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<http://www.francolib.francoamerican.org/>
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other pertinent websites to check out -

**Les Français d’Amérique / French In America
Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002**

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

Franco-American Women’s Institute:

<http://www.fawi.net>





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

Sommaire/Contents

Dédié-Yvonne Ross.....	3,4
<u>Lettres/Letters</u>	4
<u>L'État du ME</u>	5-18, 34-35
<u>L'État du CT</u>	19-22, 27-29
<u>L'État du RI</u>	23-25
<u>L'État du MN</u>	36-37
<u>Spécial</u>	21-27
<u>Books/Livres</u>	30-33
<u>Coin des jeunes</u>	40-41
<u>Genealogy</u>	40-45
<i>Famille Théberge</i>	

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Le FORUM

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719



*Ce numéro de Le Forum est dédié à la douce
mémoire de Yvonne Merau-Ross*

*This issue of Le Forum is dedicated in loving
memory of Yvonne Merau-Ross*

Yvonne Merau-Ross, 90, passed away on Friday October 17, 2014 at Highland Rehabilitation Center & Nursing Home in Middletown, NY.

Yvonne was born on March 18, 1924 in Paris, France. She fought in the French Resistance and was interpreter for an American General at Orly Airport, France.

She met her American husband, Densil L. Ross (predeceased), at Camp Pall Mall in France where he was a Sergeant in the US Army. They married in 1946 in France and raised their three children in Liberty, NY. Survivors include her children, Bertrand Ross of West Milford, NJ and partner Young Kim, Suzanne Ross-Schroeder and husband Richard of the Villages, Florida and Roger Ross and partner Eric Bongartz of Kerhonkson, NY and NYC; grandchildren, John Schroeder and wife Judy Henrich, Danielle Schroeder-Kerzner and husband Richard, Germaine R. Ross (deceased), Erica Schroeder-Kacmar and husband Kenneth; great-grandchildren, Hudson and Halden Kerzner, Madigan and Schroeder Kacmar; numerous nephews, nieces and also her loving cousins in Draveil, France - Suzanne, Jean and Alain Domergue.

Yvonne was a Nurse and Medical Records Administrator commencing at Maimonides and Loomis Hospitals in Liberty and retiring at Helen Hayes Hospital in West Haverstraw, NY. She was poet and a published author of a book about her 48 year old parrot in France named "Coco".

We will miss this wonderful feisty, gutsy lady, a great citizen, wife, mother, aunt, grandmother and great-grandmother. She had great integrity - created by the crucible of war- the heat and pressure created a person that was pure of heart and soul.

Graveside services will be held on Wednesday, October 22, 2014 at 1 PM at Sullivan County Veterans Cemetery, Sunset Lake Rd. Liberty, NY.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Orange Regional Medical Center or to Highland Rehab & Nursing Home, both in Middletown, NY.

SPRING AWAKENING

Spring flew in on
The Wing of her Dove
Reached for her magic bag
Brought out her brushes

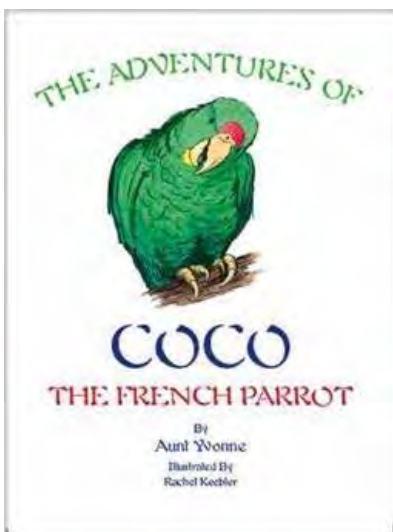
With light, feathery strokes
Birthed the soft green
of the unfurling leaves
In the Forest and Meadows

The increasing warmth of the
Newborn Sun popped
Daffodils, Tulips and Violets
out of the once cold, bare Earth

Now their sweet scents filled the air
Precursor of Warm Spring nights
Freeing our dormant Spirit for long
awaited fanciful Flights

By: Yvonne Merau-Ross

*According to Yvonne, "writing...keeps
your mind's gear from collecting unwanted
rust.."*



The Prisoner

By Yvonne Merau-Ross

Dad and I left home at sunrise that August day. the trip was over 100 miles, our only means to get there—our bicycles—our only hope for access to the “gestapo” prison at “Auxerre” a german pass stating my translating work was satisfactory giving no reason to believe, I could be a partison in the “Maquis” (Freedom Fighters). I had swallowed my pride to get that “rotten” piece of paper. My brother's life was at stake. I would have done anything humanly feasible to save him as he would have done for me.

The morning was cool, the ground mostly level with a few low rolling hills; we were making good time. Near noon, a thunderstorm came so fast we got wet before donning our ponchos, then the hail began, pelting us. My unpro-

tected face sore from the pummeling.

The last 50 miles were hard and exhausting, steady up hill in the Burgundy Mountains, then through the forest pedaling into the unrelenting storm. I kept encouraging myself—you can do it, you can do it—as I became more and more aware of the pain in my calves and the stiffness in my arms. My neck felt like a broomstick.

Dad and I could not talk, each coping in our own way with the brutal news passed on last night—Bertrand was held a prisoner of the “gestapo” for the past two weeks. I blocked from my mind visions of torture; I knew the prisoners suffered. I needed all my physical strength to reach “Auxerre”. I could not let anything sap my energy, needed it all.

About 5 PM, we reached the edge of town. Dad left me to look for rooms nearby. The rain had stopped. I leaned my bike against the wall, got out of my sweaty Poncho and stretched. I was so stiff; I felt I had shrunk.

(Continued on page 4)



Lettres/ Letters

Voici mon deux cents:

There are somethings we know which we should never speak out.

There are some people who read books and some people who own books - and the two are not the same. I know, I manage a library full of books unread by their owners. Who around here ever reads Rimbaud? A strange little kid who owned few books but read many.

You can't ever read them all, you know. No one ever knows everything. But when you do read, you bring your understanding to the book - and never fully see it the way the writer wrote it. I find Rimbaud a strange little kid, but then that's MY view isn't it? Not His!

His vocabulary is immense, humorous - he keeps me turning the pages of the dictionary. - Ah! that's why the owners of the book never read Rimbaud, Who reads a book that makes you turn to the dictionary?

(The Prisoner continued from page 4)

Dad came back saying all he could find was space in a "dreary hotel". We went there and were given the key to a room, a tall candle (no electricity), no matches, no towel, no soap, no food. You brought your own or you went without.

The room was small dismal and damp. I was so tired...! There was one closed, shuttered window, a tiny washroom to the right. Dad said "The toilettes are down the hall." All I really saw were two cots. I was so tired...! I wanted to be down right there, right then, on the closest cot; shut my eyes tight and fall into an amnesia, merciful sleep. I did not care for food. I did not care to wash.

Next morning, the sunlight slitting through the shutters woke me up. Anticipating a garden beyond the window, I threw it open. There was a high, red stone walled courtyard, piled high with bleached bones. I thought they were human and I got sick.

Dad said matter of factly, "Those are animals, the black market is at it again."

At 10 AM we were at the prison's gate. I showed "my pass" to the guard. Dad, I and other families were allowed in. We each carried a brown

The kid grew up in the absence of a father - never truly athletic (he describes himself as "maladresse dans la lutte" - poor wrestler, bad fighter). He spent his childhood in libraries and schools - pleasing his teachers to win prizes.

My God! at fifteen he knew of gods I never heard of until adulthood.

At that age he must have looked up biology and anatomy books for in one poem he uses the words, "Germes, Foetus, Embryons and he describes men as monkeys fallen upon the VULVA of mothers. In another poem he writes of "pornography sans orthographe", which the translator of the student edition, I'm using translates as badly written pornography but which to me really ought to be translated as "unsigned pornography".

Imagine all of this at sixteen. Would you rather see your kid play soccer or hockey than be composing a poem entitled "Venus Anadyomène"?

Ha! at seventy, I know who Venus is - the marble woman of Milo with the arms cut off., but who the hell is Anadyomène? I sure am going to have to look that one up on Wikipedia!

It looks like I can read the adolescent books which the owners of the book never read because they

wrapped, string tied package, "goodies from home" for the comfort of our loved one.

We were led into a large room, in a single file close to the outer wall. On the inner wall was a row of brown wood desks, behind them german officers with "the bitches" (french prostitutes) on their laps.

We had to endure this disgusting spectacle in total silence for over an hour. Boiling with anger, stone faced, glassy eyed we stood, while they laughed, told obscene jokes and felt each other. After the shock of seeing the ossuary earlier, I was petrified I would throw up and get thrown out.

We were let into a high walled, stoned, round Courtyard; the ground was grey, slippery quarry stones. It was a fortress full of "german gestapo" walking their round.

Bertrand was 19, tall, athletic, brown-haired with laughing blue eyes and beginning to shave when I last saw him. I did not recognize the bent man shuffling toward us. As he got nearer, I noticed wounds showing through his torn clothing.

His head was down. I put my hand gently under his chin and lifted it. Above his unshaven face each cheek bore an ugly, huge, blue welt; his forehead had a deep gash from eyebrow to eyebrow caked with blood. His

were too busy with politics and money.

Hey Politicians!, I ain't gonna sock it to you guys, you rich owners of leather bound books you never read, I'll let the strange little waif watching the communards on the streets of Paris do that with a poem.

Démocratie

Le drapeau va au paysage immonde, et notre patois étouffe le tambour

Aux centres nous alimenterons la plus cynique, prostitution. Nous massacrerons les révoltes logiques

Aux pays poivrés de détrempés - au service des plus monstrueuses exploitations industrielles ou militaires.

"Aux revoir ici, n'importe où. Conscrits du bon vouloir, nous aurons la philosophie féroce; ignorants pour la science, roués pour le confort; la crévaision pour le monde qui va.. C'est la vraie marche. En Avant, route!"

Dictionnaire:

Immonde: extrêmement sale; Impure selon certaines religions détremper: déturer entièrement ou partiellement la trempe d'un objet en acier. roué: qui subi à l supplice de la roue: Excédé rompu

Guy Dubay Madawaska, Maine

eyes... I did not think I could face them, were deeply recessed under his protruding brows, as if hiding from all the pain he felt and saw.

I took my hand away, afraid to touch him. Dad felt the same. We came closer, shielding and nestling him within the circle of our bodies. We loved him so, we were afraid our gentle touch would cause him pain. He looked a broken man, ready to topple.

His lips were swollen, his mouth bloody, painfully slow, barely audible he said, "We are five in a cell for one. No toilet, no food. One was shot through the knee, no care.. He has gangrene - will lose his leg." And as the guard took steps toward us, "Do what you can."

The guard jerked him from us and pulled him away. I knew he was resisting, I felt it. I saw his back, buttock and calves were covered with welts and cuts still bleeding through his rags. I felt a bestial scream raising in my throat; I suppressed it choking and I longed for the guard.

Dad Jumped forward restraining me in the vise of his steel arms. I fought him, but I would not budge him.

I have never remembered leaving the prison.

LES JETONS INTERNATIONAUX DU MADAWASKA BUS SERVICE

(Madawaska, Maine et Edmundston, Nouveau-Brunswick)

Auteur: JC Levesque

Traduction: Gert Michaud

Parmi tous les jetons de transport que l'on peut retrouver, un des plus intéressants est celui du Madawaska Bus Service. Au tout début de ma recherche sur l'histoire de cette compagnie et des circonstances qui l'ont poussée à émettre ses jetons, j'ai rapidement découvert que ce projet n'aurait rien de facile. La difficulté en était doublée par le fait que deux compagnies – le Madawaska Bus Line et le Madawaska Bus Service étaient tous deux en opération pendant la même période de temps. Cependant, après quatre années de recherche, j'ai finalement pu rejoindre les faits de sa véritable histoire.

Avant d'aborder le thème principal de cet article, il est important de mieux comprendre la riche histoire de la région d'où proviennent ces deux compagnies. Géographiquement, la terre connue sous le nom de "Madawaska" (vocabulaire dérivé du

nom amérindien Malécite signifiant "terre des porcs-épics") est située à l'extrémité nord-ouest du Nouveau-Brunswick, là où il rencontre l'extrémité nord-est de l'état du Maine. Ce coin forme la frontière canado-américaine; les deux pays sont séparés par le fleuve Saint-Jean. Cette région a été le sujet de plusieurs documents d'auteurs fascinés par sa diversité. (Un tel article a même paru en septembre 1980 dans le National Geographic Magazine.)

Les Français furent les premiers pionniers à s'établir sur cette terre en 1785, après avoir été bannis de leurs foyers au centre du Nouveau-Brunswick en 1755, pour avoir refusé de plaider allégeance au roi britannique. Dans ce Madawaska éloigné, ils découvrirent une terre riche et fertile, entourée de montagnes verdoyantes et dotée d'une faune abondante. Ils

y installèrent leurs familles, qui grandirent rapidement. Isolés de l'influence de leur peuple qu'ils avaient laissé derrière eux, les habitants du Madawaska se formèrent bientôt une culture qui leur était propre.

Ce vaste territoire fut bientôt réclamé par la Grande Bretagne ainsi que par les États-Unis d'Amérique. C'est en 1842 que la question des frontières fut enfin résolue par le Traité de Webster-Ashburton qui désigna le fleuve Saint-Jean comme frontière officielle entre les deux pays. Ceci voulait dire qu'un côté de la rivière appartenait maintenant à la province du Nouveau-Brunswick, tandis que l'autre côté devenait partie de l'état du Maine. Il n'était pas rare à cette époque qu'un frère ait établi sa résidence d'un côté de la rivière et que son autre frère se soit installé de l'autre côté de cette même rivière. Donc, suite à la signature de ce traité, une famille devenait subitement citoyenne d'un pays, alors qu'un autre membre de cette famille se retrouvait citoyen d'un autre pays!

Bien que leur terre fut divisée et que leurs familles furent séparées entre deux nations, les gens du Madawaska conservèrent leur culture commune. Même de nos jours, ces habitants considèrent cette terre non pas comme deux pays, mais comme une seule communauté homogène franco-
(suite sur page 6)

MADAWASKA BUS SERVICE INTERNATIONAL TOKENS

(Madawaska, Maine & Edmundston, NB)

By: JC Levesque

(www.JC-Levesque.com)

One of the most interesting of all transportation tokens is the one issued by the Madawaska Bus Service. When I first set out to uncover the history of this company and the circumstances behind the issuance of its tokens, I soon found that it was not as easy a project as I had anticipated. The difficulty was compounded by the fact that two totally different companies, the Madawaska Bus Line and the Madawaska Bus Service, both operated during the same period of time. Nevertheless, after over four years of research, I was finally able to piece together the puzzle which revealed the true story.

Before undertaking the main theme of this article, it's important to know a little about the rich history surrounding the region in which these two companies originated. Geographically, the land known as

"Madawaska" (a derivative of the Malecite Indian name for "Land of the Porcupines") is situated where the westernmost tip of New Brunswick meets the northernmost tip of Maine to form the Canada/United States border; the two countries being separated by the St. John River. This region has been the subject of numerous writings by fascinated admirers (one such article was published in the September 1980 issue of the prestigious "National Geographic Magazine").

The French were the first pioneers to settle this land in 1785, having been among those banished from their Central New Brunswick homes in 1755 for refusing to pledge allegiance to the British monarchy. In secluded Madawaska, they found a rich and fertile land with rolling green mountains and an abundance of

wildlife. Here, they raised their families and their numbers grew quickly. Isolated from the influences of the people they had left behind, the inhabitants of Madawaska soon developed a culture all their own.

This vast stretch of land was claimed by both Great Britain and the United States of America, until 1842, when the question of boundary was finally settled by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty which established the St. John River as the boundary between part of New Brunswick and Maine. Thus, one side of the river officially became the Province of New Brunswick and the other, the State of Maine. It had not been uncommon for one man's family to have settled on one side of the river, while his brother's family established residence on the other. After the signing of the treaty, one family would suddenly find itself citizens of one country, while the other became citizens of another country!

Although the land had been severed in half with its families separated into two nations, the people of Madawaska continued to possess a common culture. Even to this day, the inhabitants consider the land, not as two countries, but as one homogeneous

(Continued on page 6)

(LES JETONS INTERNATIONAUX DU MADAWASKA BUS SERVICE suite de page 5)

phone qui se partage un même héritage. Traverser d'un pays à l'autre est devenu routine; pour les gens du Madawaska, c'est tout comme passer d'une ville à une autre.

Séparés par le fleuve Saint-Jean, Edmundston au Nouveau-Brunswick et Madawaska au Maine sont les deux municipalités principales de la région du Madawaska. Et ceci nous amène au thème de cet article: le Madawaska Bus Line et le Madawaska Bus Service. La première compagnie débuta ses opérations à Edmundston, NB, situé dans le comté de Madawaska (ce qui explique son nom), alors que la seconde fut formée dans la ville de Madawaska, Maine. Même si le Madawaska Bus Line n'a jamais émis de jetons métalliques, il est quand même important de souligner ses opérations, puisque le Madawaska Bus Service (celui qui a émis les jetons) opérait en tandem, et, plus important encore, le Madawaska Bus Service dépendait du Madawaska Bus Line pour sa survie.

Le Madawaska Bus Line a été fondée par M. Émile T. Cyr, un fermier de Saint-François, NB. Cette compagnie connut des

débuts bien modestes: un petit autobus de douze passagers fut mis en service le 15 juillet 1930. M. Cyr forma un partenariat avec M. Antoine Richard qui, depuis 1926, a opéré son propre service d'autobus entre Saint-François, NB et Grand-Sault, NB.

En 1936 M. Cyr acheta la part de compagnie de son partenaire et devint donc l'unique propriétaire de deux petits autobus vieillots. Mais le Madawaska Bus Line prospéra rapidement, et en 1936 M. Cyr acheta un troisième autobus pour faire le service entre Edmundston, NB, et Rivière-Bleue, QC. En 1942 un quatrième autobus fut ajouté pour desservir une nouvelle route entre Grand-Sault, NB, et Plaster Rock, NB. En 1945 la ville (maintenant la cité) d'Edmundston lança des appels d'offre pour un service d'autobus passagers dans les limites de la ville. Le Madawaska Bus Line fut accordé le contrat l'année suivante et débuta un service régulier à chaque demi-heure; il y avait alors deux arrêts principaux: un à l'Hôtel New Royal sur la rue Court, et un au 121 rue De l'Église. Le bureau-chef de la compagnie était situé sur la rue Hill, et son garage était sur la rue Queen.

En 1946 on ajouta un nouveau trajet entre Perth, NB, et Nictau, NB. (Ce tra-

jet était auparavant desservi par M. Jos. Azzard.) En plus des trajets ci-haut mentionnés, le Madawaska Bus Line desservait aussi les routes d'Edmundston à Nictau, NB, à Plaster Rock, NB, à Saint-François, NB, et jusqu'à Notre-Dame-du-Lac, QC.

Le Madawaska Bus Line grossit éventuellement pour inclure un parc de cinq autobus desservant Edmundston et les villages avoisinants, et sept autobus pour les trajets à l'extérieur de la région. Quatre autres autobus étaient mis en réserve pour services nolisés spéciaux. En plus, quatre grosses motoneiges étaient en service durant la saison hivernale pour desservir les routes entre la frontière Nouveau-Brunswick/Québec et Notre-Dame-du-Lac, QC, ainsi qu'entre Rivière-Bleue, QC, et St-Louis-du-Ha!-Ha! (en passant par Saint-Elzéar, QC). La compagnie avait à son actif 27 employés -- 29 durant l'hiver. En dépit de sa croissance rapide et d'un avenir prometteur, le Madawaska Bus Line dû déclarer faillite en 1953, suite à de nombreuses difficultés financières.

Ceci nous amène donc à la compagnie qui avait émis les jetons: le Madawaska Bus Service. Cette compagnie fut formée en 1946 par M. Alfred P. "Fred" Beaulieu de la ville de Madawaska, au Maine. M. Beau-

(MADAWASKA BUS SERVICE INTERNATIONAL TOKENS continued from page 5)

French-speaking community, sharing a common heritage. Crossing from one country to the other is a matter of routine, and is as commonplace to the inhabitants of Madawaska as going from one town to the next.

Separated by the Saint John River, Edmundston, New Brunswick, and Madawaska, Maine, are the largest municipalities in the Madawaska region. Which brings us to the main topic of this article: the Madawaska Bus Line and the Madawaska Bus Service. The former company began operations in Edmundston, N.B., which is situated in Madawaska County (hence the origin of the company name), while the latter originated from Madawaska, Maine. Although the Madawaska Bus Line never issued metallic tokens, it's nevertheless important to describe its operation, since both it and the Madawaska Bus Service (the one which issued the tokens) operated in tandem and, more important, the Madawaska Bus Service depended on the Madawaska Bus Line for its survival.

The Madawaska Bus Line was formed by Mr. Emile T Cyr, a farmer from Saint-

François, N.B. The company's beginnings were modest: a small 12-seat bus which was put into service on July 15, 1930. Mr. Cyr formed a partnership with Mr. Antoine Richard who, since 1926, had operated his own one-bus service between Saint-François, N.B. and Grand Falls, N.B.

In 1936, Mr. Cyr bought his partner's share of the business and thus became the sole owner of two small, outdated buses. But the Madawaska Bus Line quickly prospered and, in 1936, Mr. Cyr purchased a third bus which was put into service between Edmundston, N.B. and Rivière-Bleue, Québec. In 1942, a fourth bus was added, along with a new route: Grand Falls, N.B. to Plaster Rock, N.B. In 1945, the Town (now City) of Edmundston called for tenders for the operation of a passenger bus service within the town limits. The following year, the Madawaska Bus Line was awarded the contract and began regular service every half hour, having two main bus stops located at the New Royal Hotel on Court Street and at 121 Church Street. The company's main office was situated on Hill Street, with its garage on Queen Street.

In 1946, a new run was added: Perth, N.B. to Nictau, N.B. (this route had been

previously served by Mr. Jos. Azzard). Along with the above mentioned runs, the Madawaska Bus Line also served routes from Edmundston to Nictau, N.B., to Plaster Rock, N.B., to Saint-François, N.B. and to Notre-Dame-du-Lac, Québec.

The Madawaska Bus Line eventually grew to include a fleet of 5 buses serving Edmundston (along with its neighboring villages) and 7 buses used for outside runs. Four other buses were kept on reserve for special charter service. In addition, 4 large snowmobiles were put into commission during the winter season, serving routes between the New Brunswick/Québec Boundary and Notre-Dame-du-Lac, Québec, and from Rivière-Bleue, Québec to St-Louis-du-Ha!-Ha! (by way of St.-Elzéar). The business employed 27 people (29 during the winter). Despite a rapid growth and a promising future, the Madawaska Bus Line went bankrupt in 1953 as a result of financial difficulties.

This brings us to the company which issued the tokens: the Madawaska Bus Service. It was formed in early 1946 by Mr. Alfred P. "Fred" Beaulieu of Madawaska, Maine. Previously, Mr. Beaulieu

(Continued on page 7)

(LES JETONS INTERNATIONAUX DU MADAWASKA BUS SERVICE suite de page 6)

lieu avait auparavant opéré un parc de taxis comprenant quatre véhicules, mais voulant consolider son service de transport, il vendit son parc de taxis pour acheter un gros autobus. Le Madawaska Bus Service n'avait qu'un seul trajet: de Madawaska, ME, à Edmundston, NB, en traversant le pont international sur le fleuve Saint-Jean, et vice-versa.

La demande était grande pour un service d'autobus entre ces deux villes frontalières. En plus des passagers réguliers, près de 30% des employés du gros moulin de fabrique de papier Fraser à Madawaska étaient des résidents d'Edmundston, et ce service d'autobus leur permettait de se rendre au travail de façon peu dispendieuse. D'autres passagers (peut-être un peu plus animés) incluaient ceux qui se rendaient à Madawaska pour se prévaloir des bières et spiritueux disponibles, car à cette période il n'y avait pas de tavernes au Nouveau-Brunswick, les bières et spiritueux étant disponibles seulement dans les magasins du gouvernement.

L'arrêt d'autobus à Madawaska, ME, était situé au 564 rue Main, alors que celui d'Edmundston, NB, était au 121 rue De

(MADAWASKA BUS SERVICE INTERNATIONAL TOKENS continued from page 6)

had operated a four-vehicle taxi service, but a need to consolidate his transportation service resulted in the sale of his taxis to purchase a large transit bus. The Madawaska Bus Service had only one route: Madawaska, Maine, across the international bridge over the St. John River to Edmundston, New Brunswick, and vice versa.

There was a great need for a passenger bus service between these two border towns. Aside from regular passengers, approximately 30% of the employees at the huge Fraser Paper Mill in Madawaska were Edmundston residents and the bus service provided them with an inexpensive means of transportation to and from work. Other (perhaps more spirited) passengers included those who went to Madawaska to "whet their whistle", because at that period of time, there were not taverns in New Brunswick. All liquor (including beer) was available only from government-operated stores.

The Madawaska, Maine, bus stop was located at 564 Main street, while its Edmundston, N.B. counterpart was situated

l'Église. Les trajets se faisaient à chaque demi-heure entre 11h et minuit. Pendant une brève période de temps, le Madawaska Bus Service fit ses trajets à tous les samedi soirs et dimanche après-midis et soirs jusqu'à Sinclair, Maine (environ seize milles de Madawaska), mais cette route ne fut pas fructueuse et on l'abandonna un peu plus tard.

Peu de temps après la faillite du Madawaska Bus Line en 1953, le Madawaska Bus Service vit ses profits déperir, et on discontinua les opérations cette même année. La raison principale était que le Madawaska Bus Line amenait les passagers de partout à la ronde à l'arrêt d'autobus sur la rue De l'Église à Edmundston, arrêt qui avait été partagé par les deux compagnies. Avec cette diminution très importante de passagers pour le trajet entre Edmundston, NB, et Madawaska, ME, le tout devint peu rentable et le Madawaska Bus Service dut terminer ses opérations.

Le Madawaska Bus Service émit des jetons de laiton ronds de 16 1/2 mm,



at 121 Church Street. Runs were made every half hour beginning at 11 a.m. until 12 midnight. For a brief period, the Madawaska Bus Service made runs every Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon and night to Sinclair, Maine (about 16 miles from Madawaska), but the route soon proved unprofitable.

Shortly after the Madawaska Bus Line went bankrupt in 1953, the Madawaska Bus Service's profits dwindled and its operation was discontinued that same year. The main reason for this was that the latter had depended on the former to transport passengers to the Church Street bus stop in Edmundston, which was shared by both companies. When passengers were no longer brought to the bus stop, the run between Edmundston and Madawaska became unprofitable and the Madawaska Bus Service ceased operations.

The Madawaska Bus Service issued round, 16½ mm brass tokens, each redeemable for a one-way fare between

chacun valable pour une allée simple entre Madawaska, ME, et Edmundston, NB (ou vice-versa). La légende obverse lit MADAWASKA BUS SERVICE en bordure avec l'image d'un autobus au centre. Le revers (stock-die reverse) montre l'inscription standard GOOD FOR ONE FARE autour de la même image centrale d'un autobus. (L'autobus gravé est une variété du "Bus Type #2"). Le jeton comprend deux trous en demi-lune, un au-dessus et l'autre en-dessous de l'autobus (ce qui en fait un jeton de type appelé "Bus on a Bar").

Cinq milles jetons de la compagnie Madawaska Bus Service ont été frappés par la firme Meyer & Wenthe de Chicago, Illinois, qui était à ce temps-là le manufacturier de jetons de transport le plus important au monde. Les jetons furent reçus en juin 1946 et furent mis en circulation immédiatement. Ils se vendaient en lots de trois pour 25 cents. (Les allées-simples coûtaient 10 cents comptant.) Ils ont servi pendant les sept années d'opération de la compagnie Madawaska Bus Service, et quand la compagnie mit un terme à ses opérations en 1953, tous les jetons avaient été mis en circulation sauf quelques 150. Aucun de ces jetons n'a été retourné pour un remboursement comptant, et aucune autre *(suite sur page 8)*

Madawaska, Maine, and Edmundston, New Brunswick (or vice versa). The obverse legend reads MADAWASKA BUS SERVICE around the border and the design of a bus is in the center. The "stock die" reverse has the standard inscription GOOD FOR ONE FARE surrounding the same central bus design as on the obverse (the bus depicted is a variety of the "Bus Type #2"). There are two "half moon" holes, one above and one below the bus (thus producing the token type referred to as "bus on a bar").

Five thousand Madawaska Bus Service tokens were struck by the firm of Meyer & Wenthe of Chicago, Illinois (at the time, the world's leading manufacturer of transportation tokens). The tokens were received in June 1946 and were immediately put into circulation, where they sold in lots of 3 for 25 cents (a single fare cost 10¢ cash). They were used throughout the Madawaska Bus Service's seven years of operation and, when the company discontinued operations in 1953, all but approximately 150 had been put into circulation. None were ever redeemed for cash, nor were any reorders made after

(Continued on page 8)

(LES JETONS INTERNATIONAUX DU MADAWASKA BUS SERVICE suite de page 7)

frappe n'en a été faite suivant la commande initiale de 5000 jetons. La plupart des 150 jetons restants ont subséquemment été donnés ou vendus par M. Beaulieu, le premier propriétaire de la compagnie. Aujourd'hui, malgré la frappe de 5000 unités, les jetons du Madawaska Bus Service sont rarement vus -- en fait, j'ai réussi à en retrouver qu'une seule poignée. Au marché numismatique ces jetons ont une valeur de 35\$. Ce jeton est inscrit comme étant Maine

#550A (sous la rubrique Madawaska) dans la troisième édition du *Atwood's Catalogue of United States and Canadian Transportation Tokens*. Le jeton du Madawaska Bus Service a été généralement considéré comme étant exclusivement un jeton de transport des États-Unis d'Amérique, puisque jusqu'à date aucune recherche conclusive n'avait été faite afin de l'attribuer définitivement au Canada aussi. Il n'est donc pas listé dans le *Alphabetical Index of Canadian Transportation Tokens* de Joseph Mark Kotler, publié le 7 février 1963. Il n'est pas non plus incorporé dans le *Check List of Canadian Transportation Tokens* de juin 1955 de Ferguson & Atwood. Par contre, on le retrouve comme ayant été utilisé au Nouveau-Brunswick dans l'article de Geoffrey G. Bell intitulé *Listing of New Brunswick Trade Tokens* (révisé périodiquement et publié dans un nombre de publications spécialisées). Le jeton du Madawaska Bus Service n'est pas unique dans sa désignation de jeton de transport "international" -- cette marque est partagée par au moins une douzaine d'autres jetons de la sorte qui ont servi en tandem tant au Canada qu'aux États-Unis. Mais il en est, sans contredit, un des plus colorés!



Photo used with permission from La Société Historique du Madawaska

<http://www.demelerlespinceaux.umce.ca/home>

(MADAWASKA BUS SERVICE INTERNATIONAL TOKENS continued from page 7)

the initial striking of 5000. Most of these remaining 150 tokens have subsequently been either given away or sold by Mr. Beaulieu (the former owner of the bus service). Today, despite a mintage of 5000, the Madawaska Bus Service tokens are rarely seen -- in fact, I've been able to locate only a handful to date. On the numismatic market, an example of this token currently (2015) sells for \$35.

This token is listed as Maine #550A (under Madawaska) in the third edition of *Atwood's Catalogue of United States and*

Canadian Transportation Tokens. The Madawaska Bus Service token has generally been considered as being solely a U. S. transportation token since, until now, no conclusive research had been done to definitely attribute it to Canada also. It is not listed in Joseph Mark Kotler's *Alphabetical Index of Canadian Transportation Tokens*, published on February 7, 1963, nor was it incorporated into Ferguson & Atwood's *Check List of Canadian Transportation Tokens* of June 1955. It is, however, attributed as having been used

in New Brunswick in Geoffrey G. Bell's article *Listing of New Brunswick Trade Tokens* (periodically revised and published in a number of specialized publications).

The Madawaska Bus Service token is not unique in its designation as an "International" transportation token -- this status is shared by at least a dozen other such tokens which were tandemly used in both Canada and the United States. However, it surely ranks among the most colourful.



Joan Vermette

Welcome

Welcome to the Biddeford Bead Lab I'm Joan Vermette, a fiber artist who mainly works in wearable art made with beads.

For some reason, I've always called my work area the "lab," because I'm always interested in learning new techniques and extending them. I learn, I extend, I explore variants, I surrender to happy accidents and incorporate them into the next iteration, and along the way, I find beauty and wonder and humor. And then I move on to the next challenge.

Although I like to dabble in different techniques, my underlying vision is realized by following these four principles:

1. Know what a bead is good for. Never use beads for anything that another medium does better.

For instance, covering an area of a piece with color might be better done with paint or dye or lacquer or dyed fabric. I think that beads are not great to draw with, unless a jagged, pixelated sort of line is what one wants (which you may, as it fits the context of a particular work.) This is why I'm not interested in creating anything figural - I would never try to create a beaded flower or an animal or a

portrait and such like. Though I understand the challenge, in my mind, it's anti-bead.

Beads are good for repetition and variants. Beads make great texture. Beads do things with light that paint, photography and cinematography can only dream about. And they're wearable, unlike most art - they are probably humankind's first wearable art. So - you do what you like with them: I'm sticking to this.

2. The essence of great bead work is stringing. The essence of stringing is contrast.

It's hard work to just string beads on a thread in a way that's interesting and allows the beholder to see something new each time he/she looks at a piece. It requires a feel for contrast and complement in hue, value, saturation, surface texture, opacity, size, shape and rhythm, and it's important that when one moves beyond simple stringing to more complicated techniques that one is not so dazzled by the technique so much that one forgets to use these basic qualities.

3. Beading is essentially fiber art.

So other types of fiber is always a complement to it. I use natural fibers as much as possible because I think they're better looking, feel better, and are better for the Earth.

I'm also aware that although most "bead weaving" techniques don't involve actual weaving, the aim of them is to create fabric, and so I look to apply the right approach for the right effect. What's going to give me the right amount of draping or structure to realize a particular design? What will give me the right sort of surface texture?

Even stringing is creating a single fiber. Wire is fiber in metal. I work in beads as a special medium, but I am a fiber artist. I'm making and shaping fiber and cloth.

<http://BiddefordBeadLab.etsy.com>

4. The basic forms of jewelry are ancient and time-tested.

I feel as though it's important to respect classic forms of jewelry, if only from an industrial design perspective - I want people to wear and enjoy what I make, so I want them to be structurally sound and comfortable. A lot of the pieces I make are delicate, which I hope is what makes them unique and beautiful - so no roughhousing with them! But at the base of everything I create is a classic, time-tested, usable, durable form.

Which doesn't mean I'm not going to test the limits, occasionally. In my mind, that's a form of respect in itself.

So that's what I'm about, here at the Biddeford Bead Lab. Everything I do is one of a kind. I explore a technique and try to work it through to its logical conclusions, towards the end of creating beauty and wonder in wearable form.

I hope you like what you see.

Joan Vermette
Principal Investigator
Biddeford Bead Lab



Geometric ndebele stitched fabric in brushed gray beads with brushed silver trim, draped and embellished with two tiny raw sapphires.

Minimalist, yet sensual.

14" long. Think of it as a choker with four times the amount of beads. And ten times the elegance.

Filles du Roy Connections

by *Richard Gay, aka Guay*

This is a sequel to the Filles du Roy article in the Forum, Vol. 36 #4, fall/winter 2013, page 9. Retired airline captain Richard Vanasse, from Penobscot ME and St Martin FWI, was featured in the article as a descendant of one of the Daughters of the King. His immigrant ancestor François Noël Vanasse, nine generations back in 1671 in Trois Rivières PQ, married a Fille du Roi named Jeanne Furrier, aka Fourier. Quite by chance we have found another descendant of the same Fille du Roi, but from a totally different family lineage. On a recent visit to a hospital in Ellsworth with Capt. Vanasse, we met a Respiratory Therapist named Christina (Vertefeuille) Roberge. The maiden name Vertefeuille rang a bell.

The origin of family names can be confusing. Spellings changed from village to village and country to country, people were often named for their place of origin, and sometimes nicknames became surnames. My own European ancestor bore the French surname Gay, back when the

word signified mirth. My immigrant ancestor to America was named John Gay. The family name Gay had come from France to England with the Norman invasion, and while pronounced the same as the French surname Guay, is thought to have different European origins. John Gay married a French widow named Marie Bolduc and sired 10 children. She was not a Fille du Roi, and in New England records her French name Bolduc was Anglicized to Baldwin.

Such name changes over 300 years ago do not facilitate family research, but once they are identified links can be made, and dots connected. Not much different from intel analysis, where an agent may appear under multiple names and passports from country to country.* The name Vanasse is believed to have started with a man who came to the city of Rouen in France from the village of Asse in the Flemish region of Belgium. Van meaning “from,” thus Van Asse, and hence Vanasse.

Among the children of François

Vanasse and his Fille du Roi wife Jeanne Furrier was a son named Nicholas Vanasse. Nicholas Vanasse was referred to as Greenleaf (in French “dit Vertefeuille”). The appellation Vertefeuille became his surname, and it continued as the family name of all his descendants. Some of the Vertefeuille descendants who migrated down to the states Anglicized the family name to Greenleaf. But not Christina’s family. Doing the math we find that she is a great (x10) granddaughter of the same Fille du Roi, and thus Capt. Richard Vanasse’s 1st cousin 10 times removed!

The attached photos, taken last summer of Capt. Vanasse at age 90, and Christina Roberge, a hardworking mother of children aged 8 and 9, bear evidence of robust DNA of a Fille du Roi, all of whom were carefully selected in France for good health, and good looks. Hats off to King Louis XIV.

(*Richard Gay, aka Guay, is a Maine native, educated in public schools in Hancock, Washington, and Aroostook counties. An alumnus of University of Maine, Orono and l’Université Laval, Québec, he is a former operative overseas in the CIA.)



Capt. Richard Vanasse



Christina Roberge



**THE HERMIONE, THE SHIP THAT REUNITED LAFAYETTE & WASHINGTON AND SEALED OUR FREEDOM, SAILS AGAIN FOR AMERICA.
THE CASTINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AS DESIGNATED HOST WELCOMES HERMIONE TO CASTINE, MAINE ON BASTILLE DAY JULY 14TH, 2015**

In April 2015, after a period of sea trials and training in 2014, the Hermione will set sail for the USA. The journey will start from the mouth of the River Charente, in Port des Barques, where Lafayette boarded on March 10th, 1780. The transatlantic crossing is expected to take 27 days in total, before making landfall at Yorktown, Virginia.

As the Hermione moves up the Eastern seaboard, it will be accompanied by a range of pier side activities. These include in some ports a traveling exhibition and a heritage village that will be accessible to the public. The Hermione Voyage 2015 is part of an expansive outreach program with cultural events, exhibitions, and educational programs that celebrate the trip and mark its progress. A robust digital activation for the voyage expands the reach of the project to millions of people.

The construction of the new Hermione is now virtually complete. It has taken some 15 years in the dockyard in Rochefort, France. The process of construction has been painstaking and uncompromising in its adherence to principles of historic accuracy and traditional craftsmanship. Thousands of craftsmen have been involved. The meticulous attention to detail is well-illustrated by the carpentry: because the timber originally used by the french naval shipyard is not readily found these days, the appropriate timber first had to be located, and then “bent” and carved to plan and fitted together without modern intervention. A similar degree of authenticity was applied to the lines used in the rigging, to the iron founding, to the cannons—and so on.

The Marquis de La Fayette was

one of the most extraordinary figures in modern history. In his early twenties he played a vital role in securing American independence, befriending and earning the trust of George Washington at the age of only 19. In 1780, having enlisted the support of the French government for the insurgents, he was assigned the frigate Hermione, which transported him and troops to Boston. Here he joined Washington with the news of a major military intervention.

In mid-April 2015, the new Hermione will sail to the USA, making landfall at Yorktown Virginia, where the original had engaged in the blockade which led to the British defeat at Yorktown. She will then proceed up the coast, stopping at, amongst others, Washington DC, Alexandria, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Castine, Maine, before heading to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and home. A major program of events and legacy projects is being designed to accompany this tour. For more information go to: www.Hermione2015.com.

Why is Hermione’s visit to Castine, Maine so important?

- Castine was critical in the struggle between France and England to control Atlantic North America in the 17th and 18th centuries.
- Hermione is an exact replica of the frigate on which the Marquis de Lafayette embarked for America in 1780 to bring

French support to the American Revolution.

- The role of Lafayette and France in the war was essential to the American victory and her visit to Castine will commemorate the bond between our two nations.

How can I help welcome Hermione to Castine, Maine?

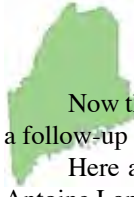
- Please share this news with your friends and send us the names of anyone you think would be enthused by this project.
- Please help support Hermione’s visit to Castine by making a donation on the Castine Historical Society website.
- Please keep in touch as the site develops

A weekend of activities leading to the arrival of Hermione, Tuesday, July 14, 2015:

- Walking Tours
- Lectures
- Storytelling
- Music
- Harbor Tours
- Historic Inns
- Restaurants
- Shopping
- Tennis
- Golf
- Sailing
- Kayaking
- And more...



<http://www.castinehistoricalsociety.org>



Madawaskayens et La Bourse Langevin

Now that we have access to the list of Students at the Collège de Sainte-Anne-de-La-Pocatière (1827-1927) (1) we can now provide a follow-up to Roger Paradis's well researched article, "La bourse Langevin, une page de l'histoire des Acadiens Au Madawaska (2).

Here are "Madawaska" residents who attended classes at Le Collège de Sainte-Anne-de-La-Pocatière during the Years of Msgr. Antoine Langevin's pastorship at St. Basile, N.B.

Noms	Entrée	Sortie	Residence	Profession
Magloire Albert	Oct. 1838-Aug. 1841	S	Madawaska	Agriculture
Firmin Cyr	Oct. 1838-Nov. 1838	E	Madawaska	Agriculture
Michel Cyr	Oct. 1838-Aug. 1841	S	Madawaska	Agriculture
Honore Hébert	Oct. 1838-Nov. 1838	E	Madawaska	Agriculture
Solomon Hébert	Oct. 1838-Nov. 1838	E	Madawaska	Agriculture
Florent Fournier	Oct. 1839-July 1847	E	Madawaska	Médecin
Régis Mercure	Oct. 1839-Aug. 1841	S	Madawaska	Agriculture
Elie Cyr	Oct. 1842-July 1845	Q	Madawaska	Agriculture
Wm. McLaughlin	Mars 1843-Mai 1843	I	Madawaska	Barreau
Jean-B. Martin	Oct. 1842-July 1848	R	Madawaska	Commerce
Joseph Pelletier	Oct. 1842-July 1850	F	Madawaska	Prêtrise
Francis Burk Rice	Oct. 1842-March 1843	P	Madawaska	décédé 20 Mars 1843
Magloire Perreault	Oct. 1844-July 1847	T	Madawaska	Agriculture
Germain Levesque	Oct. 1845-July 1848	T	Ste. Anne	Agriculture.
Levite Thériault	Sept. 1848-July 1853	T	Madawaska	Service Civil
John Costigan	Oct. 1850-Jany. 1852	S	Grand Sault	Commerce
John McCloskey	April 1852-July 1854	S	Houlton	Commerce (n.b. Col. 15th Me Regiment 1861)
Joseph Albert	May 1855- July 1859	P	St. Basile	Agriculture
Daniel Lebel	Nov. 1855-May 1856		Stillwater, Me	
Honoré Bossé	Sept. 1856-feb. 1858	D	Madawaska	Agriculture
Joseph Michaud	Sept. 1856-July 1864	M	St. Basile	Prêtrise
Antoine Ouellet	Feb. 1856-July 1865	T	Ste. Luce	Prêtrise
Francis Rice	Sept. 1856-Dec. 1856		St. Basile	Métier
Thomas Pelletier	Sept. 1857-July 1852	V	Madawaska	Médecin
Joseph Ouellet	Feb. 1858-July 1865		St. Basile	Prêtrise
Maxime Levasseur	Sept. 1858-July 1859	P.	St. Basile	Agriculture
Remi Plourde	Sept. 1858-Oct. 1858		St. Basile	Commerce

* Germain Levesque, he was the nephew of Father Dionne. Germain was paid £10 in May 1850 for teaching school in Madawaska (N.B.) and another £10 for the Winter 1850-1851 term. Germain died 7 Nov. 1870. He had married Natalie Cyr at Ste. Luce 24 Oct. 1854.

Ah ha! Now I know why I had left him out. during his school years his home is given as Ste. Anne (de La Pocatière) and not Madawaska, but he still became Madawaskan Probably right after leaving school, coming here at the behest of his uncle.

Footnotes:

(1) *Catalogue des anciens élèves du Collège de Sainte-Anne-de-La-Pocatière, 1827-1927, Action sociale, Québec, 1927*

(2) *Les Cahiers: Société Historique acadienne, vol. 7 No. 3, septembre 1976, pp. 118-130*

Addendum

La Bourse Langevin might be considered as the building up of an elite in the Madawaskan community of the St. John Valley. To get at the female aspect we might have to try to find the Students of St. Basile Academy opened in 1857 by the Sisters of Charity of St. John, NB. I'm not ignoring the feminine aspect but this first data base is strictly male. Still we may begin to see here the flowering of the elite of Madawaska before the civil war.

Three of the students listed here

may be found in the "Dictionary of Canadian Biography" available on line.

Levite Theriault 1837-1896
Joseph Michaud 1841-1903 (Rev.)
John Costigan 1835-1916

We can find biographical sketches of the priests in Msgr. Ernest Lang's "Clergé du Diocèse d'Edmundston"

Rev. Joseph Pelletier 1828-1916
Rev. Antoine Ouellet 1832-1904

Rev. Joseph Ouellet 1840-1924

Two medical doctors

Dr. Florent Fournier 1824-
Dr. Thomas H. Pelletier

May easily be found Dr. Fournier Married Elisabeth Tighe 16 Jan 1857 at St. Basile and some sketch might be found in La Revue de La Société Historique du Madawaska.

Dr. Thomas H. Pelletier young brother

(Continued on page 13)



(N.D.L.R. The following is an excerpt from the writings of Martha Cyr Genest.)

MARTHA'S MEMOIRS

by *Martha Cyr Genest*

My Grandfather, François "Croc", son of Christophe Cyr and Euphrosine Levasseur was married to Marguerite Cyr of Grande Rivière. There were four sisters married to four brothers. They all lived in the same vicinity. What I want to talk about is my own family.

My grandfather lived in Cyr Plantation on the land formerly occupied by Francis Cormier, that's where Geneviève was born. My Dad was Théophile Cyr a Francis "Croc", he was born in 1862. The house was near the St-John River. There was still a cellar like hole 40 years later, when, as kids we used to go look for gold. At that time three of my Mother's brothers had gone West for gold.

The said Cormier had built a small house on Main street above the church. My Grandfather took over that house, that is where the other children were born. They were beside Dad: Joseph, Onezime, Simeon, Celanie and Marguerite, who, in later years everyone called "la vieille Marguerite".

My mother, Alice Michaud was born in Cyr Plantation near le "Rousseau des Ecureuils" (the brook of squirrels). This does not mean that there were a lot of squirrels. That's another story I will not get into now. Later her father built a house on Marquis Road. Her parents were Eusèbe Michaud, a Canadian and Elizabeth Ann Farrell, daughter of one of the first Irish to come to our area. Mother and Dad were married April 14, 1890. When Mother was married, my Grandmère Cyr was ill. After a year or so, she was bed ridden with what they called at the time "rhumatisme inflammatoire" (inflammatory rheumatism).

My Father being the oldest, inher-

ited the farm, as was the custom int those days, his parents and any other family member living there at the time remained. We were all born in this same house on the hill: Marie 1892, Cecile 1893, Martha 1894, Anne 1896, Olympe 1899, Martin 1901, George 1904, Bernadette 1906 and Marguerite 1908. Cecile has been a missionary in Tonga for 51 years.

To this day, I have often wondered how people born in cities without lawns, hills and trees, can live. So here goes with a few lines about my dear old home on the farm. I was not very old before I knew of the happiness of being brought up on a farm living in a home far from the road with Cyr Hill to slide down in the winter and our own skating rink. In the summer there were nice juicy berries to pick along the fences on our way to the camp on Violet Brook. Years ago it was aunt Celanie's, then



Christophe Cyr mid 1800's

Powers camp, than Belzile-Ouellette, always in the family. We all share many memories of our family gatherings at the camp.

We had all that, plus a houseful of devoted relatives, Mother, Dad, tante Marguerite, tante Celanie lived in her home across the garden. My first years were so
(Continued on page 16)



Eusèbe Michaud & Elizabeth Ann Farrell House

(*Madawaskayens et La Bourse Langevin continued from page 12*)

er of the priest, Joseph Pelletier may be found in Martine Pelletier's books. He was the publisher of Le Journal du Madawaska aroun 1906-1908. He became the brother-in-law of L.V. Thibodeau, attorney in Van Buren from 1893 to about 1938.

Honoré Hebert who only stayed at the college one month in 1838 married Henriette Michaud at St. Basile 13 Feb. 1844. In Cecile Pozutto's we can find the dates

when he was a selectman in Madawaska and possibly Town Treasurer.. He was the son of Simonette Hébert who tesified agains John Baker in Baker's trial in May 1828.

I'm sure we can develop mini sketches of some of the others and we can show that the Acadians of Madawaska at that time were not ignorami and nim-com-poops. A few stay only a few months: Homesickness, maladjustment to Québécois? We don't know but some like Honore Hebert they still took up roles of community leadership.

Still, these were teenaged boys when they first head to the college away from home Dr. Fournier, b. 1834 was 15 when he enrolled in 1839 and studied there a full 8 years before heading out to Laval to earn his doctor's degree. But listen we 've got a data base here to give us some kind of picture of social advancement in Madawaska 1838-1857.

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From Maine to Thailand

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

ED. NOTE: This is the sixth in a series of excerpts from a memoir written by Lille, Maine, native Roger Parent in 2004, tracing the first 24 years of his life, from his childhood in Acadian French-speaking northern Maine to the end of his service as a member of the first group of Peace Corps volunteers in Thailand. This article first appeared in "Echoes", No. 92 pages 19-21.

Leaving Lille for Ann Arbor

My world was about to shrink and expand: I would travel halfway around the world in just hours, and I would be stretched by another culture, another language, another way of life. But first I had to get to the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor for three months of training prior to departure for Thailand

On October 5, 1961, I boarded a small DC 3 plane in Presque Isle, Maine, about 50 miles from my home. The plane stood on the tarmac with its nose up in the air, its tail close to the ground, eager to take off. The plane's incline was so steep that to get to my seat from the tail section, I had to pull my way up by grabbing the backs of seats. I felt no anxiety: not about my first plane ride, not about training, and not about whatever lay ahead I was eager to take off.

The plane's doors closed, the two engines kicked up, and after a brief orientation to the perils of flying, the plane taxied to the end of the runway. With its two engines revved up, the plane roared and shook down the runway, gradually releasing its hold on the land, grabbing at the sky. The plane flew low under the clouds, and I saw rushing below, large potato fields like those I had worked in, houses like those my father and I had built, and green forests like I had explored with my friends. My thoughts drifted from what was ahead to what was behind: my home, my family and my girlfriend.

I had left home before, but only for college, knowing I would return for Christmas and summer. Other members of my family had left home to work in Connecticut, or Massachusetts, or elsewhere. My brother Paul had served in the Armed Forces in Germany. But this leaving was different: Peace Corps was new; volunteers would live in small isolated villages and in poor sections of cities; Thailand and Southeast Asia were in the news due to the infiltration of communism in Laos and northeast Thailand; and our growing, but

still small involvement in South Vietnam was worrisome. I knew my parents were concerned, but they had not verbalized it to me - they had not wanted to worry me.



Rolande Ouellette Parent (early 1960's), the girlfriend I left for Peace Corps training and married upon my return to Lille, Maine, in 1963.

My pastor, who was on his way to his Bishop in Portland, Maine, had given me a ride to the airport in his fancy black Buick, and had blessed me off. (We had one car, which my father had driven to work that morning. If he missed a work day, he did not get paid.)

Leaving home had not been easy because my mother and father, who seldom displayed emotions, had shown some that morning: my mother had cried as she waved goodbye from the porch, and my father had shed a few tears at his work place in Van Buren.

What made my departure more painful was leaving my girlfriend, Rolande. We had met in July and had developed a deep fondness for each other during a two-month courtship. A part of me had wanted to stay with Rolande, but my commitment

to service and my desire for adventure had been stronger. We had promised to continue our relationship through letters - the only practical means of communication over long distances in 1961.

My thoughts drifted back to the plane, which had slowed to land in Portland, where I was to embark a larger plane for Ann Arbor. I wondered about the training program and the other volunteers. I imagined myself in a small village in Thailand, living with a Thai family, teaching carpentry, speaking Thai, and experiencing the people and their culture. I knew little about what lay ahead.

Surviving Peace Corps Training

We had been told we were among the very best, selected from tens of thousands who had volunteered. I had received letters from President John F. Kennedy and from Maine's U.S. Senator Edmund Muskie. I had been written up in the *St. John Valley Times*, the *Bangor Daily News* and I think, even in the *Boston Globe*. The president of the University of Michigan had greeted us enthusiastically, and had set aside a special dorm floor and football tickets for us.

It was easy to forget in the excitement of the farewells, the publicity, and the grand welcome at the university, that I was not yet fully in the Peace Corps. I had volunteered and I was called a volunteer, but Sargent Shriver's letter was clear: "...chosen to participate in the training program and final selection for a Peace Corps Project in Thailand." Training was not only about training, it was also about deselection; it was about being sent back home if I didn't measure up; I was invited and I could be dis-invited. Given the large publicity in my small community, returning home and having to explain what happened to my friends at Lawrence's General Store would have been very embarrassing.

(Continued on page 15)

(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 14)

Easily forgotten today, as the Peace Corps moves into its fifth decade, is the huge experiment in people-to-people diplomacy the Peace Corps was in 1961.

Many professional diplomats and prominent personages, even the late President Dwight D. Eisenhower, had predicted its failure. In the early days of the Peace Corps, being called Kennedy's Kids, was derogatory and not the compliment it later became.

Sargent Shriver and his staff believed in us, but they were hard-headed realists. They were going to do everything possible to make sure every unqualified volunteer/trainee was identified and not sent to

Thailand. They were equally committed to provide each volunteer with the best training possible; Shriver wanted us to have all the skills and knowledge needed to do an outstanding job. The future of the

Peace Corps was very much in our hands; we were going to be scrutinized by the people of Thailand, by officials of the U.S. State Department, and by other groups. The good publicity could quickly turn bad.



The dorm where I stayed for Peace Corps training at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

Training was tough, highly structured and with little time for reflection or relaxation at the Tinkle Bell bar, although we made it there often enough. There was a high premium placed on acquiring Thai language skills and on evaluating the volunteers. All staff members - I think even the cleaning people - were involved in evaluating us. We had to rank each other in a kind of peer evaluation, a controversial issue among many volunteers. Directing these evaluations was a passel of psychologists



The first group of Peace Corps trainees to go to Thailand during training at the University of Michigan from Oct. 7, 1961 to Jan. 18, 1962. (Parent is in the third row from the bottom, fourth from right, in dark jacket). The group will celebrate its 50th anniversary in Washington D.C. this year (2011) and in Thailand in 2012.

(Continued on page 8)

(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 15)

and psychiatrists who interviewed us too often and observed us too much.

My highest priorities were to learn Thai language, culture, and history: I spent much time practicing Thai, learning how to say Sawaddi Kharab (Hello Good Morning, etc.) and Kobkhun (Thank you), in and out of the classroom, with tapes and language instructors; I learned many “do nots” of Thai culture: “don’t cross your legs, don’t point your feet at anyone, don’t touch the head and shoulder area of a Thai.” I thought learning to speak Thai would be easy for me since I had learned English as a second language, but it was no easier for me than for the others.

Training was designed not only to impart skills and attitudes, but also to test the volunteers’ psychological mettle. Situations were orchestrated to answer a variety of questions: Was I adaptable? Was I emotionally mature? What were my motivations for join-

ing the Peace Corps How did I handle stress?

The training staff tried to measure our reactions to the stress they created through a hyper-busy and tightly structured program that left little time to relax, reflect, and recreate. In contrast, our biggest challenge in Thailand was not highly structured busyness, but loosely structured work, a relaxed work ethic, and an easy-going social atmosphere. The staff might have gotten a better reading on our ability to handle the stress we were to experience in Thailand by telling us: “here’s the facilities, the teachers, the psychologists, the cultural studies; use these to create your own training program.”

Some volunteers didn’t do well in training. A few tried too hard to please - they seemed to invent a new persona to impress the training staff. This didn’t go over well: as someone said, “to try to appear smarter than you are is futile, because

you can never be smarter than you are.”

My approach to training was no different from my approach to working at Lawrence’s General Store, or to working with my father, or to tackling university studies. I worked hard, didn’t complain, and I strove to treat everyone honestly, courteously and respectfully. This was not something I had reasoned out as the best

Roger Parent lives in South Bend, Indiana, where he served as city councilor and mayor in the 1970’s and ‘80’s. He is trustee of the South Bend Community School Corporation and found of World Dignity, a non-profit organization focused on educational programs in Thailand, India and South Bend. In 2005 he assisted victims of the Dec. 26, 2004 tsunami as deputy director of the Tsunami Volunteer Center in Khao Lak, Thailand. He and his wife, Rolande (Ouellette), have four children and six grandchildren.

(Martha’s Memoirs continued from page 13)

full of joy with Grandpère Francis “Croc” with his long white beard and china blue eyes. To us eh was Santa Claus. The dearest of Memere, who was an invalid for around 25 years, which did not seem long to her. Her handicap was probably a godsend as she did more babysitting than many teenagers do nowadays.

Looking at all the comforts one has in our homes now and all the broken families, I feel that years ago:

A straw mattress, wood heated stoves, good-homemade food, a horse and buggy, made our grandparents and parents so much happier, sixty years ago, than some are now. To me happiness in the heart.

I was the third of a family of nine, seven girls and tow boys. We girls were not tomboys and did not work int he fields, but went to school and helped around the house.

Being the smallest , I followed my Dad around and he taught me how to measure cord wood.

Our mother and Grandmother gave us our first education. As we often mentioned, we were taught to love and fear God. We were taught at home to respect authority, from the hired help, our teachers, priests and fellow men. This gave us a sound spiritual upbringing, and prepared us for the world. If our parents were not at home, the hired girl or our Grandmother Michaud, a good Irish Memere would look after us. From her we learned to

speak English before we went to school.

It seems strange, now when so many “memeres” are living in Nursing Homes, or alone in their home or apartment. When years ago, our grandparents stayed int heir homes. The oldest son or daughter who had inherited the farm or business would live with them and take care of them.



François Xavier “Croc” Cyr



Martha Hester (Cyr) Genest





<http://www.fawi.net/>

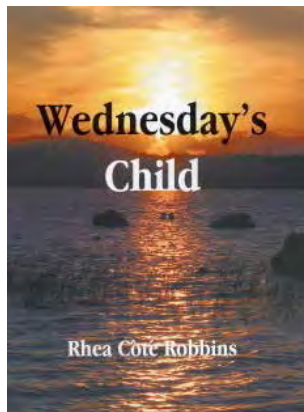
Please consider submitting and post or forward as well. Thanks!

Call for creative works—written, art, photography, craft!

Working title: Inspired, Inspiring, Inspire--French Heritage Women Create!

The Franco-American Women's Institute (<http://www.fawi.net>) will be celebrating its 20th Anniversary in 2016. The Franco-American Women's Institute promotes the contributions of the French heritage women's lives—past, present and future through its online presence and publishing their creativity. For FAWI's 20th Anniversary, there will be a publication of written works and visual arts to mark the present, active, creative lives of the women of the French heritage culture.

This call for creativity looks towards the future as creating a legacy of the French heritage women, who they are, and what they want to convey about their lives in the present and future. This anthology will incorporate the lives of the women who make up this cultural heritage—online, and hopefully, in print as well, and it will offer to the present and future generations a vivid compilation of voices and visuals to express modern-day, French heritage women and their creative works. The anthology will build bridges of insight and understanding for all who will read and view the works.



Call for creative works— FAWI's 20th Anniversary

This call for written/visual works seeks materials that are inclusive, encompassing, energetic and exemplary—realistic, fresh and mindful of how far we have come in our voices and visions as French heritage women. Prose, poetry, song, artworks, photographs—will be open to interpretation by you, the women, in order to focus on the broad subject areas of women's lives and to fully include and illustrate the women's lives. What are our legacies that we wish to pass onto the subsequent generations about who we are as a community of women? This is our opportunity to present our modern-day selves in a body of work that reflects our lives. Please consider submitting to this anthology.

Who can submit: Women of French heritage, Franco-American, Québécois, Acadian, Métis, Mixed Blood, French Canadian, 'Cajun, Creole and Huguenot—are invited to submit. This anthology will be a volume compiled of the women's voices who are of the culture/heritage.

Works sought:

Prose, essay, fiction, creative non-fiction, memoir, 5,000 word limit

Poetry, 3 poems, or 1 long, 72 lines limit Artworks, able to be scanned, 8 1/2 x 11 inches, limit Photographs, able to be scanned, 8 1/2 x 11 inches, limit Crafts represented by images, able to be scanned, 8 1/2 x 11 inches, limit Can be in either English or French OR both.

Submit works online to [mailto:FAWI2000@aol.co]FAWI2000@aol.com

Send written works as a .doc or .docx. only

Send images as .jpg with an artist's statement accompanying all images

Submit a brief biography—telling the

reader who you are and about your heritage background.

Deadline for submission: May 30th 2015

If you have any questions about the submission process or ideas for a submission, do not hesitate to contact me via email FAWI2000@aol.com.

Thank you!

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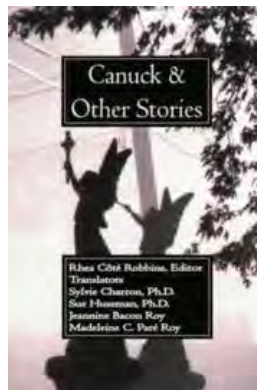
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Canuck and Other Stories
Rhea Côté Robbins, Editor
Canuck, by Camille Lessard Bissonnette, (1883-1970),~

translated by Sue Huseman, Ph.D. and Sylvie Charron, Ph.D.

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by Alberte Gastonguay, (1906-1978),~
translated by Madeleine C. Paré Roy
Françaises d'Amérique, Frenchwomen of North America

by Corinne Rocheleau Rouleau, (1881-1963),~

translated by Jeannine Bacon Roy
Director of:
Franco-American Women's Institute
Established 1996
2015 is the 19th Anniversary of FAWI!



Mirror Into The Past

Town of Passadumkeag, Maine
Sesquicentennial
1835-1985

Tourtillotte Family (Tourtellot)

The early ancestors of the Tourtillotte family came to America from Bordeaux, France, landing in Gloucester, RI in 1698.

On board the ship was Gabriel Abraham Toutellot, his wife Marie Bernon and his father-in-law Gabriel Bernon, all were fleeing their native country because of three years imprisonment in his country and was to migrate to America. They settled in Newport, RI.

Abraham, as he was known and his wife Maria had three children, Gabriel, Esther and Abraham.²

Abraham² married Lydia Ballard in 1716 and they had seven children: Mary, Lydia, Esther, Abraham³, Jonathan, Benjamin and Sarah. Abraham² was to marry the second time to Hannah Cadse Corps and again to Welthian Williams.

Abraham³ (1744-1820), married Hannah Coombs (1744-1767) they had three children, Reuben (1765-1825), William (1766-1789) and Abraham (1767-1849). Abraham and Hannah had moved to Max-

field, Maine. They are buried in Maxfield.

Reuben married Lucy Mamsell and settled in Passadumkeag in 1812. He was among the first white men to settle the village. There were only six families living in the village during the war of 1812, namely: Enoch Ayers, Joshua Ayers, James Commings, and his son Benjamin, Elisha Tourtillott, Elisha P. Evans and Reuben and his family.

Most of the homes of these early settlers were on the south side of the stream. Reuben and his wife raised a large family and Reuben was quite able to earn his living from the land, being well versed in the hardships of his time.

There was also another Reuben Tourtillotte and son of Lovina Tourtillotte Longfellow, by a previous marriage.

This Reuben married Alfreda Dow of Milford. They lived on the farm that had been settled and cleared by Elisha Tourtillotte, near the river. The house had been remodeled many times in the past years. Reuben was station agent for the railroad and tended the station in the village. Freda conducted a boarding house for Plummer's mill. They were pleasant people with a host

(1913-1999).

Warren Elmer Tourtillotte (1926-1975), married Evelyn E. Murphy (1908-1988). They lived on Pleasant Street in the village. They had two children, Randall and Brenda. of friends. They had two children; Charles and Harry.

Charles married Beulah Alice Treadwell of New Hampshire. Charles was a lumberman and sawyer. He also served as constable and selectman of the town for many years. They were blessed with four children; Leon, Lois, Charles Roger and Shirley.

Charles Roger was the only child to remain in the town and raise his family. He married Gertrude Walker and they had a daughter, Bonita. Roger built a home on Route 2 just south of the bridge over the Passadumkeag Stream. Roger worked for many years in the woods, later he went to work for Smarts, Inc. in Lincoln. He was working for Diamond International Co. in Passadumkeag at the time of his retirement on March 1, 1985.

Charles Warren Tourtillotte (1873-1961) married Gertrude Mae Bryant (1876-1956). They lived on Route 2 in the home now owned by Muriel Grover. They had seven children: Charles Leroy (1894-1926), Florence (1896-1982), Lovina Isabelle (1899-1971) who became the wife of F. Harry Walker), Warren Liberty (1900-1981), Frederick William (1906-1968), Reuben Arthur (1909-1963) and Melvin Watson



Reuben Tourtillotte Farm, 1912.



Warren "Snap" Tourtillotte.



Beulah and Charles Tourtillotte parents of C. Roger Tourtillotte.



Lovina (Tourtillotte) and Harry Walker (1930).

(More From Maine....see page 34)

YOU KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE

*By W.F. Parent
Mystic, CT
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The streets were empty. Even the moon and stars were tucked away on a frigid Maine night in January of 1969. The darkness was broken by light from a single window of a lone house at the end of a short, dirt road. The wind howled and tossed handfuls of snow into the air as a solitary person trudged slowly along, buried in his coat. The scene was one that John had experienced many times before. He was back in his home town now, and despite the weather, he was enjoying himself. He softly sang the familiar radio ad he heard again today; “chez McDonald’s, on fait tout ca pour vous”. Yes indeed, it was good to be home.

Suddenly the McDonald’s jingle evaporated into the night air. John’s thoughts bounced between his childhood in Maine and his freshman year at a liberal college in Boston: two wonderful, yet completely different, worlds. He knew instinctively that one day he would have to make a choice between the two. Not today but certainly, someday. He thought to himself, “My world is turning upside down, especially with girls. I gotta meet with the Colonel. For crying out loud, he has been saying you know how women are for years. He must really know.”

John had returned from college specifically to talk to his friend and mentor, the “Colonel”, whose real name was Marcel Xavier Labrecque. John could discuss anything with the Colonel, openly without fear of criticism or embarrassment, unlike his parents or classmates.

John wasn’t sure how the Colonel got his name; after all he wasn’t really a Colonel, he was a sergeant in the Marines during World War II. But everyone in town called him “Colonel”, maybe because he was a foreman in the local textile mill. He was a typical French Canadian, or Canuck as they were called, who immigrated from Quebec to Maine. He had dark skin, brown eyes, and black curly hair always trimmed in a military buzz cut. Like his peers, the Colonel spoke English with a Canuck accent and Canuck French with a Maine accent. De-

spite this, John never had a problem understanding the Colonel.

The Colonel was the smartest person John had ever known. He was not book smart, just plain old smart. The Colonel once responded to John’s suggestion that he read a certain book by stating, “I’m 56 years old and have never read a book in my life and I don’t plan to start now.” The Colonel

made it clear he only read *Le Messenger* in Canuck French, the local newspaper in English, and, of course, *Reader’s Digest*.

John plowed through the snow-covered front walk and rang the doorbell. In a minute the door opened and there stood the Colonel, all 5’-4” and 140 pounds of him, beaming as he extended his hand. As usual he was wearing his olive green work pants and white tee shirt, complete with food stains. In the background, hanging on a wall, was a 5” by 8” picture of Jesus. A small crucifix was centered over each doorway leading from the kitchen. The air was heavy with the smell of beans.

The Colonel exclaimed, “Tabarnac, look what da wind blew in. Bienvenue, come in. It’s great to see you again. Excusez moi, I’ve got to go to the bat-room and put my teet in. Can’t be tootless with guests in the house. Hungry? I have some supper left over, les bins and chien chaude. And, Naragansett beer.”

“No thanks on the food”, John responded. “I still can’t believe you eat supper at 5:30 even on a weekend. But I will take a Gansett.”

The Colonel responded, “You know da drill. Mass at four cause it’s in French, not Latin. It makes no sense to have a mass in a language no one understands, eh?” As the Colonel retreated to the bathroom, John took off his overcoat and snow boots and placed them on the mat near the door. The Colonel’s home, inside and out, was always immaculate -- always. He then looked over at Mrs. Delice Labrecque, as she tirelessly worked in the kitchen, despite having worked a full week in the shoe shop. She was the same height as the Colonel but thirty pounds heavier. She too was French Canadian with very dark skin, curly hair, and a slight shadow mustache. She wore her church outfit, a dark, mid-calf dress, covered by a flowered apron. Nylons were rolled up down to her ankles exposing black lace up shoes with two inch heels, a style popular with the nuns. John said, “Bonjour Madame Labrecque,”

As usual she stopped for a brief

second, responded with a curt, “Bonjour” and immediately returned to her chores.

The Colonel returned from the bathroom and smiled a half grin/half grimace showing off his new perfectly shaped, snow-white teeth. He then interjected, “new teet”, as the uppers dropped slightly onto the lowers making a slight clicking sound. “Did you ‘ear Mr. Smith died last month? Good guy. Da church will not let him be buried next to his wife because ‘e’s Protestant. ‘E’s a more better Cat-lic than most Cat-lics, n’est pas? Because ‘e is not Cat-lic, da priests say ‘e won’t get into heaven. Dat’s not right, ... no?” Knowing he just committed a mortal sin, the Colonel quickly bowed his head and did the Catholic sign of the cross (up, down, left, right) with his right hand. He continued, “Tings are all mixed up. Da priests talk love da neighbor, but only if ‘e is Cat-lic, eh? Religions have caused so much hatred and killing in this world. It makes no sense, n’est pas?” The Colonel did another sign of the cross.

The Colonel then declared, “So wat’s on your mind, mon ami? I only have an hour before Lawrence Welk show starts on TV. I need to shave and change back into my good clothes before the show. Delice and me dance to his music every week. Kinda gets ‘er in da mood,” he said as he winked, “You know ‘ow women are... eh.”

“No, no I don’t”, responded John firmly, “that’s why I am here.”

Grinning, the Colonel countered, “You got all A’s in high school; got scholarship to a fancy college, and you still don’t know ‘ow women are. Come on. Ce feux twee, eh?”

“Are you kidding? I am an engineer, all logic, raised in a guy world. I get the guy stuff OK. But I am lost when it comes to females.”

“OK, mon ami, ok. We need to talk. Allon z to da living room.”

The living room was a small room off the kitchen containing a couch, two arm chairs, and a large TV with an undersized viewing screen. The three pieces of furniture were covered with custom fit plastic protective covers which were removed only when the Labrecque had special guests. The wallpaper depicted a festive scene of brown horse carriages on a yellowed background. Twenty-seven framed pictures of members of the Labrecque clan adorned the walls. On top of the TV was the framed wedding picture of the Colonel and Mrs. Labrecque, acting as the centerpiece for the room. The Colonel carefully removed

(Continued on page 20)

*(YOU KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE
continued from page 19)*

the plastic cover from the couch and chair and invited John to sit by tapping on the chair. He cleared his throat and said, "Go ahead, back-up.... to the beginning."

John started to talk in a solemn low voice. "I will get right to the point. When I was in high school everything was simple and straight forward. Everyone, boys and girls, knew the rules. Like there was a playbook for everything. Wear blue jeans to school and you get suspended for a week. Grow a mustache – suspended for a week. Same with dating. Go out on a first date-always to the movies- you get a quick good night kiss on the lips if she wants to see you again. That's it. Go out on a second date – you get a long French kiss. Go out on a third date, it's parking and full make-out. If things keep going good, you might eventually get to third base and then possibly even a home run. But no matter what, there always was an understanding between the boy and girl about what was ok and what was not ok."

John took a swig of Gansett and continued, "Then I get to college and there are no rules, no rules at all. Girls live on my dorm floor. We even share a bathroom. It's weird being around them when you're not on a date. Some girls just want to be friends – no dating, no sex, which is weird to me. Other girls shack up with a guy all the time. One day I heard one girl proudly announce 'I can get laid any night I want'! This shook me up. Some guys are comfortable with all this but I'm not. Anything and everything is ok: loose-e- goosey sex, women's lib, homosexuality, civil rights, protest marches -- you name it and it's ok. Free love, turn on- drop out, do your own thing. And this is for both guys and girls! Plus drugs and booze are everywhere. Sometimes I feel like I'm the only normal person in the entire college."

The Colonel, choking on his beer, blurted, "Coreliss, wat da 'ell is da world coming to, eh? "

"The world is changing fast; maybe not in Maine, but it is happening," said John. "The hardest part for me is girls; I kinda got them in high school but they confuse the hell out of me in college. I have dated quite a few college girls, even got to second base a couple times on the first date. Then there was one girl I really liked. After a few dates, I got to third base. It was great! I was hopin for a home run someday but I did not pressure her. Then one day I overheard a guy in the lunchroom bragging that he slept with

her. Boy, was I pissed. When I confronted her about what I heard, she told me she had home run sex with that guy because she wasn't getting it from me. She also said she likes sex with girls too. She told me to 'get over it' and either we move in together or our relationship is over. It's so complicated and crazy, I don't know what to do."

The Colonel cleared his throat, "Umm, let's change the subject for a minute. I saw you took Communion at Christmas mass so dat means you went to Confession before. With all the sex you been 'avin, just curious, 'ow did you do in Confession?"

Blushing, John quietly said, "All premarital sex is a mortal sin so I always have a guilty conscience. I learned how to get around the rules in high school once the priest started questioning me about impure thoughts and actions. It was just too embarrassing and personal for me to discuss with anyone, let alone with a priest. Then one of my buddies told me his secret. So I did what he did. I looked at the nameplate over the Confessional and only went to Father St. Armand from that time on because he didn't speak any English. You just tell him your sins, he does the sign of the cross, tells you to do five 'Our Farders' for penance, and you're out of the Confessional - sins forgiven. Painless."

The Colonel laughed and responded, "It was the same for me... eh, only different. When I was dating I did my Confession in French to a priest who only spoke English. Let's speed it up. Lawrence Welk is on TV pretty soon. Now back to women."

As John grinned and wondered if he would be dancing to Lawrence Welk on Saturday night when he finished college and moved back to Maine. He said to himself, "Jesus, I hope not. There's got to be more to life." He didn't know what, but he just knew there had to be more.

The Colonel rose and started to pace back and forth. His voice grew deep. "You have problems. When I was young, it was the same for me only different, eh. Ginette, my first wife, God rest her soul, and I started dating when we were sixteen." The Colonel paused to do a sign of the cross. "She was pregnant by seventeen. Abortion was not possible for Cat-lics, eh: so we got married. I quit school and went right to work in da mill. Half da kids in my class quit 'igh school to get married. But Ginette lost da baby. She blamed herself – she wasn't 'oly enough to receive the gift from God. So every Saturday night after mass and supper of les bins, we

would have a glass of wine then take off our clothes. Always in silence, in the dark. Always da same ting. It was over in a few minutes. After sex, she would always get on her knees praying dat dis time she would get pregnant. But she never did. In time we stopped 'avin sex. We never discussed it. She started praying more and more, attending mass every day before work. Almost stopped eating too. Den she died, from sadness, I tink." The Colonel did another sign of the cross. "Very sad. I stayed with her -- divorce for a Cat-lic is impossible... no."

"That must have been horrible", John blurted.

"Oui, it was. Women can bring a man such misery. A week after the funeral, women would come by da house with homemade bins, casseroles, cookies, or something. I started to date some of dem. Dis went on for about ten years. It was fun and the sex was great. Women can bring a man such pleasure, eh? But I felt incomplete, sometimes even empty. Den one winter 'oliday I went back to Quebec for a family reveyon, and met Ginette's younger sister, Delice. Dere was someting special about 'er right away. She had left the convent and came back to Quebec to live with 'er parents. We got married tree months after we met, when I was forty-two and she was thirty-six. We were never blessed with children but we have nineteen nieces and nephews, a big family."

The Colonel continued, "For da first couple years with Delice, sex was great but it 'as slowed. Dey say that you should put a quarter in a five gallon dry-wall bucket every time you have sex in the first tree years of marriage. After dat, you take out a quarter every time you have sex and you will die with money in the bucket. So don't pick a wife just because of sex. Uder tings are important too."

John adjusted his position and said, "So, with all those experiences you must really know how women are. Help me, cause I still don't get it."

"Mon ami. Men and women are very different. Men look for connection in dis world. We want to feel something but God did not give us the equipment to feel. Men want to do more dan just work and do tings. So we look to women to complete our lives. Our brains are simple tings, like a stop light, red or green. Stop or go and dere is not much more. Women are complex."

The Colonel slowly leaned to the left then let out a bean fart, and smiled. He
(Continued on page 21)

Reunion of All Former Students of STS to be held on May 15th

*By Albert J. Marceau
Class of 1983, STSHS*

The second reunion of graduates, and non-graduates, of all classes of both the high-school and the college at St. Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield, Conn., will be held on Fri. May 15, 2015 in the alma mater. As the date of the reunion nears, there will be more information about it on the website, <http://www.stseminary.org> and on Facebook at <http://www.facebook.com/pages/St-Thomas-Seminary/135090466507375>. To receive further information by e-mail, please write to: stsreunion@aohct.org. To speak with a representative of the reunion committee, please call Mary Ellen Kunz at (860)-547-0513.

The cost to attend the reunion will be \$50.00 per guest, which includes a dinner,

endless hors d'oeuvres, and drinks, both alcoholic and non-alcoholic. The schedule of the reunion itself is: 2-4PM, Registration and Tours; 4-5PM Mass in the Chapel; 5-6:30PM Reception; 6:30PM Dinner and Program. Like last year, there will be a Memory Lane Display from 2-8PM in the Alumni Lounge, formerly known as the Green Lounge when the high school was open, because of the light-green carpet and drapes. (Today, the same room has white walls, blue and white drapes, and wall-to-wall carpet with a floral design in blue.) Tickets for the reunion can be purchased through the website, <http://www.stseminary.org>, or by check, written to: "St. Thomas Seminary," with the note: "Alumni Reunion 2015" written in the

memo line. The check should be mailed to: St. Thomas Seminary Archdiocesan Center, 467 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, CT 06002, and the envelope should be noted to the attention of Sandra Moore.

The principal celebrant of the mass will be the Most Rev. Christie A. Macaluso, Auxiliary Bishop of Hartford, who will be assisted by the Most Rev. Peter A. Rosazza, Auxiliary Bishop of Hartford Emeritus. Msgr. Daniel J. Plocharczyk, pastor of Sacred Heart of Jesus in New Britain, will be the homilist.

There will be a text for a self-guided walking-tour of the building prepared for the reunion. Some of the highlights from the text is that the chapel has a unique set



"Waiting for Chemistry Class." Photo by Mike Peralta, Class of 1983, dated Fri. Nov. 6, 1981. The photo was taken in the narrow hallway that connected the main hallway to the Science Lecture Room, which was next to the Chemistry Lab, on the third floor, above the high-school library. (The Chemistry Lab had a door to the main hallway, and another door to the Science Lecture Room.) The narrow hallway had display cases, as shown, of various hand tools, knobs, levers, hinges, and switches. In the photo are some members of the Class of 1983, from left to right: Douglas Cloutier, Donovan Perry in the light-colored suit, and possibly Jim Leahy and Matt Winiarski. Despite the dramatic lines of perspective, the photo was rejected for the last high school yearbook. Today, the former Chemistry Lab is the Office of the Catholic Mutual Group, and the former Science Lecture Room is Suite 36. The former high-school library is now the Office of Religious Education and Evangelization. (Continued on page 22)

*(YOU KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE
continued from page 19)*

continued like nothing happened, "Women are like a World War II plane controlled by da cockpit with levers, wheels, dials, lights, buttons, bombs, big guns.... eh. So you can see it's not easy to drive da plane. Men never know wat da plane will do: go up, down, left, right. And den some days, mon Dieux, watch out, you tink da pilot is from another planet."

"Men like shopping, talking on da phone, cleaning, cooking; you know stuff like dat. All women tink about is work, sports, and sex." Puzzled, John lowered his eyebrows and squinted. The Colonel abruptly realized his mistake and blurted out. "Tabarnac, wait a second, dat's not right. It's backward; flop-flip dat. Excusez moi. Let me just say, men and women are very different. Women are a mystery to

men and dat is wat makes them so interesting and attractive. I have been married for twenty years and Delice still surprises me every day. Sure, she is short for 'er weight but she is still sexy to me. I love her. N'obulie pas – 'appy wife, 'appy life.' John shook his head in disbelief, "Son of a bitch! So, let me get this straight, after saying 'you know how women are' for years, you really don't know how women are, do you?"

The Colonel smiled, shook his head back and forth. "No, 'ell no. Never did. Never will. No one does. Some tings in life are meant to be not understood... no?"

John gasped in frustration, "So what I am I supposed to do with the girl at college?"

The Colonel looked skyward and solemnly said, "You, like everyone else, are given twenty-eight letters to write your own life story. Wat you do with dem

letters is up to you. You're in charge of your own life. You make your own decisions. Dat's true for everyone. For all of us, it's da same ting... only different, eh?"

"Of course. You are right. I'm such a dummy," replied John, grinning from ear to ear. "I get it now. Merci beaucoup, mon ami. By the way, there are only twenty-six letters in the alphabet, not twenty-eight."

Smiling, the Colonel said, "I know dat, just tryin to see if you were listening".

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF W.F.PARENT: W.F. Parent was born and raised in a mill town in Maine. He graduated from Tufts University with a degree in engineering. Recently retired from a career in construction management, he has taken up creative writing. He lives in southeastern Connecticut with his wife of forty years. His two daughters and their families live nearby.

(Reunion of All Former Students continued from page 21)

of stained-glass windows, appropriate for a seminary, such as the three large windows that reference Christ and the priesthood: Christ calls the Disciples, Christ gives the Keys to Peter, and Christ the King. In the last panel, Christ is depicted as wearing the Triple Crown, showing His authority over Heaven, Earth and Purgatory. The Triple Crown is also known as the Papal Tiara, which was worn by Popes for centuries, and the last who wore it throughout his papacy was John XXIII, who was the Pope from Oct. 28, 1959 to June 3, 1963.

There will be a silent auction that will benefit the newly formed Auxiliary of the Alumni of St. Thomas Seminary. The Auxiliary and the silent auction are the ideas

of Paul Travers, Class of 1982 STSHS, and he can be contacted for questions about either of them by phone (860)-372-7532 or by email, paul-travers@sbcglobal.net.

For the convenience of guests who may travel long distances to attend the reunion, overnight accommodations will be available in the dorms of the seminary,

but on a limited basis. In order to reserve a room, please call (860)-242-5573, ext. 2602.

All alumni of St. Thomas Seminary are invited to the reunion, and it is not necessary to have graduated from either the high school or the college programs in order to attend the reunion.



George Finley, the last principal of STSHS, at bat, during an impromptu baseball game on Wed. May 18, 1983. Also in the photo, from left to right are: Greg Conrad, Class of 1984, in the team uniform; Andrew Lawrence, also of '84, and looking away from the camera; Mr. Sherman's dog; and Eric Banasiewicz, Class of 1986. George Finley, the biology and chemistry teacher, was the only laymen ever to hold the office of principal of STSHS, from Mon. Sept. 8, 1980, the first day of class for the '80-'81 school year, to Tues. May 31, 1983, the day of the last high-school graduation. George Sherman, not in the photo, taught both gym and history in the final year of the high-school, and he liked to bring his dog to the school. Photo by Kevin McGuinness, Class of 1984.



Fr. Charles B. Johnson, the last priest to hold the office of principal of STSHS from Sept. 1975 to May 1980, lays his hands upon Dennis Vincenzo during the Sacrament of Ordination, under the authority of Archbishop John F. Whealon, on Sat. Jan. 12, 1991 in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Hartford, Conn. Dennis Vincenzo, Class of 1982 STSHS, is the last graduate of both high-school and college programs at STS to have been ordained into the priesthood. Photo by Albert J. Marceau.



The two most admired students at STSHS by both the faculty and students at STSHS in the early 1980s, John Bonelli, Class of 1981, on the left, and the newly ordained Fr. Dennis Vincenzo, Class of 1982, on the right. Both lived in the southend of Hartford, and both went to the parochial school at St. Augustine Church in Hartford. On Sun. Jan. 13, 1991, Fr. Dennis said his first mass in his home parish, and after the mass, he stopped for a moment for this picture with "Bones" in the church basement, just before he would give his first blessings as a priest to about 100 people. Photo by Albert J. Marceau.



photo Juliette L.B.

L'auteur René Delasalle et Marie Louise,
son épouse
Blonville, France
octobre 2005

Hommage à René Delasalle et Marie Louise.

L'année 2014 commémore le 70e anniversaire du débarquement de Normandie. C'est un temps de souvenir et de recueillement. C'est aussi un temps pour rendre hommage à un homme d'exception comme René Delasalle avec qui les Héroux ont un lien particulier. Voilà ce qui motive un geste de gratitude et de justice.

Cet homme, maire de Blonville à l'époque, nous a facilité nos démarches visant à mettre sur pied un regroupement des Héroux d'Amérique et d'Europe avec la terre de nos ancêtres. Nous avons été si bien accueillis lors de notre voyage de 1988, pendant les démarches préparatoires à cette événement et par la suite. Tous, qui connaissent l'Association des Héroux d'Amérique, connaissent René. Si certains parmi les plus jeunes ne l'ont pas vu, ils en ont entendu parler.

Blonville et la Normandie, terre de nos aïeux, aujourd'hui synonyme de fête pour nous, n'a pas toujours été un lieu de repos pour ses citoyens. Il y a eu la deuxième guerre mondiale à laquelle beaucoup de nos familles ont participé d'une manière ou d'une autre. Pour certaines familles, il y a de nos soldats enterrés en Normandie. Pendant cette période difficile pour nous,

L'autre face de la même pièce...qui nous tient à cœur....

Pendant que Léo Héroux se battait en Normandie, il y avait une famille qui vivait un cauchemar réel. Plusieurs familles françaises qui furent chassées de leurs maisons et forcées de migrer à pied au gré des bombardements.

René Delasalle, un de nos amis de Blonville (Normandie-France) nous a raconté son vécu de juin 1944 et des mois qui suivirent le retour sur leurs terres. Cette histoire représente l'autre face de la même pièce, celle de l'histoire de Léo Héroux dont nous avons fait état avant Noël et celle de René.

René a connu Léo Héroux et son beau-père en Normandie. Lors de leurs rencontres, ils partageaient leur vécu d'un moment clé dans l'histoire de la France et du monde moderne. On voit bien que tous les héros ne sont pas en uniforme...!

Ami de longue date de Sylvio, c'est grâce à lui qu'il a pu reconstituer une partie des origines de Jean Héroux, l'ancêtre des Héroux d'Amérique venu s'établir à Trois Rivières/ Québec. A titre de relieure d'art (bookbinding), j'ai relié le texte de leur exode et d'en inspirer la diffusion.

J'ai cru que cette histoire pouvait intéresser vos concitoyens/ lecteurs de savoir cette partie de la réalité moins connue pour nous. Et pour ceux qui ont défendu cette France en 1944.

***par René Delasalle
soumis par Juliette L. Bruneau, Ph.D
(Science Politique) Québec Canada***

nos amis français vivaient aussi leur propre exode. La vie était dure. La fin de la guerre ne signifie pas la fin de la souffrance. C'est l'histoire de l'exode de la famille de René que nous vous présentons aujourd'hui.

Rappelons que les canadiens, étaient membres des forces alliées, qui ont libéré Blonville et la région entre le 22 et le 24 août 1944. La bataille de Normandie s'est terminée le 29 août, après 85 jours de furieux combats.

Nous réitérons notre amitié à ces gens courageux.

***Sylvio Héroux,
Président fondateur de l'Association
des Héroux d'Amérique
Québec, 2014***

INTRODUCTION

Ce récit relatant les événements vécus lors du débarquement, l'exode et le retour dans nos foyers est rédigé à la demande de certains de nos enfants, au moment où ont eu lieu les commémorations du soixantième anniversaire du débarquement en Normandie du 6 juin 1944.

Cette rédaction arrive un peu tard pour moi, l'âge et la mémoire me font quelquefois défaut après tant d'années, alors qu'il y a moins de vingt ans, nous avons refait le parcours en voiture (sorte de pèlerinage...) maman, ma sœur, moi et nos conjoints. Nous avons retrouvé ou presque, quarante-quatre ans après, le parcours exact. Les

haltes de notre exode de Juillet/Août 1944. À l'arrivée, en fin d'après-midi, maman alors âgée de 82 ans, s'est jetée dans les bras de la brave fermière qui nous avait accueillis dans son petit corps de ferme, pendant près de trois semaines (moment très émouvant). Nous étions alors 54 personnes.

Je reviens sur le parcours d'exode que j'ai essayé de retracer sur la carte routière, mais je ne pense pas le refaire très fidèlement, les paysages ont beaucoup changé avec le remembrement, lotissements ici ou là, certains hameaux ou maisons abandonnés, modifications de voiries, etc.,

Les dates elles-mêmes aussi sont précises, à une journée ou deux près, tout au plus, le récit lui-même aussi, à part quelques petits détails.

Les six semaines d'attente à Jurques depuis le six juin avec l'espoir d'une libération éclair, n'ont pu aboutir, peut-être tant mieux, ça a réussi pour certains pas pour d'autres et pour d'autres avec des conséquences dramatiques. Cette opportunité a réussi dans le cas d'une offensive surprise même partielle et qui devait aboutir rapidement.

***René Delasalle
2004***

L'EXODE

Dans la nuit du 5 au 6 juin 1944, vers 1 heure ou 2 du matin : bombardements
(Suite page 24)

lointains, très lourds; c'était l'artillerie de marine (moi, je n'entends rien), mes parents eux ont tout entendu. Mes parents me réveillent au petit jour, le furet s'est échappé de sa cage, s'attaquant au poulailler; nous retrouvons des poules et des poulets morts en grand nombre (c'est un aparté).

Avec l'arrivée du jour, l'aviation alliée bombarde ici et là; des ponts, des voies de chemin de fer, donc grande activité aérienne. En plus, le temps est relativement couvert et il fait froid.

Aucun doute à se faire, c'est le débarquement, sensation qui nous étreint, espoir, joie contenue et angoisse. Donc beaucoup d'appréhension mais courage et attente; le débarquement a donc eu lieu au petit jour.

Déjà, dès minuit, les troupes aéroportées avaient mis en place deux têtes de pont aux extrémités; Sainte-Mère-l'Église à l'Ouest et Ranville à l'Est (cette dernière pour sauver le pont de Ranville pour permettre de franchir l'Orne).

Ce même matin, maman part avec ma sœur en vélo pour l'examen de communion. A ce moment, des bombardements de la gare de Jurques se font entendre, elles étaient déjà passées; mais au retour, rebombardements, elles se mettent à l'abri chez Martial Mathan. Les voilà rentrées indemnes et ce sera fini pour les sorties.

Toujours ce même matin-là à 3 kilomètres à Saint-Georges-d'Auray, bombardement du pont et de la voie ferrée. À proximité, deux personnes qui traient une vingtaine de vaches sont tuées avec tout le troupeau.

L'objectif de ce premier jour était de paralyser les voies ferrées et grands axes utilisés par les allemands. Cela a à peu près bien réussi en général. Ce qui a encore mieux réussi, c'est la maîtrise de l'air par les alliés. Heureusement sinon, ce débarquement pouvait être mis en difficulté.

Le jour même du débarquement, mon père et moi, commençons le démariage des betteraves. Les avions nous survolaient sans arrêt et piquaient autour de nous. L'après-midi, nous refaisons une tentative, le temps est clair. Même chose que le matin, nous avons capitulé et n'y sommes jamais retournés.

Les jours qui suivent, nous ne voyons pas d'allemands sur les routes, ils se déplacent la nuit ou par temps très couvert (moins de risques d'aviation). Nous apprécions certes cette tranquillité, cela arrangeait aussi les Allemands. Mais, nous voulions être libérés, cela ne pouvait durer !!!

Pendant ce temps, faute de communication et circulation, nous savions à peine ce que se passait autour de nous : Aunay-sur-Odon, Villers-Bocage, Vire, Caen, Evrecy en partie détruits et tous les gros bourgs de Normandie par des bombardements aériens. Ce fut un peu plus tard au tour de Jurques avec quelques tués. Les bruits des bombardements nous les entendions, mais il n'est pas toujours facile de les localiser cela se passait dans un nuage de feu, poussière et bruit. Exemple pour Jurques le bourg, une fois la poussière et le nuage de feu dissipé, nous ne voyons plus que la pointe du clocher debout au milieu des ruines.

Les nouvelles passaient au compte-goutte, circulation restreinte à pied, dangereuse et contrôlée. Par une maladresse, nous pouvions nous faire tirer dessus au détour d'un chemin ou nous faire arrêter avec toutes les complications qu'il en découle.

Le 12 juin je crois que les alliées atteignent Caumont- l'Éventé à 8 ou 9 kms au Nord de la Monnerie, libération jamais remise en question.

Étant de ce fait à l'arrière du front et à portée de l'Artillerie, les premiers obus tombent à quelques dizaines de mètres de nous et de la tranchée que nous avions creusée avec les Lenoir dans leur champ, sous deux gros pommiers à l'abri des regards aériens, et ce, depuis les 6 juin.

À la suite de la libération de Caumont-l'Éventé, les avant-gardes alliées avancent sur une partie de Cahagnes, vont jusqu'à Villers-Bocage et au-delà vers Caen, (opération échouée des Sherman face à un seul char Tigre Allemand). Un beau-frère de Léon Lenoir et sa famille habitant Cahagnes, libérés une seule journée, viennent après le départ des alliés se réfugier chez les Lenoir quelques jours repartent chez eux, mais sont obligés ensuite d'évacuer de nouveau, ils étaient trop près du front : situation intenable !!!

Pendant cette période d'attente, les changes d'artillerie ont lieu journellement, les obus allemands partent à 500 m. devant chez nous, passent au-dessus de nos têtes. Les obus anglais qui font le parcours inverse, essaient de faire taire les batteries allemandes, ou puis souvent couper la côte de Jurques où doivent passer les convois allemands (cette côte est très visible de Caumont-l'Éventé).

Cela se gâte vers la fin juin, un véhicule radio allemand stationne dans le petit chemin, très couvert à l'époque, à 150 mètres de la ferme. Les moyens de repérage et de localisation, déjà bien connus à l'épo-

que des radios permettent aux alliés de situer très précisément l'engin. Ce véhicule nous a créé des ennuis par la suite, survol fréquent par un avion de repérage. (Piper Cub), donc fréquence de tir d'artillerie sur nous.

La précision des tirs approche de plus en plus. Dernier acte, 1 ou 2 jours avant notre départ en exode, le dit véhicule a été encerclé d'obus, mais non atteint. Les Allemands le mettent dans la charretière (endroit où l'on range les charrettes) chez Léon, et barricadent l'entrée (nous étions chez Léon ce midi-là).

Quelques minutes plus tard, pluie d'obus tout autour, un tombe au pied de la dite charretière creusant un gros cratère. En face, chez mes parents, pluie d'obus : bilan 3 vaches tuées, 3 grièvement blessées et d'autres plus légèrement. Le dit camion radio évacue les lieux vite fait, et va chez Mme Lemarchand dessous les tourailles (parcelle de labours). Cela peut être l'explication que celle-ci a été détruite plus tard.

Mon grand-père (père de maman et ancien de Verdun) réfugié chez nous depuis le 6 juin, était très brave au début, moins au fur et à mesure que le danger se faisait de plus en plus pressant. Par exemple, il n'a jamais voulu descendre dans la tranchée, il restait souvent dehors quand les obus tombaient en nous indiquant même d'où ils partaient et où ils allaient tomber quand ils passaient au-dessus, à port qu'il est rentré à la maison vite fait et tout en tremblant plusieurs fois.

Un petit retour en arrière. Je reviens aux tirs d'artillerie de plus en plus fréquents, un des deux chevaux de Léon est tué derrière sa maison, nous avons eu un gros travail pour faire un trou en juin/juillet, la terre est sèche, avec beaucoup de rocaille, en plus, il fait chaud : 2 ou 3 jours pour l'enterrer.

Nous avons déjà dû dépasser le 1er ordre d'évacuer, pas suivi d'effet, réitéré et facilité par les hécatombes de vaches, nous sentions que ça pouvait mal aller. Partis le 12 juillet, même jour que Léon et Denise, qui allaient, eux, chez le propriétaire de leur ferme à Condé sur Noireau (comme 1ere étape). Le hameau de la Monnerie, 4 fermes, ont dû partir le même jour.

Nous sommes donc le 12 juillet, départ de la Monnerie avec nos attelages : 1 cheval sur une charrette, 1 sur une carriole, 1 âne (Marius) avec sa petite voiture, il manquait un cheval qui était dans les herbages à la Gandonnière, il avait été volé par des particuliers (nous en reparlerons...). Les chargements n'étaient pas très lourds, mais nous allions voir par

(Suite page 25)

(Hommage à René Delasalle et Marie Louise suite de page 24)

la suite qu'ils y a des moments difficiles.

Nous partions donc dans un premier temps chez des cousins Hue à Danvou (15kms), moi je les connaissais peu, mais c'étaient des gens charmants et accueillants.

Mon père et moi nous les avons aidés à démarier les betteraves, plus tranquilles qu'à Jurques, cela n'a pas duré. Nous entendions bien le canon de Caen à Saint-Lô, mais c'était plus loin.

Dans l'intervalle de notre séjour à Danvou, mon père, lors d'une expédition à vélo, a retrouvé le cheval à Mesnil-Auzouf, chez des gens peu scrupuleux, qui nous l'ont vite reconduit à Danvou. Le mari par manque de courage, avait laissé la mission à sa femme qui m'a remis la longe entre les mains sans un regard. Comme je m'en rappelle!!!

Après trois semaines passées à Danvou, le bruit du canon se rapproche, des allemands que nous rencontrons ici et là reviennent peut être du front, ou vont y partir?

Mais ils n'ont pas l'air très cranes, exemple d'un Alsacien (peut-être) enrôlés qu'ils étaient dans l'armée allemande, essaie de nous séduire pour le débarasser de son uniforme et lui permettre de se sauver. Nous n'avons pas donné suite, peut-être regrettable? Allons savoir! Peut-être était-ce quelqu'un qui cherchait à infiltrer la résistance? Je me suis tout seul quelquefois posé la question.

Je reviens aux trois semaines passées à Danvou (Jurques est libéré le 3 août, nous l'avons appris après). Nous quittons Danvou le 3 ou 4, étape courte pour aller chez l'autre frère Hue, c'est comme si nous avions été loin de tout danger, mais le lendemain nous partions pourquoi? Je ne me rappelle pas (il est vrai que les alliés avançaient plus vite) et, puis nous les gamins, j'avais 17 ans, nous étions tenus à écart des décisions des grands (secret défense...)

Étape suivante, une nuit chez la belle-mère Hue à Saint-Jean-Le-Blanc, à 5 kms environ, puis nous devons repartir (ma sœur, ma mère, mon grand-père trouvent toujours un accueil très apprécié chez les gens où nous arrêtons). Mon père et moi couchons sous les voitures avec une bâche retombante (pour garder nos biens...) J'ai oublié de le mentionner, le cheval retrouvé nous est d'un précieux secours, mais nous allons le voir plus loin !!!

Départ le lendemain de Saint-Jean-Le-Blanc pour Vassy, à 15 kms environ, chez Prunier, un beau-frère Hue à quelques

kms en campagne. Un endroit super tranquille dans un grand vallon très encaissé et de grands arbres, rien n'est visible d'en haut, nous devons passer la libération ici !?!? Seulement sont prévues des petites sorties discrètes pour le ravitaillement. Manque de chance, le lendemain nous recevons l'ordre d'évacuer cet endroit, je n'ai peut-être pas su de la part de qui ?

Cette fois-ci, c'est comme un ultime départ vers l'inconnu, pour aller jusqu'où? Nous sommes en tout 54 personnes, des gens qui étaient déjà réfugiés où nous sommes passés. Convoi important de voitures, chevaux avec drapeaux blancs sur chaque attelage.

Les étapes courtes que nous avons faites jusqu'à maintenant s'expliquent. Le front avançait peut-être de quelques kilomètres par jour (il fallait aussi ménager nos montures) ceci expliquait les étapes courtes, cela suffisait pour nous rassurer, et si par bonheur les libérateurs allaient plus vite que nous ?...

Je reviens sur le départ de Vassy. La famille Prunier et nous, plus deux bonnes vaches laitières attachées derrière un attelage, qui ont très bien fait le voyage à une petite allure, plus une truie prête à mettre bas. Les deux vaches ont rendu très service avec la fourniture de lait, traites matin et soir.

Étape suivante, Caligny (61) chez Rabache connu des frères Hue. Cette nuit-là malgré notre vigilance, les Allemands nous volent le cheval retrouvé à Danvou. Nous sommes obligés de repartir sans lui, et nous serons donc dans l'obligation de doubler les attelages, car dans la partie du Bocage Ornaïen où nous allons, les côtes sont importantes.

Nous partons direction Aubusson, Flers, par les petites routes. Ensuite Flers, Landigou, Echalon, Bellou en Houlme.

Étape à Lonlay le Tesson, arrivés dans l'après-midi dans une ferme, quelqu'un nous informe que les allemands sont à la recherche d'hommes pour creuser des tranchées. En quelques secondes tous les hommes étaient montés dans un grenier, y compris moi, 17 ans et à la courte échelle. Un quart d'heure/vingt minutes après, tout le monde descend, c'était une fausse alerte.

À ce stade de notre exode, c'était le début de la débâcle pour les allemands en Normandie, nous étions le 6 ou le 7 août. Jurques est libéré depuis le 3 et Le Tourneur depuis le 1er. Cela s'est bien passé pour certains : Mesnil-Auzouf, La Bigne, Brémoy, Saint-Pierre-Tarentaine et une partie du Tourneur sauf le bourg. Le bourg du Tourneur, à moitié détruit :

incendies, bombes, le papa de Marie-Louise est tué. À Saint-Martin-des-Besaces et Jurques, il y a eu beaucoup de dégâts, le sud de Jurques presque intact, par contre à Cahagnes, 100% du bourg détruit, Saint-Georges-d'Aunay beaucoup de dégâts dans l'axe Jurques, Aunay-sur-Odon.

Je m'arrête là, car l'objet de mon récit, c'est l'exode du 6 juin, au retour dans nos foyers. Je ne peux m'empêcher de m'écarter du sujet, et encore, je me retiens.

Reprenons la route maintenant pour la dernière étape. Faverolles, Rânes, (nous arrivons face à un très beau château, que nous avons revu au retour, incendié). Ensuite, direction Boucé, nous arrêtons avant le bourg hameau de la Goulafrière, et dans le fond du hameau : 2 petits corps de ferme, fermés où nous groupons nos attelages. Les chevaux et les vaches trouvent du foin à manger, et, nous trouvons à coucher dans différentes granges, poulailler à côté (puces). Près de nous, une dame avec des crises d'asthme nous empêchait de dormir (petit détail)...

Dans cette petite ferme où l'on est accueilli, une dame de l'âge de maman, 38 ans, veuve ou femme de prisonnier de guerre (je ne sais ?) met à disposition sa cuisine. Maman est responsable de l'intendance, assez autoritaire, assez appréciée et respectée (44 ans plus tard, nous reparlerons de cet épisode...)

Pour le reste peu d'allemands dans le secteur, tout paraît tranquille, pour l'instant seulement, car à partir du 12 août, cela remue un peu au niveau des convois allemands (la poche d'Argentan se ferme, par les Anglais, Canadiens, Polonais, etc...au Nord venant de Falaise et au Sud venant d'Alençon, Laval par les Américains et la 2ième D.B. Leclerc).

Dans la nuit du 12 au 13, ou du 13 au 14 août, raids intenses d'avions alliés à basse altitude, le ciel est tout éclairé, le bruit intense ne cesse pas, combien de temps 1 heure ou 2 ? C'est tout près, 500 m. peut-être, mais personne ne sort voir, nous sommes terrés et atterrés.

Le lendemain de notre libération, nous sommes allés prudemment, voir : un convoi d'allemands qui s'échappait à la faveur de la nuit, a été découvert par l'aviation alliée. Il a été détruit sur place, laissant pièces d'artillerie, chars, convois de chevaux, le tout éparpillé sur la route et les bas-côtés, incendié, explosé, un vrai carnage, jamais imaginé si près de nous.

Je reviens au paragraphe précédent, le dimanche 15 août, jour tranquille en

(Suite page 26)

(Hommage à René Delasalle et Marie Louise suite de page 25)

apparence. Un convoi militaire composé de différents véhicules : Jeeps, Dodges ? (nous ne connaissions pas) arrive dans le hameau. Ce sont nos libérateurs, en plus des français, de la 2^{ème} D.B., que nous ne connaissions pas non plus!!!

Quelle joie, quelle ambiance parmi nous, après deux mois et demi. Pour la première fois, je fume une cigarette (américaine bien sûr!!). C'est le départ pour moi d'une période de fumeur qui durera 15 années. Ils distribuaient aussi du Chewing-gum que nous ne connaissions pas non plus.

J'ai parlé précédemment du début de la poche d'Argentan, ce n'était que le début, le bouclage s'est effectué plus loin à Chambois, un Stalingrad pour les allemands.

Après quelques jours pour reprendre nos esprits et l'assurance que nous étions bien libérés, nous décidons de prendre la route du retour. Mon père et un des frères Hue, partent à vélo en éclaireurs pour s'assurer que nos maisons et fermes sont encore debout et, en plus, écarter les dangers liés aux ruines et munitions qui traînaient partout dans les champs et sur le bord des routes et même dans les maisons. Chez nous, pas de drames, mais par la suite, combien il y en a eu et pendant longtemps par imprudence aussi quelquefois !?!

Au cours de cette reconnaissance qui a duré trois ou quatre jours, mon père et Fernand sont passés par Bénv-Bocage chercher son beau-frère

avec cheval et voiture pour conforter nos attelages pour le retour. Je l'ai signalé précédemment, Bénv-Bocage était intact.

Donc, dans une journée ou deux, départ pour le chemin du retour, avec le même parcours qu'à l'aller, mais l'ambiance est meilleure, sauf qu'une question se pose : Qu'allions-nous trouver ? Première surprise, à Caligny, nous retrouvons le cheval volé à l'aller. Monsieur Rabache, le propriétaire des lieux, nous l'avait récupéré, il avait été laissé sur place par les allemands qui l'avaient volé, mais n'avaient pu rien en faire.

Un cheval en plus, le retour doit s'effectuer en quatre ou cinq jours, et je viens de le dire, moral meilleur.

Retour à la Monnerie, pas de portes à ouvrir, tout était ouvert (presque plus de vitres aux fenêtres) et visité par qui ? Les Allemands peut-être, mais le pillage appartient à tout le monde. La maison d'habitation est presque sans toiture, les bâtiments ont beaucoup moins souffert, sauf les toitures. Je signale que la ferme de mes parents était touchée, alors que les autres fermes de la Monnerie avaient très peu de dégâts.

Coïncidence, nos voisins Lenoir partis le même jour que nous, rentrent au même instant de l'après-midi, et dans l'Orne, ils étaient sans le savoir, à quelques kms de nous.

Nous étions donc à notre retour fin Août sans aucune récolte effectuée, foin, céréales. Avec beaucoup de mal, nous avons récolté peut-être 60 à 70% en moins. Malheureuse compensation, il nous restait peu d'animaux. Il faut dire aussi que «cet hiver 1944-45 a

été très dur : des -10° et quelquefois, 40 cm de neige et ce pendant 2 mois peut-être».

Je reviens au cheptel, nous avions récupéré quelques vaches et génisses qui erraient un peu partout, sans toutefois oublier où était leur port d'attache.

Toutes ces bêtes avaient fui plus ou moins pendant la bataille et étaient dispersées un peu partout, concentrés plus ou moins dans des endroits tranquilles. Mon père et moi avons fait beaucoup de recherches à pied à travers champs et bois, nous revenions presque toujours bredouilles. Cela a fait l'objet de beaucoup de conflits entre éleveurs.

Notre exode étant terminé, quelques détails s'ajoutent à cette période : 18 mois sans électricité, peu de pétrole pour l'éclairage, des bougies que nous confectionnions avec du suif, de la ficelle et du coton. Nous avons aussi récupéré des bougies allemandes (je crois ?) dans les abris et tranchées.

Donc depuis le 6 juin, comment avons-nous vécu, sans électricité, sans téléphone (cela s'entend). La nourriture dans une ferme cela s'arrange toujours : jardin potager, lard dans le pot (que nous avons emporté en exode), poules, lapins, œufs, lait, beurre (beurre conservé salé, confectionné avant le départ en exode). Mes parents, au fur et à mesure de la trésorerie, se réapprovisionnaient ici ou là dans des fermes qui n'avaient pas été touchées et qui n'exploitaient pas la situation. Un endroit où ce service nous a été rendu, c'est chez Léon Morin, oncle et tante de maman

(Suite page 27)



Corvée de battage 24/09/1943



Ma mère et sa basse-cour, La Monnerie 04/09/1941



Le traîneau tiré par Marius (Hiver 44-45)



Pendant la guerre, départ à la messe

(Hommage à René Delasalle et Marie Louise suite de page 26)

(elle, était ma marraine) à Mesnil Auzouf.

Je pourrais parler aussi de la tension continuelle du fait des bombardements plus ou moins près de nous et de la peur du lendemain. Et, j'ai dû le dire précédemment, notre famille (je parle des Delasalle), nos proches ont été épargnés par les blessures, les morts et d'autres atrocités.

Au retour, nous avons donc vécu en autarcie pendant au moins l'hiver suivant. Le pain très rationné, pas très bon et irrégulier est fabriqué à la Bigne, ferme Chapelle par le boulanger Mathan. La boulangerie de Jurques est détruite).

Autre parenthèse, le four de la Monnerie en partie détruit, n'a pu être refait que 3 ou 4 ans plus tard.

Il faut savoir que les cartes de rationnement ont été en vigueur pendant 4 ou 5 ans après. Par contre, dans les fermes nous avons plus vite fait face à ces problèmes.

Pour les plus jeunes qui n'auront pas compris quand j'évoque le pot de lard, il s'agit de porc engraisé, tué à la ferme dont la viande débitée en morceaux, imprégnée de sel (saumure), le tout rangé et entassé soigneusement dans un pot de grès vertical. La conservation est très bonne pendant des mois, même à

température ambiante. À cette époque, pas question de réfrigérateur et congélateur.

Autre anecdote, le mardi précédent le 6 juin, mon père et moi partons en carriole à Anisy au nord de Caen, chercher le fameux cheval (cité précédemment) acheté chez un camarade de mon père, Maurice Lambert.

Celui-ci est très surpris de nous voir arriver vers midi après 45 kms sans laisser-passer dans une zone interdite sur 7 à 8 kms de la côte depuis quelques mois.

Nous avons en effet croisé beaucoup d'allemands qui nous regardaient avec plus ou moins de soupçons, mais nous devions avoir l'air innocent, car chez eux il y avait beaucoup de tension.

Maurice Lambert lui, soupçonnant qu'il allait se passer quelque chose et, très bientôt. Les allemands aussi, sentaient que ce moment était proche (lune et marée favorable), jours les plus longs. Il y avait chez eux deux options : plages Normandes ou Pas de Calais.

Ils se sont fait avoir, à peu de choses près, Hitler croyait que l'invasion se ferait par le Pas de Calais. Tant pis pour eux.

Tout cela a déjà été dit, nous voilà donc de retour à Jurques le soir même sans encombre, le cheval en question nous aura créés par la suite d'autres surprises et vous ne savez peut-être pas tout ?!!!

Ceci était une autre histoire, je suis peut-être allé trop loin....?

**René Delasalle
Blonville 2004**



Mon père, Alfred (45-46) et ma soeur



Pendant la Guerre, René et son vélo

N.D.L.R. Ceci est le douzième installment de Waterbury L'exilé par Alice Gélinas. Voir la prochaine édition de Le Forum pour plus.)

Waterbury L'exilé par Alice Gélinas Waterbury, CT

Fait semblant de m'aimer
Je croirai que c'est vrai
Si c'est trop demandé
Mon amour! Fais semblant
Quand je viens te raconter
Mes histoires en tremblant
Sois gentil d'écouter
La comédie que je te mendie
Ferait de ma vie plus belle
Qu'un roman
(une autre de mes chansons)

Frisé et moi étions à notre retour d'âge. Tout à tour, neveux et nièces prenaient leurs ailes et ils se mariaient.

Lucille, la fille d'Yvonne, avait épousé le frère de Laurette. Ils s'étaient connus lorsqu'Armand et Laurette allient voir Yvonne. Lucien y allait avec eux. Il avait huit ans de plus que Lucille. Il était venu travailler à Waterbury, mais il a marié une fille de "par chez nous", qu'il avait vu grandir. Elle a émigré ici à leur mariage.

Nous avons appris une grosse nouvelle. Nicole et Paul nous ont annoncé qu'ils allaient avoir un bébé. Nous étions ravis.

Frisé a toujours été fou des enfants.

Nos jeunes regardaient pour s'acheter une maison. Leur choix s'arrêta sur un triplex sur la Silvan Avenue, Waterbury. Il y avait un garage à trois places, et une cour aussi grande qu'un parc. C'était en 1965.

Je me suis gardée des congés pour être disponible quand le bébé naîtrait. C'est le 19 Octobre, que Lynn Mary est née à onze heure cinquante-deux du soir. Paul nous annonça fièrement la nouvelle : "C'est une fille!"

Nous avons été les parrains.

J'ai aidé Nicole à se rétablir.

Nous allions souvent voir notre petite

Lynn. Elle avait de beaux cheveux bruns.

Puis, il y eut un autre bébé en chemin.

Michelle est née à minuit quarante-deux,



le 8 Septembre 1967. Son parrain et sa marraine furent Conrad et Anne-Marie Pelletier.

Nicole et Paul se dépêchaient à élever leur petite famille, et nous, on se dépêchait de les gâter.

Paul changea de situation pour aller travailler comme gardien de prison à Chesire. C'était dur, parfois, avec les prisonniers, mais il avait des avantages importants comme des bonne assurances et un plan de retraite.

Ce fut une période de jours heureux. Nous allions en pique-nique avec la famille de Paul. Celui-ci s'est acheté
(Suite page 28)

un bateau. Ils semblaient contents.

De temps en temps, ils allaient danser au **Franco**. Il y avait au club Franco des rencontres avec la famille et les amis.

C'était une très belle vie de famille. Nicole prenait soin des enfants en bonne mère de famille. Je me rappelle de Paul, aussi, qui les avait dans les bras, ou bien, il jouait par terre avec elles.

Nous ne pouvions aller au restaurant (Burger King) sans être obligés de courir entre les tables pour rattraper Lynn. Elle croyait que c'était pour jouer et elle trouvait ça comique. Elle parlait aux étrangers et même, elle s'invitait pour manger avec eux. Nous ne pouvions lâcher sa main, pas une seconde.

Pendant ce temps, Michelle était sagement assise entre Nicole et moi.

Le jour de marché! Lynne, assise dans le panier à provision de Nicole, et Michelle dans le mien.

Un jour, Michelle a eu un rendez-vous chez le médecin, et ses parents ont dû mettre de côté un petit contenant avec son urine dedans. Lorsque ce fut mon tour de me rendre chez le médecin, devant tout le monde, en plein magasin, elle s'écria à haute voix: "Grand-Ma, as-tu amené ton pipi, toi aussi, dans une petite tasse?" Les gens riaient.

Lynn chantait tout le temps. Elle ne savait qu'une chanson, mais elle la savait au complet: "Raindrops Keep Fallen on my Head".

Un jour, nous étions arrêtés à un feu rouge. Lynn aperçut un groupe de noirs. Elle a dit, encore trop fort: "Qu'est-ce qui est arrivé à leurs visages? Ils sont tous noirs!" Nicole a passé sur le feu rouge, tellement elle était nerveuse.

Je travaillais toujours comme couturière au magasin.

J'en avais pas le temps de les garder comme je l'aurais voulu, mais pour des occasions spéciales, je rendais volontiers ce service.

Une fois, je me rappelle, c'était le cinquantième anniversaire des parents de Paul, je suis allée les garder.

Lynn faisait sa drôle en marchant sur la table et sur les dossiers des divans. En me voyant courir après elle pour l'en empêcher, c'était pour elle un jeu.

Aussi, elle nous désertait, et la première nouvelle qu'on avait: elle était dans la rue.

Michelle était moins turbulente, mais elle avait les doigts fourrés partout. Elle jouait avec les pentures d'une porte, lorsque Lynn la ferma. Bang! La petite main était prise là.

J'ai cru mourir! Lorsque je l'ai déprise, elle avait perdu ses quatre petits

ongles. Je lui ai mis un bandage sur chaque doigt, et je l'ai bercée le reste de la journée. Suite à ça, j'ai eu un gros mal de coeur et j'ai vomi. J'attendais avec impatience le retour de Nicole. Ils sont arrivés dans la nuit. J'étais prête à m'en aller chez nous, réalisant à quel point, je pouvais les aimer.

Frisé prenait un coup, et un jour, il est revenu à la maison avec un gars qui avait bu lui aussi. Ça s'était passé à l'America Brass. Un jour, nous confia-t-il à Frise et à moi, il avait jeté un homme dans le métal qui bouillait. C'est ici à Waterbury que cet accident avait eu lieu. Il avait une peur bleue de se faire prendre. Cet homme est mort, il y a longtemps, mais dans ce temps-là, la veuve et son petit garçon me chagrinaient. Certaines de nos mémoires reviennent nous hanter quelques fois, pour le reste de notre vie.

Puis, on s'aperçut, Frisé et moi, que malgré tous les efforts qu'on faisait pour vivre ensemble, on y arrivait pas. Ce fut difficile d'admettre ça.

C'est une chose d'admettre une séparation, c'en est une autre de faire le saut. Cela ne s'est pas fait sans peines, sans larmes et sans inquiétudes. Jongler des nuits blanches et me demander comment j'allais m'arranger.

Seule, c'est une sorte de mort en dedans et c'est des vies brisées. Il manque quelque chose, et quand on voit des couples heureux, on a un grand regret. Je voyais mes trois soeurs avec leurs maris, pour quoi est-ce que cela m'était arrivée à moi?

Mais il avait des choses qui me faisaient trop mal au coeur, et le prix à payer, c'est la solitude.

Il a fallu que je trouve un endroit où vivre. Je me suis louée un petit appartement sur la rue West Clay. Plus tard, nous avons divorcé. Chacun de son côté, on rencontrait d'autres partenaires, mais ça n'a pas fonctionné.

Ce n'était pas correct. Je ne récoltais que peines et désappointements. Se faire dire qu'on est encore belle, qu'on est encore aimé et qu'on a pas été oublié, c'est envirant, surtout, quand on manque de réconfort d'un être cher.

Parfois, les bons souvenirs du temps me reviennent à la mémoire, et dans mon coeur, j'ai un profond regret de n'avoir pu rester avec lui, pour l'épauler, mais rien ni personne n'a pu nous enlever l'attachement que nous avions l'un pour l'autre.

Avec le temps, Frisé et moi, nous sommes devenus de très bons amis. Une vraie paix s'installa entre nous.

"Quand la guerre est finie, pourquoi

continuer à tirer du fusil" disait papa. Il nous avait donné de bonnes leçons dans sa manière de penser. C'est avec le temps qu'on a vu combien il avait eu raison.

Pour être sage, toujours "histoireux", il avait dû connaître l'ennui et la solitude. C'est probablement pour ça qu'il aimait le monde tel qu'ils étaient, avec leurs qualités et leurs défauts, et lorsque quelqu'un faisait des choses qui n'étaient pas correctes, il disait: "Il y a une raison qu'on ne connaît pas".

Rosa venait dîner avec moi, alors, j'appelais Frisé et il venait se joindre à nous. Je lui coupais encore les cheveux.

Nous étions capables de se parler en se respectant. Il passait me chercher pour m'amener voir les petites avec lui.

Il me parlait de ses problèmes et je faisais la même chose. Il a dû être hospitalisé, et je suis allée les visiter.

Lentement les années s'accumulaient et nous devenions plus âgés. Il parlait de sa retraite et de son désir de retourner à Sherbrooke.

Rosa, Irène et moi, nous vivions sur la West Clay. Je les visitais souvent. Elles ont toujours été fines avec moi. Nous passions des heures à se promener, Rosa et moi. Nous allions dans le bas de la ville, chaque semaine. Nous faisons tous les magasins pour finir par s'arrêter à Phaneuf Jewelry Store, histoire de jaser avec les trois frères Phaneuf.

Nous arrêtions aussi à Bob's Camera Shop pour y rencontrer des amis, et on finissait la journée dans un petit restaurant du bas de la ville. Ensuite, nous revenions à la maison.

Je suis tombée malade d'un accident cardio-vasculaire.

Nicole est venue me voir avec les petites. Je me suis rétablie, mais j'ai cessé de travailler à l'extérieur. Je cousais encore à la maison pour les autres, mais ça ne rapportait pas beaucoup.

Rosa, elle aussi, a eu une malchance, mais d'un autre ordre: le feu a pris chez leur plus proche voisin et leur logement a subi beaucoup de dommage d'eau et fumée. Cela nous a inquiété, car s'il avait fallu qu'elle ait à recommencer une autre fois... Mais après la remise en état de son appartement, ils sont retombés sur leurs pieds.

Après la mort de papa, ce fut tante Laura qui maintenait le lien qui nous tenait attaché au reste du Canada. Nous allions la visiter, nous prenions des photos avec elle. Nous étions à l'aise avec elle comme si elle avait été de notre âge. Nous étions attendris par le fait qu'elle avait adouci le sort de tant d'orphelins, et en (Suite page 29)

(Waterbury L'exilé suite de page 28)
particulier Denise Dumas et Denise Gignac.

À chaque retour au Québec, je n'ai jamais manqué d'aller saluer toute la parenté, faire un tour, rien que pour le plaisir de les revoir, de montrer qu'on est encore là, même si on était loin. On ne mangeait plus nulle part, et on ne couchait pas, non plus de peur d'occasionner un surplus d'ouvrage.

On se faisait un "chez nous" au motel Zacherie près de Shawinigan-Sud et on mangeait au restaurant Les trois étoiles, et on était content de les avoir revus. On se rame-

naît des souvenirs du Cap-de-la-Madeleine. On ne manquait pas d'arrêter au cimetière de St-Boniface, où nos chers disparus reposaient. À chaque année, on trouvait plus de noms gravés sur des monuments.

Un jour, j'ai eu la surprise de ma vie, en recevant un article du Nouvelliste de Trois-Rivières que j'avais écrit, il y a une vingtaine d'années.

C'est Marielle Tremblay Bordeleau qui l'avait conservé, et elle me l'a fait parvenir.

C'était au cours d'une de nos vacances au Québec.

Ce n'était pas bien vu de parler anglais, et malheureusement, nos enfants, entre eux, le parlaient.

Pour combler le plateau, Émile qui pourtant suivait le trafic, fut arrêté pour excès de vitesse, et le lendemain, l'accident était rapporté sur le Nouvelliste: une license américaine. On y lisait à peu près ceci: "Le petit américain manqué était content de s'en retourner chez lui".

C'est là que j'ai écrit au journal.

"PAR CHEZ-NOUS"

Monsieur l'éditeur,

J'ai longtemps hésité avant de vous écrire mais il me semble qu'il serait à propos que le Canadien français du Québec sache ce qui se passe dans le coeur du Canadien français des États Unis.

Les vacances approchent et c'est avec tristesse que l'on réalise à quel point l'on se moque du Canadien français des États Unis. À la radio, dans les journaux, on nous appelle les "Américains manqués", etc.

Ici, je veux parler de la génération, de ceux qui ont grandi durant la Dépression qui a suivi la deuxième guerre mondiale. J'ai connu ce que c'était d'avoir faim. J'ai connu ce que c'était de travailler pour \$1.50 par semaine dans les maisons privés. À quinze ans, il fallait gagner sa vie. La vie était dure pour beaucoup de gens; pourtant, le Canada c'était notre pays, on l'aimait et l'aime encore.

Le temps a passé. Ici, aux États Unis il y avait de l'ouvrage, même le pauvre sans éducation pouvait s'en réchapper. C'est la seule raison qui a fait que tant de Canadiens ont émigré aux États Unis. Ici comme ailleurs, il faut travailler dur mais du moins, il y avait du travail. Peut-être que la génération d'aujourd'hui ne peut comprendre ça car ils

ne vivent pas comme on a vécu il y a trente ans. Peut-être que c'est facile de se moquer mais auraient-ils fait mieux à notre place?

Pour nous ici, je suis certaine que les trois quarts retourneraient au Québec s'ils avaient le même ouvrage. On parle du Canada et l'on dit: "Par chez-nous". On va en vacances, tout joyeux de revoir nos parents, nos amis, Shawinigan où l'on a grandi. Revoir le parc, le boulevard, les théâtres, l'église où l'on s'est marié, notre vieille maison, sans oublier le petit cimetière de St-Boniface où l'on s'agenouille sur la fosse de tant d'êtres aimés. Pour nous, c'est un pèlerinage, des souvenirs joyeux et tristes.

Pourtant, lorsqu'on entend ces remarques à la radio, etc., on se sent comme étranger, on a l'impression de n'être pas voulu et c'est mal. J'aimerais que pare l'entremise du Nouvelliste, vous fassiez savoir aux Canadiens français, ce que nous pensons d'être traités comme des étrangers. Le Canada c'est notre pays, notre chez-nous, autant que ceux qui ont eu l'avantage d'y vivre toute leur vie.

Nous sommes toujours Canadiens français et dans notre coeur, le Canada sera toujours "Par chez-nous".

Mme. Alice Gélinas-Dumas

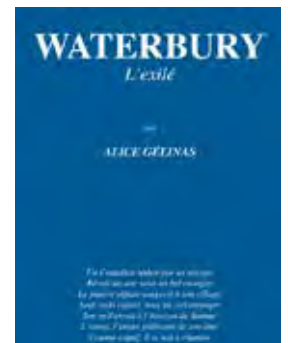
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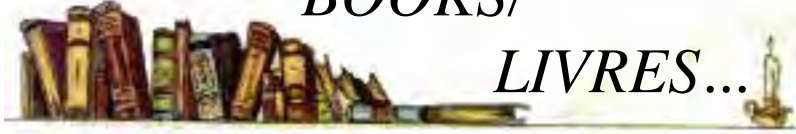
Extrait du Nouvelliste: Septembre 1970

En réponse, j'ai reçus plusieurs lettres. Les gens étaient intéressés et ils voulaient en savoir davantage, à propos des canadiens-français des États, et ils étaient loin d'approuver ce qui arrivait aux touristes, et ils souhaitaient qu'on soit reçu poliment, pour au moins, éviter que l'on regrette le fait d'avoir voulu revoir la province de Québec, là où nous étions nés.

C'est dans des cas pareils, qu'un homme aurait eu le droit 'de se bénir les gosses'. C'est dans des affaires aussi injustes que ça, que papa utilisait cette expression.



BOOKS/ LIVRES...



(N.D. L. R. the following first appeared in "The Weekly", Thursday, February 12, 2015 and is being reprinted with their permission. bangordailynews.com)

Bangor man pens memoir of WWII

BY ARDEANA HAMLIN
OF THE WEEKLY STAFF

When Alfred Cormier of Bangor was 10 years old in 1934, he was one of the lucky few aboard a Stinson tri-motor airplane that took off from Godfrey Field, now Bangor International Airport, circled Bangor a few times, and landed back at Godfrey Field. The pilot was none other than the legendary Amelia Earhart who was making a grand tour of Maine. It was his first flight, but it would not be his last.

The trajectory of Cormier's life as a young man in his early 20s would be shaped by World War II. In his memoir, "With an Angel by my Side," published in 2014, Cormier tells the story of his military service as a pilot in the U.S. Air Corps. With the economy and straightforwardness of a natural writer, Cormier prefaces his story with details of his life growing up in Bangor. He was the second of 11 children, the son of Laura and Leo Cormier. "We all grew up on Seventh Street," he said.

His father was the founder of Bangor Roofing and Sheet Metal Co. and Cormier spent many boyhood hours at the business watching the crew work.

"I was always around the business, my father took me everywhere with him. The men would make little toys for me. My uncle made me a model airplane with a 3-foot wingspan out of metal. It was a twin cockpit monoplane. I was the envy of everyone. It's probably what got me started in [being interested in] aviation."

As a high school student at John Bapst, he and his friend Harry McNeil, rode their bicycles around Bangor, but when he was 14 he got his driver's license and soon was driving his father's 1936 Oldsmobile to school.

When he was barely 20, and a student at the University of Maine, Cormier enlisted into the U.S. Air Corps.

While he was in preflight school in Montgomery, Alabama, and then in training to fly a Pt-17 in Jackson, Missis-

sippi, Cormier wrote a lot of letters home and the text of some of those letters are included in "With an Angel by my Side." The book also contains photographs and images of military documents and telegrams.

Cormier said while he was in the military service, he got a lot of mail from his family and the friends he went to high school and college with. Letter writing was the primary means of communication back then.

When flight training was over, Cormier was selected in 1944 to go overseas. He ended up in Kunming, a city in southwestern China on the eastern slope of the Himalayas. His job was to fly a C-47 to evacuated military personnel who were in harm's way as Japanese forces attempted to push forward and cut China in half.

"I never did know if I got sent overseas because I was a good pilot or because I wasn't," Cormier said.

One thing he did know, though, he had no interest in training to be a fighter pilot.

The worst part about his assignment in China, Cormier said, was food. "When we were really busy, which was often, we ate K-Rations. Food was whatever you could grab," he said. "My roommate's folks used to send a lot of stuff and he would pass it out."

By 1945 when the events of WWII were beginning to turn toward victory for the Allies, Cormier was reassigned to the United States to fly military and other VIPs around the country. He was based in Washington, D.C., and lived with his aunt and uncle.

Cormier, who had never written a book before, first wrote about his military service in the 1980s. By then he was retired. "I was in Florida and had nothing to do. So the first thing I did was buy a computer [a dedicated word processor] and I spent the afternoons typing away," he said. That resulted in a limited edition of "With an Angel by my Side" that eventually served as a fund raiser for the Maine Air Museum in Bangor. "I



wrote the book for my family and friends."

Among the many gems in the books are the 15 Rules of the Air. Rule No. 1 is: Every takeoff is optional. Every landing is mandatory.

The current edition of "With an Angel by my Side," Cormier said, came about with the encouragement of Cathy Serrao of Orrington, who served as a his copy editor and helped see the book through the publication process.

"I thought his story was very well written," Serrao said. As a favor to Cormier, who is good friends with her husband, Serrao typeset the original mimeographed manuscript into a computer document and did formatting and design to get the book ready for publication.

Cormier is working on a new book, as yet untitled. It's about his father.

"With an Angel by my Side" is available at Book-Marc's in Bangor.



My mother and father,
Laura and Leo Cormier.

**BOOKS/
LIVRES...**



French-Acadian history books describe decades post le grand derangement

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN BLOG

by Juliana L'Heureux

Two recently published books describe the Acadian history beyond the brutal 1755, upheaval by the British, called “le grand derangement”.

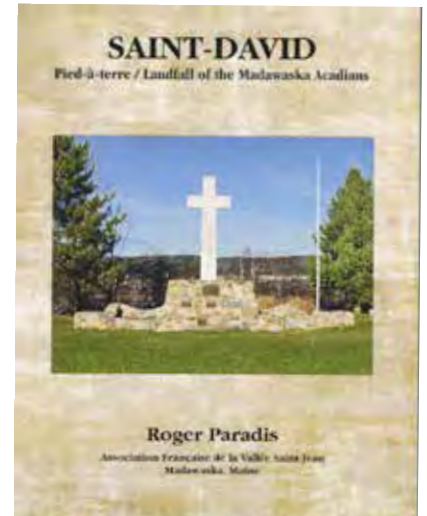
French-Acadian history is routinely reported as beginning in 1604, with the settlement of St. Croix Island in Maine. Many histories then leap to 1755, the year of le grand derangement, the name for a series of brutal events also described as the great and tragic Acadian displacement from Nova Scotia, during the colonial wars fought for control of Canada.

Yet, less literature describes where the refugees of the terrible mayhem went, and how they got there - especially to Louisiana and the Saint John Valley and Madawaska, Maine. This horrible event was given international attention when Henry Wadsworth Longfellow published his epic poem “Evangeline”, based on the Acadian displacement.

During the years following the Acadian upheaval, the deportees experienced

decades of turmoil. As refugees, they were “scattered to the winds”, a term used in literature to describe their displacement. Some eventually found a way to Louisiana, and another group landed in the Madawaska area of Maine and New Brunswick, Canada.

Roger Paradis is a retired history professor who published, “Saint-David: Pied à terre/Landfall of the Madawaska Acadians”. In the history, published in 2014, Paradis described the 1785 arrival of the Acadians to Madawaska. An impressive marble cross commemorates the landing of the Acadians in Madawaska. The cross is located on the grounds of Saint-David Church on Main Street in Madawaska. A bronze plaque is embedded in the supporting stone foundation beneath the cross, where the names of the first families who arrived in 1785 are engraved. A line of memorial headstones lines the path around the cross, each one is dedicated to an Acadian family names. *(Continued on page 32)*



Historian Roger Paradis documents the arrival of the Acadian refugees of le grand derangement in Madawaska.



Engraved plaque at the base of the Acadian Cross in Madawaska, Maine.

<http://contributors.pressherald.com/news/the-franco-american-blog/french-acadian-history-books-describe-decades-post-le-grand-derangement/>

About the Author

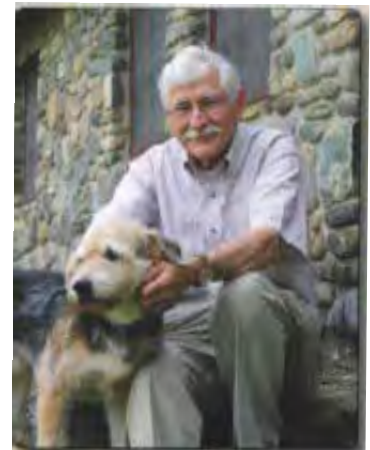
Roger Paradis is a retired history professor of the University of Maine at Fork Kent (UMFK), 2009. He is a widely-published historian and folklorist in most of the professional journals in his field.

In 1998, he published the *Papiers de / Papers of Prudent L. Mecure*, a massive compendia of almost a thousand pages. He has presented papers to learned societies in the United States, Canada, and Europe. He recently completed the first draft of a history of the Acadians, 1604-1763, and in progress is a potpourri of eighteen studies in local history and folklore.

Professor Paradis is the father of the Société Internationale Acadienne, and

co-founder of the review, *la SIVA* (Société Internationale Veritas Acadie). He is also the father of the college of nursing and the folklore archives at UMFK, and in 2003, he researched and proposed secondary school certification at the Fort Kent campus. He has the largest single collection of folklore at Université Laval. Alone, his collection of folksongs approaches 6000 - one for the record books.

Paradis is the first historian to write that the deportation of the Acadians was a genocide and a holocaust. His candor has compelled historians to reconsider and rewrite the tragic history of la nation Acadienne. His work has been acknowledged by the United Press International, the History Channel and National Geographic Magazine.



Roger and Buddy at home in 2012

BOOKS/ LIVRES...



(French-Acadian history books describe decades post le grand derangement continued from page 31)

Zachary Richard is a songwriter and poet who published “The History of the Acadians of Louisiana”, with colleagues Scott Long, Kristi Guillory, Michelle Haj-Broussard and Glenda Cormier-Williams. This full color study guide was published in 2012, to use primarily in middle or junior high school history classes, but the information is beautifully presented and interesting as a source of information for anyone interested in learning Acadian history. This particular history describes the Acadian culture and tells how a group of the displaced victims of le grand derangement, those who were deported or jailed, found their way to Louisiana.

Acadian history is a tragic series of events, beginning the middle 18th century, when a population of industrious settlers called the Acadians, who lived in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, were continuously displaced, for decades beyond the British deportations.

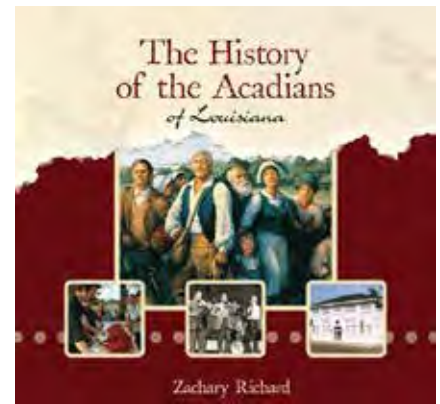
Paradis reports the population of l’Acadie in 1755, when the deportations by the British began, was estimated at between sixteen and eighteen thousand people, but closer to twenty or twenty-two thousand if Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton Island populations were included in the numbers. British ships deported thousands of the Acadians from Nova Scotia ports including over a thousand from Halifax. About 50

percent of the deportees died in either a “watery grave or from disease”, writes Paradis.

In the face of extraordinary challenges and oppression by the British, and colonial loyalists, the Acadians continued to seek justice for the loss of their lands and families, who were ripped apart during the deportations. One hero of the struggles was Joseph Broussard, an Acadian from l’Acadie (Nova Scotia), who confronted incredible oppression and imprisonment by the British. Nevertheless, Broussard eventually led a group of his Acadian people to Louisiana to a place they named “New Acadia”. Another group of refugees, those who were sent to France, also found their way to Louisiana.

Likewise, the Acadian deportees who found their way to Madawaska were desperate. These refugees were forced to sell anything they owned to prevent themselves and their families from freezing to death or dying from starvation. Paradis writes about Joseph Daigle, who led a petition to have his group of Acadians relocated to Madawaska, a diplomatic effort that involved a daunting amount of negotiations.

Both Paradis and Richard described the grim history and humanitarian disruption of the Acadian people during and after le grand derangement. As a matter of fact, the World Acadian Congress is organized every five years, to bring the



Both histories share the themes of upheaval and displacement.



Histoire des Acadiennes et Acadiens de la Louisiane by Zachary Richard, et al.

displaced families together and to continue to tell the tragic history of this upheaval.

“Saint-David: Pied à terre/Landfall of the Madawaska Acadians” by Roger Paradis, is published by the Association Francaise de la Vallee-Saint-Jean in Madawaska, Maine. “The History of the Acadians of Louisiana” by Zachary Richard, is published by University of Louisiana at Lafayette Press.



THE SUMMER EXPERIMENT is selected as one of Pennsylvania's Young Reader's Choice Awards.....I hate to overload FB, but I am so far behind in posting stuff, such as my visit to Lincoln Library (they made

Congratulations! Cathie Pelletier

me a moose mailbox) and Portland Public Library. And I have another novel (Marriage/Woodstock) just finished last month as an audio book. I haven't even posted the Los Angeles Book Festival photos a year ago, with the incomparable Alan Gurganus. FB has become like a diary for me of names and places, very helpful. BUT FOR NOW, here is one new item sent last month from my publicist for those of you who read my work. (The cartoon was done by Stephanie Piro, who lives in NH. What a surprise when I saw it, with her review last year.)

NEWS RELEASE: Cathie Pelletier’s THE SUMMER EXPERIMENT is one of 15 titles selected for the Pennsylvania Young Reader’s Choice Awards Program

for the coming 2015-2016 school year.

Beginning in September, students in grades 6-8 all throughout the state will be encouraged to read these titles and vote on their favorites. An overall winner will be announced in the spring of 2016

The purpose of the award program is to promote reading of quality books by young people in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to promote teacher and librarian involvement in children's literature and to honor authors whose work has been recognized by the children of Pennsylvania. You may check out the awards program on the Pennsylvania School Librarians web site which is www.psla.org. The list will be officially released on March 2, 2015.

BOOKS/
LIVRES...

**Exercise Like The Animals from A to Z,
Second Edition**

by Jerry Turcotte (Author), Max Turcotte (Author), Taryn Lorraine (Illustrator), Angel Tibbetts (Foreword)

As a parent or teacher, you can agree, kids need to move. It's certainly fun to see our kids move on their own, freestyling (if you will). But it is most rewarding for them and us, when they learn something that challenges them or makes them believe in themselves in ways they hadn't before. Children who are three, four and five years old are learning a lot and are ideal for Exercise Like The Animals.

It's recommended that we read to our children 20 minutes a day. Those twenty minutes don't all need to be snuggled up (although that's good for us, too). We need to get up and move with our kids with active read alongs. Exercise Like The Animals encourages being the animals in our favorite stories. Learn how. Start with Exercise Like The Animals from A to Z.



About Jerry Turcotte

Jerry Turcotte was a health policy lawyer before becoming an at-home dad, who finally put fitness in his sights. He has since written two books and created an exercise program specifically designed for kids. His books and workouts help individuals see their strength to be fit.

After nearly thirty years of obesity,

Jerry sought to change his life and got fit. His story, Journey to Fitness: Solving My Inner Vitruvian (& You Can, Too!) (Vitruvian Renaissance Book 1), explains and demonstrates the nine principles he follows to fitness to help others realize their own strength to commit to a fit lifestyle. It only takes a 30 Minute Read to Course Correct!

He motivates children to be active and have fun with Exercise Like The Animals A to Z. This dynamic workout features the moves of animals as exercise along with entertaining facts and rhymes.

He furthers his commitment to wellness serving as a board member with Neighborhood Health Center (formerly, Northwest Buffalo Community Health Care Center). He serves on the health and wellness committee of public school #64 in Buffalo New York. He is a Certified Aerobics Instructor and Personal Trainer – Group Fitness.

When he is not working out with kids, adding valuable content to this site, taking steps on his own fitness journey or writing, Jerry gains joy and inspiration from his two remarkable sons, Max and Simon.

Available for Kindle devices & Apps and NOW in Paperback.

Exercise Like The Animals from A to Z: Exercise That's Fun Gets Done (Volume 1) Paperback – December 11, 2013

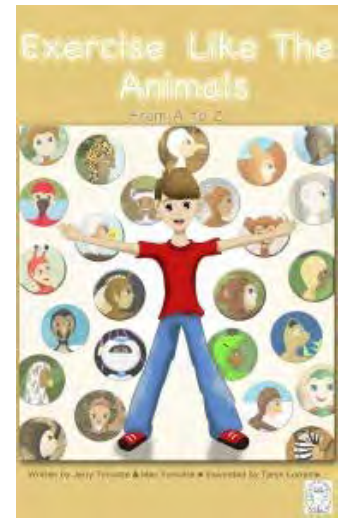
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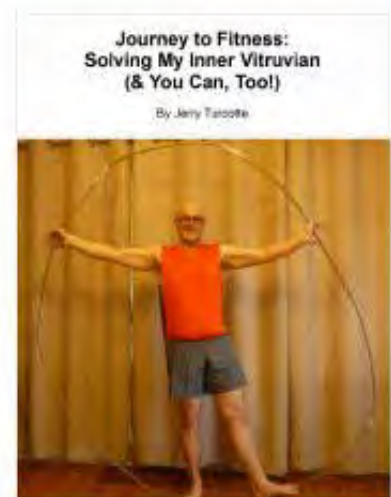
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Somewhere in France

By Juliana L'Heureux

Topsham, ME

Juliana@mainewriter.com



No one in the family had visited Uncle Nap's grave in France

My husband and I traveled by train from Paris to visit to the quiet town of Château -Thierry in northeast France. It's a scenic location, so picturesque the panorama is suitable for framing. Complete with a real chateau, the town's charm would likely enchant any causal tourist.

Yet, a century ago, 1914-18, the landscape was embroiled in the Great European War. Château -Thierry's charm today is a veneer for the memories of thousands of people who once lived in terror, surrounded by no-mans-lands, trench warfare and barbed wire barricade fences.

Paradoxically, World War I was supposed to be "the war to end all wars". Instead, it was a prelude to even more horrific events in World War II.

A rapidly dwindling number of people alive today likely know how Château -Thierry's beauty is also the somber location of the 42.5 acre American Veterans Aisne-Marne Cemetery. It's a World War I burial ground, landscaped with the headstones of 2,288 casualties plus 251 unknown. Most of the dead were fatalities from the Battle of Château -Thierry and the Battle of Belleau Woods, in France.

During the fighting after the Battle of Château-Thierry, fought on July 18, 1918, Uncle Napoleon "Nap" Morin, age 19, of Biddeford, Maine, was tragically killed while trying to provide evacuation assistance to wounded soldiers from the American Expeditionary Forces (AEF).

My mother in law, Rose Anna, was Nap's sister. She spoke about war with uncharacteristic obscenities throughout her long life. In fact, war made her a pacifist. It's understandable, after she witnessed the tragedy of having her mother receive Nap's death notice, then experiencing the life long grief, resulting from the loss of her brother, and subsequently sending three of her own sons to survive World War II, the Korean Conflict and Viet Nam.

"Somewhere in France" was the heading of the September 21, 1918, dated letter, notifying the family about Nap's death. Although the parchment paper is fragile

with age, the message is as chilling to read today, as it was when it was delivered to Mrs. Emma Morin. It's obvious the letter was hand typed by someone who found spelling and punctuation to be challenging.

"I am writing you relative to the death of your son who was killed in battle on August 8, 1918. The sacrifice he made was among one supreme (typographical error was marked out here). 'Greater love hath no man that (sic) this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' There is comfort in the fact that the value of a person's life does not depend upon its length but its investment. Yours in deep sympathy, Lewis W. Dockery, 1st Lieutenant and Chaplain, 38th Infantry."

Nap was among 9 million who were counted among World War I deaths.

Locating the grave of American veterans is the work of the American Battlefield Monuments Commission. A data base with every service person buried in a veterans' cemetery is kept by the Commission. We could never have found the Aisne-Marne Cemetery without the detail provided. A few days before leaving for France, a package arrived from the American Battlefield Monuments Commission containing a map of the area we were going to in France, directions for how to locate the cemetery and a picture of the location. Most important, the directions also told us where to look for Uncle Nap's memorial, inside the magnificent rose granite colonnade, right above the religious alter, in the chapel. Uncle Nap's name was engraved in the chapel because he was among those who were cremated, rather than buried. Later, we learned that the chapel inside the colonnade was built on the location of the front line trench where Uncle Nap may have actually died.

So, we had the directions to Château -Thierry and a picture of what we were looking for, but we still had to find our way to the location of the cemetery.

At the Chateau-Thierry train station, we were the only two Americans standing on the disembarking platform. Everyone ignored us while we walked to a queue

of taxi cabs. To our utter amazement, the first cab driver refused to drive us to the cemetery! He was followed by a second taxi driver, who also refused our fare.

On a third try, I pleaded with the driver about visiting my husband's uncle's grave, but it was obvious, even he didn't want to drive us to the cemetery.

Yet, the third driver looked like he was considering a change of heart.

"C'est l'oncle de mon mari!," je l'ai dit. ("It's my husband's uncle!," I said)

It worked. We were driven about 20 minutes outside of the town to the cemetery. Other taxi drivers probably didn't want to miss quick turn around fares and loose multiple customers during the time it took to drive to Aisne-Marne, plus wait for us to visit the grave site. Thankfully, our map showed us exactly where to look for Uncle Nap's name, so we didn't waste time finding the chapel located inside the cemetery's rose granite colonnade.

We were the only two people in the cemetery. It was surreal to be in an American veterans' cemetery with over a thousand headstones and not see another person. A quiet sadness engulfed us as we realized how rare an event it was to be among so many dead. Their ages at death were between 19 and 23 years old. They're eternally young in their graves, while their families of a century ago are too old to visit them anymore.

Although the cemetery was without visitors, at least while we were there, the maintenance of the graves and the lawns was impeccable. Rose bushes lined all the walkways. Inside, the chapel was immaculately clean and the granite alter gleamed like polished crystal.

We quickly made a pencil rubbing on paper of Corporal Napoleon Morin's name.

Meanwhile, our taxi driver waited with the cab, having refused our offer to go with us while we walked to the chapel. Upon returning, we were excited to show him the pencil rubbing with the name of the deceased person he had driven us to visit.

(Continued on page 35)

(Somewhere in France continued from page 34)

But, I was stunned when he sadly looked at the name and broke down crying! While I was gleeful for having made the pencil drawing of Uncle Nap's name, our driver was appropriately mourning our family's sacrifice to help secure his nation's sovereignty.

Surely, I thought to myself, this taxi driver's family told him stories about what the peaceful Aisne-Marne cemetery meant to them.

We're grateful for the opportunity

to visit the Aisne-Marne Cemetery and for the assistance of the American Battlefield Monuments Commission in helping us to locate Uncle Nap's memorial.

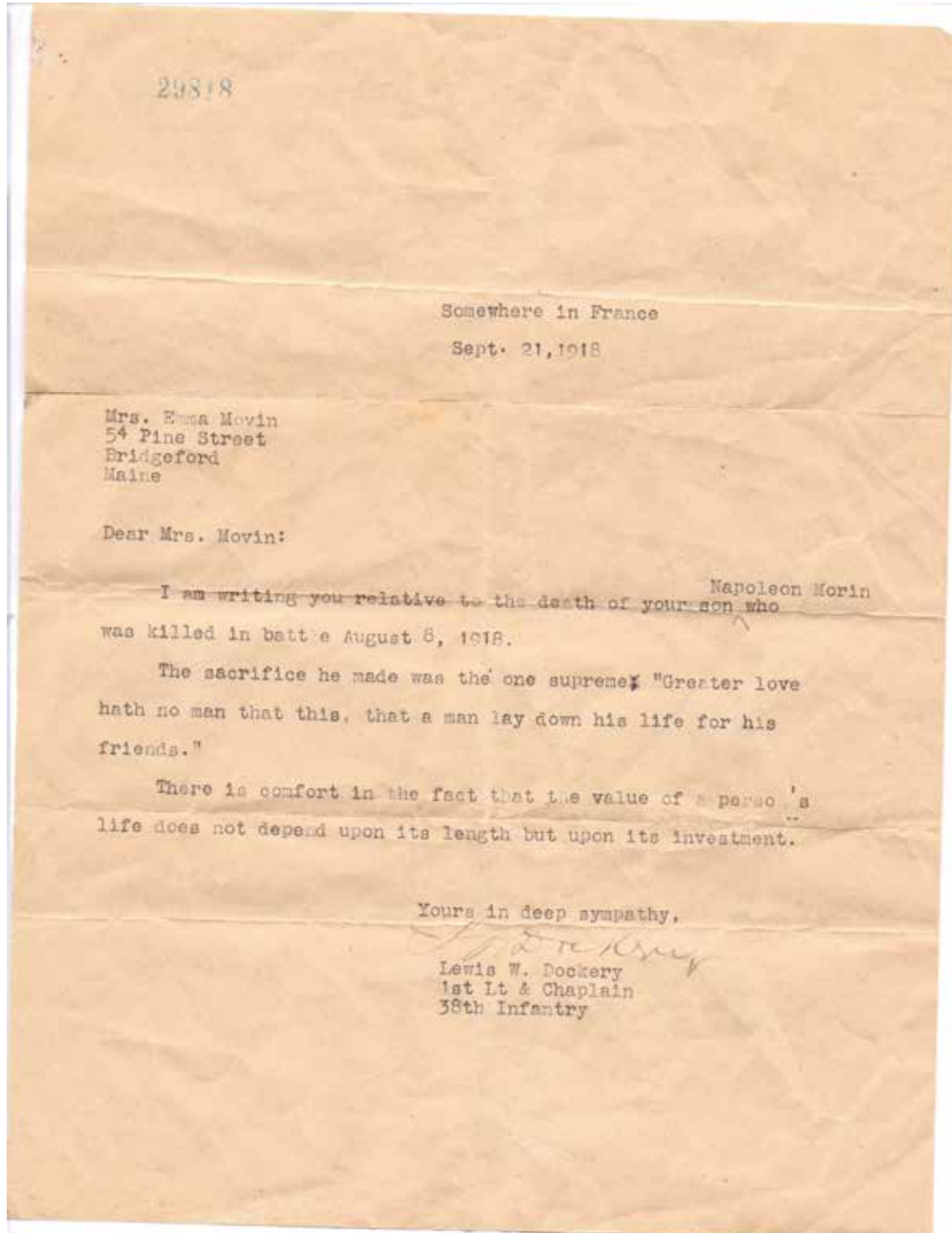
Our regret was in the realization that no one else in the family would ever follow in our footsteps, because Uncle Nap was unmarried when he went to war.

Since his death in the First World War, dozens of the family's nephews have become veterans of other tragic wars, including World War II, the Korean conflict and the Vietnam War. They all returned home.

Those who would have joined us in tears of grateful appreciation (along with the French taxi driver), especially Emma Morin, and Rose Anna Morin L'Heureux and her siblings, are themselves deceased.

It was an unforgettable experience for my husband and me, but when we came back home to Maine, there was no one alive from the immediate family to tell.

N.D.L.R.: "Somewhere in France" was published in the Goose River Press anthology 2014



THE MUSINGS OF MARIE-ANNE

By Virginia Chase Sanderson
Minneapolis MN
sand0904@umn.edu

Back in the days of the voyageurs, it was unheard of for a white woman to travel into the interior of Canada. The men--the traders, trappers, and canoe men--left their families behind for months and sometimes for years at a time, while they ventured into the interior of what they called the "Pays d'En Haut" (the country 'up there'), a territory covering the whole of the Great Lakes, including most of the Upper Midwest and much of Canada. There they would conduct their business, returning at intervals to visit their families on the East coast. One voyageur bride, however, insisted her husband take her with him, and under much protest, he did. Marie-Anne Lagimodière, of Maskinongé, Quebec, was the first white woman to enter into the Pays d'En Haut, in the year 1806. By 1875, that woman was 95 years old and matriarch of a family of eight children, 64 grandchildren, and countless great-grandchildren. She had by then more than 630 direct descendants, including Métis leader Louis Riel.

On the night of August 2nd, 1875, she sat in her rocker in a rangy old wooden farmhouse in Manitoba. She had been trying to calm herself with its rhythmic motion, but she rocked with nervous energy, and the book in her lap was helpless to capture her attention. At last, she shut the book with a sigh. Her voyageur husband Jean-Baptiste had died years ago, but she was still in the habit of speaking to him in an ardent whisper. "Oh, I am in a melancholy mood tonight! I miss you, Jean. And I miss Quebec."

That afternoon the children had given her a big birthday party, which had lasted long past dusk. The rough-hewn rafters of the old Winnipeg house had reflected candlelight, laughter, and the flickering shadows of children darting through the assembled company. "Oh, Jean, if you could have seen it!" she exclaimed to the empty room. "I have never seen this big old house so full of life. Half a village of children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great grandchildren. Lagimodière will be a name they will not forget in Manitoba!

"95 years old and still fit as an ox," she fretted. "How inconvenient, because I have seen enough, Jean-Baptiste. My

heart can only take so much! I want to go home. Jean-Baptiste, can you hear me? I want to go home." She got it all mixed up in her mind now, Quebec and heaven.

She had watched as the wild unforgiving land of the interior was carved up into towns and parishes and farms. "Manitoba they call it now, Baptiste. Manitoba. It has all happened in my lifetime!" She would leave a civilized and Christian world to their descendants.

She stood up stiffly, feeling restless



Marie-Anne Lagimodière and her voyageur husband Jean-Baptiste meet with First Nations in eastern Canada (available from the Glenbow Museum, Calgary, Alberta).

and tired, thinking miserably that this house was too big now for anything but birthday parties. She raised her head toward the beautiful rafters dark with age, and ran her hand along the wall. "This house you built, Jean-Baptiste. Every stick of furniture made by your hands." She listened for a moment, then whispered, "Do you hear me, Jean?" It had been love at first sight, and her heart still spun around that man day and night. He had been dead for twenty years.

She lowered herself slowly back into the rocker, rested her head on the backrest, and closed her eyes. "You were the handsomest man I had ever seen. You looked like a prince in your voyageur clothing. All

dressed in red, with a big feather in your cap!

"I will never forget that evening. You had been away, up in the Pays d'En Haut for five years, and had come home to Quebec to visit your family. Naturally, the whole village turned out to hear about your adventures in the interior. What a dashing figure you were! Laughing and confident, the center of attention, your eyes shining. How you loved adventure, Jean. You really loved life. And you loved me," she reflected. "I know that now."

They had married in April of 1806. They would talk excitedly long into the night, of the house Jean would build for them on the fine piece of farmland his father had given them as a wedding present. She had seen her life stretch before her, a long straight road through quiet meadows. The house was built.

And then one night her husband came to her and announced, "Marie-Anne, I am leaving." And the world she had been living in dissolved like salt crystals. He told her he would be leaving in two weeks, to go back into the interior with the voyageurs. "I can't live this life," he had said. "I can't be a farmer. I am a voyageur!" She ran from the house, nearly blind with tears. At last she found her way to the church, to the curé.

"Father," she said. "Jean-Baptiste is going with the canoes when they leave in two weeks. He will be gone two years, five years. I am afraid I will never see him again, he loves that life so much."

"Child, you are his wife. It is your choice to go with him or stay. Go with him."

"Go with him! No woman goes with the voyageurs! The wives stay home, always. Father, we have only been married six weeks. I didn't get married to live alone!"

At last, she came home, hours later. Where had she been for all those hours? When had the shift occurred? She could not now remember.

"Jean-Baptiste, I am going with you."

Jean's face reflected surprise, disbelief, and dismay. Of course, he refused to let her go. She now laughed at the memory of what had then ensued. The curé had come over to the house to try to reason with Jean, while her family pleaded with her, begging her not to go, to stop the nonsense. "But I couldn't stop," she thought, remembering with some astonishment the pluck she had shown. "My place was with you, Jean-Baptiste, that's all I knew, and I wasn't going to let you leave without me."

(Continued on page 37)

(THE MUSINGS OF MARIE-ANNE
continued from page 36)

And so he took her with him, with what thoughts unspoken? Within two weeks they were packed and on the river, bobbing with the rest of the flotilla of heavily packed canoes. Her family was gathered on the receding shore. "Good-bye family," she had muttered. "Goodbye Quebec, goodbye to life as I know it."

Overnight her life became a life of rivers and portages, of tents and campsites, of trapping and trading posts, buffalo hunts and horses, hot sun and hard ground. She was a great oddity, this first woman to travel with the voyageurs. "How good the men were to me, how gallant!" she remembered. "They would pick little bouquets of wildflowers to put by my plate at dinner--never mind that dinner was on a rock in the rain!" And Jean spoiled her too. "You wouldn't let me paddle," she mused. "You wouldn't let me carry anything. You lifted me in and out of the canoe so I wouldn't get my feet wet, and you carried me over all the rough portages."

The men of the fur trade had been greatly surprised to see a white woman in the interior, but none had been so wholly surprised as the Indians, who until then had never seen a white woman. They thought she was a spirit, or a goddess. An Indian chief had even come to them and in great formality asked if she would please come to his village to be their queen. "I was a good-looking woman in those days," she mused.

"What a life you led me into! What a wild, impossible life! When the babies came, I thought that maybe then you'd be willing to settle down, but no, we put the babies on our backs, just the way the Indians did, and kept on going from place to place . . . Fond du Lac, Grand Portage, Fort Garry, Fort William . . ." She remembered the time she fell off her horse, and their little son Jean-Baptiste was born right then and there, in the middle of the prairie. They nicknamed him La Prairie.

Poor little La Prairie! One day the Indians came and offered them a horse in trade for the little boy. She had been so frightened of the Indians in those days. She burst into tears, grabbed her boy up into her arms and clung tightly to him. "I was so afraid they would take him from me!" she exclaimed. "When they saw that a horse

wasn't going to be enough, the chief offered us his own young son. His own son!"

The Indians continued to be fascinated by their little white children. One day an Indian woman wandered into the front yard, picked up their baby daughter, Reine, and ran off with her. "And me," she remembered, "tearing across the field in my apron, screaming at her. I was a good one! I outran her!" She had tackled the woman and wrestled the baby out of her arms. "And that woman, all sly, pretending she had just done it as a joke!"

As difficult as it was to understand their ways or to communicate with them, the Indian women had been her only female companions, and they had gradually become her friends, even her very dear friends. Suddenly she thought of Josiah. "Josiah!" she cried. "She was waiting for you when we got to Pembina, wasn't she, Jean-Baptiste?"



Jean-Baptiste bursts into Lord Selkirk's Montreal home during a ball, after a five-month trek by foot and snowshoe, to advise him of an attack by British soldiers (available from the Hudson's Bay Company Archives, a division of the Archives of Manitoba).

I had no idea who she was. I befriended her; she and her children became my daily companions. I had no idea you had taken her as a wife until some people came one night while you were away, to warn me that she was planning to kill me--to poison me! Then, finally, you told me who she was, and we moved away. But she followed us, and we had to keep moving, to stay away from her.

"I couldn't understand why she was so persistent. Oh Jean, you should have told me all of it. Not until after you died did I find out her three children were yours. Three children! The woman was half mad with pain, God help her. And you,

keeping this secret hidden in your heart all those years, weighing like a heavy stone when you breathed. Even long after Josiah died, you kept your silence. And then it became an old secret, eh? Finally, after five children were born to us, you were willing to settle down in one place, and you built us this beautiful house. And you became the farmer you never thought you could be.

"But in your soul was this secret, Jean-Baptiste. And I lay by your side every night and did not know this part of your soul. For fifty years! Fifty years of buried pain. And why should I have been told? Because I was your wife, Baptiste, and because I loved you, and because it would have eased your pain. But there are no more secrets between us now, Baptiste. Your Indian daughters are living here in Saint-Boniface, not far away. I have cherished them like my own.

The years swirled now. Like snow, the images drifted down upon her. The year of grasshoppers, the years of drought, the cold years, the first years of their struggling Manitoba colony with all its troubles, the year she had spent hiding in an Indian tent with all the children, while their colony on the Red River was being attacked by British soldiers--meanwhile Jean-Baptiste was off on an eighteen hundred mile walk to Montreal, to warn Lord Selkirk of the attack! She sighed as she remembered bitterly the awful, bloody rivalry of the fur trade. But

their little colony survived and became a town, the town of Saint-Boniface. It looked across the Red River at another little town, an even newer town they called Winnipeg.

"It is enough, Jean-Baptiste. It is enough. It can go on without me."

She began to rock and to hum. Soon she found herself singing an old song she loved, a voyageur song. Its paddling rhythm lapped at her still; she felt the boat beneath her, heaving in response to the strokes of the paddles. It was a song about the wind, a good wind, a following wind. A pretty wind, they called it."

She sang softly, "V'là l'bon vent, v'là l'joli vent, v'là l'bon vent, ma mie m'appelle; v'là l'bon vent, v'là l'joli vent, v'là l'bon vent, ma mie m'attend." And in her speaking voice she chanted, "My friend is calling; my darling is calling; my friend is waiting; my darling is waiting. Oh! I am going to bed," she yawned. "Tu m'attends,

(Continued on page 38)

I will not speak French in school (Lincoln School, Grand Isle, Maine)

A p'tite école on était punis
Pour parler l'français qu'on avait appris
Les soeurs nous poignais a parler français
Pi nous autres a Grand Isle faulais qu'on copiais

"I will not speak French in school
I will not speak French in school
I will no speak French in school"

Les soeurs nous disais d'pas parler français
Parce que personne comprenais l'français qu'on aimais
Le français d'Grand Isle s't'au comme rien qu'on y pense
Les soeurs voulais qu'on apprenient le français de France

It's not chulotte it's pantalon
It's not un truck, it's un camion
It's not starté, it's démarré
It's attaché, not amarrée

"I will not speak French in school
I will not speak French in school
I will not speak French in school"

En arrière d'l'école ont s'rencontrais
Pour parler l'français qu'on aimais
Les soeurs nous pognais a parler français
Pi nous autes a Grand Isle faulais qu'on copiais

"I will not speak French in school
I will not speak French in school
I will not speak French in school"

It's not a patate, it's a pomme de terre
It's not un ochais, it's a vers de terre
It's a remise and not a shed
It's décédé not môrt b'en raide

(THE MUSINGS OF MARIE-ANNE

continued from page 37)

eh, Jean-Baptiste? Oui, je t'attends aussi."

Marie-Anne Lagimodière, still humming, raised herself from the rocker. She folded the afghan carefully and laid it on the back of the rocker. She gathered her book and candle from the table and walked toward the bedroom. "Goodnight, Jean-Baptiste," her heart whispered. "A bientôt. Soon."

Four months later, on the night of the 14th of December, 1875, Marie-Anne Lagimodière died. Over twenty thousand of her direct descendants are alive today.

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POÉSIE/POETRY

On commence à coudre les trous For MB

Spelling the words
your mémère used,
affirmation of an identity
named for a language
you cannot speak
cannot replace
the communication lost
but it provides a thread.
Believe me, chère,
I'm an expert seamstress.



by Danielle Beaupré

"I will not speak French in school
I will not speak French in school
I will not speak French in school"

Les soeurs nous bavassais
Pi les soeurs nous avartisais,

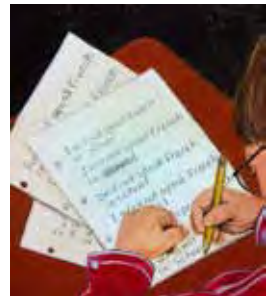
"Boys and girls, you better not let me catch you speaking French in school!
If I catch you speaking French in school, you'll have to copy 1,000 times ... "

I will not speak French school
I will not speak French in school
I will not speak French in school

by Don Levesque

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

(More/Plus de Poésie/Poetry voir page 45)



Sobol, Ken and Julie Macfie Sobol. "The Lagimodière Legacy." *Canadian Geographic Magazine*, May/June 1994: 74-77.

Virginia Chase Sanderson taught literature and writing at California State University in Los Angeles and at Cornell University, where she was also a visiting lecturer in cinema at Ithaca College. She is retired from her local community college, where she taught French, English, and humanities. In 2011, she received her bachelor of fine arts degree from the University of Minnesota. She is a longtime writer of personal essays.

POÉSIE/POETRY

Early in March I received a sad message from Sue Hoxie, President of the Addison Country Chamber of Commerce. After careful deliberation, the Chamber had “retired” its French Heritage Day event. Staff and budgetary cuts as well as lack of external funding left no alternative. I was devastated. My homage to the celebration shows why.

French Heritage Day in Vergennes

A collage of vignettes from all the **French Heritage Days**



The bandstand sends its music forth
as sun and shade embrace us all.
Young, old, and in-between
sing, clog, dance,
or ever-so-gently sway.

The click of fencing swords
blends with murmured tales
of half-forgotten crafts:
weaving, caning, carving, canoe making.
Ancient skills invite new hands.

Carriages echo on their way
past window signs—
service, vin, chemise—
past clustered strollers,
then homeward to the green.

Children play games from long ago
and savor once-familiar tastes:
homemade ice cream, soupe aux pois
tourtière, and farm bread—from heritage grains.

Reinactors join the rest:
the Count, some violoneux,
a voyageur wise in river lore,
and a proud officer from Nouvelle France
beguile all—
even pausing cyclists
from Québec.

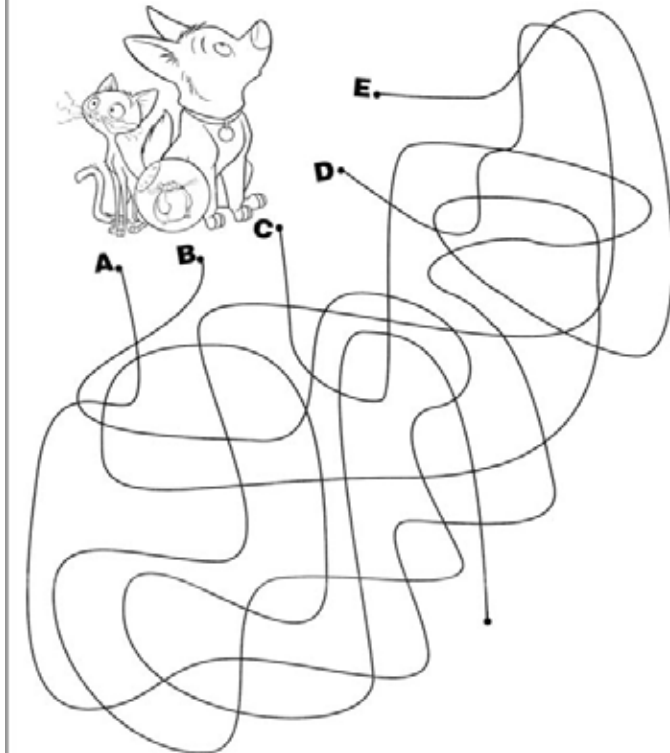
Bygone times blend with our own
on French Heritage Day.

**Margaret S. Langford
Keene, NH**





Coin des jeunes...



Did you know....

The Canadian checkers game is played on a 12 x 12 board?

But there is a checkers game on the same board in Sri Lanka too. It is strange isn't it ?

It is said that the Canadian checkers game was introduced in Canada during the XIXth century by a traveler who had seen the 10x10 game in Europe, but did not remember exactly the size of the board.

The rules

This game is played on a 12x12 board (144 squares).

Double corner is on the right of each player.

Moves of the men

The men can move on each square forward left and forward right if it is empty. When they arrive on the last line, and stop on it, they become kings.

Move of the kings

The kings can move on all the squares which are on the 2 diagonals that cross where they are, if there is no piece between them and the arrival square.



Retrouve dans la grille tous les mots de la liste, sachant qu'ils peuvent s'écrire dans tous les sens, même en diagonale et à l'envers. Une lettre peut faire partie de plusieurs mots.
Raye chaque mot trouvé dans la liste et dans la grille. Il te reste 6 lettres avec lesquelles tu formeras un dernier mot en les relevant dans le sens normal de la lecture.



- | | | | | |
|------------|--------------|------------|-------------|-----------|
| ALGUE | COUSIN | HERON | NENUPHAR | TETARD |
| ANCYLE | CRAPAUD | IRIS | OISEAU | TORTUE |
| AUBEPINE | CRESSONNETTE | JACINTHE | OSIER | TRITON |
| BECASSEAU | CYGNE | INSECTE | PERCHE | TRUITE |
| BERNACHE | ECREVISSE | LIBELLULE | PLUME | VINULE |
| BIVALVES | ELODEE | LIMNEE | POURPIER | VOLVOX |
| CANARD | ESCARGOT | LOTUS | PUNAISE | RAINETTE |
| CASTOR | ETANG | LOUTRE | RANATRE | SALICORNE |
| CHABOT | FLEUVE | LUZULE | RVIERE | |
| CHAMPIGNON | FOUGERE | MOUCHE | SAULE | |
| CINCLE | GRAMINEES | MOUSSE | SCOLOPENDRE | |
| COULEUVRE | GRENUILLE | MUSARAIGNE | SPIREE | |

Captures

Maximum captures are compulsory. That means that if you can capture 2 pieces with a piece (man or king), and 3 with another one, you must choose the 3 pieces capture.

Capture by the men

The men can capture forward and backward, by jumping over 1 opponent piece (man or king), if the piece is near it, and the following square is empty. If they can jump again from the arrival square, they must continue the capture.

Capture by a king

The king can capture a piece if it is on the same diagonal than it, if there are only empty squares between them, and if the following square is empty. It can stop on whatever square on the same line. If a new capture is possible from one of these squares, it must continue the capture.

Who wins, who loses ?

The loser is the one who cannot move any more (no piece or all pieces blocked). The winner is his opponent, of course.

There may be draw if :

- opponents agree for a draw
- the same position is encountered 3 times
- there are 3 kings against 1, and each played has played 16 moves

FRENCH STORIES

AND SONGS



for **CHILDREN**

ages **4 to 10**

with **Tante Louise**



Louise Tanguay-Ricker is a certified K-12 French Teacher, a musician and storyteller. She brings her multiple talents to life in a fun and engaging way that gets children speaking and singing in French within minutes! She has brought children to sing French songs in many local venues, has been featured on Channel 6 "Schools That Shine" and in the Portland Herald Franco-American Blog. She frequently presents her work at various Franco-American conferences within the University of Maine system. She has published essays on her life as a Franco-American and designed the initial elementary school curriculum for the Maine French Heritage Language Program. Her love for children shines through everything she does. Alors... à bientôt tout l'monde!



Reasonable rates to fit your budget. Will travel between Bangor and Portland.



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**Franco-American Families
of Maine
par Bob Chenard,
Waterville, Maine**



Les Familles Théberge

Welcome to my column. Over the years Le Forum has published numerous families. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as this one are never complete. However, it does provide you with my most recent and complete file of marriages tied to the original French ancestor. How to use the family listings: The left-hand column lists the first name (and middle name or initial, if any) of the direct descendants of the ancestor identified as number 1 (or A, in some cases). The next column gives the date of marriage, then the spouse (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same number in the right-most column above. For example, if it's #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with the rare exception of small letters, e.g., "13a." If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere apologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

Louis and Michel Théberge were the sons of Louis Théberge and Sébastienne Pelchat from the town of les Biards, department of Manche, ancient province of Normandie, France. Louis was born 22 July 1722 at les Biards, died in PQ, married on 20 November 1747 at St.Thomas, Montmagny county, PQ to Marie-Geneviève Chouinard, born 1730 in PQ, died in PQ, daughter of Eustache Chouinard and Marie-Madeleine Bérubé. Michel,

born 1728 in France, died 1776 in PQ, married on 28 February 1753 at l'Islet, PQ to Marie-Marthe Tondreau, born 1733 in PQ, died in PQ, daughter of Jean Tondreau and Marthe Cloutier. The town of les Biards is located 10 miles southeast of the city of Avranches.

A Louis	28 Feb	1715	Sébastienne Pelchat	France	1	
1 Louis	20 Nov	1747	M.-Geneviève Chouinard	Montmagny	2	
Michel	28 Feb	1753	M.-Marthe Tondreau	Islet	3	
2 François	1m.	18 Feb	1783	M.-Anne Blouin	St.François-Sud	
"	2m.	08 Apr	1793	M.-Josette Morin	St.François-Sud	4
Joseph		07 Feb	1785	M.-Rose Lanoue	St.Michel	5
Ambroise		28 Oct	1794	Elisabeth Gagné	St.François-Sud	6
3 Félix	1m.	22 Jan	1785	Marguerite Garant	St.François-Sud	8
"	2m.	23 Feb	1813	Geneviève Chouinard	St.Jean, Port Joli	
4 Félix/Philip		20 Nov	1821	M.-Reine Boivin	St.Vallier	9
5 François	28 Jan	1817	Marguerite Boulet	St.Michel	11	
6 Augustin		23 Apr	1827	Marguerite Despots	St.Gervais	14
8 Louis-M.	1m.	24 Aug	1812	Marguerite Coulombe	Islet	
"	2m.	30 Apr	1822	Angèle Bélanger	Islet	24
Alex.-Thim.		17 Feb	1817	Madeleine Leclerc	Islet	26
"	2m.	10 Feb	1824	Emérence St-Pierre	Islet	
9 Prosper	19 Apr	1864	Marguerite Lecuyer	St.Gab.-Valcartier	28/9A	
			(Charles Lecuyer dit Langlais & Adelaide Savard)			
11 Sévère	05 Feb	1868	Emilie Brochu	St.Vallier	11A	
14 Ambroise		15 Jul	1862	Adélaïde Jolin	St.Raphael, Blchs.14A	
Pierre	14 Jun	1864	Domithilde Lemieux	St.Raphael, Blchs.14B		
24 Joseph-Cyrias		11 Jan	1859	Mathilda Couillard	Islet	24A
Alexis-Thomas		26 Feb	1867	Esther Couillard	Islet	24B
26 Hubert		30 Oct	1848	Angèle Thibault	Islet	26A
Joseph-Sifroid		08 Jul	1850	Arthémise Dorval	Trois-Pistoles	
"	2m.	01 Jun	1864	M. Desanges Vaillancourt	St.Simon, Rim.	33
28 Philippe		21 Jun	1897	Hélène Godin	Jeune Lorette, Q.	28A
			(Louis Godin & Adelaide Duchesneau)			
George		27 Jul	1897	Marcelline Rhéaume	St.Gabriel-Valcart.28B	
33 Octave		20 May	1890	Marie Gagnon	Ste.Françoise, Rim.33A	

The following are descendants of the above who married in Maine:

9A Charles	1m.	20 Feb	1898	M.-Harriet Brown	Skowhegan(NDL)9B
"	2m.	25 Jun	1906	Lillian Morissette	Madison 9C
"	3m.	14 Sep	1919	Emilie Ouellette	Augusta(St.Aug.)9D
			(32. b. Q., div. #1)		
Napoléon		22 Sep	1913	Eugénie-Anna Doiron	Madison(St.Seb.) 9E
9B Annie-M.		18 Sep	1923	Évangéliste Poirier	Madison(St.Seb.)
9C Eliz.-Louise		13 Feb	1926	Leon-Adolph Young	Skowhegan(NDL)
9DM.-Lorraine		12 Jun	1948	Raymond-Wilbur Jones	Skowhegan(NDL)
9E Norman		29 May	1948	Rose Thibault	Skowhegan(NDL)9F
9F Michael		26 Nov	1971	Brenda Clark	Skowhegan(NDL)
11A Joseph-Octave		07 Sep	1896	Marie Ferland	Augusta(St.Aug.)
Bruno-Jules		28 Nov	1905	Léontine Dutil	Augusta(St.Aug.) 11B
Toussaint-Art.		15 Aug	1918	M.-Louise Rodrigue	Augusta(St.Aug.)
11B Robutel-Pierre		15 Apr	1929	M.-Alberta Poulin	Augusta(St.Aug.)
"	2m.	03 Sep	1934	Elisabeth-Diana Parent	Augusta(St.Aug.) 11C

(Continued on page 43)

Aroostook County Genealogical Society

~ AC-GS.ORG ~

Publications for Sale

The Families of the Upper Saint John Valley in 1790

— *Compiled and Edited by Brenda J. Bourgoine, Ann M.ushman, Dennis J. Prue, Allen J. Voisine*



The Families of the Upper Saint John Valley in 1790 is a work which documents 68 families on both sides of the river. This publication is a compilation of all the known original families now contained in one volume. From this small community, literally thousands of descendants are scattered to the four corners of North America. Each chapter includes the head of household, their spouse(s) and their respective parents, their children and who they married. Other information that will be found is the head of household's occupation(s), applicable crown land grant(s) and acreage received. An all name index can be viewed on the ACGS website.

As a resource work, it also gives

citations to research lines back to Acadia, Quebec and beyond thus facilitating research using other genealogical works/sources. It is a companion to the original 1790 United States Federal Census for the Province of Maine, State of Massachusetts.

To find out if a person you are searching for is in this book, see website AC-GS.ORG: 1790 Families Name Listing.

The cost of this 68 chapter, 240 page book, fully indexed: U.S funds \$34 plus \$6.00 shipping and handling, Canadian funds \$38 plus \$11.00 shipping and handling.

The 1850 – 1880 Aroostook County Censuses and Mortality Schedules

— Compiled by Allen J. Voisine
The Aroostook County Genealogical

Society presents their first publication. Please note that the 1850 Census has been updated. 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 in American Funds is: \$55, which is the price of CD, including sales tax and shipping and handling. The price in Canadian Funds is: \$60, which is the price of CD including shipping and handling.

(Les Familles Th  berge continued from page 42)

	Laurent-R.	30 Aug	1937	Madeleine-Anita Lessard	Augusta(St.Aug.) 11D
11C	Lucile-Diana	16 Jun	1956	Robert-J. Veilleux	Augusta(St.Aug.)
	Richard	27 May	1967	Th��r��se Gr��goire	Augusta(St.Aug.)
	Norman	12 Jul	1969	Regina Rankin	Augusta(St.Aug.)
11D	Jean-P.	22 Apr	1961	Ida-Joan Charest	Augusta(St.Aug.)
	Anita	28 Aug	1965	Edward Smith	Augusta(St.Aug.)
	Roxanne-L.	26 Oct	1974	Wallace-David Simmons	Augusta(St.Aug.)
14A	Narcisse	24 Jun	1889	Jos��phine Th��berge	Lawrence, MA
	(b.1868 Can.)	(b. 1868 Can.)		(Pierre Th��berge & Domithilde Lemieux)	
14B	Jos��phine	24 Jun	1889	Narcisse Th��berge	Lawrence, MA
24A	Anacl��te	10 Jan	1887	Napol��on Lemieux	Brunswick(SJB)
	Th��ophile	19 Sep	1904	M.-Louise Tardif	Brunswick(SJB)
24B	Wilfrid	13 Feb	1893	Emma Thibault	Brunswick(SJB)
	L��a-M.	04 Sep	1893	Joseph-L. Lebel	Brunswick(SJB)
	D��lia	10 Feb	1896	William Moreau	Brunswick(SJB)
	Exilia	20 Jun	1898	Octave Thibault	Brunswick(SJB)
	Philonise	11 Feb	1901	Dosith�� St-Pierre	Brunswick(SJB)
	Ovide	22 Jun	1903	Clara-��va Fortin	Brunswick(SJB) 24C
	��mile-B.	26 Feb	1906	D��lima Fortin	Brunswick(SJB) 24D
24C	L��o-Philippe	28 Jun	1934	Natalia-G. Kidder	Brunswick(SJB)
	C��cile-Ex.	21 Sep	1936	Odias-Ros. Philippon	Brunswick(SJB)
	Charles-Wm.	14 Jun	1937	Rosalie-M. Desjardins	Brunswick(SJB) 24E
	Chls.-Sylvio	19 Apr	1938	C��cile-Th��r��se M��nard	Brunswick(SJB) 24F
	Alexis-J.	10 May	1947	M.-Anita Paquette	Brunswick(SJB) 24G
	Athala-E.	27 Dec	1948	Antoine Couillard	Brunswick(SJB)
24D	��mile-Ovila	03 Sep	1928	Flore-Exilia Tardif	Brunswick(SJB)
	Ernest-J.	03 Jun	1935	Lucienne-A. Morais	Brunswick(SJB) 24H
	Elph��ge-W.	19 Apr	1936	Althea-I. McMackin	Brunswick(SJB)
24E	Elaine-Marg.	21 May	1960	charles-Patrick Pierce	Brunswick(SJB)

(Continued on page 44)

(Les Familles Théberge continued from page 43)

24F	Nancy-Ann	04 Jul	1959	Ralph Handley	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Constance	05 Feb	1966	Michael-J. White	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Marcel	04 Jun	1966	Jeanne Thibeault	Brunswick(SJB)	
24G	Roger	10 Jun	1972	Linda Murray	Brunswick(SJB)	
24H	Ronald	01 Sep	1958	Sally-Lee Murray	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Vivian-Jacq.	20 Apr	1959	Conrad-C. Thibeault	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Isabel	10 Jul	1971	Harold Morris	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Marc-A.	14 Jul	1973	Suzanne-M. Bernier	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Joan-M.	10 Sep	1977	Alexander-W. Beal	Brunswick(SJB)	
26A	Théodule	22 Aug	1887	Héloïse Talon	Brunswick(SJB)	
28A	Hélène-M.	30 Jan	1922	Calixte Landry	Madison(St.Seb.)	
	John-Léo	27 Sep	1926	Yvonne-V. Charrier	Skowhegan(NDL)	28C
	Germaine	22 Apr	1935	Robert Bond	Madison(St.Seb.)	
28B	Emilia-M.	08 Jun	1921	Leon-Walter Brown	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	George	06 Dec	1927	Beulah-Areola Langevin	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Philip-P.	25 Nov	1935	Juliette-H. Lessard	Skowhegan(NDL)	28D
	Helen-M.	16 Jan	1940	Leon-Walter Brown	Skowhegan(NDL)	
				(widower of Emilia-M. Théberge)		
	Charles-Wm.	02 Jul	1949	Beulah-Areola Langevin	Skowhegan(NDL)	
				(widow of George Théberge)		
28C	Lucille-Yvn.	03 May	1947	Émile-J. Laplante	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Bernadette-G.	29 Sep	1951	Léo-William Meunier	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Philippe	13 Sep	1952	Rita-Arlene Witham	Skowhegan(NDL)	28E
	Jeannette-H.	25 Sep	1954	Donald-Herman Laplante	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Marguerite-M.	07 Apr	1956	Clarence-Neil Maxwell	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Richard-J.	02 Jul	1966	Carol-Jean Lancot	Skowhegan(NDL)	
28D	Elizabeth-C.	27 Dec	1958	Jean-Claude Gilbert	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	David	29 Dec	1962	Marlene Marcoux	Waterville(SH)	
	Maxine-M.	__ Oct	1959	Richard-J. Huff	Skowhegan	
	Corrine	19__		Lawson		
	Joseph	19__		Annie _____		
28E	Gary	29 Jun	1973	Dona McKenney	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Brian	27 Aug	1977	Gwendolyn-J. Smith	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Gail	25 Nov	1978	Ray-T. Pilote	Skowhegan(NDL)	
33A	Charles	04 May	1914	Florence Bernard	Lewiston(St.Mary)	33B
	Alphonse-J.	04 Jun	1917	M.-Pamela Poulin	Auburn(St.Louis)	33C
33B	Gérard	02 May	1936	Cécile Gagné	Lewiston(SPP)	
33C	Gérald	07 Sep	1946	Rita Biron	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Normand	11 Nov	1948	Carmel Couture	Waterville(ND)	
	Richard-L.	30 May	1959	Fernande-M.-A. Lagassé	Lewiston(SPP)	

Other Théberge families not fully traced:

A1	Edmond-J.	before	1885	Alphonsine Goyet	Winchendon, MA ?	A2
A2	Joseph	17 May	1909	Aglaé Routh	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
B1	Cléophas	before	1890	Marie Gamache	Brunswick !	DROU B2
B2	M.-Anne	20 Jun	1910	Arthur Gagné	Brunswick(SJB)	
C1	Jérémie-J.	before	1930	Léana Coro	Madison ?	C2
C2	Lena	18 Aug	1951	Claude-W. Daigle	Madison(St.Seb.)	
	Walter-Max.	16 May	1953	Mildred-Eliz. Cronkite	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Évangeline	03 Oct	1964	Jerome-J. Richardson	Madison(St.Seb.)	
D1	Pierre	18__		Marie Labrecque		D2
D2	François	06 Sep	1853	Angèle Godbout	St.Raphael, Blehs.	D3

(Continued on page 45)

(Les Familles Th  berge continued from page 44)

D3	Thomas	11 Aug 1879	Sophie Guillemette	St.Raphael, Blehs.	D4
D4	Andr�� 1m.	18 Sep 1911	Alida Duplessis	St.Camille, Wolfe	
	“ 2m.	30 Apr 1932	M.-Jos��phine Trahan	Sherbrooke	

E1	Thomas	before 1868	Sophie _____	Canada	E2
E2	Thomas	27 Aug 1892	Arth��mise St-Pierre	Salem, MA	E3
	(24, b. Can.)		(15, b. Can.)(Joachim St.Pierre & Ad��le _____)		
E3	Charles-E.	19 Jul 1920	Amanda Lavall��e Lewiston !		ARCH
		(b. 02 Jan 1894	Salem - d. 20 Jun 1948 Lewiston)		

F1					F2
F2	Henry	05 May 1934	Marie Mosko	Lisbon Falls!	ARCH F3
F3	Clarmaine	02 May 1959	Frank Golletti	Brunswick(SJB)	

 ADDED to St.Frs. marriage (red) book:

TONDREAU

Pierre Tondreau, son of Sylvain Tondreau & Jacqueline Oudet from the parish of St.Barth  l  my d'Orchaise, diocese of Chartres, France, married on 6 February 1691 at Ste.Anne de Beaupr  , Qu  bec to Marie-Anne Fricchet dit Lavoye, daughter of Pierre Fricchet & Charlotte Godin.

A Sylvain	16	Jacqueline Oudet France	1
1 Pierre	06 Feb 1691	M.-Anne Fricchet	Ste.Anne-Beaupr�� 2
2 Fran��ois	29 Oct 1732	M.-Anne Cloutier	Islet 3
		(Jean-Bte. & M.-Anne Gerbert)	
3 Simon-Charles	23 Feb 1757	M.-Desanges Boss��	Islet 4
		(Jean-Bte. & M.-Madeleine Bernier)	
4 Jos.-Francois	07 Feb 1780	M.-Th��cle Langelier	Islet 5
5 Charles	06 Nov 1804	M.-Genevi��ve Couillard	Islet 6
6 Fabien	17 Feb 1852	Ang��lique Th��berge	Islet
		(F��lix & Modeste Morin)	
above ?			
Phil��mon	18__	Marguerite Th��berge	_____ 7
7 Jules	19 Nov 1883	Jos��phine Poulin	Waterville(SFS)

(PO  SIE/POETRY suite de page 38)

Le Bureau

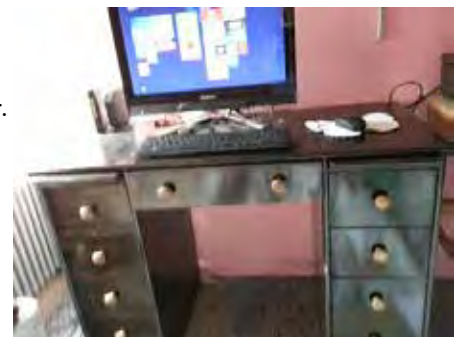
(Pour mon grand-p  re, Arthur Callette)

Un bureau construit par vos propres mains: huit tiroirs pleins de souvenirs.
 Je me souviens de vous, P  p  re, assis    ce bureau avec vos crayons reduits    rien.
 Je me souviens de moi    quinze ans, assise    ce bureau, et ma chatte assise sur mon devoir.
    ce bureau j'  cris mon po  me.

The Desk

(For my grandfather, Arthur Callette)

A desk built by your own hands: eight drawers full of memories.
 I remember you, P  p  re, seated at this desk with your pencils worn down to nothing.
 I remember myself at fifteen, seated at this desk, and my cat seated on my homework.
 At this desk I write my poem.



--Maureen Perry; Lewiston, ME

Upcoming Events...

**The Boucher's First Annual
Fête de St-Jean-Baptiste 2015
Saturday, June 20, 2015 from 4-10PM
St. Ann's Church, 215 West St., Bristol, CT 06010**

Come celebrate with us, the first anniversary of "French-Canadian Day in Connecticut," the first official French-Canadian holiday signed into law by Governor Dannel P. Malloy in 2014.

We are honoring the hard work of State Senator Gary LeBeau, State Representative Russell Morin, Helen Labrecque and Odette Manning, who passed the bill into law!

Mass, Meal, and Celebration!

4PM – Mass

5-10PM – Dinner, Entertainment, and Dancing!

Live Entertainment by:

Josée Vachon, Franco-American Singer and Song-writer

Norm Flash and the Starfires, Franco-American Country, and Rock-n-Roll Band

For tickets, contact: (860)-614-9970, or jamfrancais@yahoo.com

Tickets cost:

\$20.00 for Adults

\$8.00 for children 6-12

Free for children 5 and under

Your choice of meal: Hamburger, Hamburg Steak, Poutine, Galvaude au Boeuf, as well as coleslaw, tea, coffee, dessert, and more.

Handicapped Accessible

Your hosts, Daniel and Michelle Boucher



**Le premier anniversaire de
La Fête de St-Jean-Baptiste, 2015!
Samedi, 20 juin 2015, 16 :00-22 :00
L'église de Ste-Anne, 38 rue West, Bristol, CT 06010**

Venez-vous joindre à nous, le premier anniversaire du « Jour Canadien-français au Connecticut, » la première fête officielle signé en loi par

Gouverneur Dannel P. Malloy en 2014.

Nous honorons le travail dur par State Senator Gary LeBeau, State Representative Russell Morin, Helen Labrecque et Odette Manning, ils ont travaillé d'adopter la loi!

Messe, Dîner et Célébration!

16:00 heures – la messe

17:00-22:00 heures – dîner, amusement, et danse !

Les amusements par:

Josée Vachon, chanteuse et compositrice franco-américaine

Norm Flash and the Starfires, groupe franco-américaine de country et de rock-n-roll

Pour acheter vos billets, contactez: (860)-614-9970, ou jamfrancais@yahoo.com

Le prix des billets:

\$20.00 pour les adultes;

\$8.00 pour les enfants entre 6-12 ans

Gratuit pour les enfants moins de 6 ans.

Le choix de dîner: Hamburger, bifteck, poutine, galvaude au bœuf, et aussi salade de chou cru, thé, café, dessert, et plus.

Accès aux handicapés

Michelle et Daniel Boucher, vos hôtes

Upcoming Events...

Josée Vachon

Franco-American Singer/Songwriter to Perform

Josée Vachon, Franco-American singer/songwriter will bring her warm engaging humor and upbeat rhythms to the annual ACA Court St. Rosaire Fête St. Jean Baptiste at Century House 107 S. Main St. Acushnet, Massachusetts on June 28, 2015.

Well known in communities throughout the Northeast, Josée Vachon has been making a name for herself for over twenty-five years. A Québec native transplanted to central Maine as a child, Vachon's traditional and original songs in French are performed with guitar, spoons, clogging, energy and charm. She has performed hundreds of traditional, educational and holiday concerts for audiences of all ages.

Vachon's first performances at the University of Maine and at New England Franco-American festivals inspired her to document her Québec roots in original songs as well as in popular and traditional songs from Canada. Her warm vocals, welcoming personality and increasing popularity among Francos led to an 11-year run hosting *Bonjour!*, the most



widely seen French language cable TV show produced in the U.S., airing in markets from New Brunswick, Ontario to Louisiana.

Vachon has recorded 12 solo albums in French, and two with Franco-American folk group Chanterelle. She has appeared on the Parisian television shows *Le grand échiquier* and *Espace francophone*, and in Canada on TV Ontario and Radio-Canada.

In 1999, she was awarded the National Culture Through the Arts Award from the NY State Association of Foreign Language Teachers for her work in schools. She was a member of the National Endowment for the Arts' American Traditions Training and Touring Project. She has even, proudly been given the key to the city of Woonsocket, R.I.

Vachon was recorded for a special on *La Bolduc* on Canada's History Channel, has a regional music clip on Microsoft's AutoMap Trip Planner software, made *Yankee Magazine's* Top 40 Music picks (July 2001) and contributed an original song on Smithsonian Folkways' CD, *Madoiselle voulez-vous danser: Franco-American Music from the New England Borderlands*, a Top Ten Folk Music CD pick from NPR in 1999. She was a member of the Women's Singing Traditions of New England Tour, and was a founding member of the Franco-American group, Chanterelle.

Tickets \$25.00

Jeanine Sasseville 508-992-6583

Gaetane Mahon 508-992-6297

Ray Patnaude 508-995-3792

Annual Spring Gathering, 2015

Calling all Franco American writers, artists and creators

We will be holding our annual gathering on the weekend of April 24-26, 2015 at the Darling Marine Center in Walpole, ME.

Our weekend will begin at 7pm on Friday evening; we will have snacks and food to share and a presentation to start our time together. On Saturday, each attendee will have a chance to present their own work and get feedback from others. Sunday we will break after breakfast.

We are asking for \$50/person for

the weekend to cover all meals, snacks and the rental of the conference center. Lodging at the Darling Marine Center is available for those interested; we have both single and double rooms at these additional costs: \$40/night for a double; \$57.50/night for a single.

Thanks to the generosity of Gregoire Chabot, we also have 5 scholarships. Greg is particularly interested in supporting student attendance.



*Darling Marine Center
193 Clarks Cove Road
Walpole, ME*

***Please help us get
the word out!***

**For more info call
either Susan Pinette
(207) 581-3791 or Lisa
Michaud (207) 581-3789**

For Driving Directions:
<http://dmc.umaine.edu/welcome/driving-directions/>
<http://misclab.umeoce.maine.edu>



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**THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE
 OF THE
 UNIVERSITY OF MAINE**

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

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

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

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

MISSION

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

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

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

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

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

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

OBJECTIFS:

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