « reconnaissance » des responsabilités et des obligations qui en découlent quant aux fautes, aux torts et aux préjudices dont furent victimes leurs ancêtres que recherchent aujourd'hui les descendants de ces victimes décédées et non pas de quelconques compensations financières, règlements judiciaires ou restitutions des biens. Dès lors, en refusant de faire de telles excuses et d'exprimer ses sincères regrets, la Couronne britannique refuse en pratique d'admettre publiquement que de tels actes aient été moralement condamnables.

Ne perdons pas de vue que les événements dont il est question furent régulièrement l'objet de discussions dès 1708. En effet, le plan de reconquête du Canada français que propose alors Samuel Velch au gouvernement britannique – un plan que ce dernier adoptera finalement – prévoyait l'expulsion des populations acadiennes et leur remplacement par des colons protestants[6]. Ce sont vraisemblablement des raisons stratégiques – notamment celle consistant à assurer la survie des troupes britanniques grâce à l'expérience sur le terrain qu'avaient acquit les populations acadiennes mais que d'autres colons ne possédaient pas et celle consistant à limiter la participation des populations acadiennes aux développement des colonies françaises – qui retarderont l'application d'un tel plan; lequel n'était d'ailleurs pas totalement exceptionnel à l'époque puisque la Couronne avait procédé à la déportation des populations espagnoles lors de la conquête de la Jamaïque en 1655 et qu'elle allait de nouveaux utiliser la même méthode contre la population Garifuna de l'île Saint-Vincent en 1796. C'est un plan d'expulsion semblable, mais élaboré dans ses moindres détails cette fois par l'arpenteur Charles Morris, qui est finalement présenté à l'été 1754 au nouveau lieutenant gouverneur, Charles Lawrence, ainsi qu'au Conseil de la Nouvelle-Écosse que préside ce dernier et dont Morris est lui-même membre[7].

Les plans arrêtés au plus tard à la fin de l'année 1754[8], Lawrence enclenche la procédure et profite finalement de ce qu'un groupe de délégués du bassin des Mines se présente devant le Conseil de la Nouvelle-Écosse le 3 juillet 1755 en lien avec la confiscation de leurs armes et de leurs bateaux au début du mois de juin pour exiger un nouveau serment d'allégeance sans aucune exception cette fois. Après délibérations, Lawrence refusera le lendemain le droit à certains délégués du bassin des Mines de revenir sur leur décision et de prêter un serment inconditionnel en avançant que le serment ne serait pas « sincère » mais le « résultat de nos exigences et menaces »[9]. Lawrence les emprisonne donc et convoque de nouveaux délégués. Il les avise à leur tour, le 25 juillet, qu'ils doivent prêter serment sans condition ou « quitter leurs terres ». La situation en Amérique du nord est telle, précisera Lawrence, qu'« aucun délai » ne sera cette fois admis et que s'ils ne « veulent pas devenir sujets » de la Couronne britannique « ils ne pourront rester »[10]. À nouveaux, les délégués refusent de prêter un tel serment qui les aurait contraint à abandonner leur neutralité, mais ils insistent néanmoins pour renouveler un serment de fidélité à la Couronne britannique.

Le refus servira cette fois de prétexte au Conseil de la Nouvelle-Écosse qui annonce le 28 juillet 1755 que, suite à une décision prise précédemment, le Conseil entend maintenant procéder à l'expulsion des populations acadiennes et à l'expropriation de leurs terres. Les directives de Lawrence aux officiers chargés des opérations leurs sont transmises fin juillet et début août 1755 et dans une lettre du 11 août 1755 adressée aux autres gouverneurs des colonies anglaises du continent, Lawrence expose la situation et requiert leur collaboration qui consistera à recevoir les

*(suite page 45)*

6 Samuel Vetch, « Canada Survey's », 27 juillet 1708, *Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series, America and West Indies*, June 1708-1709, Londres, Public Record Office, 1922, Kraus Reprint Ltd., 1964, p. 41-51.

7 Charles Morris, « Remarks Concerning the Removal of the French Inhabitants », dans Henri Raymond Casgrain, *Collection de documents inédits sur le Canada et l'Amérique publiés par le Canada-français*, tome 1, Québec, Imprimerie de L.-J. Demers & Frère, 1888, pp. 130-137. Lire également John Mack Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, New York, W.W. Norton & Company, 2005, pp. 288-290.

8 Le 12 décembre 1754, Lawrence écrit au lieutenant-colonel Robert Monckton qu'il est sans doute inutile d'attendre d'autres directives de Londres quant au « Grand projet » qu'ils envisagent. Naomi E.S. Griffiths, sous la dir. de, *The Acadian Deportation : Deliberate Perfidy or Cruel Necessity?*, Toronto, Copp Clark, 1969, p. 108.

9 Thomas B. Akins, *Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia*, Halifax, Charles Annand, 1869, p. 256. Rappelons également que Lawrence avait formellement recommandé à Monckton, dans une lettre datée du 30 janvier 1755, de ne surtout pas faire prêter serment aux populations acadiennes de Chignictou puisque cela « nous lierait les mains et nous rendrait incapable de les extirper dans le cas où, comme je me l'imagine, cela deviendrait nécessaire. » N.E.S. Griffiths, *The Acadian Deportation, op. cit.*, p. 108.

10 T.B. Akins, *Selections..., op. cit.*, p. 262.

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18, 1755 that Lawrence finally reported the "*fait accompli*"[13] to the British Board of Trade, and this while 7,000 Acadians were already assembled and had been embarked on boats to be deported and dispersed. Up until December 1762, 2,000 to 3,000 others suffered the same fate. All in all, the events around the Deportation provoked directly and indirectly the death of thousands of Acadians[14].

***

Beyond the facts, and undoubtedly from a more fundamental point of view regarding the responsibilities and obligations resulting from the faults, wrongdoings and prejudices caused by the Deportation, the essential aspects are less related to the circumstances themselves. Notably to the mix of bad faith, illegality, manipulation and opportunism surrounding the actions of the main colonial perpetrators, in Nova Scotia as well as in Massachusetts for that matter. The essential aspects are concerned by the fact that the past victims were morally bearers of "projects oriented towards the future". As such, we can reasonably presume that their wishes consisted in seeing these projects carried out and that this posthumous undertaking had a "great importance for the well being of these people during their lifetime"[15] For a significant part, these projects rested upon mutual promises that had been made and on obligations that had been contracted as much by Acadian populations, which formed by all accounts a distinct society that benefited from "considerable political rights"[16] and, since the Treaty of Utrecht, as subjects of the Crown[17], as *by the Crown itself.*

The Acadian populations had in effect pledged various oaths of allegiance since the middle of the seventeenth century[18]. In 1730, the Governor of Nova Scotia, Richard Philipps, had the oath of allegiance renewed and accepted as well to recognize, verbally, the neutrality of Acadian populations; a neutrality these populations had expressed for the first time in 1717, and which was implicitly accepted from that moment on. Furthermore, in a letter dated July 23, 1713 addressed to General Francis Nicholson, Queen Anne of England granted Acadian populations that desired the possibility of remaining and the benefit of their land, their property and the free practice of their religion, which the duke of Newcastle, in the name of the king, confirmed once again in 1747. Lastly, in answer to the concerns of the Acadian populations' representatives, from whom a new unconditional oath of allegiance was being asked, the Governor Edward Cornwallis insisted in September 1749 that those who had made the decision to remain, in 1713, had since "undoubtedly" become subjects of the British Crown "upon the same footing as the other Catholic subjects". As such, there was no question as to "the liberty to chose"[19].

Thus, as early at 1713, Acadians should have been considered subjects of the British Crown by the authorities of Nova Scotia. Under these circumstances, it is certainly not unreasonable to consider these oaths promises bearing a moral strength and with the ability to impose on the parties duties and responsibilities that stretched over time[20]. Duties and responsibilities that, on the whole, Acadians have respected[21] but which British authorities on the other hand have not satisfied in deciding to systematically deport these same Acadians starting in the summer of 1755.

As such, the British Crown's moral obligation must be understood not only as that of the recognition of the tragic events', this goes without saying, but also its direct moral responsibility for there occurrence, without attempting to limit it with subtle rhetoric. Here, the tentative agreement given by the British Crown regarding the expulsion of Acadian populations and the ambiguity of cautionary injunctions then formulated functioned as it were as a "tacit permission" and can reasonably be interpreted as a form of institutional sanction[22]. That no blame was laid on Lawrence and that he was even named Governor of Nova Scotia in 1756 only confirms the responsibility of the British Crown, of which he was an official representative. Likewise, when the 2nd Earl of Halifax, then president of the Board of Trade, wrote in a letter addressed to King George II in December 1759 that he was very satisfied with Lawrence's resettlement work in Nova Scotia and that its success was "greatly beyond our expectations"[23], it is again the British Crown's responsibility that appears reinforced.

It is this moral responsibility that the Queen[24] should recognise in expressing her mea culpa and repentance for having tacitly allowed morally reprehensible acts to occur, acts that no attenuating circumstances, related, as implied by the Royal Proclamation's text, to "administering the affairs of the British colony of Nova Scotia" allows to excuse or justify. Still, these acts were in all likelihood undertaken knowingly since the British Crown recommended a change in politics in December 1762 [25]. And, starting in 1757, the fierce critic of British imperialism, Edmund Burke, was condemning the

*(Continued on page 46)*

13 The expression is the one used by John Bartlet Brebner, *New England's Outpost: Acadia Before the Conquest of Canada*, New York, Columbia University Press, 1927, p. 213

14 Faragher advances the number of 10,000 victims. J.M. Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, op. cit., p. 425

15 See Lukas H. Meyer, "Obligations persistantes et réparations symboliques", *Revue philosophique de Louvain*, vol. 101, no. 1, February 2003, p. 103-122 and Michael Ridge, "Giving the Dead Their Due", Ethics, vol. 114, no. 1, October 2003, p. 38-59 2003, p. 31-48 T.B. Akins, Selections ..., p. 174-175 Janna Thompson, Taking Responsability for the Past. Reparation and Historical Justice, London, Polity, 2002, p. 16

16 Naomi E.S. Griffiths, *The Contexts of Acadian History 1686 - 1784* (1992), McGill-Queens University Press, Montreal, Kingston, p. 69-70, 71

17 Something insisted upon by Robinson in his letter dated August 13. N.E.S. Griffiths, *The Acadian Deportation*, op. cit., p. 111

18 See Naomi E.S Griffiths, "Subjects and Citizens in the Eighteenth Century: The Question of the Acadian Oath of Allegiance", *Revue de l'Université Ste-Anne*, 1998, p. 23-33 and Andrew J.B. Johnston, "Borderland Worries: Loyalty Oaths in Acadie/Nova Scotia, 1654-1755", *French Colonial History*, vol. 4, 2003, p. 31-48

19 T.B. Akins, Selections ..., p. 174-175

20 Janna Thompson, *Taking Responsability for the Past. Reparation and Historical Justice*, London, Polity, 2002, p. 16

21 Naomi E.S. Griffiths, *The Contexts of Acadian History 1686 - 1784* (1992), McGill-Queens University Press, Montreal, Kingston, p. 83

22 On this question, see Jean Harvey, "The Emerging Practice of Institutional Apologies", *International Journal of Applied Philosophy*, vol. 9, no. 2, Winter-Spring 1995, p. 57-65

23 J.M. Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, op. cit., p. 409-410

24 Note that it is the Canadian government that had to recommend to the Queen that such an apology should be made.

25 In December 1762, the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations answered a request from Governor Jonathan Belcher who wanted to force Massachusetts to welcome 600 new deportees, that it was no longer "necessary nor politic" to deport Acadian populations and that from this point forward it would be appropriate to turn them into "useful members of Society." T.B. Akins, *Selections* ..., op. cit., p. 337.

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déportés et à les disperser de manière à leur interdire de reconstituer une communauté[11]. Ainsi, malgré la lettre adressée le 13 août 1755 par le Secrétaire d'État responsable des Affaires nord-américaines, sir Thomas Robinson, qui suggère à Lawrence d'user de la « plus grande prudence dans sa conduite » face aux populations acadiennes et « de rassurer ceux qui sont digne de confiance, spécialement s'ils acceptent de prêter le serment d'allégeance, qu'ils conserveront la possession de leurs terres »[12], le travail était bel et bien déjà commencé. Ce n'est que le 18 octobre 1755 que Lawrence fera finalement rapport du « fait accompli [13]» au Bureau du commerce britannique (*Board of Trade*), c'est-à-dire alors même que quelques 7 000 Acadiens sont déjà rassemblés et embarqués sur les bateaux pour être expulsés et dispersés. 2 000 à 3 000 autres le seront jusqu'en décembre 1762. En tout, les événements entourant la déportation provoqueront directement ou indirectement la mort de milliers d'Acadiens[14].

***

Au-delà des faits, et sans doute plus fondamentalement du point de vue d'une interrogation sur les responsabilités et les obligations qui découlent des fautes, des torts et des préjudices causés par la déportation, l'important tient moins aux circonstances elles-mêmes – et notamment au mélange de mauvaise foi, d'illégalité, de manipulation et d'opportunisme qui entoure l'action des principaux responsables coloniaux, en Nouvelle-Écosse comme au Massachusetts d'ailleurs – qu'au fait que ces victimes passées étaient moralement porteuses de « projets orientés vers le futur ». Ainsi l'on peut raisonnablement présumer que leur souhait consistait à voir ces projets réalisés et que cette réalisation posthume avait une « grande importance pour le bien-être des personnes de leur vivant[15]» . Pour une part significative, ces projets reposaient sur les promesses mutuelles qui avaient été faites et sur les obligations qui avaient alors été contracté tant par les populations acadiennes en tant qu'elles formaient selon toute vraisemblance une société distincte bénéficiant « de droits politiques importants [16]» et qui depuis le Traité d'Utrecht devaient être considérés comme des sujets de la Couronne [17], que par la Couronne britannique elle-même.

Les populations acadiennes avaient en effet prêté divers serments d'allégeance depuis le milieu du 17e siècle[18]. En 1730, le gouverneur de la Nouvelle-Écosse, Richard Philipps, fait renouveler le serment d'allégeance tout en acceptant par ailleurs de reconnaître, verbalement, la neutralité des populations acadiennes que ceux-ci avaient exprimé pour la première fois en 1717 et qui sera implicitement admisse à partir de ce moment. De plus, dans une lettre du 23 juillet 1713 adressée au général Francis Nicholson, la reine Anne d'Angleterre accordait aux populations acadiennes qui le souhaitaient la possibilité de rester et le bénéfice de jouir de leurs terres, de leurs biens et de la libre pratique de leur religion, ce que le duc de Newcastle, parlant au nom du roi, confirmera encore en mai 1747. Notons enfin qu'en réponse aux inquiétudes des délégués de la populations acadiennes à qui l'on demandait une nouveau serment d'allégeance inconditionnel, le gouverneur Edward Cornwallis insistera en septembre 1749 pour préciser que ceux qui avaient prit la décision de rester en 1713 étaient depuis « indubitablement » devenus sujets de la Couronne britannique « sur le même pied que les autres sujets catholiques » et qu'ils n'est donc pas question pour ces populations acadiennes d'avoir maintenant la « liberté de choisir ou non[19]» .

Ainsi, dès 1713 les Acadiens doivent être considérés par les autorités de la Nouvelle-Écosse comme sujets de la Couronne britannique. Dans ces circonstances, il n'est certainement pas déraisonnable de considérer ces serments comme des promesses ayant force morale et imposant aux parties des devoirs et des responsabilités dans le temps[20]. Devoirs et responsabilités que, dans l'ensemble, les Acadiens auront respectés[21] mais que les autorités britanniques n'ont quant à elles vraisemblablement pas satisfaits en prenant la décision de systématiquement les déporter à partir de l'été 1755.

Ainsi doit se comprendre l'obligation morale qu'a la Couronne britannique non seulement de reconnaître le caractère tragique des événements, cela va de soi, mais également sa responsabilité morale directe sans tenter de la limiter par des subtilités rhétoriques. Ici l'accord de principe donnée par la Couronne britannique à l'idée d'une expulsion des populations acadiennes et l'ambiguïtés des injonctions à la prudence alors formulées ont en quelque sorte fonctionnés comme une « permission tacite » et peuvent raisonnablement être interprétés comme une forme de sanction institutionnelle[22]. Qu'aucun blâme n'ait été fait à Lawrence et qu'il ait même été nommé gouverneur de la Nouvelle-Écosse en 1756 ne vient que confirmer la responsabilité de la Couronne britannique dont il était un représentant officiel. De la même manière, lorsque le 2ième Earl d'Halifax, alors président du Bureau de commerce, écrit dans une lettre adressée au roi George II en décembre 1759 qu'il est très satisfait du travail de repeuplement effectué par Lawrence en Nouvelle-Écosse et que « cela dépasse ses attentes »[23], c'est encore la

*(suite page 46)*

11 *Ibid.*, pp. 277-278.

12 N.E.S. Griffiths, *The Acadian Deportation*, op. cit., p. 111.

13 L'expression est celle utilisée par John Bartlet Brebner, *New England's Outpost : Acadia Before the Conquest of Canada*, New York, Columbia University Press, 1927, p. 213.

14 Faragher avance le chiffre de 10 000 victimes. J.M. Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, op. cit., p. 425.

15 Lire Lukas H. Meyer, « Obligations persistantes et réparations symboliques », *Revue philosophique de Louvain*, vol. 101, no. 1, février 2003, pp. 103-122 et Michael Ridge, « Giving the Dead Their Due », *Ethics*, vol. 114, no. 1, octobre 2003, pp. 38-59.

16 Naomi E.S. Griffiths, *L'Acadie de 1686 à 1784. Contexte d'une histoire* [1992], traduit par Kathryn Hamer, Moncton, Les Éditions d'Acadie, 1997, pp. 67-68, 72.

17 Ce sur quoi insiste d'ailleurs Robinson dans sa lettre du 13 août. N.E.S. Griffiths, *The Acadian Deportation, op. cit.*, p. 111.

18 Lire Naomi E.S Griffiths, « Subjects and Citizens in the Eighteenth Century : The Question of the Acadian Oath of Allegiance », *Revue de l'Université Ste-Anne*, 1998, pp. 23-33 et Andrew J.B. Johnston, « Borderland Worries : Loyalty Oaths in Acadie/Nova Scotia, 1654-1755 », *French Colonial History*, vol. 4, 2003, pp. 31-48.

19 T.B. Akins, *Selections* ..., pp. 174-175.

20 Janna Thompson, *Taking Responsability* for the Past. Reparation and Historical Justice, Londres, Polity, 2002, p. 16.

21 N.E.S. Griffiths, *L'Acadie de 1686 à 1784, op.cit.*, p. 79.

22 Sur cette question, on lira Jean Harvey, « The Emerging Practice of Institutional Apologies », *International Journal of Applied Philosophy*, vol. 9, no. 2, hiver-printemps 1995, pp. 57-65.

23 J.M. Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme, op. cit.*, pp. 409-410.

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Deportation as an act of "irresponsibility" and "colonial neglect"[26].

It is in that spirit that the Queen of England, Elizabeth II, expressed in 1995 her "profound regret" and "apologized unreservedly" to the Maori people of New Zealand following acts committed in 1863 that contravened the Waitangi Treaty, signed in 1840[27], between the British Crown and the Maori. It is only in this context that a "symbolic" reparation can take on meaning. And, this, way beyond the possibility of affecting the deceased victims' well-being, to the extent such a symbolic reparation allows those who committed such an act to present themselves, in the eyes of others and particularly the victims' descendants, "as persons wishing to put into action true acts of compensation, and who would go through with them if it were possible"[28].

Hence, the question does not consist so much today for the descendants of deceased victims to seek justice because the Deportation would have contravened British laws or international law, but to demand a sincere public apology for "inhuman" events *that happened and that, regardless of circumstances, should simply never have occurred.*

***

Finally, if it is the demands expressed in memory of past victims of the Deportation that must occupy our attention, it is nevertheless important not to forget that these requests for symbolic reparation are made in the name of descendants of these victims whose own memory remains, in a manner of speaking, haunted today by what has occurred.

***Because, in the end, the importance of past injustices is too often cast as a troubled shadow on the present.***

Because, in the end, the importance of past injustices is too often cast as a troubled shadow on the present. Under these circumstances, the moral stakes that represent the Deportation are now more related to identity and to the mobilisation of memory upheld by the descendants of these victims than to the facts, responsibilities and consequences. As a result, the sincerity with which a symbolic reparation process is undertaken will weigh heavily when the time arrives to determine if the requirements of historical justice are satisfied or not.

History is weighed down by injustices that were not and will perhaps never be repaired, but they do not always render properly the way this history lives in the memory of a given collective. Beyond historical justice itself, the memory of the Deportation appears today as an "intemporal component" of Acadian identity. The persistent deficit of historical justice translates into a sort of weakness of identity. Hence, while answering the question "who are we?", that deficit take on a form of injunction of the kind: "This is what we are, we, ourselves. How we are, this way, and not otherwise"[29]. Often translated into the "unconditional eulogy of memory"[30] as well as a form or another of "commemorative bulimia"[31], neither of which is a stranger to the persistent deficit of historical justice when accounting for faults, wrongdoings and prejudices committed during the Deportation. This fragile identity must be overcome through symbolic reparation in order to finally "break the cycle of victimization"[32].

26 Cited in J.M. Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, op. cit., p. 447-448

27 Elazar Barkan, *The Guilt of Nations : Restitution and Negotiating Historical Injustices*, New York, W.W. Norton & Company, 2000, p. 264

28 L.H. Meyer, "Obligations persistantes et réparations symboliques", *op. cit.*, p. 117. See also Trudy Govier and Wilhelm Verwoerd, "The Promise and Pitfalls of Apology", *Journal of Social Philosophy*, vol. 33, no. 1, Spring 2002, p. 67-82

29 Paul Ricœur, *Memory, History, Forgetting* [2001], trans. Kathleen Blamey and David Pellauer, Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 2009, p. 81

30 Tzvetan Todorov, "The Abuses of Memory" *op. cit.*, p. 8

31 Pierre Nora, "De l'archive à l'emblème", in *Pierre Nora*, under the dir. of, Les lieux de la mémoire, 3rd part, vol. 3, Paris, Gallimard, 1986, p. 977. Original text: "boulimie commémmorative."

32 Shane P. Landry, "Justice pour l'Acadie", p. 3 of the electronic version of the manuscript: http://1755.ca/sept2004/sl010704.htm Original text: "rompre le cycle de la victimisation

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responsabilité de la Couronne britannique qui apparaît renforcée.

C'est cette responsabilité morale que la reine[24] devrait reconnaître en exprimant son *mea culpa* et son repentir pour avoir tacitement – mais vraisemblablement en toute connaissance de cause puisque la Couronne britannique recommandera un changement de politique en décembre 1762[25] et que dès 1757, un féroce critique de l'impérialisme britannique, Edmund Burke, condamnera la déportation comme un acte « d'irresponsabilité » et de « négligence coloniale » – laissé commettre des actes qui sont moralement répréhensibles et qu'aucunes circonstances atténuantes, liées comme le laisse sous-entendre le texte de la Proclamation royale « à l'administration des affaires de la colonie britannique de la Nouvelle-Écosse », ne permet d'excuser ou de justifier[26].

C'est d'ailleurs dans cet esprit que la reine d'Angleterre Elizabeth II a exprimé, en 1995, ses « profonds regrets » et a offert « sans réserve » ses « excuses officielles » au peuple Maori de la Nouvelle-Zélande suite à des actes commis en 1863 qui contrevenaient au traité Waitangi entre la Couronne britannique et les Maoris signé en 1840[27]. Ce n'est que dans un tel contexte qu'une réparation « symbolique » pourra prendre son sens. Cela, dans la mesure où, au-delà de la possibilité d'affecter le bien-être des victimes qui sont décédées, une telle réparation symbolique permet à ceux qui posent un tel geste d'agir de façon à se présenter, aux yeux des autres et particulièrement des descendants des victimes, « comme des personnes souhaitant mettre en œuvre des actes de compensation réelle, et qui le feraient si c'était possible.[28]»

Ainsi la question ne consiste-t-elle pas tant aujourd'hui pour les descendants de ces victimes décédées à réclamer justice parce que la Déportation aurait contrevenu aux lois britanniques ou au droit international, mais à revendiquer des excuses publiques sincères pour les événements « inhumains » *qui ont eu lieu et qui, peu importent les circonstances, n'auraient tout simplement pas du se produire.*

***

Enfin, si ce sont les demandes exprimées en mémoire des victimes passées de la déportation qui doivent occuper notre attention, il ne faut cependant pas perdre de *(suite page 47)*

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vue que ces demandes de réparations symboliques sont faites au nom des descendants de ces victimes dont la propre mémoire demeure en quelque sorte encore aujourd'hui hantée par ce qui s'est alors passé.

Car, au fond, l'importance des injustices passées tient à ce qu'elles viennent trop souvent jeter une ombre trouble sur le présent et, dans ces circonstances, l'enjeu moral que représente la déportation tient plus désormais à l'identité et à la mobilisation de la mémoire qu'en gardent les descendants de ces victimes, qu'aux faits, aux responsabilités ou aux conséquences. Dès lors, la sincérité avec laquelle une démarche de réparation symbolique est entreprise pèsera d'un poids considérable lorsque viendra le moment de déterminer si les exigences de justice historique sont satisfaites ou non.

L'histoire est grosse d'injustices qui ne furent et ne seront peut-être jamais réparées, mais celles-ci ne permettent pas toujours de rendre compte de la place que cette histoire occupe dans la mémoire d'une collectivité donnée. Au-delà de l'injustice historique elle-même, la mémoire de la déportation apparaît aujourd'hui comme une « composante temporelle » de l'identité acadienne et le déficit persistant de justice historique se traduit par une certaine « fragilité » identitaire alors que les réponses à la question « qui sommes-nous? » prennent la forme d'une injonction du type : « voilà ce que nous sommes, nous autres. Tels que nous sommes, ainsi et pas autrement »[29]. C'est cette fragilité identitaire – qui se traduit souvent par un « éloge inconditionnel de la mémoire[30]» ainsi que par une forme ou une autre de « boulimie commémorative[31] » qui ne sont ni l'un ni l'autre étrangers au déficit persistant de justice historique quant aux fautes, aux torts et aux préjudices commis lors de la déportation – qu'une réparation symbolique doit précisément aider à surmonter de manière à enfin parvenir à « rompre le cycle de la victimisation[32] » .

24 Notons que c'est le gouvernement canadien qui devra recommander à la reine de faire de telles excuses.

25 En décembre 1762, les lords commissaires du Bureau du commerce répondirent à une requête du gouverneur Jonathan Belcher qui souhaitait forcer le Massachusetts à accueillir 600 nouveaux déportés, qu'il n'était plus « nécessaire » ou « politiquement » justifié de déporter les populations acadiennes et qu'il convenait désormais « nécessaire » ou « politiquement » justifié de déporter les populations acadiennes et qu'il convenait désormais d'en faire des « membres utiles » de la société. T.B. Akins, Selections ..., op. cit., p. 337.

26 Cité dans J.M. Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme, op. cit.*, pp. 447-448.

27 Elazar Barkan, *The Guilt of Nations : Restitution and Negotiating Historical Injustices*, New York, W.W. Norton & Company, 2000, p. 264.

28 L.H. Meyer, « Obligations persistantes et réparations symboliques », *op. cit.*, p. 117. Lire aussi Trudy Govier et Wilhelm Verwoerd, « The Promise and Pitfalls of Apology », *Journal of Social Philosophy*, vol. 33, no. 1, printemps 2002, pp. 67-82.

29 Paul Ricœur, *La mémoire, l'histoire, l'oubli*, Paris, Seuil, 2001, p. 98.

30 T. Todorov, *Les abus de la mémoire*, p. 13.

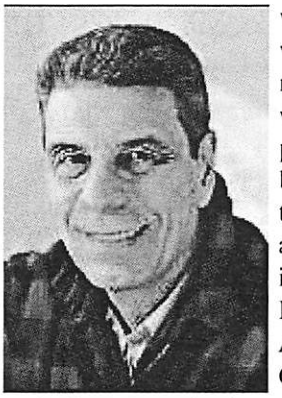
31 Pierre Nora, « De l'archive à l'emblème », dans Pierre Nora, sous la dir. de, *Les lieux de la mémoire*, 3e partie, tome 3, Paris, Gallimard, 1986, p. 977.

32 Shane P. Landry, « Justice pour l'Acadie », p. 3 de la version électronique du manuscrit. http://1755.ca/sept2004/sl010704.htm.

**NOT ONE SINGLE WORD OF APOLOGY FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH II OF THE UNITED KINGDOM...**

**PAS UN SEUL MOT D'EXCUSES DE LA REINE ÉLISABETH DU ROYAUME-UNI...**

*(Out & About with Rachel Morin: Meeting Franco author Ernest Herbert continued from page 39)*



well received and were among his notable works, as well as his poetry publications. Hebert has also written several stand-alone novels, including "Mad Boys", "The Old American", "The Contrarian Voice" and other poetry books.

Hebert is graduate of Keene High School and Keene State College, where he met his wife, Medora Lavoie. Following graduation and their marriage, Hebert began working as a journalist for several newspapers during this time period, including The Keene Sentinel Newspaper, New Hampshire Business Magazine, The New Hampshire Times, and The Boston Globe. In 1972, he won two Journalism Excellence Awards from United Press International.

In addition to his writings, Hebert was a Professor of English and Creative Writing at Dartmouth College for over 25 years before retiring. Hebert was the first faculty member at Dartmouth College in Hanover to be tenured as a fiction writer.

Due to the prolific nature of his writing career, much of Hebert's work has been donated to university archives in New Hampshire. Dartmouth College houses his earlier work relating primarily to his Darby Series of novels. Keene State College, his alma mater, additionally has a collection which includes Hebert's digital artwork, original galleys of his novels, and early drafts of his books.

The Franco-American Collection's innovative reading series, "Meet A Franco Author", will next host Susann Pelletier on Monday, November 25, at 7 p.m. in Room 170 at USM LA College. She will read from her books of poetry, "Immigrant Dream" and "The Unheeded Eden." More information will be released in November.

"Meet a Franco Author" is free of charge, thanks to a generous grant from the Québec Delegation in Boston. It is open to the public—Franco-Americans and Francophiles alike.

*https://twincitytimes.com/news/out-about-with-rachel-morin-meeting-franco-author-ernest-herbert*

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## THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

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

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

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

## MISSION

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

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

Le Bureau des Affaires franco-américains de l'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 connaissance à l'intérieur même de l'Université, le Centre Franco-Américain s'efforce d'essayer de développer des moyens pour rendre cette population, son identité, ses contributions et son histoire visible sur et en-dehors du campus à travers des séminaires, des ateliers, des conférences et des efforts médiatiques — imprimé et électronique.

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

## OBJECTIFS:

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

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

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

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

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

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