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Maine's French Communities:

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

other pertinent websites to check out -

Les Français d'Amérique / French In America

Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002

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

Franco-American Women's Institute:

<http://www.fawi.net>





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

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 Le FORUM*

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719



Dear Le Forum,

As the newest addition to the Franco-American Program (FAP) staff, I find it difficult writing a letter to a community with far more knowledge and commitment to Franco concerns than I have any right to claim. I say FAP, but I'm aware that historically, the FAP was two separate entities—the Centre, which celebrates its 45th anniversary in 2016; and the Studies, which became a separate program in 2000, having been developed by the Centre during the previous decade.

What's my difficulty with writing? There are actually several. First, as a research associate, my title already puts me at odds with all those who, like my father, distrust all things University. Further, the very existence of FAP points to UMaine's ongoing poor job at recognizing the French fact of Maine and the region—French-speaking Canada excepted. To what degree UMaine's failure is shared by FAP and to what degree UMaine's failure marks its lack of acceptance of the FAP, I don't know, but I feel responsible to it and for it.

Finally, I don't speak any form of French—though French was at home with mémé and pépé and father and later, in the schools, alongside Latin. I was a dutiful son and student. I learned to listen and later feel ashamed of my mispronunciations. I left it at that, as I was interested in mathematics, in music, in philosophy, in literature, in physics—not in my half-breed acadian-frenchness.

But coming to the FAP, I return at least reluctantly to some aspects of my being (or not being) Franco. I began with the FAP very part-time during the fall of 2014 as a

Dear Le Forum,

Notes: Before the KKK in Maine there were the Know-Nothings. What do we know about the Know-Nothings? Nothing! and that's exactly what the Know-Nothings want us to know. But they were here in the Saint-John Valley in 1853 and what they did has only been spoken in whispers. Our great-grand parents suffered the brunt of it but they kept their anxiety to themselves, so their children, our grand parents never knew of these troubles.

We canonize our priests and never tell

sort of stopgap, to take care of certain technical urgencies (for instance, the arrival and accessioning of the thousands of volumes and original papers of the Ringuette Library, now open to the public) that I challenged myself to learn *on the fly*. Thinking I'd entered at a particular moment of crisis for the Program, I expected to fix what needed fixing and then relax as things settled into enough of a routine that I could begin to get my bearings. I planned to assess for myself what the Program is, where it's going, what's its mission, whom it serves, how, why—so that I could then target and prioritize my work according to these parameters and my fundamental research question: *Qui suis je?*

That to date's not what's happened. Instead, the Program remains to me a continual flux. The flux comes from both within and without, much of it related to what appears to me to be the horns of a dilemma. On one horn is the Program's effort to discover for itself who and what it is now, as the merger of the FA Centre and FA Studies, which happened effectively over the summer of 2014 after the retirement of its co-founding director, Yvon Labbé (though apparently the merger had been in-process for at least three years before Labbé's retirement). The Centre and The Studies had and have complementary but distinct missions. Community engagement is at the intersection of both missions, but the forms those engagements take are distinct. What our mission and vision are is a vital research question that we—staff plus stakeholders—need to address in the short term. We are working to facilitate discussion of this question.

On the other horn is the University of Maine administration's persistent marginalization of the program, simply by the way the University 'does business'. This marginalization often results from administrative protocols in asymmetrical power arrangements that allow only certain forms of expression and silence all others. The

of the human ones who struggled. Their is still a hush around Fr. Henri Dionne, missionary of Ste. Luce 1841-1860 who ran into the Know-Nothings in 1853. But alas, all we say is he was a good priest (as we say of all of them) and we have lost the chapter of history of his time - the history we are repeating today.

*Guy Dubay
Madawaska, ME*

(See article on page 17)

marginalization is mostly unconscious to well-meaning administrators but institutionally purposeful. And the marginalization has a myriad of disguises (only some of them budgetary)—disguises about as disguising as a *toupée*. But with calm and patience—and this too is needed research I have barely started—we can mark the effects of these protocols and perhaps bring back to the centre some of what's been marginalized.

So a real challenge facing the Program is how to avoid these horns. And between them is, I feel, a growing impatience among Franco stakeholders (communities and organizations) outside the University. Are we, the FAP, connecting with or serving you adequately, if at all? I know within the Program we are trying to find effective ways to build more outreach and better engagement with the communities we're here to serve, both through traditional means and by using technology, especially the Internet. But what can or should we do to support and empower the Franco populations of Maine to rise up and demand that Maine's premiere public research University become a university of all peoples of the State? Here is yet another deep research question for me.

But already, I believe, *je me accuse!* I must confess that I had planned to travel last summer (2015), anonymously, to Franco organizations and resources throughout the State, including other UM System campuses, and maybe beyond borders. Not as an official rep of UMaine or in any true professional capacity. Rather, just as an interested person (vs. a person of interest?), to begin relationships. I have yet to begin.

Should I ask to be demanded to come and meet you? You should understand in advance that I am very limited, for we would have to talk in English. But I would come. Email joe.arsenault@umit.maine.edu

*Joe Arsenault
Research Associate*

Dear Le Forum,

Please renew my subscription for 1 year. I am enclosing a check.

Bravo on your good work and we all hope you can continue fighting the good fight for a needed cause.

Amités,

*Claire Quintal
Worcester, MA*

Reflections on the Acadian Deportation

by Roger Paradis, Fort Kent, ME

On August 14, 2014, on the occasion of the Congrès Mondial Acadien, I was invited to speak briefly to a group of Louisiana Acadians at the Centre Culturele Mikesell in Madawaska. In fact the meeting lasted 135 minutes.

The group wanted to know my reasons for calling the deportation a genocide. I gave an earful and exceeded my time by 120 minutes.

I noted first that Acadian boats were all confiscated prior to their condemnation on July 28, 1755, so that there could be no escape. The deportation plan was to erase all trace of an Acadian presence in l'Acadie. The drag net had to be secure.

It was also for this reason that church registers were confiscated and burned, as were the records of the notaries.

Families were broken up on embarkation to hasten their assimilation into the American colonial melting pot. Likewise the reason that the people were dispersed in small groups in the thirteen colonies that were different in language, culture, and religion.

The victims blindsided on their desti-

nation, which added to their stress. As it was, they were deported among former enemies who detested and hated them because of who they were.

The difference in climate contributed to the elevated mortality rate. Ships were overloaded twice their tonnage, and were entirely without ventilation. Once the hatch was battled down, the stench became overwhelming, and the longer the voyage, the likelier that the transports became plaque ridden. No one was allowed to disembark until a doctor declared that the transport was free of contagions, and that could take weeks. In the interim, those who died were simply tossed overboard.

No names were recorded on embarking, only the total number of deportees on each transport for reimbursement. No names were taken when they came ashore. The deportees were not even assigned an identification number. The expectation was that all trace of the nameless people would be lost, forever expunged from the annals of history.

There were two major Acadian deportations. The first was in 1755 from

Nova Scotia, 7000 deportees; the other in 1758-1759 from the Saint-Jean (Prince Edward Island), 3400 deportees, and Ile Royal (Cape Breton Island), and from the fleuve Saint-Jean. Both occurred during the hurricane season, in transports that usually exceeded their tonnage, and some of which were unseaworthy. The upshot was that four transports never made it to port, and the deportees went down to a watery grave. The loss of life far exceeded a thousand souls if we include infants to the age of two who were not included in the count, and children to the age of ten who counted only as half an adult. The loss of Acadian lives did not matter. They were expendable. The plan was to resettle the region with anglo-Protestant settlers from New England. Winslow at Grand Pré and Murray at Fort Edward, heaved a sigh of relief when done, and bid them good riddance.

In 1920 abbé-Thomas Albert, in his superb *Histoire du Madawaska* called the Acadian deportation a "crime de lèse humanité." In 1922, Monseigneur Stanislas Doucette wrote that the plan was to cause "the extinction of the Acadian race." Article 6 of the *statu de Rome* wrote that to cause the disappearance of a people, in part or whole, was a genocide. By every definition, the deportation of the Acadians was a genocide.

My Louisiana listeners wanted to know why I called the deportation a holocaust. I will speak to that in a later issue of *LE FORUM*.

François Le Bardeau

François Michaud 1808- d. 27 Sept. 1892 Ste. Luce
m. 22 Nov. 1830 St. Pascal, Kamouraska, Ozithé Levesque
Ozithé b. 27 Aub. 1811 Rivière-Ouelle d. 12 July 1847 Ste. Luce

François Michaud bt. 5 May 1843 Ste. Luce d. 1 Dec. 1899 Ste. Luce
m. 28 May 1866 Sophie Ouellet

Christine Michaud b. 12 July 1870 Ste. Luce, Frenchville, Me
m. 11 May 1890 Ste. Luce Damase Bérubé

Albert Bérubé 28 Nov. 1908 Keegan, Me d. 26 Nov. 1997 Van Buren, Me
m. 4 Nov. 1930 Van Buren, Me Cecile Thibodeau b. 1 May 1911 St. Léonard, N.B. d. 27
July 2001 Van Buren, Me

I call him François Le Bardeau, but his real name was François Michaud (1808-1892). He married Ozithé Levesque (1811-1847) at St. Pascal de Kamouraska, 22 Nov. 1830. They must have migrated shortly after their marriage since we find Francois Michaud listed in the Lt. James MacLauchlan Report of Dec. 1833 with wife and one son. Mac Lauchlan was British Warden of the disputed territory. when he conducted a population survey in this area. The 1850 Madawaska Plantaaion census shows the couple with nine children giving him the occupation of farmer. But an 1846-1848 merchant trader record of A. & S.

Dufour show him as a shingle maker, and hence François Lebardeau.

On Aug. 8, 1848 he submitted to the merchant traders six thousands "bardeaux à 12/6.-that's 12 shillings six pence per thousand which gives him a credit of 3 pound 15 shillings. and another 2000 shingles at 10 shillings for an additional credit of 1 pound. On January 7, 1848 he delivers another load of 5 1/2 thousands shinglles at 12 shillings six pence per thousnd for a credit of 3 pounds eight shillings nine pence. The higher rate of 12 shillings six pence likely was for top quality shingles called clears - clear of knot holes. The inferior shingles with occasional knot holes called seconds, brought him 10 shillings per thousand.

Most farmers of the day deliver outs and hay to the merchant traders who pays them to deliver the produce to lumber camp operations up river into the woods, but in this account François Michaud does not do that.

On June 27 1846 François Michaud
(Continued on page 5)

(François Le Bardeau continued from page 4)

purchased 2 bushels of oats. at 3 shillings per bushel. May we read this as implying that he is not growing his own oats like other farmers but appears to concentrate his work on the production of shingles.. Was he a miller? (Meunier tu dors) or were these shingles produced by hand with the use of a froe.

The account also carries a salary figure of 2 1/2 days at 5 shillings per day. for a credit of 12 shilling six pence. the salary amount is twice that of the usually 2 shilling six pence day laborer wage found in other accounts. Perhaps it may have been pay at a higher rate as a shingle buncher.

The account is written entirely in French but the accounting is in British money of New Brunswick and this by a resident on the American side of the border four and six years after the webster-Ashburton treaty had rendered him to be an American citizen.

An interesting purchase on Aug. 8, 1848 "1 boîte d'allumettes" at a cost of two pence. Ah ha! matches were already in use here at the time.

So you see Lisa, your great-great-



Albert & Cecile (Thibodeau) Berube

great grand father, François Michaud (dit Le Bardeau) migrant from Canada in the 1830s was more than a simple Farmer. People never called him "Le Bardeau" I'm the one who makes that up from reading the record.

**Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine**

First American Pastors of the St. John Valley

There are startling differences in the political orientation and experience between the first two Catholic pastors on the american side of the International Border. the differences were not so much with each other, but with each one's relationship with the governments around them.

Fr. Antoine Gosselin, Pastor of St. Bruno 1838-1852 had an orientation toward the British Government of New Brunswick. Father Henri Dionne, Pastor of Ste. Luce (1841) 1843-1860 developed a penchant and orientation toward the Government of Maine. In writing two letters (in French) to former Maine Governor John Hubbard in 1853, Fr. Dionne clearly shows his preference of Democrats over Whigs..

We have no correspondence of this kind for Fr. Gosselin

In this immediate paper we shall Present Fr. Gosselin's case, reserving the portray of Fr. Dionne's case to a follow-up paper. Statements made in this paper are going to be immediately followed up by Archival Reference.

After having served as Missionary at Pasbequiac on the Gaspé peninsula where the Acadians largely plied the fishing for the Robins of Jersey Island - which mission entailed the ability to speak English to the community business leaders, Fr, Antoine Gosselin was reassigned as founding Pastor of Saint-Agnes de Charlevoix on the north shore of the lower Saint Lawrence River in Quebec. this assignment prove to be difficult for him and Father Gosselin asked the Bishop of Quebec for re-assignment within the diocese (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 10) - RAPQ 1938-239 p.206.

The Bishop accepted Fr. Gosselin's resignation on Sept. 29, 1837 (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 136) - RAPQ p. 212. and (Registre M, f 69v.) - RAPQ p. 213. Upon this the Bishop wrote to Father Zephirin Levesque, pastor of the neighboring parish of La Malbaie, to prepare to take over temporarily the administration of the parish of Saint-Agnes. - telling him to ask the parishioners of Saint-Agnes to provide a supplementary tithe to allow the retreating

St. Jean Michaud.		1830	
1846	8 Paupiers de la page 1st.	1	8 1/2
"	1/2 lb. papiermané à 2/6.	"	7 1/2
"	2 pains de pain à 6/.	"	3
"	1/2 douz. bouteaux table à 12/6.	"	3 1/2
"	6 douz. jaunes à 1/3. Imanté à 2/6.	"	9 6
10	1 boîte d'allumettes	"	2
20	Cris, 2 1/2 jours de salaire à 5/.	"	12 6
21	Oct. 2 1/2 lb. lard à 10.	"	17 6
"	1/2 lb. Empois à 1/6.	"	9
1848	Comptes additionnés.	3	3 " 12 6
Jan. 5	1 Châle de coton.	"	2
"	Pour du coton filé.	"	2 1
7	2 douz. upiottes à 5/.	"	2 6
"	1 1/2 lb. meringue nois. à 2/6.	"	3 9
"	1/2 lb. poisve à 1/6.	"	1/2
"	1 douz. pour des pommes.	"	1
"	Pour salaire par son fils.	"	5
"	5 1/2 millions bardeau à 12/6.	"	3 8 9
"	Un Payé à Coyne Dubé	"	"
"	pour le bardeau 30/723	1	10 7 1/2
"	1/2 lb. pain. No. 1. 1 lb. 1/2.	5	4 1/2 4 7 3
"	1/2 lb. pain. No. 1. 1 lb. 1/2.	17	1 " " "

(Continued on page 6)

(*First American Pastors of the St. John Valley continued from page 5*)

pastor to maintain a conveniennable manner of living. (Registre des Lettres v. 18, p. 155 -RAPQ p. 218. three weeks later Msgr. Joseph Signay, the bishop, asked Fr. Gosselin to return to Saint-Agnes (Registre des Lettres v. 18, p 174) _RAPQ p. 222.

On Dec. 17, 1837 sir John Harvey, Lt. Governor of New Brunswick, wrote to to Bishop Joseph Signay asking that a "coadjutor" be assigned to Rev. Antoine Langevin, Pastor at Saint-Basile de Madawaska, N.B. in order that this new assistant might provide services to the Indians of the Saint John River. (Cartable: Gouvernement II -88) -RAPQ pp. 227-228.

On Dec. 27, 1837 Msgr. Signay wrote a long letter to Msgr. J. J. Lartigue, Bishop of Montreal expressing his concerns over the development in the Papineau Insurrection (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 194) _RAPQ pp. 229-231. Bishop Signay replied to Sir John Harvey's letter of Dec. 17, 1837 on Jan, (, 1838 stating in part that owing to the fact that Madawaska may no longer be in his diocese, he would have liked to supply to Sir John's request and assign an assistant to Fr. Langevin, but that the current shortage of priest prevent his taking immediate action on the request. (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p.202) -RAPQ p. 232.

In the mean time the Bishop wrote to Fr. Antoine Langevin, missionary at Madawaska, telling him of the Lt. Governor's request. the bishop stated his intent to comply by setting up a Pastor at St. Bruno when circumstances permitted it. (Registres Des Lettres v. 18, p. 221) _RAPQ pp. 237-238.

On March 13, 1838 Sir John Colborne, Governor General of Canada wrote to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec thanking him for his expression of support of the government over matters of deling with "Brigands and Rebels on the Frontier" (Cartable II-91) _RAPQ pp. 246-247. the bishop on June 3, 1838 received notification of Lord Durham recognition of the Bishops' support of the government (Cartable II -94) _RAPQ p. 260. and Registre M. f 102v) ---RAPQ p. 261. these additional citations are given here to signal the crucial state of affairs between governments at the time of Fr. Gosselin's appointment to St. Bruno.

On July 17, 1838 Msgr. Pierre-Flavien Turgéon, coadjutor bishop of Quebec under Msgr. Signay wrote to Msgr Bernard Donald McDonald, bishop of Charlottetown (PEI) stating the Bishop's intent to provide

Fr. Antoine Langevin an assistant as requested by Sir John Harvey who had backed his original request by a personal visit to the bishop in QUEbec. Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 331) RAPQ p. 267.

Bishop Signay on Sept. 8, 1838 wrote to Fr Gosselin at Saint-Agnes expressing pleasure at Fr. Gosselin's acquiescence to his request to return to that parish -but on the other hand, the bishop stated he was considering offering to Fr. Gosselin the pastorship of Saint Bruno-in the Madawaska Territory, however the assignment required a fluency in being able to speak English and desired to be informed of Fr. Gosselins abilities on that score. (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p.



Fr. Antoine Gosselin

346) _RAPQ p. 272.

That same day Bishop Signay wrote to Bishop McDonald of Charlottetown expressing his desire "to render service to a neighbor and to reply to the insistance of Sir John Harvey who took all possible action in order to meet me at Kamouraska having traveled their by ship to re-iterate his pleas. (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 347). RAPQ p. 272. again the same bishop wrote to Fr. Gosselin informing him of his assignment at the mission of St. Bruno-de-Madawaska, according him extraordinary powers (authority) and providing instruction. (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 358) and Registre M. f 108 r) and Registre M. f 108 v.) -RAPQ p. 274

Bishop Signay, then on Oct. 4, 1838 wrote to Sir John Harvey telling him of the

assignment made as per his request. He noted that "It is like appropriate to inform your excellency that the new missionary is noted for extreme timidity of the kind which he (Fr. Gosselin) finds impossible to control and that his brings him ill judgment from those who first meet him.. But as he is an education person and has considerable talent, those who will meet him successively will come to accord him a better judgement". (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p.377) RAPQ p. 277.

At that same time the bishop wrote to Fr. Antoine Langevin telling him of the assignment of Fr. Antoine Gosselin as assigned with responsibility for the missions of St. Bruno, Woodstock and Tobique - and that Fr. Langevin should take steps to see that Fr. Gosselin will receive from the New Brunswick Legislature the usual allocation for services to the Indians of Tobique. (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 377) RAPQ. p277.

I present here historical reference on the subject of N.B. Government allocation to catholic missionaries servicing the Indians:

Msgr. J.-O. Plessis to his Excellency Martin Hunter, Fredericton (Quebec 13 Oct. 1810) He has appointed M. Jean Kelly to the pastorship of St. Denis in the Montreal district. He has name M. Louis Raby to replace M. Kelly at Madawaska and at the Indian mission. Msgr. Plessis hopes that M. Hunter will continue to provide M. Raby with the usual allocation of 50 Louis (£50). (Registre des Lettres v. 18, p. 435) RAPQ p. 290.

In a letter directed by the bishop to Fr. Antoine Gosselin at St. bruno on Aug. 18, 1839 the Bishop notes that he has received the visit of an Indian of Tobique and another from a Penobscot Indian. He enjoins Fr. Gosselin to exhort the younger men of the tribe at Tobique to remain faithful to the customs and mores of the tribe. and not to innovate changes regarding the mode of tribal government in making the choice of a chief.. It is the most sure way of keeping them faithful in their religion. (Registres des Lettres v. 18, p. 589) .

That same day Bishop Signay writes to Rev. Benedict Fenwick, Bishop of Boston on the same subject of managing elections of the Indian chief. He notes having recently met with the Penobscot Indian chief and asks the Bishop of Boston to order their missionary to better supervise the conservation of ancient usages of the Nation in which younger members of the tribe hav worked to over turn.. the Bishop notes that he has made a similar request to the missionary of (Continued on page 13)



First group of Thailand volunteers near Hong Kong in January 1962 (Roger on right) with Mainland China in the background.

From Maine to Thailand

The making of a Peace Corps Volunteer by Roger Parent

ED. NOTE: This is the tenth 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. 96 pages 36-38.

China says Peace Corps Volunteers are Spies

In January 1962, I didn't understand why the People's Republic of China was bothered by Peace Corps, a small and fledgling government organization of volunteers, often called amateurs by professionals in diplomacy. Today, I understand better why China was bothered, indeed threatened, by Peace Corps; it is a powerful idea. Ordinary Americans volunteering to live simply among the people of poor countries, learning the culture and the language, accepting people as they are, not as they might wish them to be and free to speak as they wish, not obligated to support their country's policies, unlike professional diplomats. The Peace Corps staff in Bangkok had told us that China was accusing Peace Corps of being an arm of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), saying that its volunteers were spies of "paper tiger" America. I didn't take this seriously and laughed at the idea. Me, a spy? But Udon, I myself heard Thai language

radio broadcasts from China that I was a spy.

I knew about the cold war and the intense competition in armaments and ideas between the Soviet Union and the United States, but I wasn't very sensitive to, nor did I care much about the geopolitical machinations of my government, or any other. My concern was about helping the people of Thailand, and about my work, not what China said about Peace Corps. I understood however that these accusations could seriously harm Peace Corps and hinder my acceptance in Udon.

If China and other Communist nations could convince the world that Peace Corps was a cover for the CIA, it could ruin it. Most governments would have been very reluctant to accept volunteers if they had thought Peace Corps was part of the CIA, and most Americans would have stayed away from Peace Corps. I would not have volunteered for an or-

ganization with a reputation for spying.

To counter these false accusations, Peace Corps immediately established a policies not to hire ex-CIA officers, and the CIA itself was forbidden from hiring former Peace Corps Volunteers for five years after their service. These policies were effective in rebutting the most egregious accusations of spying, and as far as I know, they're still followed today.

Still, at the dawn of Peace Corps, more than policies were needed to clearly establish its independence from the CIA, and to convince my Thai colleagues and friends I was not a spy. This was especially difficult in Udon where a large number of CIA officers worked and lived. (They were affiliated with Air America, the CIA's "Air Force.") Moreover it was difficult for Thais to understand why I would leave my seemingly rich American life to work and live in Udon; *(Continued on page 8)*

(From *Maine to Thailand* continued from page 7)

the American spirit and tradition of volunteerism was not well known in Thailand.

The Thais knew Americans as courageous soldiers from World War II; I wanted to show another side of America. I strived to establish a reputation for myself and Peace Corps as one dedicated to peace through service. I maintained a strict separation between myself and agents of the CIA and advisors of the U.S. Army. I refused invitations from American meals and beer at the Army and CIA base near the airport—difficult to refuse and difficult to explain; I hope they didn't think I thought myself too good for them.

Eventually, the radio broadcasts from China ceased. The broadcast couldn't compete with our day-to-day presence in schools, in villages and towns and with our living among the people we served;

A U.S. Marine Propositions Thai Doctor's Wife

No one knew the Marine's name; they knew only that he was tall, white, young and dressed in green fatigues. He had touched Mrs. Sirikhan on the shoulder and he had asked her to go to the Ma Phak Di Hotel nearby. This he had done in broad daylight on Phosi Street at the end of the workday when it was packed with people shopping and talking with friends as they made their way home.

News of the American Marine's flagrant violation of a cultural and sexual norm had spread quickly, and there was quite a hubbub in the teacher lounge at the Trade School when I arrived. My principal, Pricha, told me the story: U.S. Marine had propositioned Mrs. Sirikhan, wife of prominent Dr. Sirikhan, last evening on Phosi Street, and people were outraged. That the Marine had wanted sex was not the issue—frequenting a cat house in Thailand was a common activity of young men. For less than a few bucks, the Marine could have had an attractive prostitute. What they couldn't understand was why he had approached and touched a respected woman.

In the early 1960s in Udorn, most women wore a Thai style sarong, but professional women and the wives of professional men, generally wore western style clothes, and so did the prostitutes who catered to American soldiers. The young Marine didn't know this. The Marines had arrived only a few months earlier, and had not

been instructed in Thai culture. A few days before this incident, I had met a Marine in an ice cream shop who didn't even know he was in Thailand—he knew only he was in Southeast Asia.

Somphon, a teacher, asked half-seriously if it was customary in my country to proposition respectable women on the street for sex. There was joking and awkward laughter, for they knew I was embarrassed by this incident. I was upset and worried that this Marine's gross cultural transgression would reflect on me and my country.

Mrs. Sirikhan had never been touched by a man in public, Thai or otherwise. She was shocked, embarrassed, and insulted. In Thailand, only a prostitute would allow herself to be touched in public, albeit reluctantly. She was mortified to think the Marine thought her to be a prostitute.

Mrs. Sirikhan spoke English, having lived in the United States a few years when her husband was in medical school, and she had told the marine in her soft and no nonsense voice to leave her alone, and she had immediately returned home. When her husband learned what had happened, he was very upset and angry. He had ordered his driver to take him immediately to Gordon, the Director of the US Information Service (USIS) for the northeast region; and he had demanded apologies from the Marine Commandant and the American Ambassador to Thailand, and had requested the Marine's removal from Udorn.

Gordon had learned by rumor the main facts of the story, and had been trying to contact the Marine Commandant when Dr. Sirikhan arrived. He immediately apologized to Dr. Sirikhan, promised to contact the Marine commandant that very evening,

and transmit Dr. Sirikhan's request to the Ambassador in Bangkok.

The Marine Commandant apologized to Dr. and Mrs. Sirikhan the next day. However, no action was taken to remove the Marine from Udorn; he was never punished. The incident was larger than one Marine, and responsibility went up the Marine hierarchy. If the Marine had been properly oriented to his surroundings, he would not likely have confused Mrs. Sirikhan for a prostitute. The leadership was culpable and would have had to be punished too, so no one was punished.

Most of my two years in Udorn coincided with the Marines and CIA's presence, which I learned to ignore. My Thai colleagues, friends and I learned that front line soldiers are rarely effective diplomats. They can give out candy, they can build playgrounds and schools, and they can build roads and hospitals, but their training is to defend and protect their country or an ally by maiming and killing the enemy.

I was further convinced that the best way to foster good will among nations is to share our education, our skills, our food and our money to help people create for themselves a decent life.

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.



When U.S. marines arrived in Udorn in 1962 their tanks attracted the attention of children and adults alike.

1663 Charlevoix Earthquake

by Mark Legassie

My paternal ancestor Andre Mignier dit LaGachette (now Legassie) arrived in Quebec City in 1665. As a Soldier in France's army, he was sent to protect the settlers from the marauding Iroquois. He arrived in Quebec just in time for a large after-shock which shook the region. If Andre would have arrived 2 years earlier, on Feb 5, 1663 he would have experienced the largest earthquake ever in North America, later estimated as between 7.5 and 8 on the Richter scale. It occurred at 5:30 p.m. on the Monday before Mardi Gras (two days before the beginning of Lent), and continued for 30 minutes. The epicenter was calculated to have been at La Malbaie, Quebec (Footnote 3), only a hundred miles from where I grew up in Maine.

Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, founder of the Ursulines -- a religious women's order in New France (Footnote 4) -- was an eyewitness at Québec City, and vividly recorded the event in her Letters. The translation of these excerpts from French to English was done by Suzanne Boivin.

"Everything was very calm and serene when we heard from afar a loud noise and a terrible buzzing sound, as if many coaches were rolling on cobblestones with speed and recklessness. This sound had no sooner attracted our attention when we heard it coming from underground, above ground, and from all sides, like a confusion of floods and waves, creating horror.

The sound, like a hail of stones on the rooftops, could be heard everywhere, in the barns and in our rooms. It seemed as if the solid rock, upon which almost all of the country rests and on which the houses are built, would open up, break into pieces, and gobble us up. A thick dust flew everywhere. Doors opened of themselves; other doors, which had been open, closed. All the bells in all of our churches rang out of their own volition as did the bells of our clocks, and the bell towers as well as our houses shook as trees do when the wind blows; and all this happened in a terrible confusion of furniture falling over, stones flying, floors cracking open, walls breaking apart. Through all this we could hear our domestic animals howling. Some people ran out of their houses;

others ran in. In a word, all of us were so afraid, because we believed it was Judgment Day since we could see all the signs [. . .]

After the first shaking, dismay was universal. And since we did not know what was happening, some cried "Fire", believing there had been an explosion; others ran for water to put out the fire; others seized their weapons, believing the Iroquois army had come. But since it was none of these things, all everyone could do was jostle everyone else to escape the destruction of the houses that seemed about to fall apart.

Once outside, we found no more safety than inside: because, by the movement of the earth that shook beneath our feet like waves broken up beneath a row boat, we understood at last that it was an earthquake. Several people hugged trees that, their branches bending and mixing one into another, caused no less horror than the houses that had been abandoned; others grabbed on to roots that, by their movement, struck them rudely on the chest. The Indians [Savages], extremely frightened, said the trees were beating them. Some among them said it was demons sent by God to chastise them because they had drunk the brandy that the bad Frenchmen had given them. Other Indians, who were less instructed [in the Faith?], who had come to hunt in this area, said it was the souls of their ancestors returning to their ancient home. To get rid of them, they took their guns and shot into the air toward a band of passing spirits, or so they said. But, at last, our "habitants" [inhabitants] as well as our sauvages, finding no asylum outside, nor in their houses, for the most part fell into weakness and fainting, and, accepting wiser advice, entered the churches to have the consolation of perishing after having confessed [. . .]

A month passed in that manner in the fear and uncertainty of what would happen next; but at last, when the quakes diminished, occurring less often and less violently, except two or three times when they were very strong, we began to discover the ordinary consequences of such earthquakes when they are so violent; we learned about a number of crevasses in the earth, new streams, new springs, new hills where there were none before; some land was flat where before it had been mountainous; new abysses had opened up in some places, from which arose sulphurous vapors, and, in other places, that once were filled with trees, nothing but vast plains; rocks were overturned, plots of land were moved, forests destroyed: some trees were turned upside down and oth-

ers driven into the earth to the level of their branches. We saw two rivers disappear; we found two new springs, one as white as milk, and the other as red as blood. But nothing was more astonishing than to see the big river, the Saint-Laurent, which, because of its extreme depth never changes, not from melting snow that ordinarily changes most rivers, not by the confluence of 600 rivers that empty into it, without mentioning the 600 springs, large ones for the most part; to see, I say, this river change its course and take on the color of sulfur and stay that way for eight days (...)" (Footnote 5)

Quoted from Richaudeau, *Lettres de la Révérende Mère Marie de l'Incarnation*, Tournei, H. Casterman, 1876, tome II, pp. 228-233, 243, 313-314, 375.

Gustave Lanctot in his *History of Canada*, gives more details, these taken from the *Jesuit Relations and Journal*:

"[At Trois-Rivières] the high banks of the St. Maurice collapsed along a considerable extent carrying all the trees at the water's edge into the river. A powerful current bore such huge amounts of earth down to the St. Lawrence that even this mighty river's flow was silted and slow for three months. Two hills collapsed into the water at St. Paul Bay and Pointe-aux-Alouettes. At Montréal, the seismic tremors were weaker but they shook the buildings as though they were leaves in the wind. People fled from their houses and patients left the hospitals. Madame d'Ailleboust leapt from her bed half-dressed and raced towards the Abbé Souart, crying, "Confession, Father, confession!" while her servant followed her, trying to give her a skirt." (Footnote 6)

Seven months later, August 20, 1663, Marie de l'Incarnation wrote: *"The earth still quakes. But what is admirable in the midst of the strange and universal debris is that no one has died. No one has even been injured."* The earth rocked again in December 1664; January 1665; and April 1668. The original quake was felt in Acadia and all over New England. (Footnote 7)

Footnotes:

- (1) Cited by Michel Langlois, Tome 1.
- (2) Fernand Boivin, op. cit.
- (3) Christiane Perron, *La vie d'un pionnier de l'Île d'Orléans*, Longueuil: Christiane Perron, 1989, p. 99.
- (4) See DCB, Vol. 1.
- (5) Quoted by Christiane Perron from Richaudeau, *Lettres de la Révérende Mère Marie de l'Incarnation*, Tournei: H.Casterman, 1876, tome II, pp. 228-233, 243, 313-314, 375.
- (6) Gustave Lanctot, op. cit., Vol II, pp. 264-65.
- (7) Christiane Perron, op. cit.



Ending the Damaging Myth of “Bad French” in New England

By James Myall



*Ambassador Claudel (second from left, with glasses), accompanied by local dignitaries.
Lewiston Evening Journal, October 20, 1930.*

When French Ambassador Paul Claudel visited Lewiston, Maine, in 1930, he was given a warm reception by Franco-American leaders in the city. A delegation of civic leaders greeted him at the railroad station, and he was taken on a tour of the Franco institutions of the city, including St. Mary’s Hospital, and the French churches. At City Hall, he was greeted by a color guard of boys from the Catholic orphanage, the Healy Asylum, and members of the children’s band, the Fanfare Ste-Cécile. It was, in many ways, a great validation of the Franco-American community in Maine’s most Franco-American of cities. But one moment of that visit is revealing. When Ambassador Claudel sat down with Lewiston Evening Journal reporter Charlotte Michaud, one question was of particular resonance locally. Was the local dialect of French “inferior” to his own way of speaking?

Claudel’s reply – that the difference was not greater than what you might find in France – was a vindication for many in the local community. Then, as now, the myth (or, as *Le Messager* called it in 1944, the “stupid legend”) that New England

French (which is all but identical to Canadian French) is somehow “wrong” or “bad” French, was pervasive. It’s one of the major contributors to language loss among Franco-Americans. Talk to anyone who grew up with French as a first language in Maine or elsewhere in the Northeast, and you’ll likely hear a story about a French class in high school in which they were told off for speaking “the wrong French.” As a result, many gave up on the language. This is a lesson that was taught to Franco-American children for a long time – perhaps as long as 150 years, since it seems to have begun with the first teachers in Franco-American parish schools.

As far back as 1893, when the largely-Canadian Sisters of Charity of St Hyacinthe were replaced as teachers of Lewiston’s Franco-American schoolchildren by the largely-European Dames de Sion, the new sisters’ French was held up as being much “purer” than the previous teachers’ Canadian French had been.[1]

Ambassador Claudel (who was himself an accomplished poet, who was nominated for the Nobel Prize for Literature on

six occasions) was correct when he said the differences between the dialects are minor. Imagine the differences between British and American English, or between a Mainer and a Texan – there are differences, but two people can hold a conversation, and neither is “wrong.” In that 1930 visit, Father Gauthier, the pastor of St. Mary’s Catholic parish, told the ambassador he was “not in a strange county here [but] in old France.” That reference to “Old France” is revealing, and helps to explain the difference between the French spoken on either side of the Atlantic. Just as American English resembles the English of Shakespeare’s time, in many ways, Canadian French resembles the language of Louis XIV. Many of the words which deviate from standard French are concepts the French encountered in the New World (like *patate* for the native potatoes), or even more recently, like *moulin* for a mill (the Standard French is *usine*) or *machine* for a car (*voiture*).

In 1951, the Bates Manufacturing Company’s hockey team toured Europe as the official US representatives in the world
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Hank Brodeur, left, tending goal during a match at the 1951 World Hockey Championships in Paris. User photo from www.internationalhockey.net

amateur hockey championships. All but one member of the team was Franco-American, and a native French speaker. In France, where the tournament's finals were played, the team composed of les Français aux Amériques caused some comment. Initially, it was assumed that the American team sheet had been switched with the Canadian one, since their players all had English names. But a French reporter remarked that the Americans could be “des notres” (“ours”) with what were described as “rural Norman country accents.”[2] Even within France, the Standard French that appears in textbooks and newspapers, is not universal, but that doesn't make variation “wrong.” Just because the Standard English that appears in the New York Times doesn't include “dooryard” or “wicked good” doesn't make Mainers wrong-headed. And, just like those hockey players in 1951, many Franco-Americans who visit Europe or even Canada today are pleasantly surprised by their ability to communicate in French.

Although the rates of French-speaking are lower today than they once were, there are signs that young people and parents of children are interested in French-language education and acquisition. Maine not only has a French immersion school in Freeport, but an after-school program, the Maine French Heritage Language Program. I spoke to Jacynthe Jacques, who was born in

Québec, but now lives in Maine and teaches French to children in Lewiston and Augusta through this program.

The Maine French Heritage Program is a part of the French Language Heritage Program, which began in New York City, and is partly funded by the French government. It has expanded in the past few years to French-speaking parts of the US, like Maine. “This program was really set up to give value to the local French back to the people,” says Jacques, noting that “Although there have been French programs in the area before,” none had taken that route. Another goal of the program is “building a bridge between the grandparents and the grandchildren, who wanted to communicate in that French language.” The MFHLP has been operating in the Lewiston-Auburn area for the past four years. It currently operates as part of the Auburn Schools' after-school program.

Jaques, who also coordinates the “Fun in French” program at the Gendron Franco Center in Lewiston, joined the program first as a volunteer and now as a teacher. The program is headed by Doris Bonneau of Auburn, and Chelsea Ray, a professor of French at the University of Maine in Augusta.

The focus of the MFHLP on the value of the local French tradition is an attempt at countering the myth of the “bad French.” “I have friends who attended bilingual schools

in Auburn,” says Jacques, “they were learning the ‘Parisian’ French in school; a different flavor of French from the French their parents and grandparents were speaking, so there was a disconnect there. Sometimes they'd get corrected, by the teachers in the school, being told this wasn't a proper French. We're trying to get away from that.” The MFHLP tries to give students “a global feel” for the language, including both the regional and standard terms for words. “We want these kids to be able to communicate with their grandparents.”

It's also an initiative that brings value for older generations. “Some of the parents and grandparents who attend our end-of-year celebrations, some of the games we play, and songs we sing – the parents and grandparents feel that connection. We've definitely had some parents for whom that's made a real difference.”

In the last few years, in particular, the program has found increasing relevance in its long-standing commitment to emphasizing the global nature of French. The increased presence of Francophone Africans in the Lewiston-Auburn area means that lessons about Francophone African cultures in the classroom help “open the eyes of the kids,” in Jacques' words, “to cultures they've never encountered before.” Jacques is part of several other programs locally
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Louis Riel: A Franco-American?

by David Vermette

“Father Jean Baptiste Bruno, the priest of Worcester, who was my director of conscience, said to me: ‘Riel, God has put an object into your hands, the cause of the triumph of religion in the world, take care, you will succeed when most believe you have lost.’” 1
-- Final Statement of Louis Riel at his Trial, Regina, July 31, 1885

This transcript records the name of the priest of Worcester incorrectly. The priest Louis Riel mentions at his trial was Fr. Jean-Baptiste Primeau, the *curé* at the parish of Notre Dame des Canadiens in Worcester, Massachusetts. It was to this same Franco-American priest that Riel entrusted “*une bonne partie*” of his papers.²

His close relationship with a priest serving in a New England Franco-American parish should come as no surprise since, by the time of his execution in 1885, Riel was a U.S. citizen. He became a naturalized citizen on March 16, 1883 at Helena, Lewis & Clark County, Montana Territory. As part of his oath of citizenship, he renounced his allegiance to all foreign powers and monarchs, including and explicitly Queen Victoria.³

Indeed, one might say that at the time of his death *Louis Riel was a Franco-American*. Canada executed a foreign national for alleged treason against a Queen and a government that he had abjured.

Riel in New England and New York in the 1870s

Worcester was not the only Franco-American center in the Northeastern USA that Riel visited in the 1870s. In the Summer of 1874, he addressed Worcester’s Franco-Americans at their St-Jean Baptiste Hall and then gave speeches rallying support for the Métis cause elsewhere in the region. During the 1870s he visited Woonsocket, RI, Manchester, Nashua and Suncook, NH and maybe other New England towns with large Franco-American populations as well. He also visited the Franco-Americans of Northern New York at Plattsburgh and Keesville.⁴

Riel spent a month-and a half in the region again between December 1875 and January 1876, again visiting Worcester and Suncook. This period coincided with a mental breakdown that led to Riel’s stay at the Beauport asylum in Québec.

After his release from Beauport on January 23, 1878, Riel returned immediately to the Franco-American centers of New York and New England. He visited the priests Fr. Fabien Barnabé at Keeseville, NY and Fr.

Louis-Napoleon St-Onge at Glens Falls in that same state. He visited Fr. Primeau at Worcester and also visited New Hampshire. He then returned to Keesville where he settled for a time as a farmer and contemplated marriage.

Between his visits in 1875 and 1876, and his longer stay in 1878, all told, Louis Riel spent more than a year of his life among the Franco-American communities of New England and New York.

Riel’s activities on behalf of the Métis in the 1870s and 1880s coincided with the zenith of the movement from the Québec countryside to the industrial towns of New England and northern New York. Riel found in the Northeastern USA an audience eager to support Francophone communities elsewhere on the continent.

New England Franco-Americans demonstrated their support for Riel at a massive meeting called by the Saint-Jean Baptiste Society of Montréal for June 24, 1874. It was the Franco-American delegation, led by the indomitable journalist Ferdinand Gagnon of Worcester and his sometime partner Frédéric Houde, who pressed the convention to support Riel unequivocally.

The Québécois Liberals at the meeting, with their eye on the delicate politics of the newly minted Canadian Confederation, were more reticent about supporting Riel too vocally. The Liberals did not want to embarrass their own party’s government. Houde, in particular, however, was eager that the Society should make a strong statement of support for Riel.⁵

After his travels in the East, in November 1878 Riel moved westward to St. Paul, Minnesota, a city founded by a *Canadien*. He also spent time in the French-Canadian/Métis town of St. Joseph, Dakota Territory, eventually moving on to the Montana Territory where he became a U.S. citizen.

Riel, New England and New York in the 1880s

Persuaded to return to the lands north of the border, Riel led the resistance against

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that build bridges between new immigrants and the Franco-American population. The bridge-building goes both ways. The recent Franco-American Day celebrations at the Gendron Franco Center were attended by some Francophone New Mainers who, says Jacques, “felt like they were at home,” speaking French among fellow members of the Francophone world.

Learning a new language can be valuable for so many reasons – in a global world, it opens doors and new career prospects. But closer to home, it also helps build tolerance and acceptance across cultures. For Franco-Americans in particular, it can also which work against the long-held prejudices, and help to make Franco-Americans more self-confident – not only in their own language, but in their culture, traditions and heritage.

[1] *Paroisse Canadienne-Française de Lewiston, Maine: Album Historique (Lewiston, Maine, Dominican Fathers, 1899), p51.*

[2] *L’Equipe, Paris, March 13, 1951.*



About James Myall

While I currently work for an Augusta-based non-profit, I spent four years as the Coordinator of the Franco-American Collection at the University of Southern Maine. In 2015, I co-authored “The Franco-Americans of Lewiston-Auburn,” a general history of that population from 1850 to the present. I was also a consultant for the State Legislative Task Force on Franco-Americans in 2012. I live in Topsham with my wife and two young daughters.

Visit James’ Blog at:
<https://myall.bangordailynews.com>

Saint Kerouac

by James LaForest

Everything belongs to me because I am poor. - Jack Kerouac, Visions of Cody

Old literati thinking games like "Wouldn't you like to have dinner with a movie star, a queen, or a famous inventor?" "What one book would you want to have if stranded on a deserted island?" "Look at page 51 of the book you are reading right now and read the fifth sentence" took on renewed life in our new world order of social media where we're now once again friends with everyone we grew up or ever knew. Players, masking insecurities, not risking vanity, play by the rules and go along with the easy answers, the safe book, something cool but not too far out, to not offend or confuse the masses. Maybe Bible or Readers Digest Condensed Version of *Last of the Mohicans* from collection bought at local yard sale, \$10/box of 10, you couldn't go wrong — Hemingway for some, collection of Dorothy Parker wisecrack poems for others.

I remember old Dad in his old age (54) sitting daily dressed in gray power plant uniform in lounge chair, south facing picture window his comfort view: bird feeder (he built with cedar scrap wood and an old water pipe), trees from ancient times, swamp, truck, and grand yard covered in white. I remember Winter. I remember his late February tomato plants with one juicy red gem coaxed over long snow season, the smell of cherry tobacco curling above from his pipe of old Canayen worldview, his focus on book after book, literature, it didn't seem to matter, just to read. I was not five years old when he took me along for a big ride, to Mrs. Johnson's library in town, where sitting on dusty step among overfilled but proud small-town library shelves, I set about choosing baby books for my childish reading, his own pile of tomes readied to take home like a November buck or a fine mess of trout, checked out, to be returned by faithful union man of 9th-grade attainment (remembering now how he was left behind to help old-age grandfather, dead December 30, 1941 and dirt-farm misery; following ma and pa and sisters to Detroit, old Downriver Muskrat French hunting grounds, where LaForest's and Benoit's crowded in, defense

factory work at sixteen, war and army not far beyond his horizon; remembering war-effort patriotism, forced removals from countryside to the trials of the dark and polluted city: woodsmen on the factory floor.) Books, an enchanted canoe to quiet river days of August humid airs along the Black with pa, to a boyhood of blissful unknowing poverty; hungry, but noble-spirited, river world Frenchmen.

The question is difficult to answer. And would I really want to have dinner with any of the usual people who come to mind in bookish games, disclosing secret thoughts, disclosing what speaks to you? Queen Victoria for example. Or George Washington? I suspect I'd be rattled by the clattering of his wooden teeth. Maybe the explorer Cartier — he'd be a bit more up my alley. Or Chief Pontiac proud Ottawa of pre-American Detroit, chief of his land and people, friend to my ancestor (Meloche's old farmhouse offered up as the warriors' staging ground.) They must have been a lot alike, that old Canayen, that old Ottawa. Would he remember *mon arrière grand-pères* speaking their Old Detroit Sugar Bush Muskrat French patois with Algonquin dialects mixed in over fur trade generations, translating, one for the other doubtless seamlessly, convinced of victory, prophets of a great French-Indian world of common lands and country marriage?

I tend to want to answer the question with the right name. I want to be able to show off my knowledge of history, something more than "I'd like to ask Queen Victoria what it was like to be the grandmother of Europe." As if a thousand books haven't already been written on the topic. I'd need to bend the rules of the game a bit. I'd love to sit down one more time with members of my family who've passed away. But sitting down with famous people out of fascination with the rich and powerful is not something I aspire to do.

There is actually one historical person, a sailor, literary man, sad drunkard (ivrogne), a Catholic Canuck and possessor of great Buddhist wisdom, who has long figured in my imagination: Jack Kerouac. But I know that I wouldn't want to have dinner with him. Kerouac really doesn't seem like the kind of guy you sit down with for a meal, except maybe at midnight and you've already been drinking and listening to poets dream-talk their words for hours at some beat dive . . . I think I'd rather go for a long walk with Kerouac in New York City

or maybe in his hometown of Lowell. I'd like to see the sights of Pawtucketville and hear how it was that 'ti Jean Kerouac came to be the great (French Canadian) writer of his time. I'd like to know about his family's journey, from the source.

Jack Kerouac first entered my imagination over two decades ago. I was in my late 20's and until then I had avoided Kerouac's books. Or should I say 'book' — like most people, for me Kerouac and *On the Road* were definitive references, one for the other. And what I had heard about the book I associated with things I didn't understand or appreciate. I didn't care for Jazz. I didn't want to be a Beatnik (maybe a little.) I wasn't much into drugs (couldn't afford pot) and I barely drank (couldn't afford beer) though my unholy initiation at my Big Ten university was a night of pink

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(First American Pastors of the St. John Valley continued from page 6)

Tobique and hopes that the two missionaries will make the "poor Indians" understand how it is important to remain attached to their traditions,

In sum, archival records accord us the opportunity to recognize the roots of Fr. Antoine Gosselin's orientation towards the government of New Brunswick and to recognize the touch situation as existed between governments at the time of the Papineau insurrection in Quebec.

The Lt. Governor recognized the pacific influence of the Catholic missionary upon the Indians. The Lt Governor was certainly leery of=ver the Quebec scene and hardly wanted the Maliseets of the St. John River to adopted the more democratic penchant of the American Penobscot Indians. of Maine.

Privileges accorded to the Catholic church by the Quebec Act of 1774 resulted in a tandem relationship between church and governemnt authority there.. the Bishops letters on the Papineau development allow us to note the re-affirmation of that relationship in 1838. the assignment to St. Bruno of a pastor with the ability to speak English is noted as owing to the relationship between the pastor and the New Brunswick government.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine

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(Saint Kerouac continued from page 13)

wine and marijuana with a sudden friend from copper mine money. I didn't have a car and I couldn't afford to travel anyway (but then Paradise and Moriarty seemed to get pretty far on next to nothing.) Maybe I had internalized the message of worried Cold War critics, that there was something about the book that sullied the minds of those who read it. Bad lit.

But one particular summer, about 1994, when the sun had drenched my small brick apartment, a straight southern exposure heating my two rooms to baking temperature (1970s wall unit air-con of no use), I took off for the city library. The late afternoon crowds of eternal students and bums, the old Greek lady Dimitria who also worked at the University library, local Habad Rabbi with white beard and hats on some deep mission (latest article on Israel in Time Magazine), some guy arguing about a \$1.50 fine ("it's immoral to charge people to read!" he cried), teenagers checking out videos for summertime lazy weeknights, all sought the cool respite of public library. But even there after a little while, you stuck to the vinyl chairs as hot breezes snaked in at every door opening to fight the refrigeration.

After reading the half-torn newspapers of the day, I strolled through the fiction shelves and finally picked up a book, by Kerouac. I had never heard of it. I skimmed the first several pages and headed to the check-out desk where city-workers watched the clock and set the date of return. Over the next few weeks during the off hours between my day job at the University and my evening job at a little indie magazine shop on Main Street in Ann Arbor (long since out of business), I took in the cool air of a local cafe and began to read Kerouac's first published novel, *The Town and the City*.

I took to this early novel very quickly, reading page after page as I sipped my coffee and occasionally slipped outside for a smoke (Camels or Drum hand rolled splif-type which still in my mind is conjured up when traveling, recalling youthful wanderings in far-off cities - Chicago - and bus stations at points North through long-flat Mid-Michigan Dutch, German, and Amish country, seven hours to home by Indian Trails bus, four by car.) Kerouac's cadence drew me in, a warm voice flowing out of time, a warm summer breeze in late afternoon brick-wall shade: a welcome movement of air, along-

side masonry and concrete radiating heat. I began to sense that Kerouac had been mischaracterized in culture, little more than a cartoon whose books were incidental to the image that sold them. In *The Town and the City* I saw the Great American Novel in action. There were other layers to the work that fascinated me and began to work their way into my conception of who Kerouac was and what his work might say to me. There on the pages of this novel were people uncannily familiar: the French Canadian Martins, mother Marguerite Courbet Martin who was fashioned after Gabrielle Levesque Kerouac, his real life mother. They were Catholics, like me, and I felt at home in their home, could taste their food. I felt what their souls



felt, the loss and pain of it all; I saw myself stumbling down New York City night streets just like Kerouac as Peter Martin.

A short time after I finished *The Town and the City*, I found a second Kerouac work, a novella that opened my eyes to what I had been missing all along. It showed me that the caricature of Kerouac, which made me long avoid *On the Road*, masked something much deeper. The counter-culture distortion of Kerouac, the narrative of Kerouac as a bisexual Buddhist beatnik, masked a reality that was challenged by his own life and experiences. In *Visions of Gerard* I found an archetypal French Canadian, Sacred Heart painting in sitting room and funereal prayer cards sticking out from plastic-covered old

time St. Joseph missal, of dark raiment and Catholic mystical experience, an outsider who in real life had told the world that "Beat" referred to Beatitude. Throughout a long and bitter winter the Dulouz family watches the sickly Gerard sink further into weakness and visions, finally becoming the true saint he was adored as in life. I had found in Kerouac's oeuvre, a dark French Canadian mourning tale that every French Canadian family would have known, in some cases many times over.

It was through *Visions of Gerard* that Kerouac decidedly entered into my consciousness, and became a figment of my imagination: an untrue fragment in the true story of my own family. That's why I don't imagine Kerouac at a dinner table discussing literature and taking calls from Ginsburg and Borroughs. I imagine Kerouac getting drunk with my father down at the Tower Tavern in our nearby village, a tiny hamlet along two-lane M-68 running east to west across our home counties, Cheboygan and Presque Isle, wooded, river-lands along Lac Huron first spied and articulated as such by explorers of voyageur days: real Indian, real French (not Schoolcraft fakery); then I conjure my mother's disapproval of this old cousin or friend of dad's, from the war maybe, but her secret crush on this Frenchman like her husband. I imagine she'd be sure to have a warm family dinner ready when they came home or a sliced salami from back of the fridge, pigs' knuckles, or pickled deer heart from cold November hunting, and beer.

I'd forge a great romance between Kerouac and one of my raven-haired French Canadian aunts during the 1950s, sometime after the war, a great love coming to nothing over the objections of pious mama. I'd exchange Kerouac for the fey old priest (featuring in too many family stories) in the photo dated July 1966, my baptism. He'd be an extra godfather standing in along with my grandmother (marraine) and my brother (parraine). And like too many members of too many generations of my father's family and friends, Kerouac would disappear too. He'd die too young a year or two later, leaving me with no personal memory of my father's sad old friend, a friendship formed only in my imagination. He'd be gone like dad's favorite cousin, his father, and his son 'round age 50.

Although I am still not the world's
(Continued on page 15)

(*Saint Kerouac continued from page 14*)
 biggest fan of *On the Road* I have come to appreciate it for what it represents: the long continuous scroll, the open road, the recording of a great American journey for a generation. Kerouac, like so many people, so many generations of world history back to cave man times, was the product of journeys. We generalize the immigrant experience, the journey to America or Canada, as something most of us have in our family history. I believe it underlies a certain optimism inherent in our national identities. But a fundamental part of the story of who we are disappears if we ignore the particular. For Kerouac, that 'particular' was his French Canadian ancestry and his first language, Joul, the Canadian French common tongue, so beautifully preserved in clean-air, wide-open America before coal and oil fumes choked the cities, and in the rough milltowns and raw tanneries, sugar shacks, along the paddled waterways, riverine landscapes, tenderly noted by Tocqueville and others who couldn't imagine these Wild Frenchmen were still French at all, beautifully preserved specimens perhaps. And even more particular were the Breton and Iroquois roots he mentioned in writing and interviews, two ancestral origins deeply embedded in the French Canadian spirit, still persisting à la survivance. These two points of reference are noteworthy still today to the extent that many French Canadians identify with both Breton and Native American cultures in a way they do not identify with likely Parisian ancestral beginnings, save for the poor girls sent as daughters of the king from it's dirty refuse streets of late middle age Europe to New World men.

When Kerouac lamented in 1950 "Your mention of my mother and father warmed my heart. Because I cannot write my native language and have no native home anymore, and am amazed by that horrible homelessness of all French-Canadians abroad in America" he did so against a backdrop of life in his Petit Canada of Lowell, Massachusetts where he spoke Joul with his family and friends, millworkers, printers, gamblers, writers, organizers, mothers, migrants from long-battered old Quebec. That homelessness was not, I believe, a pining for his proper place in the Quebec his parents had left, though. The rootlessness in his lament, emblematic of *On the Road*, came from no longer regularly speaking the language of his ancestors, literally and metaphorically. It is the American lament, that

passing into Americanhood, into adulthood, with the realization that you are responsible for carrying forward the treasures of memory. Humbling, impossible, when all culture seems to be passing away. But Kerouac was a portageur, carrying his enigmatic (for the rest) load across the ribbons of highway and rolls of typing paper.

The French Canadians of New England were unwelcome in many corners; French Canadians in the Great Lakes became "American" not by choice but by treaty, middlemen, unmoored, recongregating on lakesides and rivertowns of their choosing: tributary lives, swamp dwellers, fiddle and stepdance echoing across time. It is a sad paradox: to not feel fully American despite ancestry among the first Europeans on the continent as well as Indigenous ancestors. A "homeless" people relates to their ancestry by describing their journeys, by describing journeys in general, by continuing to journey. To best explain my own ancestry, I would have my finger on a map so as to trace the many waterways that bore my ancestors throughout North America. These early wanderers in New France didn't remain in Quebec. Often their journeys were many, from Quebec to Sault Ste. Marie, to St. Louis and back to Detroit or embarking southwards, all before the wagon trains of "pioneers" began to course through the Cumberland Gap. I close my eyes and think of them, visions of rivers and shorelines emerge, a vast map of discovery and return, an elliptical retracing of steps.

This life of journeys is eloquently described by another writer, Annie Proulx, in her memoir *Bird Cloud: A Memoir of Place*. She recounts the paths taken by her own voyageur ancestors and in turn finds her place in North America. Researching these wanderers, she was faced with masses of genealogical data. But the data masked their experienced reality so in a sense, she began to journey with them and in so doing she found not just a physical place to call home — she also found her place in society, and discovered that connection to a place does not necessarily mean permanent rootedness. Valued connections are also portable, like furs ferried for two centuries in the canoes of beat down (but joyful) old chicots, from the north end of Lac Supérieur to Montreal; from the great interior of the continent to distant eastern cities where ships, bound for Europe, awaited their cargo, destined to grace the aristocratic heads of London.

Kerouac resonates generally because

he was a great writer. He evokes a freedom and lifestyle attractive to many people. He is an important literary figure as the founder of a 'school' of writing. He went beyond the mundane to explore new streams of thought, stream of consciousness: what a gift to the world. It doesn't all have to make utter sense, but it all makes some sense. Kerouac resonates with (some) French Canadians because his life was emblematic of our historical and cultural experience. He is a reference point for the journeying French Canadian who understands his "homelessness" as we live abroad (like a spirit) in North America today.

He is Cohen's Stranger, ("Watching for the card so high and wild he'll never need to deal another. He was just some Joseph looking for a manger.") A wanderer revisiting home after many years, retracing past journeys, seeing more sadly each time he returns and returns again. His sacred touchstones are our own: ancestors, holy ghosts, paths ahead, and love; God's caress at graveside after soul liberation and saint-making; freedom hemmed in by motherly worries, shadows cast by altar candles, big brother Gerard's eternity. Saint Kerouac. Saints are not born. They are formed from imperfect humanity, leading us on their narrow path to something greater, always casting their lines into the water, seeking one fish, upon a river always running toward some lake or another. Get back into the canoe, Canayens, this (literary) journey is our story.

My manners, abominable at times, can be sweet. As I grew older I became a drunk. Why? Because I like ecstasy of the mind. I'm a wretch. But I love, love. — Jack Kerouac, Satori in Paris

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James is editor of the community journal *Voyageur Heritage* at <https://voyageurheritage.wordpress.com/> and writer/editor of the Tumblr blog *Rendezvous & Tourtière: A French Canadian & Métis Compendium* at <http://frenchcanadianatoz.tumblr.com/>.

(Louis Riel: A Franco-American? continued from page 12)

the Canadian government in 1885 in Saskatchewan as he had led the earlier uprising on the Red River in 1869-70. During the period of his subsequent trial, leading to his execution, the voices of Franco-Americans in the Northeastern USA spoke again in his support.

The Franco-American citizens of Lawrence, Massachusetts petitioned U.S. Secretary of State Thomas F. Bayard on Riel's behalf, on the grounds that Riel was a U.S. citizen and that his trial had been unjust.

The petition from Lawrence reads as follows:

August 17, 1885

Petition of the Canadian-French citizens of the United States of Lawrence, Mass.

SIR: Considering the partiality shown in the proceedings in the trial of Louis David Riel, in which the accused was sentenced to death for high treason towards Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, for the more or less active part he has taken in the recent North-West Canadian troubles, and claiming that the said Louis David Riel is a citizen of the United States, we hope that the American Government will have him equitably treated.

In consequence, Mr. Secretary, we beg of you to be our interpreter to His Excellency the President of the United States requesting him to assist in preventing this abuse of justice, and that the Stars and Stripes which are our safeguard, shall shield under its noble folds the unfortunate, who is the apparent victim of fanaticism.

Hoping that our request will be favorably considered, we are, Mr. Secretary, Your most humble servants, citizens and residents of Lawrence, Mass.,

JOSEPH BLANCHET,
MAGLOIRE BOLDUC,
JAMES L. BOLDUC,
ERNEST A. DEMARS,
HECTOR DUCHESNE

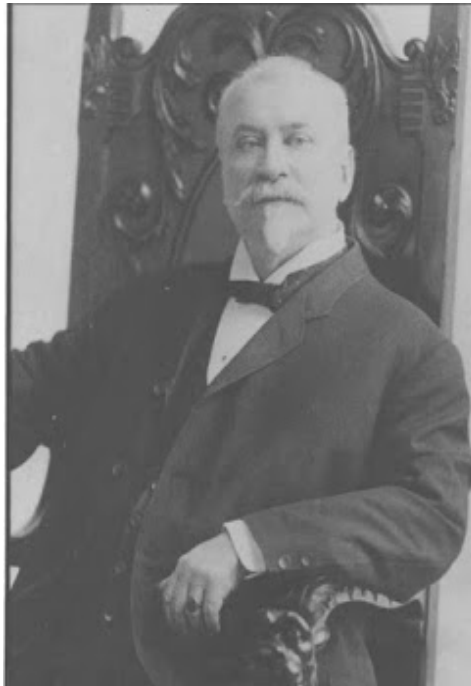
And four hundred and five others.

The petition of American citizens "of French-Canadian nationality" from Rochester, New York is more pointed:

Petition of French-Canadian citizens of the United States residing at Rochester, N. Y.

To the Hon. T. F. BAYARD, Secretary, of State of the United States:

The undersigned, citizens of the United States and of French-Canadian nationality, respectfully represent, as they are credibly informed and verily believe: That Louis David Riel is, and was at the time of his trial, a naturalized citizen of the United States, and had for many years and up to the time of the troubles in which he became involved in Canada, resided at Montana, in the United States, where he was engaged as a teacher;



Major Edmond Mallet
Source: Assumption College

That while residing there he was prevailed upon to go to Canada to intercede for the oppressed inhabitants of the Canadian North-West territory.

That while residing temporarily there he was arraigned and indicted for high treason against Her Majesty the Queen of England;

That during the month of July last he was put upon his trial, which resulted in his conviction and sentence of death; That, all your petitioners are credibly informed, his trial was not only not impartial, but that he was deprived of giving evidence which might have shown him entirely innocent of the offense of which he was accused;

That under the then existing political excitement in Canada, resulting in a measure from questions bearing upon the rights of the people for whom he was contending, he was deprived of the means of making his best defense, and that his trial was unfair,

partial, and unjust;

That, as your petitioners are advised and believe, the court before whom he was tried was without jurisdiction, and that his conviction was unsupported by the evidence and contrary to law.

Your petitioners therefore ask such interposition on the part of the United States government as may seem reasonable and just for the relief and protection of one of its adopted citizens, now languishing under the sentence of death by a foreign court. Rochester, N. Y., August 29, 1885.

A. E. MANSEAU,
PIERRE GAGNIER,
LOUIS G. LA FONTAINE,
and sixty-six: others.⁶

Secretary Bayard answered the petition of the Franco-Americans of Rochester politely but unsatisfactorily since he does not resolve the paradox that Riel was charged for treason against a Sovereign he had renounced explicitly.

Also among Riel's friends and supporters was Edmond Mallet, one of the most famous Franco-Americans of his day.

Born in Montréal, and raised in northern New York State, Mallet was a hero of the Union Army in the American Civil War and rose to the rank of Major. Mallet was also one of the first historians of Franco-Americans, composing articles and books about the French and French-Canadian contribution to the United States. Appointed to a government position by President Abraham Lincoln, and subsequently enjoying other government jobs, Mallet had the ear of powerful individuals in Washington.⁷

It was Mallet who had most likely urged Riel to seek U.S. citizenship after the two met in Washington. It had also been Mallet who, when he had sensed that Riel's mental state was crumbling in 1875, had led the Métis leader to Fr. Primeau in Worcester.

In 1885, Mallet contacted Secretary of State Bayard urging him to speak to President Cleveland and to prevail upon him to intervene on behalf of Riel. Ferdinand Gagnon also agitated in favor of Riel in 1885.⁸ In the event, however, Cleveland did nothing.

Even the Anglophone, mainstream press in the States covered the trial, with a tone of sympathy toward Riel for the most part. However, none of the English-language coverage mentions his status as a U.S. citizen, although the Franco-Americans were well aware of it.⁹

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Politique Sacerdotale

En 1831 le politicien américain, Edward Kavanaugh fut partisan des démocrates d'Andrew Jackson à l'époque des Whigs de Henry Clay. Les Whigs favorisèrent la centralisation des fonds gouvernementaux dans La Banque des États-Unis à Philadelphie. Les démocrates préféraient décentraliser ces fonds parmi les banques des états comme la "Suffolk Bank" de Boston.

Cette année là, Edward Kavanaugh, catholique et irlandais se rendait au Madawaska dans la région de la haute Vallée du Fleuve St. Jean. Au mois de mars, la législature du Maine passa la loi (Chapter 151) incorporant tout le territoire du Madawaska (4000 milles carré) en municipalité de Madawaska, Maine laquelle comprenant les deux rives du fleuve St. Jean.

Kavanaugh fut emissaire de l'état du Maine envoyé ici avec John Deane d'Ellsworth, Maine pour effectuer l'organisation de la nouvelle municipalité et de prendre un recensement.. Nous savons bien que le territoire fut en ce temps en dispute entre les états-unies et le British North America (Canada depuis 1867). En retour chez lui au mois de septembre Kavanaugh

fut élu au congrès fédérale. des états-unis.

À l'époque du traité Ashburton le gouverneur du Maine fut un démocrate, John Fairfield. Ce poste changeait annuellement entre les parties Whig et Démocrates. Quand le poste de sénateur fédérale du Maine est devenu vacante en 1843, Fairfield fut appointé à la vacance. Edward Kavanaugh fut le président du sénat de l'état. Donc il succédait automatiquement à le poste du gouverneur.

Le gouverneur Kavanaugh appointa James C. Madigan, un autre catholique-irlandais et un démocrate à la surintendance de l'organisation des nouvelles municipalités dans le territoire madawaskyen lorsqu'on ignora la loi de 1831 laquelle précéda le Traité Ashburton et on organisa dans le territoire madawaskyen devenu américain, trois municipalités: Hancock Plantation, Madawaska Plantation et Van Buren Plantation. James C. Madigan de la même paroisse catholique de St. Patrick que Edward Kavanaugh, fut envoyé comme missionnaire civile pour en faciliter l'américanisation des français et acadiens qu'il demeuraient bien sur la rive sud du haut St. Jean.

Il y en avait seulement deux missions catholiques sur la rive sud à cette époque: la mission de Sainte-Luce (aujourd'hui dans la municipalité de Frenchville, Maine) et la paroisse de Saint-Bruno dans la municipalité de Van Buren de nos jours. En 1845 l'avocat James C. Madigan écrivit

une lettre à l'évêque de Boston (Mgr Benedict Fenwick) dans laquelle il nomma le curé de Sainte-Luce, Henri Dionne, son prêtre confesseur (Father Confessor). On trouve aux grêffes d'enregistrement à Fort Kent, Maine sept différentes placets d'emplacement (deeds) du Père Henri Dionne témoigné par l'avocat Madigan.

Ils est bien semblant que Madigan a du influencer le Curé Dionne à partager ses attitudes démocrate en politique américaine. Nous trouvons dans les archives deux lettres écrites en français par le Curé Dionne au gouverneur du Maine, Le Docteur John Hubbard de Hallowell, Maine tous près d'Augusta, Maine la capitale de l'état.. Hubbard fut démocrate.. Dans les deux lettres que nous avons, le Curé parle d'un façon très positive des démocrates et très négative envers les Whigs. Il parle très positivement de son représentant, José Nadeau de Fort Kent, Maine et le Représentant Isaac Tabor de Houlton tous deux démocrates, Maine mais il y a rien de complémentaire à dire du Colonel David Page de Fort Kent, le représentant Elbridge Pattee de Fort Fairfield, l'avocat William H McCrillis de Bangor, et Anson P. Morrill de Readfield, Maine, tous des Whigs.

John Hubbard fut le gouverneur du Maine de 1851 à 1853. En 1853 Hubbard, démocrate a reçu la pluralité des votes

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Conclusion

We generally think of the story of Riel in connection with the Francophone Métis of the Prairie West, and this seems to be the area where he himself felt most comfortable. Although he visited New England and New York, his home in the USA was Montana, across the border from the midsection of today's Canada, the area that Riel knew best.

However, in Riel's day one thought in terms of a *French-Canadian* nation that spanned borders: national, state and provincial. A *Canadien(ne)-français(e)* was a *Canadien(ne)-français(e)* whether his or her home was in Montréal, Manitoba, Montana or Maine. And Riel's Métis had a place within this broad definition of "*French-Canadian nationality*."

Although Riel himself identified as Métis, Riel was no foreigner to the Franco-Americans. His supporters from New England and New York, including the priest



Riel's Execution
1885

Primeau, the journalist Gagnon, the war hero Mallet, and the Franco-American people of Lawrence and Rochester, considered Riel to be one of *their own*.

Notes

1. For the quotation from Riel's final statement see: <http://law2.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/riel/trialstatement.html>

2. Glenn Campbell (Ed.) et al. *Les Ecrits Complets de Louis Riel*, (Edmonton: University of Alberta Press), 1985, xxvi.

3. For Riel's oath of citizenship see "Message From the President of the United States (Benjamin Harrison), In response to Senate resolution of February

11, 1889, a report upon the case of Louis Riel"

<http://law2.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/riel/messagefrompres.html>

4. For Riel's activities in New England and New York see Mason Wade, *The French-Canadians, 1760-1967*, Volume 1, (Toronto: MacMillan & Co., 1968) 405. For Riel's moves see also the timeline of Riel's life in *Les Ecrits Complets de Louis Riel* esp. 105-107.

5. Thomas Flanagan, *Louis David Riel, Prophet of the New World*, Rev. Ed. (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1996), 48f.

6. Full text of the petitions from Lawrence and Rochester are included in the "Message From the President of the United States."

<http://law2.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/riel/messagefrompres.html>

7. For a brief biography of Mallet see Edmond J. Mallet Collection, Manuscripts and Photographs, Held at Assumption College Library: Biographical Note.

8. Jeremy Ravi Mumford, "Why Was Louis Riel, a United States Citizen, Hanged as a Canadian Traitor in 1885?" *The Canadian Historical Review* 88, 2, June 2007, 256-258.

9. For the American press coverage of the Riel affair see Mumford, 251-253.

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<http://frenchnorthamerica.blogspot.com>

(Politique Sacerdotale suite de page 17)

aux urnes, mais la loi exige la majorité.. Cette année la Anson P. Morrill cabala dans le partie American Liberty Ticket (Know-Nothings) donc avec ce troisième partie personne eurent la majorité. La legislature appointa le Whig, William G. Crosby de Belfast, Maine comme gouverneur.

Le curé Dionne se lamente à l'ancien gouverneur Hubbard que le nouveau gouvernement ne favorisa point les mêmes octroyés pour les écoles et pour le développement des routes dans la région du Madawaska comme l'avait fait Hubbard.

Dans cette même lettre en Octobre 1853 le Curé Dionne se lamente contre William H. McCrillis, lequel fut en possession de beaucoup de territoire forestière de le comté d'Aroostook. qu'on appelle en anglais "Wildland Townships". Le Curé parle donc du fait que ce grand propriétaire exige de l'état que les habitants des terres de la Vallée du haut Saint-Jean payera les mêmes frais (Stumpage fees) comme l'état exige des bois récoltés des Wildland Townships.

Le curé prétendait que les habitants (Homesteaders) qu'ils fut ses paroissiens n'était pas dans la même catégorie de propriétaire des Wildlands. Cette position à du rendre Le Curé "peronna non-grata" parmi les Whigs. En 1845 par une clause du Traité Ashburton de 1842, les habitants de la rive

sud de la rivière St. Jean on recut leurs placements (land grants) pour leurs terres et leur biens (homesteads). Mais les familles françaises fut nombreuse et les parents n'avait pas tous des terres à partager aux jeunes.. On commençait à prendre des nouvelles terres dans les rangs "en arrière", de la façon comme au Québec on développa le deuxième rang, le troisième rangs etc. des terres.

Depuis l'ordonnance Nord-Ouest de 1787 la façon américaine fut celle de diviser les nouvelles terres en carré, mais les français ici de 1785 à 1842 prenaient leurs terres en rectangle comme ceux des seigneuries du Fleuve Saint Laurent au Bas-Canada. Quand les jeunes gens prenaient les nouvelles terres des rangs "en arrière" tels propriétaires des régions forestière leur nomma "Squatters".

Les Whig en grande partie des gens des grandes banques et amis des grands propriétaires des bois, favorisa le stumpage fees sur tous les propriétés dans l'état. Les démocrates favorisa le développement du territoire de l'état du Maine/ En 1859 ils ont réussi de faire passer "Le Maine Settlement Act" donc on décriva la façon que les jeunes pourrait devenir propriétaire des nouveaux emplacements. Mais en 1853 le Curé Dionne advocait pour ses paroissiens ce que déplaisait les Whigs.

Les petits fut les paroissiens de Sainte-Luce, Les grands fut les propriétaires comme William H. McCrillis de Bangor, Maine.

Anson P. Morrill fut des grands à la façon de Henry Clay, Daniel Webster et William Bingham. Ce dernier, William Bingham fut un Sénateur de l'état de la Pennsylvanie qu'il appartenait deux millions arpents de terres boisées dans le Maine. Il fut aussi un directeur de la Banque des états-unies et le gendre d'Alexander Baring, dit Lord Ashburton.

Cette histoire Whig/Démocrate à l'époque d'Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren tomba dans l'oubli.. Mais la paroisse de Saint Bruno de 1838 est devenue une partie de la municipalité de Van Buren, nommé après ce président démocrate par l'avocat James C. Madigan qui en avait influencé le bon père Dionne dans ses connaissances en politique américaine.

Nous aîeuls ne racontaient pas leurs misères à leurs enfants. Donc nos arrière-grands-pères n'ont pas raconté à nos grands-pères toutes ses aspects de la politique de leurs temps. Donc on a perdu un siècle de notre histoire civile et de la politique de chez-nous. Aujourd'hui nous historiens nous parlons seulement de la politique démocrate du temps de Franklin D. Roosevelt et ils nous manquent l'histoire du 19ième siècle dans lequel nous les Acadiens sont devenus américains du Maine.

***Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine***

**FR. GOSSELIN
VS
FR. DIONNE**

I have the impression that there was a marked contrast between Fr. Antoine Gosselin, Pastor of St. Bruno (1838-1852) and Fr. Henri Dionne, pastor of Ste. Luce (1843-1860) - not against each other, but in their attitudes toward the American government.. Of the two Fr. Dionne had the greater affinity toward American (i.e. Maine) government.

Fr. Gosselin had been appointed Pastor of St. Bruno at the behest of Lt. Governor, Sir John Harvey of New Brunswick. Sir John Harvey wrote to the bishop of Quebec urging the appointment of a missionary to the Indians of the St. John River.. He personally traveled to Quebec to see the bishop and plead his case.. Sir John felt that Catholic missionaries helped to keep the Indians faithful to the British govern-

ment. Since circa 1810 the New Brunswick Legislature provided an annual stipend of 50£ to the Catholic missionary servicing the Indians. The Bishop addressed a letter to Father Gosselin asking him if he was fluent in the use of English. When Fr. Gosselin replied in the affirmative he was specifically assigned to the parish of St. Bruno with Indian missions at Tobique and Woodstock. Fr. Gosselin's appointment came on the heels of the Papineau Insurrection in Quebec. The Bishop of Quebec also alerted the Bishop of Boston about younger members of the Penobscot tribe seeking to instill changes in their tribal government.. The Lt. Governor then would have cause for not wanting to see the Maliseets of the St. John River adopting attitudes of democratization noted among the Penobscots of Maine

I suspect the more liberal nature of Fr. Dionne's affinity toward Maine Politics may have been rooted in his relations with James C. Madigan an Irish Catholic attorney from the same parish as Edward Kavanaugh, acting governor of Maine who sent Madigan here to serve as civic missionary to the newly

Americanized Acadians.

James C. Madigan served as witness to Fr. Dionne's recorded deeds from 1845-1849

Vol. 2 p. 375 21 March 1849 Henri Dionne to Edouard Roi -Lausier Lot 70 T. 18R. 5

Vol 2 p. 376 27 March 1849 Antoine & Anastasie Ouellette to Henri Dionne Lot 70 T. 18 R. 5 (mortgage)

Vol. 2 p. 377 22 Dec. 1845 Simonette Hebert to Henri Dionne Lot 70- T. 18 R. 5

Vol. 2 p. 379 28 Dec, 1848 P.C. Maquis of St. Andre, Lowe Canada to Antoine Ouellette Lot 70 T. 18 R. 5

Vol. 1 p. 142 Eloi Lagasse, Raphael Roy, Francois Michaud, Antoine Gagnon & HENRI DIONNE to Hylarion Daigle (water mills on brook to grist mill)

Vol. 1 p. 65 22 Dec. 1845 Henri Dionne to Antoine Ouellette Lot 70 T. 18 R. 5

Vol. 1 p. 228 17 April 1847 Rev. Henri Dionne to Eusebe Dufour Lot 66 T 18 R 5

Madigan signed all of these. He resided in Fort Kent in those years and when
(Continued on page 19)

(FR. GOSSELIN VS FR. DIONNE
continued from page 18)

he moved to Houlton it was his nephew Germain Levesque who become witness at his uncle's deeds.. I don't have the reference hady at this moment but I recall the Letter of James C. Madigan to the Bishop of Boston where Madigan calls FR. Dionne, "My Confessor". Madigan was a Democrat at he time when the Whigs were the alternative party. Fr. Dionne's letters to Maine Governor John Hubbard in Feb. 1853 and October 1853 makes positive references to several Maine Democrats and negative references in regard to the Whigs. (Heeven calls Col. David Page of Fort Kent, a liar. Page was a whig).

In 1852 Shepard Cary of Houlton, a democrat (later a Congressman) sold 7 wildland townships to William H. McCrillis of Bangor (4 linear feet of papers at Raymond Folger Library at UMO). In 1853 Fr. Dionne complains to Governor Hubbard of how William H. McCrillis pushed for taxation (stumpage fees) on timber cut on farmer's own lands. Fr Dioone held that these charges should be limited to wildlands. I suspect this position on the tax issue got Fr. Dionne in trouble with the Whigs and the American Know-Nothings.

In Oct. 1853 Fr. Dionne writes (en Francais) to Governor Hubbard about Anson. P. Morrill of Readfield Maine. In 1853 Morrill ran for Governor on the American Liberty Ticket (Know Nothings) and lost.. No one gaining a majority, the Legislature appointed William G. Crosby of Belfast, a whig as Governor. Morrill again ran for governor, did not get a majority but the legislature in 1856 appointed him governor as a Republican.. Anson P. Morrill later served as President of Maine Central Railroad 1864-1866 and 1873-1875

Fr. Dionne saw his position on taxes as helping the homesteaders (his parishioner)

Here is a quote from Richard H. Abbot in the book "Radical Republicans in the North: State Politics during Reconstruction", edited by James C. Moir, the John Hopkins University Pres, Baltimore and London, 1976 p.1.

"In the 1850s the state of Massachusetts plunged into political chaos as her two national parties, the Whigs and Democrats, began to disintegrate. Anti-slavery advocates organized a short-lived Free-Soil Party, which in coalition with the Democrats controlled the state during the first years of the decade. Then the coalition gave way,

suggesting to leave the stumpage fees to the owners of wildland townships.. There are county records of Fr. Dionne's performance of marriages in the parish.. He personally provided thes to the county officials. In Van Buren this was not done by the pastor but by the plantaion town-clerk.. again this evidences Fr. Dionne closer affinity to the state than that of Fr. Gosselin. The registers of St. Luce contain birth records of protestants of the Allagash.. In sum Fr. Dionne was the keeper of vital statistics here for the State.

AT THIS POINT ALL THIS IS HYPOTHESIS AND THE EVIDENCE IS CIRCUMSTANTIAL. BUT I'M INCLINED TO THINK THAT FR. DIONNE'S OPEN POSTURE IN POLITICS SET HIM UP TO BE A VICTIM OF AMERICAN KNOW-NOTHINGS.. NEGATIVE RUMORS WERE SPREAD ABOUT FR. DIONNE, IN TYPICAL KNOW-NOTHING FASHION AND EVENTUALLY FR. DIONNE TOOK SICK, LEFT AND DIED.

THERE IS A FORECLOSURE NOTICE AT VOL F-1 P. 27 ALSO RECORDED AT VOL. 8 P.40 FROM ISIDORE DAIGLE TO GERMAIN LEVESQUE FOR LOT 63 T. 18 R. 5 163.05 ACRES. RECORDED DEC. 8, 1871

ALSO A DEED OF VOL. 8 P. 30, A DEED OF ATHALIE LEVESQUE, WIDOW OF GERMAIN LEVESQUE (FR. DIONNE'S NEPHEW) TO ISIDORE DAIGLE CONCERNING AN EARLIER MORTGAGE OF HENRI DIONNE TO GERMAIN LEVESQUE DATED 17 JAN. 1860 CITING THE SAME LOT 63 165.05 ACRES.. THAT DEED IS WRITTEN BY P.C. KEEGAN AND WITNESSED BY P. GAGNON.

At Vol. 11 p. 487 there is a french deed from Mtre F. D Guiste for the College Corporation of Ste. Anne de La Pocatière over an old mortgage of Vo. 4 p. 329 dated 17 Jan. 1860 of Germain Levesque, gentlman

and Massachusetts fell under the momentary American or Know-Nothing Party. By 1857, however this nativist organization had also collapsed, and political hegemony in Massachusetts passed to the fledgling Republican Party. By then the Whigs had disappeared, and the Democrats proved unable to muster the leadership and support to mount an effective challenge to the Republicans, who overwhelmingly dominated state elections for the remainder of the century."

Note: Although one might find some variances in Maine, the over-all tenor of this citation may be found to be equally applica-

to Rev. Henri Dionne. which by bequest had ended up in the hands of the Corporation of the College de Ste. Anne de La Pocatière. relating to Lot 63 T. 18 R. 5 163.05 acres.

At Vol. 2 p. 469 There's a mortgage dated 19 April 1854 for Lot 66 T. 18 R. 5 152.55 acres payable annually from 15 March 1856 to 1 Jan 1860. This mortgage has a marginal discharge sign by F.Pilote (of LaPocatière, administrator of Fr. Dionne's estate -which note was given 7 Aug. 1862

The registry will send yoy copies at a dollar per page if you desire the copy of the recorded deeds. . I've given you here but cursory citations and you must look at the recorded evidence to pass judgment and determine the accuracy of my transcriptions and citations. but my purpose here is to apprise you of these important citations.

The registry of deeds does not confirm Fr. Dionne's politics but does give some insight as to his social environment.

There is a deed at Vol. 8 p. 40 - a foreclosure notice of Isidor Daigle to Germain Levesque citing: "Philippe gagnon and Pierre Gagnon, sons of Antoine Gagnon certify that Isidore Daigle of the parish of St. Hilaire on 6 Dec. 1871 entered peacably and openly, no one opposing his presence took possession of Lot 63 t. 18.R.5 163.05 acres. Isidore Daigle was the son of Hilarion Daigle of St. Hialire who ran the gristmill on the brook near the Ste, Luce church in 1845 (Vol. 1 p. 42).

In sum I have the impression Fr. Gosselin was more comfortable with the English authorities while Fr. Dionne had no reluctance to work with the American authorities. but that openness may have made him a victm of the Know _Knothings. Some people here speak of the KKK of the 1920 but the KKK had a forerunner with the Know Nothings of the 1850s.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, ME

ble to the State of Maine. Fr. Henri Dionne's two letters to former Maine Governor in 1853 help us note that the political picture applied as far north in Main as the St. John Valley. The gubernatorial election results, cited from the Maine Register, for those years show the pattern in Maine quite like that described by Richard H. Abbott, professor of american history at Eastern Michigan University, which affirms Abbott's summary described above. Father Dionne's letters set the political scenario of the St. John Valley in its American context.

(Continued on page 20)

Fr. Dionne's Letters...

Ste. Luce de Madawaska 4 Feb. 1853

Honorable and Esteemed Sir,

I include with the present letter, a letter of recommendation to our President. It is but a humble expression of my regard for you. If I may be able to do more for you, I shall ever be ready to do so at any time.

The reception of your favor has honored me greatly and I rejoice [in it] but I have profound sorrow that you shall not be our governor. If you can obtain the Liverpool assignment I shall be happy and I congratulate you highly.

If I may yet ask your further favor for our people, it is the (?) he who helped us obtain an financial appropriation for an Academy. I believe that two or three thousand dollars would not be too much to build and support for this cause.. On the second hand the sum of 200 dollars to build a road from the church to the rear settlements, this for the convenience of fifty families now without roads.

A sum of around six hundred dollars for the other roads in the settlement area toward the old portage to the first lake. another route to Mr. Durepos to get to the rear lots, and finally a route to Augustin Cyr in the rear of this place.

All these requests are in the hands of Mr. Joseph Nadeau [State representative from Hancock Plantation, now Fort Kent, Me], but as he is at present now at home because of the illness of his child, which may hold him for quite sometime, it then is proper that I should enter these requests to the legilsature through Mr. Isaac Tabor [State Rep. from Houlton] and Mr. Cary [Shepard Cary, State Senator from Aroostook, later U.S. Congressman] and that Mr Joseph Nadeau is truly an honest man and that the requests for payment for the Fish River Bridge are just and reasonable. therefore a sum of three hundred dollars would be just in payment to Mr. Joseph Nadeau. It is overmuch for Mr. Nadeau to pay this sum on his own. The government is more rich than he is.

Should Mr. Tabor and Mr Cary take your advice. as I believe they will, they shall help Mr. Nadeau as uch as they can and will place the request to the Legislature as he, Mr. Nadeau can not do.

It is certain that this last request which I advance, I find it truly just and reasonable. I myself have paid 825 dollars to Mr. Nadeau for work on the bridge because already he has he has paid too much of his own money.

Deign, Dear Sir, to receive the expression of my gratitude for the many benefits you have extended to us, and believe in my highest regard for you

Your most humble and devoted servant and Sincere Friend.

Henri Dionne, missionary priest
John Hubbard, Esquire
(?) Maine

Note: between this letter and the subsequent one State election for the Governor took place. I cite here from the Maine Register:

1852

Whole vote	94,707
John Hubbard, dem	41,999
William G. Crosby, whig	29,147
Anson G. Chandler Anti-Maine Law	21,774
Ezekiel Holmes, Free Soil	1,647
Scattering	190

Note: A majority being require, the election went to the legislature who appointed Willaim G. Crosby Governor

Maine Law represents the Maine Prohibition law passed in 1851. So an Anti-Maine Law vote represented a vote against prohibition.

1853

Whole Vote	83,627
Albert Pillsbury, dem	36,386
William G. Crosby, whig	27,061
Anson P. Morrill, Maine Law	11,027
Ezekial Holmes, Free Soil	8,996
Scattering	157

1854

Wholte Vote	90,633
Anson P. Morrill Maine Law & Know	
Nothing	36,386
Albion K Parris, dem	28,462
Isaac Read, whig	14,001
Shepard Cary, pposition dem.	3,478
Scattering	127

Note: in the Maine Register: " At this time s party styled the Know-Nothing or American suddenly developped itself by secret organization and existed two years".

Note: Once again a translation of a letter written in French by Rev. Henri Dionne to former Maine Governor, John Hubbard, M.D. of Hallowell,ME.



(Continued on page 21)

(Fr. Dionne's Letters...continued from page 20)

Ste. Luce Madawaska 4 Oct. 1853

I have the honor to reply to your letter, which I have received with the greatest pleasure but last Sunday. The delay [in my receiving it] took place I think at the Fort Kent Post Office. Yes, had I received it earlier, I would not have been able to do more for the election.

I must at present keep silent, or submit to insult, injury and maltreatment at the hand of those who are Whigs, and who are here nothing but the most highly discourteous and lacking savoir faire. One must not forget among their number, Colonel David Page, customs officer at Fort Kent. He has told me that I forged a letter against his friend [Stephen] Pattee [State Rep. Fort Fairfield], and that I was a liar and that he will chase me from this place. You might imagine my answer and worries from these menaces of such an insolent person. I hardly believe that there is on this earth a more insulting liar and calumnator as this poor David Page and several others of his party.

As for Madawaska, I hardly need to say that money received from the Whigs and their Brave Governor have left our roads in the same condition as we had set them last year through your efforts. If then we travel in the American territory with good enough roads in the past year, we may say that we owe this to your generosity and your dear and grand empathy for us.

As for me and your good friends, we are ever grateful and we shall thank you on the occasion.

Our schools are in the status quo. We support one and this year being at my cost between eight and ten, next to my church and have received help (?) of the governor in this recent session - And rather than and receiving when we shall have the support for this school one year.

I've been told that I was the agent and that as such I must spend my money in the hope of receiving money voted by the legislature last year at least. You must know that we have received nothing for my Academy. there are no other schools in all of Madawaska since one year and I do not know why.

And now, allow me to ask you several other things.: The homesteaders here are not allowed to cut timber, squarelogs or ton timber without paying taxes of two or three dollars per ton to speculators like [William H.] McCrillis or to the government and this on their own land which they have occupied since 8 years, 10 years and others 15 years and it must be noted that they have not been given deeds or grants from the government and their lots and land with metes and bounds draw by General Weber {Surveyor} since eight years **. and by the other commissioners who drew up the lots.

Can we [They] prevent lumbering on these lots if we want to do so, even that is on those who hold possession of these lots. And we shall be obligated to pay two to three dollars as demanded. Is it possible for ust given deeds for these lots?

Why do outsiders have better chance [opportunity] than our homesteaders?

Some have said that Mr. Anson P. Morrill has provide reserve [held back?] for these lots and that the lumber belongs to the homesteaders? Is this true?

I do not dare to write to Mr. Morrill since he returned a letter on the subject to a Mr. Small last Spring and that this letter compromised me in the face of General Weber. It is a lack of attention on my part. Forgive me for all my requests. Consider them according to their worth.

I have the honor, Dear Sir, of being with profound respect,
Your humble and truly obedient servant
H. Dionne, Ptre. miss.

I submit that Fr. Dionne's letters show direct involvement in the Maine political scene which is in marked contrast to Fr. Antoine Gosselins record at St. Bruno, down river in Van Buren. This history continues. In 1858 WHEN William Dickey Democrat of Fort Kent ran against John McCloskey, Republican of Houlton for the State Senate, the State Senate threw out the entire vote of the St. John Valley where Dickey had received large pluralities. The Legislature appointed McCloskey to the State Senate.

In 1873 a land Commission listed all the occupants of the rear lot, stating origin of occupancy ,presumed breadth of unmeasured lots etc.

In 1876 149 rear lot Farmers were issue eviction notices aa I have written up in the Ste. Agatha Historical Society New Letter of this year, (Reprinted in Le Forum, spring 2016). The back ground of these eviction notices is well given in My 1976 Play: "With Justice For All) (copies available from Ste. Agatha Historical Society. but also described in Holman Day's novel "The Red Lane" in the chapter entitled "What the Bishop Knew"

I'll have to re-research the question but in one election for County sheriff in the 1870, the entire Frenchville votes was thrown out.

My point is, we have a real substantial political history in the St. John Valley, but we know Nothing of it, which is exactly what the Know Nothings want. We have an American-Acadian story, a Maine Acadian history and I hold it merits telling.

** Eight years would take us to 1845 when the Land Commission under a provision of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty completed its work and the Land agents of the States of Maine & Masschusetts issue the land grants on July 12, 1845 "to quiet the settlers' claims.

***Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine***

(More from Guy Dubay on page 37)





From MARTHA'S MEMOIRS

AMUSEMENT OF YEARS AGO

by Martha Cyr Genest
Van Buren, ME

After supper, we always ate in the kitchen, which was at first the dining room, and the place where we did our homework. As soon as we had helped with the dishes....sometimes one or two of us would run upstairs and have an excuse for hot helping with the dishes.

The oilcloth covering the table was wiped and turned on the other side and had a "parchesie" game and was called "jouer au ciel". This was played with dice and small figurines hand carved of wood looking like dolls. Cards and dominos and of course le "jeu" de dames (checkers) were very popular.

Le "conteur de contes", (the story teller), came by once or twice a year. He had the best "yearns" and stories that had ever been told. Many a night the children would fall asleep near the stove listening to all those stories about giants and fairies. Many of the stories would have made Mother Goose seem tame.

Outdoor games were of course baseball. Grandmother used to roll some yarn very tight into a ball. Then she cut some old leather shoes and covered that ball, which looked better than store bought ones. Bats were made by the grandfathers. Young and old alike liked to play horseshoe.

Visiting with the neighbors and exchanging recipes was popular, especially when a relative from "les États" was home visiting, usually from Salem, MA. He could not speak too much French after leaving the Northern part of the state or New Brunswick, like Siegas or Ste-Anne. It did not take long before some people were ready to come back after a few years, and sometimes just a few months. Friends would say "elle est revenue des States" that meant far out of the valley.

ATTIC

During inclement weather, the attic over the kitchen was our gathering place. We had treasure hunts in the old trunks and boxes belonging to the aunts. Of course when we were very young, we did not real-

ly value those treasures to the outmost. It was only when dear aunt Marguerite who was a dressmaker, started tearing some of those beautiful dresses apart. I would love to have a few of the lovely mother of pearl buttons. I can still see them on a bright blue dress. They were as large as a silver dollar, the dress was lined with a heavy crinkly paper as were the puffed sleeves. The skirt had a bustle, which was a big bump in the back below the waist, the late 1800's style. This special dress had a lacy jabot in front of the tight fitted blouse. The high neck had "bones" to make it stickk up, there were some also in the blouse. Later when we were older, we used those "bones", that were like bamboo, for make believe cigarettes.

We used to have a bunch of friends come over, we would dress up and have plays. I can still hear Mother call "careful you will fall down the stairs", we often did and had many reprimands. The stairs were branched, the main one to the right went to the bedrooms, and the side one over the kitchen was where we held our gatherings.

Not many could attend sas the place was small, but we managed to have our little gang. The entry price were pins and nails. Not many had even a penny to give to shows. We collected nails and pins. When I see a glass headed pin, I always remember the first colored ones we had. They were something to be proud of.

Like old tradition and class division, our small town had a dividing line, it wasn't the other side of the tracks as we had no railroad then. We lived above the church, which was the division, we were the working class. The town girls were the store keepers' daughters and such, and were different ways, even in dress. Whenever some of them wanted to have fun, they would congregate after school and ask if they could come and visit to have fun. There was never a dull moment at our farm, so many things to see and do. Every season had its charm and brought different varieties of fun making.

During the rainy season we spent more time in the attic. We dressed in costumes



and gave plays...of course not many could attend, as the space was small. We managed to have our crowd. The entry price was pins and nails...as not many had even a penny to give to the shows, so we collected nails and pins. When I see a glass headed pin, I always remember the first colored ones we had. They were something to be proud of.

SUPERSTITIONS

When a person died, as soon as he breathed his last, all the water in the house was thrown outdoors, and not having central piping or water in the house as people said, it took sometimes a few hours to go to the well or go to the barn and fill pails from the barrels filled each day. This water was to represent the last breath out. Others who knew they were dying asked a relative to prick them with a pin or needle before putting them in the casket so they would be sure that they were dead. The corps was exposed sometimes a few days waiting for relatives to come from far. There were no undertakers. The dead stayed in their home. The neighbors would cook meals to bring to the home of the deceased, as it was open house day and night.

If a funeral passed your home and the hearse stopped in front, it was believed that someone would die again during the year. So many people believed in bad omens and really made themselves nervous by such things.

If the cat washed himself in front of a person, his person would have visitors from far away. If your right ear got hot, someone was talking something good about you...if it was your left ear someone was gossiping about you. If the right eye kind of trembled you would have fun, if the left it was sorrow. When watching the new moon, if you held something your right hand, it was a gift or the left it was a disappointment. If the object was small you put it under your pillow and dream about your lover. If the stove or teakettle hummed it was good news for the one nearer the stove.



Franco-American Events in Connecticut

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

Josée Vachon, Daniel Boucher, and Patrick Ross at CHS, Thurs. June 16

The Franco-American musicians, Josée Vachon (voice and guitar), Daniel Boucher (fiddle), and Patrick Ross (fiddle and guitar) will perform a free outdoor concert of French-Canadian folk music on the grounds of the Connecticut Historical Society, 1 Elizabeth St., Hartford, on Thurs. June 16, 2016, beginning at 6PM. The outdoor seating and picnicking begins at 5PM, with visitors encouraged to bring their own lawn chairs, blankets and food. The rain date is the next day at the same hour, Fri. June 17, 2016. Directions to the Conn. Historical Society can be found on the website, www.chs.org. Lynne Williamson, who organized the free concert, can answer questions via e-mail, Lynne_Williamson@chs.org.

Quebec Flag Raising Ceremony at the Connecticut State Capitol, Fri. June 24

There will be raising of the Quebec provincial flag at the Conn. State Capitol, 231 Capitol Ave., Hartford, on Fri. June 24, 2016. There will be a brief ceremony on the south lawn of the Capitol which faces Capitol Avenue at 8:45 a.m., and the flag-raising will be at 9 a.m. Afterwards, there will be an impromptu breakfast in the public dining room of the Legislative Office Building.

Boucher's Second Annual Fête de St-Jean-Baptiste, Sat. June 25

Daniel and Michelle Boucher of Bristol, Conn., will host their second annual fête de St-Jean-Baptiste at the Stone Bridge Tavern, 38 Barlow St., Bristol, from 5:30 to 10:30PM on Sat. June 25, 2016. There will be a flag ceremony by the Honor Guard of Post 22 of the Franco-American War Veterans in Bristol. The food that will be served will be the choice of Galvaude au Boeuf or Galvaude au Poulet, poutine ordinaire ou barbeque, as well as coleslaw, tea, coffee, and dessert. There will be a cash bar. There will be live entertainment by Norm Flash and the Starfires Band, a Franco-American country and rock-n-roll band. In order to purchase tickets, contact Daniel or Michelle Boucher at (860)-614-9970, or jamfrancais@yahoo.com. The cost of the tickets are \$20.00 for adults, \$8.00 for children ages from six to twelve, and free for children five years and younger.

FCGSC Will Hold Introductory Classes on Genealogy

The French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut, 53 Tolland Green, Tolland, will offer a total of six introductory classes on genealogy in the Summer of 2016. There will be three classes on "Beginning Genealogical Research in French Canada" that will be offered on Tuesday, June 21 from 2-4:30PM; Thursday, July 28 from 2-4:30PM; and Tuesday, August 16 from 6:30-9:00PM. The FCGSC will also offer three other classes, entitled: "Overcoming Brick Walls for Beginners" that will be held on Thursday, June 23 from 7-9PM, Tuesday, July 26 from 2-4:30PM; and Thursday, August 18, from 2-4PM. Advance registration is required for the introductory classes, and to register, to either call the library at (860)-872-2597, or send an e-message to Pres. LeGrow at mlegrow@fcgsc.org.

FCGSC Will Celebrate Its 35th Anniversary in 2016

The French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut will celebrate its 35th anniversary with a banquet dinner and music that will be held on Fri. Nov. 11, 2016 from 7PM to 12MN at Maneely's Banquet Lodge and Ballroom, 65 Rye Street in South Windsor. The anniversary will begin with a social hour complimented with hors d'oeuvres.

The banquet will have a selection of crab and scallop stuffed filet of sole with lobster cream sauce, roast prime rib of beef, chicken Marsala, garden salad, roasted red potatoes, Mediterranean vegetables, pasta, cannoli, and other assorted pastries.

The entertainment will be traditional French-Canadian folk music performed by locally known fiddler Daniel Boucher of Bristol, Conn., who will be supported by his band, known as Daniel Boucher et Ses Bons Amis. Dancing will be encouraged.

It will be necessary to purchase tickets in order to attend the event, and tickets are \$45 per person. Tickets can be purchased at the library of the FCGSC in the Old Tolland County Courthouse, 53 Tolland Green, Tolland, Conn., during normal library hours, which are Saturdays from 9AM to 4PM, Sundays 1-4PM, Mondays and Wednesdays from 1-5PM. Tickets can also be purchased by sending a check at the total cost of \$45 for each person, payable to the FCGSC, and sending the check to the mailing address of the FCGSC, which is: French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Conn., P.O. Box 928, Tolland, CT 06084-0928.

President Maryanne LeGrow can answer questions about the anniversary dinner and dance via e-mail at mlegrow@fcgsc.org.

STS Alumni Reunion 2016 Cancelled; Plans for Fall Event, Reunion 2017

By Albert J. Marceau, Class of 1983, STSHS

The St. Thomas Seminary Alumni Reunion 2016, which was scheduled for Fri., May 6, 2016, was cancelled on the afternoon of Mon. April 25 because of low ticket sales. The decision to cancel the event was made by the President of the STS Alumni Group, Paul Travers (STSHS Class of 1982).

The definition of low tickets sales was decided at the board meeting of the STS Alumni Group that was held on Wed. April 6, 2016. In attendance at the meeting were Paul Connery, the General Manager of the Archdiocesan Center at Saint Thomas Seminary, Msgr. Daniel Plocharczyk, (STSHS Class of 1966, and STSJC 1968), Bishop Emeritus Peter Rosazza, Paul Travers, Mike Marinaccio (STSHS 1966), Larry Christian (STSHS 1970), Jim Loring (STSJC 1968), and your reporter, Albert Marceau (STSHS 1983). Paul Connery was ready to cancel the event immediately, because only 14 tickets had sold as of that day, and he based his argument on the reality that 70 tickets had been sold one month before Reunion 2015. Mike Marinaccio and Larry Christian negotiated with Paul Connery to delay the decision to cancel by two weeks before the event, or by Friday, April 22, 2016. Their position was reiterated by Paul Travers, who proposed that 50 tickets would be the make-or-break number to allow, or to cancel, the reunion. All in attendance at the meeting agreed to the new deadline. Hence, the decision to cancel the reunion was due to a short-fall of the sale of ten tickets.

A matter that was ignored by said committee is that most tickets were sold mere days before the reunion itself, as happened in 2014 and 2015. Another matter concerning the sale tickets and deadlines, is that the STS website was never updated with the deadline for ticket sales, despite the decision made during the board meeting of Wed. April 6. On the contrary, the website about the reunion clearly stated that tickets could be purchased up to the day of the reunion itself, a practice that occurred with the previous two reunions.

Since your reporter was and still is the publicity chair for the STS Alumni Group, I began to send text via e-mail for public service announcements about the reunion to radio stations, such as WWUH 91.3FM,

and WJMJ 88.9FM, on the afternoon of Fri. April 8. The same day, I sent press releases to major newspapers in Connecticut, such as the *Hartford Courant*, the *New Haven Register*, the *Waterbury Republican*, the *New London Day*, the *Norwich Bulletin*, and of course, the *Catholic Transcript*. In the following days, I sent press releases to at least 29 newspapers, (a number that does not include *Le Forum*), eleven of which were the monthly periodicals of the eleven Roman Catholic dioceses of New England. I also sent text for public service announcements to at least six radio stations. During the second week, I visited the Connecticut State Library for its collection of lesser-known local newspapers in Connecticut, such as the *Cheshire Herald*, and the *New Britain City Journal*, in order to send press releases to another set of newspapers. Then I researched where alumni, former faculty and staff are currently residing, and I sent to 19 of them a personalized letter about the reunion.

I received several responses via e-mail to my personalized letters, but the most pleasant response came on the morning of Friday, May 6, when I received a telephone call from my French teacher, Mrs. Diane Boilard, who telephoned from her home in Port Orange, Florida, to wish me to have a good time at the reunion. Of course, I had to explain to her that the reunion had been cancelled.

Plans for Alumni Reunion 2017

On Wed. June 1, the STS Alumni Group meet for the first time since Wed. April 6, and those in attendance were the same men as those who attended the earlier meeting, minus Mike Marinaccio and Jim Loring, and plus Douglas Cloutier (STSHS 1983). Msgr. Daniel Plocharczyk, the Pastor of Sacred Heart of Jesus Parish in New Britain, argued to set the next reunion on the first Saturday of May 2017. He also argued that the reunion should start later in the day, around 7PM for the convenience of alumni who are either priests or laymen. For the priests, the reunion dinner would start after most priests would have completed their duties for the Saturday vigil mass, as well as presiding over any wedding or funeral masses that are often held during the day on

Saturday. For the laymen, Saturday is not a normal work day, and so, would allow lay alumni to travel to the reunion, without missing a full or half-day of work, as happened in the first two reunions. Larry Christian and I said that a mass should be included with the reunion, and Msgr. Plocharczyk responded that if Archbishop Leonard Blair were not available, then the resident bishop at the seminary, Bishop Emeritus Peter Rosazza, could say the mass. Bishop Rosazza, with a look of mild amusement on his face, agreed with the plan from Msgr. Plocharczyk, but emphasized that protocol should be followed, and so, Archbishop Blair should be contacted first, so he has the choice to be the main celebrant at the mass. The board agreed to the ideas Msgr. Plocharczyk and Bishop Rosazza, and so, the date for the next STS Alumni Reunion will be Sat. May 6, 2017, with a mass that will start at 5PM, to be said either by Archbishop Blair or by Bishop Rosazza, and the reunion itself, would start around 7PM with an excellent dinner, and last until whenever.

Alumni Group to Host Event on Wed. Oct. 12, 2016

During the same STS Alumni Group meeting of Wed. June 1, Paul Travers advocated for the Fall Event to be hosted by the STS Alumni Group, which will be a talk, entitled "An Evening of Mercy," which will be presented by Dr. Brandon Nappi, the Associate Retreat Director at the Holy Family Passionist Retreat Center in West Hartford. The talk will be open to the general public, and it will be held on Wed. Oct. 12, 2016 from 6:30PM to 8:00PM in the Alumni Lounge of St. Thomas Seminary.

There will be more information about both events in the future on the website of St. Thomas Seminary, www.stseminary.org.



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(*STS Alumni Reunion 2016 Cancelled; Plans for Fall Event, Reunion 2017 continued from page 24*)

Photos from the History of STSHS



Your reporter, Albert Marceau, one morning during the first or second week of senior year in September 1982, after American History Class with Mr. George Sherman, who was originally hired to be the gym teacher. (No joke.) Note that both I (in the center), and Richard Roy (seated on the left, and partially cut-off in the original print), are both wearing the dress-code of shoes, pants, shirt, suit-coat and tie. The only print that I have in my possession, which is copied here, is damaged with a tear in my forehead, since a fellow classmate, Eric Pagel, used it as a target for darts in the Senior Lounge. Photo by Mike Peralta, Class of 1983 STSHS.



Douglas Cloutier horseshoes around with Howard Colefield, both of STSHS Class 1983, on the grounds of St. Thomas Seminary, Wed. May 18, 1983. Today, Howard

is unlikely to attend a reunion, since he currently resides in Japan, with a wife and daughter. (If you can read Japanese, you can read his Facebook page.) Howard was born in Jamaica, and while at STSHS, he prided himself as part of the British Empire, and he was given permission to use the *Oxford English Dictionary* for written assignments from Fr. Hugh MacDonald, our English teacher for three years, from September 1980 to May 1983. (The rest of us in class used *Webster's Dictionary*.) He is one of the co-authors of the instructional book and audio-disc set, *Japanese for Busy People*. Doug resides in Windsor, Conn., and he is a member of the STS Alumni Group. Photo by Kevin McGuinness, Class of 1984 STSHS.



Mrs. Diane Boilard typing copy for the last issue of the STSHS newspaper, *The STS Triumph*, early in the afternoon of Wed. May 25, 1983. Standing in back of her is the student editor of the newspaper, Douglas Cloutier, STSHS Class of 1983, and to the right of him is his fellow classmate, Albert Marceau, and to the right of him is Mrs. Phyllis Lewis, the math teacher, standing in the doorway of Room 12, the newspaper room. Both seniors are dressed casually, and not in dress-code, because they were seniors with good grades, and so, were not required to take final exams. More importantly, Principal George Finley publically announced the day before the photo was taken, Tues. May 24, 1983, that Archbishop John F. Whealon had closed the high-school. I, Albert Marceau, can attest as a witness, that Mr. Finley made the announcement while standing on the study-hall monitor's platform of the main study-hall on the second floor of the school, less than a half-hour before the afternoon session of the first day of exams were to be given to the students by their teachers. Fr. Charles Johnson, the President of the Seminary,

stood on the floor of the study hall, and slightly in back of Mr. Finley, while Finley made the announcement, and he assured the students that their teachers would consider the effect of the bad news while grading their exams. Late in the morning of Wed. May 25, 1983, and a couple hours before the photo was taken, Mr. Finley opened the high-school bookstore for the last time, for anyone wanting to purchase souvenirs, such as the hooded sweatshirt with the STS logo that I am wearing in the photograph. (I got the last hooded sweatshirt, while fellow classmate, John Politis, purchased the last letterman jacket with the STS logo, not shown in the photo.) The viewer will note that on slate chalkboard on the right are

copies of previous issues of the high-school newspaper, *The STS Triumph*, while lower on the same chalkboard and to the right of typewriter is a copy of the last high-school yearbook for the year 1983, simply entitled *Saint Thomas Seminary*.

It should be noted that the earliest yearbook for the college was for the Class of 1926, while the first yearbook for the high-school was for the Class of 1968. Hence, the two schools produced their own yearbooks, the high-school from 1968 to 1983, and the college from 1926 to 1980. The high-school class of 1980 never produced a yearbook. Also, there are gaps in the current collection of yearbooks in the library at STS for both schools in the 1970s. In addition to the difficulty of discerning between the yearbooks of the two schools, both of which used the name of St. Thomas Seminary, and in some instances, are nearly identical for some years in the 1970s, the easiest means to discern between the two sets of yearbooks, is that the college yearbooks always have the name *Stella Matutina* somewhere on the title page. The title of "Stella Matutina" translates from
(Continued on page 27)

Acadian Crops

*George Findlen, CG, CGL
Madison, WI*

The following is the first of three excerpts taken from a draft of a book the author is writing of his Acadian ancestors. The book traces his lineage from immigrant Barnabé Martin and Jeanne Pelletret in Port Royal / Annapolis Royal in Acadia / Nova Scotia to Marcel Martin and Jane Levasseur in Hamlin Plantation, Aroostook County, Maine. This excerpt comes from the chapter on René Martin and Marie Brun, who married in 1693. Their farm, Beausoleil, was on the north side of the Annapolis River directly opposite Pré-Ronde.

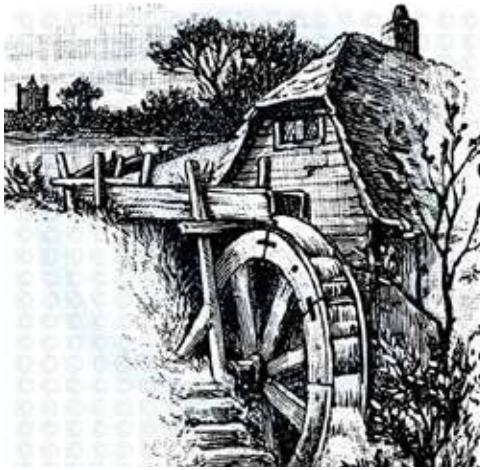
We are fortunate that the many visitors to Port-Royal recorded what they saw. We know what Acadians—René among them—raised and grew.

The two principal crops were wheat and peas. For a Frenchman, bread was and is a dietary cornerstone. Wheat came first. Jean de Poutrincourt built a grist mill as early as 1606 on the Allain River, and later writers note that there were both grist and saw mills operating in the 1680s. At Pré-Ronde, on the south side of the river opposite René and Marie's home, Pierre Thibodeau operated a mill later owned by René's brother Étienne at Pré-Ronde. As they reclaimed more marshland, they could grow more grain. In good years, it provided them with a cash crop for trading with New England and Québec. Peas were another food staple for the Acadians. They were "pea-soupers" like their cultural cousins in Québec. Acadians also grew corn, having learned about that food crop from the Mi'maq. They sowed rye, oats, barley, and buckwheat in the 1690s in addition to wheat. Plowing took place between late August and mid-September. Sowing wheat took place as soon as possible in April.

The same marshland enabled Acadians to raise beef cattle for their food needs and bartering. Cattle were a trade item with Boston and salted beef was a trading item with Québec and Louisbourg. The surplus grain and beef traded with New Englanders got them "textiles, metal goods, brandy, rum, tobacco" and money. Acadians loved milk and had milk cows. They also raised sheep as a source of wool for their clothing. The sheep were "as fat and big as in the Pyrenees, and their wool is as fine." Closer

to the house would have been the hogs, important for Acadian dishes then as they are today. In 1686, livestock percentages were 77% cattle, 15% sheep, and 8% hogs. By 1707, those percentages would become 70% cattle, 15% sheep, and 12% hogs. One of the reasons for the change is that there was not enough grazing land for cattle. They also had poultry.

Acadian gardens were as important as marshland fields in producing food for use year round. They grew almost everything their contemporaries in France grew. They grew cabbages, beets, turnips, parsnips, carrots, onions, shallots, chives, parsley, and a



variety of salad greens. Two items, potatoes and tomatoes, were not among what they ate; they were introduced to France in the mid-1700s and later. The director of fortifications at Louisbourg wrote to complain that all vegetables were available except asparagus and artichokes.

The five most important foods of the Acadians were beef, pork, wheat bread, peas, and cabbage, and these came from their reclaimed marshland fields and the gardens they kept next to their houses.

Not far from the house was an orchard. In 1698, there were 1,766 fruit trees on 54 Acadian farms (out of 73 farms in all). That averages to 35 trees per farm. The census tells us that René had fifty fruit trees, more than the typical Acadian farmer. One visitor called Port-Royal "little Normandy" and noted that Calville (baking apples), Rambour, and Reinettes (eating apples) were all grown there. Port-Royal farmers also grew pear trees and cherry trees. Fruit

was kept in barrels in the small cellar for use through the winter or dried, embedded in maple syrup and stored in crockery jars.

In René and Marie's time, there were four ways to preserve food for future use: brining, freezing, drying, and smoking. As was the case for all following generations treated in this book, pigs were slaughtered after the temperature became cold enough for the meat not to spoil. Hams were smoked in the chimney. If cold enough, parts of the hog were hung to freeze. Much of the animal was put in a wooden trough and covered with salt. The salt pulled out liquid from the meat and killed bacteria. Salted pork and beef were stowed until needed in a salt brine in special barrels made for that purpose. Cod was either salted or air dried until needed. Eels were smoked or frozen. Beets, turnips, parsnips, and carrots were stored in barrels in a bed of sand in the cellar under the house. Cabbages were left on the ground through the winter under a coat of marsh hay and snow. Peas and beans were thoroughly air dried and stored in barrels. Apples were cut and air dried as well. Wild fruit picked in the spring and summer was mixed with maple syrup and stored in earthenware jars. Chives, green onions, shredded carrots, parsley, chervil, celery leaves, and savory were dried or mixed with salt to use as the basic seasoning. The work was never-ending and controlled by the seasons, as it would be for all later generations of our family.

We have no reason to think that René did not grow and raise what other Acadians in the Port-Royal area grew and raised along the Annapolis River. And what René planted and raised is similar to what later generations in Hamlin Plantation, Maine, planted and raised along the Saint John River. Descendants Raphaël, Rémi, and Marcel all raised beef in Hamlin, Maine. They also raised hogs which they slaughtered themselves and processed at home as had Barnabé, René, and Jean-Baptiste in Acadia. They raised chickens and milked cows and made butter. They planted the same crops and did things to preserve food to eat through the winter, including salting beef and pork. The chief difference was technology. Another difference is that there was no fruit orchard on any farm in Hamlin Plantation. What they were—self-sustaining farmers—was the same, and what they planted and raised was remarkably similar.

SHFA Sponsored Talk on the Sentinelle Affair

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

The Société Historique Franco-Américaine (SHFA) sponsored a talk about the Sentinelle Affair that was given by Georges-André Lussier, M.D., of Salisbury, Mass., on Friday, May 20, 2016, that started at 7PM in the auditorium of the Franco-American School in Lowell, Mass. The event was announced in the newsletter of the SHFA, *Feuille No. 11, Mai 2016*, and Roger Lacerte, the Editor of the newsletter, and President of the SHFA, promised that the talk would have a Power Point Presentation, as he wrote: "...la conférence printanière qui sera sous forme de présentation Power-Point..." Unfortunately, Dr. Lussier's talk was not accompanied by a Power Point Presentation. Also unfortunately, your reporter, Albert Marceau, arrived to the talk nearly 20 minutes late, because he was caught in traffic for about an hour starting at 4:50PM on the

east-bound 291 spur and Interstate 84 East due to a tractor-trailer accident that occurred around 11:30AM the same day, just west of Exit 63 on I-84 East.

Fortunately, Lussier's talk was videotaped by Gloria Polites of the Lowell Telecommunications Corporation, and it will be broadcast on Channel 8 of LTC Public Access Television, as well as on Youtube Channel LTCLowellMA in the near future, after she or other members of the LTC will have edited the raw videotape. While Gloria Polites was packing her equipment, I asked her about the purchase of a DVD copy of the talk, and she said that it is possible get a DVD copy for \$5.00, but I failed to ask about the cost of mailing the DVD, as well as to when a DVD copy of Lussier's talk would be available for purchase. She can be contacted by e-mail at gpolites@ltc.org. The

Lowell Telecommunications Corporation is on 246 Market Street in Lowell, and main telephone number is (978)-458-5400, and the website is www.ltc.org.

Dr. Lussier started his talk around 7PM, and at 8:17PM, he concluded his talk, which he followed with a question and answer period that easily lasted for a half-hour. He is not a polished speaker, and although it was clear to all who were present in the room, (including the speaker and the videographer, fifteen people present), that Dr. Lussier knew his subject, his talk suffered from a lack of an overall structure. For example during the question and answer period, a member of the SHFA, John Kobuszewski of Lynn, Mass., asked when did the Sentinelle Affair end, Dr. Lussier responded that one could define the end with the excommunication of the Sentinellistes, or one could define the end with the death of Fr. J.H. Beland, or by the death of Bishop William Hickey, or when the last of the excommunicated Sentinellistes was reconciled with the Catholic Church. Since his talk was *(Continued on page 28)*

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the Latin as "Morning Star," and it is a title of the Virgin Mary found in the standardized Catholic prayer of the Litany of Loreto.

After graduating from STSHS on Tues. May 31, 1983, Doug Cloutier went to Roger Williams University in Bristol, R.I., while I went to the College of Arts and Sciences, University of Hartford, West Hartford, Conn. Since STSHS closed, Mrs. Boilard taught French at Bristol Eastern High School, and later retired to her current residence of Port Orange, Florida. Mrs. Lewis taught math and became the vice-principal at East Catholic High School in Manchester, Conn. She also taught math at Central Connecticut State University (CCSU), where I saw her for the last time, late in the Spring Semester, in May, either in 1997 or 1998. (She died on May 12, 1999 in Hartford Hospital due to cancer, and her obituary can be found in the *Hartford Courant*, Fri. May 14, 1999, page B8.)

I was not the favorite student of Mrs. Lewis, and I had her as a teacher for Algebra II A in my junior year, September 1981 to May 1982. Since I wanted to stay in the Third Year Latin class with Fr. Johnson, I stayed in the accelerated Algebra II A, because the Latin class was taught at the same time as Algebra II B, a slower class with Fr.

James Moran. (My decision was against the advice of Principal Finley.) Hence, I flunked nearly every quiz and exam with Mrs. Lewis, with grades that often ranged from eight to fifteen, on a one-hundred point scale. Hence, it was necessary for me to enroll in a summer class of algebra at the Greater Hartford Community College on 61 Woodland Street, Hartford. I quickly realized that the summer class was far beneath the difficulty of my high-school class, so I spent hours every day, drilling in algebra, until the night before my exam with Mrs. Lewis. A week or two before my exam with Mrs. Lewis, I took the final exam for the summer class, and it was about the equivalent of a quiz with Mrs. Lewis, and I completed it in about 20 minutes. The exam with Mrs. Lewis was far more difficult than the exam at the summer class, and I ran out of time, more than an hour and a half, but Mrs. Lewis told me, and my father, to wait, as she would give the results of the exam. (My father did not trust me to drive, and he wanted to make sure that I was serious about studying at school.) About 20 minutes later, she told me and my father that it was clear to her that I had learned the necessary elements of her class, and she gave me a passing grade. The exam was held during

the first or second week of August 1982, in the rarely used Room Four on the first floor, which is now known as Conference Room 1A. Although she was a fair teacher, she was not very personable, and definitely not fond of me. Proof for her lack of fondness for me, even to May 1997, or 1998, occurred one day when I saw her by accident on the north steps of Maria Sanford Hall of CCSU. I saw her at a distance as I walked from Diloreto Hall to the Elihu Burritt Library, and I stopped at a very respectful distance, where she could see me, but not to interfere with her conversation with one of her students, an undergraduate. She spoke to him in an upbeat and highly chipper manner, and after their conversation was over, and he walked away, she gave me one long, hard and dirty look, then turned her back towards me, and entered Maria Sanford Hall. Clearly, she truly did not want to see me, and would not participate in the more taxing act of a simple and polite salutation. So, I did not bother to enter the building, but I shrugged my shoulders, and I continued my walk toward the campus library. Photo taken on Wed. May 25, 1983, Room 12, St. Thomas Seminary, Bloomfield, Conn., by John Veilleux, Class of 1984 STSHS.

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(SHFA Sponsored Talk on the *Sentinelle* Affair continued from page 27)

not given with a Power Point Presentation, Dr. Lussier periodically stopped his talk to pass photocopies of significant letters that were exchanged between Bishop Hickey and Fr. Beland and Fr. Fauteux, to his audience, and he would hold a copy of a given letter in front of the video camera, so the copy could be videotaped for the future television audience. Lastly, Dr. Lussier gave his talk in English, but he would read the letters in the original French, and he would not give an improvised translation into English, and on one occasion after he read a letter in French, he continued his talk in French for a few minutes.

Dr. Lussier stated that the *Sentinelle* Affair is loaded with misinformation, such as the *Sentinellistes* did not want their children to learn English at school, and he countered the misinformation with facts. For example, he said that in 1925, there were one hundred Roman Catholic parishes in Rhode Island, and of that total, fifty parishes had parochial schools. Of the fifty, twenty were established and run by Franco-American parishes. The next largest number of Catholic parochial schools run by an ethnic group were the Polish-Americans, with six schools. Lussier clearly stated that none of the Irish-American parishes had their own parochial schools. Lussier emphasized that the established Franco-American parochial schools were bilingual, where half of the day was taught in French, and the other half of the day was taught in English.

Lussier said that the true matter of the *Sentinelle* Affair was the Million Dollar Drive that was sponsored by Bishop Hickey, a fund-raiser that Elphege Daignault and the *Sentinellistes* saw as a diocesan tax imposed on all parishes within the Diocese of Providence. The matter of the diocesan tax was connected to the civil laws concerning the incorporation of the Roman Catholic Church within the State of Rhode Island, which was, which is, and which will continue to be, corporation sole, a unique instance where the state government recognizes the office of the bishop as the sole owner of all diocesan property. Another problem that Elphege Daignault had with the Million Dollar Drive was that it supported the diocesan newspaper, in which, Bishop Hickey would give equivocating statements or misinformation about the Franco-American parochial school system. Lussier gave the example that Bishop Hickey continually portrayed

Elphege Daignault and the *Sentinellistes* as a small group of radicals, or a small group of agitators, when in fact Daignault had large support among the Franco-American laity, including several priests.

Lussier emphasized that Elphege Daignault was a lawyer, and that he could not file all the lawsuits that he planned against the Diocese of Providence, because of the amount of time it would take to prepare a single lawsuit. Lussier said that Daignault did not get any support from any law firm within Rhode Island because all re-



Elphege Daignault

refused to represent him, due to threats from the diocese to ruin the careers of individual lawyers, or entire law firms. Unfortunately, Lussier did not support his statements with a photocopy of a rejection letter from a law firm addressed to Daignault.

Lussier noted that Daignault went to the Vatican in March 1928, and that he was excommunicated on April 8, 1928, Easter Sunday. During the question and answer period, Lussier said that Daignault was reconciled with the Catholic Church before his death in 1937. From my own research, Daignault was given the last rites by Fr. Arthur Fournier of Ste-Anne's Church in Woonsocket, the priest who requested the excommunication, as reported in the *Boston Globe*, May 26, 1937, page 19, "Death Takes Man Disciplined by Pope: Daignault Given Last Rites at Woonsocket."

A lighter moment in Lussier's talk occurred when he said that when the newspaper of the *Sentinellistes*, *La Sentinelle*, was placed on the banned list by the Vatican, Daignault simply changed the name of the newspaper. The strategy of Daignault produced a couple of mild laughs in the

audience. If Lussier used a Power Point Presentation, he could have shown two newspaper articles from the *Boston Globe* on the matter, one published on May 28, 1928, on page 8, with the headline: "Pope's Decree Ousts Daignault: Catholics Also Forbidden to Read 'La Sentinelle,'" while the other was published three days later, on May 31, 1928, on page 23, with the headline: "Cease Publication of Banned Weekly: Another to Take Its Place in Woonsocket." The latter article reported that Daignault, as editor of the newspaper, changed the name from *La Sentinelle* to *La Vérité*, starting June 1, 1928.

Near the end of his talk, Lussier said that it was his opinion that Henri Bourassa enabled the excommunication of the *Sentinellistes*. After he stated his opinion, he realized that most people in the room were unfamiliar with the significance of Henri Bourassa, and he told his audience that Bourassa was the founding editor of the French language newspaper in Montreal, *Le Devoir*, and that he gave a famous speech on the linguistic and cultural rights of the French Catholics in Canada during the 1910 Eucharistic Congress that was held in Montreal. Lussier did not expound on his opinion, but said that Bourassa's criticism and non-support of the *Sentinellistes* effectively enabled the excommunication.

During the question and answer period, Lussier mentioned that he has a copy of a rare book that was published by one of the excommunicated, Henri Perdriau, whose book is entitled *Fiat Lux: Le bon sens et la logique*. Lussier said that Perdriau was likely the last of the excommunicated to be reconciled with the Roman Catholic Church. Curiously, Lussier mentioned his ownership of the book, but he did not use it in his talk. As for the rarity of the book, it is not cataloged at any of the 50,000 academic libraries in 90 countries that are connected by the internet to the World Catalogue. I found the reference to Henri Perdriau and his book on a website maintained by the Chapel of the Holy Spirit in Providence, R.I., which is part of the Independent Catholic Church, which is part of the Old Catholic Church. A history of the schismatic church can be read on the website at <http://www.holyparaclete.org/the-history-of-the-church>.

The public question and answer period was a bit raucous at times, with a few inflammatory statements that may, or may not, be edited from the broadcast version of Lussier's talk. The reason for the emotional (Continued on page 29)

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character of the Q-n-A session is because the Sentinelle Affair is not simply an event that occurred about ninety years ago with a few laity on one side and the Bishop of Providence on the other side of the matter of the teaching and maintenance of a foreign language in a few local parochial schools. Rather, the Sentinelle Affair raises the still significant issues concerning the role of the laity in the Catholic Church, the use of funds and property by the bishop of a given diocese, the role of parochial schools in the life of a parish community, the matter of teaching a foreign language in the Anglophone United States, and the use of excommunication as a spiritual punishment.

Roger Brunelle of Lowell, Mass., noted that all corporations in the United States are managed by a president or chairman, in conjunction with a board of directors, while corporation sole is an ecclesiastical corporation of a single person, a bishop in a given diocese.

Brunelle's statement is correct, for I have read and translated several documents of the Third Plenary Council, which are published in Latin, in the book entitled: *Acta et Decreta Concilii Plenarii Baltimorensis Tertii*, (Baltimore: Typis Joannis Murphy et Sociorum, 1894). The translation of the title is: "Acts and Decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore." The said council advocated for Corporation Sole, as found on pages 153-4, paragraphs 267-8, which are

about the subject, "Concerning the Temporal Goods of the Church" (Titulus IX De Bonis Ecclesiae Temporalibus), and subheading, "Concerning the Office of the Bishop" (Caput II De Episcoporum). In paragraph 267, page 153, one can read: "In Statibus in quibus civilis parochiarum vel coetuum ecclesiasticorum incorporatio legalis quae cum legibus ecclesiasticis concordet, non existit, Episcopus ipsemet, lege in comitiis ferenda, corpus publicam seu persona moralis (*Corporation sole*) constitui poterit ad bona totius dioecesis habenda et administranda...." My translation of the quoted text is: "Among the States in which the legal and civil incorporation of parishes or of ecclesiastical assemblies which does not agree with ecclesiastical laws [or] does not exist, the Bishop himself will be able to be established as a public body or moral person towards having and managing the material goods of the entire diocese by bringing the law into the legislature (*Corporation Sole*)...." The same idea for bishops to incorporate their dioceses as corporation sole is reiterated in paragraph 268, page 154, in the clause "vel soli ut corpus morale (*corporation sole*)," which translates as: "or alone as a moral body (*Corporation Sole*)...."

There were a couple of inflammatory statements made when there was a comparison between the excommunication of the Sentinellistes, who questioned the authority of the bishop concerning the use of funds and property, while there were no public excommunications made by any bishop in any diocese in the U.S. against any priests

found guilty in civil court on counts of pedophilia. Of course, the very act of pedophilia would immediately excommunicate the perpetrator, so a public statement of excommunication would not be necessary.

When the public question and answer period was over, I asked Dr. Lussier directly about the Franco-American mystic and stigmatic, Marie-Rose Ferron. Lussier said that he learned not to criticize her before an audience in Woonsocket, and he refuses to talk about her in connection to the Sentinelle Affair.

In closing, the talk by Dr. Georges-André Lussier about his research on the Sentinelle Affair was informative, although at times, it was in need of polish. His talk demonstrated the significance of *Le Forum* on the dissemination of his research, for the photocopies of the letters that gave to his audience were published in two issues of the Supplement Historique of *Le Forum* in 2003 and 2007. Anyone interested in the topic should watch Lussier's talk when it will be broadcast by the Lowell Telecommunications Corporation, either on Channel 8 of LTC Public Access Television, and on Youtube Channel LTCLowellMA. Gloria Polites, who videotaped the talk for LTC, said that a DVD copy of the talk will be available at a cost of \$5.00, and she can be contacted via e-mail at gpolites@ltc.org. Also, LTC can be contacted either by phone (978)-458-5400, and more information about LTC is available on their website, www.ltc.org.

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A sheet of decals with variations on the St. Thomas Seminary logo that was donated by Fr. Kevin Donovan, (STSHS 1979), to the Archbishop Henri J. O'Brien Memorial Library, in April or May 2015. Library Director Karen Lesiak put the sheet of decals in a display case with other items for the STS Alumni Reunion 2015, which was held on Friday, May 15, 2015.

Regard en arrière

Par Camille Lessard

Publié dans *La Survivance* de 1946 à 1947

À L'eau

Je ne sais pourquoi les choses défendues avaient un si grand attrait pour moi, dans mon jeune âge (je passais, pourtant, pour un modèle d'enfant sage faisant mes mauvais coups dans l'ombre) et ce qui est plus sérieux, je réussissais presque toujours à avoir des associés-complices. Un jour, j'entraînai Lucindé Breton, une petite voisine, assez loin le long de notre rivière. Nous pouvions avoir de 8 à 9 ans. Nous nous assimes sur un arbre pourri. Chez nous, on appelait ces arbres des "corps morts". Nous étions sur le bord du cours d'eau. Comme toujours en regardant nager les belles truites dorées, les goujons argentés et les barbottes barbues, je bâtissais des contes fantastiques que je disais à ma campagne. Les truites c'était des reines déguisées, les goujons les princes transformés et les laides barbottes barbues des mauvais génies attendant leur chance pour faire du mal. Quant aux libellules, qui voltigeaient si gracieusement au-dessus de nos têtes, c'était des fées bienfaites qui essayaient de délivrer des captifs. . .

On était à se balancer joyeusement sur le corps mort, quand, patatras, un bout dégringola dans la rivière. . . Reines, génies, fées, vilain disparurent en clin d'œil quand je piquai une tête dans l'eau. j'étais cependant assez proche du rivage pour pouvoir

reprendre pied. Il n'en fut projeté si loin que seule sa tête émergeait de l'eau, heureusement peu profonde à cet endroit. Je revois encore ses chevaux collés aux tempes et ses yeux remplis de terreur. Elle semblait trop paralysée par la peur pour penser à crier ou à bouger. Il était d'ailleurs inutile d'appeler au secours car nous étions à un mille de toute habitation.

L'instinct de la conservation vient encore à mon secours : il en est toujours ainsi quand notre dernière heure n'a pas sonné ! je criai à mon amie: "Ne grouille pas !" Dans l'eau jusqu'à la ceinture, je poussai le tronc de bois pourri vers moi.

Trempées comme des cannes (mères canards) nous reprîmes le chemin du logis. . . Il fallait bien! . . . Ma mère pâlit en écoutant le récit de mon aventure. Heureusement que mon père n'était pas présent. . . car je ne réponds pas de ce qui aurait pu arriver. . . et je l'aurais bien mérité ! Quant à cette pauvre Lucindé, son grand-père la reçut d'une main pendant que de l'autre, il lui faisait sécher sa robe sur le dos. . .

Ils faisaient peur aux poissons

Bien plus âgée que Marie-Anne Boutin, notre petite voisine, je l'aimais bien car elle était une enfant sérieuse et

réfléchie et elle m'accompagnait quelques fois à la pêche. Pour hameçons nous nous servions d'épingles crochues: c'était moins dangereux de rester embrochées. Si cette bonne Madame Boutin avait connaissance de ces excursions, elle forçait Marie-Anne à prendre ses jeunes frères et sœurs avec elle de sorte que, durant leur absence, la maman pouvait faire son travail paisiblement.

Dans de telles occasions, afin de leur faire gagner le prix de leur promenade. Marie-Anne obligeait les bambins à piocher les vers nécessaires à l'appât de nos hameçons. Nous nous asseyions tous sur le bord du ruisseau, à l'eau belle et claire comme du cristal. Tout allait très bien jusqu'à ce qu'un poisson se montrât le nez ; alors les petits de crier, tout excités : " Regarde Marie-Anne, la belle truite!" ou "le beau goujon" suivant le cas. Marie-Anne, pour toute réponse, leur lançait un regard meurtrier. Les bambins se tenaient tranquilles jusqu'à ce qu'un autre poisson vint à passer; alors la même exclamation s'échappait de leurs lèvres. À la fin, ma petite amie finissait toujours par perdre patience et tombait à bras raccourcis sur les jeunes enthousiastes qui se sauvaient à la maison en hurlant. . . On continuait à pêcher en paix pour quelques minutes quand une voix qui, pour ma petite amie, semblait aussi terrible que la trompette du jugement dernier, se faisait entendre : "Marche à la maison, Marie-Anne, je vais t'apprendre à tuer de coups tes petits frères et tes petites sœurs" . . . La fillette ainsi interpellée ramassait piteusement sas agrès de pêche puis, la tête sur la poitrine, s'en retournait en pleurant. Voilà pourquoi tout le bonheur de notre pêche se trouvait gaspillé pour ce jour-là.

[À SUIVRE]

*Joshua Barrière
Québec, Québec*



Gilles Morin, le politicien retraité de l'Ontario qui a des liens familiaux avec le Maine

par Yves Chartrand, Ottawa, Ontario

Comme plusieurs personnes le savent au Maine, le nom de famille Morin est assez fréquent. Par exemple, en 2015, j'ai eu à rencontrer Keith Morin de l'école secondaire à Winthrop qui m'a permis d'obtenir de nouvelles informations sur le joueur de baseball Del Bissonette. Ces informations devraient faire l'objet d'un autre article dans *Le Forum*.

L'objectif de mon présent article est de présenter des informations découvertes au cours des récents mois concernant le passé familial de Gilles Morin, un politicien retraité du niveau provincial au Canada. M. Morin a été député à l'assemblée législative de l'Ontario (aussi nommé Queen's Park à Toronto, la capitale de la province) d'une circonscription dans l'est de la ville d'Ottawa de 1985 à 1999.

Bien qu'il ait représenté la province de l'Ontario d'une façon ou une autre depuis longtemps, c'est dans la province voisine du Québec que M. Morin est né en 1931. Et bien avant sa naissance, des membres de la famille de M. Morin, y compris son propre père, sont allés habiter au Maine.

Joseph Émile Gilles Morin est né le 20 juillet 1931 à Dolbeau, situé dans la partie nord du Lac St-Jean au Québec (suite à une fusion municipale, l'endroit est maintenant connu comme étant Dolbeau-Mistassini). M. Morin était le sixième et dernier enfant d'Irma Perron, qui était originaire de l'Anse St-Jean, et de Herménégilde (Herman) Morin. Ils étaient mariés depuis 1917 au Québec.

Herman Morin était né en 1891 en Beauce, une région québécoise située tout juste au nord du secteur au Maine appelé 'Old Canada Road'. L'un des premiers endroits américains sur cette route, la 201, est Jackman et c'est là que Herman Morin s'est retrouvé en 1910, selon le recensement américain effectué cette année-là.

Herman Morin était à Jackman en 1910 parce que son frère aîné Nazaire y était déjà depuis quelques années. Selon

d'autres documents officiels obtenus grâce à Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Nazaire a quitté la Beauce pour franchir la frontière américaine en 1898. À la même époque, une famille Crawford de la Beauce a fait la même chose. Dans cette famille, on comptait une fille se prénommant Brigitte (ou Bridget).

Le 2 décembre 1907, Nazaire Morin et Brigitte (Bridget) Crawford se sont mariés à Jackman. Au moment du recensement américain de 1910, leur foyer comptait aussi leur

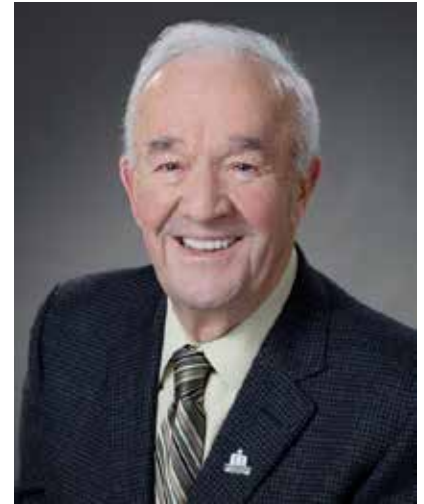


Herman Morin

premier enfant, un fils prénommé Ernest, né en 1909, et Herman Morin.

Selon le recensement, Nazaire et Herman Morin ont donné comme occupation celle de 'lumberman'. Éventuellement, Nazaire et son épouse ont accueilli deux filles, Hazel (1911) et Ella (1914). On sait déjà que Herman est retourné au Canada au plus tard en 1917 parce qu'il a épousé la mère de Gilles Morin au Québec.

Nazaire a continué de vivre à Jackman si on se fie aux recensements américains de 1920 et 1930. En 1920, il a dit être forgeron,



Gilles Morin

profession qu'il avait donnée au moment de son mariage en 1907. En 1930, il était menuisier.

Un changement majeur semble être survenu d'après le recensement de 1940. Nazaire et son épouse vivaient à Jackman Plantation, mais dans des maisons différentes. Brigitte (Bridget) se présentait comme étant divorcé et vivant avec sa fille Ella, une veuve avec deux enfants, tandis que Nazaire était avec leur autre fille, Hazel, qui était marié à Wilfrid Poulin. Ils étaient les parents d'une fille adoptive, Albertine.

Le dernier contact que Nazaire semble avoir eu avec la famille de Gilles Morin aurait été peu avant son décès en 1953. Un des frères plus âgés de Gilles Morin, Philippe, qui était alors un prêtre, a administré les derniers sacrements à Nazaire.

Un appel téléphonique récent fait à Isabelle Haggan de Jackman a confirmé que Nazaire a été inhumé au cimetière local. Dans le même lot, on retrouve les trois enfants, mais la présence de l'ex-épouse ne peut être confirmée pour l'instant. Des descendants d'Ernest, qui habitent maintenant au Tennessee, ont tenté d'en découvrir plus, sans succès. Des recherches additionnelles pourraient aider à éclaircir cette situation.

(Voir la traduction en anglais sur la page 33)

(See english translation on page 33)



Du nouveau sur le joueur de baseball Del Bissonette

par Yves Chartrand, Ottawa, Ontario

Il y a quelques années, *Le Forum* m'a permis de publier un article sur le joueur de baseball Del Bissonette, originaire de Winthrop au Maine. Bissonette avait joué dans les ligues majeures pour Brooklyn (maintenant Los Angeles), mais aussi au Canada dans plusieurs villes du baseball mineur comme Montréal, Cap-de-la-Madeleine et Glace Bay. Il avait également été gérant d'équipes à Québec, Toronto et Trois-Rivières.

En poursuivant mes recherches sur d'autres joueurs, j'ai trouvé des informations qui m'étaient jusque là inconnues à propos de Bissonette.

1) Par exemple, durant au moins 35 ans, une agence d'assurances portant le nom de l'ancien joueur de baseball a existé à Winthrop.

Dans l'annuaire de l'école secondaire de Winthrop, l'agence a publié une annonce à partir de l'année 1935-36. Le bureau de 'Del Bissonette Insurance' était alors situé au 6, rue Union. En 1937-38, l'adresse fournie est celle de la rue Bowdoin. À partir de 1940, la nouvelle adresse est celle de l'avenue Greenwood. En 1943, 'Del Bissonette General Insurance' ne présente plus qu'un numéro de téléphone. L'année suivante, l'annonce occupe dorénavant un tiers de page dans l'annuaire. Il en sera ainsi jusqu'en 1957.

Si l'annonce de 1958 a été réduite à un quart de page, l'agence s'est mise à utiliser

des slogans l'année suivante :

1959 – 'Your troubles vanishes at'

1960 – 'Let us do your worrying'

1961 – 'Best policy at all times'. La même annonce se répète jusqu'en 1969.

En 1970, 'Bissonette Insurance Agency' n'a consacré qu'une ligne dans la section 'Compliments of.'

Il y avait d'autres personnes vendant de l'assurance à Winthrop. Dans l'annuaire de 1936-37, on retrouve l'annonce d'Adolphe Fortier, agent de la Metropolitan Life, placée à l'opposé de celle de Bissonette. Ce sera la même situation jusqu'en 1942. En 1943, l'annonce de Bissonette est à côté de celle de Chas. S. Gott de Wayne au Maine. Finalement, l'annuaire de 1966 contenait l'annonce de la 'Foster Insurance Agency' qui se retrouve sur la même page que celle de Bissonette.

2) La consultation des annuaires à l'école secondaire de Winthrop, facilitée par le directeur Keith Morin, nous a également permis d'apprendre que l'école honore la mémoire de l'ancien joueur de baseball à l'aide de deux bourses d'études.

Une première bourse, d'une valeur de 500 à 1 000 \$, porte le nom de Del Bissonette et a été établi à la mémoire de son frère par le testament de sa sœur, Helena B. Seamans, en novembre 1983. La bourse est remise à une personne étudiante qui a démontré des qualités exceptionnelles de personnalité et



de caractère, a maintenu des notes élevées, a été membre de plus d'une équipe athlétique et a contribué au bien-être de l'école et de la communauté.

L'autre bourse porte le nom de la sœur de Bissonette, Helena, et a été établi en juin 1992 par le testament de Laura S. Bissonette, veuve de l'ancien joueur. La bourse est remise pour les mêmes raisons que la première.

3) J'ai découvert par hasard un article du Lewiston Daily Sun qui confirme l'intérêt de Del Bissonette pour l'industrie des pommes. Dans un communiqué de l'Associated Press émis à Augusta le 30 janvier 1931 et publié dans le journal du 31 janvier, on y apprend que le premier but des Dodgers de Brooklyn est désormais le président de la 'Central Maine Red Apple Orchards'.

Everett P. Sturtevant, le trésorier de la compagnie et un voisin de Bissonette, a expliqué que les vergers de 5 000 arbres situés dans trois villes du Maine, y compris Winthrop, produisent plusieurs variétés de pommes vendues à New York et en Amérique du Sud.

More on baseball player Del Bissonette

by Yves Chartrand, Ottawa, Ontario

A few years ago, *Le Forum* allowed me to publish an article on baseball player Del Bissonette, a native of Winthrop in Maine. Bissonette played in the major leagues for Brooklyn (now Los Angeles), but also in Canada in several minor league baseball cities such as Montréal, Cap-de-la-Madeleine and Glace Bay. He was also a manager of teams in Québec City, Toronto and Trois-Rivières (Three Rivers)

While doing more research on other players, I found information that was unknown to me up to that point regarding Bissonette.

1) For example, for at least 35 years, an insurance agency bearing the name of the former baseball player existed in Winthrop.

In the Winthrop High School Yearbook, the agency published an ad starting with the 1935-36 edition. The office of 'Del Bissonette Insurance' was then located at 6 Union Street. In 1937-38, the address provided was at Bowdoin Street. Starting in 1940, the new address was at Greenwood Avenue. In 1943, 'Del Bissonette General Insurance' only shows a phone number. The following year, the ad now occupies a third of a page in the Yearbook. It will be like

that until 1957.

If the 1958 ad was reduced to a quarter of a page, the agency started using slogans the following year :

1959 – 'Your troubles vanishes at'

1960 – 'Let us do your worrying'

1961 – 'Best policy at all times'. The same ad will repeat until 1969.

In 1970, 'Bissonette Insurance Agency' only devotes a line in the section 'Compliments of.'

Other people sold insurance in Winthrop. In the 1936-37 Yearbook, one can
(Continued on page 33)

Gilles Morin, the retired Ontario politician with family links to Maine

by Yves Chartrand, Ottawa, Ontario

As many people know in Maine, the last name Morin is rather frequent. For example, in 2015, I had to meet with Keith Morin from the Winthrop High School. He provided me with new information about baseball player Del Bissonette. This information should be part of another article in The Forum.

The objective of my present article is to present information discovered in recent months about the family past of Gilles Morin, a retired politician at the provincial level in Canada. Mr. Morin was a member of Ontario's legislative assembly (also named Queen's Park in Toronto, the province's capital) for a riding in the east end of the city of Ottawa from 1985 to 1999.

While he represented the province of Ontario in one way or another for a long time, it was in the neighbouring province of Québec that Mr. Morin was born in 1931. And even before his birth, members of Mr. Morin's family, including his own father, went to live in Maine.

Joseph Émile Gilles Morin was born on July 20, 1931 in Dolbeau, located in the northern part of Lac St-Jean in Québec (following a municipal merger, the area is now known as Dolbeau-Mistassini). Mr. Morin was the sixth and last child of Irma Perron, who was originally from l'Anse St-Jean, and

of Herménégilde (Herman) Morin. They had been married since 1917 in Québec.

Herman Morin was born in 1891 in Beauce, a region in Québec located just north of an area in Maine called 'Old Canada Road'. One of the first American areas on that road, the 201, is Jackman and that is where Herman Morin ended up in 1910, according to the US Census done that year.

Herman Morin was in Jackman in 1910 because his older brother Nazaire had been there for some years. According to other official documents obtained with the help of Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Nazaire left the Beauce region to cross the American border in 1898. At the same time, a Crawford family from Beauce did the same thing. In this family, there was a girl first named Brigitte (ou Bridget).

On December 2, 1907, Nazaire Morin and Brigitte (Bridget) Crawford were married in Jackman. At the time of the 1910 US Census, their household also included their first child, a son named Ernest, born in 1909, and Herman Morin.

According to the census, Nazaire and Herman Morin gave 'lumberman' as their occupation. Eventually, Nazaire and his wife welcomed two daughters, Hazel (1911) and Ella (1914). As for Herman, we know that he returned to Canada no later than 1917

because he married Gilles Morin's mother in Québec.

Nazaire continued to live in Jackman if we are to believe the 1920 and 1930 US censuses. In 1920, he said he was a blacksmith, the profession he gave at the time of his wedding in 1907. In 1930, he was a carpenter.

A major change seemed to have happened according to the 1940 census. Nazaire and his wife lived in Jackman Plantation, but in different homes. Brigitte (Bridget) listed herself as divorced and living with her widowed daughter Ella and her two children, while Nazaire was with their other daughter, Hazel, who was married to Wilfrid Poulin. They were the parents of adopted daughter Albertine.

The last contact that Nazaire seemed to have had with Gilles Morin's family would have been shortly before his death in 1953. One of Gilles Morin's older brothers, Philippe, who was then a priest, gave the last rites to Nazaire.

A recent phone call made to Isabelle Haggan in Jackman confirmed that Nazaire was buried in the local cemetery. In the same plot are his three children, but the presence of his ex-wife cannot be confirmed for now. Some of Ernest's descendants, now living in Tennessee, tried to find out more about that, without success. Additional research could help to clarify this situation.



(More on baseball player Del Bissonette continued from page 32)

find the ad of Adolphe Fortier, agent for Metropolitan Life, placed opposite to the Bissonette ad. It will be the same situation until 1942. In 1943, the ads for Bissonette and for Chas. S. Gott, from Wayne in Maine, are side by side. Finally, the 1966 Yearbook contained the 'Foster Insurance Agency' ad on the same page as Bissonette's.

2) Consultation of the Winthrop High School yearbooks, facilitated by principal Keith Morin, also helped me learn that the school is honoring the memory of the former baseball player through two scholarships.

The first scholarship, worth \$500 to \$1,000, bears the name of Del Bissonette

and was established in the will of his sister, Helena B. Seamans, in November 1983. The scholarship is awarded to a high school senior who has shown outstanding qualities of personality and character, maintained a high scholastic record, was a member of one or more athletic teams and contributed to the wellbeing of the school and community.

The other scholarship bears the name of Bissonette's sister, Helena, and was established in June 1992 in the will of Laura S. Bissonette, the late player's widow. The scholarship is awarded for the same reasons as the first one.

3) I discovered by chance an article

from the Lewiston Daily Sun confirming Del Bissonette's interest for the apple industry. In the Associated Press release issued in Augusta on January 30, 1931, and published in the newspaper on January 31, we learned that the Brooklyn Dodgers first baseman is now the president of 'Central Maine Red Apple Orchards Inc'.

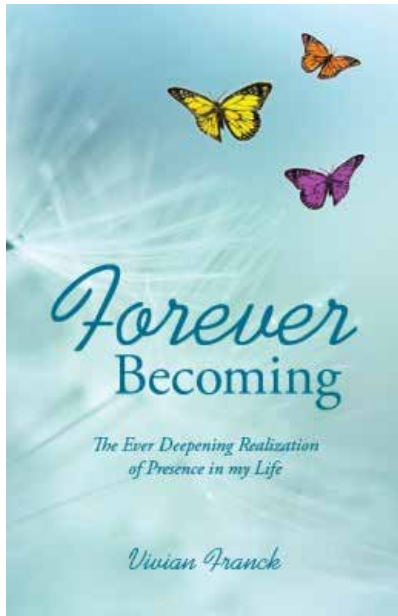
Everett P. Sturtevant, company treasurer and a Bissonette neighbor, explained that the orchards of 5,000 trees located in three Maine communities, including Winthrop, produce several apple varieties sold in New York City et and in South America.

BOOKS/

LIVRES...



Forever Becoming The Ever Deepening Realization of Presence in my Life



ABOUT THE BOOK

This book is about my life-long search for spiritual meaning, truth, and freedom. Raised during World War II within the confines of an all-Catholic town in Northern Maine and within a community that kept an ever-vigilant watch over the words and actions of its children, this quest for enlightenment did not start easily. Led by fear, my parents imposed restrictions on their offspring according to their own blind acceptance of whatever words came out of the priests' mouth. Born with a strong will and a propensity to rebel, I was pressured by my religious parents to choose the convent. Strangely enough, becoming a nun was the only way I could have come to the freedom that I craved. Had I opted to stay in the world and marry, I would never have had the deep realizations I awoke to through the wonderful retreats and experiences I enjoyed. Upon returning into the world I was then ready to absorb the teachings of enlightened spiritual teachers who came my way. Only by traveling this unique path have I confirmed a deep knowledge inside my own soul: Our God is a God of unconditional love, peace, and joy, which he liberally bestows on all his children for the asking.



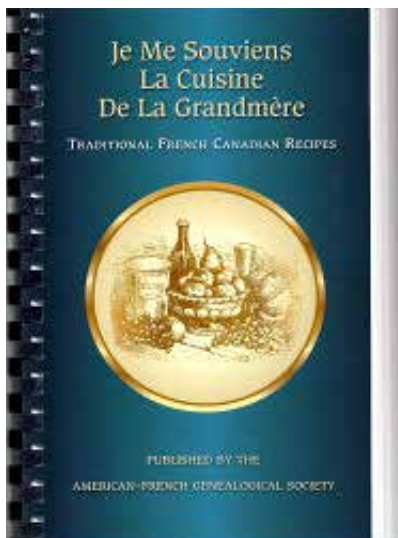
Vivian Franck

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

At age eighteen, Vivian left her home to become a nun in a French Canadian Order. After thirty years of living as a nun, she realized it was time for her journey to begin in the larger world and left the convent. She hasn't regretted her decision once.

Visit Vivian's website & Blog at:
<http://www.vivianfranck.com/book/>

To purchase the book:
<http://bookstore.balboapress.com/Products/SKU-000614965/Forever-Becoming.aspx>



French Canadian Cookbook

The American-French Genealogical Society (AFGS) is again offering its popular cookbook "Je Me Souviens La Cuisine de la Grandmère" - I Remember Grandmother's Kitchen. The title is in French, however its 400+ recipes are in English. The cookbook is in its fourth printing. It features a newly-designed cover, but contains all the same traditional recipes for tourtières (meat pie) sugar pie, pea soup, and ragout, as well as some modern recipes.

The cookbook is spiral-bound to lay flat for easy use, and it has a wipe clean cover.

The cookbooks are \$15 each plus \$5 shipping and handling. For additional cookbooks add \$2 for shipping and handling. RI residents please add \$1.05 tax per cookbook.

Send a check or money order to the AFGS, P.O. Box 830, Woonsocket, RI 02895-0870.

<http://www.afgs.org/afgscookbook.html>



**American-French
Genealogical Society**

Woonsocket, Rhode Island USA

(See page 35 for recipes...)

A.F.G.S. Cookbook
New Printing 2015

French-Canadian Cuisine cookbook
Over 250 pages

These recipes have been handed down through many generations.

NOTE: This is a new printing 2015. Note No new recipes from previous printing.

Recipies/Recettes

Je Me Souviens

La Cuisine De La Grandmère

ROTI AUX PORC AVEC LEGUMES-
ROAST PORK WITH VEGETABLES
(Page 91)

My Grandmother had 13 children and set a table for seventeen to twenty persons daily. She was not a fancy cook, but served wholesome, nourishing meals. And the food was grown or raised on the farm. Canning started as soon as the garden fruits were ripe and succulent and the vegetables were young and tender. We always had a full cellar of food which included: Various condiments of apples, fruits, and pickles; vegetables of all kinds crocks of sauerkraut; grape, elderberry, raspberry, and strawberry wines; cider and moonshine; and a variety of meats. If one did not learn to run a farm and cook, one went hungry.

I can remember one time when we butchered a pig that weighed about 400 pounds. The roast loin that grandmother cooked weighed about twenty pounds. We

were fourteen at the dinner table and the roast went in one meal.

1 lean roast pork loin
5 to 6 garlic cloves
White potatoes
Small yellow turnip
Carrots
Brown sugar
Dark mustard
Onions, sliced
1 to 1 1/2 c. wine or water

Buy lean roast pork loin either the entire loin or the seven to nine rib end. If you purchase the entire roast, you can cut it up into meal size servings. Have the butcher crack the bones as it is easier to carve.

Make slits in the loin a day or two ahead of cooking and insert pieces of garlic in the slits. The flavor is more delicate if the garlic is left in the meat for a while.

Wash, pare, and quarter the vegetables. It is better to leave the potatoes whole, so try to purchase smaller ones.

Salt and pepper roast and rub well into the meat. Brush with a mixture of brown sugar and dark mustard. Lay meat, fat side up, in a roaster or deep oven pan. Place veg-



etables around meat; sprinkle onion slices on top and a good red wine or water. If the roast is too lean, add a strip or two of bacon on top of the roast. Cover. Cook in a slow oven, about 325°F. to 350°F., allowing 35 to 40 minutes per pound. The slower and the longer it takes to cook, the better the meat.

In the last hour, remove the cover and let the roast brown and crust nicely. When the rib moves out by itself or pulls away, the meat is done. Check to make sure the vegetables are tender. Remove meat and make gravy with the drippings or serve with the natural juices. Serve with a green salad, hot French bread, and a good red wine.

—*John F. Côté, Jr.*

LEMON PIE
(Page 203)

This is one of my grandmother's recipes that has been handed down to me. I have copied it word for word exactly as it was given to me. In my grandmother's time, ingredients were measured by pinches and dabs, teacups and slabs. My grandmother always cooked over her old wood stove. It was difficult for her to determine an oven temperature for her recipes, because the temperature in a wood stove was determined by how much wood you put in. Most recipes were moderate or hot ovens. I have added to the recipe the modern oven temperature for those of us who prefer to do it the hard way - in an electric oven.

1 large lemon
1 teacup sugar (1 c.)
2 eggs
1 Tbsp. cornstarch
1 teacup boiling water (1 c.)
1 Tbsp. sugar

Take 1 lemon; squeeze the juice out and grate the yellow part of the rind. Add 1 teacup of sugar, 2 eggs (the whites left for frosting), and 1 tablespoon cornstarch. Fill the teacup with boiling water. Mix all together and bake in one crust for about 1 hour in a moderate oven, 350°F. When done, set aside and cool a little. Add 1 tablespoon of sugar to the egg whites and beat until stiff. Frost the pie and leave in the oven for a minute until lightly brown.

Pie Crust:

2 1/2 c. sifted flour
1 heaping tsp. baking powder
1 c. lard
Pinch of salt
1/2 c. cold water

Take 2 1/2 cups of sifted flour, 1 heaping teaspoon of baking powder sifted through the flour, 1 cupful of lard, and a pinch of salt. Rub thoroughly into the flour. Mix together with 1/2 cup cold water or enough to form a rather stiff dough. Mix as little as possible and roll out. It must be handled lightly. This recipe is for two pies.

—*Patricia J. Gillis
Meldrum
Romeo, MI*



CHICKEN AND APPLE SPREAD
(Page 10)

1 cup minced, cooked chicken
2 crumbled crisp bacon slices
2 Tbsp. diced apple
1 tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
1/4 cup mayonnaise

Combine ingredients and serve on crackers or make finger sandwiches.

—*Muriel G. Fournier
Woonsocket, RI*



(More letters from page 3)

Lettres/**Letters**

An Incident in Trois Rivières: Consul Nicholas Smith and the French Canadians

Racism and discrimination against the descendants of French Canadians by White Anglo-Saxon Protestants was a common occurrence in New England. Many are familiar with Carroll Wright's accusation that the French Canadians were "The Chinese of the Eastern States" in his 1881 annual report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of Massachusetts. In the last issue of *Le Forum*, for instance, James Myall presents some great quotes from Madison Grant in his nativist bible, *The Passing of the Great Race*. David Vermette in his blog about Franco Americans has some great nativist quotes against Franco Americans in that current bastion of liberal orthodoxy, the *New York Times*. I am currently reading the book *Imbeciles* by Adam Cohen, which is a story of the eugenics movement in the United States and of the famous Supreme Court Case, *Buck v. Bell*. The decision was famous because another WASP from Massachusetts, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who wrote in the opinion that the State could involuntarily sterilize an individual deemed to be mentally inferior that "Three generations of imbeciles are enough." Both left wingers and conservatives, including Margaret Sanger, the darling of liberals today, sang the praises of sterilization. In fact the only significant opposition to involuntary sterilization came from the Catholic Church. Cohen estimates that between 1900 and 1930, almost 70,000 men and women were sterilized against their will in the U.S.

Doing research on a prominent Franco American from Biddeford, Maine, Urbain Ledoux, I stumbled on the writings of one Nicholas Smith, another WASP who also appears to have been from Massachusetts given the references to that state in his writings. Smith served as U.S. Consul in Trois Rivières, Canada from 1889 to 1892.

The role of a U.S. Consul in the 1890s was primarily that of trade promotion. But Smith also performed many other functions such as passport issuance, notarial services, writing evaluation reports for local employ-

ees, protecting American seamen and even officiating at weddings. Despite these many and varied duties, however, Smith found time to perform what is called today "political reporting." On February 10, 1890, less than 3 months after he arrived in Trois Rivières, Smith wrote a thirty-four page report entitled "Fecundity of French Canadians." It was the longest communication ever dispatched from the Trois Rivières Consulate.

Rather than addressing the subject scientifically as a demographer, Smith instead simply manifested his prejudice against French Canadians. He began by calling the Catholic Church in Canada not only the Church of State but the State itself. He traced its role in education and criticized the tremendous power of parish priests in Quebec.

Encouraging fecundity so it could spread its gospel, the church in French Canada, in Smith's view, posed a threat to the United States: French Canadians, he warned, "go to the States not as individuals but as colonies, carrying with them, like the pilgrims, their principles and their priests and keeping themselves as separate and distinct from their neighbors as Jews or Chinese.....They have planted colonies.....distinct in language, customs and religion in the very heart of Protestantism which in the next twenty years, if they obey their pastors, are destined to replace the exhausted and impoverished Puritan race. They have built one hundred and twenty churches which are all in charge of Canadian priests and fifty large convents where nuns of the same race are giving instruction to 30,000 children. Instead of being absorbed like other emigrants, they have reconstructed their old parishes, are adhering to their own language.....and have adopted for their motto 'not that (word illegible) dear to every American heart' but 'our religion, our language, our customs but above all our country (Canada)' The balance of power in a state which was hitherto regarded as the keeper of our national conscience is in the hands of the Philistines."

Smith went on to claim that the provincial government was instructing the tens of thousands of French Canadians in Massachusetts to vote against Senator George Hoar because he had taken positions disliked in Quebec. He ended by warning that "their alliance to Canada might today seriously imperil our American system."

Smith submitted several other reports accusing the French Canadians of evading

the contract labor law and of using their illegally-earned dollars to pay off their mortgaged Canadian farms. On August 9, 1892, Smith asserted that his dire prognostications about the French-Canadian invasion in Massachusetts had come true.

On September 17, 1892, Smith wrote his last report from Trois Rivières. His dispatch included the following about the city: "seven persons and a pig, which is made to feel at home, constitute the average family as a defense against both disease and cold the French Canadian pins his faith on a crustaceous integument. Indeed I have sometimes thought that they, like Hindoo fakers, believed in the holiness of dirt."

Smith then discussed measures being taken in Trois Rivières to ward off an imminent cholera epidemic: "With the usual sagacity, however, of municipal bodies, they have begun setting gangs of men to digging in the streets, turning over earth that for two hundreds years has been saturated with slops, so if by any chance the citizens escape the cholera in October, they may die of typhus in November. A board of health had been appointed but like everything else in Three Rivers, it requires eternities of time to move in and long before it settles down to business, the nimble little bacillus may leap the quarantine and revel in our vitals." He ended with this insult to French Canadians: "I am afraid, too, there is nothing in the inertia of Three Rivers to distinguish it in the province."

Smith's sarcastic and racist comments were somehow made public. He wrote later that his mail had been tampered with. His cynical rants caused a furor in Trois Rivières. The city government called the report "a malicious satire on a very ordinary situation" and an "unwarranted insult to an entire population." Rather than comment on Mr. Smith's "lucubration and ramblings" the city officials would "content (themselves) in dealing with matters of fact only." Soon after the incident, the U.S. Vice Consul from Montreal reported that "the town is considered in a good and satisfactory sanitary condition."

The unofficial response to Smith's charges was less restrained. The Consulate was attacked by a group of angry citizens who threw rocks through the windows. Consul General Patrick Gorman, arriving from Montreal to inspect the damage, voiced his surprise, according to one Canadian newspaper, that Smith "was not mobbed."

(Continued on page 37)

Revised Statutes

Revised Statutes of Maine (R.S. 1871 Chapter 18 Section 1) begins with the words: "County Commissioners have power to lay out, alter or discontinue highways leading from town to town."

Since that section of the law marginally cites R.S. 1857 Chapter 18 Section 1, the authority to lay out Pelletier Road in Madawaska- Frenchville may predate even the incorporation of the towns which took place in 1869. So while attorneys are looking for a deed from the land owner to the town, perhaps the old law might give us a hint that an action of the County Commissioners might have taken place on the road in question crossing the town lines.

In 1853 Fr. Henri Dionne, first Pastor of Ste. Luce wrote two letters to the former Maine Governor, Dr. John Hubbard of Hallowell, regarding the development of roads in the parish. He thanked the governor for his prior assistance in the past, but he bewailed the lack of such support from the new Whig Governor on that subject.

The 1850s were politically troublesome times. The Whig Party was on the wane (soon to be replaced by the Republican

Fr Dionne's politics

Fr Dionne's politics show up in the 1858 Newspaper story which I sent you. the story about a plan to separate the St. John Valley from the rest of Aroostook County has nothing to do with a pastor's duties. yet it shows he had a penchant for democrats.

In 1858 Aroostook was entitled but to one State Senator. Democrat, Major William Dickey of Fort Kent ran for that office against John Mc Closkey, Republican of Houlton. The Aroostook Pioneer shows figures with Dickey carrying a plurality of Votes. But as may be seen in Roger Paradis' Les Papier de Prudent, Mercure', There is in the appendix is a report of the State Senate of Maine on "Election Fraud in the St. John Valley". As a result of the study the vote of the entire St. John Valley was thrown out and the legislature appointed McCloskey to the Senate seat.

If a county, named Madawaska County, (with its shire-town in Fort Kent, of course) the Valley vote would sent Dickey to the State Senate as each county was entitled to at least on State Senator. But the Republicans in Maine were in power. The Democrats would soon splinter over the civil war issue (Copperheads). Yes the Valley would have

Party).. The Democrats were divided. In the election of 1854 Shepard Cary of Houlton ran as an "opposition Democrat" against the leading Maine Democrat of the day, Albion. K. Parris. Splinter parties arose, The Know-Nothings ran a candidate under the American Liberty Party. Whiskey and Rum dealers in 1852 had run a candidate on the Anti-Maine law Party. The law they protested was Maine First Prohibition law of 1851 Homesteaders and farmers put up a candidate under the Free Soil Party ticket.

The Free Soil party never gained the governorship but they may have had an hand in passing the Maine Settlement a Act of 1859 which encouraged homestead development. The land would not be free but at least it became affordable. I cite then R. S. 1871 Chapter 5 section five which reads in part:

"The purchaser shall give for such lands , three notes payable in one, two and three years in labor on the roads in said township....."There were settlement duties noted in the next section which included: "establish his residence on the lot, and within four years from such date to clear on each lot, no less than fifteen acres, ten of which shall be laid down in grass, and to build a

sent Dickey to Augusta, but did you notice the closing line of the newspaper article with its snide remarks about upsetting the French in the St. John Valley?

Father Dionne is given as one of the petitioners for the Madawaska County plan.. Certainly aligned with Democrats wasn't he?

We have no such direct evidence of Fr. Antoine Gosselin's involvement with politics.. Fr. Gosselin left in 1852 just before the rise of the Know-Nothings in Maine. and before the the Aroostook Pioneer began publishing its news weekly. He left before the Know-Nothings ran Anson P. Morrill) for governor (See vote tallies sent with my letter). Fr. Dionne's October 1853 letter to former Maine Governor, John Hubbard, cites a reluctance on the part of Fr. Dionne to write directly to Anson P. Morrill.

Putting it all together, Fr. Dionne's letters and the news stories with Major Dickey praising Fr. Dionne's work with the "Academy at Ste. Luce, and the Madawaska County story, point to the priest's alignment with the Democrats. but in politics evidence often remains circumstantial as it does here. We can't trully know the depth of Know-Nothing involvement, But in the

(Continued on page 38)

comfortable dwelling house on it."

In sum, to encourage settlement the road ways could well have been layed out before hand by the county commissioners in order to give access to lot to potential homesteaders who would pay for the lots by doing culvert work in front of their lots, and all of this may well have happened at the time before Frenchville Madawaska were towns. That is when T. 18 R. 5 was Dionne Plantation and T. 18 R. 4 was Madawaska Plantation like what we may now find on line when we look up the 1860 U.S. Census record to find the names of the families living here at that time.

I wonder after reading John Ezzy's letter to the editor in SJVT June 15 whether he is sitting on a lot originally paid for by road labor by a person who settled there AFTER the county commissioners laid out the road way crossing the town or plantation lines.

Guy Dubay Madawaska, ME

(An Incident in Trois Rivières: Consul Nicholas Smith and the French Canadians
Continued from page 36)

Gorman announced that Smith would soon be replaced in Trois Rivières on account of ill health. One newspaper opined that perhaps Smith had caught pneumonia from the cold drafts coming in through the Consulate's broken windows.

The next ten years saw the Consulate in Trois Rivières ably manned by two young officers"François Bellau (1893-1897) and Urbain Ledoux (1897-1903). Both were Quebec-born immigrants from Maine (Bellau from Lewiston and Ledoux from Biddeford) who, in all probability had worshipped in that State's French Canadian Catholic churches and attended parish schools taught by nuns from Quebec. Ledoux who is buried in Biddeford and spent his summers in the area went on to have a well-publicized career as a social worker/ community organizeer in New York City. Ironically, Nicholas Smith's prediction had come true: the Protestant Yankee was replaced by the invading French Canadian migrant — at least in Trois Rivières. Contrary to Smith's warning, however, our Republic survived.

***Michael Guignard
Alexandria, VA***

My Biddeford and Saco Maine

*From a Memoir, Leaving Maine
By Gérard Coulombe
Fairfield, CT 06824*

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

For those of us who went from our grammar schools to high school, we did so because we were motivated. Either our parents motivated us, or we saw the need for further education, which was available to us. We could have attended the public school, and some students from our Catholic grammar schools might have attended public schools, it would have been anathema for those of us whose parents strongly adhered to the Catholic faith to have attended public schools. It would have

taken an atheist [I never met one in Biddeford], a fallen away Catholic [but never a convert to Protestantism as there was no such person, or a French Catholic who had done the unthinkable in a staunch Catholic family and married an "Irlandais" which is not the same as an American or one of the Protestant beliefs.

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

We were French and Catholic. We started out speaking French at home because

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

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

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

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

Of the two cities, Biddeford was predominantly French-Canadian. That is to say, the majority language was French. It was somewhat different in Saco, where the majority of the populace was staunchly English and Protestant. Although many spoke French and there were a number of residents who attended mass at French-speaking parishes, much of the town had managed to remain Anglo. That is, the preponderance of

homes in Saco were Anglo, and the dominant language on the Street was English, whereas in the homes, on the streets and in the commercial establishments of Biddeford, the language spoken was French or as some preferred, Canadian French.

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

Some people may laugh at that, and, as a matter of fact, many did laugh at our accent, as we spoke our French. "Canuck" was the derogatory term defining Franco Americans and a Canadian hockey team that had adopted the term as its nickname, one that we, by and large, hated before it became popular as the nickname of a Canadian hockey team. "Canuck" meant "dumb" or "stupid" or both depending upon its context. If we as children were not aware of this appellation, we were indeed pretty stupid (Continued on page 39)

(Fr Dionne's politics continued from page 37)

ensuing decade after Fr. Dionne's departure, 149 homesteaders in the St. John Valley were declared to be squatters and told in 1876-77 with eviction notices in hand "to get off the land" read the Chapter, "What the Bishop Knew" in Holman Days, novel, "The Red Lane" Or better yet to uncover the political history of the St. John Valley, read all of Holman Day's books: "The Red Lane", "The Rider of the King Log". "King Spruce", "The Ramrodders", and "Joan of Arc of the North Woods"

Aye, a simple quote from Holman Day's "The Ramrodders":

"The chap who writes for the "Kicker's Column" in the newspaper can tell you how politics should be run, but that's the only privilege he ever gets. Its the chap who keeps still and runs the politics that gets what's to be got out of it. And that's because mankind wants what it wants, and not what it says it wants."

**Guy Dubay
Madawaska, ME**



(My Biddeford and Saco Maine continued from page 38)

because we resented being called that, and as the underdog even though we were the dominant minority in a town, we certainly did not appreciate the appellation.

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

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

We moved to Bradbury, the street around the corner from Cutts Street when the stress and strain of getting along with my aunt, who was nursing my blind grandmother at the time became too much after grandmother died.

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

The Boston and Maine tracks were not so far away. We could hear the rumbling of the train trucks and the hoot of the steam horns, as the freight and passenger trains rolled along on their way to Portland or Boston. We could hear them as they stopped or slowed down along the way as signal sets

went on or off for various reasons. As a boy, I had the full range of the neighborhood as far as we could walk in a day when I was only five years old. It is truly amazing that we had such a full range of the town to amuse ourselves in and at such a young age.

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

They were no ordinary no ordinary playgrounds like the one at Bradbury School on our Street. Bradbury extension was an unfinished street in that it dead-ended at a blasted but ungraded rock ledge that continued to the street perpendicular to it above. There was abandoned granite quarry with water in it where I recall having seen kids swim. Friends had warned me that it was a dangerous water hole. But I was too scared because the talk was that some kids had drowned in it, and we had been forewarned not to play on the ledges cut into the granite face where blocks of it had been cut out. We did play in the woods back there, beyond the quarry.

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

I recall many experiences as a boy because my mother was busy with the girls, my two sisters. I was allowed to roam the streets. I do not recall any friend with whom I was with for the day. O do know that whoever they were, we managed to get around from Mr. Shaw's woods and the pool of deep water from a stream into which we swung from a rope tied to a limb over the pool and

dropped from once over the center without hurting ourselves.

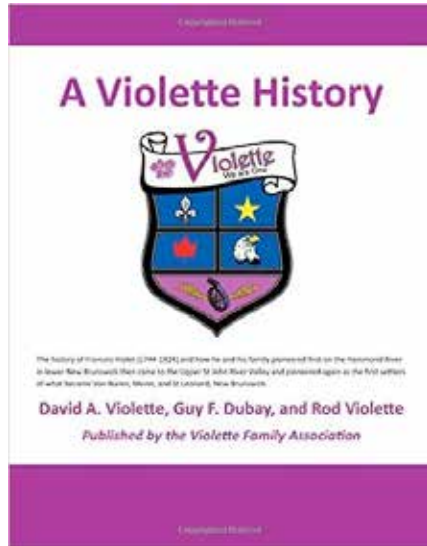
It was imitative of a lot of things we saw older boys do. There were bonfires from dry Christmas trees collected from the neighborhood and kept hidden in an old barn until George Washington's Birthday on February 22. when they were taken out for a bonfire. There was the July 4th fireworks fun that we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

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

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

There was another reason that I could not have understood at the time. That was the appointment of a French speaking Bishop as opposed to an Irish Bishop to the diocese of Portland. And that kind of discontent was the primary reason that my father had with the Irish and the Church in general. I understood later that the Pope settled the problem by telling the Francos to fall in line or else. *(Continued on page 40)*

GENEALOGY/GÉNÉALOGIE



**A Violette History Paperback –
July 15, 2014**
by **David A Violette (Author),
Guy F Dubay (Contributor), Rod
Violette (Contributor)**

This is a project to create a Violette family history book. It was initiated partially because Rita Violette Lippe’s book *Descendants of Francois Violet* is now out of

print and will not be reprinted, and partially because so many members have asked for information about our early ancestors and their life and times.

The book has been published and is available at Amazon. Search for it by title: *A Violette History*, or by any of the coauthors’ names. It is priced at \$38 and was written by David A. Violette, VFA#621; Guy F. Dubay, VFA#892; and Rod Violette, VFA#12.

The three coauthors, all Violette descendants and all Violette Family Association members, worked for almost five years in the research and production of the book. The book includes first hand accounts of author visits to places associated with François Violet/Violette and traces his story from before his birth to his pioneering in the Upper St John River Valley.

There is a listing of the first two generations of the family in North America, along with details of who they married and where they settled, as well as stories of François’ parents and grandparents in France and Fortress Louisbourg. François Violet/Violette was the progenitor of a line of the Violette family in North America coming from what is now northern Maine and northwestern

New Brunswick. Born in 1744 in Saintes, France, François Violet moved with his parents in 1749 to Île Royale (Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia) so his father could help the French rebuild Fortress Louisbourg. His mother died in 1751 and by 1759 he had come under a surrogate guardianship due to financial difficulties of his father. When his parents were sent back to France after the British took over Louisbourg again, François stayed behind. This is the history of François Violet (1744-1824) and how he and his family pioneered first on the Hammond River in lower New Brunswick then came to the Upper St John River Valley and pioneered again as the first settlers of what became Van Buren, Maine, and St Leonard, New Brunswick.

<https://www.amazon.com/Violette-History-David>



Franco American writers, artists, poets: University of Maine Franco retreat

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN BLOG
by **Juliana L’Heureux | CONTRIBUTOR**

A group of over 30 people shared in the many expressions of cultural diversity and the Franco-American immigration experience, at a retreat held at the University of Maine’s beautiful Darling Marine Center in Walpole (near Damariscotta), Maine. A summary of the program explored how the Franco-American (and Native American) cultural experiences are, frankly, hidden in most of American history and literature.

Sponsored by the Franco American Studies program at the University of Maine, it was the fifth annual retreat of Franco-American writers and artists, held on April 22–24, in Walpole.

More than 30 attendees from Maine, New England, other US states, as well as from Quebec, and New Brunswick, Canada attended, said, Susan Pinette an Associate

Professor of Modern Languages, and Literatures and Director of Franco American Studies at The University of Maine.

Lisa Michaud, the managing editor of the University of Maine’s *Le Forum*, quarterly journal, worked with Pinette to coordinate the weekend’s cultural program.

Members of the Franco-American creative community gathered to share their work in a culturally supportive space, said Pinette. In fact, the public was welcomed to attend the free event on Saturday, April 23, to view and participate in the presentations.

Pinette opened the forum with a Friday night group discussion about an example of Franco-Americans expressed in contemporary literature. In fact, she has written about contemporary Franco American *(Continued on page 42)*

(My Biddeford and Saco Maine continued from page 39)

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

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

**LAMARRE
(Lamore)
FAMILY #1**

Les Familles LAMARRE

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 De La Mare, born 1629 in France, died 1686 in PQ, son of Adrien Le LaMare and Marie Rebel/Rehel from the village of Pîtres, department of Seine-Maritime, ancient province of Normandie, France, married on 21 April 1659 in Québec city to Jeanne Grenier, born circa 1640 in France, died in PQ, widow of René Maheu and the daughter of Sébastien Grenier and Marie Roux from the town of St.Denis-d'Oléron, Ile d'Oléron, department of Charente-Maritime, ancient province of Saintonge, France. Pîtres is located 10 miles south-southeast of the city of Rouen and St.Denis-d'Oléron is located 19 miles west-northwest of the city of Rochefort.

A	Adrien	before	1629	Marie Rebel/Rehel	France	1
1	Louis	21 Apr	1659	Jeanne Grenier	Québec city	2
2	Pierre	07 Feb	1684	M.-Louise Paulet	St.Pierre, I.O.	3
3	Pierre 1m.	20 Oct	1720	M.-Barbe Fournier	cont. Michon	6
	" 2m.	16 Jul	1753	M.-Anne Chrétien	cont. Kervézo	
6	Joseph	10 Jan	1763	M.-Louise Rousseau	St.Pierre-du-Sud	13
13	Joseph	01 Apr	1788	Frse.-Ursule Kirouac	Islet	18
	François-Bénoni	05 Jun	1798	M.-Françoise Gamache	Islet	19/13A
18	Gabriel-J.	04 Oct	1809	M.-Angélique Talon	Islet	22
	Simon-Alex. 1m.	18 Aug	1812	Marguerite Poitras	Islet	
	" 2m.	01 Mar	1824	Charlotte Talon	Islet	24
19	Dominique 1m.	17 Feb	1824	Henriette Lavoie	Islet	25
	" 2m.	22 Feb	1832	M.-Françoise Boulet	Islet	
	Pierre	13 Feb	1827	M.-Eléonore Poitras	Islet	27
22	Michel	07 Jan	1846	Lisa Caouette	Cap St.Ignace	34
	Firmin	09 Jan	1855	Geneviève Morin	Islet	35/22A
24	Alexandre 02 Sep	1851		Angélique Ouellet	St.Simon, Rim.	24A
25	Pierre	19 Jul	1852	Henriette Litalien	St.Roch-Aulnaies	25A
27	Léon	23 Jan	1855	Adèle Talon	Cap St.Ignace	27A
34	Léopold	19 Jul	1892	M.-Louise Bernier	Islet	34A
35	Zélie	08 Oct	1888	Thomas Landry	St.François, Beauce	

(b.1865 PQ-d.28 Sep 1897 Wtvl.)

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

13A	Louis	09 Feb	1847	Adèle Ouellette	Frenchville	13B
13B	Jean	07 Jan	1884	Clarisse Bossé	Frenchville	13C
13C	Octave	23 Oct	1928	Joséphine Pelletier	Brunswick(SJB)	
22A	Eugénie	05 Jul	1879	Frédéric Bolduc	Waterville(SFS)	
	M.-Marthesie	14 Jun	1880	David Veilleux	Waterville(SFS)	
	"Letitia"					
	Athénaïse	25 Nov	1889	Eugène Pomerleau	Waterville(SFS)	
	"Thérèse"					
	Jules	09 Jan	1890	Léda "Ida" Breton	Waterville(SFS)	22B
	Napoléon*	21 Apr	1890	Rose Pomerleau	Waterville(SFS)	
	* dit LAMBERT					
	Léa	25 Aug	1890	Alfred Rodrigue	Waterville(SFS)	
	Wilberge	28 Jan	1895	Vilbon Pomerleau	Waterville(SFS)	
	Joséphine	05 Aug	1895	Pierre Roy	Waterville(SFS)	
	Léonce 1m.	12 May	1907	Clara Busque	Fairfield(IHM)	
	" 2m.	05 Jun	1911	Martha-M. Dubé	Waterville(SFS)	22C
22B	Lionel-M.	30 May	1925	Anna-M. Albert	Waterville(ND)	22D
22C	Annette	14 Sep	1940	Alfred Morin	Waterville(SH)	
	Albert-Laurent	30 Apr	1955	Rita Nardi	Waterville(SH)	22E
	Eugène	25 Aug	1956	Shirley Carey(Busque)	Waterville(SH)	
22D	Bernard	05 Jan	1952	Lorraine Thériault	Waterville(ND)	
	Ida-Mae 1m.	24 Apr	1954	Laurent Gauthier	Waterville(ND)	
	" 2m.	19__		Grover Hews	Waterville!	
22E	Kevin-Lawr.	26 May	1978	Sarah-Anne Michaud	Waterville(SH)	
24A	Emma	15 Jul	1883	Jean-Bte. Bernier	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Siméon	26 Apr	1886	M.-Rose Dubé	Berlin, NH(St.Anne)	
25A	Joseph	12 Nov	1906	Marie Bélanger	Lewiston(SPP)	
27A	Emérilda	03 Jun	1883	Louis "Peter" Emond	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Alvine	23 Jan	1887	Léonce Fortin	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Napoléon	05 May	1890	Rosanna Lemay	Brunswick(SJB)	27B

(Continued on page 42)

(LAMARRE, continued from page 41)

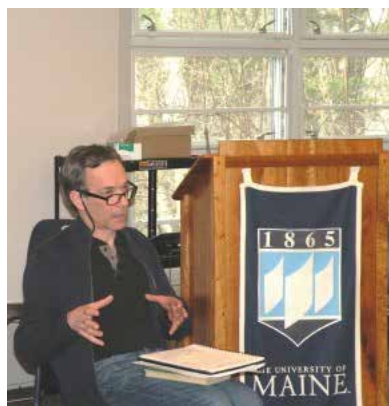
	Pomela	16 Sep	1890	Alfred-J. Cloutier	Brunswick(SJB)
	"	21 Nov	1893	"	Brunswick(civ. rec.)
	Alphonse	30 Mar	1891	Marguerite Aubé	Westbrook(St.Hy.)
	Eugénie 1m.	10 Aug	1896	Burton-R. Brackley	Brunswick(SJB)
	" 2m.	29 May	1912	Joseph Ouellette	Lewiston(SPP)
27B	Joseph-E.	11 Jan	1904	Alice Roberge	Lewiston(SPP) 27C
	Edward	14 May	1917	Alice-C. Tremblay	Brunswick(SJB) 27D
	Auguste	25 Jun	1917	Yvonne/Éva Poitras	Brunswick(SJB) 27E
	Napoléon	27 Jun	1921	Rose-Alda Painchaud	Brunswick(SJB) 27F
	Albert-J.	04 May	1925	Émilie Levasseur	Brunswick(SJB)
	Fernand	14 Jan	1946	Palma Francoeur	Lewiston(SPP)
27C	Joseph-Antonio	22 Oct	1923	Germaine-G. Lavigne	Lewiston(SPP) 27G
27D	Violette	30 Mar	1940	Albert Martin	Brunswick(SJB)
	Roger-E.	17 Oct	1942	Sophia Simonovich	Lewiston(St.Pat.)
	Romain	07 Jun	1947	Barbara-M. Ritchie	Brunswick(SCB)
	Nancy-J.	23 Jun	1951	Dominic Dalessio	Brunswick(SJB)
	Bernadette-P.	27 Jun	1953	James-J. Nolan	Brunswick(SJB)
	Edward-Richard	09 Jun	1956	Pauline-Lucille Gaudreau	Brunswick(SJB)
	Jacqueline-M.	11 Apr	1959	Louis-Adélaré Bisson	Brunswick(SJB)
	Ronald-Louis	27 Nov	1965	Phyllis-M. Brooke	Brunswick(SJB)
27E	Rosanna-Claire	04 Feb	1939	Roger-Adrien Francoeur	Brunswick(SJB)
	Robert-Lucien	24 Apr	1944	Lucienne-A. Thiboutot	Brunswick(SJB) 27H
	Rosaire	30 May	1966	Rolande Allen	Lewiston(SPP)
27F	Jean-Paul-G.	15 Oct	1955	Rachel-Alma Gaudreau	Brunswick(SJB)
27G	Jeanne	20 May	1946	Ralph Starkey	Lewiston(SPP)
	Blanche-G.	20 Jan	1951	Bowdoin-M. Hatch	Lewiston(St.Jos.)
27H	Robert-Maurice	12 Aug	1967	Kathleen-Ann Silvius	Brunswick(SJB)
34A	Fernand	07 Jan	1929	Cécile Poitras	Brunswick(SJB)
N0	J.-Octave			Catherine Langlois	Islet N1 ?
N1	Edmond-Octave	1886		Célanire Théberge	Brunswick(SJB) N2
	(b.1-10-1885 Islet - d.11-9-1931 Brunswick)				
N2	M.-Louise	16 Jun	1913	Onésime Michaud	Brunswick(SJB)
	Joseph	10 Nov	1913	Alice Paradis	Brunswick(SJB) N3
	Exilia	03 Jul	1916	William Paradis	Brunswick(SJB)
N3	Roger	05 Jul	1941	Virginia Sawyer	Brunswick(SJB)
	Raymond-A. 1m.	19 Jan	1946	Lorette-P. Beaulieu	Brunswick(SJB) N4
	" 2m.	30 Nov	1974	Rachel-Rita Cameron	Brunswick(SJB)
N4	Evelyn	10 May	1969	Gérard Breton	Brunswick(SJB)
	Phyllis	13 Feb	1971	William Thiboutot	Brunswick(SJB)
	George-Raym.	28 Aug	1971	Victoria-Norma Day	Brunswick(SJB)

(See Fall Issue of *Le Forum* for more on the Lamarre Family)

Franco American writers, artists, poets: University of Maine Franco retreat continued from page 40)

can literature, and its significance to ethnic and American studies. Elizabeth Kadetsky's "Ghosts and Chimeras" was an example of how culture and ancestry impacted on one family's experience.

"I like to believe there are ancestral teachings to be gleaned from our presumed forefather's....", wrote Kadetsky. This particular article opened an opportunity for participants to share personal experiences about language, culture, ancestry and diversity. Although the conversations became seriously immersed in personal experiences, the storyteller and performer Susan Poulin (Pardon My French) from South Berwick and Eliot ME, lightened the mood by commenting on her Franco-American heritage as being a like person who identifies with the "hyphen" between the two ethnic words.

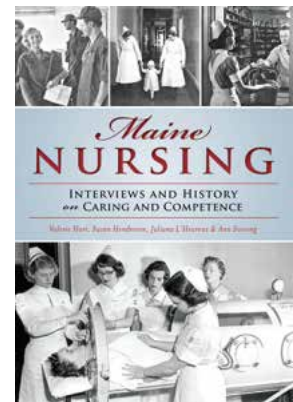


Poet Steven Riel Franco-American Poet Steven Riel read from his collections at the retreat on April 23, in Walpole.

Poet Steven Riel, was among the Franco-American participants. He is the author of one full-length collection of poetry, *Fellow Odd Fellow*, published by Trio House Press in 2014, as well as three chapbooks of poet-

ry: *How to Dream, The Spirit Can Crest*, and most recently, *Postcard from P-town*, which was selected as runner-up for the inaugural Robin Becker Chapbook Prize and published in 2009 by Seven Kitchens Press. Riel's poems have appeared in several anthologies and in numerous periodicals, including *The Minnesota Review*, *International Poetry Review*, and *Evening Street Review*. In 2005, Christopher Bursk named him the Robert Fraser Distinguished Visiting Poet at Bucks County (PA) Community College. Riel received an MFA in Poetry in 2008, from New England College, where he was awarded a Joel Oppenheimer Scholarship.

My personal contribution to the writer's program included an open reading from the newly published *Maine Nursing: Interviews and History on Caring and Competence*. It was my pleasure to read the narrative about Louise Davis (page 112), a nurse practitioner I interviewed, who was an AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency) educator during the 1980's, when the AIDS/HIV epidemic was, at the time, threatening the lives of millions of sexually active young people.



Nursing History Centennial Maine Nursing: Interviews and History on Caring and Competence by co-authors Valerie Hart, Juliana L'Heureux, Susan Henderson and Ann Sossong

For more information about the weekend program, contact Lisa Michaud, lisa.michaud@umit.maine.edu (also managing editor of *Le Forum*) or Susan Pinette, spinette@maine.edu at the University of Maine in Orono.

<http://contributors.pressherald.com/un-categorized/franco-american-writers-artists-poets-university-of-maine-franco-retreat/>

(See page 43 for more photos and our invited artist during the Franco-American Writers Gathering)

ERICA VERMETTE



Archive I: Family was created in collaboration with the participants at the 2016 Franco-American gathering in Walpole, ME. The piece was inspired by Elizabeth Kadetsky’s “Ghosts and Chimeras”, an essay that explores the way that family history and collective memory is constructed and passed down.

The idea behind Archive was to create a sort of “memory library” that would be at once permanent and temporal. Participants were given slips of paper with unique serial numbers and a tear-away “receipt” portion. Each paper had a prompt asking the participant to recall a particular kind of memory

about a family member—things like ghost stories, anecdotal legends about long-ago family members, personal memories about same-age relatives, and so on. The participants were asked to fill out the prompts, then turn them in, removing the receipt portion and keeping it for their own reference.

The result was a small library of memories, neatly labeled and filed—but completely inaccessible to anyone who wasn’t present at the event. The only “key” to accessing the archive are the artist’s memory, and the receipts that were given out with the prompts—both deliberately unreliable means. Most slips of paper were lost right away, some were mislabeled, and some participants either neglected to or decided not to take their receipts with them. The idea was to mimic the fallibility of memory, especially collective memory.

The format was chosen as a deliberate reference to quilting. I wanted to allude to textiles and the fiber arts for two reasons: because of the incredible importance of the textile industry and mills in Franco American history, and because the fiber arts have been so central to the way my Franco heritage has been passed down to me. The “quilt” format seemed especially appropriate, conjuring notions of tradition, inherited memory, and collaboration.

<http://ericavermette.com>



Erica Vermette Art



David Vermette



Joe Arsenault



Abby Paige



Joan Vermette and Laurie Graves



Dean Louder



Group Discussion



Bob Perreault & Mary Rice-Defosse



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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