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Le FORUM



“AFIN D’ÊTRE EN PLEINE POSSESSION DE SES MOYENS”

VOLUME 45, #3

FALL/AUTOMNE 2023

The Third Annual Young Franco-American Summit (YFAS)



(Top left to right): Celia Wong, Kevin Harrington, Mercédès Baillargeon, Jacob Lamontagne, Wesley Morris-Laviolette, Shawn Pinette. (Bottom left to right): Camden Martin, Maddie Kehne, Shamari Sykes, Melody Keilig (Desjardins), Jessamine Irwin, Kristen Morris-Laviolette. (See page 21)

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other pertinent websites to check out -
- Les Français d’Amérique / French In America
Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002**
http://www.johnfishersr.net/french_in_america_calendar.html
- Franco-American Women’s Institute:** <http://www.fawi.net>
- Franco-Americans of Maine, Then and Now:**
<https://francoamericanstories.net>
- Franco American Portal Project:** <https://francoamericanportal.org>





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

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

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Le FORUM



Gérard P. Coulombe
9/3/1931 - 10/10/2023

*This issue is dedicated in loving memory to:
Ce numéro est dédié en douce mémoire à:*

Gérard P. Coulombe
9/3/1931 - 10/10/2023

Gérard P. Coulombe, age 92, Born September 3, 1931, in Biddeford, ME, passed away peacefully on October 10th, 2023. Gérard was the eldest child of Clara (Coutu) and Felix Coulombe.

He is survived by his wife, Juliette (Salvas) Coulombe, whom he married as a student at the Newman Center Chapel, University of Maine, his sister, Julienne Asselin of Vermont, his son and daughter-in-law, Kevin Coulombe and Mary Monfort of Edmonds, WA, his son, Thad Coulombe of Hartford, CT, Theo Coulombe and his fiancée Victoria Hood of Sharon, CT, his daughter Renee Coulombe of Pocasset, MA, and his grandchildren, Ted Coulombe his partner Amanda and Ted's mother Kathleen Mylen-Coulombe of West Haven, CT; Emily Ford and fiancé Mitch of Keansburg, NJ; Sarah Ford and her partner Ben of Boston, MA; Conor Ford of Lee, MA; Sophia Ford and her partner Brett of Chicago, IL, many nieces

and nephews and grandnieces and grandnephews, extended family members Rose, Paul and Ashley Ross, and Megan Doback and Peter Doback, whose lives were impacted by the great love shown to them. He was predeceased by his sister, Thérèse Collard of Biddeford, ME.

Growing up in the French speaking, French-Canadian community of Biddeford Maine, Gérard worked at the local textile mill as a teenager to help support his family. In elementary school, his 4th-grade teacher took him to McArthur Library to take out books to improve his English and further his studies. Here, his love of education began. Gérard graduated from St Louis High School, Biddeford, ME. He immediately enlisted in the US Airforce (1950-1954) just prior to the Korean War. He was honorably discharged (National Defense Service Medal) at the rank of staff sergeant. He went to college on the GI Bill at the University of Maine, Orono, where he earned a BA and master of Arts in Education and later earned a Sixth-year certificate from Hofstra University. Gérard went on to become the Chairman of the English Department at Schriber High School, Port Washington, NY, and retired in 1993 as Assistant Principal of Darien High School, Darien, Connecticut. Gérard was an advocate for students with disabilities. He admired teachers who could reach students with all types of learning styles. He enjoyed camping, woodworking, art, theater, taking long drives with his wife, Julie, on Sunday afternoons, and spending weekends with long-time friends. He achieved his goal of driving cross-country with his nephew, David Collard. His second trip was solo and covered other routes, west and east, across the US. In retirement, he volunteered at Kolbe Cathedral High School, teaching English. He helped organize the Black Rock Food Pantry with fellow St Ann Parishioners and Black Rock Residents Dr. Jim Roach and Dr. Gery Habansky. Gérard was a writer, poet, and avid reader and passed that passion of reading onto his children and grandchildren. He contributed many articles for the University of Maine, Franco American program quarterly, Le FORUM, and many poetry publications. He was a member of the Connecticut Poetry Society and a member of a local poetry group, which he enjoyed so much.

Visitation for Gerard will take place Friday, November 3rd, 2023, 9:30-11:30 a.m. at the Lesko & Polke Funeral Home, 1209 Post Road, Fairfield Center. Funeral services will take place at 11:30 a.m. His burial will be held privately. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to Le Forum, 110 Crossland Hall, Orono, ME 04469-5719. For travel directions or to sign his online guest register, please visit www.LeskoPolkeFuneralHome.com *Published by Connecticut Post & Darien Times on Oct. 25, 2023.*

A WORD ABOUT THE DEATH OF MY FATHER*

*He was much unknown to me
Because he lived a life
Bent over the warp tying
Machine in a damp weave room,
Using his eyepiece to see
The strands of cotton stretched
Across the woof of would be
Cloth passing through arthritic
Fingers of his own lifeline.
He was born in a card room
Where he was, combed and spun
Sized and lashed across*

*The warp of his timeline where God
Granted him the same pattern
Given his father before,
Lowered by chain into
The dyeing vat and then hung
From the rafters, there to dry,
And, here, he was meant to die.*

• First appeared in *EMBERS*, volume 8,
no. 2, 1983

— **Gérard Coulombe**

(Continued on page 4)

Le Forum

MAINE

(N.D.L.R. All photos used with permission from the McArthur Public Library Archives & Special Collections)

Two Franco-Americans in Biddeford, Maine

Our Fathers : Joseph Salvas and Felix Coulombe: Stage Actors, Both As members of the J. Salvas Troupe of Actors.

*By Gérard Coulombe
[Formerly of Biddeford, Maine]*

Acting was a beloved activity of individuals like my father and future father-in-law. My future sisters in-law, frequently had parts in many theatrical performances given by my future father-in-law, Joseph Salvas of Biddeford, Maine. He, Salvas led and acted in his company of which my dad, Felix Coulombe, was a long-time member.

The two, my father and my father-in-law to be, had been these champions of theater and acting, albeit at a time when theatre was deemed the entertainment of the times, even as the motion picture industry was to soon become a most influential genre of entertainment, out pacing in-person theatrical works. But vaudeville remained a mainstay of Saturday entertainment at the City Hall Theatre in Biddeford, Maine, a town in which my wife and I grew up to attend Catholic schools in and, later, met.

While I was in college, Juliette Salvas and I had married. She was a graduate of Saint Mary's School of Nursing in Lewiston, Maine, we had two children at the University of Maine, Orono, in what was called the South Apartments, with near barrack type living, supervised by a draconian on the one hand but tough and fair man on the other, we thought, for, as a tough gentleman who was not always thought to be so by married students living on campus in the South Apartments; it became for all of us who lived there, a place where so many surprises took place weather-wise and otherwise, which in retrospect, wasn't at all that bad.

If anyone had asked me about my father, the actor, I could not have believed it, as for my father in our household, he was, except for Saturday afternoons and Sunday from ten-thirty a.m. to whatever hour we went to bed. The reason that my two younger sisters and I hardly ever saw our dad, in that he was sleeping when we awoke, dressed, prepared for school, and left home for school.

Starting in high school, 1946, I did not see my father because I had left for school before he was out of bed; although, my sisters might have seen him, I did not, as I was attending Saint Louis high school across town, and I had a job of one kind or another, and went to those jobs rather than return home during the school day. Only summers were different, when my sisters might have seen him more regularly than I, because they were not of employable age. I had one job after another while in high school. I was never an athlete, although I tried to be for one season of football. I was a good observer of the game, but never a good enough athlete to become one. And, so I worked at a variety of jobs.



Felix Coulombe

To be helpful and to stay occupied, I started working after school and week-ends, and summers. I was a paperboy, worked at the market near Pike and Cross Street where I helped by stacking shelves, and doing the most important job of scooping ice cream atop the cones we sold.

In the interim, my mother might have



Felix Coulombe

been sad over the fact that she had agreed that I be allowed to discern my vocation, which was that I become a Brother of the Sacred Heart. The summer following sixth grade, my father readily hired a car and driver to take us to Winthrop, Maine, where the Brothers had acquired an « L » shaped farm with an entrance on the Route above town but running through it on its way to the Capitol, Augusta. The good thing for those of you thinking where the school might have been, part of the farming property, the back end of it, abutted Upper Narrow Pond, Kennebec County, the front end was in Winthrop, the route going through it on its way to Hartford.

There, I stayed as a student. The student body was small, not much more than two-hands-full. I must confess that mother made the sacrifice of letting me go; it could not have been easy. I for one, enjoyed the discipline and the prayerful atmosphere in which we were to thrive. On the other hand, my future, was to become more traditional, in that after an illness that required hospitalization, I did return, fell down again with the re-curring pain in my right hip, and this time, I was sent home to recoup. But, instead of returning to the novitiate, I entered high school, having skipped eighth grade, altogether, recuperating; immobilization until the head of the femur healed. « Leggs-Parkinson » was the disease. But, I later learned that girls were affected, too.

I never learned how my father felt about my leaving, returning home, and never going back to the novitiate, as we never had much to say, one to the other. It was always
(Continued on page 5)

(Two Franco-Americans in Biddeford, Maine continued from page 4)

WINTER/HIVER 2020-21

(Two Franco Americans in Biddeford, Maine continued from page 4)

mother, in the main, who supervised our growing up. And, it is here that I must add that mom left me to believe that I was to be responsible for myself because she had enough of my two sisters to care and counsel, whereas, I, a man, could take care of myself. Indeed, I did, in that all the while I worked, I gave her my wages, and she gave me whatever I asked for that I needed to the extent that I was working and self-reliant.

While the Joseph Salvias' Company of Franco American actors, men and women, with boys and girls as needed, the girls, often, from the Salvias family, his daughters, Rose and Anne and, perhaps, the youngest, too, Marguerite, performed. My wife, the youngest, never did. It took me a long time before I learned my father had been an actor before he married.

Had I known as a kid that acting had been one of my dad's avocations, I would have better understood his personal lack of communication; I had not witnessed any of this, what might have called, sermonizing, only because, as a altar boy, having had experiences as a listener to the priest preaching, which declamation sometimes uses acting to illustrate a point, I suddenly realized what my father was doing, whenever he spoke in company, or whenever, but, infrequently, when his three older brothers from Canada voyaged, via the Grand Trunk Railway, to Lewiston to visit with relatives there, and then to Biddeford, via Portland, to visit with my dad. And, having double bunked with us in Biddeford, and as my dad never owned a car in his life, and he never got himself a drivers license, whenever we traveled by car with company, as when his brothers visited, my dad rented a car and driver, even, as poor as we were, living in a tenement all of our lives as children, we could not have had the money to afford such largess, as to rent a car and driver to have us all driven, he and I and his brothers, to Hartford, Connecticut, where their married sister lived with her husband and child who, as a drafted adult during World War II, died in an accident, having been struck by a vehicle, as he crossed a Street in Baghdad while his outfit was posted in Iraq.

The acting company, owned by my father-in-law, Jovite Salvias, is remembered in a collection of artifacts given by Jovite Salvias, my father-in-law, who joined one of his actors, my dad, Felix Coulombe, to donate artifacts from their individual collec-

tions to the McArthur Library in Biddeford, Maine, where the collection is available for viewing upon request.

Postscript

Neither my wife nor I knew of this collection until we, somehow, learned about it. I, personally have been to the library in Biddeford, upon short visits to Maine, but never long enough to view all photos in the collection or other paraphernalia, such as posters announcing a play at the City Theatre or elsewhere in the New England States, wherever there were Franco-American Communities. The church hall was frequently the venue for such presentations.



Joseph Salvias

But **City Hall** in Biddeford had been their production center in the day.

Although I had never given acting a chance, myself. As a teacher, I had a friend, Mr. Barr, a teacher also, who had been a Hollywood child actor who had gone to college and had, too, obtained a teaching certificate in teaching and directing plays. In our town of Port Washington, N.Y., where we taught, he had been successful at directing high school students in plays, and, later, when he moved to Michigan, he taught a few students who later went on to appear on Broadway, and he was proud of this achievement.

While I, as his friend, had taken opportunities to try out for roles in plays wherever an adult was thought needed for a particular role. So, I landed the role of Sergeant Javorski in **The Great Sebastian**. I don't know that I knew it, but I was Russian in the role. Later, I had fun acting, as much as my father had, although, I became in my



youth and older years, a lot more verbal than my father had ever been for, how do you know a father if all of the time because we lived in the same household, and, although he visited us, once with mom in New York, where I chaired the English Department, with a Master's degree in English from the University of Maine, that while a University Resident of Orono attending school on the G.I. Bill, a choice that I had made because my wife to be was a recent graduate of the Saint Mary's school of nursing in Lewiston. When discharged from the Air Force, rather than attend school, elsewhere in the country, as I had thought I might, I registered at Maine to await intended's graduation. I may or may not have this right. But, for being more voluble than my dad, I had made a decision to get married. I never heard the story of how my dad approached marriage, for, as our mom, often said of her marriage, «We took the late train,» and as far as I was concerned, I might have, too.

As for acting, one of the actors in my father-in-law's company, was a cousin of ours, related to my dad. Where, exactly, Conrad Coulombe actually came from, I remain vague on the subject. In retrospect, I know Conrad's wife might have felt abused by him because he never left his mother's home after he married, and they had four children, I believe. Conrad's mother had remarried, a Mr. Grenier, and I cannot say that it was his or her home, while it was, obvious from our visits that Conrad and his family lived with his mother and her husband. I was old enough to wonder about that, but I never resolved the problem for the reasons that I mentioned already. For an actor, Felix (Continued on page 6)

(Two Franco-Americans in Biddeford, Maine continued from page 5)

Le Forum

MAINE

(Two Franco-Americans in Biddeford, Maine continued from page 4)

was never vocal. That is, as he was at work during half the day, he couldn't share much with his family. And when he was at home and we were all together, my dad said little, and was content to vocalize only when we had guests that he knew well, and, in front of whom, he could speak eloquently and profoundly, much as if he were delivering his lines in a role that he was portraying while acting.

And, so, my dad played a brief part in my life. As I have written, probably; he visited my wife, Juliette Salvas, and I when we lived in Port Washington, N.Y., where I taught English. A friend came for a visit just to meet my dad and to practice his French. But, in total surprise to both of us, my dad replied in English to the question posed in French. And so, both of us were stunned, as I had impressed upon our visitors that dad might just sit and not respond to any remarks in English because he did not speak it. But, the actor he was, he did and surprised us all, taking us all aback. What do you do with a man who is not supposed to speak English but does?

That, was one part of my father. For the rest of his life he remained what I later understood to be his reticent manner. Oh! All the while, more than for forty years, having taken the late train to marry, he continued being for nearly half his life, the absent man in our lives. He might have worked days, but his choice hours were those between two in the afternoon and midnight when he arrived back home.

Think about what he and we missed. Maybe, it was all for the better for him. I do not know how his wife, our mother felt. I got used to his hardly ever being home because I was away, too. My sisters told me, once, they had a better recollection of Dad than I do.

As for both, my father and my father-in-law, they, in the interim years between home-grown Franco-American theatre doing French and French Canadian plays when younger, it was their « metier, » in between the work that they did in the real jobs that each held, all those years. My father might have been older than my father-in-law, but I doubt it. My dad had taken the late train, my mother's term, one that I often heard her use in describing her marriage. Often enough, I might say, that the term stayed with me, « the late train. »



Advertising image for play "Le Mystere Barton" (1933)

Note: The Salvas/Coulombe collection is held by the Biddeford, Maine, McArthur Public Library, Special Collections.

Murder in Waltham: An Acadian Story

Patrick Lacroix

**Content warnings:
Sexual abuse, violence**

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Linden seemed to lead a quiet life. In the 1920s, like other men from the small, seaside town of West Arichat, Nova Scotia, Felix worked in the fisheries. Mrs. Linden—Hattie—raised their two young children and kept the home. They lived in a tight-knit community and were but a short walk from friends and family. If the trail of official records is any indication, there was little to set them apart from millions of Canadians leading an equally ordinary existence.

From those records alone, we would never know that the Lindens, as young people, had traveled to earn a living in the United States. They had joined tens of thousands of Maritimers who, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, sought new opportunities south of the border. This movement was not confined to English speakers. In Fitchburg, Gloucester, Lynn, New Bedford, and Waltham, Massachusetts, and in Old Town and Rumford in Maine, Acadians settled, worked, and formed communities. Mr. and Mrs. Linden had been among them. They were Acadians and theirs was a French-speaking household. Hattie was a LeBlanc by birth.

According to one source, Abraham LeBlanc, a carpenter, had 21 children by his two wives, Olive and Marie. In that simple fact we may have all we need to understand why young Hattie, born of the second marriage, left home to seek her own bread while still a teen. In the winter of 1907-1908, the family very nearly starved. Only aged 14, Hattie was hired to work as a maid at the home of Clarence and Lillian Glover on Main Street, near Chamberlain Terrace, in Waltham. Her sisters went to Massachusetts about the same time and they had a number of stepsiblings in Gloucester. There was nothing unusual about any of this. But our protagonist's life suddenly and forever changed the night of November 20, 1909. The next day, a 16-year-old Acadian



Hattie LeBlanc
Boston Globe, December 15, 1910

girl appeared on the front page of the *Boston Globe*. “Glover Is Dead, Slayer Missing,” the headline read. Someone had fatally shot Clarence Glover—and young Hattie was nowhere to be found.



Boston Daily Globe, November 22, 1909

The circumstances were, at first glance, straightforward. Arriving separately, Glover and Hattie had met after hours at the large commercial laundry that Glover owned and operated only a few steps from the Moody Street bridge in Waltham. Either in the second-floor company office or in the adjoining stairway, Glover was shot twice in the torso. With what strength he had left, he crawled down and found his way to a nearby private hospital. He expired several hours later—after clearly identifying Hattie as his assailant.

The foremost suspect was searched for. Police in different towns set watches on the homes of family members. They monitored northbound trains—in Maine, authorities intercepted a young woman who matched her description—and dredged part of the Charles River in case Hattie had committed suicide. They also searched the Glover home twice. After the funeral, following a tip, Waltham police searched the house a third time. They found Hattie hiding under the Glovers' bed, where she had sought refuge after the incident at the laundry. Mrs. Glover claimed to have no knowledge of Hattie's presence.

In the intervening three days, perhaps hoping for a new Lizzie Borden, the press paid close attention to the case. The *Boston Globe* instantly picked up the story and local papers across New England followed. Hattie became a celebrity. As we might expect of this era, the story played out along traditional gendered lines. Reporters focused on Hattie's youth and appearance. Alternatively identified as 16 or 17, she was “very short and well developed” or yet “short and plump.” She stood no more than five feet tall and had a small face. She spoke broken English. The slain entrepreneur, for his part, was quickly eulogized. He “came from a very excellent family . . . and moved in excellent social circles.” But, already, by the second day, as speculation grew about Hattie's whereabouts and motives, the press took a second look at Clarence Glover.

Reporters followed the salacious trail suggested by Glover's secretive meeting with his teenaged maid. Mrs. Glover had known that “the relations between the girl and her husband were not right . . . she had continued to keep the girl in her house and to treat her as one of the family for the purpose of shielding her.” In addition, “there are those who say he [Glover] had made a practice of taking girls riding in his automobile.” Weeks earlier, Irene LeBlanc had found her younger sister in deep emotional distress, but had not quite pulled the truth from her. Despite Irene's entreaties, Hattie likely felt isolated and may not have known where to turn. We can only wonder how many domestic servants faced the same quandary in that era—a situation made worse in Hattie's case by ethnic, class-based, and gendered barriers.

Quite literally pulled from her hiding place, Hattie LeBlanc accused Glover of assault. She had not shot him, however.

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Murder in Waltham: An Acadian Story
continued from page 7)

She had heard gunshots while leaving the building; a third party must have come in and carried out the deed. She would later explain that both she and Glover had heard a rustling sound—like that of a dress—while in the company office, possibly prompting her employer to pull out a revolver as she left. The revolver that ultimately killed him was in fact his. The killer may also have taken it from a drawer or brought it for the express purpose of murder. According to this version of events, Glover accused Hattie because it was so dark in the office that he could only presume that she had been the one wielding the weapon. Still, evidence of a third person's presence on the grounds of the laundry surfaced well after Hattie had been apprehended. The crime scene was hardly fresh.

It is possible that Hattie had a secret protector—or that Glover had a secret enemy. Mrs. Glover was expressionless when she learned of the shooting and she refused to see her dying husband. She was similarly stoic when the primary suspect was pulled from under her own bed. Observers speculated that relatives had served as sentries at the house at the time of the funeral. In fact, in June 1910, seven acquaintances of Hattie and the Glovers were indicted on a charge of serving as accessories after the fact by knowingly concealing the young woman. The judge dismissed the case the very next day: in his view, the prosecution had failed to produce evidence that could lead to a conviction.

An additional twist lies in Mrs. Glover's own story. She was born Lillian LeBlanc and her family hailed from West Arichat, Nova Scotia, where she attended a convent school. In Massachusetts, she worked as a mill girl in Newton and as a seamstress before meeting Clarence Glover, whom she wed in 1900. Initially, the press identified her as Hattie's cousin. That proved to be incorrect, but it may be a moot point. Hattie's parents had entrusted their young daughter to a woman they knew and trusted and who could promise Hattie a respectable situation. She was a *de facto* guardian for the child—and she may have upheld that responsibility even in the wake of her husband's death. On the other hand, she may simply have been protecting herself. As was shown during the trial, she verbally and physically abused her maid. Eight months before the murder, she had caught



Boston Daily Globe, November 30, 1909

her husband and Hattie *in flagrante delicto*. She had actively sought a new employer for the maid. She had put out an advertisement for the girl. It had appeared in print the day of the shooting.

Hattie spent more than twelve months in a female correctional facility just outside

23, Charles J. McIntire, the probate judge, upheld the will: the plaintiffs had not shown incontrovertibly that Glover was unduly influenced in the making of the will or that the murder reflected a larger conspiracy. McIntire openly broached the notion that Mrs. Glover might have killed her husband.

If so, he stated, “her act would seem to be more consistent with a purpose of revenge, or punishment for persisting in his improper relations with Hattie, than with a supposed plan to force him to make a will for the purpose of taking his life and benefiting by it.”

In November 1910, a jury of twelve men was quickly selected and the murder trial of Hattie LeBlanc got under way. They visited both the laundry building and the Glover house. In court, few new facts emerged—the murder trial proved to be much shorter than the battle over the will. Nevertheless, there were surprises. Witnesses came from Nova Scotia, including the Catholic pastor of West Arichat, Joseph Edouard Robitaille, who portrayed Hattie as “[o]ne of the best [girls] in the parish,” and Abraham LeBlanc, who could not say how many children he had. Spectators and journalists were treated to vulgar words of an unprintable nature that Mrs. Glover had apparently often used in reference to her husband. At the end of the second full week, as a sign of mutual good will, the jurors attended a Catholic mass together even though only two or three were of the faith.

But the biggest twist came only a few days into the proceedings. The presiding judge ruled that Clarence Glover's accusation could not count as a “dying declaration” in the legal sense. Glover could not know that his wounds were lethal when accusing
(Continued on page 9)



Boston Globe, February 2, 1910

of Boston. Meanwhile, in the winter and spring of 1910, the Glover family fought over the deceased's will, a highly-meditated civil case that threatened to influence potential jurors for Hattie's criminal trial. Disgruntled relatives alleged that Mrs. Glover, who benefitted substantially from the testament, had conspired to bring about his death, perhaps by using Hattie as bait. Much of the facts concerning the Glovers, their respective relationships with their domestic servant, Hattie's own history, and the murder came out during this court battle. On April

Murder in Waltham: An Acadian Story
continued from page 8)

Hattie. It was therefore not a competent statement with the same force as other evidence. The ruling crippled the prosecution's case and sealed the outcome. On December 14, the jury took no more than a few minutes to come to a decision. The maid from West Arichat was innocent.

The jurors were undeniably attentive to the facts of the case. But, if they were not responding to public opinion, they certainly reflected it. From the beginning, the trial had garnered not only sustained press coverage but widespread interest. The court was continually packed; large crowds assembled outside to glimpse the main characters. There was curiosity, and there was sympathy. "When the foreman announced the conclusion of the jury," the *Globe* reported, "men and women lost all sense of the dignity of the court, and acted as if they were hailing a popular hero in a public thoroughfare." An anonymous donor from Kennebunkport, Maine, sent Hattie \$100 to support the cost of returning to Nova Scotia and other expenses. The next week, a crowd of two thousand supporters mobbed the train station in Truro when she arrived alongside her father.

There is nothing surprising about this. Few were willing to attribute malicious motives to the young *Acadienne* who had to rely on a translator, who had sat in a correctional facility for more than a year, and who was arguably still a child. The prosecution could not deny that she was the victim of a man who had had designs on her from the moment of her arrival in Waltham and who had led her to "moral ruin." We might wonder whether many supporters thought that she *had* killed Glover—and, having experienced the same coercion, that this was ultimately a case of just deserts.

"Apparently the crime is to remain a mystery," the *Globe* concluded. There was not enough evidence to bring other suspects to trial. Though Hattie LeBlanc was exonerated, we could easily overstate the fairness of the trial. The mysterious third party alleged by the defense could only be Mrs. Glover, it seemed. She could not escape a cloud of suspicion. As the trial came to an end, she declared that "Hattie was accused of the crime, but in reality I was tried for it." Her claim to her husband's will must have seemed like very poor consolation indeed. Her notoriety may have outlived her former servant's celebrity. Perhaps looking for a

HATTIE LE BLANC FOUND NOT GUILTY, NO PROSECUTION OF MRS GLOVER

Cheering Demonstration Greet Verdict, Girl Weeps and Laughs in Hysterie
Joy Over Popular Finding--Shower of Congratulations for Johnson

Boston Globe, December 15, 1910

CROWD CHEERING HATTIE LE BLANC AS SHE WAS FREED ON MURDER CHARGE



Boston Globe, December 15, 1910

new start, two years after Hattie's marriage to Felix Linden, Lillian Glover, *née* LeBlanc, married French immigrant Fernand Delemarre. For a time, they ran a boarding house in Waltham.

The LeBlanc case should invite us to pay closer attention to Acadian migrations to New England in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The trial has the retrospective benefit of shedding light on the tight kinship networks that bound West Arichat to Waltham and Gloucester among other Massachusetts communities. When compared to studies of migration from Quebec, this area is still largely unexplored. Fortunately, such researchers as Carmen d'Entremont and Phyllis LeBlanc are adding to the small body of research on the topic.

More to the point, even as a unique case study, the LeBlanc saga helps us navigate female immigrant experiences in non-industrial occupations—be that as domestic servants, as seamstresses, as middle-class homemakers, as boardinghouse

keepers, etc. Those experiences came with their opportunities and their threats, including isolation, uneven power relations, violence, and gender norms that could be double-edged—as Hattie LeBlanc and the former Lillian LeBlanc found out.

Sources

The details of the murder, the battle over the will, and the criminal trial are drawn from *Boston Globe* issues from November 1909 to December 1910. Canadian and American census records were consulted to better understand the life trajectories of Hattie LeBlanc and Lillian Glover.

The main studies of Acadian migrations and communities in New England appear in *Steeple and Smokestacks: A Collection of essays on The Franco-American Experience in New England*, edited by Claire Quintal (1996).

Frequently front-page material, the murder and its aftermath produced an immense amount of journalistic material to which the present article cannot do justice. It merits, if not a compelling Hollywood film, at least book-length treatment.

(N.D.L.R., Editor's note: Susan Pinette, Director of Franco-American Programs, presented the following at the 2023 Maine Heritage Lecture held on Thursday, October 12.)

50 Years of Advocacy in Maine: Exploring the History of Franco American Activism

It was only when I moved from Maine to attend graduate school in California that I learned of the radically different way "French" and "French people" are seen elsewhere in the US. Outside of New England, "French" means romance on the river Seine, baguettes, men in berets on bicycles, and the Eiffel Tower. I began to understand that in Maine and New England, we had another, more local understanding of "French." The challenges associated with this difference present longstanding issues to Maine's Franco American communities, and I will be talking today about a group of students who sought to engage and address those difficulties. Before I begin, some definitions. There are two historically separate, French-speaking peoples in Canada: Acadians who live in Eastern Canada (New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island) and French Canadians who live in Quebec (today better known as the Quebecois or Quebecers). While in Canada these communities are seen as entirely distinct, people from both these groups moved into New England and currently

make up its Franco American population. I will provide some background history of these migrations, and then explore the activism of the founders of the Franco American Centre. I will argue that their efforts were informed by politics of language, the context of American social justice movements during the 1960s and 70s, and the modernism of Quebec nationalism. Their activism was not museum-making. It was a forward-looking intervention into the social reality of their communities.

French is how my family and I always referred to ourselves – we were French even though we weren't from France and many of us didn't speak French. We never called ourselves Franco-American. Growing up, I always associated that term with cans of spa-

ghetti. When Franco Americans are asked to self-identify, they often call themselves French, Acadian, or French Canadian, and only sometimes and more recently do we find some choosing the term "Franco" or "Franco American." At the University of Maine, we use the term Franco American as an umbrella term, much as the way "Latinx" is used, as Maine is home to the two historically different communities of French speakers. Beginning in the 1780s, Acadians left New Brunswick – pushed out by the influx of British Empire Loyalists fleeing the American Revolution – and settled to farm on both sides of the St. John River. French Canadians subsequently intermingled with these Acadians when they settled in the area. This borderland community was cut down



Photo by Jacob Albert

the middle when Maine's international border was finally settled in 1842. Half became American, half Canadian and the border, while remaining fluid in my parents' day, has continually hardened over the years.

The other large collection of French speakers are found in southern Maine and the rest of New England, a result of 19th and early 20th century industrial migrations. The majority in this case are from the Quebec province. As in Northern Maine, these communities were shaped by the borderlands. People traveled on trains from the north and the east to work in the textile mills, shoe shops, and paper mills as Maine was industrializing earlier and faster than Canada. With a trip that took less than a day, entire families easily traveled to work in the



Dr. Susan Pinette

south and could then return with economic downturns or to spend their wages back home. These back and forth movements maintained family ties across the border. Between 1860-1930, approximately one million French-Canadians moved into New England and New York. In industrializing towns, they built "Little Canadas," institutionally structured by the Catholic Church and where the predominant language was French. Some Acadians also migrated into these factory cities, moreso into paper mill towns, which tended to draw woodsmen from New Brunswick and PEI. In the 1970s when University of Maine students began to gather consciousness-raising sessions concerning their experiences as French-speakers, they

were struck more by the similarities they shared than by any differences between their Acadian and French Canadian backgrounds. Indeed, many of them had family ties to both Acadia and Quebec. They thus decided to adopt the term Franco American, seen as the best and most inclusive term. For the same reason, we continue to call ourselves Franco American Programs.

A galvanizing issue for these students was language. The language politics that structure Franco American experiences are varied and complex, marked by accent and social class. In New England, Franco American French has been seen as inferior, not the "real" French, not what Francos call the "French-French." Franco American

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French sounds starkly different from its Parisian cousin, due to its similarity to 16th and 17th century French and to France's dialect diversity in the 1600's, the time of migrations to Canada. Most migrants to New France came from two regions – Poitou or Normandy – and these regional origins lend Franco-American French its distinctive vocabulary and pronunciation. Added to this audible difference, Franco American French was for the most part spoken by laborers. Franco American French carried the stigma of social class, denoting the textile mills of the Androscoggin or the potato fields of Aroostook. While today in Maine and many parts of New England French is the second most spoken language after English, it is still looked down upon. A 2012 poll of Franco Americans from across the state asked, "Were you or any member of your family discriminated against?" A large number answered, "Yes." A respondent from Kennebec county said, "Family members had a difficult time in school because the French was different. They were thought to be less intelligent then because they were different;" someone from Penobscot claimed, "'You dumb Canuck' is all I heard in school;" a resident from York recalled, "I was called names and spit at. They clearly didn't like us." and someone from Aroostook, "We were teased about our heavy accent. I taught my kids English first because I don't want them to suffer like we did." A respondent from Piscataquis county said "My French name has always meant second class. It is hard being French" (Albert et. al 61-77).

It was in the context of this linguistic discrimination that students here on campus in the 1970s began to organize and advocate for themselves and for their communities. Students met together to share experiences and ideas for change. Claire Bolduc, Celeste Roberge, Yvon Labbé, Irene Simano, Cécile Collin, Robert Pelletier, Raymond Ouellette and many others questioned collectively why the University of Maine, a land-grant school claiming to serve the state of Maine, did not attend to the students who were coming from French-speaking backgrounds. They designed research projects and classes for themselves, they sent surveys to the faculty and student body, they engaged faculty

and the administration, they reached out to other Franco Americans across New England, they published books, and they started a newspaper called the FAROG FORUM, its name a conscious attempt to recode the slur commonly used against them.

In addition to the problems of language, protest movements for racial equity and for women's rights informed and motivated the students. Claire Bolduc described her activist experience as "sisterhood," "solidarity," and "brotherhood," (Brown 111). Peter Archambault's drawings express solidarity with Indigenous peoples' struggles, labor rights, nuclear disarmament, environmental concerns, among other topics. Their activism was a struggle to overcome injustice, broadly phrased within American politics but marked by their specific social



Photo by Lisa Michaud

situation: ethnic identity, class politics and linguistic discrimination. From our vantage point today, it is hard to see the degree to which political mobilizations of identity were embedded in local rather than national contexts. In 1972 Ruth Benson, the Director of Equal Opportunity in the University of Maine Office of the Chancellor, wrote in a progress report on the implementation of affirmative action, "the University should anticipate the future for Franco-Americans in Maine. It is very possible that they will be designated a minority group for the purposes of affirmative action" (Benson). The social construct of race and ethnicity was shifting enormously in the 1970s, especially in Maine, one of the whitest states in the nation where questions of equal access did not only fall along color lines. In 1973, a study of the Bangor Mental Health Institute by FAROG student Cécile Collin found that roughly 20% of the Franco American patients spoke French frequently if not ex-

clusively and that out of a total staff of 618 employees, only one, an aide, was bilingual. Her report found that these patients lacked standard service (Collin 1-4). In 1974, the Maine Public Broadcasting Network was awarded a \$260,000 grant from the Emergency School Aid Act, Special Projects/Civil Rights Office, "to provide television programming that will improve the self-concept of French-American pre-school and primary grade children" (Roberge 3). The 1977 U.S. Commission on Civil Rights included in its report on Maine a section on Franco Americans, stating, "there is evidence that Franco Americans do not share equally in educational and economic benefits" (84). And University of Maine President Winthrop Libby (originally from Caribou, Maine) opened a 1972 conference on the French in New England, Acadia and Quebec stating, "I can remember developing the realization that by our very attitudes the Franco-American within the Maine culture was relegated to the status of second class citizenship. This has bothered me for many years" (Libby 2).

Today, the question persists: how best to understand this history of discriminatory attitudes and structures. Answering this question has itself been affected by discrimination. Remarkably, only in 2008 was the term "Franco-American" designated a Library of Congress subject heading. Before then, searches for the phrase Franco American yielded titles on French-American diplomacy, making those few histories and studies that had been written very hard to find. Franco American archival materials still suffer persistent neglect, and are vastly underrepresented in the digital preservation of American cultural materials. Of the 400 French language newspapers in New England published between 1830 and 1996, over 200 titles have disappeared, and those that remain are forgotten and ignored: only 1/4 of these surviving titles have been cataloged in the Library of Congress's US Newspaper Directory, and only two have been digitized by the National Digital Newspaper Program (NDNP), the standard bearer for newspaper digitization in the US. (<https://public.tableau.com/app/profile/chronicling.america/viz/ChroniclingAmericaNon-EnglishLanguageCoverageMap/Non-EnglishLanguageMap>). I'm happy (Continued on page 12)

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to report that because of the work of the Franco American Collections Consortium, an initiative begun by Franco American Programs, to find, catalog and bring these titles to attention, the Maine State Library is currently digitizing all the French language papers of the state, over 100,000 pages.

Finally, the students were also influenced by the modernism of Quebec nationalism. Throughout the late 19th and early 20th century, French Canada saw itself at the heart of a French-speaking North American diaspora, formulating as part of its "national" agenda ties to communities in the United States. Franco American elites maintained ongoing links to national institutions in Quebec and based their identity on them, while many Franco families educated their children in French language parochial schools administered by Quebec-based teaching orders. Starting in the 1960s, Quebec underwent a "Quiet Revolution," a series of dramatic changes that fundamentally transformed French Canadian society and with it, the traditional Franco American elite.

French Canadian identity had long rested on two main pillars: French language and the Catholic Church: *qui perd sa langue, perd sa foi*. The Quiet Revolution made language the sole criteria of its national identity. On this side of the border, however, French speaking was much more flexible, fluid, and bilingual and in itself could never serve as the single measure of cultural and political identity. When parochial schools began to disappear in the 1960s, they were not replaced by a French public school option. Despite efforts in the late 60s for federally funded bilingual schooling in New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine, education for Franco American children became English-only.

On the one hand, revolutionary events in Quebec created deep rifts within the Franco American communities concerning the role of French. To the activists associated with the Franco American Centre, insistence on speaking French was associated with an old guard who looked to Quebec for their identity. Madeleine Guiguere, the founder of the University of Southern Maine Franco American collection wrote in 1976, "Les structures sociales franco-américaines ont permis une certaine mobilité sociale aux dirigeants, mais pour la plupart de nos gens qui n'ont pas bien maîtrisé la langue du pays,



l to r: Susan Pinette, Jim Bishop, Severin Beliveau, Troy Jackson and Kristin Langellier. (Photo by Lisa Michaud)

ces institutions furent un piège qui les a retenus en situation d'ouvriers d'usines/ Franco American institutions allowed a certain social mobility to its elite but for the majority of Franco-Americans [who didn't master French] those institutions were a trap that kept them as factory workers" (75). In a

*"C'est le temps de...
découvrir comment on peut
créer et inventer les moyens
de les développer d'une façon
pragmatique et utile à nous
ainsi qu'à notre société..."*

letter from 1982, Yvon Labbé, former director of the Franco American Centre, refused to define Franco-American writers as only those who compose in French. To his mind, it "is another exclusive, elitist process by which the best, the most interesting of what Franco-Americans are, is left out" (Labbé) To Madeline and Yvon, the emphasis on French language as a defining marker of culture excluded the young and ignored the evolving culture of Franco Americans.

On the other hand, the dynamism and youthful energy in Quebec and in Acadia at the time very much informed how the students came to understand their activism. We can see the influence in their speeches. Claire Bolduc argued in 1976, "A mon avis, ce qu'il me faut maintenant c'est d'entendre le français dans les bureaux de la Great Northern paper Company, dans les hôpitaux, dans les écoles dites publiques, dans

les bureaux du Bien-Être Social, dans les cours de Technologie Papetière, etc./What I need right now is to hear French spoken in the offices of the Great Northern Paper Company, in the hospitals, in the so-called public schools, in the social welfare bureaus, in paper-making technology courses and the like" (Bolduc 102). For several years, the FAROG FORUM featured a Quebec page, and local issues were articulated in the rhetoric of Quebec nationalism. The biggest influence was in the way these students conceptualized their overall project. Quebec was modernizing, creating a new conception of French identity. This inspired the students. They did not pose questions about assimilation, nor were they seeking to protect heritage or recreate the past. Their project looked to build a future of new possibilities and opportunities. Yvon Labbé explained in 1976, "C'est le temps de... découvrir comment on peut créer et inventer les moyens de les développer d'une façon pragmatique et utile à nous ainsi qu'à notre société/Now is the time to... discover how best to create and invent the means to develop those vital resources in a way that is pragmatic and useful to us as individuals and to our collectivity as a whole" (Labbé 130). This question, of how to support Franco Americans in their quest to "create and invent," has animated the endeavors of what is now called Franco American Programs throughout the last fifty years.

The students who advocated for what would eventually become the Franco American Centre did not look to capture a mythic past. They were seeking to intervene in the social realities of their communities. In that,

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they represent a unique and important part of Franco American history. There are several published histories of Franco Americans, and they all share a similar story. Whether it is the concise history written by Francois Weil from France, the detailed social history by the Quebec historian Yves Roby, or the more insider views of Bowdoin Professor Gerard Brault and University of Rhode Island professor Armand Chartier, they are each structured by the arc of immigration. They begin with the departure from French-speaking Canada, explore in various detail the building up of the economic and cultural institutions that characterized French Canadian society (mills, Catholic Churches, parochial schools, newspapers, social clubs), and end with the closing of those institutions. This narrative, however, does not have any conceptual space for what the students were attempting to achieve. Each one of these histories conclude with the Franco American Centre at the University of Maine, unsure how to interpret the FAROG Forum's editorial policy of accepting submission English, French and anything in-between or the students' rejection of the traditional elite culture that defined Franco America for so long. Yves Roby calls them "the Radicals" and in the landscape of Franco America, they were. Identity for them was not an end in itself – it was crucial, but not an end. Rather, it was the resource one could draw upon to create and build a future.

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Susan Pinette
& Jim Bishop
(Photo by
Lisa Michaud)

(Below)
Reception at
Franco-American
Centre
(Photos by
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Grieving for Lewiston victims in Saints Peter and Paul Basilica

November 2, 2023 *Franco-American News and Culture* President Joe Biden

By *Juliana L'Heureux*

An extraordinary outpouring of support for the October 25, victims of a mass shooting, and their grieving families and friends, was evident during the community memorial held October 29, in the stunning Saints Peter and Paul sanctuary. Franco-Americans built the enormous basilica that was overflowed with mourners during the interfaith memorial service.



Saints Peter and Paul in Lewiston on October 29, 2023 during a memorial to victims of the October 25th mass shooting

A message of condolence from Pope Francis was read by Bishop Robert Deeley. The following report was published on the Diocese of Portland: <https://portlanddiocese.org/news/prayer-service-held-memory-victims-lewiston-mass-shooting>

LEWISTON STRONG, Maine— During the ‘One Lewiston’ community vigil held on Sunday, October 29, to honor the victims of Wednesday’s deadly Mass shooting, Portland Roman Catholic Diocese Bishop Robert Deeley shared a letter he received from Pope Francis expressing his grief and sadness upon learning about the attack.



Saints Peter and Paul Basilica in Lewiston

The letter, sent to the bishop through Cardinal Pietro Parolin, the Vatican’s secretary of state, reads:

His Holiness Pope Francis was deeply saddened to learn of the terrible loss of life resulting from the mass shooting in Lewiston, and he expresses his spiritual closeness to all those suffering from this unspeakable tragedy, especially the families who lost loved ones. His Holiness commends the souls of the dead to the loving mercy of Almighty God, and he prays for the recovery of the wounded and the medical personnel caring for them. He likewise commends the noble efforts of first responders who put themselves in harm’s way to protect the community. With firm trust that aided by God’s grace we can overcome evil with good (Rom 12:21), the Holy Father invokes upon the people of Lewiston and indeed the entire country Almighty God’s blessings of strength and peace.



Ronald Morin, 55



Peyton Brewer-Ross, 40



Joshua Seal, 36



Bryan MacFarlane, 41

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(Grieving for Lewiston victims in Saints Peter and Paul Basilica continued from page 14)



Joseph Walker, 57



Thomas Conrad, 34



William Young, 44 and Aaron Young, 14, father and son



Arthur Strout, 42



Michael Deslauriers II, 51



Jason Walker, 51



Robert Violette, 76, and Lucille Violette, 73, husband and wife



Maxx Hathaway, 35



Stephen Vozzella, 45



Tricia Asselin, 53



William Brackett, 48

(Continued on page 16)

(Grieving for Lewiston victims in Saints Peter and Paul Basilica continued from page 15)



Keith Macneir, 64

Victims who lost their lives during the October 25, 2023 mass shooting in Lewiston.

the sounding of a bell and a moment of silence.

The ecumenical gathering featured speakers from several Christian congregations, as well as a rabbi and an imam. In addition, Kevin Bohlin, a leader in Maine’s deaf community, addressed the crowd through American Sign Language, with an interpreter delivering his message. With four members of the deaf community having been killed at the shootings at the Just-in-Time Recreation bowling alley, Bohlin said the tragedy “hit so close to our home and the heart of our community.” He invited those present to lift their hands to form the “I love you” sign in American Sign Language, which most did.

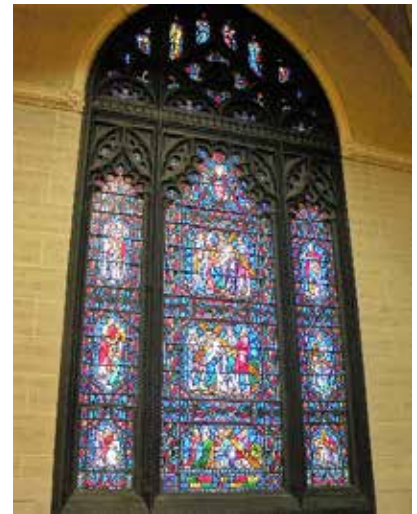
Introducing the speakers during the evening was Tom Caron, NESN (New England Sports Network) host and Lewiston native. Caron said the community’s strength was

The vigil was held at the beautiful Basilica of Saints Peter & Paul in Lewiston, which was filled to capacity, with hundreds more gathered outside.

During his brief remarks to those gathered, the bishop said the beauty of the basilica reflects the deep spirit of the community. He noted that the church was completed despite obstacles such as a pandemic and the Great Depression.

“This is a community capable of great things. In order to make that happen, it has to see itself as a community, a people working together to accomplish the desired goal. In this case, the goal is healing, and the way to that goal is listening and working together. This evening, then, we listen, and we do it together in this beautiful place which shows us what resolution and commitment can accomplish,” the bishop said.

During the vigil, the names of each of the deceased were read aloud, followed by



Lewiston Saints Peter and Paul Basilica stained glass. (L’Heureux photograph)

being put to the test but that “we can never allow Lewiston to be remembered for violence. This city instead will be known for its strength and for the love it has shown one another.”

Messages of grief and support continue to be expressed by Maine and the nation.

On Friday, November 3rd, President Joe Biden and his wife Dr. Jill Biden met with victims and the first responders, in Lewiston.

<https://francoamerican.bdnblogs.com/2023/11/02/franco-american-news-and-culture/grieving-for-lewiston-victims-in-saints-peter-and-paul-basilica/>

More historic Acadian news from Canada Parks

August 24, 2023, Franco-American News and Culture, Joseph Broussard dit Beausoleil, Lucie LeBlanc Consentino, Michael Cyr

By Juliana L’Heureux



Joseph Broussard dit Beausoleil was designated as a national historic person in 2022.

Lucie LeBlanc Consentino is the host of the Acadian and French-Canadian Genealogy and History social media page. Recently, she shared a news release about Joseph Broussard dit Beausoleil, authored by Parks Canada. This historic Acadian leader helped to relocate many of the victims who were brutally displaced by the British, during 1755, le Grand Dérangement (the great upheaval).



Lucie LeBlanc Consentino hosts a social media page about Acadians and Franco-American genealogy and history.

(Continued on page 17)

(More historic Acadian news from Canada Parks continued from page 16)

Beausoleil was an important historic leader of the Acadian resistance before, during and after the 1755, Deportation. Government of Canada recognizes the national historic significance of Joseph Broussard dit Beausoleil. In 2022, this Acadian warrior was designated as a national historic person.

Joseph Broussard dit Beausoleil (1702–1765) was born in Port-Royal (Nova Scotia formerly Acadia). He became a key figure in Acadian history and holds an important place in the collective memory of Acadians and the Acadian communities in both Louisiana, and the Canadian Maritime provinces- Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick..



Artist rendition of Joseph Broussard dit Beausoleil by Robert Dafford, 1995. (Acadian Memorial Foundation)

During the mid-18th century, he became a leader of the Acadian resistance

and defiance against British rule. Benefitting from close relations with the Mi'kmaq and Wolastoqiyik, Beausoleil conducted raids against settlements, troops, and military posts, commanded a privateer, and avidly defended his compatriots, helping them to escape deportation and inspiring them to resist.

After the Treaty of Paris in 1763, which granted Great Britain colonial possession of Acadia, Beausoleil refused to swear an oath of allegiance to the British Crown and comply with the restrictive conditions of resettlement imposed in Nova Scotia.

In 1764, Beausoleil led a group of Acadians to Saint-Domingue, a French colony and now the area of Haiti (where Haitian Creole is the native language). Then, he led them to Louisiana in 1765, illustrating one of the outcomes for the Acadian diaspora, caused by the British Deportation.

In the 17th and early 18th centuries, Mi'kma'ki, the traditional homeland of the Mi'kmaq, was claimed by both French and British colonial interests. The French and British fought for control of land, trade, and fisheries as the Mi'kmaq defended their homeland through both diplomacy and military action.

After the 1630s, French settlers, known as Acadians, established farms and created communities in the region, which became known as Acadia. In 1713, war between the colonial powers of France and Britain led to the Treaty of Utrecht, which resulted in France ceding its claim to mainland Acadia to the British. Some Acadians, including Joseph Broussard dit Beausoleil,

refused to recognize the authority of the British Crown over Acadia.

In 1747, Beausoleil and 12 other Acadians were declared “outlaws” for aiding the French in battles against the British, including the Battle of Grand-Pré. Over the next few years, Joseph and Alexandre, the Beausoleil brothers, led several raids with other Acadians and Mi'kmaq against patrolling British soldiers, intercepting convoys and attacking small British Protestant settlements such as Dartmouth. In June 1755, Beausoleil led a group of Acadians during the siege of Fort Beauséjour. He was jailed at Fort Lawrence in the fall of 1755, but escaped with a group of 80 other Acadian prisoners. In the years that followed, Beausoleil commanded a schooner converted into a privateer and took part in the guerrilla warfare waged by the Acadian resistance, the French, the Mi'kmaq, and the Wolastoqiyik against the British. He was again imprisoned in 1760 and remained in captivity until after the signing of the Treaty of Paris, which ended the Seven Years' War in 1763.

“Joseph Broussard dit Beausoleil is the embodiment of the Acadian spirit of resistance. He is a figure whose actions go beyond the borders of Acadia and who played a crucial role in the survival of the Acadian people in Canada and Louisiana. His name will also be remembered as it gave birth to a very famous musical group in Acadia (Beausoleil-Broussard).” Michel Cyr, President, Nation Prospère Acadie.

<https://en.nationprospere.ca/>

NATION PROSPÈRE

About

Nation Prospère Acadie (Nation Prospère), through its research and interventions, develops and implements durable solutions to enable Atlantic Canada’s Acadian People to thrive in the 21st century. The organisation is a Canadian registered charity and it intervenes in four areas:



Continuity of the French language and culture



Protection and enhancement of Acadian heritage



Conservation of Acadian folk art collections



Protection of Acadie's natural environment



Good to Know: Cultural Tourism

Copyright 2023
by Virginia
Lee Sand, M.Ed.

First of all, how is “tourism” defined? Some resources define tourism as “the act and process of spending time away from home in pursuit of recreation, relaxation, and pleasure, while often making use of commercial services and the hospitality industry.” There are many definitions for “tourism” out there, and the one thing in common they all seem to share is “travel.” When people talk about tourism, it usually involves traveling to one or more destinations.

Even more, *tourism* is becoming more specifically labeled, specialized, or defined according to different reasons why people **travel**. For example, last autumn 2022, I wrote an article for Le FORUM

regarding *agritourism* in Maine, where folks travel to farms to pick their own produce, such as apples, during the harvest season. Agritourism, of course, refers to agriculture. People like traveling to and visiting farms to see where their

local food supply comes from, even to the salmon farms on the coast of Maine.

“**Cultural Tourism**” is another specifically labeled form of tourism that is becoming more popular as more people become interested in their ancestral roots and heritage, their ancestry! In researching their ancestral roots, folks are discovering their cultural heritage along with the cultural languages, traditions and rituals of their ancestors. In doing this kind of personal research, folks are becoming more anchored, or more grounded in their personal lives. Therefore, people on this path of self-discovery of their true identities, are traveling often to distant places to connect with and learn about their roots. This is being referred to as “cultural tourism.”

For example, people from Nova Scotia

are traveling to Maine in order to research Franco (French) American ancestry they have here. Apparently, some of their ancestors have lived in Maine and, as a result, they may have relatives here in Maine. Consequently, folks from Nova Scotia like traveling to Maine so they can research their genealogy here in Maine. UMaine’s Franco American Center on campus in Orono has a genealogy section that may be helpful to Canadian’s who come to Maine as cultural tourists trying to discover possible Franco American connections they may have here in Maine. In addition, there are four indigenous Wabanaki tribes/Nations living in Maine, and cultural tourism often brings people/relations to their doors searching for their possible ancestral connections to the Penobscot Nation, the Passamaquoddy Nation, the Micmac Nation or the Maliseet Nation. Some cultural tourists may have connections to more than one of these Wabanaki Tribes including to the Abenaki Tribe in Canada. Plus, many of these cultural tourists in search of their Wabanaki ancestry are Franco Americans. This is not surprising, since the first French explorers intermingled with the Wabanaki Tribes that live on the
(Continued on page 19)

Bon à Savoir : Tourisme Culturel

Copyright 2023

par Virginie Lee Sand, M.Ed.

Tout d’abord, comment définit-on le « tourisme » ? Certaines ressources définissent le tourisme comme « l’acte et le processus consistant à passer du temps loin de chez soi à la recherche de loisirs, de détente et de plaisir, tout en faisant souvent appel aux services commerciaux et à l’industrie hôtelière ». Il existe de nombreuses définitions du « tourisme », et la seule chose qu’elles semblent toutes partager est le « voyage ». Lorsque l’on parle de tourisme, il s’agit généralement de voyager vers une ou plusieurs destinations.

De plus, *le tourisme* est de plus en plus spécifiquement labellisé, spécialisé ou défini en fonction des différentes raisons pour lesquelles les gens **voyagent**. Par exemple, à l’automne 2022, j’ai écrit un article pour Le FORUM sur *l’agritourisme* dans le Maine, où les gens se rendent dans les fermes pour cueillir leurs propres produits, comme des pommes, pendant la saison des récoltes. L’agritourisme fait bien entendu référence à l’agriculture. Les gens aiment voyager et visiter les fermes pour voir d’où vient leur

approvisionnement alimentaire local, même dans les fermes d’élevage de saumons de la côte du Maine.

Le « **tourisme culturel** » est une autre forme de tourisme spécifiquement labellisée qui devient de plus en plus populaire à mesure que de plus en plus de personnes s’intéressent à leurs racines et à leur patrimoine ancestraux, leur ascendance ! En recherchant leurs racines ancestrales, les gens découvrent leur patrimoine culturel ainsi que les langues culturelles, les traditions et les rituels de leurs ancêtres. En effectuant ce type de recherche personnelle, les gens deviennent plus ancrés ou plus ancrés dans leur vie personnelle. Par conséquent, les personnes qui suivent ce chemin de découverte de leur véritable identité voyagent souvent vers des endroits éloignés pour se connecter et en apprendre davantage sur leurs racines. C’est ce qu’on appelle le « tourisme culturel ».

Par exemple, des gens de la Nouvelle-Écosse se rendent dans le Maine pour faire des recherches sur leurs ancêtres franco-américains. Apparemment, certains de

leurs ancêtres ont vécu dans le Maine et, par conséquent, ils pourraient avoir des parents ici dans le Maine. Par conséquent, les gens de la Nouvelle-Écosse aiment voyager dans le Maine pour pouvoir faire des recherches sur leur généalogie ici dans le Maine. Le Centre franco-américain à l’Université du Maine, sur le campus d’Orono, possède une section de généalogie qui peut être utile aux Canadiens qui viennent dans le Maine en tant que *touristes culturels* essayant de découvrir les liens franco-américains qu’ils pourraient avoir ici dans le Maine. De plus, il existe quatre tribus/nations autochtones Wabanaki vivant dans le Maine, et le tourisme culturel amène souvent des personnes/relations à leur porte à la recherche de leurs éventuels liens ancestraux avec la nation Penobscot, la nation Passamaquoddy, la nation Micmac ou la nation Maliseet. Certains touristes culturels peuvent avoir des liens avec plus d’une de ces tribus Wabanaki, y compris la tribu Abenaki au Canada. De plus, bon nombre de ces touristes culturels à la recherche de leurs ancêtres Wabanaki sont des Franco-Américains. Cela n’est pas surprenant puisque les premiers explorateurs français se sont mêlés aux tribus Wabanaki qui vivent sur la côte est du Canada.

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(Good to Know: Cultural Tourism*continued from page 18)*

eastern seaboard of Canada.

Cultural tourism doesn't just stop at traveling to research your cultural roots. It is often much more than that. Folks frequently travel to distant destinations for the interest and pleasure of discovering and learning about different cultures. That seems kind of amazing and contradictory in our world (Mother Earth) where colonization and assimilation of peoples and nations have occurred and is still ongoing. Yet, cultural tourism is well and alive. Cultural tourism brings opportunity for sharing our cultures and life-ways so that it enriches all people's lives in numerous ways. In my opinion, since diversity makes the earth sing, cultural tourism also makes the earth sing, because it brings people together with intentions of understanding and accepting one another's culture.

Speaking of diversity, Northern Maine's Aroostook County exhibits diverse rich cultures that seem to impact the lands and peoples in positive ways. The history of Aroostook begins more than 9,000 years ago with strong Native American roots.

(Bon à Savoir : Tourisme Culturel suite*de page 18)*

Le tourisme culturel ne se limite pas à voyager pour rechercher vos racines culturelles. C'est souvent bien plus que cela. Les gens voyagent fréquemment vers des destinations lointaines pour l'intérêt et le plaisir de découvrir et d'apprendre différentes cultures. Cela semble assez étonnant et contradictoire dans notre monde (la Terre Mère) où la colonisation et l'assimilation des peuples et des nations ont eu lieu et sont toujours en cours. Pourtant, le tourisme culturel est bien vivant. Le tourisme culturel offre l'opportunité de partager nos cultures et nos modes de vie afin d'enrichir la vie de chacun de nombreuses manières. À mon avis, puisque **la diversité** fait chanter la terre, le tourisme culturel fait aussi chanter la terre, car il rassemble les gens avec l'intention de comprendre et d'accepter la culture de chacun.

En parlant de diversité, le comté d'Aroostook, dans le nord du Maine, présente des cultures riches et variées qui semblent avoir un impact positif sur les terres et les peuples. L'histoire d'Aroostook commence il y a plus de 9 000 ans avec de fortes racines amérindiennes. Le comté d'Aroostook se trouve sur le territoire de

Aroostook County lies in the territory of two Wabanaki Tribes, the Aroostook Band of Micmacs in Presque Isle and the Houlton Band of Maliseets. The name, Aroostook, derives from a Native American word meaning "beautiful river."

Then, in the 17th and 18th centuries, Irish and Scotch-Irish peoples immigrated to and settled in Aroostook County. These were the people who introduced potato farming to New England. Consequently, the agricultural landscape of Aroostook County reflects generations of their hard work.

Around the same time, descendants of French settlers in neighboring Canada moved into Aroostook County. The Acadians, as they are known, still speak French as their native tongue and comprise the largest French-speaking population in North America outside the Canadian Province of Quebec.

In 1870, Maine's Immigration Commissioner brought immigrants from Sweden to continue settlement in Northern Maine and to protect the border. These new immigrants brought a Scandinavian culture with them with traditions of Nordic skiing and their *Midsommar festival*, which celebrates the midpoint of the harvest season.

deux tribus Wabanaki, la bande des Micmacs d'Aroostook à Presque Isle et la bande des Maliseets de Houlton. Le nom Aroostook dérive d'un mot amérindien signifiant « belle rivière ».

Puis, aux XVII^e et XVIII^e siècles, les Irlandais et les Écossais-Irlandais ont immigré et se sont installés dans le comté d'Aroostook. Ce sont ces personnes qui ont introduit la culture de la pomme de terre en Nouvelle-Angleterre. Par conséquent, le paysage agricole du comté d'Aroostook reflète des générations de dur labeur.

À peu près à la même époque, les descendants des colons français du Canada voisin s'installèrent dans le comté d'Aroostook. Les Acadiens, comme on les appelle, parlent toujours le français comme langue maternelle et constituent la plus grande population francophone d'Amérique du Nord à l'extérieur de la province canadienne du Québec.

En 1870, le commissaire à l'immigration du Maine a fait venir des immigrants de Suède pour poursuivre leur installation dans le nord du Maine et protéger la frontière. Ces nouveaux immigrants ont apporté avec eux une culture scandinave avec les traditions du ski nordique et leur festival *Midsommar*, qui célèbre le milieu de la saison des récoltes.

Most recently, Amish communities have relocated to The County (Aroostook), drawn by the rich agricultural opportunities. Therefore, the collection of different cultures in Northern Maine's Aroostook County probably attracts many cultural tourists each year here in Maine.

As *cultural tourists*, we must respect the customs and traditions of the peoples who live in the tourist destinations we are visiting. Making an attempt to speak their language is one way. Plus, we must show gratitude for their hospitality and of their welcoming us into their part of the world, and for sharing their worldviews and cultures with us. These cultures have taken shape over a course of hundreds to thousands of years and have formed from the biodiversity and alchemy of the environment; a culture formed/birthing from all the natural resources of that part of the earth—the people, the soil, the waterways and wetlands, the wind, the sky, the trees, the animals, and even the unseen forces. Cultures are more complex than meets the eye. That's why it's so important to respect the cultures that we visit as tourists. Consequently, we

(Continued on page 20)

Plus récemment, les communautés Amish ont déménagé dans Le Comté (Aroostook), attirées par les riches opportunités agricoles. Par conséquent, la collection de différentes cultures dans le comté d'Aroostook, dans le nord du Maine, attire probablement de nombreux touristes culturels chaque année ici dans le Maine.

En tant que touristes culturels, nous devons respecter les coutumes et traditions des peuples qui vivent dans les destinations touristiques que nous visitons. Essayer de parler leur langue est un moyen. De plus, nous devons montrer notre gratitude pour leur hospitalité et pour leur accueil dans leur partie du monde, et pour avoir partagé avec nous leurs visions du monde et leurs cultures. Ces cultures ont pris forme au cours de centaines, voire de milliers d'années et se sont formées à partir de la biodiversité et de l'alchimie de l'environnement ; une culture formée/née de toutes les ressources naturelles de cette partie de la terre : les gens, le sol, les cours d'eau et les zones humides, le vent, le ciel, les arbres, les animaux et même les forces invisibles. Les cultures sont plus complexes qu'il n'y paraît. C'est pourquoi il est si important de respecter les cultures que nous visitons en tant que touristes. Par

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(N.D.L.R./Editor's note: Stories from Maine printed with permission from the author.)

Stories From Maine

by
Lori Suzanne Dell

In 1938 a French speaking, 22 year old, man left his home in Quebec and came to the United States, speaking no English at all, but harboring the American dream.

He was born Joseph Cyril Beaulieu on October 13th of 1916 to Alfred and Leda Martin Beaulieu at St. Modeste, in Quebec, Canada. He graduated from the St. Hyacinth School of Agriculture in 1937.

Soon, J.C., as he was better known, moved to Grand Isle, Maine and established the Grand Isle Creamery, a dairy business, in 1939. He later changed the name of the business to the St. John's Valley Creamery.

In 1947, in the wake of the Great Maine Fires, J.C. became the first Fire Chief of the newly minted Grand Isle Volunteer Fire Department.

Ironically, Fire Chief J.C. Beaulieu's St. John's Valley Creamery had "burned to the ground" in 1950.

By 1951, determined to rebuild, J.C. then moved the compa-

ny to 214 East Main Street, in Madawaska, Maine and rebuilt his creamery.

He also added a soda-pop manufactory to the creamery business, and named the venture the Brunswick Beverage Company.

J.C.'s older brother had already been making a "Brunswick Beverage" soda-pop in New Brunswick, Canada, since 1937. So, J.C. added his first two initials to the label - to note the difference between the two beverage competitors.

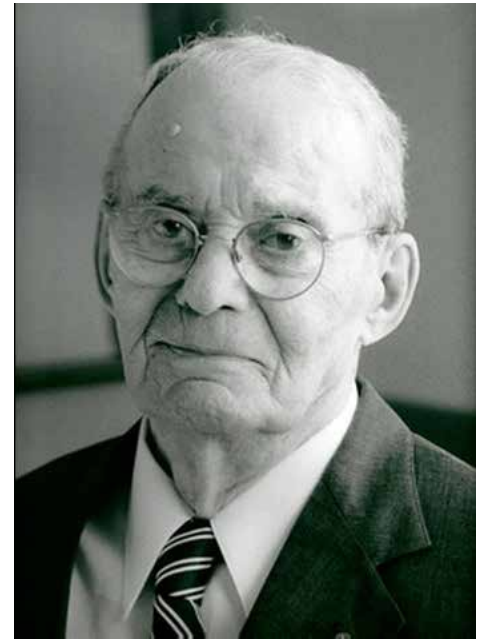
Brunswick Beverage was available in the typical Cola flavor that J.C. named Globe Cola. He also offered a clear Cream Soda, Orange Soda, Chocolate Soda, and a Root Beer.

After 36-years in business, and mostly due to age, J.C. retired and closed the business in 1983. He and his wife Agnes Daigle Beaulieu then retired to Long Lake at St. Agatha, Maine.

In 2005, Cyril and his wife Agnes, were inducted into the Franco-American Hall of Fame of Maine, and by 2007 J.C. was also awarded the "Lifetime Achievement Award from Gov. John Baldacci for his civic and professional contributions to his state and community."

On January 8th of 2012, J.C. died at the age of 96. He was interred at the St. David's Catholic Cemetery, in Madawaska.

To this day, many remember sipping bottles of Brunswick Beverage and getting their dairy from the St. John Valley Creamery, which makes J.C.'s story one of the tastiest of our Stories From Maine.



Joseph Cyril "J.C." Beaulieu

(Good to Know: Cultural Tourism
continued from page 19)

must honor and respect foreign cultures, enjoy them, and take care of their natural resources during our visit. It is everyone's responsibility to take care of the earth and sky wherever we live or visit. We are all caretakers of cultures and of the Mother Earth, the air and the sky.

So, as tourists of any kind, cultural tourists, agritourists, etc., let's all be respectful and supportive of the people and places we visit, and express our gratitude to them for sharing their homelands and cultures with us. It's a win-win situation for tourists and for the places of destination.

(Bon à Savoir : Tourisme Culturel
suite de page 19)

conséquent, nous devons honorer et respecter les cultures étrangères, en profiter et prendre soin de leurs ressources naturelles lors de notre visite. Il est de la responsabilité de chacun de prendre soin de la terre et du ciel, partout où nous vivons ou visitons. Nous sommes tous gardiens des cultures et de la Terre Mère, de l'air et du ciel.

Ainsi, en tant que touristes de tout type, touristes culturels, agritouristes, etc., soyons tous respectueux et solidaires des personnes et des lieux que nous visitons, et exprimons-leur notre gratitude d'avoir partagé avec nous leur patrie et leur culture. C'est une situation gagnant-gagnant pour les touristes et pour les lieux de destination.



J.C. and Agnes are both interred at the St. David's Catholic Cemetery, in Madawaska.



<https://www.facebook.com/StoriesFromMaine>

(N.D.L.R./Editor's Note: YFAS originated from Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Franco-American Programs at the University of Maine, Orono in 2021.)

The Third Annual Young Franco-American Summit (YFAS) Saturday, October 14th, 2023



(Top left to right): Celia Wong, Kevin Harrington, Mercédès Baillargeon, Jacob Lamontagne, Wesley Morris-Lavolette, Shawn Pinette. (Bottom left to right): Camden Martin, Maddie Kehne, Shamari Sykes, Melody Keilig (Desjardins), Jessamine Irwin, Kristen Morris-Lavolette.

The 2023 Young Franco-American Summit (YFAS) flew by on Saturday, October 14th, but its impact will remain. This year was slightly different from the two previous YFAS events in several ways, but the mission of YFAS will always be to provide an event for the young generations of Franco-Americans, French-Canadians, Québécois, Acadians, and Francophones to gather and discuss the future of our culture and the French language.

We held this year's YFAS event at Rivier University in Nashua, New Hampshire. Le Club Richelieu de Nashua graciously sponsored us and shared their board room in the Dion Center to host the event. Their Vice President, Lee Caron, joined us as a special guest.

After I opened the event by speaking about the Franco-American heritage and history of Rivier University, Lee shared a few words with us about the Richelieu Club and the Franco-American connection to Nashua. From there, we began presentations.

We had three presenters: Wesley Morris-Lavolette, Jessamine Irwin, and Mercédès Baillargeon. Each presenter spoke

about their experiences in the French-heritage world, ranging from culture, language, and identity.

Wesley, a bilingual Franco-Ontarian, gave a slideshow presentation titled "Franco Reuniting / Réunir les Francos." His presentation incorporated this topic with his experience of being a French speaker in Ontario, along with telling the Franco-American story of the French-Canadians in the North Country of New York State.

His main focus was reforging cultural vitality and 'rapprochement.' To express these points, Wesley spoke about the shared history between Québec, Ontario, and the United States. He continued with French usage in Canada, the Ottawa Valley, and the border between our shared culture and language.

Jessamine, a bilingual Mainer, shared the Maine School Initiative for Le Carrefour, the film she and Daniel Quintanilla directed. The film was released at the Camden International Film Festival in 2021, sharing the story of cultural connection and friendship between Franco-Americans and Franco-African immigrants in Lewiston.

The objective of the initiative was to offer a free, virtual screening of the award-winning short documentary film to K-12 educators in Maine. Based on the average class size of the educators who registered for the event, about 2,000 students viewed the film in a two-week period.

Mercédès, a Francophone from Québec and Associate Professor of French and Francophone Studies at UMass Lowell, gave her speech entirely in French. "Suis-je Franco-Américaine?" explored and reflected her own Franco-American identity.

I was honored that Camden Martin accepted the role as our Keynote Speaker to close out the presentations. Camden is a French as a Foreign Language teacher at St. Dominic's Academy in Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, and a strong advocate of French culture and language in our community.

Camden shared a slideshow presentation of his family's French-Canadian roots and how Americanization affected them in the U.S., from family names to the decline of the French language.

He spoke about reclaiming French for
(Continued on page 22)

(The Third Annual Young Franco-American Summit (YFAS) Saturday, October 14th, 2023 continued from page 21)

himself through immersion, placing sticky notes on household items to ease himself into the language. On speaking French, Camden said he prefers it and that it's become more natural to him over the years.

In discovering his roots, he had a realization about his surname, Martin. Growing up, he was always called by how it looked in English. He found out later that it had a French pronunciation, changing his perspective about his Franco-American identity.

Overall, this year's YFAS focused on that identity and how each of us found it in ourselves and our family history. We spoke of the power and effect of names, language, and our experiences of learning French or fluently speaking it.

YFAS is a place to gather and share these topics with people in our age range who find interest in the ongoing Franco-American story. Most likely, we've had similar life experiences with growing up in the French language decline, recalling our childhoods spent with *memère* and *pepère*, and wondering why the names in our family were difficult for others to pronounce.

Now, we have a place where we can connect, discuss, and create our future in the culture and language that we will never

give up on.

Quotes from YFAS Attendees:

"Thank you so much to Melody from Moderne Francos and Lee from Richelieu Club Nashua for setting up such a wonderful summit! I had the opportunity to share my experience growing up as a minority French-speaker in Eastern Ontario. Turns out, Franco-Ontarians have so much in common with Franco-Americans in New England! YFAS is what we need to reunite French Canadians and promote our culture."

— **Un gros MERCI du Canada!**

J'espère bien retisser les liens entre nous tous en tant que Canadien français, au Québec et en dehors. J'envisage un bel avenir rayonnant pour notre peuple."

— **Wesley Morris-Lavolette de Cheznousautres.ca, conférencier/speaker at YFAS 2023**

"The Young Franco-American Summit was a great experience! It was wonderful to get to connect with others who are passionate about our shared heritage and language. This event really energized me to get more

involved in the Franco-American community in New England and to share our culture with others. I am looking forward to next year's summit and excited to see what the young Franco-American community can do in the coming year."

— **Shawn Pinette, Attendee at YFAS 2023**

"This year is my third year attending the YFAS. It is now a tradition for me. This is a very important event that allows younger Franco-Americans to express about their identity in a unique way. I thank Melody Desjardins-Keilig for spearheading this incredible event and le Club Richelieu de Nashua for sponsoring it. I look forward to next year's summit."

La Franco-Américainie est une région avec une identité forte malgré des vagues d'assimilation qui déferlent sur ses plages. Ces dernières peuvent être grugées de temps en temps, cependant, il y aura toujours des franco-américains de tous les âges qui viendront y déposer leurs grains de sable. Restons forts, restons unis, restons qui nous sommes."

— **Camden Martin, Keynote Speaker at YFAS 2023**

<https://modernefrancos.com/>

A Future for Anglophone Franco-Americans

By Melody Desjardins

On July 21, 2023

It's not difficult to know what's expected of Anglophone Franco-Americans through discourse in our social circles. The criticism for not speaking French fluently as soon as we discover or rediscover our roots keeps coming back around as a cause of death for our culture.

In my experience, I've received critical responses online about writing this blog in English. I've read online discussions with some proclaiming that we have no heritage or culture left just because we're English-speaking Franco-Americans in a majority Anglophone country.

Although I'm working on learning French and am beginning to understand simple sentences and lightly converse, I will always be an Anglophone. And I don't find it conflicting with my Franco-American heritage at all.

While there are plenty of Franco-Americans working to revive the culture, we're told not to even try anymore. But that's not up to anyone else to decide who is who for speaking French or not speaking French.

Franco-Americans engaged in the culture try their best to take a modern approach. We know that not everyone is going to want to speak French or dedicate the time to learn. So, we try to lead people into the language with the parts of our culture that we can see, hear, and taste.

We create events with traditional French-Canadian and Québécois music, food, and plenty of fleur-de-lis symbols to indicate our background. Not to mention the



D'OU JE VIENS: ASSORTED MEMORIES

BY CHIP BERGERON

I turned 75 mid last month. One of the mixed blessings of managing to hang around so long is that the memories just keep coming; good, bad and indifferent. It's one of the reasons I love reading other people's stories in the *Le Forum*. They always provoke memory storms. I want to urge readers, especially younger ones, not only to remember but also write down what comes to mind. It's all a part of you - don't lose it!

Someone who read my last article about Holy Rosary School felt prompted to run by the now vacant complex. She noted a good - sized white building on the opposite side of the playground. What was it? If I'm right, it's the only part left standing of the Holy Rosary Church I attended as a boy. As I recall, it was a large open room, square, and each wall covered with floor to ceiling closets in which were stored all the vestments, altar cloths and paraphernalia needed for all the ceremonies and rites of a pre-Vatican II large Catholic parish. I only remember being in there once; in seventh grade (?) a local doctor gave the whole class a free physical exam. We were trooped in and sat on benches until our names were called. There was some anxiety, as rumors were spread about needles and other procedures that "could not be named." When my turn came, it was cursory, and a whole lot better than what Dr. Barcomb did at my annual physical.

Because the church was so close to the school, we spent a lot of time there. Aside from monthly confessions and Stations of the Cross every Friday during Lent. We had an organization for children called, "Le Croisade Eucharistique" (the Eucharistic Crusade). I don't remember much about them except that we were given red neckerchiefs that we were supposed to wear to meetings. There were occasional special speakers, a Passionist or some other friar who would hold what my Protestant friends basically would call a revival service.

Back then, Holy Rosary had three priests, as did any parish of appreciable size. There were three masses daily, all sung high masses for the reposal of someone's soul. I remember the priest always rested in black, chanting the mass, responded to only by Mr. Vadeboncoeur, the elderly organist, in

the choir loft. Holy Rosary was definitely NOT a singing church, either congregational or choral, and when the new mass started and they tried to get people to sing along, it was like pulling teeth! I was a lector/cantor for Holy Rosary in the 1970's. It could be a frustrating job!

On holy days of obligation or some other festal day, they would hold a solemn, con-celebrated high mass; priest, deacon and sub-deacon, with a procession and platoons of altar boys, and sometimes Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament after. It always seemed the church was full, and bathed in candle light competing with the sunlight beaming in through the stained glass windows.

Afterwards, we'd all be hungry. Back then, you fasted from the night before. Leave the church, take a right, and you were on the bridge across the Cocheco river. Directly on the other side was Trudel's, a small working class restaurant and the only one in easy walking distance. On such days the place was packed. Mr. Trudel and his staff really earned their money!

In many ways I loved the old church, but by the time I graduated eighth grade it was close to being condemned. A new pastor Msgr. Gilles Simard, was brought in and his first task was to build a new church. Two years later, the new Holy Rosary Church was built on North Main St. and today still serves the parish needs, even though it is no longer an ethnic Franco parish.

Something else that came to mind was when I was in fifth grade. For some reason the nun that taught French and I never quite hit it off. I wasn't used to being told to stay after school but it happened to me maybe ten times that year. Naughty child!

She had two favorite activities for those of us who managed to get off on her bad side. I remember being on my hands and knees, on the floor, scraping, with a table knife, old wax off the linoleum tiles in the classroom. Not an easy task. The classroom was in the old annex, and the tiles, brown matted with white, were in rough shape, warped and cracked with pieces missing.

Other times she'd sit us down at a desk, put a stack of readers down with a roll of glassine tape and safety scissors, and tell

us to fix tears. Glassine, in case you don't know, is lick and stick, not adhesive, and prone to crinkling if mishandled. Not a fun job. What made it worse were the books were ancient, and French French instead of Canadian French.

I remember one story about a young boy's heroism when his country was invaded by "Les Prusses." Who were they? In World Wars I and II the enemy was "Les Allemands" or "Les Boches," but "Les Prusses?" Later, when I picked up a little European history, I got the answer: the story was written during the Franco Prussian War in the 1870's, the book was published while the story was new. I was in the 5th grade in 1958, as I recall, you do the math.

One more memory - totally out of context, but at my age it doesn't matter. The other day I was doing a few of my morning chores and caught myself singing "Le Maringoin est une b b te, faut se gratter quand  a nous pique." <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=404mtW1dMBQ> Today I know it as one of La Bolduc's signature songs from the '30's and '40's. And I remembered the first time I heard it.

My mother had a best pal, Lena Gauvin. Mrs. Gauvin lived down the street from us with her husband, daughter and mother. She was larger than life, and always seemed to me to be in good humor. She and my Mom talked on the phone for an hour or so every morning, and every Friday they went off in Mrs. G's Volkswagen beetle to do their marketing. When school was out I'd trek along. When we arrived at what passed for a supermarket in the '50's, Mom would give me exactly eleven cents and then hit the aisles. Six cents bought a coke in a thick green glass bottle, a nickle bought a Hershey bar. Try doing THAT today! I'd take my treasure and go settle down by the spinner racks that had the comics, and me and Superman, Batman or whoever would read until the shopping got done.

One day I heard Mrs. G. singing "Les Maringoins" to herself. What a funny song! I asked her for the words and she copied them down for me. Unfortunately, she never mentioned La Bolduc. That introduction never happened until about 40 years later. A friend, Roger Lacerte, had a small French book and music store in Manchester, and a Sunday morning French music program on local AM radio. I met La Bolduc, Jos e Vachon, La Boutine Souriante and many other artists who have made my life so much

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richer. Thank, Mrs. Gauvin.

Do you know as I go: La Bolduc was a stage name. The artist's real name was Mary Travers. There's another very famous artist whose full name was Mary Travers. Hint: if you were a "folkie" in the 50's and '60's you definitely heard the group she sang in. Answer in the next "D'ou Je Viens"



La Bolduc

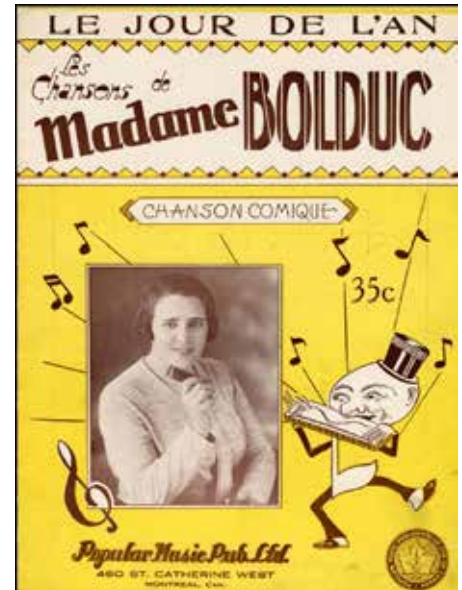
Les Maringouins

*J'suis allée me promener
À la campagne pour le thé
Je vous dis j'en ai arraché
Les maringouins m'ont tout mangé
Quand ils m'ont vue arriver
Ils m'ont fait une belle façon
Sont venus au devant d'moé
C'était comme une procession*

*Les maringouins c'est une bibitte
Faut se gratter quand ça nous pique
Je vous dis c'est bien souffrant
C'est cent fois pire que l'mal aux dents
J'ai les jambes pleines de piqûres
C'est comme un vrai morceau de forçure
J'ai la peau toute enlevée
C'est parce que j'me suis trop grattée*

*Mais partout où est-ce que j'allais
Les maringouins me suivaient
Je courais tellement fort
Que j'en avais des bosses dans l'corps
Quand j'allais voir la vieille Canard
Y couraillaient jusqu'au hangar
Ils étaient tellement enragés
Qu'ils m'ont presque dévorée*

*Le soir après j'étais couchée
Autour d'ma tête y venaient chanter
Voilà que j'allume la lampe
Pis j'commence à les courailler
Y n'a un avec sa lancette
Qui s'en vient sur ma jaquette
Mon mari à mes côtés
J'vous dis qu'il l'a pas manqué*



*Je vous dis deux mois après
J'étais contente de prendre le train
Mais pour m'en débarrasser
M'ont mis dans une boîte pis m'ont tchéquée
Quand un d'mes amis m'a vue
Il ne m'reconnaissait plus
J'avais l'nez presque mangé
Pis le visage tout boursoufflé*

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number of French-Canadian surnames in the United States, particularly in New England and the Northeast overall.

We're Not Dead, We're Americans

As I spoke about in French All Around Us (Le Français Autour De Nous), I grew up knowing that there was a French part of me. Through my Franco-American side of the family, I knew some French words, I knew I had a mémère and pépère, and I knew that words ending in *et*, *aux*, or *oit* weren't pronounced in the English-speaking way (although, even now, I sometimes mess that up at first glance).

Some may not think these things matter, but they did and they still do. Many of us in the younger generations, starting with millennials, didn't have the same direct access to the French language as the generation before us. Many of our families stopped speaking French when they moved out of the Petit Canada neighborhoods or didn't see a reason to pass on the language.



The day of the French All Around Us book panel at The Bookery in Manchester, N.H. Wearing blue and white for Saint-Jean-Baptiste Day!

Some Franco-Americans and Québécois try to use this loss of the French language as a point that the culture has been lost as well. Although there are steps to take in reviving the culture from complete Americanization, I must disagree that we're at death's door. How did I know of

my heritage before I even knew of the term "Franco-American?"

Many young Franco-Americans recall growing up with some parts of the language, at least saying *mémère* and *pépère* instead of "grandma" and "grandpa." The same goes for having a *tourtière* and other French-Canadian foods on the Christmas dinner table.

The blending of French-Canadian and American culture is what makes Franco-Americans who we are. That's why my Franco-American side of the family preferred this term over others; it was their way of expressing their pride in their heritage and nationality.

Being Anglophone Is Part of Our American Story

Being an Anglophone Franco-American isn't indicative of culture loss; it's a regular occurrence in the United States for descendants of immigrants to pass on the majority language of English. Do I wish I was taught French at a young age? Of course! But it wasn't accessible to me in school and there were no easy-peasy lan-

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guage apps when I was growing up.

Even through my mother, the French language wasn't passed on because her parents and adult relatives spoke English to the children of the family by the 1960s. They would speak French amongst themselves but wanted to give their children, nieces, nephews, and grandchildren the English language to get ahead in a society that did not value French.

Unfortunate, yes. But a sign of a dying culture? I think language is an important part of culture, but, in my experience, it doesn't make up the entire culture. Although this is viewed much differently in Québec, it's not a fair comparison because the U.S. is a majority Anglophone country.

Language loss is bound to happen in our country, so it's up to individual cultures to keep their language going as best as they can. But it takes more than language to save a culture: its survival also depends on how proactive its members are in saving it.

When cultures are on a mission to revive their lost language, it's seen as a virtuous endeavor and not hopeless. But when Anglophone Franco-Americans want to learn the French language and eventually pass it down, it's either celebrated as a triumph over English or already seen as a lost cause. Isn't it a sign of hope when we choose to learn French to improve our communication and feel closer to our heritage?

Speaking English as our native language with our French-Canadian roots makes us a more distinct, unique group. Not speaking French can hold us back at times in conversation and connection with Francophones, but Anglophone Franco-Americans are a hidden gem of a cultural world that must reveal itself without shame.

The only battles I'm invested in are learning French to the best of my ability and showing the value of the language to mainstream American culture. I would be proud to have my native language and heritage language working together, and would never think that one is better than the other.

Some of Us Are Hidden Behind Other Names

Being in the Melting Pot, some Franco-Americans were not born with French-Canadian surnames. Through marriage, Franco-American women who took



their non-Franco's husband's name lost that part of their cultural recognition. Thus, the French-Canadian name wasn't passed on to their children.

This doesn't make anyone less Franco-American, but it can certainly feel like it sometimes. For instance, that is my Franco-American story; my legal surname is German because my paternal side is not Franco-American. Although I don't hate my surname and go by it in my personal and work life, there is a reason I wanted to use a French-Canadian surname from my maternal side for this blog.



To learn more about my Franco-American experience, check out my interview with my friends over at The French-Canadian Legacy Podcast.

<https://fclpodcast.com/2022/02/22/episode-81-moderne-francos-with-melody-desjardins/>

It was important for me to take back that side of myself that I had been mostly disconnected from due to distance. I grew up far away from my home state of New

Hampshire and I barely knew my mémère, but I have fond memories of visiting her. My time with her was brief, and I only wished I had been older so I could have asked her endless questions about her life.

But that's why I decided to write under her maiden name, to take that piece of our Franco-American heritage and use it to promote our culture. I consider myself lucky that I had a sense of my heritage at a young age through the French words and pronunciation my mother used regularly.

So, before accusing people you perceive to not be Franco-American solely based on their last name, I urge you to listen to their story. They could be like me, hidden behind another name due to marriage — whether their parent's marriage or their own.

I can't help but get lost in thought about the number of Franco-American women of years past who dropped their French-Canadian surname due to expectations at the time. It happened to men, as well, if they didn't have sons to pass on the family name. It's neither here nor there, but it's ironic in a way how this tightly-held, often religious, tradition contributed to some loss of Franco-American visibility.

The Future

Referencing the "twice orphans" that are said of Franco-Americans due to our argued disconnection from France and then Québec doesn't consider the staying power for us in the U.S.

Anglophone Franco-Americans are a part of the Franco-American story just as much as Francophone Franco-Americans. Our story can be complicated and messy, but that's what makes it whole.

The ones before us sacrificed their language and culture for us to fit into American society and succeed well beyond the limits of their time. Is it unfortunate that Franco-Americans had to experience the fragmentation of the French language? Of course.

However, we shouldn't diminish the challenges faced by our French-Canadian ancestors when they emigrated to the U.S. in hopes of a better life. We didn't lose a battle by becoming Americanized: we inadvertently created a culture of our own.

It's up to us to further define ourselves as Franco-Americans and bring back language and culture where it's become misguided or lost. We'll always be in between
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THE PEACE CORPS---

A LIFE CHANGER

Reflections of a Volunteer 60 years later

by *Xavier de la Prade*

“Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country”. With these rousing words, President Kennedy inspired many to follow his hopes and dreams of the New Frontier. So, after two years in the Air Force ROTC, I did not pass the final physical due to a congenital hearing loss. However, classmates at St. Michael’s College were signing up for the Peace Corps and I followed their lead back in 1964. I had always been fascinated by faraway places. For a while I had even considered becoming a Maryknoll missionary. Joining the Peace Corps was a life changer. It was such an education. I joined the Peace Corps in its infancy and we were spoiled by what we jokingly called Uncle Sugar. As a country bumpkin from the granite quarrying town of Graniteville, Vermont, I took my first ride on a real airplane, a DC-3 from Montpelier to NYC and then the bus to Princeton University. What a campus and what wonderful professors. They mingled with us and even invited us to their happy hours. It was fascinating to hear them speak about books they were writing. I still have the book “L’Essentiel de la Grammaire Française” written by Léon-François Hoffman, one of our teachers. French was my first language and we spoke French at home. I spoke the old French dialect of our Quebec ancestors. One day I was invited by two professors from France for a meeting. They asked me all kinds of questions about my background and they were kind of smiling (maybe even snickering) about my “patois”. Being the innocent dude that I was, I did not think anything of it. Their goal was to get me to speak a more international French, which is considered the French of the Loire Valley and not Paris.

As an American volunteer speaking French in Tunisia, I hit the ground running. The country was almost like a French province. It had only been independent from France for a year. Tunis was almost like a French city with great restaurants, theaters, parks, beaches, etc. The only difference was the “Medina”, the Arabic part of town with its souks (shops). Mostly everyone in

Tunisia understood French, even if they did not speak it. Consequently, I never felt at a loss.

Upon arriving, we stayed with families for two weeks in the capitol, Tunis. However, I was hosted by three young bachelors who worked at the airport. They were most accommodating. They were pretty good cooks but instead of using a lot of meat, they flavored their food with “harissa”, a Tunisian hot sauce. I had to learn how to eat spicy along with the afterburn. Another thing that they brought up after a few days was why the United States was supporting Israel and taking away the land of the Palestinians. That was a question that came up continually over my two years and it was one I was not prepared to answer. What I usually said when asked the question is that a government is made up of many individuals, and not everyone agreed with what their government did. I told them that as a young citizen I was not aware that this was happening.

After two weeks I was assigned to “Souk el Arba” near the Algerian border. It was a town of about 10,000 residents near the old Roman city of “Bulla Regia”. “Souk el Arba” translates to “Wednesday’s Market”. That was the day when you saw a lot of burros (asses) tied up on the edge of town. When I got off the train, I was told to go the Lycée and meet the principal, Monsieur Bachir. As luck would have it, he was interviewing a young couple from Belgium. We all got acquainted and upon leaving, he asked me where I was staying. I told him I did not know, maybe at the hotel. The Belgian couple invited me to stay with them and it is with them that I stayed for two weeks. I was so grateful. Christiane was such a great cook. What was awkward was that they had just gotten married and they were so cuddly and affectionate. I felt like an intruder.

I eventually met a Tunisian math teacher about my age who was looking for a roommate and so I moved in with him. Abdesstar found the apartment so he liked to be in charge. One of our first arguments was on how much meat to buy. Because of



the cost of meat, meat is used only to flavor the food. For two grown men, he wanted to buy only 125 grams (a quarter of a pound) but I wanted to buy 250 grams. In some ways his familiarity with the culture helped to find a maid and to handle other problems. Our rent was 12 dinars a month, the equivalent of \$12 each. However, our apartment did not have running water. For that we had to depend on the maid. The maid that Abdesstar found was such an angel. Her name was Hadda. She was a mother of five. She came over every day of the week at about nine. She would bring up water from the inner courtyard, bring it upstairs and wash the floors three times a week. She would make our beds and wash our clothes. She would then make dinner and supper. Dinner would be our big meal because she was there to cook on the “canoun”, a terra cotta pot filled with charcoal. A meal would be skewers of lamb, grilled liver, fish or even sliced grilled hearts and kidneys. What surprised me was how my roommate would finish off a whole grilled fish. He would even suck and eat the eyes. Desserts were simple, an orange or dates. When we ate an orange Abdesstar would try to peel it without breaking the skin. If he succeeded, he would say, “another dead American”. What I learned was that Arabic radio loved to blame all of the
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both worlds of Québec and the U.S., and it’s not a loss, but a victory that our ancestors sought for the generations after them.

We’re a unique blend of ancestry, heritage, culture, dual language, and nationality. All we must do now is be proud of how far we’ve come and proactively boost our visibility in new ways for those who will come after us.

**(THE PEACE CORPS---A LIFE
CHANGER Reflections of a Volunteer 60
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country's problems on the United States. In fact, my roommate at first thought I was a spy. He could not believe the volunteers he met were not like the Americans he had been hearing about in the news. Of course, back then, we were involved in the Vietnam war with a lot of bad press.

At Princeton we were trained with the very latest methods to teach English as a Second Language. Once in Tunisia though we were told to scuttle what we had learned and to use the text book from England approved by the Tunisian Department of Education. Teaching beginners was something we learned by doing. The secret was to be creative and to change activities often. Forty-five to fifty students were in each class and I met with them three times a week. They sat two by two and for the most part, were anxious to learn. They were quite well disciplined because of a very strict principal. For example, a student was chatting with his desk companion. As I swung around to tell him, "Tais-toi!", I hit him accidentally in the forehead with my college ring. His forehead started bleeding. I told the "le responsable" to take over the class. I then walked to the principal's office with the student. After explaining what happened, the principal then tells me, "next time hit him harder". Whew, what a relief. In the States I would have been fired and probably sued. By the way, the "le responsable" was the student responsible for bringing in the daily log, along with a bag containing an eraser, chalk and a few pencils. Every teacher had to write into a log book the lesson plan of the day at the end of each class.

Another asset that helped me become successful as a volunteer was my accordion. I had room in my trunk so I packed it in. I had taken three years of lessons and I found the vibes of the accordion very relaxing and enjoyable, so why not? The accordion was not an instrument you saw in the Tunisian outback. Young children sometimes were very afraid of my stomach Steinway. My principal though loved it. For graduation, the principal had me play a western song, "San Antonio Rose" as the students filed in. I played for the teacher's parties, both the Tunisians and the French. When I played for the Tunisian parties, it was odd for me to see men dancing with men. But then, what could they do? Women were not allowed. For the French, it was for the teachers who

were doing their two years of military service as volunteers. The slang word for these volunteers was, "les bidasses". With them, their fun activity was drinking and singing bawdy songs. One of my most memorable events though was playing the accordion for the midnight mass for our small Christian community.

In Souk-el-Arba we had a small group of about 20 practicing Catholics. Most of them were Belgians, a few Peace Corps nurses and a few French. After Tunisia was



(2CV Citroen and my friend Abdelkader)



(l'Abbé Pelloquin at age 50 and me at 24)

granted its independence, the churches were converted to community centers. Therefore, mass was held at the home of Marc and Rachel Dosimont. I will never forget the warmth and deep faith this couple emanated. It was there where I met "l'Abbé Pelloquin". L'Abbé was a "Vendéen". "Vendée" is an Atlantic province. "L'Abbé" had fought in WW II with "la division LeClerc". After seeing the ravages of war, he had decided to become a priest. He was the pastor for the French residents of Tebourba, a suburb of Tunis. Tebourba was also the suburb of Carthage where St. Felicity and St. Perpetua grew up. When the French left, his beautiful church was converted to a community center. Rather than returning to France, he was

assigned the role of chaplain for the remaining Christians. His parish was one third of Tunisia. He would leave Tunis Wednesday morning in his "deux chevaux", a car built by Citroen that was basically a corrugated box with beach chairs and a motorcycle engine, to say Mass. By Saturday he would arrive in Souk-el-Arba to say Mass on Sunday. Fortunately, Abdessetar would leave on Fridays to visit his fiancé, so "l'Abbé" would stay with me. During the weekend we would visit parishioners and do some touring. He also appreciated that I did the driving, giving him a break. Once in a Berber village I went over a bump too fast and hit a rock. The plug on the gas tank popped off. Here we were stuck in the middle of North Africa. The wonderful residents saw our plight, they found a rag, a cork and plugged the hole. With a little donated gas and good luck, we made it back home. "L'Abbé" became a friend and an inspiration. We communicated until he passed away three months before his one hundredth birthday. He felt an affinity to my Quebec roots because there were so many Pelloquins in Canada. I had classmates who were Pelloquins. "L'Abbé" would joke though saying that the Pelloquins in France had (deux l's-o-q) in their name.

Being an isolated American next to the Algerian border I unexpectedly became the de facto American consul. My apartment almost became like the community consulate. If there were mono-lingual English hitch-hikers coming through town they were brought to my apartment door. At first, I was generous and I would offer them a meal. After a while I would serve as an interpreter, give them advice and show them the best places to hitch-hike. Other times Tunisians would bring me a blocks of Velveeta cheese, buckets of peanut butter, etc. because they were not accustomed of eating these American foods donated by the US. They would also bring me \$1.00- and \$5.00-dollar bills. The Tunisians would find these bills in the pockets of donated clothes sent from the US. For some reason, they could not exchange them at the bank, so I would exchange the money for them. What was unfortunate, the clothes that were donated were seized by their government and sold to the Tunisians. For their government it was a source of income. One day I was brought a quarter section of a wild boar. Too much for me, I thought I would share it with my European friends. I brought it to the butcher where I shopped. He cut it up and wrapped it for me.

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Les Échos de St. Perpetue.....1999

par *Xavier de la Prade*

Qui aurait cru en 1964 quand je traversais les plaines de Jurgurtha en Tunisie avec ce vieillard de 50 ans qu'on se serait retrouvé comme camarade de chambre trente-cinq ans plus tard à Jérusalem. Que la vie nous apporte de surprises !!! Il y a quelques jours passés, au pas du troisième millénaire ce jeune homme de 85 ans m'a emmené avec ces amis retracer les pas de notre Seigneur. Ce dont qui m'a impressionné est la bonté, la foi et la gentillesse de tous ces amis de ce bon Père Pelloquin. Le vieux dicton résonne de vérité quand on dit, « Tes amis sont aussi les miens. »

Les amis du Père Pelloquin et le Père lui-même m'ont aidé à renforcer et soutenir ma foi. Je suis milliardaire de maints souvenirs qui sont plus précieux que de l'or ou les bijoux. Comment pourrais-je jamais oublié cette messe sur le lac Tibériade, le poisson de Pierre, la visite du tombeau de St. Joseph, la maison de Jésus, la bénédiction dans le Jourdain, etc., etc.? Toutes ces expériences et beaucoup d'autres ont été enrichi et renforcé par la fois des pèlerins et pèlerines avec qui



(l'Abbé Pelloquin at age 85 and me at 58 in Jerusalem, 1999.)

j'ai fait ce pèlerinage. Je vous remercie tous de cette expérience inouï et inoubliable.

En partant de la belle et douce France, j'ai eu le temps de passer une heure à la chapelle qui se trouve à l'aéroport Charles de Gaulle. J'ai relu les psaumes que nous avons lu ensemble, j'ai médité et réfléchi de de mes aventures en Terre-Sainte et j'y ai trouvé sur place un poème par Bernadette Coupey qui peut nous mettre sur la bonne voie pour le nouveau millénaire.

Vis le jour d'aujourd'hui, Dieu te le donne, il est à toi, vis-le en lui.

Le jour de demain est à Dieu, il ne

t'appartient pas.

Ne reporte pas sur demain, le souci d'aujourd'hui,

Demain est à Dieu, remets-le-lui.

Le moment présent est une frêle passerelle, si tu la charges des regrets d'hier.

De l'inquiétude de demain, la passerelle cède et tu perds pied.

Le passé? Dieu le pardonne. L'avenir? Dieu te le donne.

Vis le jour d'aujourd'hui en communion avec Lui.

La Frontière (The Border) Documentary



Katy Haas



Megan Ruffe

“La Frontière” is a documentary film portraying slices of life in northern Maine’s borderlands. This beautifully shot 35-minute film takes viewers on an intimate tour of the culture of the 611-mile border between Maine and Canada. The film is a must-see for cinema connoisseurs and anyone hoping to see northern Maine through a different lens. The film screened at last year’s Camden International Film Festival in Midcoast Maine.

“La Frontière” was produced by Katy Haas and Megan Ruffe. A graduate of Smith College, Haas attended the Burren College of Art and the Salt Institute for Documentary Studies. She was a co-producer with Florentine Films, a creation of Ken Burns, on “Benjamin Franklin” (2022), as well as an associate producer on the series “Country Music” (2019) and an apprentice editor on “The Dust Bowl” (2012). Ruffe studied film and geography at Penn State University. She too has worked on a number of Florentine Films series and, with a small team, is developing UNUM, a new digital project that uses Florentine’s library to bring historical context to current events. “La Frontière” also features cinematography by Lindsay Taylor Jackson and Jared Ames.

(THE PEACE CORPS---A LIFE CHANGER Reflections of a Volunteer 60 years later continued from page 27)

He then asked me what it was. When I told him wild boar, he became super upset. He had to close his shop for 24 hours and wash everything down three time following the guidelines of the Koran. I also became the sounding board for the French who were upset that President Johnson was not heeding to President DeGaulle’s advice. DeGaulle knew we were fighting a losing war. Some of the French teachers would tease me by saying, “Ça gaze au Viet-Nam?” In other words, “Are you still gassing people in Vietnam?”

Sixty years have passed, and I still have so many great memories from the Peace Corps. I am sure I profited as much from the experience as the students I served. What a great adventure living in another culture. Tunisians are great people. Joining the Peace Corps was a life changer. It was such an education.



Lettres/ Letters



Saviez-vous qu'il a déjà existé des automobiles Bélanger ?

Monsieur Guy Bélanger, 89 ans, a fait parvenir une photo et des documents concernant les automobiles Bélanger fabriquées par son grand père, Octave Bélanger. Voyons ce que Monsieur Guy Bélanger nous dit à propos de cette voiture dont la photo est reproduite ici.

"Quant au moteur, le bâti a été coulé à la fonderie, puis usiné à l'atelier d'usinage Bourassa, situé rue Ontario est, juste en face de l'usine Canadian Vikers, où l'on construisait des bateaux. L'électricité nécessaire à faire fonctionner les bougies d'allumage provenait d'un appareil appelé Delco, d'après le nom du constructeur."

"Il n'y avait pas de batterie, donc pas de démarreur, de générateur ni de phares électriques; ceux-ci fonctionnaient au carbure, c'est-à-dire qu'il fallait mettre de la chaux vive dans un réservoir contenant de l'eau. La vive réaction causée par le contact de la chaux avec l'eau, produisait un gaz

Mr. Guy Bélanger, 89 years old, sent the above photo and documents concerning the Bélanger automobiles manufactured by his grandfather, Octave Bélanger. Let's see what Mr. Guy Bélanger tells us about this car.

"As for the engine, the frame was cast in the foundry and machined in the machine shop Bourassa, Ontario Street, just across the Canadian Vikers factory, where they built boats. The electricity needed to generate the spark came from a device called Delco, according to the manufacturer's name. "

Dear Le Forum;

I am Jim Belanger, Hollis NH, native of Van Buren, Aroostook Co, Maine.

I have been doing Belanger genealogy research for 35 years. I collect anyone with the surname Belanger, a person who married a Belanger and that person's parents. It doesn't matter if their ancestry is the same as mine as long as they are Belanger. Many have changed their surname from Belanger to Boulanger, Baker and Bellanger over the years. Most who migrated to Louisiana after the Acadian Expulsion added the L to the name and became Bellanger. I am available to share with anyone, free of charge, to help with Belanger ancestry research. I would like to collect information they might have

that I am missing or in error and vice versa. I do not publish this information on public sites in order to maintain privacy. As of August 22, 2023 my database contains 200,645 names, 92,074 families, 247,877 events, 808 folks with alternate names, 7,801 places, 1,974 recorded sources for this info, 388,126 citations, plus other information. I maintain a web site www.belangers.us for anyone interested in the Belanger family history with information on how to contact me for help. I did publish a book on my Belanger ancestry which is available to read on the web site. The site is both in English and French and folks can communicate with me in either language. I am available at Jim.Blngr@gmail.com or N1NH@tds.net for Emails.

Hon. Jim Bélanger
Hollis, NH



"Cette photo, prise en l'année 1918, représente la troisième voiture à circuler dans les rues de Montréal. Fabriquée par Monsieur Octave Bélanger, propriétaire de la fonderie Ville-Marie, située au numéro 1580 de la rue Amhurst, un peu au Nord de la rue Ste-Catherine."

"This picture, taken in 1918, is the third coach to drive thru the streets of Montreal. Manufactured by Mr. Octave Belanger, owner of the foundry Ville-Marie, located at number 1580 Amhurst Street, just north on Ste-Catherine. "

inflammable qui, une fois allumé, produisait de la lumière."

"Je ne sais pas beaucoup de choses sur la fabrication de la carrosserie, seulement que le capitonnage était fait de cuir de Russie rouge, dommage que la photo ne soit pas en couleur! Je suppose qu'il y avait des carrossiers à Montréal capables de fabriquer l'habillage de la voiture. À noter les ressorts avant qui ressemblent aux ressorts utilisés sur les cabriolets tirés par des chevaux."

"There was no battery, so no starter motor, generator or electric lights, they worked by carbide, that is to say, one had to put the lime in a tank containing water. The result caused by the contact of lime with water, produced a flammable gas which, when ignited, produced light. "

"I do not know much about the manufacture of the vehicle body, only that the upholstery was made of red Russian leather, too bad the picture is not in color, I guess there were coach shops in Montreal that made the upholstery for the car. Note the

"Au volant, il y a mon père, L.-J.-O. Bélanger, artiste peintre, à côté, mon grand-Père, Octave Bélanger, constructeur de la voiture; derrière mon père, il y a ma soeur Lucille; derrière elle, il y a moi, Guy Bélanger, 4 ans. À mon côté, ma mère Juliette Guillemette. Puis ma Grand-Mère, Sophronie Renaud, femme de Octave Bélanger."

front springs that look like springs used on horse drawn carriages."

"At the wheel, there's my father, L.-J.-O. Belanger, the artist is beside my Grand-Father, Octave Belanger, manufacturer of the car is behind my father, there is my sister Lucille and I am behind her, (Guy Bélanger, 4 years). At my side is my mother Juliette Guillemette. Then my grandmother, Sophronia Renaud, wife of Octave Belanger. "

(N.D.L.R./Editor's Note: This article is reprinted with permission from Erika Blair and first appeared at *Please Kill Me*, March 8, 2022, <https://pleasekillme.com/alene-lee/>.)

ALENE LEE: THE HEART OF A SUBTERRANEAN

by Erika Blair-March 8, 2022



Jack Kerouac based his muse/lover “Mardou Fox” in *The Subterraneans* on Alene Lee, a mixed race (Black/Cherokee) bohemian writer and intellectual who was a part of the NYC Beat circle of Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso and Lucien Carr. Despite her intimate connection to these writers, the real Alene Lee is nowhere to be found in most accounts and biographies — partly due to her own reticence to speak. Erika Blair did some digging and presents a more rounded portrait of this fascinating woman.

Jack Kerouac’s *The Subterraneans* (1958) follows an unruly crew of visionary Beatniks in San Francisco 1953, based closely on Kerouac’s group of similar colleagues situated in Greenwich Village. [The depictions were so close, in fact, that the publisher insisted Kerouac move the setting to San Francisco, to avoid possible lawsuits]. The story’s narrator, Leo Percepied, frequents lively jazz clubs and dark, tucked away bars—a beat flâneur recording the style, conversations, and habits of these angel-headed-hipsters with a frenzied prose reminiscent of a bebop solo. There are clear fictional stand-ins for William S. Burroughs, Lucien Carr, Gregory Corso, Allen Ginsberg, Neal Cassady and Gore Vidal.



<https://youtu.be/D7AJN1a85h4>

her character as she leans against bar booths and discusses independence and dreams with the cool confidence of a high priestess.

I loved the mythos surrounding Mardou Fox...never fully grasping who she may have represented in Kerouac’s real life until discovering she was Jack Kerouac’s lover, Alene Lee. Alene’s vital role as an intellectual, aspiring writer, lover, muse, mother, and influence on beatnik fashion is often overlooked by historians and biographers, even those focused on the key women involved in the scene. PKM has compiled the few sources publicly available to celebrate this iconic woman, and inspire other beat aficionados to recognize her influence on the movement’s history.

Alene Lee (née Alene Garris) was

born in 1931 and spent her childhood in Staten Island with a foster mother, and was eventually sent to live with her biological mother and two sisters at the age of six. In a biographical essay titled, “Sisters” (first published by *Beatdom Magazine* # 6 and made available by Alene’s daughter, Christina Diamente) Alene recounts a troubled childhood rife with poverty—her mother was constantly troubled by debt-collectors visiting the run-down apartment—loneliness, and racism—Lee was of Black and Cherokee descent.

But there is also one unclaimed persona that has impressed itself upon my memory since first reading this book over 18 years ago. Three short syllables that pierce through all traditional conventions of femininity and staunch 1950s morality like a stiletto—Mardou Fox. The name Mardou Fox instantly conjures imagery of power, freedom, wild-eyed brilliance, and sex—a beautiful Black woman with a violent red-lipsticked mouth, stylish cropped hair, a womanly frame draped in androgynous menswear, raw youth—the prowess of



“She met Jack Kerouac while he was working as a typist and editing manuscripts for William S. Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg.”

Lee writes, “I began reading a great deal. I had never belonged to any group, I had no friends, my family was my enemy, and the neighbors with their incessant fighting during the summer nights made morning light become shame. I began to withdraw from the intimacy and familiarity of neighbors, and became more conscious of the world around me. I began comparing. And, I always came out second best. I envied everyone.” Of the racist hostility faced by her and her sisters, Alene writes, “One of the places I would take her [Ethel] to was a nice clean playground in a different neighborhood. One day we went to the playground and sang together. I suddenly realized that all those people were white and I perceived what we were in those people’s minds. No one—not one other kid—was colored. All their parents were there with them. And we,

(Continued on page 31)

(ALENE LEE: THE HEART OF A
SUBTERRANEAN continued from page 30)

Ethel and I, were little ‘colored’ girls who couldn’t make fools of ourselves because we didn’t count in the first place, and that’s what ‘we’ did—sing and dance. Little colored boys and girls singing and dancing for white people... I never sang or danced there again. And whenever I saw Ethel dancing for anyone, like that grocery store man, who sold pickles in a barrel, with his fat belly and cigar, sitting outside the store, throwing pennies at her, I could have strangled Ethel. But the words for the problem hadn’t formed in my brain yet and I didn’t know how to name the difference and therefore I couldn’t explain to Ethel. I would tell her, ‘They’re laughing at us.’”

“I had never belonged to any group, I had no friends, my family was my enemy, and the neighbors with their incessant fighting during the summer nights made morning light become shame.

Alene had clear plans to use her intellect and revered physical beauty to become an individual. This additional excerpt from “Sisters” reveals her desire to form her own identity, free from societal constraints.

“Catherine was sick. They were going to put her in a hospital. The doctor thought electric shock would be advisable. Alene recoiled. The third one. The last of her sisters. The most vibrant, the one who danced like a LaChaise woman, the one who had loved the most... why must they kill the ones who really live? I thought, ‘I gotta do something, be something that nobody can take away from me.’ And I pondered, and thought, and I read. And I read many a day and months, and thought... and one morning I woke up and knew that I could get something and be something that I didn’t have to ask anyone for and nobody could take away from me. I could feel harder, think harder and take riches from the world that they couldn’t stop me from having cause most people didn’t know they were there for the taking. And nobody could stop me from having them as long as I didn’t let them know what it was I wanted. And that became mine, my dream. And being black didn’t matter, cause schools, the principal, nobody could take from you what they didn’t know existed. And all I had to do was guard it, and believe in it and it would be mine some day.”

Throughout the 1950s, Alene Lee lived in Paradise Alley—an East Village tenement building at the corner of East 11th and Avenue A that acted as a de-facto clubhouse for the Beats (mentioned by Allen Ginsberg in “Howl”) and was a notable regular of jazz haunts like Cafe Wha? and Caffe Reggio. She met Jack Kerouac while he was working as a typist and editing manuscripts for William S. Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg. Kerouac describes meeting Alene for the first time abstractly through the fictional characters Leo and Mardou, “Making it’...the big expression with her, I can see the little out-pushing teeth through the little redlips saying, ‘making it’ —the key to pain—she sat in the corner, by the window, she was being ‘separated’ or ‘aloof’ or ‘prepared to cut out from this group’...so I went home and for several days in sexual phantasies it was she, her dark feet, thongs of sandals, dark eyes, little soft brown face, Rita-Savage-like cheeks and lips, little secretive intimacy and somehow now softly snakelike charm.” (*The Subterraneans*, 1958)



Alene Lee’s electric persona and intelligence was undeniable. In her 2010 essay, Alene’s daughter, Christina Diamante, quotes Lucien Carr, the man whom her mother was romantic partners with for eleven years. “When I was given an IQ test, I scored 155, but I consider Alene to be smarter than I am. She is the most intelligent woman I know.” Allen Ginsberg is also quoted as saying, “Alene was a peer, and we [Kerouac, Burroughs, and Carr] considered her an equal.”

“When I was given an IQ test, I scored 155, but I consider Alene to be smarter than I am. She is the most intelligent woman I know.

Alene has often been wrongly labeled a mere “groupie” to the Beat writers, having provided the persona and wit that directly inspired seminal pieces of Beat writing. She was present, active, and not a mere bystander to the machismo-soaked sexuality of that group. Her daughter has a private archive of Alene Lee’s unpublished writing, and has mentioned that Grove Press editor, Fred Jordan, dissuaded Lee from pursuing any further writing during her lifetime because her subject matter was not, “commercially viable.”

There is also the questionable fetishization and crude flattening of Mardou Fox’s Blackness as “exotic” and “othering” in *The Subterraneans*—Jack Kerouac isn’t exactly known for his rich treatment of minority and female characters—and it is key to separate the real, complicated, and rounded out Alene Lee from the fiction.



Anonymity was of utmost importance to Alene. In a 1995 *New York Times* interview, her daughter recounts, “Lee was an extraordinary person. She never capitalized on her involvement with the Beatniks. She had no interest in having her fifteen minutes of fame.” Countless Jack Kerouac biographers reached out to Alene during her lifetime, facing a stern refusal to cooperate unless quoted under pseudonym. Alene did not see merit in airing the secrets of the since-deceased Kerouac, or forcing her longtime lover, Lucien Carr, to recount the 1944 murder of David Kammerer yet another time. In a selfless avoidance of dredging up painful memories for her ex-circle of friends, she near-erased her true identity and contributions.

“Lee was an extraordinary person. She never capitalized on her involvement with the Beatniks. She had no interest in having her fifteen minutes of fame.
(Continued on page 34)

The Girard's of Chippewa Falls!

by *Pierre Girard*

In the 1870's, Thomas DeCheyne and his wife Saphronia DesRosiers left the town of Louiseville, Quebec and moved to Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. By 1880 Saphronia had convinced her sister Marguerite DesRosiers and her husband Samuel Girard to join them in Chippewa Falls. Samuel and Marguerite lived in Chippewa for two years and then made plans to move to the Brainerd, Minnesota area where they bought land and began farming.

That same year the DesRosiers sisters welcomed to Chippewa a third sister, Adeline DesRosiers and her husband Solomon Girard. Eighteen years earlier, in January of 1864, sisters Adeline and Marguerite DesRosiers had married brothers Samuel and Solomon Girard in a double wedding ceremony at St Antoine Padue in Louiseville, Quebec.

Following the emigration movement of the Girard/DesRosiers families, the DesRosiers sister's brother, Theotiste DesRosiers and his wife Philomene Doyon moved from Louiseville, Quebec to the Crookston, Minnesota area, bought land and began farming. Of these four families, the only one who remained in Chippewa Falls was the Solomon Girard family.

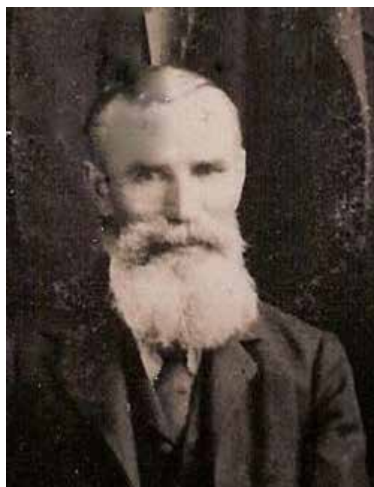
Solomon and Adeline had 9 children when they moved to Chippewa Falls. When they left Ste Ursule, Quebec for the U.S. they boarded the train in Montreal. The two oldest boys carried a large pot of pea soup, six of the other children carried a loaf of bread under their arm and Adeline the mother, carried the baby, Proxedus. When they arrived in Chicago, Illinois, they ate the pea soup and bread in the waiting room of the Chicago railroad depot. They then boarded another train for the journey to Chippewa Falls.

Solomon Girard built a white wooden frame house on Culver Street in Chippewa Falls. It was the first house east of State St in the city. He also built and ran a sawmill and had a small farm on the Little Drywood Creek in the township of Anson in Chippewa County. Solomon's father, Isaac, had run a sawmill in St Edouard, Quebec so this activity in the logging region of Wisconsin was in his blood.

The family's nine children grew to adulthood with some remaining in Chippewa Falls and others moving to Brooks and Belle Prairie, Minnesota. Solomon and Adeline built a large brick home next to their white wooden home on Culver Street just prior to celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary in 1914. Solomon died in 1921 and his wife Adeline died in 1925. Their daughter, Proxedus, who had been caring for them then moved to La Crosse, Wisconsin and entered the Dominican Monastery and became cloistered Sister Mary Bertrand. Her siblings who had remained in Chippewa continued raising their families in the community.

Solomon and Adeline's son Joseph was my grandfather. In 1891, at the age of 25, he built a large brick home at 15 South Culver Street as a wedding gift for his future wife, Virginia LaMothe whom he married in 1892 at Notre Dame Church in Chippewa Falls. Eight children were born to this union in this home. Six of those children grew to adulthood. Four of those children remained in Chippewa and raised families there. My father, Clarence Girard bought the home upon the death of his parents and this is the home that I was raised in.

My father, grandfather and great-grandfather practiced the trades of plasterer and bricklayer. Their obituaries stated that the brick buildings downtown Chippewa Falls stand as testaments to their skill and integrity in the building trades.



Solomon Girard
December 14, 1837 - February 4, 1921



Adeline DesRosiers
November 29, 1843 - April 2, 1925



Death and Living on by Susan Cyr

Death, we learn to accept, But we never forget. I made a friend who stole my heart, But glad she did, cause she gave me a new start. When we met, I was lost, And she showed me the way at no cost. She always knew when I was blue, I needn't give her a clue. Always there when I needed a shoulder to lean on, I knew she was a friend I could depend upon. Whenever I needed an ear, She was ready to listen and hear. She shared with me her past, And said, this too would not last. She never asked for anything, but was always there to praise you or sing. She never

gossiped or carried a grudge. She definitely didn't like to judge. Because of what she taught me, I learned to let go Of what hurt me so long ago. She had just begun to live her dream, And now it would evaporate like water in a stream I cried a tear when I got the news, For I'd been down that road with another friend too. I knew in my heart it was only a matter of time That when the day came God would ring her chime. Although the future was inevitable, It wasn't any easier or acceptable. She never let her illness conquer her light, She fought it with all her might. When the chips were down, she would only smile And say, "I'll go another mile". She never once said "why me". She only smiled and said it had to be. I prayed to God to spare her pain, But He only whispered with soft rain. Only once in two years I saw her cry a tear Not for herself, rather for her friends and family, who knew the time grew near. She knew the pain they would feel, When all was done and she would no longer heal. I learned so much from her. She was my greatest mentor That's why it's been so hard to shut the door. May 12th, 1994 I lost my dear friend, who was the best I ever met. Although I tried to accept it, I wasn't ready to let go yet. I turned to my daughter and said it i done. Tears rolled from her eyes,



And her feelings I could only surmise. I too cried many a tear, For she was ever so dear. Though time has eased the pain, I sometimes feel her presence reigns. Although she no longer walks among the living, I speak to her spirit which is still giving. For whenever I ask for her strength, wisdom and guidance. She never fails me, for everything seems to come to hence. Thinking back of what she taught, Now I realize I learned alot. What she said didn't always sink quick, But now I see it will always stick. Even though her body is gone, She will always live on.

In Loving Memory of Betty Carter

Vin Rouge and a Prediction in a Paris Café

The wine at the Cité was awful.
It tasted almost like vinegar.*

*It burned
the lips, tongue, and throat.
So. . . Saturdays after dinner
we'd stroll to a Left Bank café
with student friendly prices.*

*Sometimes tourists sat with us.
We'd help them place their orders.*

*Once an American joined us:
A DENTIST !!!*

*"Oh no, no," I cried
and clamped my mouth shut.
Soon everyone was watching
as he probed my jaw.*

*Sighing he predicted
I would need an operation.*

*Years later,
the prediction was fulfilled
in an expected way.*

My spouse had the operation.



**After graduating from college, I applied for and received funding as a boursière du gouvernement français. During the parisian academic year I roomed at the Fondation des États-Unis in the Cité Universitaire. Located in Paris' 14th arrondissement, the Cité had hundreds of dormitories - each supported by a specific nation. The dormitories provided traditional French breakfasts (a chunk of baguette and either a café noir or café au lait). A centrally located restaurant provided low cost lunches and dinners for the students. We were fortunate. Our Cité offered the best student meals Paris. None of the Cités provided decent wine.*

*Margaret S. Langford
Maplewood 201 River Road
Westmoreland, NH 03467*

Origin of the Northern Maine Tilley name

*Hon. Jim Bélanger
Hollis, NH*

Most of us might be aware that there were Tilley families who immigrated to the USA in the 1600s and some are listed on the passenger list for the Mayflower. However, these are not related to some Tilley families in Maine. Let's go back a few years to 1830. On 8 October 1830 in Kamouraska, Kamouraska Co, Quebec we find the birth of Elie Dionne, son of Jean Baptiste and Marie Rose (Rosalie) Dube. Elie married Helene Lagace, daughter of Joseph Minier and Priscille Gagnon on 3 October 1853 in Frenchville, Aroostook Co, Maine. Helene was born 13 November 1836 at St Basile, Madawaska Co, New Brunswick. Elie passed in 1901 and Helene in 1878. Elie and Helene were the parents of 12 children. As was the custom, at the time, if a child died in infancy, the next born was named after the deceased especially if the gender was the same. On 15 May 1860 Elie and Helene had a child and named him Joseph Elie Dionne. He was baptized 15 May 1860 at St Francois, Madawaska Co, New Brunswick. They then were parents to another

child born 10 November 1861 at St Francois, Aroostook Co, Maine and named him Guillaume Henri Dionne. The English name for Guillaume is William, as we all are aware. Then, Joseph Elie Dionne who was born in 1860 passed away on 7 May 1862 at the age of 1 year but after the birth of Guillaume (William). The family started calling William (Guillaume) little Elie in memory of his deceased brother. In French, "little" is "petit". In Acadian French the pronunciation of words is often changed and "Petit Elie" became "Ti-lee" which eventually changed to William being called William Tilley. Later, about 1883 (exact date unknown) William married Modeste Levesque in Benedicta, Aroostook Co, Maine and she later changed her name to Maude Bishop. 11 children born of this marriage all carried the surname Tilley.



Brief Life History of William H

When William H Tilley was born on 11 December 1862, in Fort Kent, Aroostook, Maine, United States, his father, Eli Tilley, was 25 and his mother, Ellen Legassey, was 25. He had at least 5 sons and 5 daughters with Maude Modeste Bishop. He lived in Van Buren, Aroostook, Maine, United States in 1910 and Sherman, Aroostook, Maine, United States in 1930. In 1901, his occupation is listed as chief engineer for St John Lumber co in Keegan, Van Buren, Aroostook, Maine, United States. He died on 5 July 1948, in Island Falls, Aroostook, Maine, United States, at the age of 85, and was buried in Saint Benedicts Cemetery, Benedicta Town, South Aroostook Territory, Aroostook, Maine, United States.

*(ALENE LEE: THE HEART OF A
SUBTERRANEAN continued from page 32)*

Christina Diamente writes, "She had to endure years of pain from being portrayed erroneously as a Black girl groupie who hung out with junkies...But a Black and Native American woman named Alene Lee did exist during that same time and place... She did influence Kerouac, Carr, and Ginsberg. She did write...she did die still in love with at least one of these men (Carr), and in friendship with another (Ginsberg—who was with her when she died at Lenox Hill Hospital). Without her person being reinserted into the Beat Generation, what is at stake is the commodification of that history, a portrait with no Black or Indigenous females in the picture."

"In a selfless avoidance of dredging up painful memories for her ex-circle of

friends, she near-erased her true identity and contributions.

Lee was further "whitewashed" from the Beat picture with the film adaptation of *The Subterraneans* (1960), which starred Leslie Caron as Mardou Fox and George Peppard as Leo. Caron was/is (she's still alive, at age 90) French-Canadian, and as white as they come, a stark contrast to the Black and Indigenous Alene Lee. The casting was an obvious attempt at making the story more "marketable" to 1960s middle America—a racist erasure and whitewashing of a key Beat heroine. Additionally, the film commercialized the "beatnik" craze in a very shallow way; laden with stereotypes and outdated jargon...it was a mashup of every "beatnik" cliché in the book, Hollywood's attempt at chopping up Kerouac's flowing prose into bite-sized bits of Maynard G. Krebs-level hipster drivel and selling it to people who likely had never seen the inside

of a jazz club. Its only redeeming value was the soundtrack that included Gerry Mulligan (who also had a part as a street preacher) and Art Pepper. (Fun facts: Dean Martin was first offered the part of Leo; and Roddy McDowall played the Corso character, Yuri Gilgoric.)

Alene Lee died from lung cancer in 1991. Her final wish to her daughter was to "help keep her alive." There are only a handful of images widely circulated online of Alene, but even the few available depict a maddening beauty and effortless style. The intensity of Lee's eyes depict a faint sadness, as if she knew that their unbridled howling in the face of conformity wouldn't last much longer after the camera's bulb flickered out.

What Kerouac wrote about Mardou Fox in *The Subterraneans*, may be true for Alene Lee, too: "I know she's the most *en-womaned* women I've ever seen, a brunette of eternity incomprehensibly beautiful and for always sad, profound, calm."

ADAPTATION GOOGLE EARTH DES TERRES DE L'ÎLE D'ORLÉANS SELON LÉON ROY - PROJET TERMINÉ

Après trois ans de recherche et d'identification, j'ai le plaisir de vous présenter la version finale de ce projet qui consistait à créer des fichiers de géolocalisations compatibles avec le logiciel gratuit « Google Earth », et ce, selon les recherches effectuées par Léon Roy, ancien archiviste de la province de Québec.

En effet, Léon Roy publia entre 1950 et 1955 dans « Le Rapport de l'Archiviste de la Province de Québec », le résultat d'une recherche de 15 ans effectuée par lui et plusieurs collaboratrices, et qui consistait à un relevé de chacune des terres et leurs historiques fonciers de trois paroisses de l'île d'Orléans en les fixant sur les plans cadastraux originaux.

C'est ainsi qu'il identifia les terres primaires et leurs propriétaires de Sainte-Famille, Saint-Jean et Saint-Pierre. On se doit de reconnaître aujourd'hui que le résultat et la portée

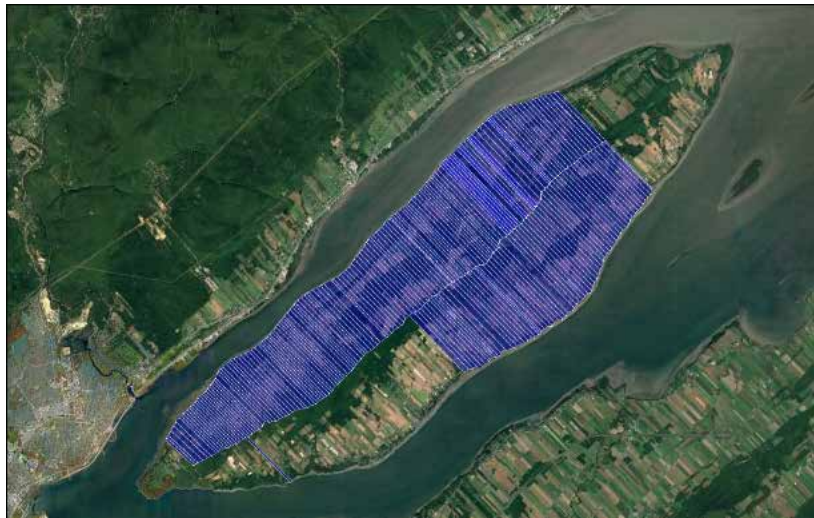
de cette recherche est extraordinaire pour les généalogistes Québécois.

Voilà trois ans, dans le but de vulgariser cette recherche et la rendre plus facilement disponible aux amateurs d'histoire et de généalogie, j'ai entrepris d'adapter ces travaux sur une plateforme plus moderne, avec le logiciel Google Earth, un outil gratuit que j'apprécie beaucoup pour la géolocalisa-

tion. Ainsi j'ai repris chacun des relevés de la compilation de Léon Roy et j'ai créé pour chacun, un fichier de géolocalisation avec l'historique de chacune des terres.

Le résultat est donc un ensemble de 207 fichiers de géolocalisation qui est maintenant disponible sur le Projet Patrimoine Québec ici: <https://www.patrimoinequebec.ca/salledescartes/id12.php>

Sur la page de ce projet, vous avez



accès à un index par noms de propriétaires pour vous permettre facilement de retrouver vos ancêtres et leurs terres.

Il me fait plaisir de vous partager gratuitement les fichiers individuelles de ce projet.

Mais si vous désirez avoir la compilation complète de cette recherche, il est possible de la télécharger sur cette même page

au coût de 12\$, un bon moyen pour vous d'encourager le Projet Patrimoine Québec.

Vous me direz: qu'en est-il des autres paroisses de l'île d'Orléans ?

La recherche de Léon Roy est resté incomplète malgré qu'il avait commencé à compiler sans pouvoir publier le résultat des paroisses de Saint-François et Saint-Laurent. Cette dernière partie, fut finalement publié dans le Rapport des Archives Nationales de 1973 par André Vachon.

La bonne nouvelle est qu'éventuellement les autres paroisses ainsi que toutes les autres régions seront indexés dans le projet du « Registre du Patrimoine Foncier Québécois » que vous retrouverez ici: <https://www.patrimoinequebec.ca/Foncier/index.php>

[patrimoinequebec.ca/Foncier/index.php](https://www.patrimoinequebec.ca/Foncier/index.php)

Effectivement, maintenant que l'adaptation des terres de l'île d'Orléans selon Léon Roy est terminée, je vais me concentrer sur le nouveau « Registre du Patrimoine Foncier Québécois », projet important du «Projet Patrimoine Québec » qui retracera l'historique de toutes les terres primaires du territoire Québécois en collaboration avec la base de données « Le Fureteur - données fiables » et qui vous permettra de retracer le

patrimoine foncier de vos ancêtres orientant la recherche par nom de propriétaire.

Mais pour l'heure, je vous laisse découvrir cette présente adaptation en espérant qu'elle vous permettent de faire de belles découvertes à propos de vos ancêtres !

Bonne recherche !

*Nico Lefrançois pour le
Projet Patrimoine Québec*

LÉON ROY GOOGLE EARTH ADAPTATION - COMPLETED PROJECT

After three years of research and identification, I have the pleasure to present you the final version of this project which consisted of creating geolocation files compatible with the free software "Google Earth", according to the researches carried out by Léon Roy, former archivist of the province from Quebec.

Indeed, Léon Roy published between 1950 and 1955 in "Le Rapport de l'Archiviste de la Province of Quebec", the result of a 15-year research carried out by him

and several collaborators, which consisted of a survey of each of the lands and their land histories of three parishes on the island of Orléans by fixing them on the original cadastral plans.

This is how he identified the primary lands and their owners of Sainte-Famille, Saint-Jean and Saint-Pierre. We must recognize today that the result and the scope of this research is extraordinary for Quebec genealogists. Three years ago, in order to widen this research and make it more acces-

sible to history and genealogy lovers, I have begun adapting this work on a more modern platform, with Google Earth, a free tool that I really appreciate for geolocalization. So I took each of the records of Léon Roy's compilation and created for each, a geolocation file with the history of each land.

So the result is a set of 207 geolocation files that are now available on the Quebec Heritage Project here: <https://www.patrimoinequebec.ca/salledescartes/id12.php>

On this project page, you have access to an index by names of owners to easily find your ancestors and their lands.

(Continued on page 36)

“And Poison Fell From The Sky: A Memoir of Life, Death, and Survival in Maine’s Cancer Valley” by Marie Thérèse Martin: Review by Jim Bishop

I first met Marie Thérèse Martin in early August this year when she gave a reading from her book at Anodyne Books, a new bookstore in my hometown, Searsport, Maine. Terry, as she prefers to be called, has the bearing of one who has walked through the fire and emerged, seared but the stronger for it. Yet, she seemed tentative about her ability to read certain passages from the book, and even asked if someone from the audience might help by reading those sections for her. I couldn’t quite bring those two seemingly disparate aspects of her presentation into alignment – that wavery vulnerability on the one hand, with the composed, mature stance of the woman at the lectern. Not, that is, until I had a chance to read Terry’s incredibly gutsy memoir/exposé of growing up in Rumford in the 1950s, of her two years as a novitiate in a Catholic convent, and of her later experience as a wife, mother and practicing nurse in the shadow of the Oxford Paper mill in what came to be known as “Cancer Valley.”

Reading “*And Poison Fell From the Sky*,” I found myself identifying with so much of Terry’s narrative: As a child of French-speaking, Franco-American Catholic parents, growing up in another “petit-Canada” in another Maine river city mill town, I too smelled the rotten-egg odors from a paper mill just down-river from our

home. And remember all too well the kind of unacknowledged caste system she describes, in the mills and in the social construct of the town, and the place of Franco working class families in that hierarchy.

As such, I am all the more impressed with Terry Martin’s candor and courage in this revealing, uncompromising chronicle of her coming of age as the Catholic daughter of a “grass widow” mother in Rumford and of her and her husband’s thirty-year struggle to expose the terrible cost to their fellow townspeople of the carcinogenic pollutants raining down on them daily from the mill’s 412-foot emission tower – the mill, which, as in other mill towns throughout New England, was also Rumford’s chief economic engine, the bread and butter for so many of its working class citizens.

“Even if you come to discover the work that feeds you may also be killing you,” she writes, “there’s little choice but to keep doing it and hope you’re one of the lucky ones who successfully tiptoes through the acid rain.... Or you deny what you know altogether.

“ ‘Breathe it in – it’s the smell of money,’ the bosses would say, and the workers repeated the same phrase so often they believed it too.”

It’s an old story, one replicated in many forms in corporate/industrial America.

(LÉON ROY GOOGLE EARTH ADAPTATION - COMPLETED PROJECT continued from page 35)

I am pleased to share with you the individual files of this project for free.

But if you want the full compilation of this research, it is possible to download it on this page for \$12, a good way for you to encourage the Projet Patrimoine Québec.

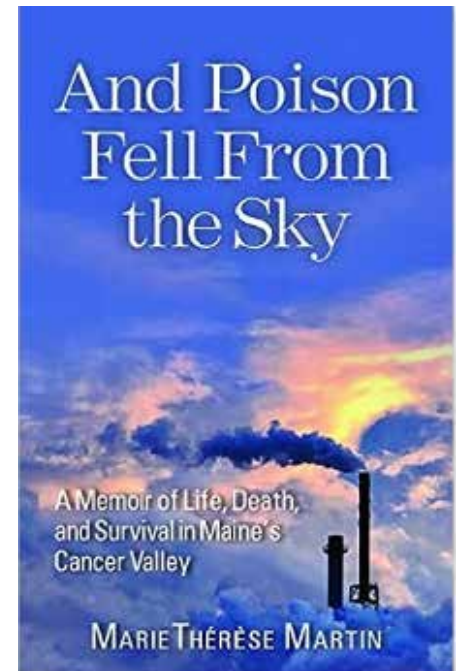
Tell me: what about the other parishes on the Isle of Orléans?

Léon Roy's research remained incomplete despite the fact that he had started compiling without being able to publish the

result of the parishes of Saint-Francois and Saint-Laurent. This last part was finally published in the Report of the National Archives in 1973 by André Vachon.

The good news is that possibly the other parishes as well as all other regions will be indexed in the project "Register of Foncier Quebec Heritage" which you can find here: <https://www.patrimoinequebec.ca/Foncier/index.php>

Effectively, now that the adaptation of the lands of the Isle d'Orléans according to Léon Roy is over, I will focus on the new "Register of Land Heritage Quebec", an



Homer Hickam’s 1988 memoir “*Rocket Boys*,” later adapted for the movie, “*October Sky*,” comes to mind, in which Hickam tells of growing up in a mining community in Coalwood, West Virginia, another “company town,” his father a miner from generations of miners, who hoped his son would follow him into the mines, even as workers around them breathe in coal dust over a lifetime in cramped underground spaces with improper ventilation, and are stricken with black lung as a result. Even as Homer’s own father fatally contracts the disease.

Homer Hickam got lucky. He was able, through his own resourcefulness and help along the way, to escape the mines and become a NASA engineer. Like Homer, Terry Martin had wider dreams of a life beyond the polluted “Granite Bowl” of Rumford. But first she needed to reckon with her mother’s more contained hopes for her, that she become a nun. And so, at the age (Continued on page 37)

important project of the "Projet Patrimoine Québec" that will trace the history of all the primary lands of the Quebec territory in collaboration with the database "Le Fureteur - reliable data" that will allow you to trace the land heritage of your ancestors guiding the search on behalf of the owner.

But for now, I'll let you discover this adaptation in the hope that it will enable you to discover some beautiful things about your ancestors!

Good research!

**Nico Lefrançois for the
Quebec Heritage Project**

(“*And Poison Fell From The Sky: A Memoir of Life, Death, and Survival in Maine’s Cancer Valley*” continued from page 36)

of thirteen, “my mother drove south on the turnpike and deposited me at the nunnery in Salem, the town of pilgrims, witches, and, apparently, nuns.... I would have to leave everything and everyone from my present life and focus solely on becoming a nun. I even had to give up my name... I would be known henceforth as number 24.”

Terry’s compressed, evocative telling of her two-year immersion in the nunnery’s almost medieval regimen was unsettling, even to this former Catholic: the enforced silence, the insistence that novitiates conceal their bodies from themselves even when bathing or changing for bed, the pathological reactions of certain fellow novitiates. Well into her second year of convent, Terry makes a decision and places a call to her mother. “‘I’m not staying, Mom,’ I said. ‘I don’t have a vocation, and I don’t want to be a nun. I want a life... I’m coming home in June and I’m not coming back.’” And in that assertion we witness Terry beginning to discover her own identity, her own strength of character, charting a path that will lead her back to Rumford and yet unforeseen challenges she will soon have to confront.

After graduating from Stephens High School, and eventually Mercy Hospital School of Nursing in Portland, she returns to Rumford to satisfy the terms of her nursing school scholarship and becomes a nurse in the local hospital, where she soon falls for a

charismatic doctor almost twice her age, gets pregnant, and is married when she is twenty-two. Even with all the subsequent stresses on her marriage, Doc Martin and Terry, as his nurse assistant, become a kind of power couple, ministering to the medical needs of the community. And after years of treating



an inordinate number of cancer victims, Doc Martin has an epiphany: recognizing the medical linkage between the cancer victims he and Terry continue to treat, and watch die, and the toxicity of pollutants from the mill. And so begins their thirty-year battle with the mill, with the Church, with the hospital itself, and with the EPA in Washington D.C. Not till long after Doc himself succumbs to cancer in 2001 does the EPA finally accept a D.C. Appeals Courts ruling in 2021 that it has a *mandatory* duty to address all violations of the Clean Air Act enacted 50 years earlier.

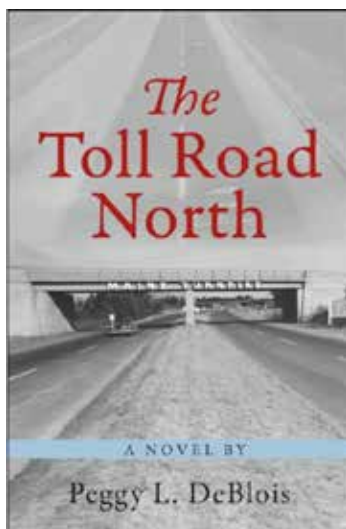
Terry’s description of her and Doc’s protracted struggle is not light reading, re-

minding us of --immersing us in --the daily cost of such commitment: “*Communities, protection, and even immoral* are ultimately lifeless, bloodless words. They don’t reveal anything about the actual experience of watching one person after another get sick and often die, while you, the person charged with caring for their health, can do next to nothing to help.”

Marie Thérèse Martin is a born Acadian story teller, and like all well-told stories, her crisply rendered narrative will grab and engage readers on that level alone. But beyond that, I recommend her book here for more compelling reasons. I can’t think of a recent memoir that grapples with the issues it addresses in a more candid and courageous way. “*And Poison Fell From the Sky*” is in a class with Kerri Arsenault’s award-winning “*Mill Town*,” another personal memoir and diligently researched exposé of the paper mill’s behind-the-scenes machinations over decades in Rumford’s “*Cancer Valley*.” Indeed, Terry’s rendition can be read as an immersive, moment-to-moment companion volume to Arsenault’s more methodical rendering, and as such, deserves the same serious attention and acclaim.

And I want to emphasize that, beyond her skills as a writer and people’s historian, Terry deserves our recognition as a major voice for those less empowered to resist the purveyors of the widespread toxins that rain down on us or seep into us daily, even as we sleep. I thank her for the years of dedicated effort that have made this testimony in our behalf possible. Read it, you’ll thank her too.

BOOKS/LIVRES



Dee is living a charmed life in Connecticut until she and her son are taken hostage while on a college visit in her hometown of Lewiston, Maine. When Dee recognizes the gunman, she is forced to face her secret-filled past. The French-Canadian Catholic community of her youth is filled with betrayals, abandonment, and secret pregnancies. How will she reveal her shameful past to her husband, son, and friends?

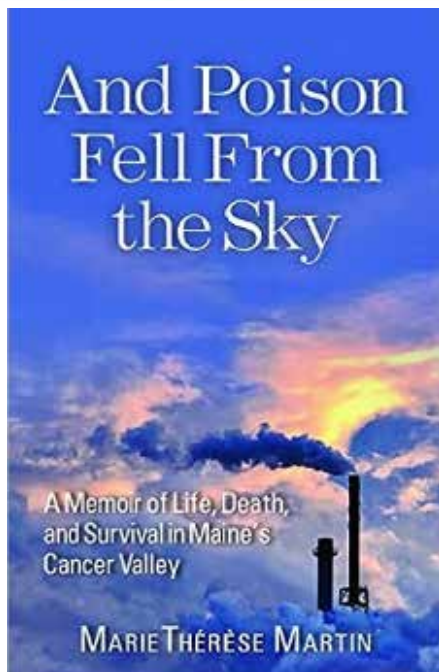
Dee makes the hard decision to face her truth and begins a quest to uncover the answers to questions she never dared ask as a child. We meet Dee’s and the young gunman’s ancestors, who set the tone for the future generations of each of their families. Dee’s father is a master manipulator, and we see how he has forever marked the lives of his best friend and high school girlfriend. As the reader follows Dee, her younger parents, and their friends, *The Toll Road North* explores the universal truth that we all create our adult persona and often no one in our present world really understands where we came from.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Peggy Lafreniere DeBlois grew up in Lewiston, Maine, and is a proud graduate of Bowdoin College. She enjoyed careers in marketing, journalism, and teaching prior to devoting her time to writing. *The Toll Road North* is her first novel, and she continues to be inspired by the gritty beauty in her hometown.

<https://maineauthorspublishing.com/the-toll-road-north/>

BOOKS/LIVRES



And Poison Fell From the Sky: A Memoir of Life, Death, and Survival in Maine's Cancer Valley

by *Marie Thérèse Martin (Author)*

Marie Therese Beaudet Martin grew up grateful for the paper mill that dominated the economy of her small Maine town. It was only years later, while working as a nurse, that she and her physician husband Joseph Edward "Doc" Martin came to believe that the area's sky-high rates of lymphoma, pediatric cancer, and lung disease was caused by the smoke and chemicals billowing from the mill's tall stacks both day and night. Together, they sounded an alarm no one wanted to hear and began a decades-long fight to expose the devil's bargain the community had struck with the mill, a fight that Terry continued even after Doc himself fell victim to cancer. Martin's memoir, *And Poison Fell From the Sky*, includes a foreword by Kerri Arsenault, author of the book *Mill Town*, which includes Martin and her husband.

<https://www.amazon.com/Poison-Fell-Sky-Memoir-Survival/dp/195214339X>



About the author: MarieThérèse Martin is a registered nurse, originally from Rumford, Maine. She experienced a life clouded by toxic emissions and saw firsthand the effects of a paper mill town on her community. As a main character in Kerri Arsenault's 2020 bestseller, *Mill Town*, Martin was instrumental in the exploration of the area's toxins and disease, providing primary-source documents and stimulating conversations. Martin is the author of *Le Visage de ma Grandmère*, a mixed-genre look at Acadian history and cuisine. She now lives in Hartford, has three children and several grandchildren.

Insights

Read this if you liked

- *Mill Town* by Kerri Arsenault
- *Shredding Paper* by Michael G. Hillard
- *We Were the Kennedys* by Jamie Sayen
- *When Breath Becomes Life* by Paul Kalanithi

This book explores

- Life in rural Maine
- Complex relationships
- Environmental issues
- Domestic abuse
- Pulp and paper manufacturing

Book Specs

Written by MarieThérèse Martin

Binding: Softcover

Pages: 200

Genre: Nonfiction | Memoir

Ages: All

ISBN: 978-1-952143-39-7

Publication Date: November 2022

Dimensions: 5.5 x 8.5

Shipping Weight: 0.8 lbs.

US \$18.95 / CAN \$22.95

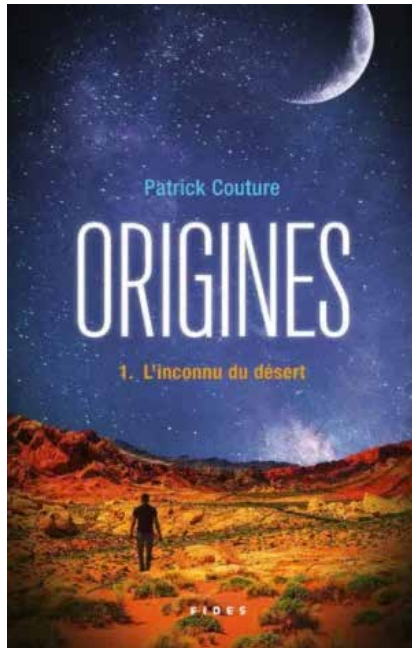
orders@islandportpress.com

<https://www.islandportpress.com/product-page/and-poison-fell-from-the-sky>



ORIGINES T.1: L'Inconnu du désert

by *Patrick Couture*



À Snyder, coin perdu du Texas, le temps paraît long. Surtout quand on subit les moqueries de ses camarades de classe. Pour Sarah, adolescente orpheline et passionnée par les scorpions et les reptiles, le désert est son seul refuge. En ce jour de printemps 1963, son quotidien solitaire bascule quand elle sauve la vie d'un homme, étendu sur le sol aride du désert. Amnésique et désorienté, l'inconnu rapidement surnommé « Duke » découvre alors un pays qui lui est étranger, au bord d'un con it atomique, et où tout lui semble être d'une autre époque. Voyageur du temps, extraterrestre, ou encore superhéros, Sarah s'amuse à faire des hypothèses sur les origines de Duke. Mais quand l'inconnu du désert capte des signaux provenant d'ailleurs, la jeune fille s'embarque alors dans une véritable enquête aux frontières du réel, loin de se douter que tout son monde peut basculer en un simple claquement de doigts.

BIOGRAPHIE

Patrick Couture enseigne depuis une vingtaine d'années et est diplômé en linguistique de l'Université de Montréal. Passionné d'histoire et de préhistoire depuis l'enfance, il épluche ouvrages et articles scientifiques avec fascination à la recherche de nouvelles connaissances qui sont susceptibles de jeter un peu de lumière sur le lointain passé. Réunissant les découvertes les plus pertinentes qui permettent de mieux comprendre notre coin de planète, il a créé une série de conférences à la suite desquelles son auditoire enthousiaste lui demande invariablement s'il a écrit un livre. La réponse était négative... jusqu'à maintenant!



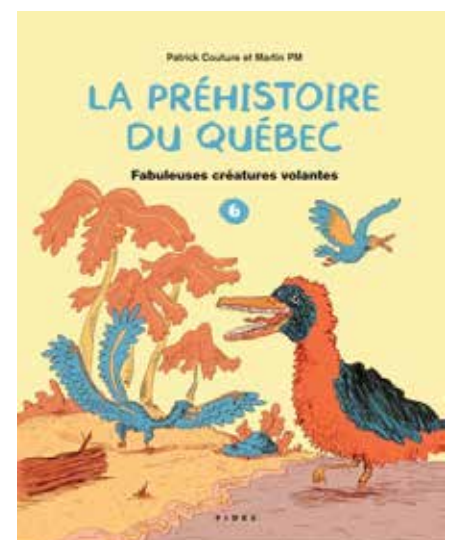
DU MÊME AUTEUR



Préhistoire du Québec (La) 4
Extraordinaires créatures aquatiques



Préhistoire du Québec (La) 5
Incroyables créatures terrestres



Préhistoire du Québec (La) 6
Fabuleuses créatures volantes



BOOKS/LIVRES

Launch of French Boy by Denis Ledoux

September 22, 2023 *Franco-American News and Culture* Soleil Press

By **Juliana L'Heureux**

French Boy, a 1950s Franco-American Childhood, a memoir, was launched on October 16, 2023.

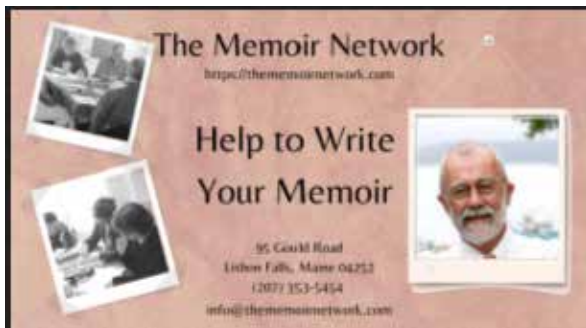
Denis Ledoux described his motivation for writing about his Franco-American upbringing:

“It was a surprise for me to discover as a child that French was not the majority language in Maine, let alone the US,” recalls Denis Ledoux in his new memoir *French Boy / A 1950s Franco-American Childhood*.

“I came to realize that my language and culture were marginal and not valued by the larger society. Under these conditions of marginalization, how does one become the person one needs to become?”

In *French Boy*, Ledoux explores what it means to grow up outside the dominant culture and language. This memoir is sure to provoke discussion and not always agreement.

“I was very interested in exploring the dynamics of my Franco community—not as an academician but as a person whose life was shaped by the joys and frictions of the Franco life. Our experience is one of incorporating loss and accepting to come to terms with that loss.”

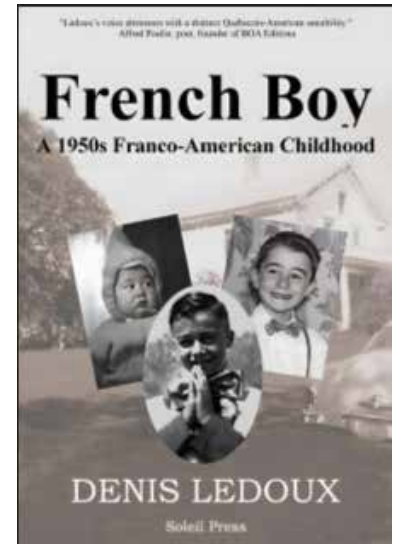


French Boy / A 1950s Franco-American Childhood chronicles the life of a Maine boy from 1947 through to 1960. “Born in Lewiston, a small industrial Maine city and then raised on a farm, Denis Ledoux’s life is typical of many Maine Franco men and women of his generation, and as such,” according to David Soucy, Marketing Assistant at The Mem-

oir Network, “it is an important addition to our understanding of one of Maine’s ethnic communities—and the USA’s—in the last century.”

“Memoirs such as my *French Boy*,” continues Ledoux, “are ones of overlooked details, of information often thought to be marginal and so too frequently lost to lovers of history. A basic function of memoir is to give witness to a time and to values gone by, and *French Boy* succeeds admirably at this function, transcending the life of the individual who is its subject. This story is bigger than me.”

In 1990, Ledoux’s short story collection, *Mountain Dance and Other Stories*, won the Maine Arts Commission’s Fiction Award. In both 1992 and 1996, he won Individual Writing Fellowships from the Maine Arts Commission. In addition, he has been helping people to write memoirs since 1988 via the Memoir Network. In 1996, the Association of Personal Historians named him Personal Historian of the Year. Ledoux’s interest in writing beyond family has created a record of the community that was once called the “unassimilable ethnics” by a Massachusetts Bureau of Labor report. In *French Boy*, he writes about his generation’s loss of its history and culture. He has studied this remarkable memoir with historical information that will explain much about Franco-America to both Francos and non-Francos. It is full of photos from family collections and endnotes. “My personal and family story is a sort of trellis through which I have intertwined Franco and American history,” said Ledoux. “



French Boy is only partially a personal story. More than that, it is a slice of history.”

Denis Ledoux lives and writes from his home in Maine.

Soleil Press is the publishing arm of The Memoir Network which helps people to chronicle their lives via memoir writing. The network has assisted thousands of individuals to start and complete memoirs. The book is available through The Memoir Network, 95 Gould Road, Lisbon Falls, Maine 04252, through Amazon.com or Barnes and Noble. The office can be reached by calling 207-353- 5454 or emailing at memoirs@thememoirnetwork.com.

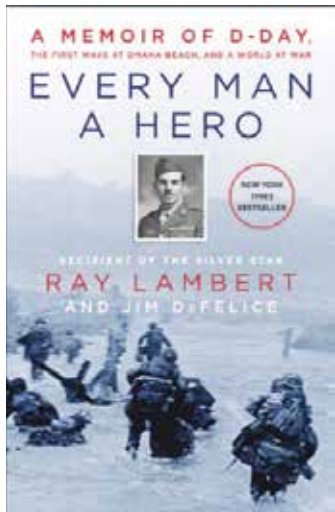
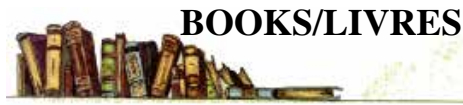
Merci Denis!

Denis Ledoux grew up in a three-generation home with paternal grandparents who lived upstairs. Stories have always played an important role in Denis’ life. As a child, he heard tales about his extended family and their history, recounted by the family storyteller, his mémère.

Denis holds a B.A. in English and an M.A. in Education. He has taught Franco studies at the university level and has been a guest lecturer at numerous colleges and universities on the subjects of cultural diversity and Franco North American culture and history.

It was a natural leap from his family stories to helping others to record their stories in well-written accounts that apply all the techniques of fiction writing to autobiography, family reminiscence, and scrapbooking.

(Continued on page 41)



Every Man a Hero

A Memoir of D-Day, the First Wave at Omaha Beach, and a World at War

By: Ray Lambert, Jim DeFelice
Narrated by: Kaleo Griffith

Seventy-five years ago, he hit Omaha Beach with the first wave. Now D-Day legend Ray Lambert (1920-2021) delivers one of the most remarkable memoirs of our time, a tour-de-force of remembrance evoking his role as a decorated World War II medic who risked his life to save the heroes of Normandy.

At five a.m. on June 6, 1944, U.S. Army Staff Sergeant Ray Lambert worked his way through a throng of nervous soldiers to a wind-swept deck on a troopship off the coast of Normandy, France. A familiar voice cut through the wind and rumble of the ship’s engines. “Ray!” called his brother, Bill. Ray, head of a medical team for the First Division’s famed 16th Infantry Regiment, had already won a silver star in 1943 for running through German lines to rescue trapped men, one of countless rescues he’d made in North Africa and Sicily.

“This is going to be the worst yet,” Ray told his brother, who served alongside him throughout the war.

“If I don’t make it,” said Bill, “take care of my family.”

“I will,” said Ray. He thought about his wife and son—a boy he had yet to see. “Same for me.” The words were barely out of Ray’s mouth when a shout came from below.

To the landing craft!

The brothers parted. Their destinies lay ten miles away, on the bloodiest shore of Normandy, a plot of Omaha Beach ironically code named “Easy Red.”

Less than five hours later, after saving dozens of lives and being wounded at least three separate times, Ray would lose consciousness in the shallow water of the beach under heavy fire. He would wake on the deck of a landing ship to find his battered brother clinging to life next to him.

Every Man a Hero is the unforgettable story not only of what happened in the incredible and desperate hours on Omaha Beach, but of the bravery and courage that preceded them, throughout the Second World War—from the sands of Africa, through the treacherous mountain passes of Sicily, and beyond to the greatest military victory the world has ever known.

<https://www.amazon.com/Every-Man-Hero-Memoir-D-Day/dp/0062937480>

(Launch of French Boy by Denis Ledoux continued from page 40)



Denis Ledoux lives and works in Maine, just a mile from his boyhood home

namics of New France.

Coming Down, a novel of a Québécois family immigrating to Maine in 1890. Initially intending only to earn enough money to make a go of the farm back home, the family begins to realize that they are in the US for good. There is no going back for them.

Currently, Ledoux is at work on three book projects:

A sequel to French Boy which takes the reader through Denis’ next years: a seminary experience that looked to the nineteenth century rather than to the twentieth, and-

A story about his early Canadian ancestors. Here to Stay / A Slice of Franco-America in the Seventeenth Century focuses on the lives of four Canadian, a non-fiction story set in a context of the dy-



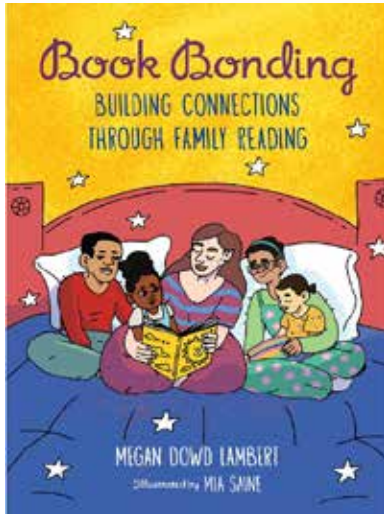
For more information:
Soleil Press 95 Gould Road
Lisbon Falls, ME 04252

Phone: 207-353-5454
www.thememoirnetwork.com





BOOKS/LIVRES



Book Bonding: Building Connections Through Family Reading

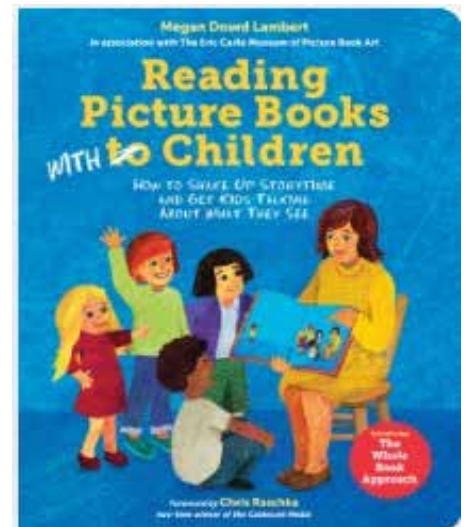
by *Megan Dowd Lambert (Author)*
Mia Saine (Illustrator)

A collection of essays about family, reading, and bonding with others through books. From children's literature educator and children's book author Megan Dowd Lambert. This poignant, funny, and touching essay collection invites readers to consider how they bond with children, other family, friends, and students through shared reading. Divided into 4 sections organized around themes of parenting, adoption, race, and healing, this 21-essay collection with its joyous and colorful illustrations by artist Mia Saine is perfect gift for parents, grandparents, librarians, educators, and anyone who spends time with children or reading together with others. The author's experience as an educator and as a parent in a blended family that includes seven children of various racial backgrounds (four of whom came home through adoption) adds depth and breadth to her expertise about how people read and respond to books.

Reading Picture Books With Children: How to Shake Up Storytime and Get Kids Talking about What They See

*Megan Dowd Lambert, Chris Raschka
(Foreword), Laura Vaccaro Seeger (Contributor)*

A new, interactive approach to storytime, the Whole Book Approach was developed in conjunction with The Eric Carle Museum of Picture Book Art and expert author Megan Dowd Lambert's graduate work in children's literature at Simmons University, offering a practical guide for reshaping storytime and getting kids to think with their eyes. Traditional storytime often offers a passive experience for kids, but the Whole Book approach asks the youngest of readers to ponder all aspects of a picture book and to use their critical thinking skills. Using classic examples, Megan asks kids to think about why the trim size of Ludwig Bemelman's *Madeline* is so generous, or why the typeset in David Wiesner's Caldecott winner, *The Three Pigs*, appears to twist around the page, or why books like Chris Van Allsburg's *The Polar Express* and Eric Carle's *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* are printed landscape instead of portrait. The dynamic discussions that result from this shared reading style range from the profound to the hilarious and will inspire adults to make children's responses to text, art, and design an essential part of storytime.



About the author: Megan Dowd Lambert

Megan Dowd Lambert (BA Smith College, MA Simmons University) is the creator of the Whole Book Approach storytime model, which she developed in association with The Eric Carle Museum of Picture Book Art. After working as an educator at The Carle for over a decade, she held contract faculty appointments in Children's Literature at Simmons University until 2020. She received a 2016 Ezra Jack Keats New Writer Honor for her first picture book, *A Crow of His Own* (Charlesbridge 2015, illustrated by David Hyde Costello), with her other children's books garnering citations on the following awards lists including: the 2017 Notable Social Studies Trade Books for Young People; the 17th Annual Massachusetts Book Award long list; the 21st Annual Massachusetts Book Awards long list; and the NYPL Best Books for Kids list, 2022. Megan's most recent publication for teachers, librarians, and anyone who reads with children is *Read It Again: 70 Whole Book Approach Plans to Help You Shake Up Storytime* (White Poppy Press 2023), available in print and digital book editions. A forthcoming essay collection, *The Sentimental*

Archivist: Essays Inspired by Heirlooms and Family History, draws on Megan's Irish and Franco American heritage.

In addition to her ongoing work as an author, book reviewer, independent scholar, and consultant in children's literature, Megan is owner and president of Modern Memoirs, Inc., a private publishing company specializing in memoirs and family histories. She brings to this work the conviction that everyone's story is worth telling, and a belief in the transformative power of radical listening. The mother of seven children ages 6–26, Megan lives with her family in western Massachusetts. Readers can find her online at www.megandowd-lambert.com and www.modernmemoirs.com.

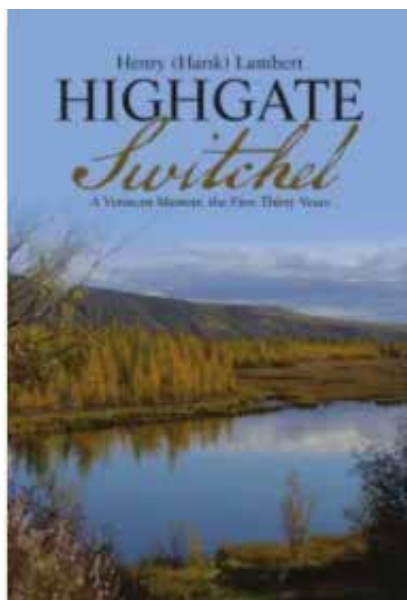


BOOKS/LIVRES

Highgate Switchel: A Vermont Memoir, the First Thirty Years

By **Henry (Hank) Lambert**

Sharing Our Franco Family History by *Megan St. Marie*



My uncle Hank Lambert self-published his memoir *Highgate Switchel* in 2017, and I helped him with a structural edit. (Readers may purchase a copy at [lulu.com](https://www.lulu.com)). This was such a meaningful project, and it inspired me to pursue various family-history writing projects while I was on sabbatical from my teaching position at Simmons University in 2018. That work, in turn, led me to my current career at Modern Memoirs, where I help clients publish their memoirs and family history books.

My father, Ray Lambert, was one of the first people who signed up to publish his memoir with me after my move to Modern Memoirs. His book, *Highgate Gleanings: Some Vermont History, Family Stories, and Verses*, is not for sale, but readers can access the family-history website he has lovingly maintained for many years. It now includes over 48,000 relatives and ancestors, and I am a co-administrator of the site. My father's passion for genealogy and family history has been a tremendous gift to me and to others in our family, and the site is a source of inspiration and information for me as I pursue my own projects.

Every year my father's family gathers at the family homestead in Highgate, Vermont for a July 4th family reunion. In 2021, my dad and I prepared a brief presentation about

our ancestors who fought for the Union during the Civil War. Dad read a tribute to them, which included the following explanation of our relationships to these veterans:

"Theodore Lambert, Sr. was my great-great-grandfather. If you are my child or my niece or nephew, he was your 3-times great-grandfather. If you are my grandchild or the grandchildren of my siblings, he was your 4-times great-grandfather. Born in 1816 in St. Jean, Quebec, Canada, he immigrated to the United States and signed up to serve in the Union Army when he was 46 years old. He enlisted as a private on August 12, 1862 and joined Company F, 10th Infantry Regiment Vermont on September 1, 1862. He received a disability discharge from Company F on April 20, 1863 and became a naturalized citizen of the United States after his service in 1872.

His eldest three sons Theodore (Lombard) Lambert, Jr., Joseph Lambert, and Noel 'Newell' Lambert, were all born in Vermont, and they also served in the Union Army. They were my great-granduncles, or the brothers of my great-grandfather Mitchell Lambert. Mitchell Lambert did not serve in the Civil War with his father and three brothers because he was born in 1850 and had just turned 15 years old when the war ended in April 1865. If you are my children or nieces or nephews, Mitchell's brothers who did serve are your 2-times great-granduncles. If you are my grandchildren or my siblings' grandchildren, they are your 3-times great-granduncles."

You can read the full text of our tribute to these ancestors, "Remembering Our Ancestor and Relatives Who Served the Union, by Uncle Ray, July 4 2021," at the link below. After Dad read the tribute, most of the family walked down the street from the Homestead to the town's Civil War Monument, where we did crayon rubbings of these ancestors' names (depicted in the photo below.)



Link to purchase Hank Lambert's book *Highgate Switchel*:

https://www.lulu.com/search?contributor=Henry+%28Hank%29+Lambert&page=1&pageSize=10&adult_audience_rating=00

Link to Modern Memoirs: <https://www.modernmemoirs.com/our-books>

Ray Lambert's genealogy site: <https://justinlambert.tribalpages.com>

Link to read "Remembering Our Ancestor and Relatives Who Served the Union, by Uncle Ray, July 4, 2021," <https://meganowdlambert.com/wp-content/uploads/Remembering-Our-Ancestor-and-Relatives-Who-Served-the-Union-by-Uncle-Ray-July-4-2021.pdf>



Coin
des
jeunes...

Sea Turtle and Star

*Copyright 2023 by
Virginia Lee Sand,
M.Ed.*

One day a Green Sea Turtle named Jade hitched a ride on the wrong tide and ended up in the turbulent estuary waters of Penobscot Bay on the coast of Maine, U.S.A. Jade has been laying her eggs on the more southern shores of Maine, like in Casco Bay. However, hitching a ride on the wrong tide clearly brought Jade to unfamiliar waters and beaches. What's a lost Green Sea Turtle to do?

Well, the Penobscot Bay turbulent estuary is where the mouth of the mighty Penobscot River empties out into the ocean of Penobscot Bay. There is a lot of force, current, and tension in these transitional waters where the ocean tides push and pull into the Penobscot River system and the Penobscot River continually pushes it's water towards these tidal waters of the open ocean. Jade found herself caught up in these turbulent estuary waters and it took all of her strength and energy to find a safe harbor and beach where she could lay her eggs.

Suddenly, as Jade pushed forward against the strong currents of the estuary, she saw and sensed an opening into a safe, calm harbor. Humans call this safe harbor Stockton Springs Harbor. With great hope and effort, Jade swam her way through the opening between Cape Jellison and Sears Island. Once she entered Stockton Springs Safe Harbor, she noticed how calm the waters had become. She felt so relieved. As she continued to swim along the harbor, Jade noticed boats of different sizes dotting the small harbor. She was now searching for a small stretch of sandy beach in which to lay her eggs. Jade noticed the sun setting by now and hurried to find a place on land to lay her eggs before losing the light. Then, Bingo! Jade noticed a patch of sandy beach away from the boat landing and docks of human activity. It was a sandy beach on the other side of the safe harbor. She crawled from the salt water of Stockton Springs Safe Harbor onto this patch of sandy beach.

Slowly but surely, Jade made her way up the beach, away from the tidal waters, and contemplated digging a hole to lay her eggs. However, in this unfamiliar place where the tides brought her, Jade felt alone and unwelcomed. So she looked up to the sky for comfort. There, as day was turning to night, Jade noticed a bright star flickering. While looking up at this star, Jade shed a tear and spoke: "I feel all alone and scared in this foreign place. I don't know if I am even welcomed to lay my eggs on the shores of this harbor." Then, all of a sudden, Jade unexpectedly heard a voice coming from the Star. This voice said, "Don't be afraid and don't feel alone, Jade, you and your eggs



are welcome in this safe harbor of Stockton Springs. I will shine my warm starlight on you as you prepare your nest and lay your eggs. And when your eggs hatch later on, I will guide each hatchling to the ocean's edge safely with my bright starlight. You see, you are in a safe harbor, Jade. There is no need to be afraid.

With all of the assurance she needed, Jade expressed great gratitude to this talking star and began digging a hole in the sandy beach to lay her eggs. Then, after burying her eggs, Jade crawled to the ocean's edge, waded back into the salt water and swam again into the turbulent estuary of Penobscot Bay to hitch a ride on a tide for the southern shores of Maine. Two months later, Jade's eggs hatched on the beach of Stockton Springs Safe Harbor and the Talking Star kept her promise. With her warm starlight, she guided each of Jade's hatchlings safely to the ocean's edge so they too could hitch a ride on a tide that would take them to their destination. Talking Star was hoping that some of Jade's hatchlings would choose to make Penobscot Bay and it's estuary their destination and forever home.

Tortue de mer et étoile

*Copyright 2023 par
Virginie Lee Sand,
M.Ed.*

Un jour, une tortue de mer verte nommée Jade a fait du stop sur la mauvaise marée et s'est retrouvée dans les eaux turbulentes de l'estuaire de la baie de Penobscot sur la côte du Maine, aux États-Unis. Jade a pondus ses œufs sur les rives les plus méridionales du Maine, comme à Casco Baie. Cependant, faire du stop sur la mauvaise marée a clairement amené Jade dans des eaux et des plages inconnues. Que doit faire une tortue

verte perdue ?

Eh bien, l'estuaire turbulent de la baie de Penobscot est l'endroit où l'embouchure de la puissante rivière Penobscot se jette dans l'océan de la baie de Penobscot. Il y a beaucoup de force, de courant et de tension dans ces eaux de transition où les marées océaniques poussent et tirent dans le système de la rivière Penobscot et la rivière Penobscot pousse continuellement son eau vers ces eaux de marée de l'océan ouvert. Jade s'est retrouvée prise dans ces eaux tumultueuses de l'estuaire et il a fallu toute sa force et son énergie pour trouver un port sûr et une plage où elle pourrait pondre ses œufs.

Soudain, alors que Jade avançait contre les forts courants de l'estuaire, elle vit et sentit une ouverture dans un port sûr et calme. Les humains appellent ce port sûr Stockton Springs Harbor. Avec beaucoup

d'espoir et d'efforts, Jade s'est frayé un chemin à travers l'ouverture entre Cape Jellison et Sears Island. Une fois entrée dans le Safe Harbor de Stockton Springs, elle a remarqué à quel point les eaux étaient devenues calmes. Elle se sentait tellement soulagée. Alors qu'elle continuait à nager le long du port, Jade a remarqué des bateaux de différentes tailles parsemant le petit port. Elle cherchait maintenant une petite étendue de plage de sable où pondre ses œufs. Jade a remarqué que le soleil se couchait maintenant et s'est dépêchée de trouver un endroit sur terre pour pondre ses œufs avant de perdre la lumière. Alors Bingo ! Jade remarqua une parcelle de plage de sable loin du débarcadère et des quais de l'activité humaine. C'était une plage de sable de l'autre côté du port sûr. Elle a rampé de l'eau salée
(suite page 45)



Coin
des
jeunes...

The Haunted Kitchen

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M.Ed.*

One evening, Madame Virginia Sand sat at the dining room table after supper to enjoy a cup of tea and cookie.

All of a sudden, Virginia heard noise in the kitchen. She looked in that direction right away, having a clear view of the kitchen from the dining room. However, her husband was not in the kitchen. Virginia saw no one in her kitchen. Then the clatter in the kitchen began again.

Suddenly, Virginia saw something moving on the kitchen countertop, between the toaster and the coffee maker. "Oh my God," she thought, "Is my kitchen haunted?"

Madame Sand stood up to get a closer look into the kitchen. Then she cautiously walked towards the kitchen and approached the countertop where she saw a steak knife moving! She could see the handle of the knife moving towards the backsplash of the countertop. By this time, Virginia's eyes and mouth were wide open in disbelief. "Is there a ghost in my kitchen?" she wondered.

All of a sudden, Virginia caught a glimpse of a small mouse at the other end of the steak knife. "Unbelievable!" cried Virginia. The mouse didn't even seem afraid of Madame Sand, not in the least. Instead, right in front of her eyes, the little mouse latched onto the serrated edge of the steak knife, trying to haul it over the backsplash and behind the cabinets. "That knife must weigh more than the little mouse," thought Virginia. "Won't that poor little mouse cut his mouth while licking the edge of that sharp steak knife?" Virginia asked herself. "Oh my God," she cried out loud and hollered to her husband about what was going on in the kitchen, while he was getting ready for bed.

"You will not believe what is going on in the kitchen, my dear," yelled Madame Sand to her husband. "The kitchen is haunt-



ed by a mouse!" she cried while chuckling. Then Virginia reached for the steak knife and pulled it away from the mouse before the mouse could haul it over the edge of the backsplash.

After putting the steak knife into the kitchen sink, the fearless little mouse came out again between the toaster and coffee maker, searching for the knife or for something else that had food on it.

"Well," Virginia loudly said in her husband's direction, "I am going downstairs to find the live mouse trap in the basement, for catch and release of this haunting mouse. If I set the trap on the kitchen countertop by the toaster and coffee maker, maybe the mouse will enter it to find the bait. Then I can relocate him or her to the meadow in the morning." Virginia heard her husband shout from the bedroom, "Good idea, Virginia!"

After finding the live mouse trap in the basement, Virginia spread a little peanut butter on a small piece of a graham cracker and then slipped the cracker into the live-trap. Virginia remembered that once the mouse enters the trap at either end, both doors will close behind him/her after s/he lifts the cracker from the center platform. After setting the live trap and placing it by the coffee maker, Virginia turned off the kitchen lights and went to get ready for bed.

While getting ready for bed, Virginia heard clatter coming from the kitchen. So she went to check the live mouse trap before going to bed. As soon as she entered the kitchen, she saw a small mouse in the live trap with both doors of the trap closed. Virginia was both surprised and pleased. She then delightfully hollered to her husband, "I caught the ghost in our haunted kitchen, Dear."

Madame Virginia Sand knew that the mouse couldn't escape the live trap so she whispered to herself, "The mouse can munch on the peanut butter and cracker until
(Continued on page 46)

(Tortue de mer et étoile suite de page 43)

de Stockton Springs Safe Harbor jusqu'à ce morceau de plage de sable.

Lentement mais sûrement, Jade remonta la plage, loin des eaux de marée, et envisagea de creuser un trou pour pondre ses œufs. Cependant, dans cet endroit inconnu où les marées l'ont amenée, Jade se sentait seule et mal accueillie. Alors elle a levé les yeux vers le ciel pour se reconforter. Là, alors que le jour se transformait en nuit, Jade remarqua une étoile brillante scintillante. En regardant cette étoile, Jade a versé une larme et a dit : « Je me sens toute seule et j'ai peur dans cet endroit étranger. Je ne sais pas si je suis même le bienvenu pour pondre mes œufs sur les rives de ce port. Puis, tout à coup, Jade a entendu de manière inattendue une voix venant de l'étoile. Cette voix dit : « N'aie pas peur et ne te sens pas seule, Jade, toi et tes œufs êtes les bienvenus dans ce port sûr de Stockton Springs. Je ferai briller ma chaude lumière d'étoile sur vous pendant que vous préparez votre nid et pondrez vos œufs. Et lorsque vos œufs éclore plus tard, je guiderai chaque nouveau-né jusqu'au bord de l'océan en toute sécurité avec ma brillante lumière d'étoile. Vous voyez, vous êtes dans un port sûr, Jade. Il n'y a pas lieu d'avoir peur.

Avec toute l'assurance dont elle avait besoin, Jade a exprimé sa grande gratitude à cette star parlante et a commencé à creuser un trou dans la plage de sable pour pondre ses œufs. Puis, après avoir enterré ses œufs, Jade a rampé jusqu'au bord de l'océan, est retournée dans l'eau salée et a de nouveau nagé dans l'estuaire turbulent de la baie de Penobscot pour faire du stop sur une marée vers les rives sud du Maine. Deux mois plus tard, les œufs de Jade ont éclos sur la plage de Stockton Springs Safe Harbor et le Talking Star a tenu sa promesse. Avec sa chaude lumière d'étoile, elle a guidé chacune des éclosions de Jade en toute sécurité jusqu'au bord de l'océan afin qu'eux aussi puissent faire du stop sur une marée qui les mènerait à leur destination. Talking Star espérait que certains des nouveau-nés de Jade choisiraient de faire de Penobscot Bay et de son estuaire leur destination et leur maison pour toujours.



La cuisine hantée

*Copyright 2023
par
Virginie Lee Sand,
M.Ed.*

Un soir, Madame Virginie Sand s'est assise à la table de la salle à manger après le dîner pour savourer une tasse de thé et des biscuits.

Tout à coup, Virginie entendit du bruit dans la cuisine. Elle regarda tout de suite dans cette direction, ayant une vue dégagée sur la cuisine depuis la salle à manger. Cependant, son mari n'était pas dans la cuisine. Virginie n'a vu personne dans sa cuisine. Puis le fracas dans la cuisine recommença.

Soudain, Virginie aperçut quelque chose bouger sur le comptoir de la cuisine, entre le grille-pain et la cafetière. « Oh mon Dieu », pensa-t-elle, « Ma cuisine est-elle hantée ? » Madame Sand se leva pour regarder de plus près la cuisine. Puis elle se dirigea prudemment vers la cuisine et s'approcha du comptoir où elle aperçut un couteau à steak bouger ! Elle pouvait voir le manche du couteau se diriger vers le dossier du comptoir. À ce moment-là, les yeux et la bouche de Virginie étaient grands ouverts d'incrédulité. « Y a-t-il un fantôme dans ma cuisine ? » elle se demandait.

Tout d'un coup, Virginie aperçut une petite souris à l'autre bout du couteau à steak. « Incroyable ! » s'écria Virginie. La souris ne semblait même pas avoir peur de Madame Sand, pas du tout. Au lieu de cela, juste devant ses yeux, la petite souris s'accrochait au bord dentelé du couteau à steak, essayant de le tirer par-dessus le dossier et derrière les armoires. « Ce couteau doit peser plus que la petite souris », pensa Virginie. « Cette pauvre petite souris ne va-t-elle pas se couper la bouche en léchant le tranchant de ce couteau à steak bien aiguisé ? » se demanda Virginie. « Oh mon Dieu », a-t-elle crié à haute voix et a crié à son mari à propos de ce qui se passait dans la cuisine, alors qu'il se préparait à se coucher.

« Vous n'allez pas croire ce qui se passe dans la cuisine, ma chère », criait Madame Sand à son mari. « La cuisine est hantée par une souris ! » cria-t-elle en riant. Puis Virginie attrapa le couteau à steak et l'éloigna de la souris avant que celle-ci ne puisse le faire passer par-dessus le bord du dossier.

Après avoir mis le couteau à steak dans l'évier de la cuisine, la petite souris intrépide est ressortie entre le grille-pain et la cafetière, à la recherche du couteau ou d'un autre objet contenant de la nourriture.

« Eh bien », dit Virginie d'une voix forte en direction de son mari, « je descends chercher le piège à souris vivant dans le sous-sol, pour attraper et relâcher cette souris obsédante. Si je pose le piège sur le comptoir de la cuisine, à côté du grille-pain et de la cafetière, peut-être que la souris y entrera pour trouver le bête. Ensuite, je peux le déplacer dans la prairie le matin. » Virginie a entendu son mari crier depuis la chambre : « Bonne idée, Virginie ! »

Après avoir trouvé le piège à souris vivant dans le sous-sol, Virginie a étalé un peu de beurre de cacahuète sur un petit morceau de biscuit Graham, puis a glissé le biscuit dans le piège vivant. Virginie s'est souvenue qu'une fois que la souris entre dans le piège à chaque extrémité, les deux portes se ferment derrière elle après qu'elle ait soulevé le cracker de la plate-forme centrale. Après avoir installé le piège vivant et l'avoir placé près de la cafetière, Virginie a éteint les lumières de la cuisine et est allée se préparer à aller au lit.

Alors qu'elle se préparait à se coucher, Virginie entendit des bruits venant de la cuisine. Elle est donc allée vérifier le piège à souris vivant avant de se coucher. Dès qu'elle est entrée dans la cuisine, elle a vu une petite souris dans le piège vivant avec les deux portes du piège fermées. Virginie était à la fois surprise et heureuse. Elle a ensuite délicieusement crié à son mari : « J'ai attrapé le fantôme dans notre cuisine hantée, mon cher. »

Madame Virginie Sand savait que la souris ne pouvait pas échapper au piège vivant, alors elle se murmura : « La souris peut grignoter du beurre de cacahuète et des biscuits jusqu'au matin. Ensuite, avant le petit-déjeuner, je conduirai la souris et la piégerai jusqu'au pré et je la relâcherai là-bas. » Et c'est exactement ce que Virginie a fait le lendemain matin.

Depuis le déplacement de la souris, la cuisine de Virginie Sand n'est plus hantée. Cependant, Virginie garde le piège à souris vivant en veille juste au cas où la hantise reviendrait.

Ce qui précède est une histoire vraie.

REMARQUE : La solution pour débarrasser les maisons des souris domestiques indésirables consiste souvent à utiliser



des poisons ou des pièges qui tuent les souris. Madame Virginie Sand estime que toutes les créatures de Dieu sont sacrées et placées ici sur Terre dans un but précis. Elle choisit donc d'utiliser des pièges vivants pour attraper les souris domestiques, puis les relâcher dans la nature. Chaque hiver, les souris et autres rongeurs envahissent environ 21 millions de foyers aux États-Unis. Les souris entrent généralement dans nos maisons entre octobre et février, à la recherche de nourriture, d'eau et d'un abri contre le froid.

(The Haunted Kitchen continued from page 45)

morning. Then, before breakfast I'll drive the mouse and trap over to the meadow and release the mouse there." And that's exactly what Virginia did the next morning.

Since relocating the mouse, Virginia Sand's kitchen is no longer haunted. However, Virginia keeps the live mouse trap on standby just in case the haunting returns.

The above is a true story.

NOTE: The solution to rid homes of unwanted house mice is often the use of poisons or traps that kill mice. Madame Virginie Sand feels that all of God's creatures are sacred and put here on the Earth with purpose. Therefore, she chooses to use live traps to catch house mice and then release them into the wild. Each winter, mice and other rodents invade an estimated 21 million homes in the United States. Mice typically enter our homes between October and February, searching for food, water and shelter from the cold.

Christmas Magic

*Copyright 2023
by Virginia Lee Sand,
M.Ed.*

Noëlle Boudreau is a 10-year-old Franco (French) American girl who lives in Cumberland County Maine on a salt-water-farm by Casco Bay. Her family's farm enjoys ocean views, seagull songs, and the fresh scent of salt air, along with frequent salt-water-soaks by the seashore during the summer months.

While doing farm chores in the barn, in the fields and gardens, and in the kitchen, the Boudreau family's daily life also includes efforts to keep the French language alive since it is the language of their cultural heritage. Madame and Monsieur Boudreau often remind their children that much of their French culture is in the language, therefore it's important to keep the French language alive in their daily lives.

This autumn, the Boudreau family's dog, Beau, passed away from old age. Noëlle and her two older brothers grew up with Beau and therefore took Beau's death very hard. Madame and Monsieur Boudreau didn't know if they wanted to bring another dog home to the farm for Noëlle and her brothers since the children were away from the farm more often now, participating in school activities after school and sometimes during the weekends.

As the holiday season was approaching, Noëlle kept begging her parents for a new dog. However, for Madame and Monsieur Boudreau, the vote was still out. With the children growing up and less available to help care for the farm animals, Noëlle's parents were hesitant about bringing home another dog, especially starting all over with another puppy.

As Christmas drew closer, Noëlle kept hinting to her parents about finding a puppy under the Christmas tree this year. Finally, Monsieur Boudreau visited the local Animal Shelter during the week before Christmas just to see what animals needed a good home. However, he was disappointed to see no young dogs or puppies available for adoption or fostering at that time. So Monsieur Boudreau left his telephone number with the Animal Shelter, asking



them to call him if any dogs or puppies become available before Christmas Eve.

Well, after several days, just when Monsieur Boudreau gave up all hope, he received a telephone call from the local Animal Shelter around noon on the day of Christmas Eve. A woman named "Angel," who works at the Shelter, explained to Monsieur Boudreau that no dogs or puppies were recently surrendered to the Animal Shelter but that a young female rabbit was brought to the Shelter that week. Angel further explained that the bunny was looking for a good, forever home and that she would make a wonderful pet for some lucky family. Then Angel asked Monsieur Boudreau a question:

Angel: If you're not interested in the bunny, Monsieur Boudreau, would you like us to contact you should a dog or puppy become available after Christmas?

Monsieur Boudreau: Angel, please tell me more about the young bunny. Is she in good health?

Angel: Yes, the rabbit appears to be in good health. She was found by a motorist who spotted her on the side of the road. The motorist brought her to the Animal Shelter, and no one seems to be searching here for a missing pet rabbit. In the meantime, we've named her "Magic," because she makes magical moves when she hops in the air. She gets us all laughing here at the Shelter. She's very friendly and lovable.

Monsieur Boudreau: Angel, may I come down to the Shelter to meet Magic?

Angel: Of course, Monsieur Boudreau, but we're closing early for Christmas

Eve so you'll want to stop by well before 4:00PM.

Monsieur Boudreau: Thanks, Angel. I'll be right down.

Monsieur Boudreau drove over to the local Animal Shelter immediately. As soon as he arrived, he met Magic and fell in love with her instantly. Right away he felt that his family would find Magic adorable and lovable.

Angel: Well, what do you think about Magic, Monsieur Boudreau?

Monsieur Boudreau: I think Magic just found a "forever home." I'd love to take her home for Christmas Eve tonight so that Noëlle, especially, is not disappointed when she and her brothers open that one special gift tonight, on Christmas Eve. I think the kids will forget about getting another dog once they meet Magic.

Angel: Then I'll quickly have you fill out the adoption papers, Monsieur Boudreau, so that you'll have plenty of time to get Magic settled at your farm before your Christmas Eve festivities begin tonight. Rabbits are good companion pets. They are intelligent, curious, affectionate, and they love routine.

Monsieur Boudreau: Yes, Angel, I remember that about rabbits since we had a few when I was growing up on the farm. On the way home with Magic, I'll quickly stop at the animal supply store and pick up a bag of rabbit pellets, rabbit treats, Timothy Hay, absorbent bedding and a litter tray. As soon as I get Magic to the farm, I'll prepare a makeshift pen for her downstairs in the heated basement, until I can build her a more permanent large pen. Magic will be a house-rabbit.

After Monsieur Boudreau returned to the family farm, he secretly brought Magic to the basement and put her safely into a pen with a lined litter box, a bowl of water, a bowl of rabbit pellets, and two hands filled with Timothy Hay. He also gave Magic a few twigs from the farm's apple trees so she could chew on the twigs with her constantly growing teeth. While Monsieur Boudreau was making Magic feel at home, Madame Boudreau was secretly wrapping a box filled
(Continued on page 48)

Magie de Noël

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par Virginie Lee Sand,
M.Ed.*

Noëlle Boudreau est une jeune fille franco-américaine de 10 ans qui vit dans le comté de Cumberland, dans le Maine, dans une ferme d'eau salée près de la baie de Casco. La ferme familiale bénéficie de vues sur l'océan, de chants de mouettes et du parfum frais de l'air salin, ainsi que de fréquents bains d'eau salée au bord de la mer pendant les mois d'été.

Tout en effectuant les tâches agricoles à la grange, dans les champs et jardins et à la cuisine, le quotidien de la famille Boudreau comprend également des efforts pour maintenir vivante la langue française puisqu'elle est la langue de leur héritage culturel. Madame et Monsieur Boudreau rappellent souvent à leurs enfants qu'une grande partie de leur culture française est dans la langue, il est donc important de garder la langue française vivante dans leur vie quotidienne.

Cet automne, le chien de la famille Boudreau, Beau, est décédé de vieillesse. Noëlle et ses deux frères aînés ont grandi avec Beau et ont donc pris très durement la mort de Beau. Madame et Monsieur Boudreau ne savaient pas s'ils voulaient ramener un autre chien à la ferme pour Noëlle et ses frères puisque les enfants étaient plus souvent absents de la ferme maintenant, participant aux activités scolaires après l'école et parfois pendant les fins de semaine.

À l'approche des fêtes, Noëlle n'arrêtait pas de supplier ses parents pour un nouveau chien. Cependant, pour Madame et Monsieur Boudreau, le vote était toujours nul. Les enfants grandissant et moins disponibles pour s'occuper des animaux de la ferme, les parents de Noëlle hésitaient à ramener un autre chien à la maison, surtout à recommencer avec un autre chiot.

Alors que Noël approchait, Noëlle n'arrêtait pas de laisser entendre à ses parents qu'elle trouverait un chiot sous le sapin de Noël cette année. Finalement, Monsieur Boudreau a visité le refuge pour animaux local pendant la semaine précédant Noël juste pour voir quels animaux avaient besoin d'un bon foyer. Cependant, il était déçu de ne voir aucun jeune chien ou chiot disponible pour adoption ou placement à



ce moment-là. Monsieur Boudreau a donc laissé son numéro de téléphone au Refuge pour animaux, leur demandant de l'appeler si des chiens ou des chiots devenaient disponibles avant le réveillon de Noël.

Eh bien, après quelques jours, alors que M. Boudreau perdait tout espoir, il a reçu un appel téléphonique du refuge pour animaux local vers midi le jour de la veille de Noël. Une femme nommée « Angel », qui travaille au Refuge, a expliqué à M. Boudreau qu'aucun chien ni chiot n'a été récemment remis au Refuge pour animaux mais qu'une jeune lapine a été amenée au Refuge cette semaine-là. Angel a en outre expliqué que le lapin cherchait un bon foyer pour toujours et qu'elle ferait un merveilleux animal de compagnie pour une famille chanceuse. Alors Angel pose une question à Monsieur Boudreau :

Angel : Si le lapin ne vous intéresse pas, Monsieur Boudreau, aimeriez-vous que nous vous contactions si un chien ou un chiot devenait disponible après Noël ? Monsieur Boudreau : Angel, s'il te plaît, parle-m'en davantage sur le jeune lapin. Est-elle en bonne santé ?

Angel : Oui, le lapin semble en bonne santé. Elle a été retrouvée par un automobiliste qui l'a repérée sur le bord de la route. L'automobiliste l'a amenée au refuge pour animaux, et personne ne semble chercher ici un lapin de compagnie disparu. Entre-temps, nous l'avons baptisée « Magic », car elle effectue des mouvements magiques lorsqu'elle saute dans les airs. Elle nous fait tous rire ici au refuge. Elle est très sympathique et adorable.

Monsieur Boudreau : Angel, puis-je descendre au Refuge pour rencontrer Magic ?

Angel : Bien sûr, Monsieur Boudreau, mais nous fermons tôt pour le réveillon de Noël donc vous aurez envie de passer bien avant 16h00.

M. Boudreau : Merci, Angel. J'arrive tout de suite.

M. Boudreau s'est immédiatement rendu au refuge pour animaux local. Dès son arrivée, il rencontra Magic et tomba instantanément amoureux d'elle. Il a tout de suite senti que sa famille trouverait Magic adorable et aimable.

Angel : Eh bien, que pensez-vous de Magic, Monsieur Boudreau ?

Monsieur Boudreau : Je pense que Magic vient de trouver un « foyer pour tous » (Suite page 48)

(Christmas

Magic continued from page 47)

with rabbit supplies that her husband purchased at the animal supply store. She then wrapped the box with Christmas wrapping paper, put a big red bow on it and then put the festive box under the Christmas tree for the children to open for Christmas Eve that night. This box would be the only Christmas gift that the children would be allowed to open on Christmas Eve, followed by meeting Magic in the basement. The Boudreau family usually waits until Christmas day to open the rest of their Christmas gifts.

That night, on Christmas Eve, Madame and Monsieur Boudreau handed Noëlle and her brothers the box that contained the rabbit supplies. As soon as the Boudreau children unwrapped their Christmas gift, they appeared curious and puzzled. Noëlle then smilingly asked her parents, "Is Father Christmas bringing us a rabbit instead of a dog?" Madame and Monsieur Boudreau chuckled and asked the children to follow them to the basement. As soon as they all went downstairs, they saw Magic hopping and performing jigs and dances in the air. Everyone laughed in surprise and went over to meet Magic. Noëlle and her brothers then spent Christmas Eve getting to know Magic, and they totally forgot about wanting another dog.

Madame and Monsieur Boudreau were so thankful that Angel called them that day from the Animal Shelter, to help bring Christmas "Magic" to their salt-water-farm this Christmas season.

(Magie de Noël suite de page 48)

jours ». J'adorerais la ramener à la maison pour le réveillon de Noël ce soir afin que Noël, en particulier, ne soit pas déçue lorsqu'elle et ses frères ouvriront ce cadeau spécial ce soir, le soir de Noël. Je pense que les enfants oublieront d'avoir un autre chien une fois qu'ils rencontreront Magic.

Angel : Alors je vous ferai rapidement remplir les papiers d'adoption, Monsieur Boudreau, afin que vous ayez tout le temps d'installer Magic dans votre ferme avant le début des festivités du réveillon de Noël ce soir. Les lapins sont de bons animaux de compagnie. Ils sont intelligents, curieux, affectueux et aiment la routine.

Monsieur Boudreau : Oui, Angel, je m'en souviens à propos des lapins puisque nous en avons quelques-uns quand j'étais enfant à la ferme. Sur le chemin du retour avec Magic, je m'arrêterai rapidement au magasin de fournitures pour animaux et récupérerai un sac de granulés pour lapins, des friandises pour lapins, du Timothy Hay, de la litière absorbante et un bac à litière.

Dès que j'aurai amené Magic à la ferme, je lui préparerai un enclos de fortune en bas dans le sous-sol chauffé, jusqu'à ce que je puisse lui construire un grand enclos plus permanent. Magic sera un lapin domestique.

Après que Monsieur Boudreau soit revenu à la ferme familiale, il a secrètement amené Magic au sous-sol et l'a mise en toute sécurité dans un enclos avec un bac à litière tapissé, un bol d'eau, un bol de granulés pour lapins et deux mains remplies de foin Timothy. Il a également donné à Magic quelques brindilles des pommiers de la ferme afin qu'elle puisse les mâcher avec ses dents qui poussent constamment. Pendant que Monsieur Boudreau faisait en sorte que Magic se sente chez lui, Madame Boudreau emballait secrètement une boîte remplie de fournitures pour lapins que son mari avait achetées au magasin de fournitures pour animaux. Elle a ensuite enveloppé la boîte avec du papier d'emballage de Noël, y a mis un gros nœud rouge, puis a placé la boîte festive sous le sapin de Noël pour que les enfants l'ouvrent pour le réveillon de Noël ce soir-là. Cette boîte serait le seul cadeau de Noël que les enfants seraient autorisés à

ouvrir la veille de Noël, suivi d'une rencontre avec Magic au sous-sol. La famille Boudreau attend habituellement le jour de Noël pour ouvrir le reste de ses cadeaux de Noël.

Cette nuit-là, la veille de Noël, Madame et Monsieur Boudreau remirent à Noël et à ses frères la boîte qui contenait les provisions du lapin. Dès que les enfants Boudreau ont déballé leur cadeau de Noël, ils ont semblé curieux et perplexes. Noël demande alors en souriant à ses parents : « Est-ce que le Père Noël nous amène un lapin au lieu d'un chien ? Madame et Monsieur Boudreau rirent et demandèrent aux enfants de les suivre jusqu'au sous-sol. Dès qu'ils descendirent tous les escaliers, ils virent Magic sauter et exécuter des giges et des danses dans les airs. Tout le monde rit de surprise et alla rencontrer Magic. Noël et ses frères ont ensuite passé le réveillon de Noël à découvrir Magic, et ils ont complètement oublié de vouloir un autre chien.

Madame et Monsieur Boudreau étaient si reconnaissants qu'Angel les ait appelés ce jour-là depuis le refuge pour animaux, pour les aider à apporter la « magie » de Noël à leur ferme d'eau salée pendant cette période de Noël.

CHRISTMAS WORD SEARCH

Search up, down, left or right to find the hidden Christmas words.



U	R	A	L	B	I	T	W	P	S	L	E	I	G	H	A
C	H	R	I	S	T	M	A	S	A	N	I	L	Y	A	A
D	C	C	G	A	P	R	I	Y	U	Z	O	D	M	K	T
H	N	R	H	Y	C	F	L	E	F	O	D	W	L	B	N
A	I	U	T	O	E	E	Z	N	U	G	T	H	R	E	A
S	R	E	S	T	A	R	H	M	M	V	N	F	H	O	S
R	G	S	G	V	F	N	Y	I	I	Q	E	O	O	D	K
E	H	Y	L	L	O	J	L	H	S	O	S	X	L	O	Y
I	G	N	B	O	I	E	C	T	P	E	D	L	B	E	
N	W	T	E	A	L	H	W	K	M	E	R	R	Y	E	E
D	P	W	R	E	A	T	H	P	E	E	P	J	Z	L	R
E	W	Y	F	K	I	X	T	R	T	D	I	T	I	L	T
E	J	E	A	S	T	E	R	C	O	O	K	I	E	S	E
R	U	D	O	L	P	H	D	I	E	U	N	T	P	Y	T

- | | | | | |
|-----------|---------|----------|--------|-----------|
| CHRISTMAS | LIGHTS | STAR | ELF | BELLS |
| MERRY | COOKIES | TREE | SANTA | MISTLETOE |
| RUDOLPH | HOLLY | JOLLY | SLEIGH | CHIMNEY |
| SNOW | PRESENT | REINDEER | WREATH | GRINCH |

CHRISTMAS MAD LIBS



I am so excited for Christmas this year! I've been doing a lot of _____ing to prepare!
VERB

I have already picked out presents for everyone. I got _____ a _____, and _____ a _____. I wrapped their presents in _____ and hid them in the _____ so they wouldn't find them.
PERSON NOUN PERSON NOUN NOUN ROOM IN HOUSE

_____ and I made _____ for everyone to enjoy. They smell _____. I can't wait to eat them!
PERSON FOOD ADJECTIVE

We picked out the perfect tree. It is _____, and _____ and smells like _____. It's my job to _____ the tree every day.
ADJECTIVE ADJECTIVE SCENT VERB

I've been hoping for a _____ under the Christmas tree this year. I really don't want to get a _____ this year!
NOUN NOUN

_____ tells me that I need to go to bed early on Christmas Eve so Santa can come. He's going to drive his _____ with his _____s and land on our roof.
PERSON TRANSPORTATION ANIMAL



I hope everyone has a _____ Christmas!
ADJECTIVE

(N.D.L.R. reprinted from *Le Forum*, Vol. 35 #1, 2010.)

25ème Anniversaire 1996

par Joseph Yvon Albert Labbé

Bien chère Soeur, Bien cher frère:

25 ANS! Et la lutte continue toujours pour faire valoir l'indentité Franco du Maine et de la région, et bien sur, son expression libre.

L'aspect colonisatrice de nos institutions est toujours en bonne santé, mais je crois qu'elle faiblit. Et il y a toujours des lieux défendus pour nous, les propriétaires, les uppety-Frogs. Surtout là, ou l'institution risque de nous ressembler, les plafonds traditionnels réapparais-sent — **25 ans!**

Mais! Ça coute cher les précisions. Vous n'avez qu'à revoir le dernier **Yvongélisations** que vous allez trouver d'une brièveté inhabituelle. En effet, cette dernière colonne était devenue "territoire occupé." D'où est provenu mon absence. L'institution ayant décidé to let the author hang and twist in the wind for having declared in a prior column, "Render to FAROG, what is FAROG's" — its ownership of its history and collective voice.

A Native American once told me that his long term light at the end of the tunnel of colonization was, that "We will outlast you". It is difficult to understand how such words need to be uttered at a public institution of higher learning. Yet, after 25 years, it is also difficult not to lend credence to that year-in-year-out piece of strategy: WE WILL OUTLAST YOU!

So while pieces of our work can be controlled and requested to fit in assimilative institutional cogs, ideas and the need to be healthy and whole, seem like sand to those cogs. It is a supremely conflicted process to be the dubious beneficiary of "handouts" pendant qu'on se fait descendre et que notre travail est déraillé, notre identité et notre langue méprisées — directement ou indirectement.

25 ANS! C'est presque'une génération. And we are still waiting for the commitments made to Francos by President Libby in 1972 and reiterated by President Hutchinson in 1992 to filter throughout the University's structure.

25 YEARS! For nearly a generation, hundreds of Franco men and women contributors and supporters in Maine and the US North East, et votre langue nord-américaine est toujours méprisée par certaines. Et ce mépris est récompensé. This is possible because the assimilative forces, the "Macdonaldlization" process is empowered. The attitude that Maine people should desire the generic identity offered by institutional tradition prevails — so far. Should I, should Francos, should we be thankful? Are we being done a favor? The measuring gauge for thanks which I use is how the Maine and regional Franco communities — schools, and other local agencies — have learned from recent graduates of the University about the contributions of past generations of Francos. I get phone calls every day from teachers who are looking for information and tools which are absent from the texts, as well as in their professional development.

Generic wood in our wheels, Frog sand in their generic cogs. So much for same old, same old. Am I impatient? You bet! Do I expect that our Franco wheels will hit solid ground somewhere? OUI, maudit! Am I tired of dealing with the same tired prejudice and biases encountered in the 70's? Justifying our presence each year? Very! Est-ce qu'on mérite une Université qui nous ressemble? A la longue, j'ose croire qu'elle ne pourra pas se passer de nous-autres.

Do we have to trade culture, language, and identity in this state for an education? NON! Et je remercie ceux et celles à l'Université qui respectent cette présence which constitutes 30-40% of Maine's population, and which has produced to date, more than 100,000 francophones. I thank you who have helped us go 5 feet forward, and I reserve something else for those of you who have caused the effort to lose four of those feet. One foot is better than nothing, vous dites. Moé j'veux toute la varge.

Now for some good news.

Finalment, je n'veux pas vous quitter avant de rendre honneur au travail depuis dix ans, de Rhéa Côté Robbins. Rhea a quitté le Centre et *Le Forum* qu'elle a nourrit généreusement de son identité. Elle a laissé un grand vide que nous essayons de combler. Bonne chance Rhéa Jeannine Côté Robbins. Et, de la part des lecteurs et lectrices de ton *Forum*, santé et longue vie.

Mais étant donné que chacun de nous n'est indispensable, *Le Forum* voit, en ce moment même, apparaître la relève dans les personnes de Dawn Daigle Gagnon et Lisa Desjardins Michaud.

F.A.R.O.G. : History and Evolution—

About the birth, establishment, and evolution of a significant Franco-American initiative at the University of Maine. Many hands and voices contributed to the implementation of the original vision of Francos — students and community members — who dared, in a hostile climate, to value their language, their culture, and the heritage of their forebears.....and further, expect that this Franco community deserved to be part of the work of this University.

In 1970-1971, a group of Franco-American students, Franco-American community members, and assorted francophiles for more than a year lobbied the University administration on behalf of the Franco-American population in Maine, which at the time, was surmised

to be nearly half the state's population, and whose presence, experience, history, and contributions were totally ignored, and absent from the University's work — Teaching, Research, and Public Service.

The lobbying focused on having this publicly funded state university assume its Maine state delegated responsibility to generate and disseminate knowledge about all Maine people, including this Maine ethnic community.

While in 1971, often visited President Winthrop Libby sincerely expressed regrets at the historical and continuing University ignorance about Franco-Americans. Président Libby communicated grave doubts about the capacity of the University professorat to address this void in the curriculum and learning process. In President Libby's words, « Our faculty is much too conservative. » But as he experienced the tenacity and perseverance of this group of Francos — young and older — who insisted on audi-

ences with him, he relented, and gave this group a foothold on campus by offering an office space in Student Affairs, a telephone, and \$500. The latter with a caveat that the demonstrated idealism and good intent would not be rewarded with success and that there was not to be a return for more.

The Franco-American Centre was officially opened as l'Office Franco-Américain/The Franco-American Office at the University of Maine in February of 1972 with the University mandate to invent itself, and the group's internal mandate, to become a change agent in the struggle to have the Franco-American identity and its attributes valued on campus and elsewhere. Intrinsic to this unfolding struggle has been a fundamental question as expressed in the words of the original F.A.R.O.G.: « Is the Franco work at the University going to result in having the Francos look like the University, or will the University look like Francos? »

F.A.R.O.G. : Son histoire et son évolution—

La naissance, l'établissement, et l'évolution d'une importante initiative au sein de l'Université du Maine. Multiples bras et maintes voix qui ont contribué à la mise en œuvre de la vision originale de ces Francos — étudiants, étudiantes, et membres de la communauté — qui ont osé, dans un climat hostile, mettre en valeur leur langue, leur culture, ainsi que l'héritage de leurs aïeux... et en plus, ont osé prendre pour acquis que cette communauté Franco du Maine méritait d'être partie intégrante du travail de l'Université.

En 1970 et 1971, un groupe de Franco-Américains composé d'étudiants, d'étudiantes, de membres de la communauté, et de francophiles, ont formé un groupe de pression auprès de l'administration de l'Université au nom de la population franco-américaine du Maine, laquelle en ce moment était chiffrée jusqu'à la moitié de la population entière de l'état du Maine. Et dont la présence, l'expérience, l'histoire et les contributions étaient complètement ignorés et absents dans ce qu'est le travail de l'Université du Maine — l'Enseignement, la Recherche, et Service à la Communauté.

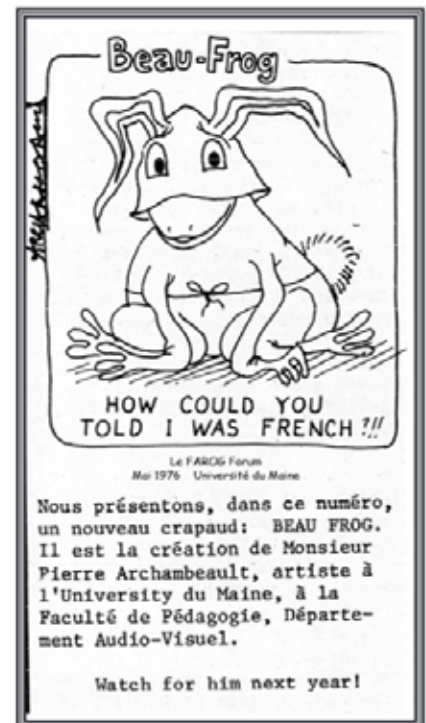
Le principal objet des pressions qui a été l'idée de base au fondement du FAROG, et continue de l'être, était de demander à l'Université qui existe au dépend de fonds publics, d'assumer son rôle et sa responsabilité de création et de dissémination d'un savoir

sur toute la population de l'état du Maine, y compris la communauté franco-américaine.

Il s'avère qu'en 1971, le Président Winthrop Libby qui souvent accueillait le FAROG, regrettait sincèrement l'ignorance historique et continue sur cette communauté Franco dans le travail de l'Université. Le Président Libby exprimait de graves doutes relatif à la capacité du corps enseignant de l'Université de s'engager à combler ce vide de connaissances et le processus d'instruction. À son dire, « Notre corps enseignant est trop conservateurs. » Mais comme il continuait à faire l'expérience de la tenacité et de la persévérance de ce groupe de Francos — jeunes et moins jeunes — qui insistait à être reçu dans ses bureaux, il s'est laissé amadouer, et a accordé au groupe une porte d'entrée au campus universitaire en offrant un local dans les bureaux des Affaires Étudiantes, un téléphone, et \$500. Le dernier avec avertissement que l'idéalisme et les bonnes intentions du groupe ne connaîtraient pas de succès, et qu'un retour à la source ne serait pas bienvenu.

Le Centre Franco-Américain, sous le nom original de l'Office Franco-Américain, a ouvert ses portes en février 1972 avec le mandat de l'Université, de s'inventer, et le groupe en plus s'est donné le mandat d'être un moteur de changement à l'Université dans la lutte pour la mise en valeur de l'identité franco-américaine

avec toutes ses composantes. Intrinsic à l'épanouissement de cette lutte, est une question fondamentale formulée et exprimée par le F.A.R.O.G. original: « En résultat de ce travail, est-ce que les Francos ressembleront à l'Université, ou est-ce que l'Université ressemblera aux Francos ? »



(Le FAROG Forum, Mai 1976, Beau-Frog makes his first appearance. See page 50 for more.)



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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