www.FrancoMaine.org
www.Francoamerican.org
New Website: francoamericanarchives.org
other pertinent websites to check out -
and www.FFA-USA.com/
Franco-American Women’s Institute:
http://www.fawi.net

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The FAROG student group gives scholarship...the student group at the Franco-American Centre gave a book scholarship to Daniel Chamberland. The FAROG group raises funds throughout the year and they work in collaboration with the Nos Histoires de l’Île group to make this possible. If you would like to make a donation towards our Franco-American Scholarship please contact the groups advisor, Lisa Michaud at 110 Crossland Hall, Orono, ME 04469 or via email at: Lisa_Michaud@umit.maine.edu
Ex-seminarian seeks former St. John Valley classmates

St. John Valley – In 1941, the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate opened a minor seminary in Bucksport to provide a high school education with religious training for Franco-American young men seeking to become priests in this missionary order. The Oblates also accepted an initial class of seminarians in 1944 at their college seminary in Bar Harbor disappeared.

Now, a former seminarian who attended Bucksport and Bar Harbor, George Lambert, formerly of Augusta, is seeking his high school classmates. He developed a database to compile contact information about the students that were in Bucksport in the years between 1956 and 1960 with a view of possibly organizing a reunion in 2010. “Many students came from Aroostook County, from Ste-Agathe, Fort Kent, Van Buren, Presque Isle, with names like Hebert, Gervais, Paradis,” said Lambert. “Unfortunately, for some unknown reason I have not been very successful in locating these former seminarians. So, I decided to appeal to the “St. John Valley Times.”

“If anyone who reads this article was a student in Bucksport concurrent with me or if you know someone who was, please send me contact information, either via e-mail at gil@roadrunner.com or snail mail at 10 Whippoorwill Circle, Kennebunk, Maine 04043. “Those looking to renew acquaintances may visit www.omiusa.org/oldboys/northernresults.htm to see current profiles of those who studied at the Oblate seminaries.

After a long career as a CPA with a large international firm Lambert now lives in Kennebunk with his wife of more than 40 years, Mariette, and enjoys a nascent writing career. He has published a book about his six brothers’ service in the military and is working on a novel with the working title, “In God’s name-recollections of a seminarian.” He and his wife have two children and two grandchildren.

Dear Le Forum;

I have been reviewing back copies of the Le Forum and I am interested in obtaining a copy of “The French Connection” by Bob Chenard, that may have covered the “COLLETTE” family. A church in St. Lambert near Quebec was built by my great grandfather and his brother. They also donated the land. The family was known as “COLLET”. The church was rebuilt in 1904 and I visited it a few years ago. Is this possible? Enclosed is a donation.

Merci René Collette
Lemon Grove, CA

Dear René;

I am pleased you have taken the time to write us, but I am even more pleased that you value Le Forum enough to keep the issues...ahhh it warms the heart.

Yes, I will send you the information requested along with information that I was able to find on the internet. I hope all this information helps and if you need further assistance please do not hesitate to contact me.

La rédactrice

Chers Le Forum;

Ci-inclus vous allez trouver les adresses pour deux abonnements.

Merci mille fois pour votre bon travail. Ma mère et moi, on apprécie beaucoup votre revue, “Le Forum”.

Amicalement,
Xavier de la Prade
Petaluma, CA

Cher Xavier;

Merci pour vos mots très gentils.

La rédactrice

Though I am older, I am taking a French class soon to try to learn the language of my mother and ancestors; the Heberts, Charrons, Desaulniers, Lefrancs, Doucets, Landrys, Boudrots, Cyrs, Pellerins, Duponts, Diamonds, Marcouillers, Simonneaus and others who were my ancestors.

Your magazine, Le Forum, will help to give me more awareness and knowledge. It will connect me to the core of the past and the present. I am so glad you exist.

Harmony and Pride
Frances Paine
Northampton, MA

(For more letters see page 44)
LA BIOGRAPHIE DE MÈRE MARIE-ÉLISABETH TURGEON
(1840-1881)

PAR MONSIEUR HARRY A.M. RUSH, JR.
EAST MILLINOCKET, ME

Élizabeth Turgeon, la fondatrice des Soeurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski, Québec, est née le 7 février 1840 à Beaumont, près de Lévis, Québec. Ses parents étaient monsieur Louis-Marc Turgeon et madame Angèle (Labrecque) Turgeon. Élizabeth était la cinquième d’une famille de huit enfants.

Elève des Ursulines Elle a fréquenté l’École Normale Laval de Québec de 1860 à 1862, alors que l’abbé Jean Langevin en était le directeur et, plus tard, l’évêque de Rimouski.

Institutrice Elle a enseigné à Saint-Romuald, à Saint-Roch de Québec et à Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré.

Religieuse En avril 1875, elle entra dans la maison de Robinson, en一体 des Petites Écoles de Richibucto.


Vaillante ouvrière, Éducatrice dévouée, Élizabeth LUMIÈRE Sait aussi rassembler... Elle forme des enseignantes, Elle aspire à des vœux. Ferme et confiante, Elle attend l’heure des cieux. Riche de son témoignage, Ses soeurs iront former La jeunesse des villages Celle des moins favorisés.

A Servant of God is a person whose Cause has officially begun. When the Holy Father agrees that they lived a life of Heroic Virtue they are called Venerable. With the acceptance of a miracle, and following the Rite of Beatification, they are called Blessed. With a second miracle and the Rite of Canonization they are called Saint. Decrees are promulgated by
The Definitive Champlain

By Denise R. Larson

Weighing in at 834 pages and costing $40, I approached Champlain’s Dream by David Hackett Fischer with trepidation. The text runs some 530 pages, but the notes, bibliography, appendix, and index go on for another 300 more. This is a serious book.

Fortunately, my fear was unfounded. Fischer, who won the Pulitzer Prize for Washington’s Crossing, is neither arrogant nor erudite. He is a masterful interpreter of historical records and an able story teller who writes about the life and work of Samuel de Champlain with compassion and insight. With analytical skills worthy of Sherlock Holmes, Fischer sets out to take a new, balanced look at the physical evidence that still exists about Champlain in an effort to know the man better and see what made him tick.

Opening with an exciting battle scene, we take a look at Champlain and how he handles himself in battle, then travel back in time and across the Atlantic to visit Brouage, a land of marsh and mud flat and Champlain’s birthplace. His family’s stone house still stands in the walled city, despite its frequent winter floods. We are introduced to his prosperous family in this prosperous town that boasts of a military school and the few women who bested Henry IV, a king who loved the company of women. The Definitive Champlain

Illustrations in Champlain’s Dream are plentiful and beautiful, including two sections presented in color. There are portraits of historic personages and sea charts and land maps drawn by Champlain.

Though most of the story focuses on the trading post and colony at Quebec, the early days of Acadia and a summary history of its era under Isaac de Razilly, 1632 to 1635, is included towards the end of the book. Trois-Rivieres is treated similarly, with additional material on Champlain’s troup of interpreters and the law-skirting coureurs de bois.

In 1632, three years before his death, Champlain shared a kernel of wisdom in his book Voyages: “The advice I give to all adventurers is this: seek a place you can sleep in safety.” His advice summarizes his dream—a place where humanity was free to live in peace without fear of sudden attack or relentless persecution, a place where he could sleep undisturbed and dream his dreams of a new world.

Denise Larson is the author of Companions of Champlain, a summary history of early Quebec and a primer for French-Canadian genealogy. It is published by Clearfield Co., www.genealogical.com, 1-800-296-6687
This is the story of Evangéline Thibodeau Beaupré who had just turned 100 years old on February 14, 1992 the day I interviewed her for this story. She was born in a small village in the Province of Québec, Saint-Célestin, a dozen miles or so from Saint-Grégoire on the Saint Lawrence River not far from Montréal. Her father, Calixte Thibodeau, married Délia Bergeron and the couple had twelve children. She, Evangéline, was the fourth oldest girl, the eldest being Florilda. The other sisters were Anne-Marie, Eva, Maria and Antoinette. The brothers were Henri, Emile, Joseph, Edouard and O’Neil. The youngest, Arthur, was born in the States and died shortly after his birth.

The family left the village farm in July 1905 to find work in New England since the father was forced to bear an arduous financial burden as a result of a bad loan. An uncle of the family had a small casket business that fell on hard times. The uncle persuaded Evangéline’s father to borrow money for him since, apparently, the uncle’s credit was poor. The father obliged as the uncle was family and the family honor was at stake. Unfortunately, the business failed and the bewildered father had to liquidate his assets in order to pay back the loan. Two thousand dollars then amounted to a small fortune. The means of existence on the farm as a whole had been stable and adequate, but without these resources the family had to resort to other possibilities.

So the Thibodeaus packed up and moved to the Biddeford-Saco area in order to find work and survive. Evangéline was only thirteen years old then. She had attended only four years of school, as well as those who were old enough to work went to the Laconia Mills. Evangéline was thirteen years old; she became a winder.

Evangéline remembered that she liked to be with other children in the mill since back home on the farm she had few friends. All of the working children carried out their tasks with a drive and a sense of duty. The struggling families had to rely on a collective income then. The children, she reminisced, cried at times crying out of frustration since they, at first, couldn’t handle the work properly. They didn’t know how. Nobody had bothered to teach them. The threads would break often and the child’s reach was oftentimes inadequate. Somehow they all got the hang of it. Occasionally, one of the older teenagers would console them and offer advice and lessons and eventually they learned to produce more efficiently. Evangéline earned 25 cents a day then. Did she miss Canada? Yes and no was her answer. It was often lonely and boring in Saint-Célestin, she declared. They were far from the center of the village. They lived on the “row” Rang 2, deprived of neighbors and an active social life. Besides, the work on the farm was hard. Milking the cows, feeding the hens and making and piling hay under a hot summer sun was no picnic. The mills, at least, afforded her friends and a salary. No allowance for the kids though. It was only when she got to earn $3.00 a week when she reached fifteen did she get a dime from her father. What did she do with her hard-earned dime? Well, she bought a pair of cotton stockings; they cost a dime a pair then.

The family’s first home was on Laconia Street in one of the Corporation houses. The mother suffered from a kidney ailment and her health seemed to diminish month after month. In February of the year following their arrival, she gave birth to a baby boy. It was too much for her diminished energies. She died three days after; she was forty-three years old. The baby, Arthur, also died and was buried with the mother.

(Continued on page 7)
Réduisons la Consommation

Par Virginie Sand
Étudiante d’échange à l’Université d’Angers, France

J’ai récemment lu un article dans Le Monde (de la publication 7-8 janvier 2007) intitulé «Vivre pour consommer?» par Jean-Michel Dumay (chroniqueur au Monde). A mon avis, cet article-là nous demande à considérer quelques choses importantes. Par exemple, est-ce qu’une crise économique arrive si nous dépensions trop beaucoup de l’argent ou si nous ne dépensons pas assez se l’argent? Est-ce que la croissance économique est dépendante sur le consumérisme et la consommation?

En plus, le consumérisme contribue-t-il à la pollution et à l’épuisement de nos ressources naturelles? Par exemple, combien de choses se trouvent en tas de rebut ou débris chaque année? La consommation est-elle devenue un attacheur qui est difficile à changer?

Par conséquent, <doit-on consommer pour vivre ou vivre pour consommer?>> Cet question, n’est-elle pas lié à la question, <doit-on travailler pour vivre ou vivre pour travailler?>> Alors, dès que nous achetons plus de choses, puis nous devons travailler plus dur pour les payer. Donc, j’aime bien ce réseau au Québec qui suit le recours à la <<simplicité volontaire>> où on croit qu’il y a une façon de vivre qui cherche à être moins dépendante de l’argent, de la vitesse, et moins gourmande des ressources de la planète. >> Moi, je suis d’accord avec cette philosophie.

En outre, le texte de M. Dumay propose les façon pour vivre plus légères sur la (Suite page 8)
Let’s Reduce Waste

By Virginia Sand

I recently read an article in Le Monde (From the January 7-8, 2007 issue) titled “To live for consuming?” by Jean-Michel Dumay (columnist at Le Monde). In my opinion, this article asks us to consider some important things. For example, does an economic crisis occur if we spend too much money or if we don’t spend enough money? Is economic growth dependent upon consumerism and consumption?

Moreover, does consumerism contribute to pollution and to the exhaustion of our natural resources? For instance, how many things end up in the trash heap or in the dump each year? Has consumption become an addiction that is difficult to change?

Consequently, “must one consume to live or live to consume?” Is this question not linked to the question, “must one work to live or live to work?” In that case, as soon as we buy more things, then we must work harder to pay for them. Therefore, I love this network in Québec, which follows recourse to “voluntary simplicity” where one believes that there is “a way to live which strives to be less dependent on money, on a fast pace, and less greedy on the planet’s resources.” Me, I agree with this philosophy.

Furthermore, Mr. Dumay’s text offers ways for living more lightly on the earth. For example, today there are three million members across the world, who inscribe in 3,900 local groups that recycle used objects, of which ten exist in France. In other words, someone can use second hand furniture or clothes. Besides, second hand things are usually less expensive. Therefore, the recycling of used objects can reduce the total debt for each family and person, which can also help to reduce the total national debt. At the same time, if people purchase less, that also helps to reduce debts.

Finally, Mr. Dumay’s text mentioned other strategies for saving money: don’t purchase anything new during the year, live only to barter, shop at second hand stores when buying on occasion or borrow from a neighbor, rediscover the virtue of mending and repairing. Of course, one must buy staples such as food, health products, and underwear. In the meantime, the responsible consumer will determine what is essential for living and what is not essential for living.
The Organic Consumer

By Virginia Sand

While I am studying at the University of Angers in France this spring semester 2009, I still have the opportunity to follow my organic diet, and with whole grains. Why?

Because here in France there is organic agriculture as in the United States. In other words, in France, organic agriculture exists which guarantees the non-usage of synthetic, chemical products and genetically modified organisms (GMO), the recycling of organic material, and rotation of cultivation or tillage and the natural selection of species.

To consume organically is to act daily for the planet! Consequently, it is for protecting the environment where we: preserve the living, fertile soil, making it resistant to drought and to other climatic hazards; operate efficiently for the quality of the water; and protect and promote the biodiversity, that is to say, the balance and equilibrium of a great number of vegetable and animal species. Moreover, to consume organic foods means to respect the animals, where we support a method of raising/rearing animals, which respects their wellbeing. In their organic rearing, the animals are provided with adequate space and access to the outdoors. They are fed organic foods and born and raised without exploitation. In case there is need, priority is given to mild, gentle medicines.

Further more, to consume organically is to engage ourselves in favor of responsible consumption, where: 1) we participate on a course based on harmony between the soil, the cultivation, and the animals, 2) we support an important source of employment, and 3) we permit the creation of value added from organic agriculture; because they know he disastrous effects, today established by evidence, of pesticides on our environment and on our health. Long live French for encouraging “organic consumers!”

For investigating more information on organic agriculture and products, consult:

www.agencebio.org
www.printempsbio.com
www.biocoop.fr
www.rayons-verts.fr

Pour en savoir plus, consultez:

www.agencebio.org
www.printempsbio.com
www.biocoop.fr
www.rayons-verts.fr

Il y a deux magasins qui spécialisent dans les produits biologiques: les fruits et légumes, les produits laitiers, les œufs, les viandes, le poisson, le pain, les huiles et autres produits qu’on consomme tous les jours. En effet, dans ces deux magasins spécialisés (Rayons Verts et Caba Biocoop), comme un végétarien, j’ai trouvé mes produits favoris tels que: la boisson soja, le yaourt soja, algues gastronomiques, la margarine non-hydrogénée, la purée d’amandes à tartiner, le sirop d’érable, le café décaféiné, le germe de blé, cous cous, les graines de lin dorees, les galettes au riz, levure maltee, l’avoine, les lentilles verte, les infusions ou tisanes, la sauce de basilic, les pâtes complètes, la sauce de tomate, le riz basmati complet, mes herbes favorites comme l’ortie piquante et la framboise, farine de blé intégrale, farine de sarrasin complete, semoule mais polenta, graines de tournesol, graines courge, les raisins, les noix, etc. Tous ces produits sont biologiques aux magasins <<Caba Biocoop>> et <<Rayons Verts.>> Toutes les choses dans ces magasins sont biologiques. Comment est-ce qu’on le sait? Parce qu’il existe deux logos/labels utilisés pour assisting the consumer: le logo AB (Agriculture Biologique) et le logo européen qui paraissent sur ces produits biologiques.

Alors, j’étais très contente de trouver ces deux magasins biologiques pendant que j’étudie en France. En apparence, plus de 42% de Francais consomment régulièrement des produits issus de l’agriculture biologique. Car ils connaissent les effets néfastes, aujourd’hui avérés, des pesticides sur notre environnement et sur notre santé. Vive la France pour encourager les <<consommateurs biologiques>>
N.D.L.R. Ceci est le deuxième installlement de Waterbury L’exilé par Alice Gélinas. Voir la prochaine édition de Le Forum pour plus.)

Waterbury
L’exilé
par
Alice Gélinas
Waterbury, CT

Chapitre 2

Un grand changement allait survenir dans nos vies. Nous allions basculer dans un autre monde.


C’était en Septembre 1924. Monsieur Beaudoin nous hébergea une semaine, jusqu’à ce que l’on trouve un domicile.

Ce fut une vie complètement différente. Yvonne avait été malheureuse de laisser en arrière ses amis. Je me souviens de l’avoir vue pleurer. Nous avions reçu une lettre de mon oncle Albert, nous annonçant la mort de notre chien Boule.

Même si ces gens, les Beaudoin, furent très bons pour nous, les enfants, c’était un trop gros changement. Nous arrivions de la campagne. Rien qu’à l’idée de se retrouver dans une ville inconnue, cela nous époquaitait. Je me sentais perdue, j’avais peur de traverser la rue.


Changer de pays avait été un gros changement. Papa, maman, Yvonne et Armand s’en sont parlés et ensemble, ils ont fait le rêve de me faire instruire. Au prix d’énormes sacrifices, les gens essayaient de donner une éducation à au moins un de leurs enfants.

Mais nous, les plus jeunes, maman surveillait nos devoirs et nous n’avions pas la permission d’aller jouer dehors avant de les avoir terminés.

Rosa ne manifestait pas trop d’intérêt pour les études. La plus intéressée, c’était Alice.

Petit à petit, nous nous adaptions. Nos éducatrices nous apprenaient des choses. Le musique, entre autre. Lire et Écrire les mélodies que l’on pouvait comprendre et même suivre avec nos doigts, les notes do, ré, mi, fa, sol, fa, si, do. Toutes nos chansons étaient sur les notes.

Le meilleur dimanche, toute la famille alla l’église pour assister à la messe. L’église Ste-Anne m’a semblé bien sombre et bien grande.

La religion a tenu une place importante dans nos vies. Même si papa avait des doutes, il priait Dieu. Il disait : “Je prie au cas où, tout ça est vrai, et si c’est vrai, je suis O.K., et si c’est pas vrai, je n’ai rien perdu.”


Tout était étrange et nous ne parlions pas anglais. Au Petit-Quatre, je pouvais voir Irène et Armand car nous étions tous dans la même pièce, ce qui était rassurant, tandis que là, nous étions éparpillés dans des classes différentes. Rosa pleurait tellement que la religieuse venait me chercher pour tenter de la consoler, mais ensemble dans le corridor de l’école, nous pleurions tous les deux. La soeur ne parlait pas le français. Après quelques instants, j’étais bien obligée de retourner dans ma classe.

À la récréation, malheureuse et isolée des autres, nous restions debout en se tenant par la main. Les autres enfants ne parlaient pas notre langue, alors nous ne comprenions pas leurs jeux.

Malgré tout, le premier jour de classe terminé, je suis revenue en courant vers ma mère pour lui raconter ce que j’avais appris : je savais compter jusqu’à sept en anglais.

Un matin, en allant à l’école, j’ai lâché la main d’Irène pour m’élancer dans la rue. J’ai roulé sous un camion pour rebondir sur le pare-choc. Le camion s’est arrêté. Je n’avais rien, mais j’ai eu peur !

Irène a repris me main en me grondant. Je l’ai suppliée de ne rien dire à maman.

Il y avait des autos dans les rues, et le seul cheval que j’ai vu, était celui du marchand de glace.

Il n’y avait pas de lumière à l’intersection des rues. Pour diriger le trafic, il y avait un policier là où c’était le plus achalandé.

Un matin, en allant à l’école, j’ai eu peur! J’avais rien, mais j’ai eu peur! Irène a repris me main en me grondant. Je l’ai suppliée de ne rien dire à maman.

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Dans notre logement, on s’éclairait au gaz. Il n’y avait pas d’électricité, mais nous avions une chambre de bain. Pour nous, c’était un luxe.

Le meilleur dimanche, toute la famille alla l’église pour assister à la messe. L’église Ste-Anne m’a semblé bien sombre et bien grande.

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Un après-midi par semaine, tous jours à l’école, les filles, on apprenait la couture et la broderie. Toutes sortes de points ainsi que le richelieu. Ces points ressemblaient à de la dentelle.

C’était toute une affaire pour une petite fille. Avec un cerceau et de la “flaze”, nous faisions de belles choses. Avec du fil, nous avions appris à faire des boutonnières et à repasser les trous comme du vrai tissage.

On apprenait aussi le PALMER, des exercices pour avoir une belle main d’écriture.

Dans une grande famille comme la nôtre, des gens pour ainsi dire pauvres, Yvonne et Armand n’ont pas eu d’autres choix que d’aller travailler. À quinze ou seize ans, c’était l’âge!

Maman surveillait nos devoirs et nous n’avions pas la permission d’aller jouer dehors avant de les avoir terminés.

Rosa ne manifestait pas trop d’intérêt pour les études. La plus intéressée, c’était Alice.

Papa, maman, Yvonne et Armand s’en sont parlés et ensemble, ils ont fait le rêve de me faire instruire. Au prix d’énormes sacrifices, les gens essayaient de donner une éducation à au moins un de leurs enfants.

Changer de pays avait été un gros choc pour nous et le fait d’apprendre une autre langue aussi, mais des enfants aimés avec des parents compréhensifs nous a fait passer au travers.

Je gardais un certain contact avec le français écrit. Lorsque maman recevait des lettres de ses soeurs et de son frère, mon oncle Clifford, elle me les faisait lire.

Puis, la famille chantait ensemble des soirées entières. Chaque famille possédait son cahier de chansons et complaintes.

Les gens apprenaient les chansons de l’un à l’autre pour les chanter en chœur. Plusieurs mélodies venaient de la famille de ma mère. Celle qui disait : “Alice, où es-tu donc?” pour moi

(Asuite page 11)

De beaux souvenirs pour moi qui sont restés gravés dans mon cœur.

Des cousins qui habitaient Watertown venaient nous visiter.

En octobre de la même année, maman retomba malade du mal de cœur le matin. Elle essayait de faire la besogne, mais elle était souvent couchee.


En revenant de l’école, maman était présente. Pour notre collation, on prenait une tranche de pain, on étendait de la graisse dessus et on saupoudrait de cassonade. Après avoir mangé, on amusait le bébé. Puis, nous allions, Rosa et moi, chercher du bon pain de boulanger. Il coûtait cinq sous, et il n’était enveloppé de sorte que nous mangions un peu de croute, sans que ça paraisse trop. Nous ne sentions plus l’odeur de pain de ménage. On jouait dehors, à des jeux que nous inventions. Dessous l’escalier, on s’était fait une cachette, et on jouait au mariage. Il n’y avait qu’un seul mari pour trois femmes. Jeanine Pellerin, Rosa et moi, étions les épouses et le frère de Jeanine faisait le mari. Maman n’a pas apprécié notre jeu, et ça s’est terminé assez vite. Ce fut la fin du jeu et de mon petit mari de dessous la galerie.

Irène devenait une adolescente et elle tomba en amour avec Georges Cambique. Elle était trop gênée pour s’asseoir au salon, comme Yvonne faisait avec ses amies.

Les Cambique étaient des Acadiens qui demeuraient au deuxième étage, en haut de chez-nous. Ils étaient six grands garçons et en plus deux cousins demeuraient avec eux.

Un bon matin, maman a aperçu leurs vieux parapluies dans le fond de la cour. Ils avaient décidé de s’en faire défaire pour s’en procurer des neufs. Maman qui avait des “éclairs de génie”, nous dit : Allez me chercher ça! C’est de la belle soie.

À cette époque, les parapluies ne se pliaient pas, et ils n’était pas en couleur. C’était des grands parapluies noirs comme celui de mon oncle José. Les laisses étaient très larges.

Avec ça, maman nous a cousu un costume avec collet et poignets blancs qu’on pouvait enlever pour les laver.

Revêtues de l’uniforme, nous étions bien fières d’être habillées comme les autres. On ne nous obligeait pas, mais on aimait cela être comme tout le monde.

Ce matin-là, toutes les classes étaient rassemblées dans la grande salle. La religieuse nous appela, Rosa et moi, pour nous féliciter de nos belles robes. Elle dit : « Venez en avant pour qu’on voit vos petits costumes, Qui les a fait ?

Rosa, les yeux rouges et les joues rouges, ne pens pas une seconde, et elle répond : « C’est Mom qui les a fait avec les parapluies des Cambique ». La Soeur a éclaté de rire, mais moi, j’étais humiliée, car André Cambique était présent. Il n’a pas tardé à dire ça à sa mère.

En arrivant de l’école, j’ai été porté mon panier à ma mère. Lorsque papa est revenue du travail, elle lui a immédiatement raconté l’histoire. Çà les a frappés drôles ! Je les voyais rire aux éclats, et ils ont fait répéter à Rosa ce qu’elle avait dit au juste. La mère Cambique est descendue et elle aussi ri avec papa et maman. Elle a dit qu’elle était bien contente que ses parapluies aient tourné aussi beaux.

Maman disait : « Les coutumes sont plus beaux que tous ceux des autres », et papa a ajouté qu’en plus, on ne se ferait jamais mouiller. Nos parents étaient comme ça, ils s’amusavaient de nos folies. Si ils ont ri !

Peu après, tante Clara, une tante à ma mère, mourut à New Bedford, Massachusetts. Mon père demanda à un gars qu’il connaissait, s’il pouvait les amener aux funérailles.

I’y suis allée avec eux. Je me souviens combien maman était contente de revoir ses cousins.

Après le service, Ligouri nous a amenés là où ma mère avait vécu, étant jeune. Elle avait été ouvrière dans les filatures du Massachusetts. À la vue de tous ces souvenirs, elle est devenue songeuse, surtout devant la place où elle avait habité avec ses parents.

Cette famille Lavergne était toujours demeurée spéciale pour nous.

Maman se payait une petite gâterie en s’achetant deux magazines en français: « LE SAMEDI et LA REVUE POPULAIRE ». Elle aimait lire. Irène avait cessé d’aller à l’école et elle aidait aux travaux ménagers, de sorte que ma mère en avait moins sur les épaules.

Irène nous faisait un gâteau chaque jour. Quand il lui restait du temps libre, elle lisait, elle aussi.

Lorsque nous étions malades, maman nous soignait. Pour un mal de tête, elle tranchait une pomme de terre et elle nous en plaçait des tranches sur le
front, les faisait tenir avec un mouchoir.

Un matin, je me suis reveillee avec un affreux mal de ventre. J’ai garde le lit, tandis que les autres sont alles à l’école. Le docteur est venu. J’ai, dans ma memoire, le tendre souvenir de mon père et de ma mere, prenant soin de moi. Mon mal disparu, et je reech ma premiere vraie poupée que je partageais avec Rosa.

Lorsque papa partait travailler, j’allais me coucher avec maman. Je me couchais dans son dos. Comme j’étais heureuse !

Le lien qui m’unissait à elle était d’une qualite rare.

Nous, aimions tous cette chanson qui disait :

Maman, mot que l’on dit tout-bas,
Maman, mot que l’on oublie pas
Son doux murmure, sa douce caresse
Tout un passe fait de bonheur et de tendresse
Maman, mot qui vient nous bercer,
Mot que l’on adore...

Des mots qui auraient pu servir pour son epitaphe, mais nous ne savions pas encore...

Le 9 Juin 1925, Rosélia naquit.

La Premiere citoyenne americaine de la famille. Qu’elle etait jolie !

Ma mere m’appelait : « Mon petit ange ». Irène a aide maman à recuperer Armand qui occupait d’Émile, mais il le gaitait. Si Émile désirait de la creme glacee, il lui en achetait. Il etait un petit garçon tres timide. Lorsque quelqu’un arrivait pour une visite, il courait se refugier dans les bras de maman ou d’Armand. Quand il n’y avait personne, il etait volontaire et amusant.

Armand mangeait ses croquettes de tarte, car maman disait : « Pour en avoir d’autres, il faut que tu manges tes croquettes ». Une fois, Émile dit à Armand : « Mange ma croquete, ci bon bon bon ». Il essayait de convaincre Armand, mais çà ne marchait pas toujours.

Cette fois, Armand lui rpon : « Si c’est si bon que ça, mange-les tes croquettes ! » Émile commence à faire la lippe et à chialer en disant : « Non, c’est michtant comme de la merde !


Je me souviens des taquineries de nos parents. Ils aimaient faire rire et taquiner tout un chacun. Émile avait ses premieres dents gatées, et il a fallu qu’il se les fasse arracher. Papa et maman complices, se parlaient en disant : « S’il fallait que ses deuxieme dents ne poussent pas !!! » Maman dit : « Ah ! On lui ferait poser un pont ! » Émile part à crier : « J’en veux pas de pont, je ne veux pas que les machines me passent dans la bouche ».

En remontant le cours du temps, je pense que nos parents savaient que le rire et la tendresse seraient pour nous un remede tout au long de notre vie.

Yvonne travaillait dans une usine de bouton, sur une presse, et un jour la machine lui a ecrasé le doigt. On l’a ramene à la maison, et mes parents ont appele le docteur. Il a ete obligé de lui amputer le doigt à la premiere articulation.

Je la revoie, couchée sur la table de la cuisine. Comme elle a dû souffrir ! Elle avait été emmormie un peu, mais tout de meme !

Apres quoi, elle se plaça sur la North Main Street.

Tous les samedis apres-midi, Irène, Rosa et moi allions au Centre d’Achat 5, 10, 15, à Howland Hugls. On s’amusait dans les ascenseurs.

Un jour, en revenant, Irène decidait d’aller à la confesse. Je ne voulais pas y aller parce que j’avais besoin d’aller à la toilette. Elle me répondit d’attendre et que nous allions à l’église.

Nous attendions en file, et lorsque mon tour est arrive, je m’agenouilla dans la confessionnal : « Bénissez-moi, mon père parce que j’ai péché », et là ... trop tard, je m’en pouvais plus, le pipi coulait ... Irène fut très mécontente de moi. Je lui ai demandé de ne pas le dire à maman.

Une aventure aussi pire et qui arrive à Rosa. Nous aimions jouer dehors, mais le matin, nous n’avions pas de lumière dans le toillette en baissant ses culottes, comme à la maison, on avait des tâches à faire, comme de bercer le bébé ou autre chose. Un jour, Rosa attendit trop longtemps, et elle entra à la maison, et mes parents ont appele le docteur. Il a ete obligé de lui amputer le doigt à la premiere articulation.


Pour ma mere, c’était la premiere fois depuis notre émigration qu’elle retourna dans son pays natal, et qu’elle revoyait son père, sa mere, et toute la famille.

Saint-Mathieu était un endroit très éloigné de la ville. Les parents de ma mere y vivaient. Oncle Clifford était marié à tante Sara, sœur de mon père. Cette famille, disait notre mere, était parent des deux fesses.

Une autre soeur de papa demeurait là. Elle etait mariée à Honoré Champagne. Tante Exina fut bien pauvre avec lui, mais ça ne la jamais empêchée de s’amuser. Elle n’avait pas besoin d’occasion spéciale pour passer un moment agréable et faire de la place pour danser. Elle sortait sa musique à bouche, accordéons, etc. Il y avait des chansons à répondre en tapant du pied.

Oncle Honoré faisait partie d’une tres grosse famille, une vingtaine d’enfants, je crois.

Maman fut embarrassée par la conduite d’Émile. Il n’avait que trois ans, et il disait sans arrêt : « Y a pas de patates en Canada, y a pas de glace non plus (crème glacée) ». À ce moment de l’année, les gens n’avaient plus de pomme de terre et ils attendaient les patates nouvelles.

En plus, Émile ne faisait pas la dif-

Ligouri est venu pour voir s’il pouvait faire quelque chose pour me convaincre de manger un peu, mais il n’y avait rien à faire. Finalement, papa a demandé à maman d’écourter son voyage parce qu’Alice s’ennuait trop.

Un soir, Irène, Rosa et moi sommes allées l’attendre au train, mais on a vue personne. Désappointées, nous sommes revenues à la maison.

Le soir suivant, nous y sommes retournées et on les a aperçus : Maman, Yvonne, Émile et Rosélia. J’étais tellement contente que j’ai oublié ma maladie. Nous prîmes un taxi pour revenir à la maison.

Irène a pris les deux petits pour aller les faire voir à papa à travers les vitres de l’usine. Après la journée d’ouvrage, toute la famille s’est retrouvée réunie. J’étais heureuse.

Si on avait pu figer ce moment privilégié !!! Mais on n’arrête pas le temps.

**MOM’S JOURNEY**

*Submitted by Renée Gagné*

*Vol. 34 # 2 • PRINTEMPS*

Those who are lucky to still be blessed with your Mom, this is beautiful.

For those who aren’t, this is even more beautiful…

The young mother set her foot on the path of life. “Is this the long way?” she asked. And the guide said, “Yes, and the way is hard. And you will be old when you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning. But the young mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children, she fed them, and bathed them, and taught them to tie their shoelaces and ride a bike and do their homework and brush their teeth. The sun shone on them, and the young mother cried, “Nothing will ever be lovelier than this.”

Then the nights came, and the storms, and the path was sometimes dark, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the mother drew them close and covered them with her arms, and the children said, “Mother, we are not afraid, for you are near, and no harm can come.” And the morning came, and there was a hill ahead, and the children climbed and grew weary, and the mother was weary too. But at all times she said to the children, “A little patience and we are there.”

So the children climbed, and as they climbed, they learned to weather the storms. And with this, she gave them strength to face the world. Year after year, she showed them compassion, understanding, hope, but most of all… unconditional love. And when they reached the top they said, “Mother, we could not have done it without you.”

The days went on, and the weeks and the months, and the years, and the mother grew old and she became little and bent. But her children were tall and strong, and walked with courage. And the mother, when she lay down at night looked up at the stars and said, “This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned so much and are now passing these traits on to their children.”

And when the way became rough for her, they lifted her and gave her their strength, just as she had given them hers. One day they came to a hill, and beyond the hill, they could see a shining road and golden gates flung open. And the mother said, “I have reached the end of my journey, And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk with dignity and pride, with their heads held high, and so can their children after them.” And the children said, “You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates.”

And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said, “We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a living presence.”

Your mother is always with you. She is the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street. She is the smell of certain foods that you remember, flowers you pick and perfume that she wore. She is the cool hand on your brow when you’re not feeling well. She is your breath in the air on a cold winter’s day. She is the sound of the rain. Your Mother lives inside your laughter, and she is crystallized in every teardrop. A Mother shows every emotion, happiness, sadness, fear, jealousy, love, hate & anger, helplessness, excitement, joy, sorrow and all the wile hoping and praying you will only know the good feelings in life. She is the place you came from, your fist home, and she is the map that you follow with every step you take.

She is your first love, your first friend, even your first enemy, but nothing on earth can separate you. Not time, not space, not even death.

*Photo prise à Waterbury en 1925*


*More from CT on page 22...*
Les Lowelliens répondent encore...

par Jean-Pierre DURAND

dimanche 15 juin 2008

Mon premier contact, c’est avec le père Armand « Spike » Morissette qu’il s’effectua. Lui, il avait bien connu Kérouac à différentes époques de sa vie. Il établit pour moi une liste de personnes à Lowell qu’il me fallait rencontrer si je voulais bien cerner mon sujet. C’est ainsi qu’il me suggera d’aller piquer une jase avec un groupe de vieilles – je croyais duver comme fer qu’on était vieux dès lors qu’on dépassait la quarantaine ! – un groupe de vieilles dames, dis-je, qui se réunissait chaque dimanche dans un « delicatessen » du centre-ville.

Les dames, toutes dans la soixantaine, semblaient éprouver du plaisir à m’accueillir parmi elles. Il faut dire que je devais être beau bonhomme à l’époque (du moins, j’aime à le croire) et c’était donc un cadeau pour leur avoir rendu la Providence (et Lowell est si près du Rhode Island) en leur amenant un cégépien au beau milieu de leurs agapes. J’avais donc toute l’attention sur moi et je connus ce que Warhol appelait le quart d’heure de célébrité. Toute la discussion passa à parler de la vie française à Lowell, à entendre des confidences et des anecdotes sur la petite histoire familiale de chacune, depuis ces arrière-grands-parents, qui avaient quitté, qui la Beauche, qui le Bas-Saint-Laurent pour venir s’établir par ici. Tout cela était dit à la bonne franquette et suscitait tant et tellement qu’on aurait dit la version de Jack Kérouac. Cette dame craignait un peu de perdre son français, car ses meilleures amies n’étaient pas des francos. Mais ce fut encore un moment mémorable. Si elle voulait bien jacer des Kérouac de Lowell, elle ne voulait pour rien au monde rater ses émissions de télé. Si bien que, ce soir-là, contre toute attente, je passai la soirée non seulement avec Mme Kérouac et ses vieux souvenirs, mais également avec le docteur Marcus Welby ! Ce cher médecin que tout le monde adorait à l’époque, ignorant pourtant, merci Paul Piché, qu’il ne cherchait pas les causes des maladies comme l’amiantose. Madame Kérouac avait aussi une couple de chambreurs venus d’Afrique pour étudier au Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Comme ils lui avaient tous offert des souvenirs de leurs pays respectifs, elle profitait de mon passage pour m’offrir à son tour ces cossins qu’elle jugeait encombrants – des rafale-poussière – comme un coupe-papier, un masque africain et une antilope gossée.

Je leur demandai de lire à tour de rôle quelques lignes du roman Sur la route, de Kérouac, que je traînais avec moi. Elles semblèrent éprouver du plaisir à m’accueillir parmi elles. Il faut dire que je devais être beau bonhomme à l’époque (du moins, j’aime à le croire) et c’était donc un cadeau de vêtir qui leur avait rendu la Providence (et Lowell est si près du Rhode Island) en leur amenant un cégépien au beau milieu de leurs agapes. J’avais donc toute l’attention sur moi et je connus ce que Warhol appelait le quart d’heure de célébrité. Toute la discussion passa à parler de la vie française à Lowell, à entendre des confidences et des anecdotes sur la petite histoire familiale de chacune, depuis ces arrière-grands-parents, qui avaient quitté, qui la Beauche, qui le Bas-Saint-Laurent pour venir s’établir par ici. Tout cela était dit à la bonne franquette et suscitait tant et tellement qu’on aurait dit la version de Jack Kérouac. Cette dame craignait un peu de perdre son français, car ses meilleures amies n’étaient pas des francos. Mais ce fut encore un moment mémorable. Si elle voulait bien jaser des Kérouac de Lowell, elle ne voulait pour rien au monde rater ses émissions de télé. Si bien que, ce soir-là, contre toute attente, je passai la soirée non seulement avec Mme Kérouac et ses vieux souvenirs, mais également avec le docteur Marcus Welby ! Ce cher médecin que tout le monde adorait à l’époque, ignorant pourtant, merci Paul Piché, qu’il ne cherchait pas les causes des maladies comme l’amiante. Madame Kérouac avait aussi une couple de chambreurs venus d’Afrique pour étudier au Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Comme ils lui avaient tous offert des souvenirs de leurs pays respectifs, elle profitait de mon passage pour m’offrir à son tour ces cossins qu’elle jugeait encombrants – des rafale-poussière – comme un coupe-papier, un masque africain et une antilope gossée dans du bois. J’ai encore le coupe-papier.

Pour les jeunes de mon âge, je n’en rencontrai qu’un seul, Paul, qui était une sorte de jeune « preppy » féré de Kérouac, qui vivait chez ses parents, en banlieue de Lowell, dans une grande maison qui aurait pu avoir appartenu à la famille Stone. Dès que j’eus franchi le pas de sa porte, Paul cria à la cantonade que « son ami » (il devait en manquer cruellement pour (suite page 15)
m’introniser si vite dans son cercle) venait d’arriver. Il faut croire que je ne fis pas l’effet de l’ambassadeur Ben Béland, car le mot Québec ne provoqua aucune réaction. C’est à peine si sa mère, qui ressemblait à la comédienne Donna Reid, me lança un « Hi » de politesse ; tous les autres étant rivés devant leur écran de télé où l’on présentait du football. Paul s’excusa pour l’accueil et me conduisit dans sa chambre rangée et propre comme un sou neuf. On parla de Kérouac, bien sûr, mais peu du Québec, car, comme tous les autres jeunes de son âge, il n’avait d’intérêt que pour ce qui se passait au Vietnam. Et pour cause.

Avec tous ceux que je rencontrai, je leur donnais un cours 101 accéléré sur l’histoire récente du Québec, commençant avec la Révolution tranquille pour s’arrêter avec la crise d’Octobre. Mais, avouons-le, vu de Lowell, le Québec leur paraissait bien loin. Si l’Histoire et la langue nous réunissaient à coup sûr, les Lowelliens étaient aussi – je ne tardai pas à m’en rendre compte – des citoyens américains à part entière.

Le père Morissette, qui me trouvait peut-être trop sage avec mes questions bien gentilles, me suggéra aussi de me rendre au club Passe-temps, un endroit où les hommes franco-américains se réunissaient pour boire, pisser et jouer au pool. Une taverne, quoi. Et il y avait de la boucane dans la cabane, laissez-moi vous dire, mais bon, on n’avait pas encore inventé le concept « fumée secondaire ». Je me sentais bien parmi les bedaines de bière des pro-létaires, et c’était là l’essentiel. Je ne tirai pas à m’en rendre compte – des citoyens américains à part entière.

De retour à Montréal, mes photos et mes enregistrements me permirent de réussir le cégep avec une note presque parfaite en littérature (pour les maths, ce fut moins génial). Quelques années plus tard, il paraît, mais il paraît tellement de choses, que Sylvain Lelièvre parlait de ma petite escapade à Lowell comme d’un modèle d’implication d’un élève sérieux et appliqué. La réalité est que Lelièvre était un professeur qui incitait à l’émulation. Mon cas n’avait rien d’unique. (Était-ce si nécessaire d’ajouter pour le bénéfice du lecteur cette dernière phase ? Permettez-moi d’en douter.)

En mai dernier, la Maison Ludger-Duvernay accueillait deux visiteurs franco-américains comme conférenciers, Yvon Labbé et Paul LaFlamme, et ce fut pour moi l’occasion de renouer avec l’Histoire de cette diaspora et de me demander ce qu’il était advenu des gens rencontrés à Lowell il y a 35 ans et des poussières. J’ai donc fait une recherche sur Internet. Un ami, Laurent Desbois, m’avait aussi montré quelques photos qu’il avait prises à Lowell l’automne dernier, dont l’une illustre l’Hôtel de ville avec le drapeau du Québec au mât. Cela me donnait d’autant plus le goût de rétablir les ponts.
Aunt Grace comes home

by Bob Rivard
Amherst, MA

When I was in school, my mom had a two family house in Lowell. We had an assortment of tenants over time, interesting adjunct family members who understood the pressures facing a widow with five kids at home, and took an interest in us beyond just paying the rent. There were two brothers that lived upstairs, older than all of us, Leo and Roland who would often stop in to tease my sisters and bring my brother and me yoyos or baseballs or other inexpensive toys just for fun. At first I thought it strange to accept a gift when it wasn’t my birthday, or Easter or some other special holiday, and hesitated to accept a small gift given freely in the middle of the week for no reason whatsoever. I got over my initial reluctance when Leo brought me some comic books and told me that I had to read to him since he didn’t know how to read. I felt proud to help him decipher the words and pictures and thought I was doing him a real service. I didn’t realize till much later that he was pulling my leg.

The best gift Leo ever gave me though was his infectious laughter. He would have everyone in our family laughing till our sides ached over stories he would tell about a small incident between the neighbor’s cat and his tennis racket, or the squirrel he captured on the porch with some peanuts dipped in whiskey. He would start the story laughing and before long we would all be rolling on the floor in stitches even without a punch line. His smile radiated a warmth that filled a big void in my life and gave me a role model that I aspired to emulate. He was a skier and talked of going up to New Hampshire and Vermont to tackle the big peaks up North. He talked of hiking Mt Washington with his skis strapped to his pack, spending the better part of the day just getting to the top of the head wall, and descending to the base lodge in minutes in a swirl of powder. His joie de vivre bubbled up through every story and lit a fire in the family hearth that burned with a radiant glow.

I’m not sure what happened to those two brothers. The last memory I have of them is hearing Leo tell my Mom about wearing a monkey suit. I had been asleep in the other room and his laughter started a dream state in which I could picture him dressed as a monkey, swinging from trees and laughing his brains out. When I shook off the sleepy seeds, I ran into the room to see his monkey suit and was sorely disappointed to see him in his everyday clothing. It turned out that he had attended a wedding for his brother Roland that morning and he was describing the Tuxedo he wore as a monkey suit. I had woven the expression into a dream.

When Roland moved out with his new bride in tow, Leo drifted off and I never heard from either of them again. When they moved out, one of them left a pair of skis in the basement hallway. They were Northland wood skis with bear trap bindings and my brother and I took turns schussing up and down the drive imagining ourselves on the mountains we only saw in photos. I promised myself that I would ski the big mountains in my life, in spite of the fact that I was growing up without a dad, and that I would laugh like Leo to overcome my fear.

After Leo and his brother move away, we had a tenant that worked the night shift and slept days. That didn’t last very long at all since my brother had a loud mouth and tended to keep the tenant awake. His wife would chase my brother down the street with a vengeance, yelling after him and throwing chestnuts at him with a prodigious accuracy. When my mother became aware of the bruises all over my brother’s back she told the tenants that it was time to move along.

After that it was Aunt Grace and her nephew Raymond Rivard that rented the apartment. Aunt Grace had raised Raymond and now that she was widowed, Ray was looking after her. He was single and there was absolutely no way he could ever date or bring a young woman home to meet Aunt Grace. She would have no part of it. They had a pact of sorts, that Ray would look after Aunt Grace and house his laundry and prepare the meals and split the rent. He would provide the transportation, take her to her doctor, help with her medication and drive her to church. She would keep him on the straight and narrow path.

We had the same last name but knew nothing of genealogy so had no idea when and where our ancestors converged. My dad had come from Rhode Island and Ray had grown up in Massachusetts, so there was only a loose link in the common name that we never fully explored. It was enough for us that Ray took on a benevolent uncle persona and looked after our family in the same way that Leo and Roland had done. He took us to pick apples in Littleton, and visit my mother’s cousin in Leominster in the summer and to Whalom Park for a day outing every summer.

Ray was a consumate skeetball player and would spend hours accumulating tickets that could be converted to prizes. My sisters, my brother and I would ride the amusement park, go swimming, have a picnic lunch in the shade and Ray was busy pumping coins into the skeetball machine bowling for the center hole over and over. He brought home cut glass ashtrays and tumblers, and on occasion would give us tickets to redeem for stuffed animals.

Ray collected coins in a jar that he kept by the back door. Every day when he came home from work, he would empty his pockets and put all the coins in the big water jug on the floor. It was so heavy that my brother and I couldn’t budge it. When it came time to go to Whalom Park, Ray would roll the jar back and forth on the kitchen floor to empty out some of the coins. I can remember that sound like no other. It was as loud as thunder. It was electrifying. I was like Pavlov’s dog reacting to the bell at dinner time. I would jump up and down in anticipation of going to Whalom park on the weekend.

One year Ray decided that he would bring Aunt Grace to Canada to visit his close relatives in Montmorency, just below the waterfall. He invited my Mom, my sister Maddy and I to join him. The other two were married and my brother Emile was in the Navy. Maddy had graduated from high school but was still living at home and I had just finished my senior year. This was a big trip for me. I had travelled to New Hampshire since it was only ten or twelve miles up the road, and had a short excursion to upstate New York when I was a sophomore, but Canada was just as far away in my mind as Europe. We didn’t have an automobile so the distances I could relate to were easily covered by bicycle. I was truly excited to see Canada and looked forward to spending two weeks on l’Île d’Orléans, in the summer cottage of a distant cousin. My sister Maddy was engaged at the time and had decided to break off her engagement. She was heading south as we were heading north, to break off her engagement in person, and would later join us in Canada.

We packed up the Chevy with Aunt Grace and suitcases full of American ciga-

(Continued on page 17)
Aunt Grace continued from page 16)

rêvives which Ray had purchased in New Hampshire. Ray liked to play all the angles to help pay for the gas, so buying Marlboro and Winston cigarettes in a low tax state to resell them in a foreign country was right up his alley. He threw in a few bottles of his favorite relative, Jack Daniels, to fill in the nooks and crannies in the trunk, and off we went.

Just about the time we crossed the border into New Hampshire, Aunt Grace perked up. We knew she had been feeling a little forlorn these past few months wondering when this trip was ever going to begin, but we didn’t realize how much she was looking forward to the adventure. She was smiling and jovial to be heading to the land of her birth, it had been half a lifetime since she had been there.

The distances are not very great from here to there, the Canadian border is only three and half hours north. In fact much closer than the New Jersey shore, or heaven forbid as far south as Delaware, but by about Manchester Aunt Grace was wondering out loud on earth we were going to cross into Canada. Heck, it had been almost an hour since we left Lowell! Needless to say, by the time we got to the Derby Line crossing Aunt Grace was feeling a bit of road rage. She wanted Ray to step on it and get us to Montmorency.

You have to realize that the longest car ride she had taken in the last year was twenty minutes away to the doctors office. A three hour drive to the Canadian border was as taxing to her as a stage coach ride to Denver. She kept up the pressure as we worked our way through Sherbrooke and Drummonville stopping here and there for food, gas and a stretch. She was getting so stiff sitting in the front seat that we had to pry her out with her cane strategically placed between her buttocks and her thirty five pound pocketbook. I never figured out why her pocketbook weighed that much, but I’m sure a good part of it was the medication that kept her blood pressure somewhere between passing out and boiling over.

By mid afternoon we were within hailing distance of Montmorency and every time Ray asked Aunt Grace if she needed a rest stop she would reply angrily “I can hold it!” The rest of us were about to explode but Aunt Grace was in charge and there was no arguing.

Montmorency is the low city at the base of the falls and nothing special, except for the bridge to l’Île d’Orléans. We found “Le Nettoyeur Montmorency” without a hitch and ran for the bathrooms, Aunt Grace would have to sit there patiently for another ten minutes. We came back with reinforcements. Ray’s cousin had a son named Michel who was as strong as an ox and it was left to him to help Aunt Grace up the circular stairway to the second floor. Why they build circular stairways outdoors in Snow Country is still a mystery to me but on the plus side, there are two handrails not very far apart, and so Aunt Grace was at least able to balance herself while Michel did the heavy lifting.

When we finally got Aunt Grace properly situated and relaxed she let out such a sigh that the roof almost lifted off the building. This had been an ordeal, to say the least, but Canada, oh Canada, it was worth every ounce of effort, every strained muscle, every stiff joint.

We left Aunt Grace to relax and nap as the Rivards moved my Mom and me to the cottage on the island. It was fantastic! We crossed the biggest suspension bridge I had ever seen and we had a wonderful view of the waterfall from the front porch.

The real bonanza though was the fact that our newly acquired Canadian cousins had a daughter my age. She had drop dead good looks and spoke only French with the pucker of the lips and the gesticulation of the hands that went beyond mesmering to explore the ranges of hypnosis. She was eye candy to me before I even new of the term. I’m sure she thought I was a real goof, I could barely speak French without stuttering. Not that I stuttered normally, but you have to know that I attended a Catholic Boys High School and seeing a young woman my age was the equivalent of meeting Madonna. Not The Blessed Virgin Madonna, the other one that we all know much too much. The explicit Madonna, or should I say the expletive Madonna!

After two or three days of wandering hither and yon on the Island with Michel and his two sisters, I started to feel quite at home in Canada. I explored french fries with white vinegar, heard Canadian songs, watched Canadian television and was mildly disappointed when my sister Maddy showed up. I had been the center of focus for a few days and now I had to share that with my sister. Not long after my sister showed up though, Aunt Grace started slipping quickly.

Little did we know at the beginning of the trip, Aunt Grace had a hidden agenda. She was coming home to die. The whole trip had been an ordeal but that was not why she was slipping. She wanted to die on Canadian soil. That’s why it was such a long trip for her. She was afraid she might die in New Hampshire, in some small town in the middle of nowhere, with no relatives nearby, in some municipal hospital where all the nurses spoke English. That was not in her game plan. She wanted a proper Mass in a French Canadian parish with a French Priest that would administer her last rights and send her off to the French Quarter in Heaven, with her French relatives saying French prayers.

Aunt Grace lived a good life, and died on her terms. Ray saw to that. He was all the family she needed at the end. He fulfilled his duty took her home and laid her to rest. She took her last breath on July 9th, 1962 and was buried at Mont Carmel, Kamouraska. She lived 80 years and one month.


La France en Amérique du Nord

par

JACQUELINE CHAMBERLAND BLESSO

Paterson, NJ

Posez la question à vos amis bien voyagés: quel est le seul endroit en Amérique du nord où l’Euro est la monnaie officielle et qui abrite des lamas, des chevaux sauvages et des ânes nains? Polynésie Française, Wallis-et-Futuna, Nouvelle-Calédonie...voilà les départements et territoires français qui m’appelaient de la carte du monde illustrée dans la couverture des textes quand j’enseignais le français aux étudiants universitaires. Je veux tous les voir. Ayant déjà visité la Martinique, la Guadeloupe et St. Martin, mon mari et moi, en 2005, nous nous sommes dirigés vers le nord au refuge basquais et acadiens de Saint-Pierre-et-Miquelon (SPM), un archipel (Langlade est coincé entre les deux autres îles), à une heure de Terre-Neuve par traversier. On parle à l’accent métropolitain en quelques jours

Pourquoi y aller?
Excellent cuisine
Nongâché – pas de McDo
On peut voir la plupart de l’archipel en quelques jours
Pas envahi de touristes – pour le voyageur critique
Des gens obligeants
On parle français (pour les Francophones et Francophiles)

An all-day excursion of the archipelago is a must. A man of many talents, Janot, our owner-operator-guide, greeted us on his ferry and took us to his restaurant on Langlade for breakfast. Rugged and sauntering in his boots, he reminded me of John Wayne with a French accent instead of a drawl. After breakfast, we boarded his bus where he carried on a running commentary alternately in French and English while he drove through Langlade, the most pristine of the islands. The west side is wildest and most deserted as the waves come crashing in. “Wild” horses roaming the meadows are tame enough to be approached and petted. We were told that nobody claims them, but if you took one away, someone would notice. The Saint-Pierrais come to Langlade in the summer to their second homes and campgrounds. After lunch at Janot’s, with him whistling to “La Vie en Rose” and “La Mer” playing on his CD, the bus took us to Miquelon which is flatter and home to 700 people. Evidence of shipwrecks from

French in North America

by

JACQUELINE CHAMBERLAND BLESSO

Try this bit of trivia on your well-traveled friends: name the only place in North America where the official currency is the Euro and is home to llamas, wild horses and miniature donkeys.

Polynésie Française, Wallis-et-Futuna, Nouvelle-Calédonie...were among the French overseas départements and territoires beckoning from the world map in the inside front cover of textbooks when I was teaching French to university students. My goal is to see them all. Having already traveled to Martinique, Guadeloupe and St. Martin, my husband and I, in 2005, headed north to the Basque and Acadian refuge of Saint-Pierre-et-Miquelon (SPM), an archipelago (also including the middle island of Langlade) lying a mere one-hour ferry ride from Newfoundland. Metropolitan French is spoken in this last remaining French territory in North America (6,000 population). Emerging from customs in Saint-Pierre (S-P) into the music and color of children on a Merry-go-round in Place du Général de Gaulle, on a marché à notre hôtel parmi de petites maisons de toutes colorations imaginables, moulurées en contraste, et nichées contre le rocher. Les marins les ont peintes comme ça au début du dernier siècle pour déceler la leur en approchant le port. Les entrées des maisons sont entourées de tambours pour tempérer le vent du nord en hiver.

Why go there?
Excellent cuisine
Unspoiled – no fast-food restaurants
Not swarming with tourists – for the discriminating traveler
Helpful people
French spoken (for Francophones and Francophiles)
de tous les âges partout, ainsi que celui qui a aidé à former l’îsthme entre Langlade et Miquelon. Des ânes nains ont approché à l’arrêt du bus. Mais, je me croyais au Pérou quand j’ai vu des lamas – les restes de l’abandon d’un poste de quarantaine il y a plusieurs années – broutant dans une arrière-cour sur la rue principale. À l’artisanat dans le village, on a acheté des confitures et des liqueurs exotiques confectionnés de plaquebières, de quatre-temps et de graines, des baies nordiques. L’église, d’une architecture simple et locale, est proportionné parfaitement pour le petit village. Le plafond, construit de planches étroites, ressemble à un fond de navire démontrant la vie marine.


Un bateau nous a conduit à l’Île aux Marins, près de la côte de S-P, où 800 personnes vivaient de la pêche morutière dans les années 1900 – les hommes allaient en mer et les femmes surveillaient les graves (des champs de roches où on sechait la morue). De jeunes Bretons ont immigrés pour travailler dans le séchage. Si on voulait bavarder et savoir les nouvelles, on allait avec les voisines faire la lessive au lavoir, nourri par un ruisseau et divisé en deux bassins (un pour laver et l’autre pour rinser). La pêche déclina et les efforts pour amener l’électricité à l’île furent contrariés après

(Continued on page 20)

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Our next sortie to the French territories will involve having to choose amongst Guyane, Mayotte, Réunion…

**Where to stay:** Our hotel room at the Île de France was comfortable with a small refrigerator and an adequate bathroom at 88€ for a double including continental breakfast. Although the Canadian shore is only a few miles away, a converter is needed to connect your hair dryer to the European 220 volts. Travel friends told us they were pleased with their B & B, Chez Hélène, at 45€ double sharing bathrooms with other guests. Their hostess was a trove of information on where to go, which tours to take, and about Island personalities.

**Where to eat:** Over a dinner of Miquelon goose foie gras, jambon du pays, basil coquilites and raviolis in a chevre sauce at the brasserie in our hotel, our host Fabrice explained that the seafood is local and wild. We also dined at La Voilerie (scallops en brochette, cod with blueberry sauce, escargots, etc.) for under 100€ for four of us. At Le Cabestan, specializing in Basque cuisine, the 27€ menu included soupe aux poivrons and shrimp in garlic sauce as appetizers, veal stew and cod, followed by chocolate ganache and crème brulée with
brulée avec sirop d’érable pour dessert. Au Maringouins, on peut commander des mets plus léger et des plats à emporter – fruits de mer, galettes, hamburgers et crêpes au chocolat. De la soupe à l’oignon, des salades et de la pizza figurent sur le menu de Feu de braises. La danse et les chants basques nous ont attirés au rez-de-chaussée. Plusieurs autres bars et discos animeront votre vie nocturne. Pour un snack, un cornet de crème glacée aux pistaches sur la Place est un excellent choix. On peut aussi y faire un pique-nique avec un panini quatre-fromages de la boulangerie. Des saucisses, des fruits et du fromage – tous importés – sont disponibles au seul supermarché de S-P.

Autres informations: Pour les athlètes, il y a l’équitation, le vélo et la voile. On a grimpé sur la colline pour une superbe vue de S-P et du port. Vous aurez besoin de vous promener pour trouver les petites boutiques éparpillées à travers S-P qui vendent de l’artisanat et des cadeaux. Le Musée Héritage et le Musée Arche (oui, il ressemble à l’Arche de Noé) vous renseigneront sur l’histoire. On s’intéresse à préserver l’architecture et les éléments historiques dans l’archipel. L’excursion de Janot (50€) quitte le port à 8h00. Bien que l’Euro soit la monnaie officielle, les dollars américains et canadiens sont toujours bienvenus. Les ATMs sont disponibles et les cartes de crédit sont utilisées partout. Vol directe de Montréal, de Halifax et Sydney, Nouvelle-Écosse, de Moncton, Nouveau-Brunswick et de St. John’s, Terre-Neuve à l’aéroport tout neuf de Saint-Pierre. On a choisi le vol à St. John’s pour passer quelques jours à Terre-Neuve et faire le trajet de quatre heures en voiture au traversier (85.00CD) à Fortune, qui est arrivé à S-P à 13h30 (aussi à 7h00). Pour citoyens américains il faut présenter un passeport. L’heure SPM est deux heures avant New York, et une demi-heure avant Terre-Neuve. Vous pouvez utiliser un cellulaire, mais le signal est souvent faible. Une carte France Telecom pour utiliser dans la cabine téléphonique résoudra le problème. L’Office de Tourisme est à 011 508 05 08 41 02 00.

On peut joindre Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso à jline59@earthlink.net

Visitor Information: For the athletically inclined, there is horseback riding, biking and sailing. We hiked up the hill for a great view of S-P and the harbor. Small boutiques selling crafts and gifts to take home will also keep you walking, if you want to shop. The Heritage Museum and Musée Arche (yes it is shaped like an Arc) will acquaint you with the history. There is increasing interest in preserving the architecture and historic elements of the archipelago. Janot’s tour (50€) leaves at 8:00 A.M. Although the Euro is the official currency, American and Canadian dollars are readily accepted. ATMs are available and credit cards are widely used. You can fly directly from Montreal, Halifax and Sydney NS, Moncton NB and St. John’s, NF to the brand new Saint-Pierre airport. We chose to fly to St. John’s so we could spend a few days in Newfoundland and leisurely drive the four hours to the ferry (50.00CD) in Fortune, arriving in S-P at 1:30 P.M. (also at 7:00 A.M.). Passports are required for U.S. citizens. SPM time is two hours ahead of New York time, and 1/2-hour ahead of Newfoundland time. Your cell phone will work; but there are dead areas. A France Telecom phone card to use in the phone booths will solve the signal problem. The Tourist Office can be reached at 011 508 05 08 41 02 00. Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso may be reached at jline59@earthlink.net

Force Basque: weight Hoist.

More photos on page 22...
Plus de photos sur la page 22...
La SHFA a un nouveau bureau des directeurs

Par Albert J. Marceau de Newington, CT


La dernière conférence a été conduit par la SHFA a été tenu le samedi 24 juin 2000 dans le Museum of Work and Culture dans Woonsocket, R.I., et le conférencier était Prof. Emeritus Robert LeBlanc de l’University of New Hampshire. Son sujet était l’histoire des emigrations acadiennes de 18ième à 20ième Siecles. (Prof. LeBlanc a été tué l’année suivante le mardi 11 septembre 2001 parce qu’il fut un passager sur le vol No. 175 d’United Airlines de Boston a été détourné et est été rentrée dans la Tour du Sud des Tours Jumelles en la Ville de New York.) La conference antérieure a été tenu samedi le 30 octobre 1999 dans la salon Mar-

(suite page 23)
Nouvelles du Vermont!

Les francophones dans notre région ont très bien terminé 2008. Il y a maintenant 5 groupes de conversation, tous actifs. Trois à Burlington: PauseCafé, le plus ancien, qui réunit le mardi à six heures à la librairie Borders sur Church Street. Un nouveau groupe se retrouve le jeudi à midi. Téléphonez à Henri au 899-3349.

Le groupe le plus récent, se réunit le dimanche à midi à la Fletcher Library. Plus, au sud, deux groupes: Les Boulangiers, le premier samedi à 10 heures à Bristol, les trois autres dans un petit café sur la place centrale de Middlebury. Et le groupe de Brandon, à la librairie, le samedi à 9 h 30. A l’Alliance française de Burlington, sous la direction de sa nouvelle présidente, Linda Pervier: plusieurs cours de français cet automne et beaucoup de projets pour 2009. C’est en 1609 que Champlain, parti de Québec, arrive à un grand lac qui portera son nom! Le Vermont prépare toutes sortes d’événements pour fêter ce 400ème anniversaire! Le Festival Héritage de Vergennes compte participer aux réjouissances en juillet. Les Boulangiers et le groupe de Brandon comptent inviter le public à chanter avec eux!

préparées par Simon Barenbaum

(La SHF a un nouveau bureau des directeurs suite de page 22)

Maine lawmaker wants French history taught

The Saint John Valley has the opportunity to host the 2014 World Acadian Congress with its international partners, northwestern New Brunswick and the Témiscouata Region of Quebec.

The Maine Acadian Heritage Council represents the Franco-American/Acadian community of the upper St. John Valley. Members of its board include historical and cultural organizations, municipalities of the area, the University of Maine system, Chambers of Commerce, the National Park Service, the Maine bureau of Parks and Lands, Susan Collins, Olympia Snowe, and Mike Michaud.

The first World Acadian Congress was held in Moncton in 1994. Acadians, whose population is over 4,000,000 in the world, have been assembling every five years since. The 1999 congress in Louisiana drew 300,000 people. In 2009 the congress will be held in the Acadian Peninsula or the northeastern section of New Brunswick. Organizers await over 50,000 attendees. (Visit their website at [http://www.cma2009.ca](http://www.cma2009.ca).) Should the international St. John Valley be chosen to host the 2014 congress, we can expect the same number or more.

The world congress reaches beyond the original French identity to embrace Acadian culture, French, English, and Cajun languages and heritage, and provides an opportunity for family reunions the likes of which have never been seen in this area.

At the 2005 reunion, over 120 families met. Imagine meeting your cousins from Lafayette, La or Béarne, France! The month-long event also highlights cultural activities, museum exhibits, historical tours, live music and entertainment, in addition to international conferences.

In order for the St. John Valley to be recognized as a strong contender, it has to provide reliable figures of donations intended for this event. An official candidacy proposal along with the projected monetary investment will be sent to La Société Nationale de l’Acadie in New Brunswick before March 30, 2009. The SNA’s selection will be based on the candidate’s financial ability and willingness to bring to fruition an event of this magnitude.

Three other regions have submitted their letter of intent and will be in competition with the St. John Valley; Louisiana, and Québec City. In June, 2009, the SNA’s evaluation committee will tour each region to assess the accommodation and hosting capacity of each the region, focusing on major event venues, the proposed facilities, and the human and financial re-source potential of the region.

(Continued on page 25)
Massenet’s *Marie Magdeleine* to be performed in the Collins Center on April 26, 3 PM

The University of Maine became the depository and caretaker of the archive collection of Massenet scores previously held by the American branch of the Massenet Society in 1996. As part of the arrangement with the Society, the University committed to a series of annual concerts featuring French music and especially the works of Jules Massenet. The first of these concerts was a performance of the master’s oratorio *Éve* presented by the University of Maine Oratorio Society and University Orchestra in St. John’s Catholic Church in Bangor on January 24, 1996. This gala performance of *Marie Magdeleine*, featuring over 200 performers, will officially mark the end of the University’s series of French music concerts, book ending the entire series with his two great oratorios.

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Extract from a letter that the President of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, wrote to the Prime minister of Canada, Lyon Mackenzie-King, on the 18th of May 1942.

When I was a boy in the «nineties», I used to see many...French Canadians who had rather recently come into the New Bedford area, near the old Delano place, at Fair Haven. They seemed very much out of place in what was still an old New England community. They segregated themselves in the mill towns and had little to do with their neighbours. I can still remember that the old generation shook their heads and used to say, «this is a new element which will never be assimilated. We are assimilating the Irish but these Quebec people won’t even speak English. Their bodies are here, but their hearts and minds are in Quebec». Today, forty or fifty years later, the French-Canadian elements in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island are at last becoming a part of the American melting pot. They no longer vote as their churches and their societies tell them to. They are inter-marrying with the original Anglo Saxon stock; they are good, peaceful citizens, and most of them are speaking English in their homes.

All of this leads me to wonder whether, by some sort of planning, Canada and the United States, working toward the same end, cannot do some planning - perhaps unwritten planning which would not even be a public policy - by which we can hasten the objective of assimilating the New England French Canadians and Canada’s French Canadians into the whole of our respective bodies politic. There are of course, many methods of doing this, which depend on local circumstances. Wider opportunities can perhaps be given to them in other parts of Canada and the U.S.; and at the same time, certain opportunities can probably be given to non French Canadian stock to mingle more greatly with them in their own centers.

In other words, after nearly two hundred years with you and after seventy-five years with us, there would seem to be no good reason for great differentials between the French population elements and the rest of the racial stocks.

La Mi-Carême, an Acadian Fable

I love nature. I hide in the forest where my home is under a big tree. The door to my home is between two big tree roots. When the wind blows the ground of my home sways. When I am in there on windy days I feel like I am in a rocking chair. At night my bed feels like a hammock rocking me to sleep. In the morning the birds and the forest animals are so busy singing and talking to each other that the sounds of nature are like a shopping mall. Each living thing goes shopping for the things they need for the day. Some work hard to store food which may become a new tree if left untouched, because it will take root. That is why the forest is always growing and being fed by the busy life of the forest. Birds, worms and many other things that are not seen by the naked eye are forever working in the forest.

I love to live here because we are all friends helping each other. They love me very and I love them. I make them sweet treats for their use during the winter months because in winter sweet treats are hard to find. In summer the flowers have nectar from which bees make honey and the sap of the trees is sweet in order to make maple syrup. Many things are sweet in spring and summer, that’s why bees store honey for when flowers are gone and it’s cold outside. La mi-carême always has sweethearts which she gathered. Apples, many fruits and berries (like blueberries), honey and maple syrup, she knows them all!

La mi-carême always tries to hide. But one day long, long ago a little Mi’kmaq boy came to a brook to get water for his mother. He surprised me and said in his native tongue, “Oh, who are you?” La mi-carêmé spoke to him in a bird song, he loved it and remembered it. He went home and sang it for his mother; she loved it too and learned it.

When mid-winter comes, La mi-carême goes out to meet the children and learns about the happy life of a child. The children sounded like birds to me until I was taught by Acadian children how to speak French. I didn’t know how to speak French because I was always surrounded by the life and sounds of the forest. There was a time when I only knew the songs of the birds, of the bees, of the rabbits, of the leaves on trees, of the rushing water and of the cold winters snipping the trees.

Where I live is a big secret because if people knew they would make paths to my home and spoil the natural forest where I
nourishing nature. We are all one big family and we need and love each other. We learn when we are very young how to take care of our forest which is our home.

Every night, before we go to bed, we have a singsong and have one in the morning as well. It is our way of thanking God for all the bounty He gave us. If someone comes to hurt our babies we all gather and fight hard to save them. If a tree is broken or cut we can hear it crying for many days before it heals. We are all one big family and we need and love each other. Some of our biggest parties are in the springtime when we fall in love and make ourselves a little home and have a little family. Every day when I walk in the forest the animals are all over me and around me and we have a good time. If there is a problem, I try to help. Sometimes, it is a broken wing or paw, but other times my friends in the forest need water. So many times my friends in the forest need water. Some of our biggest parties are in the springtime when we fall in love and make ourselves a little home and have a little family. Every day when I walk in the forest the animals are all over me and around me and we have a good time. If there is a problem, I try to help. Some of our biggest parties are in the springtime when we fall in love and make ourselves a little home and have a little family. Every day when I walk in the forest the animals are all over me and around me and we have a good time. If there is a problem, I try to help. We have so much fun helping each other.

The other day I went to a French school, we all sat in a circle and the children asked many questions about butterflies, bees, birds, insects, and snakes. I enjoyed telling them and showing them how I sing with the birds: “tweet, tweet, tweet”. I told them about my winter parties in the forest and all the food we had. The squirrels brought nuts, the birds frozen berries which I cooked with honey and maple syrup, a wolf gave a rabbit he had killed, the deer gave a duck a hunter had shot. We had roots from plants the beaver had dug up. I have a fire pit dug deep in the forest where I do all my cooking and where I heat my home on cold days. It is well hidden. My smoke pipe is a big, big tree and the smoke comes out at the top. All the twigs have a little hole where little bits of smoke come out so no one can notice. On cold nights many birds will sleep near the fire pit because they are warmed by the fire. Many animals shed their fur and the birds, squirrels, mice and snakes make a warm nest with the fur for their babies who are born without feathers and are cold when they are young. Sometimes the Mi’kmaq come to the forest for birch bark to make their canoes.

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(La Mi-Carème, une fable acadienne suite de page 26)

nourishing nature. We are all one big family and we need and love each other. Tout est vie dans la forêt; j’espère qu’ils ne couperont jamais les arbres où je vis. Où irions-nous? S’il vous plaît, prenez garde à la forêt; nous aimons nos chez-nous aussi et tous ces lieux où nous « faisons des achats ». Nous avons autant de choses que vous dans vos centres commerciaux. Seule différence, nos choses sont naturelles! Nos maisons sont faites de mousse, de poils, de plumes, d’argile, de brins de bois, de feuilles et de toiles d’araignée... Nous faisons nos propres cire d’abeille, notre miel et notre sirop d’érable. Nous travaillons toute la journée et nous avons tous notre besogne à faire. Nous apprenons très jeune comment soigner notre forêt qui est notre chez-nous.

Tous les soirs avant de nous coucher, nous chantons tous ensemble et aussi le matin. C’est notre façon à nous de remercier Dieu pour toutes les bontés qu’Il nous donne. Si quelqu’un vient faire mal à nos enfants, nous nous rassemblons et nous luttons pour leur épargner le malheur. Si un arbre est brisé ou coupé, nous pouvons l’entendre pleurer pendant longtemps jusqu’au moment qu’il guérisse. Nous faisons nos propres cire d’abeille, notre miel et notre sirop d’érable. Nous travaillons toute la journée et nous avons tous notre besogne à faire. Nous apprenons très jeune comment soigner notre forêt qui est notre chez-nous.

(La Mi-Carème, an Acadian Fable continued from page 26)

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*(Continued on page 28)*
Le Forum

(Le Mi-Carême, une fable acadienne suite de page 27) pour faire leurs canoës. Quand un canoë est terminé c’est très beau à voir. Ça flotte sur l’eau et la famille va pêcher pour de la nourriture. Les Mi’kmag font de très belles flèches pour la chasse; ils ont de très bons chasseurs. En hiver, ils vont chasser le chevreuil, l’original, les outardes et les canards et ils partagent tout avec les anciens et les jeunes de la tribu, ceux qui ne peuvent pas aller chasser pour leur nourriture. De temps à autre, les anciens gardent les petits alors que maman et papa s’occupent à aller trouver de la nourriture.

J’ai beaucoup de choses à porter sur moi. En hiver, quand tout est blanc, mes vêtements sont faits avec de l’écorce de bouleau. Si la neige fond, alors je porte des vêtements en écorce de prunus (épinette); c’est foncé comme une forêt sans neige. Au printemps, je porte de la mousse de fougère ou d’arbre alors qu’en été mes vêtements sont faits de très belles feuilles vertes. Et en automne, c’est encore plus beau parce que toutes les couleurs de l’arc-en-ciel sont présentes dans la nature : le violet, le rouge, l’orange, le jaune, le vert, le bleu... Ah! C’est tellement plaisant!

Il faut aussi dire qu’en automne, je suis libre de jouer et d’aller à plusieurs endroits pour chercher toutes les gâteaux pour l’hiver. Maintes couleurs me tiennent hors de vue. Le bruit du vent, les feuilles tombantes, le froissement des feuilles sur le sol de la forêt; tout me dissimule et fait en sorte que je ne suis pas vue ni entendue. L’automne c’est quand nous changeons tous de couleurs. Les arbres deviennent foncés. Les oiseaux deviennent foncés eux aussi alors que les lapins tournent blanc comme de la neige. Les animaux à fourrure arborent un nouveau gros manteau de fourrure et il y a des oiseaux qui s’envolent vers le sud où il fait toujours chaud.

Un printemps, un oiseau est venu de la Louisiane et m’a dit qu’il avait rencontré le mi-carême cet hiver-là; elle était malheureuse, à cause de trop de gens, et puisque la forêt était marécageuse, c’était dangereux surtout à cause des alligators et des gros serpents; il faisait très chaud et c’était toujours l’été. Elle en avait marre de toujours porter la même mousse toute l’année longue. Un oiseau a donc demandé à la mi-carême acadienne de l’Île-du-Prince-Édouard si elle aimerait un autre mi-carême pour de la compagnie. Elle répondit qu’on devait aller au Nouveau-Brunswick parce qu’il y a plusieurs Acadiens là-bas et il y en a qui n’ont pas de mi-carême. Elle aurait beaucoup de couleurs à porter comme vêtements comme moi. De l’autre côté du détroit, une mi-carême pourrait même arbitrer en hiver un manteau fait en fourrure d’ours ou d’original ou de chevreuil alors elle pourrait avoir davantage de vêtements.

À vrai dire, une mi-carême de l’autre côté du détroit serait très heureuse parmi les Acadiens. Parfois, en hiver quand l’eau est gelée, on pourrait se rendre visite et j’aurais toutes les nouvelles au sujet de la mi-carême au Nouveau-Brunswick et j’apprécierais la signification du chant des oiseaux ainsi que de la façon que les Acadiens parlent français là-bas. Ce serait bien d’apprendre le français acadien du Nouveau-Brunswick et elle pourrait m’enseigner un chant d’oiseau de la Louisiane. À mon tour, je pourrais apprendre à parler aux enfants puisqu’elle n’a pas vu d’enfants dans les marécages.

Il y a plusieurs années de cela, les Acadiens furent envoyés de l’Île-du-Prince-Édouard et plus tard plusieurs choisirent d’aller en Louisiane. La mi-carême les suivit et se sentit bien seule. Elle ne s’est jamais habituée là-bas à la nourriture et aux insectes alors elle aimerait retourner à son Acadie à elle.

- Anita Chiasson

(Le Mi-Carême, une fable acadienne suite de page 27)

nos. When a canoe is finished it is very beautiful. It floats on the water and the families go fishing for food. They make beautiful arrows for hunting, they are very good hunters. In winter they go hunting for deer, moose, geese and ducks which they share with their elders and young who cannot go hunting for food. Ever so often the elders take care of the children while mom and dad go hunting for food.

I have many things to wear. In winter when all is white, my clothes are made of birch bark. If the snow melts away then I wear spruce bark clothing which is dark like the forest with no snow. In spring I wear fern and tree moss clothing, while in summer my clothes are made of leaves in beautiful green. In the fall my clothes are most beautiful because all the colours of the rainbow in nature are present: purple, red, orange, green, blue. Oh! It is so much fun!

Also in the fall, I have the freedom to play and go many places to get sweet treats for winter. The many colours keep me out of sight. The noise of the wind, the falling leaves, the crushing of leaves on the forest floor all hide me and make it easy for me to not be seen or heard. Fall is when we all change colours, trees become dark, birds get darker and rabbits turn white like the snow. Furry animals get a big, new winter fur coat, and some birds fly south where it is always warm.

One spring a bird came from Louisiana and told me he met a mi-carême that winter. She was unhappy because there were so many people and the forest was in swamps where it was dangerous because of alligators and big snakes and it is always hot and always summer. She was also fed up with wearing the same moss clothes all year. So the bird asked la mi-carême of PEI if she would like another mi-carême for company. She said she would like to New Brunswick because there are many Acadians there and some don’t have a mi-carême. She would have many colours to wear just like I do. Across the straight a mi-carême could even wear a bear coat or a moose coat or a deer coat in winter so she could have even more clothes.

As a matter of fact, a mi-carême across the strait would be very happy among the Acadians. Some winters when the waters are frozen we could visit each other and I could get all the news about la mi-carême in New Brunswick and get to know the meaning of the songs of the birds and the way the Acadians speak French over there. It would be enjoyable to learn New Brunswick French and she could teach me a bird song from Louisiana. I could teach her to speak to the children since she didn’t see any children in the swamps.

Many, many years ago the Acadians were sent away from PEI and went to Louisiana. La mi-carême went with them and became very lonely. She never got used to the food and insects so she would like to return to her Acadie.

Anita Chiasson
Everyone in the family was involved in a variety of activities. Frequently, we experienced mishaps, accidents, sickness, and disappointments. Mom’s brother, Uncle Ted, came to visit us when Doris was born in June of 1918. He came in his new car.

“Uncle Ted, we want a ride in your big car.”

“All right. Come in and sit down.”

Claire, who was only two years old, sat on the dashboard unnoticed by everyone. As Uncle Ted turned around in the yard, Claire fell down, and the car went over her leg. Dad quickly ran to pick her up, and Mom hearing the cries got out of bed to see what happened. In those days Mothers usually stayed in bed at least five or six days after the birth of a baby, but Mom forgot herself when she heard the cries of her little girl.

The winter of 1918 was a year of the flu. Our neighbor contacted Dr. Phaneuf in Somerset to tell him that Mom and Dad were sick. He came to our house wearing a long fur coat. We, the children, were frightened when we saw the tall fur man. After the doctor examined Mom and Dad, he said that they had the flu. He told them that they had to stay in bed, and take the medicine he prescribed. We were too young to realize the seriousness of the situation. God is good to have spared our parents. Hundreds of thousands of people died of this influenza throughout the world.

One summer evening Dad and the boys came in late after their long hours of field work. As dad was unharnessing the horses, he called out, “Ella, will you milk another cow? We are quite late tonight.” Although I was only ten years old, and usually milked the same three cows, I agreed to milk one more cow. I had never milked this one, but I sat down and proceeded as usual. Suddenly, the cow kicked, spilled the milk, and knocked me down. Dad heard the cries and ran to pick me up. The cow had kicked me in the face and legs, and I was bleeding.

Dad and Mom took me to Dr. Eply in New Richmond. I had broke my nose, a deep gash under my right eye, broken blood vessels in my eye, and deep cuts in my legs from the sharp kicks. The next day Dad sold that cow.

Although there are a variety of animals on the farm, our three year-old sister, Mae, was frightened of them. One time she followed us to the hayloft where there was a trap door from which hay was pitched down. Whoever used it last forgot to close the trap. Over the opening hay covered it. Mae fell down between two rows of cows! Besides being terribly frightened, she broke her arm, and her dear of animals only increased.

During another summer, Dad, Delore, and Andrew were hauling hay while Mom, Claire and I were milking. Mom told me to keep an eye on Rita who was only three years old. Dad brought in load of hay, which was to be unloaded by using a huge clamp fork connected to a rope and pulley. Andrew drove the horse, which pulled the rope and lifted the hay unto the loft where Delore received it. Rita went to the hay barn unnoticed by me. She took hold of the rope with her left hand as the rose started to go. Her small hand was caught in the pulley and torn. She yelled and cried. Andrew heard her and backed up the horse to free her hand from the grasp of the pulley. Dad jumped down from the hay load and held his little girl in his arms. The doctor said that half a minute more and Rita would have lost her hand.

Dad asked him to join in our search for Delore who had gone hunting, but had not returned. They left in the dark of the night. Delore walked in the house, oblivious of our worries. When Dad and Herman came in later that night, they were relieved to see that the young hunter was safely home.

Dad needed sand to make cement. He decided to dig a nine foot hole in a slanted area behind the barn where the soil was sandy. The Ford was parked close by. For no reason, Delore pushed the car, and it started to move toward the dug out where it landed. He was so frightened that he disappeared for a few hours. Dad got help and the car was hoisted onto level ground. Delore came out of his hiding place, relieved that the car was not damaged.

There was a lot of excitement when gifts were opened on Christmas morning. Delore who was 12 years old, couldn’t wait to open his gift. The wrapping flew here (Continued on page 32)
Sanford’s
Mr. Baseball

by/par
Yves Chartrand
(Ottawa, Ontario)

Part 2 - Almost a century of running around the diamond

When he died in 1972, Frederick Alfred Parent was known to be the last surviving Boston player from the first World Series in 1903. But that’s not for this only baseball story that people in Sanford remembered him for so long and ended up naming him Mr. Baseball.

His involvement in the national pastime was so legendary, whether in his native state of Maine or obviously outside, that in 1969, he was part of the first group of inductees in the Maine Baseball Hall of Fame. Also honored that evening was slugger Adelphia (Del) Bicolonette from Winthrop. Unfortunately, both men would end up dying the same year.

Born in Biddeford on November 25, 1875, Mr. Parent was the son of French-Canadian immigrants. His family eventually moved to Sanford. As a teenager, he quit school for a job, then took another job in Sanford. He started playing amateur ball for Sanford and also around New England. For example, he is believed to have played for Portland’s 1896 team in the New England League.

In 1898, he started making a name for himself with New Haven in the Connecticut League. In July of 1899, he got a break when St. Louis of the National League was looking for players. However, he sprained an ankle after two games at second base and was back with New Haven, where he finished the 1899 season hitting .349. In 1900, he played this time for New Haven in the Connecticut League. In July of 1899, he got a chance to play for Portland’s Eastern League. In 1900, he played for New Haven in the Eastern League. He was let go in 1901, he signed with Boston on March 25, 1901, and ended up naming him Mr. Baseball.

Unfortunately, the 1905 and 1906 seasons were not so great at the plate. His average dipped to .234 (153 games) and .235 (149 games). Before the 1907 season, Boston wanted to cut his reported salary of over $4,000. Mr. Parent held out for a while, but lost his regular job at shortstop in the process. That year, he was actually used at four positions, playing more games in the outfield than at shortstop. Even though he was hit on the head and wore a batting helmet, he was able to raise his batting average to .276.

Boston figured his presence was no longer required because on October 13, he was traded to the Chicago White Sox as part of a deal also involving the New York Highlanders. In 1908, he was used at short for 118 games, but his batting average fell to .207. In 1909, he bounced back to .261, playing 98 games as a shortstop and 38 in the outfield.

1910 was a miserable year. He took part in 81 games, 62 of those in the outfield. At .178, his hitting became awful. After playing three games in 1911, his contract was sold to the Baltimore Orioles of the Eastern League, in which he had last played in 1900.

Mr. Parent showed that at the age of 35, he was not finished with baseball yet. Playing at three different positions in a total of 121 games, he hit .265. In 1912, with the team now in what is known as the International League, he became Baltimore’s regular second baseman, hitting .306 in 149 games. The following year, he didn’t play as much, but still managed to hit .268.

In 1914, he was used in 108 games, 90 of those at shortstop, and managed to hit .280. It’s during that year that, aside from the 1903 World Series, Mr. Parent claimed to have made his biggest impact on baseball. Baltimore had signed a young pitcher by the name of George Herman Ruth. But the team ran into money trouble because of the presence of another Baltimore team. The Terrapins were playing in the newly-formed Federal League, which was trying to compete with the two existing major leagues. Back on March 10, Oriole manager Jack Dunn had admitted that Parent could have jumped to the Terrapins.

In July, the Orioles offered to sell the Babe to the Boston Red Sox. Their manager, Bill Carrigan, a Maine native, is reported to have listened to Mr. Parent’s advice to take the deal on the young pitcher. While the Bambino helped right away Boston to championships for years, Mr. Parent, now close to 40, was released by Baltimore in the Spring of 1915, but remained in the International League. He signed with Toronto in June, playing 22 games in about a month before being released. He returned to organized baseball in 1918 as player-manager of Springfield in the Eastern League. In 1919, he was hired as player-manager of the Lewiston team in New England League. He was let go in July when the team wanted to cut his salary.

In the 1920’s, he was a baseball coach at Colby College and at Harvard University. In 1927, he returned to the New England League to manage the team in Lawrence. For several years, he was also player-manager of the Goodall Textiles team. When Mr. Parent was honored with a special day at Goodall Park in Sanford on August 24, 1947, many recalled the time when he was the field captain of one of the best teams in the state about 30 years earlier. His last venture in organized baseball was as manager of the Lisbon Falls team in 1937. The year before, he was awarded a lifetime pass by both major leagues for his services.

In addition to baseball, Mr. Parent was known in Sanford for the gas station he owned for many years. That enabled him to advertise in a 1943 special section of the French newspaper La Justice celebrating the 50th anniversary of St. Ignatius Parish. In the Spring of 1946, he retired from the business shortly before celebrating his 50th wedding anniversary with wife Fidelia Laflamme. Herself the operator of a woman’s apparel shop, the Québéco-born died in 1963. Their only son carried on with the father’s business after Mr. Parent retired. But Fred Jr. was in poor health by the mid-60’s and he died in 1975.

Until he reached his 90’s, Mr. Parent could be seen several times a week in the winter ice fishing. On the January night of his induction as a Maine baseball legend, he enjoyed himself by charming one and all... and even puffed on a cigar. Two years before his death on November 2, 1972, Mr. Parent, living at the Hillcrest Manor Nursing Home, was still alert enough to tell old baseball stories, such as to say that the best player he ever saw was Napoléon Lajoie, but also to take walks, go for automobile rides with his son, read the newspaper and watch sports on TV.
Monsieur baseball de Sanford

2e partie - Presqu’un siècle à courir autour du losange

Quand il est décédé en 1972, Frederick Alfred Parent était connu comme le dernier joueur survivant du Boston à avoir participé à la Série mondiale de 1903. Mais ce n’est pas pour cette seule histoire de baseball que les gens de Sanford se souvenaient de lui depuis longtemps et l’ont nommé M. Baseball.

Son implication dans le passe-temps national était si légendaire, que ce soit dans son état natal du Maine ou évidemment à l’extérieur, qu’en 1969, il a fait partie du premier groupe de personnes intronisées au Temple de la renommée du baseball du Maine. Le cogneur Adelphia (Del) Bissonnette de Winthrop a également été honoré ce soir-là. Malheureusement, les deux hommes ont fini par mourir la même année.

Né à Biddeford le 25 novembre 1875, M. Parent était un fils d’immigrants canadiens-français. Sa famille a éventuellement déménagé à Sanford. À l’adolescence, il a quitté l’école pour un emploi, puis a pris un autre emploi à Sanford. Il a commencé à jouer au baseball comme amuseur à Sanford et à travers la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Par exemple, on croit qu’il était en 1896 avec l’équipe de Portland de la Ligue de la Nouvelle-Angleterre.

En 1898, il a commencé à se faire un nom avec le New Haven de la Ligue du Connecticut. En juillet 1899, il a obtenu sa chance quand le St-Louis de la Ligue nationale était à la recherche de joueurs. Toutefois, il s’est blessé à la cheville après deux matchs au deuxième-but et est retourné à New Haven. Il a terminé la saison de 1899 en frappant pour 0,349. En 1900, il a joué cette fois à Providence de la Ligue Eastern. Suite à la création de la Ligue américaine en 1901, il a signé avec Boston le 4 mars pour devenir le premier arrière-court de la franchise. Pour l’équipe, ce fut toute une entente. À l’arrêt-court, M. Parent a joué 413 matchs d’affilée du 26 avril 1901 jusqu’au 25 septembre 1903. Il a frappé pour 0,306 durant sa saison recrue et a suivi avec une moyenne de 0,275 en 1902. Après sa saison régulière améliorée et sa performance extraordinaire à la Série mondiale de 1903, il a continué en 1904 avec une moyenne au bâton de 0,291 en 155 matchs, aidant Boston à remporter un autre championnat.

Malheureusement, les saisons de 1905 et de 1906 n’ont pas été aussi bonnes à la plaque. Sa moyenne a baissé à 0,234 (153 matchs) et 0,235 (149 joutes). Avant la saison de 1907, Boston a voulu couper son salaire estimé à plus de 4 000 $ S. M. Parent a fait la grève, mais a perdu son poste régulier d’arrêt-court en faisant cela. Cette année-là, il a été utilisé à quatre positions, jouant plus de matchs au champ extérieur qu’à l’arrêt-court. Même s’il a été attiré à la tête et a porté un casque protecteur, il a été capable de remonter sa moyenne à 0,276.

Boston a estimé que sa présence n’était plus requise parce que le 13 octobre, il a été échangé aux White Sox de Chicago dans le cadre d’une transaction impliquant aussi les New York Highlanders. En 1908, il a été utilisé comme arrière-court dans 118 joutes, mais sa moyenne au bâton a chuté à 0,207. En 1909, il est remonté à 0,261, jouant 98 matchs à l’arrêt-court et 38 au champ extérieur.

1910 a été une année médiocre. Il a participé à 81 rencontres, dont 62 comme voltigeur. Et à 0,178, son coup de bâton était affreux. Après avoir joué dans trois matchs en 1911, son contrat a été vendu aux Orioles de Baltimore de la Ligue Eastern, dans laquelle il avait joué pour la dernière fois en 1900.

M. Parent a démontré qu’à 35 ans, il n’en avait pas encore fini avec le baseball. Jouant à trois positions différentes pour un total de 121 rencontres, il a frappé pour 0,265. En 1912, avec la même équipe maintenant dans la Ligue internationale, il est devenu le deuxième-but régulier du Baltimore, frappant pour 0,306 en 149 matchs. L’année suivante, il n’a pas joué autant, mais il a tout même maintenu une moyenne de 0,268. En 1914, il a été utilisé durant 108 rencontres, dont 90 à l’arrêt-court, et a frappé pour 0,280.

C’est durant cette année, à part la Série mondiale de 1903, que M. Parent a affirmé avoir eu son plus grand impact sur le baseball. Baltimore avait signé un jeune lanceur du nom de George Herman Ruth. Mais l’équipe a eu des problèmes d’argent à cause de la présence d’une autre formation à Baltimore. Les Terrapins jouaient dans la Ligue fédérale nouvellement formée, qui essayait de faire compétition aux deux ligues majeures existantes. Le 10 mars dernier, le gérant des Orioles, Jack Dunn, avait admis que M. Parent aurait pu se retrouver avec les Terrapins.


Dans les années 1920, il a été un instructeur de baseball au Collège Colby et à l’Université Harvard. En 1927, il est retourné à la Ligue de la Nouvelle-Angleterre pour diriger l’équipe de Lawrence. Pendant plusieurs années, il a aussi été joueur-gérant de l’équipe Goodall Textiles. Quand M. Parent a été honoré lors d’une journée spéciale au parc Goodall de Sanford le 24 août 1947, plusieurs ont rappelé l’époque où il était capitaine sur le terrain d’une des meilleures formations de l’état 30 ans auparavant. Son dernier poste dans le baseball organisé a été celui de gérant de l’équipe de Lisbon Falls en 1937. L’année précédente, il avait reçu un abonnement à vie des deux ligues majeures pour services rendus.

En plus du baseball, M. Parent était connu à Sanford pour la station-service dont il a été le propriétaire pendant des années. Cela lui a permis d’annoncer dans une section spéciale du journal en français La Justice en 1943 pour célébrer le 50e anniversaire de la paroisse St-Ignace. Au printemps de 1946, il s’est retiré des affaires peu avant

(Suite page 32)
and there He opened the box to find a B-B
and Dad were really working over time. Delore did not see him. He pulled the trigger
and shot Urban right in the middle of his forehead. The doctor removed the bearing
and bandaged the wound. Delore felt badly about the accident. He was grateful that it
wasn’t worse. Dad put the gun back in the box, and returned it to the store the next day.
In the fall of 1930, Claire, our two cousins, Else and alma, and I went to St.
Joseph’s Academy in Crookston, Minnesota for the school year. Dad drove us there and returned all alone, driving 300 miles
back home. Claire and I looked forward to Mom’s weekly letters. She wrote very interesting letters, and gave us news of each
member of the family. But in the month of November the letters stopped coming. Claire and I worried that something was
wrong. At last, a letter came with bad news. Grandpa Beseau and Delore were grubbing in Jack’s Woods. Delore hooked
a chain around two trees that were growing together. As the trees started to move, they
crossed and one of them fell on Delore’s head. He fell unconscious while dear old
Grandpa went in haste to tell Dad about the accident. When Dad arrived, Delore had walked in a daze to the fence. Hastily, he
was rushed to high school wearing a turban. He was grateful that it wasn’t worse. Dad put the gun back in the box, and
returned it to the store the next day.
The other sad news in Mom’s letter was about another accident, which happened at Grandma Laventure’s farm. Andrew was
helping Uncle Phil with wood with a large circular saw. Everything was going along just fine. The saw was humming with the
usual crescendo of piercing sounds as the logs were cut. Gold sawdust accumulated on the ground. Piles of freshly cut wood
filled the air with a special aroma. Suddenly the saw uttered a wailing sound. Andrew’s fingers were too close to the saw. His thumb was completely cut off. His forefinger was almost severed. Uncle Phil gave Andrew first aid, and then rushed him to the doctor. His forefinger was sewn back on, and what was left of his thumb was bandaged. With the two older boys injured, and the two older girls away as school, Mom and Dad were really working over time.

Our home was quarantined because of scarlet fever in December of 1931. I contracted the fever first. One by one came
down with it except Dad, Delore, and Andrew. They went to live, one mile way, in Dulon’s old abandoned house. During the
entire month they were isolated from us. They managed to do their own cooking. Every morning and evening they came to
do the chores. Dad bought groceries for us, and left them on the back porch. Mom, Claire, and I filled the children’s stockings, which they had hung over on doorknobs. On Christmas morning Grandma Laventure came with gifts for us, which she left on the porch. She kissed each one of us through the windowpane. It was a cold kiss but it warmed our hearts. Dad and our brothers talked to us from outside and wished us a Merry Christmas. They made sure that we were warm enough by keeping the box on the porch filled with wood. Their loving concern for us made it easier for us to endure the separation and the sufferings, which our Lord was asking of us.
The first to recover was Claire and me. We went to live with Dad and the boys. Dulon’s house was scary – sort of haunted. Above the door in the dinning room was the tooth of Herman’s sisters! There was a squeaky rocking chair, which we heard from the bedroom. It scared us until we fell asleep. After several weeks of sickness and separation, everyone was well again, happy to be together and home.
The Maytag had to be cleaned after washing clothes. Unknown to me, Rita, my little sister, was playing near the machine. As I was cleaning it with a kettle of boiling
water, some of the hot water splashed down where Rita was, and burned her on the middle of her back. She cried and cried. I was upset and wanted to console her. I brought Rita upstairs to my room. Here on my bed, I displayed the prettiest holy cards I had. I told her, “Choose anything you want from my cherished collection.”
Separations in a loving, close-knit family are sad. It was in the summer of 1931 when Andrew suddenly decided to leave
after some misunderstanding with Dad. No amount of talking by Mom could change his mind. We all saw him walk away with a knapsack on his back, and disappear over the hills. All summer long we wondered where he was, and what he was doing. Was he sick? Did he have enough to eat? September came, and Andrew wasn’t back yet.

(Continued on page 33)
The Way of Love

Our family grew in love, support, and loyalty because Mom and Dad knew the value of prayer which they taught us. It is their spirit of faith which helped them carry on through trials, sickness, accidents. Each evening we gathered for prayer. We, the children, leaned on one knee, then on the other, but the rosary went on, followed by our parents’ French recitation of the Ten Commandments, the acts of faith, hope, and charity, a silent flashback of the day, and the Act of Contrition. It did not matter that we did not understand. What was important was the fact that we were together to praise God, and thank Him at the end of the day.

On Sunday mornings, we took turns to stay with the younger children while the others went to Mass. Whoever was to care for the young ones was united to the rest of the family and to the sacrifice of the Mass by reciting the rosary and other prayers.

As we did not attend a Catholic school, we stayed after Mass for almost an hour when the Sisters taught us catechism. There were three groups located in different parts of the church.

Sister Regina, sister Rose, and others who taught us were very kind. They made the hour very interesting. We laughed, learned, and back home shared with the family.

No cold weather stopped us from going to Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. Dad covered the sleigh with hay, and Mom heated bricks to keep our feet warm. Wrapped in blankets we sang softly on our way to church. The horses trotted along over the crusty snow. Above, the sky sparkled with countless twinkling stars.

We first received the gift of faith when we were baptized at St. Anne’s Church in Somerset, Wisconsin. All of us also received our First Communion there. As young teenagers we accepted Christ as Our Lord and Savior when we were confirmed. Later, several members of our family were married as St. Anne’s Church.

Mom and Dad attended meetings of the Third Order of Carmelites, and after thinking and praying about it, they decided to become members. During their retirement years, they were called to give more time to prayer, and they responded. At a special ceremony they were received into the Order. They took the names Brother Andrew and Sister Marie Louise. Each day they prayed the short office of the Blessed Virgin and the rosary. They attended regular meetings and received the large scapular of Carmelites, which was worn on special occasions.

Throughout their lives Mom and Dad enjoyed deep-down joys. Because they had faith in the midst of trials and suffering, and believed in God’s great love, they inspired us and showed us the way.

Would he be back to begin his senior year at New Richmond High School? We were all thinking about him, but we said very little because our hearts were heavy. Our hope led us to believe that he was all right, and that he would come back. One late afternoon after Labor Day, just as the sun was beginning to lower, we saw someone hurriedly over the hills. We ran to tell Mom and Dad. Sure enough, it was Andrew! He came in greeting us and handing us gifts he had won at the fairs. He placed a large cupie doll on the piano. Hoy had returned to our family.

One day Dad planted apple trees, and we waited for them to bear fruit. In early spring, the blossoms appeared filling the air with a sweet aroma. There was one special tree in our orchard. It grew to be large and tall. The branches were strong, and the blossoms were countless. During the summer large green apples decked the tree. In the fall, we picked these green rose-tinted apples. Besides eating them right from the tree, Mom made the most delicious apple pies.

In early summer, the apples looked so good to six year old Dennis. He ate one of those apples before they were ready, and almost died. For days Mom cared for him, the family prayed, and Dennis recovered.

The SHFA has a new bureau

La SHFA a un nouveau bureau des directeurs suite de page 23


Le dimanche 15 mars 2009, il y avait un séance du nouveau bureau (Lacerte, Raymond, Lamoureux, Chaput, Martel, Heroux, Pelletier-Shoja, Papineau, Deslauriers, Lussier, Michaud, Marceau et Gilbert), ils ont décidé sur les choses suivantes. Ils continueront le projet d’un site Web pour
Le Forum

**BOOKS/LIVRES...**

The Waking Hours (Paperback)

by Jacqueline Michaud

**About the Author:**
Jacqueline Michaud’s work has appeared widely in literary journals and anthologies. A member of the American Literary Translators Association, she also translates the work of contemporary Francophone writers, and recently completed the translation of a major collection of poetry by the 20th century French poet and screenwriter, Jacques Prévert. A radio personality known for her regular guest appearances on Maine Community Radio, as well as public readings throughout her home State, Ms. Michaud lives in Stonington, Maine, with her family. The Waking Hours is her first full collection of poems and translations.

**Price:** $14.95 & eligible for FREE Super Saver Shipping on orders over $25. Details

In Stock.
Ships from and sold by Amazon.com.

Autrefois, les Canadiens, au sens originel du terme, ont été partout en Amérique. Ils l’ont nommée, habitée, chantée et écrite. Leurs traces subsistent toujours, même si la dimension continentale de leur civilisation a été oubliée par nombre d’entre eux. Aujourd’hui, avec la mondialisation, l’espace, la société et la politique se complexifient. La volonté indépendantiste du Québec est mise en veilleuse. L’Acadie n’est plus qu’un et à la générosité qui les caractérisent. Malgré des journées de travail qui n’en finissent plus et tous les impondérables qui les guettent, ils ont participé sans réserve à ce projet. Ce privilège de les connaître, je souhaite le partager avec vous.

**Linda Arsenault**

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français est une lutte quotidienne, comme en Acadie et en Ontario, des espaces qui s’étendent le long des frontières du Québec, justement là où la francité est un fait de société, donc une force politique et économique incontestable.

Il est plus que temps de dévoiler cette magnifique face cachée de l’Anglo-América, soit la Franco-América !


**Publisher: Septentrion (April 7 2008)**

**Vision et visages de la Franco-Amérique**

L’Amérique française ? La Franco-Amérique. Entre ces deux désignations : un saut, une rupture et, surtout, une question. Qu’est-il advenu des héritiers de l’empire dit françans et disséminés à l’échelle de la Nord-Amérique entière ? Où sont, que sont, qui sont ces gens ? Pour les rejoindre, ont été réunis des témoignages de personnalités francos d’un peu partout en Amérique du Nord. Qu’il s’agisse de vivants ou de disparus, de jeunes et de moins jeunes, de personnages illustres ou d’inconnus, peu importe si tous s’avéraient profondément enracinés dans une réalité géographique dissimulée par la Nord-Amérique officielle.

YOU WIN

By
Margaret Karmazin
Susquehanna, PA

It was a tap on the shoulder from some golden god. Not the sort of thing that usually happened to Blair Watson. And all due to the fact that her college roommate at Brown, after some midterm reshuffling, was Leigh Mountebank, of Dallas Mountebank Oil.

“I’m here on scholarship,” Blair came clean from the start. There was no way, she’d been certain, that she’d have anything in common with a Mountebank.

“Well, I’m here to get away from my mother who has a tendency to run my life,” said Leigh, “and my last roommate was a psychopath. I wanted a taste of dorm life, but not with someone putting ink in my mouthwash and God only knows what else. It was, she claimed, a political statement. So now, you and I’ll give it a shot. Just don’t try to kill me.”

The friendship took and now, having just graduated, they were together in Paris, thanks to Leigh’s interfering mother, sharing an apartment in the Opera district, not far from Folies Bergere. Blair’s head had not stopped spinning.

They’d just spent the weekend exploring the city, visiting obvious ‘tourist attractions,’ and Blair was in love. She’d never felt such a sense of perfect place in her life.

“I can’t believe it, Leigh,” she said. “Here for six months, on our own, in PARIS. And it’s free!”

“Well, free for us, deary, though not for cousin Ashton. He’s paying through the nose.”

“What do you think this apartment costs?”

“It’s Paris, honey. A small room in a dank basement would be outrageous. Ashton also has his own apartment in the fourteenth Arrondissement - not far from Gerard Depardieu’s place. Of course, his wife is there too. This little deal you and I are inhabiting is probably where he brings his mistresses. Or where his fav business associates bring theirs.”

“I thought he was gay,” said Blair.

“Leigh laughed. “Oh, right, I forgot you met him - spring break that time. He does present that picture. I think he was British public school in a former life. No, he’s straight as a Baptist minister. Very lecherous, in fact. I don’t know how Claudia puts up with him, but maybe she’s no angel herself.”

Blair glanced around at their pied-à-terre, which included two bedrooms, a large living room and small kitchen. It had the glamorous Parisian, ceiling-to-floor windows she’d seen in the movies. “But,” she said, “where will they bring the mistresses now?”

“But our problem. My mother has a way of twisting arms painfully and I’m sure she does not give a flying fart how Ashton rearranges his rendezvous.”

“So,” said Blair, her body bent half over the balcony railing as she stretched to see the street. “When do we begin our lives as Parisian working girls?”

They began it the following Monday, arriving at the editorial offices of Le Journal de Chat Noir.

“Not an especially original title pour le magazine, n’est-ce pas?” commented Leigh from the side of her mouth. She looked svelte and sophisticated in her neat cream suit and smooth blond bob. “I mean, that black cat thing is over done here, dontcha think?”

Blair felt dowdy. She could see how hip the French girls were, slim as sticks in tight jeans and flirty little tops. And what did she have but the usual sloppy, boxy tops and baggy American pants?

“What’s the matter?” asked Leigh.

“Your face just went all scrunchy and weird.”

Blair sighed. “It’s just that suddenly I feel ugly and pathetic.”

“Oh, posh, you’re being ridiculous. You’re in Paris, you’re young, you have a free apartment and you’re beautiful! Do I need to slap you?”

Blair smiled. “Okay, you’re right. Just a momentary lapse there. Remember I haven’t had a date in months.”

“Friday we’re going out on the town. All those Frenchmen await us!”

Ashton met them by the receptionist’s desk. “Cousin Leigh and Blair, is it?” he said with what Blair thought was a British accent. “Enter my lair.”

Ashton Mountebank was a delightful caricature of a decadent European, anything remotely Texan having long been deleted. He lounged on the edge of his mahogany desk while describing their duties.

“You’re interns in competition, mes chers,” he said. “In six months give or take, there’ll be one opening for a junior editor. Whichever one of you shows the better talent for the job gets it, blood or no blood. Comprennez??” He smiled wickedly.

“Oh huh,” murmured Leigh, while wide-eyed Blair chirped, “Yes, sir.”

“Just call me Ashton,” he told her with a slight roll of the eyes. He stood up and slid into his massive, leather chair. “People submit to our little magazine at a furious pace - a thousand submissions a month. Of course more than half of that is fiction, which won’t concern you at present. You’ll be reading creative nonfiction for now. You were both English lit majors, so you should have some vague idea of what you’re doing, n’est-ce pas?”

Leigh was looking out the window, but Blair assured him, “Yes, Ashton, we’re both good readers.”

“Well, then ladies, you know what to do. If something is not totally atrocious, pass it on to Clarence or Milly. They’re assistant editors and your immediate superiors.”

He suddenly leaned forward and peered at Leigh. “I thought you were getting married? To that Rickerson. What happened?”

“It’s off,” said Leigh rather nastily.

“But why? He was so rich.”

Leigh hesitated, then said, “I heard a rumor, that’s all.”

“Oh, I love rumors,” purred Ashton.

“He was seen kissing Eleanor Shane at the Arness art opening. In a back room behind a huge statue of a naked female torso. I believe the report is that they were leaning against it.”

Blair’s head swiveled. “You didn’t tell me that! You just said he was too conventional. That doesn’t sound conventional!”

“Oh please,” said Leigh. “Cheating on one’s fiancée? How conventional can you get?”

“No forgiveness there, then?” said Ashton, probably counting up his own indiscretions.

“He can drop dead,” said Leigh, her mouth tight. “I don’t care if I ever get married now. Maybe I’ll stay here forever.”

At this, Blair felt a teensy stab of fear. She was surprised at herself, at her own selfishness. For there was little doubt about it - she was in competition with her best friend and the stakes were high. Winning meant being able to live in Paris indefinitely. Suddenly, it seemed as if someone had opened a door and let in a blast of icy air. Until now, nothing had meant more than her friendship with Leigh. They

(Continued on page 36)
scouted the neighborhood, which was, to some extent, Orthodox Jewish, the mom & pop stores kosher. They found what they needed to sustain life, and set to living in earnest. Their work was not taxing, although frequently they brought piles of manuscripts home. These they often carried to a neighborhood brasserie to peruse while sipping wine or tea. Immediately, men hit on them, Leigh slightly more than Blair.

“It’s my blond hair,” explained Leigh with generosity. “It stands out. You could put it on a cow and men, dumb as they are, would slobber.”

Blair, who considered herself prettier than Leigh, even if her hair was a typical brown, agreed with her, though not out loud.

Friday evening, Blair slipped into her only sexy outfit, a red leather miniskirt and black scoop neck jersey. She whipped her hair up on top of her head and secured it with chopsticks before inserting her giant hoop earrings, a look that definitely rided her of her girl-next-door persona.

“Your experience, then burst into tears. Leigh took her hand. “Come on, we’ll find a nice quiet café and have us a drink. My men were bastards too. One blamed me for the Iraq war, another accused me of poisoning third world countries with genetic crop engineering and the third told me American women do not know how to dress. Is there something wrong with this outfit? I mean I am wearing the prerequisite scarf. And my jeans are tight.”

“You look great,” said Blair. “Apparently, French men are nasty. I should have known. So what’s this mean, that we won’t have any dates while we’re here?”

“Hmmmm, and one of us is staying - whoever gets that position as Assistant Editor.”

Blair could not bring herself to look at Leigh’s face. Was Leigh’s jokey tone hiding her real ambition? Or did she not care all that much? It was not something Blair felt she could ask her right out. They ended up listening to African music at a small “boîte” a few streets over. There’d been no end to the African men who’d hit on them, and with compliments too.

“So much nicer than the French,” said Leigh as they stumbled home two hours later.

“I’m horribly drunk,” said Blair.

“I’m a bottomless pit,” said Leigh. “Listen, why don’t we make a bet? About the French guys, I mean.”

Blair stopped walking and looked at her. “What do you mean?”

“How about racking up how many of them insult us? It would be the honor system, of course.”

“I’m not sure I know what you mean.”

“We each keep track of our horrible experiences with them and each man counts as one point. I mean, if one particular man insults you several times, that doesn’t count as several points, just one. Whoever racks up the most points wins.”

“Wins what?”

“I don’t know, we need to figure that out. The stakes should be decent.”

“I don’t have much money,” said Blair. “You know that.”

Just then a man lurched past, leering weirdly at Blair’s chest. Feeling fired up and very interested all of a sudden in Leigh’s idea, she stuck out her hand to shake on it. Later she would spend a lot of time in the bathroom analyzing her own motives.

By the next evening, they had still not figured out the stakes. Leigh poured herself her own version of a martini and said, “Okay, I’ve got it. Whichever of us stacks up the most negative encounters with French men gets the job.”

“The job?” said Blair.

“Duh, woman. The assistant editorship! You want it, then get your little butt out there and interact with the males of this burg. Report back. We deserve some fun out of being treated with Gallic disdain!”

“But,” said Blair, “that’s kind of weird, isn’t it? I mean, can we trust each other?”

Leigh gave her a long look. “What are you saying, best friend, that you’d lie to me to get the job? Could I have heard that correctly?”

Blair blushed. “Uh, no! I mean, well... no, of course I wouldn’t lie. I don’t think I’ve ever lied to you. I’d hardly start now.”

“Well, then, there’s no problem. We’ll just keep a running tab on the fridge and it’s up to each of us to tally up. I suggest we carry little notebooks at all times and immediately record all interactions.”

That night in bed, Blair considered. Did she regret having agreed to this contest? She found herself feeling oddly sorry for the French males lined up in her future who would not know they were simply part of a game. Morally, this game could be wrong, yet Blair was discovering wells of ambition inside herself she had not imagined existed. Not so much ambition for the magazine business, but for the privilege of continuing to live in Paris, which of course for her was wonderful.

(Continued on page 37)
only possible if she won the job. Leigh, with all those millions behind her, could stay here for the rest of her life if she chose, without ever so much as lifting an editing pencil.

"Today has great possibilities for both of us," yelled Leigh as she blow-dried her hair. They were a week into the job.

Blair was considering which of her unappealing suits to wear. "What?"

"The lunch deal with Xavier's. We can network and all that." Xavier's was one of Paris's older English literary magazines and Ashton thought it a wonderful idea to combine forces, if only socially. The lunch was planned at Les Philosophes, a charming café in the Marais, with tables reserved for twelve. Leigh and Blair hitched a ride with their boss, Clarence, who was frothing for twelve. Leigh and Blair wedged in by the waiter, a painfully skinny old crew could mingle. Leigh was quite animated when describing her conversation with Xavier's editor, Michael Dravener. "He is so cultivated. I thoroughly enjoyed myself!"


"Just another cold, unfeeling man to add to my list."

"That dude sitting next to you? I thought he was attractive, in a don't-bother-me-when-I'm-creating kind of way. Long fingered hands, beautiful eyes."

"You could see his hands and eyes from the end of the table?"

"Looks like you're ahead in the contest, woman."

Blair wasn't entirely sure how she felt about that. That evening, they took their pile of manuscripts to the Folies Café, their favorite au moment, and set up work and serious wine sipping. The waiter, a painfully skinny old flirt who liked them (not on their list), allowed them to push two tables together.

When Leigh slipped downstairs to her apartment, Blair's cellphone rang. Her stomach flipped. What was he doing? Wasn't that when I was delivering those proofs to the printer. Met him?). Or if you prefer, you can take a taxi and meet me. How about Le Templier de Montmartre? It is a favorite of mine."

She seemed to have lost the power of speech. Hadn't this person appeared to dislike her? Or at least beneath his interest for chatting longer than five minutes? "Um...okay. I guess you might pick me up at my place," she said, then realized that going out with a Frenchman could seriously injure her chances of winning the contest.

Surely, she should save dating until after she had won it fair and square. On the other hand, it would be part of experiencing France to go out with a Frenchman, so perhaps she could get away with it without Leigh having to know.

Where was Leigh, for that matter? Blair gawked about, but could not see her. The voice in her ear said, "I see your friend has found someone she knows here, an African? They are having an intense discussion."

Blair took the opportunity to tell him, "I'll meet you there. 7:30? Give me the name again so I can write it down, okay?"

He did and just as she snapped her phone shut, Leigh appeared looking pleasantly flushed. "That was Youseff from the other night," she said. "He invited me to a party tomorrow evening! I told him of course I wanted you to come too, so he..."

Blair said, "Oh, no, I mean, I can't. I..." How could she say this? "I think I need a night to myself. You know what a loner I am. Do you mind?"

"Since when are you a loner?" said Leigh, but she didn't argue. "Of course I don't mind."

"To distract her, Blair asked, "So you're not adding on to your Frenchmen list? Africans are sort of a detour, n'est-ce pas?"

"I haven't given up on the Iran Contra affair. Wasn't that when I was watching Sesame Street?" She laughed.

(Continued on page 38)
Damn, thought Blair. She herself hardly met any men. All day, she read manuscripts, which seemed to arrive by the truck-full, while most evenings she spent doing the same in front of the TV. Otherwise, when she met any new people, she was with Leigh. “You know,” she said, “we really should go out separately. Otherwise, I’m hardly going to up my score.”

“What are you saying?” said Leigh. “We always meet people on our own, even when out together.”

“Well, it’s not just that,” said Blair, floundering now. “I really want to visit the art museums. The Louvre alone would take weeks.”

“True,” said Leigh. “I’m not really into art.”

“Okay, then,” said Blair with possibly too blatant satisfaction. “One or two days a week then, on our own?”

“Sure,” said Leigh, shrugging rather Frenchilly. “If that’s what you want.”

As long as Blair didn’t run into Leigh while she was with Sébastien, Blair’s derriere was covered. There was a rash of reasons why she did not want Leigh to know about him, especially if she continued to see him - one, obviously, the contest. Leigh might jump to the conclusion that Blair was too sidetracked to continue and what other chance did Blair have of winning the job? For no matter what Ashton said, he would surely choose blood over water - Leigh’s mother, with her expert arm twisting, would see to that. Unless, of course, the woman secretly hoped her daughter would come home.

Also, there was something about the way Blair felt toward Sébastien that she did not want to dissect with her friend. Why she should have any feelings at all for this perfect stranger was moot; the thing was, the merciless way that she and Leigh habitually analyzed people and situations...well, Blair just didn’t want that. Besides, who was to say this would turn into anything? If he was like the other Frenchmen she’d met, his hypercritical attitude would turn her off sooner than later.

Before leaving to meet Sébastien, she overheard Leigh talking on her cellphone in the bathroom. Strange, as Leigh did not usually bother to hide her conversations; she sometimes seemed to lack all sense of privacy in fact. Blair tried to catch what she was saying, but Leigh was speaking too softly. Blair found Sébastien waiting for her at a table along the wall. There seemed to be little privacy as the people next to them were very close. As if reading her mind, he said, “Not spacious as American restaurants, but cozy, no?”

“Yeah,” she admitted.

He handed her a menu. “Order anything you like, but I suggest le Pavé de Rumsteak au Poivre ou Roquefort or possibly Papillote de Poissons ou Beurre Pesto. My sister loves that one.”

“You have a sister?”

“Three,” he replied. “One is married to an American and lives in North Carolina.”

Surprising even herself, the thought shot across her mind: so the mother is already broken in to les americains.

“You know,” he said, “At the luncheon, I did not want to waste time talking to you.”

She felt a stab in her stomach. Why would he say such a thing?

“I wanted to save that for when we could be alone. Because I knew...” he paused, then went on rather nervously, “Because I knew instantly that there was something between us.”

She looked into his eyes, which were hazel and had the odd characteristic of radiating mystery at the same time as dependability, and just like that, she was lost.

It became necessary now for Blair to purposefully search out testy Frenchmen. Men were fond of reading their newspapers at the café next to the office and, once she’d ordered her chocolat and roll, she set about trying to tick them off. Three older gentlemen were her first prey. A mumbled remark about something she read on the back of their newspapers had done the trick, although their grumbling comments had not been directed at her Americanness, rather at her rudeness. Nevertheless, she scored two points (the third man ignored her). It was later impossible to keep this up since she’d since developed an easy friendship with the men and their cronies and they seemed to look forward to her company.

After three months, Ashton moved Blair and Leigh to Fiction for a different experience. “I won’t be trying you on poetry, however,” he told them. “That’s reserved for actual poet types and you girls don’t write poems, am I correct?”

“Correct,” Leigh said with a bored tinge to her voice. She’d been behaving oddly of late. Was she having a secret fling with the African? But if so, it wasn’t like her not to share all the details with Blair. Of course, that was hypocrical. Especially, since she herself spent every waking moment dreaming about Sébastien and slept with him every chance she got, not yet spending an entire night out, however. That was too risky.

“Turn in all your nonfiction submissions,” Ashton continued, “to Clarence or Milly and pick up your new ones from Trudie. She’ll be your new boss.”

“Fiction is so much more fun than non,” commented Blair. She and Leigh were munching their lunches at their desks, which faced each other. “I love brown-bagging in France,” she went on lamely. “Look at this - creamy goat cheese, hard crusted bread, the best apple I ever tasted!”

Leigh, seemingly distracted, mumbled, “Yeah, delicious.”

Blair wasn’t sure if she had the right to ask what was going on. Did a person who was hiding something herself have that right? Curiosity got the best of her. “Um, Leigh, you seem...I don’t know...kind of like you’re in another world. You’re not mad at me, are you?”

“Huh?” said Leigh, coming back from la-la land. “No, why should I be mad?”

“Well...” said Blair. “No. I’m fine, really. Maybe I’ve just been thinking, that’s all.”

“About what?”

“I don’t know...Rick.”

“Rick? I thought you were done with him.”

“I am, I guess,” said Leigh. “I mean he’s a shit and all and you should hear his excuse for mauling Eleanor Shane at that art show.”

“You’ve been talking to him?”

Leigh blushed. “Just once. Well, twice.”

Blair chewed in silence for a moment, then said, “So what was his excuse for the Eleanor thing?”

Leigh leaned forward, one wing of golden hair falling in her face, which she impatiently hooked behind her ear. “He says Eleanor and he were having a serious talk in that back room. They were drinking champagne and she was on her third glass. He says she confessed she suspected she was gay, but she wanted to be really sure before she came out and pissed off her entire family. So she asked him to kiss her good, so she could see if she felt anything.”

“Oh, right,” said Blair. “Best excuse for cheating I’ve ever heard.”

Leigh waved a hand. “Whatever. He insisted she was really serious and he didn’t have the balls to say no. So they locked (Continued on page 39)
Une revue du livre Révélation par Gabriel Crevier

par Albert J. Marceau de Newington, CT

En 2003, l’Union St-Jean-Baptiste Educational Fund a publié un livre de poésie sous le titre Révélation par Gabriel Crevier, un ancien directeur de l’USJB qui est mort le 6 novembre 1999 à Smithfield, R.I. Comme on lit dans le collection, il n’a qu’un poème des 26 poèmes qui a été publié quand Crevier vivait – “Parfums de mai” – ce poème fut publié pour le première fois le 2 mai 1935 dans La Justice de Holyoke, Mass. Le manuscript de poésie fut préparé par Constance Gosselin-Schick du Holy Cross College de Worcester, Mass. Dans le collection, il y a une photographie en noir et blanc d’une scène pastorale d’une tapisserie à l’aiguille faite par Justine Crevier et place à côté du poème “Trois coeurs habitant là.” (Justine Crevier était la femme de Gabriel, et elle est morte le 10 juillet 2000.)

La poésie de Gabriel Crevier n’est pas dans le style de la poésie libre, mais des formes traditionnelles, et les formes qu’il utilise sont le quatrain, le couplet, et le sonnet. Crevier lui-même écrivait dans la préface de la collection que sa poésie se modelait sur deux poètes du 19ième Siecle – Alphonse de Lamartine (1790-1869) et Victor Hugo (1802-1885). La préface est l’évidence qu’il avait (Suite page 40)
Corrections to Parts Two and Three of the Series “25 Years of the FCGSC”

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT

After the publication of Le Forum, Spring/Summer 2008, I received a couple of complaints about part three of my series, “25 Years of the FCGSC.” I would like to address the complaints, as well as add some information that I omitted in the series.

In “25 Years of the FCGSC: Part Two, the Deceased Founders,” Le Forum Fall/Winter 2007, on page 31, column 3, I wrote: “One evening in September 2001, I called her home so as to interview her [Lorraine Harlow] on the beginnings of the FCGSC, and her husband, Calvin Harlow, answered the phone, and said that he had just put her to bed. In a friendly tone, he said that I should call at another time.” This information is essentially correct, but I have since found my notes from my telephone call to the home of Lorraine Harlow, and in them I wrote: “Called Lorraine Harlow, Sat. Sept. 1, 2001 at 8:10 PM, + husband told me to call during the day.” At the time, I figured I would wait a couple of days, and unfortunately, I waited at total of six weeks, and on the morning of Oct. 16, 2001, I (Continued on page 41)
found her obituary in the Hartford Courant, so I lost the interview. If I had spoken to her in a timely manner, I could have asked her about the role of Ethel Hodgdon in the establishment of the FCGSC, as well as her own role with the establishment of the Connecticut Society of Genealogists, the American-Canadian Genealogical Society and the American French Genealogical Society.

In “25 Years of the FCGSC: Part Three, Profiles of Three of the Five Living Founders,” Le Forum Spring/Summer 2008, on page 46, column 2, I erred on the date of the election of Marcel Guerard as a Director of the FCGSC in 1985. The correct date of the election is Sun. May 19, 1985, not Sun. Sept. 22, 1985, as I wrote in the article. The date of Sun. Sept. 22, 1985 is the day when the officers who were elected at the Spring General Membership Meeting, (which was held on Sun. May 19, 1985), formally took office, although they had been in office as of Sept. 1 of the year, in accordance with the then current bylaws of the FCGSC. The clarification in the dates is from the FCGSC Newsletter Sept. 1985.

Concerning the same article, Leon Guimond wrote a note of the correction about it to the FCGSC, post-marked Sept. 3, 2008 from Eastern Maine, and Dir. Ray Lemire read the note during the board meeting on Tues. Oct. 7, 2008. Since I wrote the article, I had to explain Guimond’s references to the other directors of the FCGSC, which caused some mild laughter. The near entirety of Guimond’s letter is: “I have a correction to make when we went to NH Society to copy books [...]. Me & Henry Lanouette we used my photo copier [...]. Henry did not have a copier at that time. [signed] Leon Guimond [.]” Guimond’s correction is in reference to page 43, column 3 of my article, where I erroneously wrote that he and Henri Carrier, with Carrier’s photocopier, would travel to the ACGS so as to photocopy “all the books on Kamouraska”. Clearly, I misunderstood which Henri (with an “i”), or Henry (with a “y”), Guimond spoke of when I interviewed him on June 14, 2006. Therefore, based upon the correction, Guimond used to travel with Henry Lanouette, (both of whom resided in Enfield, Conn., at the time), with Guimond’s photocopier in tow, and together, they photocopied “all the books on Kamouraska” at the ACGS in Manchester, N.H.

Also concerning “Profiles of Three of the Five Living Founders,” Robert E. Chenard of Waterville, Maine, who is member No. 721 of the FCGSC, wrote a complaint by e-mail on July 24, 2008 to the President of the FCGSC, Susan Paquette, about my synopsis of an article that Leon Guimond submitted to the Winter 1992 issue of the Connecticut Maple Leaf (CML). On July 26, 2008, Pres. Paquette sent Chenard’s complaint by e-mail to all the directors of the FCGSC, and I responded to the board by e-mail about it on July 29, 2008.

Robert Chenard’s message to Pres. Paquette is entitled “FCGSC article in U. of Maine’s FORUM,” and the essential point of his text is the following: “The article on page 42 [correction, page 43, column 1] of Le Forum [Spring/Summer 2008] states that my good genealogy [sic] friend, Leon Guimond, found a number of errors in Talbot’s Beauce-Dorchester-Frontenac series in the Jolin family compilation and [he] wrote an article about it in FCGSC 1992 Winter issue [of the CML]. I am surprised that he did not give the source of that research. I’m sure he will tell you that I was the one who gave him a copy of those corrections for which he seemingly took credit.” Due to the complaint, I re-examined the original source, and Guimond did credit Robert Chenard for the source of his information, but I overlooked it, and failed to give Chenard credit for his research in my synopsis of Guimond’s article.

The reason that I made the error is because I erred in the number of pages in Guimond’s article. When I wrote my synopsis on the article that Leon Guimond submitted to the FCGSC for publication in the CML, I thought that it was one page long, and the following two pages were a separate article. The article that Guimond submitted to the FCGSC is three pages long, apparently written and printed on two separate personal computers, for the first page is in an Arial font from a laser printer and likely from an Apple Computer, while the following two pages were a separate article. The headline on the first page of the three page article is: “Jolin Family Research,” and the bottom of the page is the editorial gloss of: “Submitted by Mr. Leon Guimond of Frenchville, Maine.” The editorial gloss itself is in a different font than the rest of the page, likely that of an IBM typewriter. The second page has a second headline: “CORRECTIONS [sic] to REPERTOIRES,” and below the misspelled heading, is: “Compiled by Robert CHE- NARD of Waterville, Maine. Submitted by Leon GUIMOND of Frenchville, Me.”

There is no continuous text between the headlines, and it is not clear that the three pages are part of the same article unless one re-examines the index page of the Winter 1992 CML, and the title of the article is: “Jolin Family Research,” a heading that does not appear in the article. Also, no author is cited after the title of “Jolin Family Research” in the index, other than the citation of “Submitted by Leon Guimond.” Hence, it is not clear who exactly wrote the article, unless one carefully examines the citation on the second page of the three page article.


To close on “Profiles of Three of the Five Living Founders,” I omitted that Leon Guimond donated a genealogy of the Guimond Family in manuscript form to the FCGSC Library. It is entitled: “Guimond/t Family 4936 entries Filed Alphabetically by the Family Name....” as he printed in his own hand on the title page. Above the title is a note written in cursive: “Gift of Leon A. Guim- ond,” and below the title is a stamp with the old mailing address of the FCGSC, that of P.O. Box 45 in Tolland, which was used from Dec. 1986 to Summer 1995, which means the manuscript was donated to the FCGSC by Guimond at least 14 years ago. The manuscript is bound in a wine-colored cover, with the word “GUIMOND” printed on the spine. The manuscript is unnumbered and based upon its thickness, it contains approximately 375 sheets of paper which are printed only on one side. The font used for the computer-generated manuscript appears to be from a 24-pin dot-matrix printer.
Le Forum

MUSIC
MUSIQUE

Title: “DUAL CITIZEN-
Deux Citoyennettes”
by Lucie Therrien

Subtitled: “Mémoire Glimpses”
“Traditions French-Canadian”
“Song & Poems” (CD enclosed)

Return to home page and click on NEWS” BUTTON to read an excerpt from the book, and REVIEWS Return to HOME PAGE and click on AGENDA BUTTON to view Concerts & Book Signings

Book Description: “LUCIE THERRIEN has enjoyed a lifelong musical career. She grew up in the Province of Québec, establishing a career when she moved to New England, U.S.A., as a young adult. French-Canadian music and traditions are her signature, coupled with her own expressive creativity. She has published many CDs, DVDs, a songbook and researches, performed over five continents, and won numerous awards from the NHSCA, a state agency of the National Endowment for the Arts.

The book has three distinct parts: Memoir glimpses, written in English poetry (prose and/or rhyming style), with a French cachet, chronicling the critical events that paved her life: the inner struggles brought on by her cultural, linguistic and national duality; events following her crossing of the border; surviving crises; illness; and challenges, both as a young girl and as a woman. It details how she carved a unique niche in an unusual, challenging and competitive career in French, in an English speaking country - a veritable tour de force. Traveling the world as a single woman entertainer, she encountered danger and joy, and had to make difficult choices when it came to relationships. Traditions: French-Canadian gives an overview of the history of feasts, recipes, dances, and games she was brought up with. Songs & Poems includes the lyrics and poetry recorded on the CD (included). 106 pages, 28 pictures.

French American Music Enterprises
PO Box 472l, Portsmouth, N.H. 03802-4721
Tel. (603) 430-9524
www.LucieT.com
e-mail: lth@star.net

www.dhebert.com

Four ways to purchase a CD or cassette:
• Call 1-610-683-9210 or 1-888-424-1007 (toll free)
• Mail a check or money order, using THIS FORM.
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• Order online using the form below.

Josée Vachon

Franco-American Singer
French-Canadian Rhythm & Songs
Ida’s Legacy

She left her gifts—
of objects made
for the moment, for the person
—for them alone.
Sweaters, scarves and afghans
joined
with a legacy of touch, of homey scents,
familiar sounds—
texture of the yarn,
sustaining taste
of
tourtière, chicken soup
and sugar pie—
rich dishes from the French life,
hearty food for working folk.
With past-accented voice
French flavored,
she told
of times endured
when friends and neighbors
made the labor light.
Crafting her life—
as she did so many things—
one day
she cast the final stitch,
laid down
the finished work,
and slipped away.

For Kay on the death of her mother.

MSL 11/29/08

Aged 92, Ida passed away on November 21, 2008. She was a workingwoman all her life.

WITH NOTHING NEW

by Steven Riel ©
Natick, MA

oarsmen from aged ships
then jailed in carts of swiftly hewn
guarded by
and still these naked captives rise in song
jaws against splintered
with all their might
streaked torsos heaving out
of buzz and drone
over the clatter of rim on
galloping toward a milder coast’s

pried
bars
cudgels
thrust
bark
 gore
clots
swelling
gravel
 manacles

coxsawin
slave

concludes
blackness
commands
flogged
shoved
nothing
death

Now I must learn from this
to steer without rudder, without
without cat-o’-nine-tails, the I who
then starved them into bleating, the I who
their great spent limbs into “the hole”—with
I must lead them to an early
our inlets could swaddle with song

http://www.stevenriel.com/index.html
Steven Riel, Box 679, Natick, MA 01760
Email: Steven@StevenRiel.com

(See next issue for more poetry from Steven, also visit his website for more info. on his books: How to Dream (1992), The Spirit Can Crest (2003), and Postcard from P-town (due out Feb. 2009).)
Savez-vous de quel arbre vous provenez ?

Recherchez votre date de naissance dans la liste qui suit et vous trouverez votre arbre. Un petit jeu amusant qui saura vous surprendre par la justesse de ses propos et qui s'inspire de l'astrologie celtique.

23 déc. Au 01 janv. - Pommier
02 janv. Au 11 janv. - Sapin
12 janv. Au 24 janv. - Orme
25 janv. Au 03 févr. - Cyprès
04 févr. Au 8 févr. - Peuplier
09 févr. Au 18 févr. - Cèdre
19 févr. Au 28 févr. - Pin
01 mars au 10 mars - Saule pleureur
11 mars au 20 mars - Tilleul
21 mars - Chêne
22 mars au 31 mars - Noisetier
01 avril Au 10 avril - Cormier
11 avril Au 20 avril - Érable
21 avril Au 30 avril - Noyer
01 mai au 14 mai - Peuplier
15 mai au 24 mai - Châtaignier
25 mai au 03 juin - Frêne
04 juin au 13 juin - Charme de la Caroline
14 juin au 23 juin - Figuier
24 juin - Bouleau
25 juin au 04 juil. - Pommier
05 juil. Au 14 juil. - Sapin
15 juil. Au 25 juil. - Orme
26 juil. Au 04 août - Cyprès
30 août au 13 août - Peuplier
14 août au 23 août - Cèdre
24 août au 02 sept. - Pin
03 sept. Au 12 sept. - Saule pleureur
13 sept. Au 22 sept. - Tilleul
23 sept. - Olivier
24 sept. Au 03 oct. - Noisetier
04 oct. Au 13 oct. - Cormier
14 oct. Au 23 oct. - Érable
24 oct. Au 11 nov. - Noyer
12 nov. Au 21 nov. - Châtaignier
22 nov. Au 01 déc. - Frêne
02 déc. Au 11 déc. - Charme de la Caroline
12 déc. Au 21 déc. - Figuier
22 déc. - Hêtre

Dear Editor;

That was very thoughtful of you to take the time to respond to my letter-and honestly I don’t remember if you wrote before. It’s the world we live in now-too many numbers and stuff to remember. I did receive the fall/winter issue previously. So, I will “pass-on” the last issue you graciously sent.

In your letter of Feb. 16th, you mentioned a woman enquiring about the name: Simonneau. Enclosed, I sent you the two genealogy lists I have. The Simonneau was the mother of Marie Rose Corriveau who married Joseph Hebert, a blood relative on my meméres (grandmother’s) side of the family. It’s interesting you asked about that name, Simonneau, because I could not find any “info” on the marriage of Joseph Hebert to Marie-Rose Corriveau. That is not really my priority to know, but, maybe that bit of “info” will be of some use to the lady you mentioned.

I’ve sent the genealogy lists for two reasons:
1. Maybe my list will help the woman.
2. a. I want to have a search done on my maternal line. Eventually, I want to have an mtDNA done to have “info” on my direct maternal line.
   b. Also, I have no “info” on where my ancestors lived in France. It would be nice to know what part of France or town they lived in.

(Continued on page 45)
THE THIBODEAU(X) PILGRIMAGE
August 17 – 19, 2009
Goal: Three day visit to several sites in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia that are significant to the early history of our Thibodeau(x) family.

ITINERARY
Monday August 17, 2009 – Moncton, New Brunswick

11:00 A.M. - Meet at Champlain Mall, Moncton, New Brunswick
1.) Tim Horton’s for have lunch
2.) View Germain Thibodeau monument located in mall parking lot

12:00 P.M. - Departure for a short distance across the Peticodiac River to Riverview West for a brief visit to “La Pére en Cion” (Corner Meadow) site is the upper part of the Thibodeau Colony, approximately 30 miles up river from the lower portion of the colony on the Peticodiac River.

Tuesday August 18, 2009
11:00 A.M. - Meet at Champlain Mall, Moncton, New Brunswick
1.) Drive 150 miles (3 hrs.) to Windsor, NS where Thibodeau Village/Shaw Farm is located.

12:00 P.M. - Depart the town of Windsor for Grand Pré where we will be camping.
2.) Grand Pré is about 20 miles from the Shaw Farm, they close at 6:00 P.M.
20:00 P.M. - Arrive at Grand Pré camping site

Wednesday August 19, 2009 - Annapolis Royal
8:00 A.M. - Meet at Fort Anne on St. George Street
8:30 A.M. (approx) - Drive 8 miles to Round Hill. Spend as much time as you wish visiting this very important site of our ancestors.
9:30 A.M. - Drive to the mill of the Thibodeau home located near the mill of Phineas Lovett. This is very likely the site of the mill of our ancestor and the stone from his mill also.

2:00 P.M. - Departure for a distance of 70 miles to Annapolis Royal.

English when I was about eight years old. She told me not to forget it. “It was about our people,” she strongly said. I had forgotten the story and remembered it about five years ago. That is when I began my research. The story was about Acadia.

I wouldn’t describe myself as being a very religious person, but, as the song goes, I believe in miracles. I don’t live in the past and know I can’t change it, but, the past is part of who we are. For me, learning about the past has given me more pride in who I am, and strengthened me to move forward. It has filled-in the missing pieces of my identity and my place for the future, they are linked together.

Now I am excited to be part French and I embrace my French Heritage.

Sincerely,
Frances T. Paine

Dear Frances;

Have Thibodeau Ancestry? Interested in learning about Pierre Thibaudeau? To purchase the booklet above of the translation of the chapter on Pierre Thibaudeau in “Une Colonie Féodale en Amérique” - A Feudal Colony in America by François-Edmé Rameau de Saint-Père. $10.00 includes shipping and handling.

Contact Dick Thibodeau at:
PO Box 245, West Kennebunk, ME 04094-0245
Email: DThib@aol.com
or contact:
Lisa Desjardins Michaud at:
110 Crossland Hall, Orono, ME 04469
Email: Lisa_Michaud@umnit.maine.edu
PRESS RELEASE
14 Feb 2009 Harvard, MA

The Terriot Acadian Family Society of Harvard, Massachusetts announces that the Société Historique du Madawaska of Edmundston, New Brunswick in collaboration with the Maine Acadian Heritage Council of Madawaska, Maine will be hosting the launching and signing of the book "Destination: Madawaska" by J. Ralph Theriault of Harvard, Massachusetts, founder of the Terriot Acadian Family Society. The launching is scheduled to take place at the University of Moncton at Edmundston on Friday evening, 3 April 2009 and at the University of Maine at Fort Kent on Saturday, 4 April 2009. The book, a 70 page soft cover is heavily illustrated with about 40 maps and photos, many never before published from the newly discovered family album of Pélagie Thériault Morneault of Moulion-Morneault in St-Jacques, NB, the grand-daughter of the pioneer Charles Thériault. The book is heavily annotated with endnotes and a bibliography.

The book is a biography of Charles Thériault, first francophone settler in 1821-1823 of the lower Madawaska River in present-day St-Jacques. The book presents a brief history of the Acadian migration before the time of Charles' trail-blazing in the wilderness of the Madawaska territory. The territory at that time was a 'no-man's land' that included much of northern Maine from Houlton and all of Madawaska county and parts of Victoria and Restigouche counties of northwestern New Brunswick. At that time, the territory was claimed by the United States as being part of the new state of Maine and was also claimed by England as being part of the new colony of New Brunswick. The dispute was settled by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842 which chose the St-John River as the international boundary separating the United States and New Brunswick.

The book presents the genealogy of the greater Thériault family in the St-John Valley showing that the population of all Thériaults until 1900 came from three branches of the Acadian family; one which migrated from the lower St-John to St-Basile around 1790 and two branches which had migrated from Acadia to Kamouraska, QC in 1759 and later migrated to the various Madawaska settlements between 1820 and 1860.

In presenting the biography of Charles Thériault, J. Ralph Theriault also included the early history of the Saint-Onge, the Plourde and the Morneault families because of the close relationships between the four pioneer families. After Charles migrated to the lower Madawaska River in 1821-1823, he was later (Continued on page 47)

New Service Promotes New England French Culture Through Web 2.0 Tools
Chez Yankois Web Service To Act As Central Meetingplace For New England's 2 Million Franco-Americans

Joseph Theriault
Yankois Media, LLC
Phone: (603) 724-2264
Fax: (603) 369-3449
Email: press@yankoismedia.com

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE (January 4, 2009) – Yankois Media (www.yankoismedia.com) has launched Chez Yankois (www.chezyankois.com), a service to promote the enrichment of New England’s French culture through web-based communication and social networking tools.

“Chez Yankois creates a forum for the Yankois to discover and share a world of French music, find and plan events, share photos and videos, and find new friends through common contacts and interest groups,” says Joseph Theriault, president and founder, Yankois Media. “We hope that these opportunities to connect through this free service will drive it to become the centerpiece of online expression for New England’s Franco-Americans, French students and teachers, and all those interested in our music, language and culture.”

Any Internet user can sign up for a free account and immediately take advantage of a fast-growing collection of user-contributed content. Within its first days this content already included photo albums, a selection of French-language music ranging from folk to hard rock, groups dedicated to topics as varied as the Red Sox and the local French dialect, and an impressive listing of events taking place across all six New England states.

This service is being offered completely for free to the public with only minor merchandising revenue assisting to defray its associated costs. Joseph Theriault explained, “Yankois Media was founded to be a company that makes its money by catering to the Yankois community with products and services of specific interest to it. This pins our success on its health and we hope that Chez Yankois can play a major role in making it thrive.”

About Yankois Media:
Yankois Media (www.yankoismedia.com) is working to build a valuable and profitable institution within the New England Franco-American community by assisting it to sustain and enrich its unique culture through increased access to the world-wide Francophonie, eased exchange of its goods and services at home and bringing those goods and services to the world marketplace.

About Yankois:
“Yankois” is a recently coined term to describe the significant number of New Englanders of French heritage. The URL www.yankois.info may be consulted as a reference with a more complete description and statistics.

816 Elm Street Suite 171
Manchester, NH 03101

www.YankoisMedia.com

Our Acadian, French Canadian, and Maine Ancestors

This site is in tribute and honor to our ancestors, who were pioneers in New France in the mid 1660s, and to their descendants who settled along the Saint Lawrence River and then migrated to the Upper St John River Valley in Northern Maine, as well as the descendants who migrated from Quebec, through Beauce County to the Augusta and Waterville, Maine area.

You can visit our family genealogy site and use the search function to inquiry on ancestors in our database who might also be in your family tree.

The Roy and Boucher Family tree is the main anchor on our genealogy site. The Roy Family is of course my line and the Boucher Family is my wife’s line. You can also visit our Nadeau and Soucy family, which is my mother’s and grand-mother’s family line.

http://www.royandboucher.com

Email: ken@royandboucher.com
joined in 1826 by his two brothers-in-law, Pierre Plourde and Jean Saint-Onge and their families. Pierre Plourde’s contribution to the industrialization of the Madawaska territory is well recorded by other historians like Fathers Thomas Albert and Eugène Paré, and by Monsieur Guy R. Michaud. Pierre built the first mill on the Iroquois River in the 1840’s in the present-day Moulin-Morneault area of St-Jacques.

The author, J. Ralph Theriault is the son of Théodule Theriault and Elsie Dubé of Upper Frenchville, Maine and later of Plainville, Connecticut. He was born in Fort Kent, Maine and raised in the parish of Sainte-Luce of Upper Frenchville. Mr. Theriault is a Captain (Retired) of the United States Air Force and an Electrical Engineer (retired) of the Raytheon Company in Lexington, Massachusetts. He lives in Harvard, Massachusetts with his wife, Rosemary. He has two daughters, Nicola Ann and Jill and two grandsons.

http://www.terriau.org/
http://www.terriau.org/joseph-theogenie/
Email: joseph.ralph@terriau.org

The Aroostook County Genealogical Society presents their first publication: The 1850 – 1880 Aroostook County Censuses and Mortality Schedules as compiled by member Allen J. Voisine, #04.

Each individual Census has a complete index with standard and variant spellings of all known French and Acadian last names used in the particular census along with a complete explanation on how to read the complete census document is also included in the preface of the document.

The price for individuals within the State of Maine is: $55.00, which is the price of CD, including sales tax and shipping and handling. The price for non residents within the U.S and for non-profit organizations and other sales tax exempt organizations regardless of location is: $52.52, which is the price of CD and shipping and handling. The price for Canadian residents is: $55.00 (in American Funds), which is the price of CD and shipping and handling. Please mail checks to: A. C. G. S. Census Order P.O. Box 142 Caribou, ME 04736-0142.


Chaque recensement a un index complet avec l’orthographe standard et adaptée de tous les noms de famille français et acadiens utilisés dans le recensement avec une explication détaillée incluse dans la préface sur la manière de lire le document.

Le prix de cet ouvrage à l’intérieur de l’État du Maine est de 55$, ce qui comprend le prix du CD avec les taxes de vente, la manutention et les timbres. Le coût pour les non-résidents des États-Unis est de 52.52$ plus envoi et manutention. Pour les résidents canadiens le coût est de 55$ (en argent américain). Faire le chèque an nom de: A.C.G.S., Census Order P.O. Box 142, Caribou ME 04736-0142.
Welcome to the seventeenth year of my column. Numerous families have since been published. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as the one below are never complete. However, it does provide you with my most recent and complete file of marriages tied to the original French ancestor. How to use the family listings. The left-hand column lists the first name (and middle name or initial, if any) of the direct descendants of the ancestor identified as number 1 (or A, in some cases). The next column gives the date of marriage, then the spouse (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother’s or grandmother’s maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same number in the right-most column above. For example, if it’s #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with the rare exception of small letters, e.g., “13a.” If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere apologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

**Guéret**

**Family #2**

Jacques Guéret [dit Dumont*] born 19 April 1665 in the village of Canchy, department of Calvados, ancient province of Normandie, France, son of René Guéret and Madeleine Le Vigoureux, married on 19 April 1694 at Beauport, PQ, to Marie-Anne Tardif, born 1676 in PQ, died in PQ, daughter of Jacques Tardif and Barbe d’Orange. Canchy is located 1/2 mile west of the hamlet of Guéret and 14 miles west-northwest of the city of Bayeux. Jacques arrived in Canada in 1690 and he lived at Mont Louis. Most of his descendants adopted the surname DUMONT or DUMOND.

### Les Familles Guéret

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>#</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date of Birth</th>
<th>Place of Birth</th>
<th>Place of Marriage</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>24B</td>
<td>Angèle</td>
<td>28 Sep 1863</td>
<td>Eugène “James” Bizier</td>
<td>Augusta (St. Mary)</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>“James-F. Lewis”</td>
<td>(of Skowhegan)</td>
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<td>Mary Berry (Debreis)</td>
<td>Wtl.(St. John)</td>
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<td>Georgiana Lessard</td>
<td>Waterville (SFS)</td>
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<td>Augustin Boulette</td>
<td>Wtl.(St. John)</td>
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<td>Pierre Beaudoin</td>
<td>Skowhegan (NDL)</td>
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<td>Ethel-A.</td>
<td>[dit Marcoux]</td>
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<td>Emélie</td>
<td>Vital Bolduc</td>
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<td>20 Aug 1874</td>
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<td>Adèle</td>
<td>Thomas-J. Thibodeau</td>
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<td>Elise-M.</td>
<td>Alfred Charpentier</td>
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<td>Noé-Edward</td>
<td>Malvina “Lina” Giroux</td>
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<td>Marie</td>
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<td>08 Jun 1903</td>
<td>John Redmond</td>
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<td>Hélène</td>
<td>Jackman (St. Ant.)</td>
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32A Sifroid 19 Apr 1887 M.-Alice Tremblay Lewiston(SPP) 32B
William 11 Jan 1897 Odile Mailhot Lewiston(SPP)
32B Roland-S. 11 Oct 1923 Stella Sauzier Lewiston(SPP)
33A Joseph 24 Oct 1881 Isilda Pomerleau Lewiston(SPP)
Uldéric 15 Sep 1884 Exilia Bernier Lewiston(SPP)
Adéline 17 Aug 1886 Jean-Bte. Griffard Old Town(SJ)
Cyrisque 18 Nov 1889 Marie Demers Lewiston(SPP)
Léda 14 Jun 1897 Charles Anctil Lewiston(SPP)
33B Béatrice 07 Dec 1885 Louis Caron Lewiston(SPP)
Matilda 16 Jun 1887 George Griffard Old Town(SJ)
Antonia 26 Dec 1897 Laurent Morin Old Town(SJ)
Eugénie 19 May 1903 Patrick Dupuis Old Town(SJ)
33C Léda-M. 1m. 1 Aug 1943 François-J. Laroche Lewiston(HF)
2m. 14 Aug 1943 Lewiston(SPP)
Auróre 20 Apr 1914 Albert Bourque Lewiston(SJ)
Joseph-Fernand 08 May 1933 M.-Irène Lefebvre Biddeford(SJ)
33D Henri-J. 09 May 1959 Annette-L. Langlais Lewiston(SPP)
Cécile-C. 23 Apr 1960 Raynald-L. Lussier Lewiston(HF)
Pauline-Joanne 08 Apr 1961 Omer-Ernest Bolduc Lewiston(HF)
Ronald 30 May 1969 Rose-May Gallant Lewiston(HC)
35A Emile 04 May 1891 Henri Paquin Brunswick(SJ)
Déméterse 13 Feb 1999 Maxime Pelletier Lewiston(SPP)
36A Vital 1m. 27 Apr 1872 Euphémie Lesveau Van Buren 36C
2m. 02 Mar 1897 Euphémie Daigle Grand Isle
Germain 07 Nov 1881 Marcelline Levesque St.Basile, NB 36D
36B Flavie 05 Oct 1879 Isidore Mercier Biddeford(SJ)
36C Agnès-M. 1m. 10 Sep 1900 Lazare Blier Eagle Lake
2m. 10 Jun 1918 Tancrède-J. Bizier Waterville(SFS)
36D Florent 20 Feb 1903 Sophie Corbin Grand Isle 36F
36E Laura 16 Jun 1930 Carroll-E. Bizier Augusta(SJ)
36F Maxwell 21 Oct 1940 Waterville(SH)
36G Lorraine 1m. 01 Dec 1962 Thomas Shea Lewiston(SPP)
2m. 11 May 1975 Robert Lacome Lewiston(HF)
40A Auguste 1m. 18 May 1879 Flavie St-Amand St.David, Me. 40B
Séverin 12 Apr 1885 Ozithé Cyr St.David, Me. 40C
40B Sévérin 28 Sep 1942 Catherine Cyr St.Agathe, Me. 40D
Firmin 23 May 1910 Marie Caron Grand Isle 40E
40C Étienne "Stephen" 05 Aug 1918 Délina Cyr St.Agathe, Me. 40F
Jos.-Anthime 16 Feb 1920 Yvonne Leclerc St.Agathe, Me. 40G
Théodule 30 Dec 1922 Alvin Mercier Lewiston(SPP) 40H
Cécile 12 Aug 1935 Edgar Cyr St.Agathe, Me. 40I
Carisse 30 Sep 1944 Louise-E. Turcotte Lewiston(SPP) 40J
40D Ubald 28 Sep 1942 Simone Lavoie Lewiston(SJ) 40K
40E Jos.-Rosaire 30 Jun 1945 Robertine Lagassé Lewiston(SPP) 40L
Murphy 22 Feb 1943 Gertrude Saucier Lewiston(SPP) 40M
40F Maurice 10 Sep 1951 Mildred-E. Moreau Old Town(SJ)
40G Alédo 20 Aug 1949 Thérèse Turcotte Lewiston(SPP) 40N
40H Arthur 28 Oct 1950 Dolores Laplante Lewiston(SPP) 40O
40J Michael 28 Jun 1974 Linda Siros Lewiston(SPP)
40K Lynette-M. 26 Feb 1972 Herbert-A. Millett Lewiston(SJ)
40L Jacqueline-T. 10 Jul 1965 Ronald-G. Poulin Lewiston(SPP) 40M
40N Suzanne-Carol 27 May 1972 Barry-David Wright Lewiston(SJ)
41A Maria 20 Feb 1882 Séraphin Morin Lewiston(SPP) 41B
Georges 1m. 07 Nov 1887 Flavie Blanchette Lewiston(SPP) 41C
2m. 28 Oct 1912 Louise Carrier Lewiston(SJ)
Léocadie 19 Nov 1889 Abraham Couturier Lewiston(SPP) 41D
Théodore 18 Feb 1890 Emile Descoteaux Lewiston(SPP)
Lydia 27 Sep 1897 Joseph Mailhot Lewiston(SPP) 41E
Emilia 20 Jul 1903 Arthur Pelletier Lewiston(SPP)
Joseph 17 Feb 1908 Cécile Turgeon Lewiston(SPP) 41F
41B Amanda 18 Jan 1886 Samuel Cloutier Lewiston(SPP)
Omer 04 Oct 1886 Adèle Grégoire Lewiston(SPP) 41G
Olivine 13 Feb 1888 François-X. Côté Lewiston(SPP)
41C Flavius 03 Aug 1914 M.-Rose-A. Pelletier Lewiston(SPP) 41H
41D Omer 18 Sep 1899 Emma Levesque Lewiston(SPP)
Clémentine 03 Aug 1903 Old Town(SJ) 41I
Pierre 23 Nov 1908 Rose-de-Lima Caron Lewiston(SPP)
41E Eva 14 Jun 1915 Antoinette Lefrançois Berlin, NH(SJ)
41F Wilfrid 08 Sep 1913 (Continued on page 51)
GUÉRET

41G Joseph 29 Aug 1910 Flora Veilleux Lewiston(SPP) 41K
William 02 Jan 1923 Lucienne Bouchard Lewiston(St.Mary) 41L
41H Yvonne 30 Jul 1923 Émilie-Jules Leclerc Lewiston(St.Mary)
William 25 Jun 1928 Juliette Poulin Lewiston(St.Mary) 41L
Dolores 04 Dec 1933 Alva Leblond Lewiston(SPP)
41J Lucille 15 Jun 1935 Wilfrid Gauvin Lewiston(SPP)
41K Marcel-Roland 14 Nov 1942 Constance-D. Auger Auburn(SH) 41M
Normand 02 Jan 1923 Lucienne Bouchard Lewiston(St.Mary)
George-Omer 21 Nov 1955 Carolyn Bubier Auburn(SH) 41N
Jean-Shirley 19 Jul 1958 Robert Igneri Auburn(St.Jos.)
Lucien-Wm. 18 Nov 1968 Andrey-Ann Hall Lewiston(St.Jos.)
41L Muriel-Gert. 30 May 1967 Joseph Blouin Lewiston(St.Jos.)
41M Sandra-Rolande 09 Jun 1962 Walter-Henry Hoyt, Jr. Frenchville
43A Marie 1m. 25 Sep 1979 Théodore Beaulieu Old Town(St.Jos.)
Alfred 24 Jun 1893 Apolline Pelletier Ft.Kent(Ft.Kent)
Marguerite 04 Jun 1923 M.-Irène Fortin Old Town(St.Jos.)
Pauline-l. 02 Jul 1945 Gérald-J. Tremblay Old Town(St.Jos.)
44A Damase 10 May 1887 Adèle Charette Ft.Kent
Honoré 07 Nov 1887 Nathalie Pelletier Frenchville
Philippe 10 Jan 1892 Amanda-Cloutier St.François, NB
Louis 25 Feb 1900 M.-Dorumène Michaud Frenchville
Jean-Baptiste 11 Apr 1904 Méthode Raymond Frenchville
44B Alfred 06 Jan 1919 Helen Dwyer Ft.Kent(Ft.Kent)
44C Marguerite 14 Jun 1920 Paul-E. Levesque Lewiston(SPP)
Joseph-H. 29 Mar 1921 Isabelle Labbé Ft.Kent
Adélard 02 Apr 1929 Léona-M. Roy-Voïsine Ft.Kent
44D Albert 16 Jan 1935 M.-Julia Charette Lewiston(St.Mary)
Joseph-P. 25 Nov 1954 Reanne Aliberti Lewiston(St.Pat.)
Lucie 09 Feb 1966 Émile Jutras Lewiston(SPP)
44E Oscar 15 Apr 1936 Lucia Blanchet Dégelis, Témiscamingue
44F Joseph-Louis 31 Jan 1944 Cécile-L. Beaulieu Lewiston(HC)
44G Émile 11 Dec 1944 Evelyn Jutras Lewiston(SPP)
44H Joseph-A. 09 Feb 1916 M.-Rose LeClair Ft.Kent
44I Aline-Lina 12 May 1941 Edgar Boucher Lewiston(St.Mary)
Ligorie 30 May 1947 Madeleine Dandeneau Lewiston(St.Mary)
44J Felix 08 Jul 1941 Jeanne-M. Tucker Lewiston(SPP)
Jeanne-M. 22 Nov 1947 William Tucker Lewiston(SPP)
Patricia 16 Mar 1954 Laurent Côté Lewiston(SPP)
Adolph-Antonio 21 Jan 1956 Lucille-Mgt. Côté Auburn(Louis)
Harold-F. 16 Nov 1957 Patricia-M. Bragdon Lewiston(SPP)
44K Lucienne-A. 02 May 1959 Henry-R. Hughes Lewiston(SPP)
Paul 01 Jul 1961 Reanne Aliberti Lewiston(St.Pat.)
Maurice 15 Aug 1961 Carolyn-F. Stasulis Auburn(SH)
Eugène-Paul 09 Jul 1966 Elaine-C. Gagnon Auburn(SH)
44L Rita 19 Aug 1940 Lawrence Levesque Ft.Kent(RC)
44M Juanita 29 Oct 1955 Robert Thomas Lewiston(St.Mary)
44N Jacques 11 Sep 1965 Rachel Corriveau Biddeford(St.And.)
44P Irène 11 Jun 1960 Lucien Beaudette Lewiston(HC)
44Q Guy-Maurice 01 Jun 1948 Minnie-Francis Brown Lewiston(HF)
Louis 26 Apr 1952 Dorothy Smith Lewiston(St.Pat.)
46A M.-Anne 03 Jul 1887 Émilie “John” Lavoie Old Town(St.Jos.)
Désiré 07 Jan 1885 Clarisse Gagnon Old Town(St.Jos.)
Adélina 19 Jun 1887 Ernest Bois Old Town(St.Jos.)
Théophile 1m. 12 Jul 1897 Mériente Laflamme Old Town(St.Jos.)
" 2m. 09 Jun 1904 Alice Lemieux Old Town(St.Jos.)
46B M.-Anne 29 Jul 1912 Peter-Adam Grenier Old Town(St.Jos.)
Alphonse 26 May 1913 Anne Francoeur Old Town(St.Jos.)
46C Emelie 18 Nov 1929 Albert Simon Old Town(St.Jos.)
Léo-Roméo 16 Jun 1938 M.-Elizabeth Merrow Auburn(SH)
Alphonse 1m. 25 Nov 1954 Yvette Labrecque Biddeford(St.And.)
" 2m. 27 Jan 1978 Jeannette-M. Lebel Biddeford(St.And.)
46D Georgiana 14 Nov 1964 Roger Gilbert Biddeford(St.André)
47A Elzéar 22 Jun 1903 Jeanne Laflamme Lewiston(SPP)
47B François 17 Nov 1924 Anna-M. Pomerleau Lewiston(SPP)
Jeanne-M. 17 Dec 1938 Geo-Edouard Fortier Lewiston(St.Mary)
Roger 16 Sep 1950 Monique Boucher Lewiston(SPP)
55A Victoria 12 Apr 1947 Anita Ouellette Lewiston(SPP)
Clothilde 06 Sep 1887 Hubert Siros Lewiston(SPP)
Samuel 21 Aug 1893 Céline Fortier Lewiston(SPP)
(Continued on page 51)
GUÉRET

Tharsille 16 May 1898 William Duguay Lewiston(SPP)
Georges 12 Sep 1898 Rosanna LeBlond Lewiston(SPP)
Alphonse 04 Sep 1899 Josiphe Thibault Lewiston(SPP) 55C
55B Téléphore 02 Mar 1892 Catherine Martin Eagle Lake 55D
55C Fernand-Ray. 17 Sep 1928 Wilhelmine McGraw Lewiston(St.Mary) 55E
55D Yvonne-J. 29 Dec 1924 Henry-Ls. Lesavasseur Old Town(St.Jos.)
59A Alexina 06 Oct 1890 Octave Poliquin Lewiston(SPP)
Ernest-J. 28 Feb 1905 M.-Anne Caron Brunswick(SJB) 59B
59B Gabrielle 18 Oct 1947 George Paradis Lewiston(HC)
62A Alcide 27 Jun 1898 Délaine Boudreau Lewiston(SPP) 62B
Wilfrid 06 Aug 1907 Marie Lacombe Lewiston(SPP) 62C
Dominique-Henri 27 Feb 1911 M.-Alice Turcotte Lewiston(SPP) 62D
Emma-E.-M. 18 Sep 111 Louis Therrien Lewiston(SPP)
Antonio 19 Feb 1917 Blanche Bernier Lewiston(SPP) 62E
Frank-E. 12 Sep 1920 Justine Dionne Lewiston(SPP)
62B Gabriel-Ovila 25 Jun 1924 Clara Dufresne Ste.Madeleine, PQ
62C Dora-Yvette 25 Feb 1946 Emery-Edward Harris Jay(St.Rose-Lima)
Simone 04 Jun 1946 Roméo-L. Ouellette Jay(St.Rose-Lima)
Louis 05 Apr 1951 Edna-May Young Jay(St.Rose-Lima)
62D Robert 01 Jun 1950 Henriette Chevraste Lewiston(SPP)
62E Anita 28 Aug 1944 Roger Albert Lewiston(SPP)
Carmen 14 May 1962 Raymond St-Pierre Lewiston(SPP)
63A M.-Alice-M. 26 Jul 1920 Walter-F. Cloutier Lewiston(SPP)
74A Pascal 29 Apr 1889 Anna Morin Lewiston(SPP) 74B
74B Edgar 20 Nov 1916 Éva Perreault Lewiston(SPP)
Dora-M. ! 04 Nov 1918 Frédéric-Alph. Marcoux Lewiston(SPP)
Annette 13 Feb 1928 Wilfrid Castonguay Lewiston(HC)
Gertrude 08 Nov 1931 Alphonse Morin Lewiston(HC)
Simone 19 Apr 1932 Aimé Poulin Lewiston(HC)
77A Denis 14 Oct 1895 Aldéa Laderoute Biddeford(St.Jos.) 77C
Auguste 02 Jan 1901 Rose-Anna Gendron Biddeford(St.Jos.)
Joseph 19 Aug 1901 Élise Gendron Biddeford(St.Jos.) 77D
Philippe 01 Oct 1906 M.-Louise Dupras Biddeford(St.Jos.) 77E
77B Léontine 27 Aug 1900 Marcel Faucher Biddeford(St.André)
Athénaisé 20 Oct 1900 Calixte Martin Biddeford(St.André)
François 06 Oct 1902 Amanda/Anna Moulin Biddeford(St.And.) 77F
Joseph 20 Apr 1908 Élise Dupras Biddeford(St.Jos.) 77G
Louise-Georg. 12 Apr 1909 Henri Lafontaine Biddeford(St.André)
Léa 27 May 1911 Eugène Côté Biddeford(St.André)
M.-Louise 29 Sep 1919 Aimé Genest Biddeford(St.André)
77C Adélass 28 Jul 1919 M.-Régina Simonau Biddeford(St.Jos.)
Alcide 06 Sep 1922 Béatrice Ledoux Biddeford(St.Jos.)
Antoinette 31 May 1926 Alfred Gagné Biddeford(St.André)
Julien 02 Jul 1929 Murielle Hurtibise Biddeford(St.Jos.)
77D Rose-Élisa 1m. 22 Oct 1955 Arthur Gagnon Biddeford(St.Jos.)
" 11 Dec 1971 Albert Paquet Biddeford(St.André)
77E Albert 02 May 1932 Liliane-Florence Tellier Biddeford(St.Jos.)
77F François 18 Oct 1926 M.-Angé Grenier Biddeford(St.Jos.) 77H
Cécile 20 Mar 1937 Arthur Plourde Biddeford(St.André)
Jeanne 14 Aug 1937 Laura Létourneau Biddeford(St.André)
77G Béatrice 02 Oct 1933 Hector Laporte Biddeford(St.André)
Albert 12 Apr 1934 Rachel Rodrigue Biddeford(St.André)
Raoul 27 May 1940 Rita Bégin Biddeford(St.And.) 77J
Armand 11 Nov 1940 M.-Lorraine Bergeron Biddeford(St.Jos.)
Joseph 11 Mar 1944 Ruth Day Westbrook(St.Hy.)
Anita 24 Jan 1948 Charles Gillis Biddeford(St.André)
Raynald 11 Sep 1948 Simonne Lacroix Biddeford(St.And.) 77K
77H Léo-Paul 05 Sep 1953 Murielle Boutin Biddeford(St.Jos.) 77L
Richard-Oscar 21 May 1977 Cécile-Florence Girard Biddeford(St.Jos.)
77J Claire 09 May 1964 Cécile Nadeau Biddeford(St.André)
77K Laurent 24 Aug 1968 Judith Evans Biddeford(St.Jos.)
77L Ronald 09 Aug 1974 Nancy Perreault Biddeford(St.Jos.)
Steven-K. 11 Jun 1977 Yvonne Deslauriers Lewiston(St.Mary)
Susan-Nancy 14 Oct 1978 Raymond-G. Perreault Biddeford(St.André)
79A Cyric 17 Jun 1925 Albert Labonté Sanford(HF) 79B
Émilie-J. 16 Jul 1928 Oianne-M. Côté Sanford(St.Ig.) 79C
Léonie-M. 07 Jul 1930 Guy-J. Twyman Sanford(St.Ig.)
Albert 10 Jul 1933 Cécile-M. Laires Sanford(St.H.) 79D
Maurice 28 Sep 1935 Dorothy Davis Sanford(St.Ig.) 79E
Henri 30 Nov 1940 Henriette Camiré Sanford(St.H.)

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<td>Raymond-Benj. Dupuis</td>
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<td>27 May 1950</td>
<td>Esther Grennell</td>
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<td>Conrad-J.</td>
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<td>Évelina-E. Préfontaine</td>
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<td>22 Jun 1935</td>
<td>Lillian Goulet</td>
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<td>Ronald Roberge</td>
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<td>30 Jun 1962</td>
<td>Irène Marcotte</td>
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<td>24 Nov 1966</td>
<td>Corrine-Èva Thiboutot</td>
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<td>Michael</td>
<td>16 Aug 1969</td>
<td>Mancy Tremblay</td>
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<td>Rachel-Thérèse</td>
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<td>Allan-Richard Callahan</td>
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<td>Ronald-Roger Daigle</td>
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<td>Diane-Rose Mathieu</td>
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<td>Alfred Levasseur</td>
<td>So. Berwick(St.Mi.)</td>
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<td>Joseph</td>
<td>13 Jul 1912</td>
<td>Rosanna Caron</td>
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<td>Eugène</td>
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<td>Édith Lavoie</td>
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<td>Yvonne</td>
<td>06 Aug 1917</td>
<td>Pierre Lachance</td>
<td>Lewiston(SPP)</td>
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<td>Camille-Sylvère</td>
<td>20 Nov 1932</td>
<td>Germaine-Fabiola Labrie</td>
<td>Lewiston(St.Mary)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jne.-d'Arc(adop.)</td>
<td>26 Oct 1936</td>
<td>Armand Bolduc</td>
<td>Lewiston(St.Mary)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Eva</td>
<td>13 Jul 1931</td>
<td>Wilfrid Tardif</td>
<td>Auburn(St.Louis)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Reine-M.</td>
<td>30 Jun 1945</td>
<td>Adélad Boucher</td>
<td>Lewiston(SPP)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alphonse-Samuel</td>
<td>27 Dec 1926</td>
<td>M. R.-Florida Levesque</td>
<td>Lewiston(St.Mary)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Murielle</td>
<td>25 Sep 1948</td>
<td>Roméo-E. Martin</td>
<td>Lewiston(SPP)</td>
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<td>Gérald</td>
<td>06 Nov 1954</td>
<td>Muguette Messier</td>
<td>Lewiston(SPP)</td>
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<td>Lumina-E.-M.</td>
<td>11 Aug 1924</td>
<td>Dominique Lambert</td>
<td>Lewiston(St.Mary)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rose-E.</td>
<td>05 Jul 1926</td>
<td>William Simoune</td>
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<td>Gédard</td>
<td>31 Oct 1931</td>
<td>Gratia-Cora Rémillard</td>
<td>Lewiston(SPP)</td>
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<td>Laurent</td>
<td>29 Sep 1934</td>
<td>Edwin-Frédéric Léger</td>
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<td>Gisèle</td>
<td>22 Jul 1939</td>
<td>Henry Gondek</td>
<td>Lewiston(SPP)</td>
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<td>Constance</td>
<td>18 Apr 1953</td>
<td>Robert Brousseau</td>
<td>Lewiston(SPP)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thérèse-M.</td>
<td>05 Jul 1954</td>
<td>Laurent Hébert</td>
<td>Lewiston(SPP)</td>
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<td>Robert-Ronal</td>
<td>30 Jun 1958</td>
<td>Ida-Gaétane Therrien</td>
<td>Lewiston(St.Mary)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rachel-G.</td>
<td>20 Feb 1960</td>
<td>Edmond-J. Lebel</td>
<td>Lewiston(SPP)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Roger</td>
<td>30 Jun 1962</td>
<td>Rolande Ruest</td>
<td>Lewiston(SPP)</td>
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<td>Alfred</td>
<td>07 Nov 1911</td>
<td>Dora Gamache</td>
<td>Augusta(St.Aug.)</td>
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<td>Bella</td>
<td>12 Apr 1915</td>
<td>Edmond Poulin</td>
<td>Augusta(St.Aug.)</td>
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<td>Aimé-J.</td>
<td>01 Sep 1930</td>
<td>Hilda-Adéline Dumont</td>
<td>Augusta(St.Aug.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arthur</td>
<td>30 Oct 1935</td>
<td>Aurèole Chicoine</td>
<td>Paquetteville, Comp.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Germaine-M.</td>
<td>29 Nov 1958</td>
<td>John-Bertrand-L. Roy</td>
<td>Augusta(St.Aug.)</td>
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<td>Lionel-Claude</td>
<td>28 Nov 1959</td>
<td>Espérance-Thé. Violette</td>
<td>Augusta(St.Aug.)</td>
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<td>Annette-M.</td>
<td>24 Nov 1960</td>
<td>Howard-A. Nason</td>
<td>Augusta(St.Aug.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jeanine</td>
<td>01 Jul 1961</td>
<td>Clément-Neil Dostie</td>
<td>Augusta(St.Aug.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paul-D.</td>
<td>10 Jun 1722</td>
<td>Melody Macomber</td>
<td>Augusta(St.Aug.)</td>
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<td>Richard-Daryl</td>
<td>30 Aug 1980</td>
<td>Susanne-Gail David</td>
<td>Augusta(St.Aug.)</td>
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<td>Gerene</td>
<td>04 Dec 1964</td>
<td>_______ Johnson</td>
<td>Maine ?</td>
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<td>Émilie-J.</td>
<td>27 Feb 1969</td>
<td>Janice Wood</td>
<td>Brunswick(SJB)</td>
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<td>Marcel</td>
<td>26 Oct 1957</td>
<td>Priscille Bergeron</td>
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<td>Joseph</td>
<td>26 Jun 1916</td>
<td>Mattie Bryan</td>
<td>Benedicta</td>
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<td>Napoléon</td>
<td>13 Feb 1923</td>
<td>Amanda St-Amand</td>
<td>Waterville(SFS)</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

(Continued on page 53)
Marquis Family Reunion
Will Be Held
June 25 to June 28, 2009

Judy Paradis, Présidente U.S.A.
Courriel: Rody1@adelphia.net
Tel...207-728-4854

Murielle Nadeau-Deschaîne, Généalogiste
Courriel:Murielle@ainop.com
Tel...207-895-5262 ou local: 207-895-3205

Réunion des Familles Marquis & Canac-Marquis
Case Postale 1
Madawaska, Maine 04756
http://www.marquisreunion.com/index.html

(See page 54 for Marquis genealogy)
Franco-American Families of Maine
par Bob Chenard, Waterville, Maine

MARQUIS
(Markee)

FAMILY #1

Charles Le Marquis, born 1651 in France, died 1700 in PQ, son of Charles Le Marquis and Jeanne Bignon from the town of Mortagne-s-Sèvre, department of Vendée, ancient province of Poitou, France, first married on 18 September 1673 in Québec city to “Fille-du-Roi” Marguerite Baugran, born 1649 in France, died before 1698 in PQ, widow of Sébastien Cousin and the daughter of Nicolas Baugran and Marie Chevalier from the parish of St.Gervais, Paris; second married on 7 January 1698 at Ste.Anne-de-Beaupré to Agnès Giguère, born 1675 in PQ, daughter of Robert Giguère and Aymée Miville. Mortagne-s-Sèvre is located 5 miles southwest of the city of Cholet.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A</th>
<th>Charles</th>
<th>before 1651</th>
<th>Jeanne Bignon</th>
<th>France</th>
<th>1</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Charles</td>
<td>1m. 18 Sep 1673</td>
<td>Marguerite Baugran</td>
<td>Québec city</td>
<td>2m. 07 Jan 1698</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>J.-François</td>
<td>20 Jan 1724</td>
<td>M.-Anne Boucher</td>
<td>cont. Janeu</td>
<td>2m. 1762</td>
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<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Joseph-Marie</td>
<td>08 Apr 1777</td>
<td>Marguerite Lizotte</td>
<td>St.Roch-Aulnaies</td>
<td>2m. 1766</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Amable</td>
<td>20 Jan 1786</td>
<td>Madeleine Roy [-Desj.]</td>
<td>Kamouraska</td>
<td>01 Sep 1790</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Benjamin</td>
<td>10 Jan 1814</td>
<td>Théotist Bouchard</td>
<td>Kamouraska</td>
<td>2m. 10 Jan 1814</td>
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<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Firmin</td>
<td>12 Jan 1814</td>
<td>Nath.(Thècle) Levasseur</td>
<td>Kamouraska</td>
<td>13 Oct 1794</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>André</td>
<td>18 Jan 1831</td>
<td>Marie Boucher</td>
<td>Andréville</td>
<td>24 Sep 1811</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>Joseph</td>
<td>04 Feb 1816</td>
<td>Julie Côté</td>
<td>Cacouna</td>
<td>21 Apr 1823</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>Paul</td>
<td>05 Mar 1821</td>
<td>Victor Nadeau</td>
<td>St.Basile, NB</td>
<td>10 Feb 1829</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Jos.-Benoit</td>
<td>15 Feb 1819</td>
<td>St.Roch-Aulnaies</td>
<td>17 Feb 1829</td>
<td>M.-Charlotte Caron</td>
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<td>12</td>
<td>Pierre-Henri</td>
<td>08 Apr 1850</td>
<td>J.-Onésime Ouellette</td>
<td>Frenchville</td>
<td>08 Apr 1850</td>
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Le FORUM
Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719

(See next issue for more Marquis genealogy)
HERITAGE VOYAGES

SAVE THE DATES!

Join us on one, or even both, Heritage Voyages.................fly to France in early October 2009, or cruise to the French Antilles in March 2010. Both trips will include interaction with local residents and organizations to allow for cultural exchanges on a personal basis.

Some of the revenues from these trips will benefit Le Forum. Travel with us and share your French histories with others from some of our ancestral homes.

For more information please contact Renée Gagné at gagne@maine.edu

VOYAGES HÉRITAGE

RÉSERVEZ LES DATES!

Soyez des nôtres pour un, ou même les deux, Voyages Héritage.................volez vers la France au début octobre 2009, ou partez en croisière aux Antilles françaises en janvier 2010. Sera inclue dans les deux voyages, interactions avec les citoyens et les organizations locales afin de rendre possible des échanges culturels à un niveau personnel.

Le Forum bénéficiera d’un partage des recettes réalisées par ces voyages. Voyagez avec nous et partagez votre histoire avec les gens de nos foyers ancestraux.

Pour de plus amples renseignements, veuillez prendre contact avec Renée Gagné à l’adresse électronique suivante: renee.gagne@umit.maine.edu

In Collaboration With: En Collaboration Avec:
http://www.dubetravel.com/
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 academic 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

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.

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.