

Le FORUM

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

VOLUME 32, #3 & #4

AUTOMNE/FALL
HIVER/WINTER 2006



Jesse Lee Pelletier

*September 3, 1979-
October 18, 2006*

This issue of Le Forum is dedicated in loving memory to my nephew, Jesse Lee Pelletier.

*A tender heart stopped beating
Two loving hands are at rest.
God did this to prove to us
He only takes the best.*

*A Hundred times, we needed you,
A thousand times, we'll cry.
If our love could have saved you,
You never would have died.*

*Now the things we feel most deeply
Are the hardest things to say,
But we, your family, loved you
In a very special way.*

*Now the family chain's been broken.
And nothing will be the same.
But as he takes us one by one,
The chain will link again.*

www.FrancoMaine.org

www.Francoamerican.org

other pertinent websites to check out -

<http://users.adelphia.net/~frenchcx/index.html>

and **www.FFA-USA.com/**

Franco-American Women's Institute:

<http://www.fawi.net>

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Les lettres de nos lecteurs sont les bienvenues—Letters to the Editor are welcomed.

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

Le Forum et son staff—Universitaires, gens de la communauté, les étudiants --Angel, Aric.

Sommaire/Contents

Features

Letters/Lettres.....3 & 37

L'États du Maine....4-12, 38, 44

Madame Habel by Dick Gosselin

The Indians of Madawaska by Yvon Cyr

Women's Work by Denise Larson

Have Trade, Will Travel by Denise Larson

Un Homme Rare/A Rare Man by Virginia Sand

Deix Boîtes de Conserve de Maïs de Crème/Two Cans of Creamed Corn by Virginia Sand

Le chien français/The French Dog by Virginia Sand

Grandchildren: Work Toward Independence First by Annette Paradis King

Latest by Joël Morneault

From Acadie to Kigali by Jacqueline Blesso

Life Comes-Life Goes by a hear broken Mémère

Joyeuses Fêtes et meilleurs voeux pour la nouvelle année!

L'États du Connecticut....13-15

My Dear Lisa by Alice Gélinas

Sitcha Continues to Wait for Justice by Albert Marceau

FCGSC Celebrates 25 Years by Albert Marceau

L'États du New Hampshire.....16

La tradition des bons souliers par Fabienne Côté

A Salute to Nicolas Pelletier by William Peltier & Benoit Pelletier-Shoja

Books/Livres..18, 25, 29, 30, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36

Genealogy/Généalogie.....51-55

Music/Musique.....45-47

Coin des jeunes.....48-49

Recipes/Recettes.....50



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*Lettres/
Letters*



Le Forum;

C'est toujours un plaisir de lire *Le Forum*.

J'ai par le passé envoyé quelques articles que vous avez fait paraître dans ce journal intéressant. Je vous envoie aujourd'hui un court récit des souvenirs de mon enfance. Si cela vous intéresse?

Une abonnée,
Fabienne Côté
Auburn, NH

Chère Mme. Côté;

Voir page 16 pour votre article.
Merci milles fois!

Chère Rédactrice;

Je t'écris une petite histoire, comme tu vois, j'ai un peu de misère à écrire, ces pour *Le Forum* si tu l'accepte. Je t'envoie aussi \$20.00 pour mon abonnement au Forum. Voudrais tu vérifier mon adresse? Il avait encore l'adresse de la maison de convalescent où j'étais. Envoie moi le à l'adresse où tu envoies tes lettres.

Merci des beaux souvenirs de tes parents à leurs 50^{ème} anniversaire de mariage. Si ils étaient beaux tous les deux dans leurs jeunesse, et ils le sont encore. Je sais que tu les aimes de tout ton cœur, profite s'ils sont encore jeunes tu les auras encore longtemps.

Je n'est pas vûe le couple Norman et Pat Landry que tu me parlais; si un jour tu viens par ici, je serais toujours contente de te voir et de connaître ton oncle et ta tante. Je ne peux plus recevoir ma visite comme j'avais l'habitude, je ne suis plus capable, mais on peut toujours parler, se voir se connaître mieux, tu as toujours été si gentille pour moi, je te prend comme une de ma famille, que de beaux souvenirs que tu me donneras.

Surevoir

Je t'aime

Alice

A call for help...

ACADIAN PROJECT

I am writing to you for your opinion on the past and the future of the Acadians.

Please let me introduce myself, my name is Diane Doiron. I am Acadian. I was born and raised in Pointe-Sapin, New Brunswick where my family still lives and celebrates *La Fête de L'Acadie* every summer.

I live near Toronto, Ontario and work as the Assistant Photo Editor at the *National Post*, a Canadian daily national newspaper with a circulation of 250,000. Part of the *CanWest Global* chain, Canada's largest publisher of newspapers, with ownership of 11 major daily newspapers and a combined average circulation of 1.4 million daily.

The next *Acadian World Congress* will be held in 2009 on the *Acadian Peninsula* in New Brunswick, Canada. For the event, I'm planning to produce a multimedia feature on the past and future of *L'Acadie*.

As part of my research I'm asking Acadians their views on the most important places, historical or geographical, in the birth of Acadians in New France. Also, what places will continue to be significant to Acadian culture in the future.

Please list as many places as you wish and briefly explain your choices.

You can send your answers to my email or by mail at:

Diane Doiron

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Chère Alice;

Je suis très heureuse de pouvoir vous écrire et vous parler sur le téléphone. Vous êtes très aimable et si tendre.

C'est avec grand plaisir que je vous écris pour vous dire que je vous apprécie beaucoup. C'est toujours un plaisir de publier vos soumissions et lire votre histoire. Vous êtes une personne très spéciale et je suis bénie de vous avoir rencontré.

Je vous aime beaucoup,

Lisa, Rédactrice

(Voir page 13)

(Voir la page 36 pour plus de lettres)



Madame Habel

by Dick Gosselin
S. Portland, ME

When one thinks of the deal makers of the last century, Donald Trump comes to mind. In my hometown of Somersworth, New Hampshire a certain Mrs. Habel crafted THE deal of the century.

Arthemise Rheaume became Mrs. Artemise Habel when she married Somersworth's future Mayor, Legislator and Storekeeper Napoleon "Paul" "Nap" Habel on July 1st 1910 in St. Martins Church. Both likely shared savy for winning friends, influencing people and some sense of the market value of things. Kids growing up in 1950's Somersworth were drawn to "Paul Habel's Store" in the Chandler building beneath the Library. I think Paul Habel could have started a National franchise system of Paul Habel stores. What unique offerings he carried. Penny Candy, lik-m-aid, fountain made vanilla cokes, 5 cent root beer, pea shooters in a variety of colors and low end explosives packed in sawdust known as Atom Pearls. These were volatile versions of todays "snappers." Atom Pearls didn't just make a popping sound..... they were louder, THEY EXPLODED and sometimes a six inch flame was visible. O.K. make that a four inch flame.

There were also a few easy to beat pin ball and baseball machines in there. Not sure if Paul rigged them that way to draw customers or if it was just that the floor was not level where the machines were.

While Paul busied himself ordering explosives, pea shooters and lik-m-aid, Artemise took care of the Habel household inventories like groceries. Ray Vezeau had built himself a nice grocery empire by offering green stamps and free delivery. Few were as personable as the employee he had deliver those groceries much of the time. Armand Dubois had the customer service charm of a Ray Ferland (Black and White Market) or Barber Harvey Nadeau or Perley Giranis the Somersworth native who was an indispensable salesman at Shaine's shoe store in Dover. I don't doubt that Armand's customer service skills built Ray Vezeau's business even more than S&H Green Stamps did.

To get to Ray's Supermarket Mrs. Habel had to walk just under 3/4 of a mile and back. In 1959 Grand Union Champagne's out of Manchester and East Patterson, New Jersey opened a store at Orange and Washington a little over a quarter mile from the Habel's High Street home. At the height of opening day festivities Mrs. Habel told a Grand Union executive that she would shop there if, as Ray Vezeau did, they would deliver her groceries. The deal was sealed that day. As far as I know she is the only person Grand Union ever delivered for and I am told, they did it until the store closed or until Mrs. Ha-

bel passed away whichever came first.

Grand Union didn't come equipped with one of those Ray Vezeau mobiles with which to deliver groceries. Since Mrs. Habel was the only person we delivered to, there was little justification for a special truck. Delivering groceries usually meant walking with her and a cart to her High Street home. I viewed it as a nice break during the day. There was much guilt associated with this duty however when Mrs. Habel chose a busy time to do her groceries. She would sometimes do her shopping during those peak times, when all three check out's were operating. If I left with Mrs. Habel, the only other bag boy had to sack groceries for 3 registers. For much of my tenure there I was the only bag boy who spoke French so I was usually assigned to Mrs. Habel.

This one day was ultra busy. Customers backed up at the checkouts all the way to the Meat counter. A cashier gave the order. "Dick would you walk home with Mrs. Habel." Gosh....my poor co-worker....left to bag groceries for what seemed like five thousand customers all by himself. I've got to get creative about this. I know I'll box her groceries and deliver them on my Vespa Motor Scooter. The look on her face....I thought for a minute I had personally driven her to once again shop at Ray Vezeau's. "Tu vas casse mez ouefs!!!!!! Tu vas casse mez ouefs!!!!!!" (you're going to break my eggs, you're going to break my eggs.) You know, she was right. That's probably exactly what would have happened. Oh well, it was a nice day for a walk.



The Indians of Madawaska

On a scenic knoll not far from Edmundston, New Brunswick on the road to St. Basile, there is a village very different from surrounding villages. It is the Indian reservation of the Madawaska Territory and the remnants of the ancient capital of the St. John River. It is the home of the valiant MALECITE, the most faithful ally Acadia ever had and most feared enemy of the New England pioneer. The early site of this village was exactly where the present

city of Edmundston is located. It was then known as Madoueskak. The tribal council hall was just about where the "F.W. Woolworth" Store is today, and the Indian cemetery was located at equal distances between the present Catholic and Protestant churches. Tradition has it, that this Indian establishment existed several centuries before the French exploration of Acadia and Canada. At the time of the foundation of Madawaska by the Acadians, the Indian village numbered about three hundred inhabitants and was the most important center of the MA-

LECITE tribe. The principal MALECITE villages on the St. John River were, Menagoneche (St. John), Aukupag (Springhill, a small village seven miles above Fredericton) and Medoctec, eight miles below Woodstock and Madoueskak at the mouth of the river of the same name.

The MALECITES themselves were part of the ABENAKIS Nation and along with the PASSAMAQUODDYS, occupied the whole St. John Valley. The two tribes were formerly known as the ETCHEMINS. The ABENAKIS were part of the ALGONQUIN Nation, one of the more important Indian confederations

(Continued on page 5)



(The Indians of Madawaska continued from page 4)

of Canada. The confederation occupied almost all the Canadian territory, east of the Great Lakes. It extended across New England and Acadia. The MICMACS, who lived in Nova Scotia and Eastern New Brunswick, were also of the ALGONQUIN Nation. The domain of the ABENAKIS, was the valleys of the St. John and the Kennebec rivers. The MICMACS are generally considered the original inhabitants of the St. John Valley. The ABENAKIS of Maine, who were much more numerous, invaded the territory and pushed the MICMACS into eastern New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The word "Madawaska" itself, is of MICMAC origin. "Madoues" means porcupine and "kak" meaning place...thus, the land of the porcupine. The true aborigines of the valley, then, could very well be the MICMACS.

The MALECITES were, then as now, a nomad people. They fished, hunted deer and moose, but most often they chased MOHAWKS, their foremost enemy. At certain times of the year, the MALECITE's village was almost deserted. They often ate in leisure, what was gathered in a burst of feverish activity, at the price of great privation. Though barbaric in their way of life, they were typical Indians. Equal to Romans in their eloquence, their bravery and valor, they surpassed them in honesty of their morals. In fact, it was extremely rare that the Indians' prisoner would be insulted. They might torture their prisoner, but never treat them indecently!

The wife of the MALECITE, was his slave. She was forced to work much more than the men, who engaged only in hunting and war expeditions. She was extremely devoted to her children, whom she raised with great care. Of singular note: the women were more cruel than

the men. They took part in the massacres of prisoners and in barbaric rejoicings that accompanied these scenes of cruelty.

We have seen that the tribe of Madawaska occupied all of the St. John Valley from Grand Falls, New Brunswick (where I was born), to Sept-Isles (Quebec), including the valley of Lake Temiscouata. Their capital was, from time immemorial, situated at the mouth of the Madawaska River. This village was surrounded by a thick stockade of trees driven into the ground, forming an impenetrable wall. The Indians from the Lower St. John Valley as



well as those of the Kennebec and the Penobscot, took refuge in this enclave, during times of enemy incursions.

Even though they were far removed from the IROQUOIS, their consistent enemy, these latter on several occasions, engaged in bloody battle with the MALECITE. Indian tradition relates two such MOHAWK incursions, with MALECITE forts burned and large numbers of their population, massacred. The most noted of these war expeditions occurred when some two hundred MOHAWKS from Upper Canada, mounted a major attack on the MALECITE.

The IROQUOIS reached the St. John Valley through the Etchemins and came on a small MALECITE village at the mouth of the Allagash, and destroyed it. When they arrived at the village of the Madoueskaks, they found that Pemmyhaouet, the great chief of the MALECITE, had organized the defense of his fort, with the help of about one hundred braves. The ensuing combat became one of the most

memorable, recorded in Indian legend. The courageous Pemmyhaouet had died in combat, and his son was also fatally wounded. As the defendants fell under arrows and tomahawks of the assailants, their wives and young girls replaced them. It was only after several days, when the besieged MALECITES ran out of arrows and spears, that they gave up the struggle. The fierce MOHAWKS found, in a corner of the ruined fort, two women who begged for their deliverance, by death. They were Necomah, the wife of the fallen chief, and Malobiannah, his son's fiancée. The chief's son, had just died and the two women had braved the furor of the MOHAWKS, to bury their loved ones.

Encouraged by their success, the IROQUOIS warriors resolved to continue their quest to the Lower St. John Valley. Since they did not know the territory, they took the two women captives, to guide them down the

river. At nightfall, the bark canoes were tied together and left in the care of Malobiannah. Necomah, the chief's wife, had already died of sorrow.

Malobiannah mourned her fallen fiancée, and wept over the calamities that had befallen her nation. But in her heart, she kept the Indian emotion of revenge. She resolved to sacrifice her own life, to avenge her loved ones and at the same time, save her brothers of Aukapug and Medoctec, from the disaster awaiting them. She would lead the flotilla over the falls at what is now known as Grand Falls...my home town!

At some distance from the chasm, the warriors who had fallen asleep, were awakened by the noise of the falls. They asked their guide what made such thunderous noise. She answered calmly, "it is a new river, the Walloostock". All the while, the fleet was being drawn towards the abyss. The MOHAWKS,

(Continued on page 6)



(The Indians of Madawaska continued from page 5)

reassured by the composure of the young MALECITE girl, went back to sleep. They were only a few hundred feet from the falls, when they felt themselves caught in the treacherous current and realized their danger. They jumped from their canoes, but it was too late. Shouting curses, they disappeared in the foaming cataracts, accompanied by the triumphant shouts of the heroic daughter of the people they had vanquished. The last thing they heard, were the names of her fiancée and the praises of her avenged nation.

Note from Yvon Cyr:

Ever wonder if you have Native Indian in your ancestry? Many Acadians do, because of the common inter-mingling in the early years. The above-noted is a reproduction of an interesting article posted on my Acadian Genealogy Homepage web site. The balance of this rather extensive article, together with much additional information pertaining to the friendship which existed between the Micmacs and Acadians. Connect to my [<http://www.acadian.org/indians.html>

The legend of Malobiannah



Cette oeuvre d'art des Mosaiculture 2003 représente une légende. Un village malécite est attaqué par 200 Iroquois et la jeune Malobiannah est prisonnière des Iroquois qui la force à les guider sur la rivière Saint-Jean en direction de Médotec durant la nuit. A cause la fatigue les Iroquois s'endorment et la jeune indienne veille et les dirige vers les chutes Chickuenicgapiok et tous périrent en se fracassent sur les rochers au bas de la chute.

This floral piece of art of the Mosaicultures 2003 represent a legend. According to the legend two hundred Iroquois warriors are attacking a Malisset village. The conquerors forced their prisoner Malobiannah to show them the way on the St-John River during the night. Under Malobiannah watchfull eyes, the weary warriors slept. Fifty kilometers later, a muffled sound awakened them, but Malobiannah fooled them into thinking they had reached the Aroostook. By the time the warriors realized that the sound was the roar of the giant waterfalls, the Chickuenicgapiok, it was too late and all of them perished when they crashed on the rocks at the bottom of the falls.



Marie Rollet Hébert

Women's work

By Denise R. Larson

The everyday life and labor of women often do not leave much imprint in the annals of history. Women don't usually lead invading forces nor political parties. They don't amass great fortunes and create great corporations. Neither do most men, but women make their mark in highly visible ways even less frequently. Women perform the daily chores of life that sustain friends and

family. They do women's work.

In the early days of Quebec, the mother of the first family from France to live in the New World was Marie Rollet. She settled her family in a house that overlooked the great St. Lawrence River then opened the door to orphaned native children and started a school. Among her students were Charity and Esperance, two girls who had been adopted by Samuel de Champlain. He and his wife, Helene, did not have any children of their own and hoped that raising *(Continued on page 7)*



*(Women's Work
continued from page 6)*

happy, healthy native children at the fur-trading post would encourage the native people to build more permanent settlements and develop farms near Quebec.

Marie and her husband, Louis Hebert, provided boarding for some of the single men who worked at the post as clerks and interpreters. Their house was the first one built in the colony and was one of the largest, so they often hosted community gatherings. She had brought with her from France a huge brewing cauldron for making beer, but it was also used for potluck suppers.

As the colony grew and more people arrived from France, Marie and her daughters and granddaughters became midwives, caregivers to the injured, and took on prominent roles in the women's assemblies of their church.

Some of Marie's female descen-

dants joined one of the religious orders that were founded in Quebec and Montreal for the care and education of the native people. Among the skills taught to the young women was that of embroidery, which was considered an art form and played an important role in the decoration of the parish churches. When silk thread was scarce, the enterprising nuns devised a way to use the hair of moose and quills from a porcupine to stitch intricate patterns in cloth and the flexible inner bark of the birch tree. The bark was used to construct decorated boxes and baskets. Wool and linen were used as vestments, wall hangings, book covers, and even men's and women's pocketbooks, which were like present-day wallets.

The native women developed exceptional skills in embroidery. Their own culture provided them with the traditions of basketry woven so tightly that the baskets held water and were used to heat water when placed on hot stones. Native women also made wall and floor mats

with decorative patterns incorporated into the weave. The traditional patterns featured broad bands of geometric shapes.

Some anthropologists suggest that men built an empire, women build a culture. The culture of the early French Canadians was founded on faith, family, and farm by women of endurance and imagination. The men put their talents to the trades of fish, fur, and forest. The depth and richness of early French-Canadian heritage will be celebrated in Quebec in 2007-2008 during the 400th anniversary of the founding of the city in 1608.

On the Net: www.quebec400.qc.ca For more information on early North American handcrafts, see: "The Age of Homespun" by Laurel Thatcher Ulrich (Alfred A. Knopf, 2001).

Denise Rajotte Larson is writing a work in celebration of the 400th anniversary of the founding of Quebec in 1608. She can be reached at: francadian@yahoo.com.

Have Trade, Will Travel

By Denise R. Larson

Though a hot topic here in America now, illegal immigration wasn't a problem in New France in the 1600s.

The only way from France to the New World was by ship, and the gangplank was carefully monitored. Every emigrant had to have official papers, and those not commissioned by the king or a mercantile company had to pay 30 livres to leave the country. At the time, 300 livres was considered the average annual income.

One of the ways to gain permission to move to Canada was to sign a contract with a seignior, a man who had been granted a large amount of land, called a seignior, with the understanding that the seignior would recruit families to create a settlement. For a small annual fee,

a man and his family could rent some acreage and develop it into a self-sustaining farm.

Another way to ensure passage to Canada was to request a fief, a smaller lot of land for personal use.

Both seigniories and fiefs were first granted to men but could be inherited by their wives or daughters, who could then hold or sell them as they saw fit.



The most desirous of immigrants to Canada were skilled craftsmen. Masons and carpenters were needed to build houses, stores, and fortifications at

the fur trading post at Quebec. Surveyors had to lay out the lines of the seigniories and its subdivisions. Wheelwrights and metalworkers constructed the cannons and arquebusses for Fort Louis, which sat on the promontory above the trading post on the St. Lawrence River. Pilots came to Quebec to learn the ways of the river and guide the trading vessels to and from anchorage at Tadoussac. In France, earning master's papers could take decades. Craftsman who agreed to work in Canada could usually earn the master craftsman rating in about six years.

Added to the need for skilled workmen was the drive to clear some land in the thick forest and plant life-sustaining crops so that the post workers weren't completely dependent on supply shipments from France. All too often ships went down in the rough Atlantic. Some that made it safely across the ocean were seized at the mouth of the river by rival traders from other countries, especially England. The English had a toe hold on Newfoundland near the
(Continued on page 8)

UN HOMME RARE

Par
Virginie Sand
(Bangor au Maine,
aux États-Unis)

Un jour, malgré le mauvais temps, j'ai décidé de faire les courses pour Noël. Ce jour-là, il neigeait, il faisait très froid, et les rues étaient mauvaises.

Tout à coup, il y a eu beaucoup de circulation sur le boulevard du centre commercial de Bangor. Il y avait beaucoup de voitures sur la rue Stillwater et sur la rue Hogan.

Soudain, j'ai vu un homme avec plusieurs cerfs. Le centre commercial de Bangor invitait cet homme et ses cerfs toutes les années à ce temps. Cet homme portait un costume rouge avec une bordure blanche. Il avait une barbe et une moustache qui étaient blanches, et les cheveux étaient aussi blancs. Ses cerfs portaient des cloches et s'étaient décorés des couleurs rouges et vertes. Un des cerfs exposait un nez rouge qui brillait comme une brillante lumière rouge.

Enfin, je me suis approchée de cet homme rare et de ses cerfs quand je suis descendue de ma voiture. Cet homme avait un grand sourire et s'appelait <<le Père Noël>>. Tout de suite, le Père Noël m'a donné un petit paquet.

Le paquet s'était enveloppé de papier rouge et d'or, que j'ai tout de suite déseveloppé. J'étais très curieuse de l'intérieur du paquet. Quand j'ai ouvert la boîte, j'ai découvert un téléphone portable qui chantait <<le Tintement des Cloches>>.

Voyons ! Comment est-ce que le Père Noël a su que j'avais besoin du téléphone portable ? En effet, il est un homme rare !

Enfin, la veille de Noël est arrivée, le 24 décembre. A ce moment, j'avais fini d'acheter et d'envelopper tous mes cadeaux. J'avais élevé et décoré mon arbre de Noël. J'avais suspendu beaucoup d'éclairages à l'électricité tout autour de l'extérieur de ma maison. J'avais mis une chandelle dans chaque fenêtre et j'avais aussi tendu de grands bas de Noël à travers la cheminée. Surtout,

j'avais mis de petits gâteaux de Noël et du thé de la tisane sur une table pour le Père Noël (pour mon mari en réalité).

Ma maison était très joyeuse. Il y avait beaucoup de couleurs partout, le rouge, le vert, l'or, l'argent, et le violet. Je me sentais très contente.

Il était maintenant dix heures pendant cette veille de Noël. Mon mari s'était déjà couché. Soudain, j'ai entendu le vent. Aussitôt, je suis allée à la fenêtre. J'ai vu deux choses extraordinaires. D'abord, il neigeait dur et il y avait de la glace sur la fenêtre. Et puis, j'ai remarqué la lumière rouge la plus brillante dans le ciel. La lumière se déplaçait lentement à travers le ciel. Tout à coup, j'ai pensé entendre le tintement des cloches, mais j'avais déjà fermé mon téléphone portable pour la nuit.

Tout de suite, j'ai eu sommeil. Je me suis assise dans la chaise à côté des petits gâteaux de Noël, de thé de la tisane, et de la cheminée. Je me suis endormie et j'ai pensé rêver du Père Noël et de ses cerfs.

Plus tard, j'ai entendu un grand bruit au-dessus de ma tête sur le toit qui m'a réveillée. J'ai regardé l'horloge. Il était une heure du matin de Noël. Ensuite, j'ai encore vu deux choses extraordinaires. D'abord, quelqu'un avait mangé les petits gâteaux de Noël et avait bu le thé de la tisane à côté de ma chaise. Puis, quelqu'un avait mis un autre cadeau sous l'arbre de Noël. Le cadeau s'était enveloppé d'un papier rouge et d'or qui me semblait familier. Encore une fois, j'étais très curieuse de l'intérieur du cadeau, alors je l'ai déseveloppé. Quand j'ai ouvert la boîte, j'ai découvert un nouvel ordinateur pour mon bureau ! Puis j'ai rapidement couru à la fenêtre. Encore une fois, j'ai vu la lumière rouge très brillante qui se déplaçait lentement à travers le ciel. Et puis, j'ai entendu le tintement des cloches.

Par conséquent, j'ai réfléchi : <<Voyons ! Comment est-ce que le Père Noël a su que j'avais besoin d'un ordinateur ?>> En effet, il est un homme rare !



(Have Trade, Will Travel continued
from page 7)

mouth of the St. Lawrence and trafficked in the fur trade, even though the English claim lay south, starting in Maine and ranging to the Spanish claim in Florida.

In spite of the French settlers being legally barred from engaging in the fur trade as individuals, many men spent countless days exploring the vast forest that surrounded Quebec. Hunting and fishing were tightly controlled in a well-populated and regulated country like France, so the freedom of movement encountered by the immigrant Frenchmen was intoxicating. Government reports from Quebec to Paris complained that the men brought out to help build the city and farm the land were neglecting both to hunt and fish and act as "coureurs des bois," who were unlicensed hunters and fur traders who sold to buyers from any country who would pay the highest price. The black market for pelts and the pirating of shipments of furs bound for France helped bring about the failure of the French fur monopoly and the eventual loss of the colony to England in 1763.

Denise Rajotte Larson, a former research librarian and journalist, is writing a work in celebration of the 400th anniversary of the founding of Quebec in 1608. She can be reached at: francadian@yahoo.com.

A RARE MAN

*By
Virginia Sand
(Bangor, Maine, in
the United States)*

One day, despite the bad weather, I decided to go shopping for Christmas. That day there, it was snowing, it was very cold, and the roads were bad.

All of a sudden, there was a lot of traffic on the Bangor Mall Boulevard. There were many cars on Stillwater Avenue and on Hogan Road.

Suddenly, I saw a man with several deer. The Bangor Mall was inviting this man and his deer every year at this time. This man was wearing a red costume with white trim. He had a beard and a mustache that were white, and his hair was also white. His deer were wearing bells and were decorated with the colors red and green. One of the deer displayed a red nose which was shining like a brilliant, red light.

Finally, I approached this rare man and his deer when I got out of my car. This man had a big smile and was called "Santa Claus." Immediately, Santa Claus gave me a little package.

The package was wrapped with red and gold paper, which I suddenly unwrapped. I was very curious about the inside of the package. When I opened the box, I discovered a cellular telephone which was singing "Jingle Bells."

Let's see! How did Santa

Clause know that I needed a cellular phone? Indeed, he is a rare man!

Finally, Christmas Eve arrived on the 24th of December. At this moment, I had finished buying and wrapping all of my gifts. I had put up and decorated my Christmas tree. I had hung many electric lights all around the outside of my house. I had put a candle in each window and I had also hung some large Christmas stockings across the fireplace. Above all, I had put some Christmas cookies and some herbal tea on a table for Santa Clause (for my husband, in reality).

My house was very festive. There were many colors everywhere, red, green, gold, silver, and violet. I felt very content.

It was now 10 o'clock during this Christmas Eve. My husband had already put himself to bed. Suddenly, I heard the wind. Immediately I went to the window. I saw two extraordinary things. First, it was snowing hard and there was some ice on the window. Then I noticed the most brilliant red light in the sky. The light was slowly moving across the sky. All of a sudden, I thought that I heard the jingling of bells, but I had already turned off my cellular telephone for the night.

Immediately, I was sleepy. I sat in the chair near the Christmas cookies, the herbal tea, and the fireplace. I fell asleep and thought that I was dreaming of Santa Clause and his deer.

Later on, I heard a loud noise above my head on the roof that awoke me. I looked at the clock. It was one o'clock on Christmas morning. Afterwards, I again saw two extraordinary things. First,

someone had eaten the Christmas cookies and drank the herbal tea near my chair. Then, someone had put another gift under the Christmas tree. The gift had been wrapped in red and gold paper which seemed familiar to me. One more time, I was very curious about the inside of the gift so I unwrapped it. When I opened the box, I discovered a new computer for my office. Then I quickly ran to the window. Once again, I saw the very brilliant red light which was moving slowly across the sky. Then, I heard the jingling of bells.

Consequently, I thought to myself: "Let's see! How did Santa Clause know that I needed a computer?" Indeed, he is a rare man!



Deux Boîtes de Conserve de Mais de Crème

*Par
Virginie Sand
(Bangor au
Maine, aux
Etats-Unis)*

Pendant mon enfance, j'assistais à l'école paroissiale qui s'appelait l'École du Cœur Sacré dans la ville de Waterville dans l'état du Maine aux Etats-Unis. C'était une école catholique. J'étais une étudiante là-bas du premier grade au septième grade. Cette école se logeait dans le vieux bâtiment de briques qui appartenait à l'Université de Colby. En effet, l'École du Cœur Sacré se fixait à l'avenue de Collège. Il y avait toujours beaucoup de circulation sur l'avenue de Collège.

L'église du Cœur Sacré n'était pas loin de l'école du Cœur Sacré. L'église du Cœur Sacré se fixait à la rue "Pleasant" qui était derrière l'École du Cœur Sacré. Derrière l'école il y avait aussi la

cour de récréation pour jouer au milieu du matin et après le déjeuner. Pendant les jours saints de l'obligation, tous les étudiants marchaient à travers la cour de récréation, en aval de la rue Agréable et à l'église du Cœur Sacré pour la messe.

À l'École du Cœur Sacré, nous trouvions toujours les salles de classe très grandes. Même les corridors semblaient grands. Les salles de classe s'éclairaient avec de grandes fenêtres. En bas étage, il me semblait comme une basse-fosse, un cachot où les fenêtres étaient petites. C'était dans cette basse-fosse où les étudiants mangeaient. Là, selon moi, la nourriture était épouvantable. Je pensais que
(Suite page 10)

(Deux Boîtes de Conserve de Maïs de Crème suite de page 9) toutes les nourritures venaient des boîtes de conserve. Surtout, on pouvait prédire le même repas chaque vendredi, etc. Mais la seule chose dont je me souvenais d'aimer bien était le thon, même s'il venait d'une boîte de conserve. A mon avis, les légumes qui se servaient toujours avec les repas goûtaient affreux. Ils n'étaient pas frais. Encore une fois, ils étaient des boîtes de conserve. De toute façon, je survivais. Cependant, j'avais finalement persuadé ma mère de me permettre d'apporter mon propre déjeuner à l'école tous les jours. Par conséquent, j'étais beaucoup plus heureuse. Maintenant, je pouvais déjeuner dans la salle à manger des déjeuners froids, une plus petite salle dans la basse-fosse. Toujours, j'étais très contente à manger mes sandwichs avec les autres étudiants qui mangeaient leurs sandwichs. J'ai gagné cette bataille.

Dans les salles de classe à l'École du Cœur Sacré il y avait les religieuses Catholiques qui nous enseignaient. Elles étaient très strictes. Nous tous les craignons. Nous priions toujours à cause de nos péchés. Même la principale de l'école était religieuse. Les religieuses portaient les robes longues noires avec les voiles longs noirs. Autour du cou et du front, elles exposaient quelque chose comme un col large blanc qui paraissait très rigide. Je me demandais souvent s'il y avait les cheveux sous ces voiles noirs avec les fronts blancs parce que les religieuses ne déplaçaient jamais leurs voiles noirs. Les chapelets du rosaire s'attachaient aux robes des religieuses.

Comme la nourriture dans la

basse-fosse, les religieuses conservaient bien de l'argent. Ces femmes étaient très frugales. Elles savaient étendre un dollar. Elles savaient utiliser quelque chose plus d'une seule fois. En plus, pendant chaque automne, les religieuses nous mettaient à travailler pour l'école, pour l'église, et pour les charités. Les religieuses encourageaient les étudiants à vendre du papier de Noël pour envelopper les cadeaux de Noël, des cartes de Noël, et d'autres produits de Noël. Les religieuses nous motivaient à vendre beaucoup de produits de Noël par nous offrir des récompenses. Les récompenses étaient souvent des petites statues de la mère de Jésus, la Vierge Marie. Par exemple, si je vendais plusieurs paquets de papier de Noël, je recevrais une statue. Eh bien, après quelques années, ma mère avait ramassé beaucoup de statues de la Vierge Marie, parce que je lui donnais toutes mes récompenses. Pourtant, avec chaque saison de Noël, mes voisins devenaient plus impatientes avec moi tant que je frappais à leurs portes pour vendre quelque chose. En plus, je réfléchissais à comment les religieuses gagnaient de l'argent quand elles offraient toutes ces récompenses gratuites.

Chaque année, vers la fête de <<Thanksgiving>> (les actions de grâces), les religieuses faisaient une autre stratégie entreprenante. L'école du Cœur Sacré ramassait les boîtes de conserve. Alors, les étudiants étaient encouragés à apporter des boîtes de conserve à l'école. Par conséquent, beaucoup de boîtes de conserve paraissaient à l'école. Après ça, il y avait un temps désigné où les étudiants pouvaient acheter ces boîtes de

conserve de nourriture bon marché. Une année, dans l'esprit de la saison de Noël, j'ai décidé de faire les courses pour mes cadeaux de Noël à l'école. Alors, quand je suis rentrée chez moi, j'ai demandé à ma mère de quelle sorte de boîte de conserve que mon oncle Joe préférerait. Ma mère me disait qu'il préférerait le maïs de crème. En ce cas, le lendemain, aussitôt que j'étais à l'école, j'ai trouvé et acheté deux boîtes de conserve de maïs de crème pour dix cents (.10), un vrai marché. Je me sentais très fière de trouver le cadeau parfait sans dépenser beaucoup d'argent. Après l'école, j'ai porté les deux boîtes de conserve chez moi. Là, je les ai enveloppées avec le papier de Noël que je vendais pour l'école.

Au moment où le jour de Noël est arrivé, ma mère m'a amenée chez oncle Joe. Là-bas, je lui ai donné son cadeau de Noël. Après qu'il a désempaqué le paquet, il avait l'air surpris et puis il a ri pendant qu'il me remerciait.

Plus tard, j'ai demandé à ma mère, <<pourquoi est-ce qu'oncle Joe a ri de mon cadeau>> ? Ma mère a expliqué que quand d'abord mon oncle Joe a vu la forme du paquet, il a naturellement présumé recevoir deux boîtes de conserve de bière ! Mais à sa surprise, il y avait deux boîtes de conserve de maïs de crème.

Aujourd'hui, comme une adulte, je suis toujours frugale. Chaque fête de Noël, je peux toujours trouver les cadeaux parfaits pour ma famille et mes amis sans dépenser beaucoup d'argent. Cependant, j'essaie d'éviter les boîtes de conserve. Quand je fais la cuisine, je prépare les légumes frais et la nourriture fraîche et pleine, si possible.

Two Cans of Creamed Corn

By Virginia Sand (Bangor, Maine, U.S.A.)

During my childhood, I use to attend the parochial school, which was called Sacred Heart School, in the city of Waterville, in the state of Maine, in the United States. It was a Catholic

school. I was a student there from the first grade to the seventh grade. This school was located in the old brick building which use to belong to Colby College. In fact, Sacred Heart School was located on College Avenue. There was always a lot of traffic on College Avenue.

Sacred Heart Church was not far from Sacred Heart School. Sacred Heart Church was located on Pleasant Street which was behind Sacred Heart School. Behind the school there was also the playground for playing in the middle of the morning and after lunch. During the holy days of obligation,

all the students were walking across the playground, down Pleasant Street, and to Sacred Heart Church for mass.

(Continued on page 11)



*(Two Cans of Creamed Corn
continued from page 10)*

At Sacred Heart School, we always found the classrooms very large. Even the corridors seemed large. The classrooms were illuminated by large windows. On the lower story, it seemed like a dungeon, a prison where the windows were small. It was in this dungeon where the students were eating. There, according to me, the food was horrible. I thought that all the food was coming from cans. Above all, one could predict the same meal each Friday, etc. But the only thing of which I remember liking was the tuna fish, even if it came from a can. In my opinion, the vegetables that were always served with the meals tasted frightful. They were not fresh. Again, they were from cans. At any rate, I survived. In the meantime, I had finally persuaded my mother to allow me to bring my own lunch to school every day. Consequently, I was a lot happier. Now, I could have lunch in the “cold-lunch-room,” a smaller room in the dungeon. Still, I was very content to eat my sandwiches with the other students who were eating their sandwiches. I won this battle.

In the classrooms at Sacred Heart School, there were the Catholic nuns who were teaching us. They were very strict. We all feared them. We were always praying because of our sins. Even the principal of the school was a nun. The nuns were wearing long, black gowns with long, black veils. Around the throat and the forehead, they were displaying something like a large, white collar that

was appearing very rigid. I was often asking myself if there was hair under these black veils with the white foreheads because the nuns were never removing their black veils. The rosary beads were attached to the gowns of the nuns.

Like the food in the dungeon, the nuns conserved money well. These women were very frugal. They knew how to stretch a dollar. They knew how to use something more than once. Moreover, during each autumn, the nuns were putting us to work for the school, for the church, and for the charities. The nuns encouraged the students to sell Christmas paper for wrapping Christmas gifts, some Christmas cards, and some other Christmas products. The nuns were motivating us to sell a lot of Christmas products by offering us some rewards. The rewards were often some small statues of the mother of Jesus, the Virgin Mary. For example, if I sold several packages of Christmas paper, I would receive a statue. Well, after a few years, my mother had collected many statues of the Virgin Mary, because I was giving her all of my rewards. However, with each Christmas season, my neighbors were becoming more impatient with me as long as I was knocking at their doors to sell something. In addition, I was thinking about how the nuns were earning money when they were offering all of these free rewards.

Each year, towards the Thanksgiving holiday, the nuns were executing another entrepreneurial strategy. Sacred Heart School was collecting cans of food. In that case, the students were encouraged to bring canned food to the

school. Consequently, many cans appeared at the school. After that, there was a designated time where the students could buy these cans of food very cheap. One year, in the spirit of the Christmas season, I decided to shop for my Christmas gifts at the school. Then, when I returned home, I asked my mother what kind of canned food that my Uncle Joe preferred. My mother told me that he preferred creamed corn. In this case, the next day, as soon as I was at school, I found and purchased two cans of creamed corn for 10 cents, a real bargain. I felt very proud to find the perfect gift without spending a lot of money. After school, I carried the two cans home. There, I wrapped them with the Christmas paper that I was selling for the school.

At the moment where Christmas day arrived, my mother took me to my Uncle Joe’s house. Over there, I gave him his Christmas gift. After he unwrapped the package, he seemed surprised and then he laughed while he was thanking me.

Later, I asked my mother, “why did Uncle Joe laugh at my gift?” My mother explained that when my Uncle Joe first saw the shape of the package, he naturally presumed that he received two cans of beer! But to his surprise, there were two cans of creamed corn.

Today, as an adult, I am still frugal. Each Christmas holiday, I can always find the perfect gifts for my family and friends without spending a lot of money. Meanwhile, I try to avoid canned food. When I cook, I prepare fresh vegetables and fresh, whole food, if possible.

Le chien français **Par Virginie** **Sand**

Il me semble que le chien français vit une bonne vie.

Le chien français ne peut pas être ennuyé. Sa maîtresse le prend partout. Elle tient le chien en laisse qui garde le chien sauf. Elle fait une promenade avec le chien dans le parc. Dans le parc le chien joue doucement avec les autres chiens. Par conséquent, pendant la promenade le chien peut observer le monde, explorer la nature et les arbres, et obtenir de l’exercice en même temps. Avec sa

maîtresse, le chien marche l’escalier et regarde l’action d’un jongleur. Quand ils explorent le village, ils font attention vers les voitures et ils regardent aux fenêtres des magasins. Quand le chien renifle du fromage dans le marché de la rue, sa maîtresse achète un peu de fromage pour lui. Le chien français est gâté. Le chien français n’est pas ennuyé.

A la plage, le chien porte un chapeau pour la protection du soleil. Là-bas, le chien a chaud et a soif s’il nage dans l’eau et boit de l’eau. Le chien voit des poissons à la plage et il se gratte. Le chien court avec sa maîtresse sur la plage par la mer, et puis

il s’arrête à creuser pour le trésor. En effet, le chien français n’est pas ennuyé.

Enfin, chez lui, ce chien vit comme un roi. Il peut prendre un petit somme quand il veut. Il peut être paresseux s’il veut. Quand le chien a faim, il peut s’asseoir et mendier pour un régal. Le chien a la liberté dans la maison sans laisse, mais il doit être patient pendant qu’il attend sa maîtresse quand elle est au bureau. Le chien français n’est pas toujours ennuyé. Il peut mâcher sur ses joujoux pendant qu’il attend.

De tout cela, il découle que le chien français doit vivre une vie longue.



The French Dog

By Virginia Sand

It seems to me that the French dog lives a good life.

The French dog cannot be bored. His master takes him everywhere. She holds the dog on a leash which keeps the dog safe. She goes for a walk with the dog in the park. In the park the dog gently plays with other dogs. Consequently, during the walk the dog can observe the world, explore nature and the trees, and obtain some exercise at the same time. With his master, the dog climbs stairs and watches the action of a juggler. When they are exploring the village, they are careful around cars and they look in the store windows. When the dog sniffs some cheese in the street market, his master buys a little cheese for him. The French dog is spoiled. The French dog is not bored.

At the beach, the dog wears a hat for protection from the sun. There, the

dog is hot and thirsty so he swims in the water and drinks some water. The dog sees some fish at the beach and he scratches himself. The dog runs with his master on the beach by the sea, and then he stops to dig for treasure. Indeed, the French dog is not bored.

Finally, at home, this dog lives like a king. He can take a small nap when he wants. He can be lazy if he wants. When the dog is hungry, he can sit and beg for a treat. The dog has freedom in the house without a leash, but he must be patient while he waits for his master when she is at the office. The French dog is still not bored. He can chew on his toys while he waits.

From all that, it follows that the French dog must live a long life.



and the obstacles these poor souls faced for decades. They dared not speak up and were easily lead (or miss-lead) by factory owners and their overseers and yes, even the parish priests. It took generations before independence appeared across the board, as we know it today.

I remember everyone my age thought it necessary to get married young and certainly to find a man who could support us. That idea in some cases lead to a subservient woman, and if the wrong man was picked, women of my time stayed married, regardless. The reasons are clear that retrospectively, women weren't taught to think for themselves? I must have missed something but I don't remember my mother or one of my teachers saying, "Come on girl reach for independence and decide what vocation or profession you'll choose. then consider marriage if it is appealing. Thinking about it. That's a powerful bit of information.

The idea had me thinking after reading Carolyn G. Heilbrun's interesting book, *Writing A Women's Life*. What I found most important in its 128 interesting pages was that a woman must work toward independence early in her life, because if she can support herself, she will have money of her own, if she has money she has power. By power it is meant to do anything she wants, I.e., write, paint, travel, create and eventually even marry someone of equality.

It is dependency on another that deigns all dreams from developing and if dreams are lost, we know laughter is, too. A woman not only needs a room of one's own, (Woolf) but a bank account of one's own, which comes by working hard at what one likes best. Looking back we were taught to search for and catch someone who would take better care of us then our fathers and soon as high school ended. Heilbrun explains marriage by saying a good one is formed on intellectual understand.

This is knowledge that I never gave much thought to before. I don't think May Satan addressed independence this way nor did Willa Cather. Yet, I admired these women as totally independent beings but never analyzed them as such. That was the way they were and I was a woman
(Continued on page 13)

Grandchildren: Work Toward Independence First

**By
Annette Paradis
King**

I think up these short stories for a column I write named Weather Report for our monthly Family News Letter, by the dozens. My head is full of them. But only one at a time can be published, making my selection difficult. My reason for writing this one is centered around some unchanged reasons: How I wish I had known my grandmother's inner dreams, worries, even some of her womanly feelings, would life for me and perhaps, her other thirteen grandchildren have been

fuller? If only she had been equipped to write her experiences, things simple as her joys, or given a snapshot in words how she viewed the beginning of the 20th century on the Island, I never knew her very well. So in order to understand what her life was like I've had to draw from what life around the early 20th century was like from reading what other wrote. These stories are engaging and enlightening but there is nothing personalized in the history found.

That's why I write. Only today I am not writing about grandmother more about the independence of women.

Knowing that my life has been a comfortable one and my grandmother's in comparison a hard one, enough so, she died at the age of 60. We read stories like this all the time. The *Belles of New England* by Martin published 2001, tells how our ancestors came to the States

Waterbury CT. U.S.A.
Oct. 23, 2006

My Dear Lisa;

Every beautiful thing must come to an end, and I have to accept with a heavy heart to say "Adieu" to so many things that brought me real happiness, but in my heart I will keep the souvenirs of the beautiful friendship and attachment that have settled in my memory for a few years already.

I loved seeing my short stories appear in "Le Forum". I saved all of them and this one will be my last, if you accept it Lisa.

My 90 years reminds me that I'm at the end of the road. Everything becomes more difficult for me. Old age is painful. This is why I am writing my last story for "Le Forum." My hand hurts, it has hurt for a long time, but now I've reached a point where it has become too painful to write or sew or do paintings, all things I use to do, and it amused me, but I have to let it go, a little bit at a time, writing was my best past time. Lisa would you thank Mr. Yvon Labbé, Ms. Lucie Thibodeau for being my friends, and all those that were interested in me, and don't forget Mr. Jean Moisson from France. Also those that sent me music cassettes and stories of the good old days. Thanks for all the books from you and your young friends. Their souvenir will always be in my heart. Since my heart surgery, I had to be careful. Its been 13 years now and I'm still here. I do feel weak sometimes, except for my nitro pills nothing can be done, it's heart failure.

I can't complain, I could be here for a long time. I can still read, maybe I will have a letter now and then. I will Miss.... Miss.... Miss all of you, I will never forget you.

Goodnight Lisa

Love Always,

Alice

Ma Chère Lisa;

Tout les plus belles choses doivent avoir une fin, et il faut que j'accepte le coeur gros de dire "Adieu" a tout de choses qui m'emportaient du vrai bonheur, mais dans mon coeur je garderais le souvenir de la belle amitié, l'attachement qui c'était installer dans ma memoire depuis déjà quelques années, j'aimais beaucoup voir mes courtes histoires paraître dans "Le Forum." Je les conservais tous, et celle si sera ma dernière, si tu l'accepte Lisa.

Mes 90 ans me rapelle que j'arrive au bout du chemin. Tout devien un peu plus difficile pour moi. Ça fait mal la vièllesse, et ses ce qui me fait t'ecrire ma dernière histoire pour "Le Forum," ses que j'ai mal a la main depuis longtemps, mais là j'ai rejoins un point ou ses très difficile d'ecrire, de coudre, de faire de la peinture a l'huile, tous des choses que je faisais avant et sa m'amusait, il a falut que je diminûe un peu a la fois. Ecrire c'était mon plus beau passe temps.

Lisa voudrais tu remercier pour moi Mr. Yvon Labbé, Mme. Lucie Thibodeau, pour avoir été mes amis(e) et tous ceux qui c'étaient interresser a moi, sans oublier Mr. Jean Moisson de France, et aussi ceux qui mon envoyer des cassettes de music et d'histoires du Bon Vieux temps. Leurs souvenir sera toujours la dans mon coeur.

Depuis mon operation pour le coeur, il me falait faire attention il y a 13 ans de ça et je sais encore là. Je fais des faiblesses de coeur de temps en temps. Apart des pilule nitro il n'y a rien a faire ses *heart failure*.

Je ne peu pas me plaindre, je peu être ici encore longtemps. Je peu encore lire, peut-etre que j'auser des lettres de temps en temps. Je vais vous manquer... manquer... manquer— Je ne vous oublierer jamais.

Bonsoir Lisa

Je t'aime toujours.

Alice



Alice Helinas

(Grandchildren: Work Toward Independence First continued from page 12)

of another teaching or lack of. No one put into words that by being successful I needed to first be independent. It makes sense, what I endorsed here may inspire the very young of today into further thinking about total independence.



Biography: Annette Paradis King lives on Frenchman Bay, fifteen miles from Ellsworth, Maine with her spouse Gerry King. She enjoys creating poetry and writing short stories. Writing came late in her life, consequently, she spends most of her time now documenting what she remembers before it all disappears. Her greatest pleasure is encouraging their thirteen grandchildren to read everything they can, and to write as often as time is available, something she didn't understand the importance of until these later years.

Sitcha Continues to Wait for Justice

By Albert J. Marceau
Newington, CT

On Sept. 29, 2006, Richard Sitcha's attorney, Kevin Hoffkins, filed a motion to the Federal Government to keep the case in the Second Circuit Court of Appeals in New York City, and not the Bureau of Immigration Affairs. Attorney Hoffkins gave his reason for the motion, from an e-mail that he sent to Sitcha's supporters on Sept. 27, 2006: "If the court orders this [remand back to the BIA] it would be disastrous for Richard. It would mean years of more waiting in jail." Proof that the wheels of justice turn slowly, the Federal Government has not given a response to the motion, as of the extended deadline for Le Forum, Nov. 24, 2006.

Richard Sitcha has always claimed that his life is in danger if he were to be returned to the Cameroon, due to his role in aiding the families of the Bepanda Nine. On Sept. 18, 2003, his asylum status was revoked after the Dept. of Homeland Security presented evidence by telephone to the Immigration Judge in Hartford, Conn. On Oct. 6, 2004, Attorney McKenna stated in the First District Court in Springfield, Mass., that Sitcha was not allowed to cross-examine the evidence presented by DHS during the hearing of Sept. 18, 2003.



Richard Sitcha

FCGSC Celebrates 25 Years

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT

On Sat. Oct. 7, 2006, the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut celebrated its 25th anniversary at the Lodge at Crandall Park in Tolland, Conn. The festivity officially began at 3:30PM with a business meeting and the election of officers, like past General Membership Meetings, minus a featured speaker. The business meeting was truncated to a financial report, and the election of five officers to the Board of Directors of FCGSC. Those elected were the incumbents Patrick Lausier, Sue Paquette, Sam Wolkon, and Richard Blais. A fifth seat was open since Ray Cassidy did not want to run for re-election, and Carol Stone was elected to the seat for the first time.

The formalities of the business meeting were dispensed quickly with a few words by the President Ray Lemire, and a toast led by anniversary committee co-chair, Robert Caron, who said that the two reasons we do genealogy is to honor our ancestors and to pass it to our descendants.

The party began in song, with Claire M. Deranleau of Torrington, Conn., singing "O Canada" (in French), and "God Bless America" (in English), in a clear, but aged voice, which should not be a surprise, since she was the oldest person at the party, at the age of 91 years. All were silent during "O Canada," in part due to ignorance of the words, and in part due to a collective stun at her voice. During "God Bless America," a few voices in the audience began to intone the words. After the applause for Claire Deranleau, the French-Canadian folk music began by the band "Michel et Ses Joyeux Copains" with guitarists Mike Grenier and Camille Richard and fiddler Rosaire Lehoux, who opened with "Reel de Ste-Anne," then "Quand le Soleil dit Bonjour aux Montagnes," continued by other classics.

While the music played on, the feasting began, when the guests formed lines to serve themselves food, with choices of rolls, butter, cold cuts, fruits, vegetables, mashed potatoes, and meat pie with gravy. The dessert that was

served cake, in three large sheets, each decorated with the FCGSC logo. (The food was prepared by Big Y of Tolland, a grocery store chain that was started in Chicopee, Mass., by the D'Amour Family.)

There were approximately 130 people who came to the party, for Patrick Lausier, who manned the sign-in table with his wife Doris, said there were 128 people who signed the guest book. Albert Marceau counted 121 people who signed the log. The musicians did not sign the log, and one person for sure who did not sign was the youngest at the event, nine-week old Jared Ryan, son of FCGSC members Matt and Natalie Ryan, who was accompanied by his two and half year old sister, Anna, who also did not sign the log. (Matt and Natalie did sign, however.) The Lodge was at capacity, and there was food enough for 200, since 189 members of FCGSC sent cards of attendance as of the board meeting held on Tues. Oct. 3, 2006.

There were three dignitaries outside of FCGSC who spoke at the event. The first was Rita Michaud, President of the French Social Circle in East Hartford, Conn., who acknowledged the partnership between the two organizations in the 1980s, when FSC lent space in its building in Hartford for the first library of FCGSC. Janice Burkhart, President of the American French Genealogical Society in Woonsocket, R.I., spoke of the sister genealogical societies, and she urged greater co-operation among them to coordinate special events. She even mentioned the Federation of Franco-American Genealogical and Historical Societies, an organization that has not been spoken about at FCGSC for over 20 years, for the name first appeared in the March 1982 issue of the FCGSC Newsletter as "Federation des Societies historiques et genealogiques franco-americain," and the last time in the October 1985 issue of the newsletter, in a report by Jack Valois, entitled "Demise of FFAGHS?" (One wonders why the first step in such a federation of societies could not start (Continued on page 15)

photo by Felix Stew

(FCGSC Celebrates 25 Years continued from page 14)

with a web-ring on the internet?) In a generous offer, she presented to President Ray Lemire the newest publication of the AFGS, the three volume necrology, *The Burials of the Aloon-Kelly Funeral Home, Pawtucket, Rhode Island*. The last to speak was Barbara Cook, a Director of the Tolland Historical Society, who said that she was greatly impressed to have been invited, and she called the FCGSC: "the best tenants in the whole world" for the Old Tolland County Courthouse, a concern that she knows well, since she is in charge of the building for the town historical society.

The final event of the evening was the raffle, held at 6PM. The prizes and winners were: sixth, *En Avant with Our French Allies* (\$15.00), winner Felicia L. Bousquet of West Chester, Ohio; fifth, one year membership to FCGSC (\$25.00), Raymond Breault of Sterling, Conn.; fourth, hat and tote bag with FCGSC logo (\$27.00), Frances Swietlicki of Guilford, Conn.; third, maple leaf shaped handbag (\$45.00), Patricia Dion of Enfield, Conn.; second, Jette books (\$200.00), Paul Manzone of Coventry, Conn.; and first, doll house (\$500.00), John and Elizabeth Spaulding of Manchester, Conn.

The party truly wound down after the raffle, and it formally ended at 8PM, in accordance with the contract between FCGSC and the Lodge. The extra food was given away to members and volunteers, and at least one cake was given to a church.

In the next issue of *Le Forum*, the first of a two-part history of FCGSC will be published.

Patrick and Doris Lausier check in guests to the FCGSC 25th Anniversary. After signing-in, each guest received a coffee cup and a pen with the society logo.



photo by Albert Marceau



photo by Albert Marceau

Claire M. Deranleau sings "God Bless America" with Michel et Ses Joyeux Copains in background.

Janice Burkhart, President of AFGS, makes her address to FCGSC. To the left of her are the co-chairs of FCGSC Anniversary Committee, Bobbie Paradis (seated), and Robert Caron, (standing).



photo by Albert Marceau



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“La tradition des bons souliers”

by **Fabienne Côté**
(**Auburn N.H.**)

Souventes fois me reviennent à la mémoire les dimanches de mon enfance ces jours d'été ensoleillés ou nous mettions nos plus beaux atours pour se rendre à la messe. Dans ce temps là, les dimanches étaient observés comme il se doit, pas de travail bien entendu, on ne portait pas de jean's à l'église, c'était les habits bien presses et les souliers bien frottés d'un bon "shoe shine" qu' on portait toute la journée, mon père bien habillé "sur son 36" comme on disait, nous les jeunes ne comprenions pas ce que ça voulait dire mais on savait que c'était spécial, la chemise blanche et cravate ma mère qui en faisait autant. Même les repas étaient différents. "c'était dimanche."

Chez nous nous étions quatre enfants pas douze ou seize comme c'était le cas dans bien des familles. alors il était plus facile pour nos parents de pourvoir à nos besoins et caprices. Des sauliers

neufs tous les printemps pour "êtreiner" à Pâques, ce que nous apprécions beaucoup. Mon père se rendait à St. Georges avec le cheval et voiture, nous acheter pour des années "toujours les mêmes souliers," vous dire que ça nous décevait, nous aurions aimé changer de style et de couleur, mon père disait "c'est des bons souliers," ça dûre il avait raison, mais nous aurions aimé qu'ils soient noirs ou blancs avec une courroie, pas des lacets, quelque chose de plus beau, on avâit aussi une robe neuve tous les étés que ma mère et ma grande soeur fesait, du tissu acheté à St. Georges. Une qui m'est resté chère rien qu' à y penser, c'était fait de soie "peau d'ange" bleu ciel, c'était sûrement pas de la pûre soie; pour nous petites filles de 8 et 9 ans c'était toute beauté, ma mère nous habillait toujours pareil: de beaux chapeaux à large rebord crin de cheval bleu ciel pour aller avec nos robes neuves, quelques petites fleurs et de longs rubans en arrière. Une autre année les robes étaient jaunes avec un fil noir à carreaux ce que nous n' aimions pas au commencement et des chapeaux à grand rebord en paille naturelle sans oublier les longs rubans en arriere rehaussé d' une boucle, c' était chic, nous étions les petites filles mieux habillées du village..... si seulement nous avions eu eu des beaux petits

souliers.. mais non! Toujours les mêmes.

Pour moi je fûs gateé, à l'âge de 14 ans je suis parti pour le couvent Jésus-Marie à Beauceville pensionnaire étudiante là j' avais eu deux paires de souliers, ne pas oublier bien entendu "la tradition des bons souliers", ma mère avait fait certain que j' aurais quelque chose que j' aimais, de beaux petits souliers bruns fancy, c'était pour porter que le dimanche, que j'ai aimé ça ces beaux petits souliers c'est certain que je ne les ai pas usés les portant si peu souvent, je ne me souviens pas ce qu' ils sont devenus, ma mère a du les donner à mes cousines plus jeunes, c'est la que ça allait quand ça ne faisait plus (16 enfants) on était voisin, c' était notre deuxième chez-nous, on aimait ça.

Ma robe de première communion c'était spéciale ma mère l'avait gardé. Alors que j'avais 16 ans une petite cousine est décédée à l'âge de 5 ans ma tante n'ayant pas de petite robe blanche à lui mettre j'ai dit à ma mère "donnons lui ma robe de première communion.

Que de mémoires sont restés gravées. Nous avons tous "une histoire à raconter", choses petites, insignifiantes, si précieuses à revivre en pensées, trésors cachés que personne ne peut nous enlever.

à la prochaine.

A Salute to Nicolas Pelletier

by **William H. Peltier III of Watkinsville, GA**
bpeltier@bellsouth.net

With **Benoit Pelletier-Shoja of Nashua, NH**
lafrancelaperse@gmail.com

(*NDLR: This article first appeared in the Michigan's Habitant Heritage, Vol. 27 #2, April 2006, pp. 80-84*)

In the article that I wrote for the Michigan's Habitant Heritage, "Walking in the Footsteps: A Trip to Nicolas Peltier's Hometown of Gallardon, France" (MHH vol. 20, no. 4, Oct. 1999, pp. 166-169), I described the trip I had made with my wife, Dorothy, in March of that year to my ancestral homeland. Little did we know then that in July, 2005, we

would be returning to Gallardon for a grand event. On July 14th, which is Bastille Day in France, we found ourselves back in Gallardon for the dedication of a plaque honoring the memory of my seventeenth-century ancestor Nicolas Peltier, whose descendants today bear the names Peltier, Pelletier, Antaya, Anteau, Antieau, Antaille, Chateauneuf, Pelkey, Pelkie and Pelky, among others. The actual ceremony took place on the outskirts of Gallardon, in the hamlet of Germonval, where many Pelletier families lived at the time of Nicolas.

What made this trip extra special

for my wife and me was that our youngest son, Christopher, our grandson, Nathan, and his mother, Carina Madsen, were also present at the dedication. I was very proud to have three generations of our family returning to Nicolas Peltier's birthplace for this celebration of his life. Another descendant of Nicolas Peltier, who came representing the Pelletiers of North America, was our good friend Benoit Pelletier-Shoja from Nashua, New Hampshire. And representing the Association des Familles Pelletier, Inc. of Canada was Pascal Pelletier and his

(Continued on page 17)



(A Salute to Nicolas Pelletier continued from page 16)

spouse, Lise Lapointe. Pascal is not a descendant of Nicolas but of Pierre Pelletier, who was both a contemporary and an acquaintance of Nicolas. Finally, very much to our delight, that day we met a distant cousin, Jacques Pelletier, and his wife, Jacqueline. They had come from their home in nearby Chartres. Jacques, who is a very young 81 years old, was originally a native of Gallardon.

Now, one may ask how our visit to Gallardon in 1999 culminated in our return six years later. The answer to that lies in great part in the wonders of the Internet and countless e-mails to many friends around the world, along with finding multiple articles written on Pelletier genealogy (Pelletier Genealogy, this site, among others), and mostly, on the cultivation of North American and French friendships. As I sought help to continue my genealogical search in France, I came to know Xavier Guyot, who was founder and president of the Genealogical Club at IBM France. He was very helpful to my initial research by going to Gallardon searching for and collecting information on Nicolas which he sent to me. We were very excited by his findings and decided that we needed to go to France.

In 1999, in preparation for our voyage to France, we contacted the Mayor of Gallardon and told him of our plans to visit our ancestral homeland. And that is how we came to know Florine Perry. Florine was the Mayor's executive assistant who was assigned to help us when we arrived at the Mayor's office. Ms. Perry not only helped us at that time, but she also subsequently became our very good friend as she continued to search the municipal archives for information on the family of Nicolas after our departure and kept in touch with us with her findings. Returning home from this initial trip to France, we made contact with a young man named Ben Shoja; we had learned that he could help us translate the documents that we had collected in Gallardon. Well, it turned out that Ben not only translated the documents we needed, but he provided notes and articles about his historical findings on Nicolas Peltier in the archives in Quebec. Being

fluent in French, he was also able to collaborate with Florine Perry on her early findings regarding the Peltier family in the Gallardon Church Acts from 1578 to about 1640. (See MHH, Vol. 25, No. 2, April 2004, pp. 60-69, "Nicolas Peltier, A Chronicle, 1594 - 1678", The continuing research into the Peltier family in Gallardon has resulted in some changes to the material found over two years ago.)

In May 2003, Florine Perry and her fiancé, Eric Blaise, came for a two-week visit to Quebec. During their fortnight in the Belle Province, they met for supper with Ben, Pascal and Lise, as well as with Claude E. Pelletier and his wife, Laure E. Gauthier, who were the genealogists of the Association des Familles Pelletier at that time. Florine's research and findings on Nicolas were the main topics of discussion that evening; over the course of the meal, friendships were forged. Also that evening Florine and Eric sprang a big surprise on everyone. They presented a letter from Mr. Beaufils, the Mayor of Gallardon. The Mayor indicated his desire to honor his city's native son, Nicolas Peltier, who had emigrated with his family from France in /636 and sailed to Quebec City, and whose descendants had returned to his homeland seeking their roots. The letter stated that a plaque would be erected in the hamlet of Germonval, which is just outside of Gallardon, because it was the location of a property that is still today referred to by locals as the "Pelletier Farm". The Mayor extended an invitation to all those related to Nicolas Peltier to come to Gallardon for the dedication of this plaque; those who could attend this ceremony would be welcomed as his honored guests. When we learned of this invitation, my wife and I initially feared we would be unable to make the trip to France for this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

The following year Florine and Eric visited with Dorothy and me in Athens, Georgia, for two weeks in August, 2004. Ben Shoja was able to come down to Georgia as well. Leaving Dorothy at home as she had to work, Florine, Eric, Ben and I headed down to New Orleans and the Cajun country of Louisiana, where many early French immigrants had settled. Unfortunately Ben had to

leave after visiting New Orleans as he was due in Quebec where he was going to study at the provincial university in Chicoutimi. Florine, Eric and I continued on to visit Memphis, Tennessee, the mountains of North Georgia, and the Smoky Mountain National Park. We had a very good time exploring these areas. It was a wonderful visit and during this time we again discussed what specific date would befit the ceremony to honor our ancestor Nicolas Peltier. Sometime in 2006 had seemed appropriate as that would be the 340th anniversary of Nicolas' emigration from France, But July 14, 2005, was finally selected as the best date, as the dedication could coincide with Bastille Day festivities in Gallardon and that seemed like a good idea.

A week prior to the July 14th ceremony, Dorothy and I flew to Brussels, Belgium, to visit with our son, Christopher, and his family. After a week there we rented a car and then drove down to Gallardon, arriving at the town hall on July 13th, where we were met by Florine, Eric, and Eric's sister and brother-in-law, Joelle and Roger Alamichel. Ben Shoja, who had traveled to southwestern France at the start of the month, had arrived in Gallardon earlier that week. Also there to greet us were Pascal Pelletier and Lise Lapointe. French hearts and homes were opened to us during our stay as Eric and Florine hosted Ben, and Joelle and Roger hosted Pascal, Lise, Dorothy and me. Accommodations at a nearby bed-and-breakfast were provided for Christopher, Carina and Nathan. That same evening Roger and Joelle hosted a down-home BBQ cookout, French style, for all at their home. The food was accompanied by a sampling of a variety of homemade and local wines, and some wines from the Loire Valley. Our entertainment was provided by Christopher and Nathan. As Christopher played his guitar and sang for us, Nathan danced happily along with the music. We also lit sparklers to celebrate the holiday. It was such a memorable evening, setting the tone for the following day's jubilant celebration.

The next day, Bastille Day, the "delegates" from the United States and Canada, along with the Mayor and other
(Continued on page 26)

Memories of World War II

A Collection of Photos and Stories of Servicemen and Women from Lewiston & Auburn, Maine Area



Marines Raising the Flag on Mt. Suribachi, Iwo Jima, Feb 23, 1945

*Compiled by Monique Gagné, Maureen Chicoine and Carmen Morin
from the WWII Scrapbook of Marie-Ange Gobeil
Cover by Normand Côté*

Title: Memories of World War II

Compilation of photos and stories about the servicemen of the Lewiston & Auburn Area serving during WWII who were either killed in action, wounded or taken POW. From the original WWII scrapbook of Marie-Ange Gobeil. The book contains over 232 pages.

Cost: \$25.00 plus \$5.00 Shipping and Handling

Can be purchased by contacting:

The Maine
Franco-American
Genealogical Society,
PO Box 2125, Lewiston,
ME 04241-2125.
Tel. (207) 786-3327

Library Hours: Wednesday
1:00 PM to 8:30 PM Saturday 9:00
AM to 5:00 PM Tel. (207) 786-3327

Library located at: Great Falls
School, Corner of Academy & High Sts.
(High St. Entrance) Auburn, Maine 04210
(Across from Village Inn Restaurant).

Website:

<http://www.avcnet.org/begin/>

Foreword

Thanks to my dear late mother for letting the Maine Franco-American Genealogical Society copy her lovely scrapbook of the servicemen and women from this area who were killed in action, wounded or taken prisoner during WWII. Her many hours, especially Sunday afternoons, during World War II, cutting and pasting names, clippings and photos of our local heroes, can now be shared with the people of Lewiston and Auburn and surrounding areas. Even though I grew up with this scrapbook, it gave me a totally different perspective putting this book together. I felt the sadness of the loss of so many young 18-22 year olds,

Je veux remercier ma mère pour me laisser partager cette album de photos avec La Société Genealogique Franco-Americaine du Maine (MFGS) et les citoyens de Lewiston et Auburn et tous les environs. Ce livre est pour honorer les jeunes hommes et femmes qui on servis leur pay durant la Deuxieme Guerre Mondiale et qui on ete tuées en action, pris prisonnier or blessées durant ce conflit. Ma mère a passer plusieurs heures, surtout les dimanches apres midi, qu'elle a decouper les photos et les petites histoires heroiques. Maintenant on peut partager ce tresor avec les gens de nos deux villes de Lewiston et Auburn et les environs. Malgré que j'ai été élevé avec cette album, je l'ai vu dans un differente lumière en le mettant en forme de livre. J'ai ressenti un tristesse pour la perte de ces jeunes hommes et femmes, d'environ 18 at 22 ans. Leurs familles attendait chez eux, toujours en souhaitant de ne pas avoir une appel tele-

their families waiting at home never knowing if their young sons, daughters or brothers, or parents would return home to them. The dread of a phone call or military personnel knocking at their door was always present. What America meant to these people!! Our generation and future generations owe so much to



Marie-Ange Gobeil 1904-2004

phonique ou un camion militaire arriver a leurs portes avec les nouvelles qu'il ne voullait pas entendre. L'Amerique a ces jeunes personnes voullait dire la liberte, et ils etait pret a donner leurs vies pour defendre leurs pays. On pourrait jamais les remercier assez pour les sacrifices qu'ils on souffert ces heros. Marie-Ange et Amédée Gobeil demenagèrent a Auburn, Maine en 1931. Amédée est decédé en 1991. Marie-Ange a etait un residente de d'Youville Pavilion depuis 1997. Elle decedait en Novembre 2004 a l'age de

the heroes of all wars, including the one in Iraq and Afghanistan. Marie-Ange and Amédée Gobeil moved to Auburn in 1931. Amédée died in 1991 and Marie-Ange had been a resident at d'Youville Pavilion since 1997. She passed away in November of 2004 at the age of 99. Having had nine daughters, and Amédée being a barber by trade, the young men leaving for military service affected them personally and in his business as well. Many of them his customers. Keeping a scrapbook was their way of sharing their grief with other families of the area.

By Monique Gagné,
daughter of Marie-Ange Gobeil

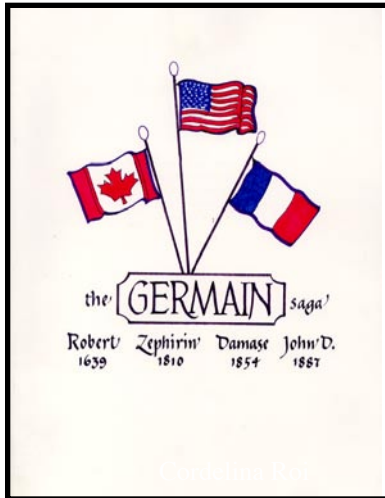
99 ans. Elle a eu neuf filles, et son mari, etant barbier, il connaissis beaucoup de ces jeunes hommes et garçons qui partait pour les pays lointains. Cela on affecté Marie-Ange et Amédée dans leurs vies personnelles et dans leurs travailles. Garder un album comme celle-ci etait la meilleur maniere que Marie-Ange et Amédée ont decidé de partager les peines et les angoisses de les autres familles de nos deux villes et les environs.

Par Monique Gagné, fille de
Marie-Ange et Amédée Gobeil

The book was compiled
by Monique Gagné (daughter
of Mrs. Gobeil), Maureen
Chicoine and the late Carmen
Morin from the WWII scrap
book of Marie-Ange Gobeil.

The Germain Saga

by
*S. Ella Marie
Germain, CSJ*
Third Installment



A Special "Belle"

The young people of Somerset enjoyed evenings at house parties. Time was spent singing, talking, and dancing. Talented ones played the violin or the accordion. John learned to sing square dance calls. For years he was in popular demand for his sung calls at the parties.

The "belles" of the evening, including Berengere Laventure, were dressed in long, full skirts and embroidered lace-trimmed blouses with puffed sleeves. They swirled around the circle from partner to partner as John sang his calls.

"May I?" said John as he bowed before a special belle, Berengere. The couple swirled away to his calls. "Ils se faisaient des yeux doux." (They had sweet looks for each other.) Almost weekly John would stop for Berengere at her home. One time on the way to the dance, John's buddy hid in the back of the buggy to listen to the couple's love talks. "Do you hear what I hear? There's someone near," John whispered. He turned around and spied the intruder. He got rid of him in a hurry. It was done in fun, but to lovers it was not appreciated.

Who was this young woman who dazzled John? She was Berengere

LaVenture. The Bonaventure family (the name was later changed to La Venture) has its roots in Montpelier in the southern part of France, a short distance from the Mediterranean Sea. In the early 19th century, the Louis Hilaire Bonaventure family settled in Lanoraie, a small town along the St. Lawrence River. Here on November 11, 1863, Joseph was born. The family home on the banks of the St. Lawrence River was sturdily built of stone walls. Today the home is a museum.

Louis Bonaventure was a navigator and builder of ships. His barge was the Saint-Louis, and his son Maxime was the captain. On June 29, 1864, a catastrophe occurred on the Belaeil Bridge. At 1:30 in the morning an express train composed of a locomotive and rail carriages filled with immigrants coming from Quebec and returning to Montreal were hurled into the Michelieu River beneath the bridge which connected Belaeil to Saint Hilaire.

The bridge was opened to allow barges and a steam boat to pass. The danger signal was flashing red light. The guard on the bridge swung his light to signal a stop. The engineer, unable to stop, was going at a very high speed. The train fell on the barge cutting it in two. Fifty people died, and the many wounded people were taken from the wreckage and given immediate help. Then they were transported to the French or English hospitals in town.

Not long after the accident, Louis Hilaire Bonaventure decided to leave Lanoraie with his wife Caroline Fagnant, two sons, Franck and Joe from his first marriage, and their four children: Joseph (born in 1865), Adolphus (born 1859), Anna (later married to Antoine Constantineau), and Emma (who later married Joseph Lamirande.) Louis homesteaded three miles west of New Richmond, Wisconsin. The land was cheap—\$3.00 for 200 acres! Trees and brushwood covered the land. Louis built a wooden house on a hilly knoll. The family was happy there. Years later when their parents died, Adolphus who never married, inherited the farm. His brother Joseph farmed half a mile away where he later built a large brick house on his 320 acre farm.

Joseph was a handsome, blue-eyed young man. Each week he brought his

produce to market in Stillwater. He liked to go to market because there was someone special who worked in the hotel where Joseph went to buy his dinner. She was tall and beautiful, and had a friendly smile. Who was this young woman? She was Marie Louise Beseau, daughter of Isidore Beseau and Matilda Letourneau Beseau. They came from Saint Constant, Quebec. Isidore's father was Jean Baptiste Beseau, and his mother was Sophie Pichette. Matilda Letourneau was the daughter of Pierre Letourneau and Mathilde Beaudin.

Joseph LaVenture and Marie Louise Beseau were married in November 1890. The reception and dance were at the home of Joseph's parents. Many guests rejoiced with the newly married couple. Aimable Parent's peppy violin music added to the joy of the evening.

Berengere, their first child, was born on June 20, 1891 the eldest of eleven children. Berengere attended the Riverdale Grade School for the



John D. Germain



Berengere LaVenture

(Continued on page 21)

(Germain Saga continued from page 20)



*Joseph LaVenture and
Marie Louise Beseau*

first five years. For the next two and half years, her parents decided to send Berengere and her two younger sisters, Rose and Victoria, to a Catholic school conducted by the Grey Nuns at Lanoraie in eastern Canada. It must have been hard to be away from home for that length of time at such a young age.

At the boarding school, the three Laventure girls were loved. One morning oatmeal was served for breakfast. Rose tasted it and whispered to Berengere, "I don't like this at all. There is no sugar in it." Her sister whispered back, "Eat it anyway."

"No, I can't." Rose looked behind her and spied a hole in the refectory floor where she dumped the oatmeal. No doubt, she was very hungry by noontime.

All the lessons were taught in French by the Grey Nuns. For some time, Berengere thought of becoming a grey Nun, but God had other plans for her.

During the time the girls were in Canada, a Catholic school was built in Somerset. Their father, Joseph, was instrumental in the decision to build the school. In the fall of 1907, Berengere enrolled at the new St. Anne's School. She was a boarder there, and graduated from the 8th grade in the spring of 1908.

At the age of seventeen, Berengere went to New Richmond where she was a

clerk at the Daylight Store. She was very well liked by everyone. Mr. Arnquist, for whom she worked, spoke highly of her. Berengere was blest with loving kindness, friendliness, and beauty. Her sparkling blue-green eyes and her winning smile won her many friends. Is it any wonder that John D. Germain was attracted to her?

Wedding Bells

John courted Berengere for two years. According to French custom, John who was 23 years old, knelt before Joseph Laventure to ask for his daughter's hand, and Berengere, 19 years old, asked her father's forgiveness and blessing.



The summer of 1910 was a busy one. John worked hard to save \$100 for the wedding. Berengere continued to work at the Daylight Store where she earned money to pay for her wedding dress. The material cost \$2.50. There was an added cost for the lace trimmings, the buttons and the veil. The day chosen for the wedding was September 20, 1910. The bride's mother, Marie Louise, worked for days to prepare for the great day. An excellent cook, she made 30 pies. A beautifully decorated cake was the centerpiece on the long table.

The bride was beautiful in the dress she helped to make. It was white with embossed braid adorning the overlay panels of the skirt. The high collar was embellished with silk braid. Fine lace trimmed the bodice. Berengere wore a long veil with a crown of white and pale pink flowers. She carried a bouquet of roses tied with a white ribbon. For jewelry, Berengere wore a pendant gold watch and chain.

John wore a navy blue suit, a white shirt with a bow tie, and white boutonniere. He was handsome and elegant, a

perfect match for the beautiful bride. The wedding day dawned in splendor. Even nature with its variety of colored leaves was dressed for the occasion. The sun shone brightly, and there was not a cloud in the sky. A stylish veloured double-seated carriage with lamps on each side was the limousine used for the bride and groom. Rose Laventure, sister of the bride was the bridesmaid, and Fred Germain, brother of the groom, was the best man.

The church of St. Anne was filled with relatives and friends. Beautiful bouquets of cut flowers decorated the altar. The choir sang French hymns, and the wedding Mass in Latin. This was the biggest wedding ever held at St. Anne's Church in Somerset. John and Berengere prepared seriously to receive the sacrament of Matrimony. Father Caron offered the Nuptial Mass and gave the special blessing for the newly married couple.



*John and Berengere Germain's
Wedding, September 20, 1910*

The New Family

The brick house where the Damase Germain family had been raised, now had empty rooms. The upstairs was fixed into an apartment for John and Berengere. It had a new look for a new family.

John and Berengere were happy as they waited for the birth
(Continued on page 22)

(Germain Saga continued from page 21)

of their first baby. "John, do you think we will have a boy or a girl?"

"You are so big, it's a boy for sure."

The day finally came, it was August 7, 1911. John quickly harnessed the horse, and was off to get Dr. Phanoef, three miles away in the village of Somerset.

"Come quickly, Doctor; my wife is about to give birth."

As was the custom, John was not present during the birth. With his father, he waited in the adjoining room while his mother assisted the doctor. Time seemed endless when suddenly a cry was heard. "It's a boy, John, and he weighs 12 pounds!"

The name chosen for the baby was Adelard (Delore). He was named after John's youngest brother who had died at the age of seven. When baby Delore learned to walk, he was into everything. His mom put a halter on him, and tied the cord to the leg of the table. This did not work. He walked a few steps, fell and hurt himself. There were no more halters from then on.

A year and seven months had passed since the birth of Delore. Berengere was pregnant again and awaiting the birth of her second child. When the labor pains were increasing in frequency, John rushed to notify the doctor, but the baby wasn't ready yet. The doctor and John went outside, walked around the farmyard and waited. Berengere decided to take a walk to the neighboring farm, three blocks away, but there was no change. Back to the apartment Berengere decided to wash the floor. That did it. She opened the window and yelled, "Come quickly, the baby is coming." It was Wednesday, March 12, 1913 when their baby, a girl was born. She weighed 6 pounds 10 oz. Because the baby was frail, it was decided to have her baptized two days later at St. Anne's Church. She was named Elizabeth Ella. Berengere's mother and father were the godparents.

With two babies to care for, housework, and cooking, Mom was very busy. The cream was skimmed from the top of the milk cans, churned by hand, and made into butter. Every week several loaves of bread were made. The making of soap was more complicated. Fat and lard were heated, mixed with

lye and cooked in containers. It was then cut into bars. John and Berengere worked together, and were able to save.

Living upstairs in small quarters with two babies was not easy. Mom and Dad longed for their own home. Grandpa Joseph Laventure owned 160 hilly acres next to his farm. There were a few buildings on it—a small old house, a barn, and a chicken coop. Grandpa made them an offer. A few days later John and Berengere agreed to rent the farm for two years, and then buy it for \$5,500.

John's parents, Damas and Cordelina, had been kind to them, but now it was time to move on. They decided to leave on March 29, 1913. John loaded the furniture and their meager belongings into a wagon. Berengere traveled in a buggy. Seated beside her was 1 1/2 year old baby Delore. She held the reins in one hand, and cradled her 2 1/2 week old baby, Elizabeth Ella, in the other. The horse must have been a trusty old mare for Berengere to travel eight miles over rough roads with two little ones. A spirit of faith was the young couple's strength as they moved on.



*Grandpa and Grandma LaVenture,
Ella's godparents*

Our Home

The little house on the farm would be home for the John D. Germain family for 54 years. It was an old house in 1913. Berengere's grandparents had lived there. Now it was a house

with nobody in it. John spent days making repairs and preparing it for his wife and two children. The house came alive when the family moved in.

As the years went by, and the family grew, additions were made—a kitchen and pantry, a back porch, enlarged rooms, a new front porch and dormers were added upstairs. Gradually, the old house had a new look.

When evening came, kerosene lamps were lit. The kitchen range burned wood. Attached to the store was a container filled with water. This gave the family hot water when there was fire in the stove. During the cold winters, the outdoor toilet "back house" was not used. There were indoor containers "pot de chambre" inside. Toilet tissues were the pages from Montgomery Ward catalogues.

The barn and chicken coop were in fair condition. John was kept busy doing the daily farm work of milking cows, gathering eggs, fall plowing and spring planting. He bought farm machinery—a binder, drill, drag, rake and two wooden plows for \$450, a team of horses, Joe and Queen, cost \$300. John farmed with these horses for many years. They were strong, friendly, and nice to talk to. The day came when they were sold, but the new owner did not feed them well. John felt badly about this. These horses had helped John make a living for many years, but now they were mistreated.

In 1923, the barn was lengthened by 50 feet, making it 96 feet long, and the floor was cemented. There were 33 individual stalls with drinking cups for the cows, cow pens for calves, and a pen for the big bull, stalls for six horses and a manure carrier on an upper track for

(Continued on page 27)



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We Were Not the Savages
First Nation History - By Daniel N. Paul
Mi'Kmaq, Maliseet, etc., & European relations with them

La Petite Souvenance

Number 19,
July 2005 Edition
Commemorative Edition
250th Anniversary of the
Deportation of the Acadiens
1755 - 1763

In early 1755 the Acadian Deputies were summoned to Halifax by Governor Lawrence and ordered to swear an oath of allegiance to the British Crown. This they refused to do, contending, as they had with Cornwallis in 1749, that if they did so the French would set the Indians against them and they would be massacred. The English lost no time in responding. Colonel Robert Monckton rounded up the Acadians in Chignecto, while Colonel John Winslow ordered those at Minas to assemble at Grand Pré. They were loaded into the holds of ships and scattered to the four corners of the world. Families were separated, never to see one another again, and untold numbers died in transport.

The Mi'kmaq faithfully stuck by their Acadian allies to the bitter end. Some of the Acadians tried to escape and were aided and protected by the Mi'kmaq to the best of their ability. The Mi'kmaq also joined forces with them to drive back the British, as was reported by the French Governor:

"The British burned the Village, including the Church at Chipoudy and was responded to thus. Mr. Boishebert, at the head of 125 Indians and Acadians, overtook them at the River Pelkoudiak, attacked and fought them for three hours, and drove them vigorously back to their vessels. The English had 42

killed and 45 wounded. Mr. Gorham, a very active English Officer, was among the number of the wounded. We lost 1 Indian, and had three others wounded."

Many Acadians went into hiding among the Mi'kmaq and remained with them until the British and French ended their hostilities in 1763. A group of several hundred were hidden by the Mi'kmaq in the area known today as Kejimikujik National Park. The Expulsion order was almost universal. Even individuals who had sworn allegiance to the British Crown and been promised the right to live peacefully in their ancestral homes were included. Professor Jeffery Plank, University of Cincinnati, states:

"Everyone involved understood the conflict to be a race war... During the 1750s the politics of Nova Scotia centered on issues of national identity. At various times during the decade, the British engaged in combat with several different peoples who inhabited, or passed through, Nova Scotia: The Micmac, the French ... and the Acadians.... The British governors of Nova Scotia generally believed that they were surrounded by enemies, that the Acadians, the Micmac and the French would soon find a way to cooperate and overthrow British rule. One of the principle aims of British policy, therefore, was to keep these people separated, to isolate the Micmac, the Acadians, and the French. To achieve this goal of segregation, the colonial authorities adopted two draconian policies. In 1749 the governor began offering bounties for the scalps of Micmac men, women and children. The aim of this program was to eliminate the Micmac population on the peninsula of Nova Scotia, by death or forced emigration. In 1755 the British adopted a different but related strategy: it deported the Acadians, and relocated them in safer colonies to the west. Viewed

in the abstract, these two programs, to pay for the deaths of the Micmac and to relocate and absorb the Acadians, represented very simple thinking. The colonial authorities who endorsed these programs placed the inhabitants of Nova Scotia into two categories, Europeans and savages, and treated them accordingly."

In retrospect, I don't believe that the Mi'kmaq and Acadiens could have ever escaped their fate. The paranoia and racism harboured by the British would never have permitted it. Today, the Acadiens have in hand a half-hearted apology from the Crown for the horrors committed against their ancestors. However, the Crown stubbornly refuses to apologize for the horrors committed against the Mi'kmaq by Governors Edward Cornwallis and Charles Lawrence. Cornwallis, as the record witnesses, attempted Genocide, yet he is still widely honoured. A blot on this society that no descent human being can ever defend.

*Pennsylvania Gazette,
September 4, 1755.*

"We are now upon a great and noble Scheme of sending the neutral French out of this Province, who have always been secret Enemies, and have encouraged our Savages to cut our Throats. If we effect their Expulsion, it will be one of the greatest Things that ever the English did in America; for by all Accounts, that Part of the Country they possess, is as good Land as any in the World: In case therefore we could get some good English Farmers in their Room, this Province would abound with all kinds of Provisions."

Click <http://www.danielnpaul.com/AGreatAndNobleScheme.html> to read more about A Great and Noble Scheme.

by Daniel N. Paul

(See Dr. Daniel N. Paul's Biography on page 24)



Biography

Dr. Daniel N. Paul, C.M., O.N.S.

I was born December 1938 to my late parents, Sarah Agnes and William Gabriel Paul, in a small log cabin on Indian Brook Reserve, Nova Scotia, during a raging blizzard. I was the eleventh of fourteen children. The doctor arrived two weeks after the fact on snowshoes. I now reside in Halifax in semi-retirement with my wife Patricia. We have two daughters, Lenore and Cerena. Lenore and husband Todd have made us grandparents twice, Jenna and Julia. I also have a son Keith by a previous partner, whose children have made me a Grandfather and great-Grandfather many times over.

My place of birth was preordained three years prior by a blatant act of racism committed against my family by white society. The gist of the story:

Until the fall of 1935 my father worked on the Saint John, New Brunswick, waterfront as a stevedore, thus a taxpayer. That year, because of depression related work shortages, he and many others were laid off.

Unemployed, with a growing family to support, he had to apply for city welfare to assure the family's survival, which was granted. A white resident, viewing this as an affront to his warped sense of fairness, went posthaste to the city's fathers and complained bitterly that they were feeding a bunch of Indians.

The fathers agreed with his complaint and reacted with the proper indig-

nation of bigots. Thus, in late November of 1935, my parents and their five small children were rounded up and deported by the city council from Saint John to Indian Brook Reserve, Nova Scotia, a place they had never seen before.

Upon arrival at Indian Brook, with little assets other than the clothes on their backs, and cold weather setting in, the Indian Agent gave them a roll of tar paper and told them to build a tar paper shack. Which they did, spending more than two years living in it before moving to the tiny log cabin where I was born.

The reason I mention the circumstance about how I came to be born on Indian Brook Reserve is to provide an example of the extent of the racism that First Nations Peoples had to contend with at that time. Without any human and civil rights laws to protect us, we were at the mercy of a largely uncaring biased white society. Therefore, legal redress wasn't available. Factually, the justice system was used by society more to persecute than to dispense justice to us. From birth, as Indians, we were classified as "Wards of the Crown," and treated as third class citizens at best. We had the same legal status as drunks and insane persons.

Beause of the humiliation that racial discrimination caused my family and other Mi'kmaq, and, for that matter, other minority groups in this country, I'm an ardent spokesperson and activist for human rights. For my efforts I've got some recognition. On October 2, 2002, the Province of Nova Scotia inducted me and nine other Nova Scotians into the Order of Nova Scotia. Premier John Hamm stated: "These people have been selected because of their outstanding contributions and for bringing honour and prestige to Nova Scotia."

The following is the descriptive message the government used in its press release to describe me:

"He is a passionate writer who gives a voice to his people by revealing a past that the standard histories have chosen to ignore . . . By bringing new understanding and perspective to the past, he seeks to teach all people what damage racism can do."

Although life was hard for us during my childhood, it wasn't without fun

and rewards. I began to hunt, fish, and trap when I was about eight. I also sold the Star Weekly, Liberty Magazine, seeds, greeting cards, painted insides of houses, and pursued any other means to make a buck.

This lasted until I left home for Boston in 1953. My initiation to Boston was something else!

As this is not intended to be a full bio, I'll just relate one incident of how a Mi'kmaq Hillbilly from the boondocks performed when he hit the big city. In your mind picture a scrawny skinny kid of 14, walking down the sidewalks of the Big Time, greeting all he met with a hearty "Good Morning." I still can recall the incredulous looks that said: "Is he for real!"

Today, to keep myself occupied, in addition to my writing, I lecture in schools, run a small advisory business, write columns occasionally for the op-ed page of the Halifax Chronicle-Herald and other newspapers, am a Justice of the Peace for the Province of Nova Scotia, a board member of the Nova Scotia Police Commission, and set on several nonprofit boards, etc.

Over the years I've served on many provincial commissions. For examples, the Province's Human Rights Commission and the Nova Scotia Department of Justice's Court Restructuring Task Force.

On February 3, 2006, I was named to the Order of Canada, and I have an honorary degree in letters from Universite Sainte-Anne, Church Point, Nova Scotia. Among numerous other awards, on January 14, 2000, I was honoured by the City of Halifax with a millennium award for contributing in a special way toward making the community a better place to live. And in June 2002, I received a Nova Scotia Department of Justice Certificate of Appreciation which reads: "On behalf of the Provincial and Family Courts and the government of the Province of Nova Scotia, this Certificate is bestowed upon Daniel Paul in recognition of your significant contribution to the justice system of Nova Scotia. "

(See page 25)

BOOKS/LIVRES...**First Nations History
We Were Not the Savages*****Third Edition******Daniel N. Paul
ISBN 1 55266 209 8
Fernwood Publishing***

We Were Not the Savages is a history of the near demise, caused by the European invasion of the Americas, of ancient democratic North American First Nations; with special focus on the Mi'kmaq, from a Mi'kmaq perspective. Although other European Nations, Spain for instance, were in on the slaughter this history relates in detail the actions of only one, Great Britain.

In Great Britain's case it isn't hard to prove culpability because British colonial officials, while representing the Crown, recorded in minute detail the horrors they committed. When reading their records one often gets the impression that they were proud of the barbarous crimes against humanity that they had committed in their brutal efforts to dispose the sovereign First Nations Peoples of their properties by exterminating them. From my knowledge of what they did I can, without fear of contradiction from men and women of good conscience, use the term monstrous to describe it.

That they worked without conscience to cleanse the land of its rightful owners is verified by the horrific

methods they used in the process. The truth of this, as previously stated, is attested too by their own records, which give minute details of what and how they did it. A sample of the horrors used:



bounties for human scalps, massacre, starvation and germ warfare. These cruel methods of destruction were so effective that the British came close to realizing their cleansing goal. All North American civilizations under their occupation were badly damaged, many eliminated, and close to 95% of the people exterminated.

In fact, after reviewing the horrific barbarities that the European invaders subjected First Nations citizens too, one finds it almost impossible to comprehend how any survived. That some North American First Nations Peoples did survive the best efforts of their tormentors to exterminate them, 1497 to 1850s, and then from the mid-1800s to the mid-1900s a malnutrition existence under the rule of Canada and the United States, is a testament to the tenacious courage and faith in the Great Spirit of our ancestors.

Today, although starvation and malnutrition have been mostly eliminated, the systemic racism instilled in the majority of Caucasians by colonial demonizing propaganda about our ancestors, which depicts them as the ultimate sub-human savage, is still widespread. This is witnessed by the level of discrimination still suffered, which is a very heavy burden for our Peoples to try to overcome.

Interestingly, although both claim to be compassionate countries with justice for all as a core value, Canada and the United States are not making any viable effort to substitute demonizing colonial propaganda with the truth. This is why I wrote We Were Not the Savages, my small effort to air as much of the truth as possible.

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We Were Not the Savages
First Nation History - By Daniel N. Paul
Mi'Kmaq, Maliseet, etc., & European relations with them

(A Salute to Nicolas Pelletier continued from page 17)

citizens of Gallardon, and surprising us all, Jacques and Jacqueline Pelletier, who drove up from Chartres, assembled at the Place du Jeu de Paume, the square in front of the city hall. While waiting for everyone to gather, I noticed American and Canadian flags waving beside the French tricolor and the European Union flags. They were hanging from the second-story balcony of the city hall. I thought that this was a very nice salute to the North American guests.



Gallardon City Hall on Bastille Day 2005

When everyone had arrived, we proceeded about a mile down the road to Germonval to the site of the dedication ceremony.

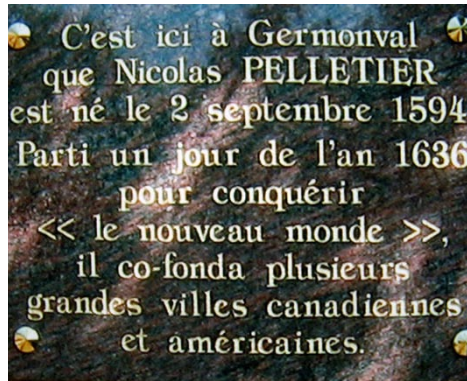
The plaque, which was draped with a small French flag, was attached to a sixteenth century rock wall surrounding some very old farm buildings that were slowly being renovated into modern homes. The participants, who must have numbered between thirty and forty persons, included the Mayor, other city officials and townspeople, two local journalists and us the honored guests. We were also again surprised and delighted to see that Xavier Guyot along with his wife, Véronique, had traveled from Orléans for this occasion and had arrived just in time for the dedication. After an introduction and welcome speech by the Mayor, Pascal, Ben and I each made a small speech of appreciation and thank you to the Mayor and to all the people of the city of Gallardon.

Then my son, Christopher, joined us at the wall and on the count of three we

removed the flag and revealed the plaque. A very special feeling of pride came over all of us when we viewed this magnificent tribute to our ancestor. The marble plaque was etched with gold lettering; the French inscription translates to:

It was here in Germonval that Nicolas Pelletier was born September 2, 1594.

Having left one day in the year 1636 to conquer "the New World", he cofounded



several large cities in Canada and America

The Plaque



At the Plaque

Front: Florine Perry and Jacques Pelletier, Back: Pascal Pelletier, Ben Pelletier Shoja, Chris Pelletier with Nathan, and Bill Peltier

Following the dedication ceremony, Florine had arranged a full day of activities, beginning with a reception at Gallardon's city park. Champagne, fruit juices and pastries were provided. The Mayor thanked Florine and many others who helped in the preparation for the festivities. Gifts were presented by the North American descendants to the Mayor and Ms. Perry. They in turn presented us with framed pictures of early and present day Gallardon.

After the reception, an invitation-only luncheon was held at a local restaurant and crêperie, called the Entr'Act Café, which had been asked to stay open on this holiday especially for us. As Ben Shoja said, "How could you go wrong with succulent confit de canard (duck conserve), ample bottles of Loire wine, fresh fruit, and fresh crepes for desert?" It was magnifique. This was truly one of the best meals that we have ever enjoyed.

Next on the agenda was a walking tour through the narrow, winding streets of Gallardon with local historian Maurice Vie as our guide; the man is a walking, talking encyclopedia. In 1999, when Dorothy and I visited Gallardon, we were able to visit some of the major sites in town.

This time, Maurice's explanation at each of these sites made it much more informative and interesting for us and the others who joined in our walking tour. Three main points of interest included the ruins of an early twelfth-century tower partially destroyed in 1421; a carved-facade timber-frame house constructed in the sixteenth century; and the magnificent Church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, the historic focal point of the town. Construction on the church had begun in the 11th century and was finally completed in the 16th century.



The Church of St-Peter and St-Paul

(Continued on page 27)

(A Salute to Nicolas Pelletier continued from page 26)

At the church some of us more adventurous tour participants climbed to the top of the bell tower. There we viewed the exposed timber frames supporting the roof. Some of us even tightrope walked along the beams that were holding up the ceiling of the sanctuary. We soon realized that this part of the church now served mainly as a large aviary for the pigeons who flew back and forth and as a final resting place for those who unable to find their way out. As we made our way back down to 'terra firma' and to fresh air, we found we were soaking with sweat. Later we learned that this day had been one of the hottest days of the year in Gallardon. After a quick visit to the local tourism bureau, which houses a collection of ancient tools and pottery discovered in and around Gallardon, everyone decided that it was time for a break. Most of the touring group had been going since early morning, and the effects of going from one outdoor venue to another in stifling heat began to be felt. A two hour time-out was scheduled, and we all retreated to our hosts' homes for some much needed rest and relaxation.

With renewed vigor, we reassembled that evening at the city park

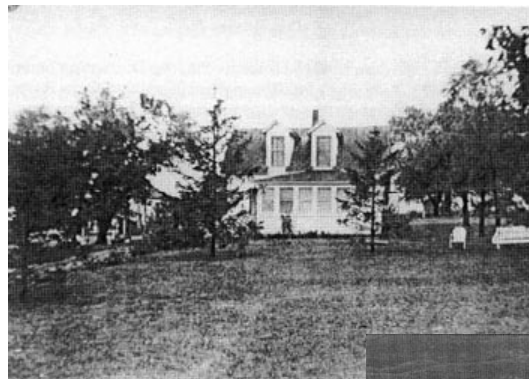
for an outdoor dinner prepared and provided by the citizens of Gallardon. Held under a large tent at the park, the relaxed atmosphere lent itself to very animated discussions with our French hosts, our French and American cousins, and our many new French friends. After dinner, a group gathered around Ben as he traced a chronology of Nicolas' trip with his family to New France. He literally put pen to the paper tablecloth and traced Nicolas' journey to Quebec City. During Ben's genealogy lecture, townspeople began arriving at the park for the evening's grand finale, the annual fireworks display to celebrate Bastille Day. The fireworks were scheduled for 11 o'clock and the Peltier/Pelletier contingent was escorted front and center to the VIP section of benches set up in the park for viewing the show. Meanwhile, several hundred people began to assemble for the fireworks show and prior to the start we were introduced to the crowd. The show was entitled "The Conquest of the World" and was a combination of synchronized music and fireworks display with Florine acting as commentator. Our friend Eric Blaise was in charge of the fireworks display and his title of the show was very appropriate for both their native son, Nicolas, and for the descendants of the voyageur to New France.

So it looks like we had come full circle...France to America and then back to France again. Voila! What a wonderful ending to a fantastic day. To say that this was a memorable trip hardly describes what this day meant to us. We cannot say enough about being treated so well. We hope that the friendship we have forged with the people of Gallardon will never be forgotten. Just as I concluded my speech at the dedication of the plaque, I say here, "Vive la France et vivent les descendants de Nicolas Peltier!" (Long live France and long live Nicolas Peltier's descendants).

Note: Nicolas Peltier (this is as he signed his name) had a great-great grandson, Jean-Francois Peltier, who arrived in Detroit in 1706 with his mother, Marie-Madeleine Thunay and his stepfather, Pierre Mallet. Jean-Francois Peltier's great-great-great-grandson, Ezechiel Peltier, moved to Monroe, Michigan, in 1826, after marrying Véronique LeDuc. Ezechiel's great-great-grandson, William H. Peltier III, was born in Flint, Michigan, in 1937. William's grandson, Nathan, was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 2001, thus bringing this branch of the Peltier family back to Europe after four centuries.

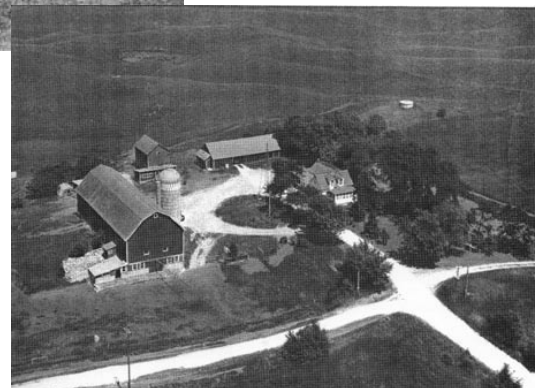
(Germain Saga continued from page 22)

cleaning the barn. The upstairs contained straw and hay lofts. Lanterns gave way for electric lighting. The wooden silo was replaced by a concrete one, and an 80 foot machine shed with a corn crib at one end was built. The shed also served as a garage. Across the road from the house was a hand pump. Dad had the drillers come to dig for a deeper well. After drilling down 180 feet, we had good, clean fresh water. A windmill was erected. When the wind blew, the big wheel turned, and there was water. When there was no wind, a hand pump was used. Years later, the big wheel was removed, and a gasoline motor was added. Now, wind, or no wind, there was water. We did miss the large wheel shining in the sunlight, and squeaking its call for axel grease.



Our Home

Our Home arial view



(N.D.L.R. See next issue for the fourth installment of the Germain Saga by S. Ella Marie Germain, CSJ.)

Part Two (1949-1953)
--Formation, Revelations, and
Decisions—
Chapter 21
--First year of training—
by Sr. Pauline Gastonguay
Québec, Canada

(N.D.L.R. The following is the fourth installment of Sr. Pauline Gastonguay's book, "Faire de la Luge sans Luge et les contes de ma vie", "Down the Luge Run without a Sled and other Stories of my Life".)

I was leaving the house for the first time. Doris would take my room and I would sleep on the livingroom couch on my holidays and vacations. I had the impression that I was jumping into a big void. I was not afraid of the studies, in fact the 8 hours of classes per day were of no difficulty for me. It's when I started to work in the wards that I'd react like some one with stagefright. The supervisors were nice, but in my head I could hear Daddy say that I wasn't fast enough—and it's true that I'm not as fast as the others.

Everyday I'd go home for supper, returning for a 7 p.m. class with "poor" Sister St. Cyr. I say "poor" because the 25 girls in the class hated that 7 p.m. class on history of nursing. One evening we each had to give a brief report on a person. One student had put an alarm clock set to ring during the class. We all knew it was hidden in a desk, but we didn't know where or when. When it rang, all laughed a bit, then took on the expressions of angels or saints. Poor Sr. St. Cyr, she was very old—about my age today—in her late 60's!

Day after day, I learned much in several branches of Science: Anatomy, Microbiology, Chemistry and methods of nursing the sick. But there's another thing we're taught that changes my whole life. In anatomy class, Miss Michaud says in passing, "What a marvel our body is—created by God!" For the last seven years I never heard the name of God in school. It was all as if he didn't exist. Behind the desk of Mrs. X, who was teaching us the art and methods of

nursing care of patients there was a picture which I looked at so often that it has been engraved in my heart for 50 years. It was a sick man in bed with a nurse standing at his side and Jesus at the head of the bed. I was no longer in a public school. Here the Sisters of Charity (Grey Nuns) of St. Hyacinthe were in charge.

One day I had an experience in the Male Ward which helped me understand the picture. There was a man whom the police brought from jail because he had pneumonia. He had been given a good bath and I was told to cut and clean his nails which were long and very dirty. While I was cutting his toe nails, I looked up just a moment and saw the head of Jesus where his should have been. In 1989 in the infirmary of Sillery I had the same experience while caring for a Sister with Alzheimer. For an instant, I saw the head of Jesus crowned with thorns...

It's true I was slow, but sometimes that's what is needed. Mrs. Lachance was 39 years old and her bone cancer was getting worse and worse. The bones of her back, legs and ribs were breaking one after the other. She was paralyzed from the waist down. She had been put at the end of a corridor with screens around her because she wanted to smoke. I nursed her one day and she asked that I nurse her everyday because I took the time needed and didn't hurt her. During one month I nursed her six days a week, then I was named in the Male Ward. There I found a bigger variety of patients. They were supposed to call us by our last name. Since we were two Gastonguays, my name pin said P. Gastonguay. They never succeeded. After one month with the men, I returned to the Female Ward.

Mrs. Lachance was still alive with new fractures bringing her added suffering. As soon as she learned that I had returned, it was not long before I was again nursing her everyday. That lasted until summer, that is three months plus January. One week after I started my three weeks vacation, Mrs. Lachance died. I went to the funeral parlor to wish her good-bye and God-speed. It is she who taught me how to nurse persons in the terminal phase. I could see I had a special gift in that line.

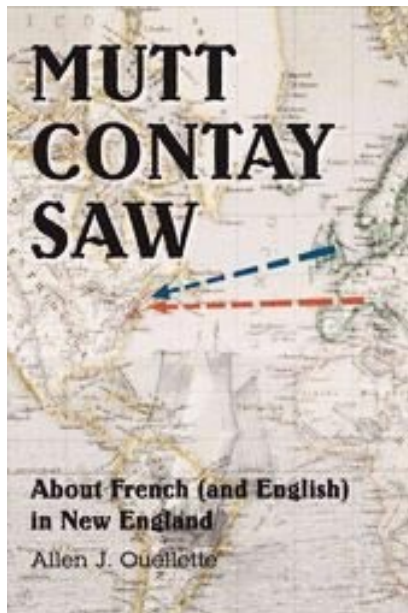
After my vacation, I worked either 45 hours on days, or 40 hours on eve-

nings. The second evening I worked 3-11 p.m., the night nurse asked me what I had done to the patients the evening before. I asked, "Did something wrong happen to the patients?" "Not at all. They slept the whole night. I thought maybe you had given them sleeping pills without writing it on the charts." "Of course not! I'd never do anything like that!" "Well then, what did you do to help them sleep so well?" "Nothing special, except to give everyone a good back rub." "Everyone? Even the ambulatory patients?" "Why not? Isn't it allowed?" "If you have time to do it to all 13 patients, all the better. I hope you did it again tonight." "Yes, they even asked for it. They seemed so calmed down after I had finished." That's how I found another reason for doing this course. I love to relieve pain and anxiety.

That spring I had had a meeting with Sister Bouffard, the director of the nursing school. She told me that her team had hesitated over whether or not I should continue for the second year because I had so much difficulty in doing the work in the wards. However, they had seen that I'd finished first in my class in the courses and I prepared some for their exams. Therefore they decided to keep me and offer me a full scholarship at Catholic University at Washington, D.C. to obtain my Bachelor of Science in Nursing Education on condition that I return to teach 2 or 3 years at this nursing school. When I told my parents, they were overjoyed.



BOOKS/LIVRES...



***Mutt
Contay
Saw***
by Allen J. Ouellette

Summary: In New England, as elsewhere in the United States, colleges and universities offer degrees in languages, but few make courses in the history of those languages mandatory.

Aside from the usual MA theses and Ph.D. dissertations -- almost all of them stiffly written attempts to isolate academically 'workable' and degree-granting minutia -- there is very little in print for the students of language that attempts to explain how contemporary languages in America have been and continue to be affected by their rubbing of elbows.

What is noticeably true about the French dialectical variations in and surrounding New England is generally true of the Spanish dialects spoken along our Mexican border too: both were at one time banned in their community schools, both have created hybrid dialects in English; both have retained vestiges of their rhythms and stresses in these hybrids; both have adopted English nouns and altered them appropriately; both have applied their verb structures to English verbs; both have adopted English cuss and curse words; both favor religious swears (unlike American English, which favors the sexual); both have insinuated words and expressions into contemporary American English.

Mutt Contay Saw is about French and what has happened to it in New England. But it's also about English. It's entirely in English, even the French pronunciations are rendered in English. There's a brief history tracing the development of English.



About the Author:

Allen J. Ouellette is a retired federal officer. He was born in a bilingual community in northern Maine. He was an adjudications training instructor at federal training centers in Georgia and in New Mexico. He worked in Europe before retiring to Larchwood, IA. He and his wife have three children.

Mutt Contay Saw: About French (and English) in New England

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About the Book

Talking Acadian: Communication, Work and Culture provides a look into the lives of the French-Speaking American Acadians, and particularly those who

***Talking Acadian
Communication, Work, and Culture***
by John Chetro-Szivos

left eastern Canada to settle in Massachusetts in the 1960s. This book captures their stories about family and their values, mores and morals. It also traces the ways that they use communication to develop and maintain their culture.

What the reader learns is that to talk about Acadians you must talk about work. This group gives us new insights into the world of work - a central feature of living for the Acadians and crucial to their self-definition.

There are few sources about this culture and their experiences in the United States. This book makes contributions to communications studies, more specifically the Coordinated Management Meaning by analyzing the situ-

ationed interactions of this community, demonstrating the capacity of communication to transmit the rules of grammar of a culture, and highlighting Cronen's consequentiality of communication.

***A Short Excerpt from
the Book***

Each fall congregants of Notre Dame du Saint Rosaire (Our Lady of the Holy Rosary), a Catholic church located in Gardner, Massachusetts, stage a fair to raise funds for the support of the church and its elementary school. This annual event has been an important part of the community, one that members of the church have shared for nearly half a
(Continued on page 31)

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Because volume one was so popular, I decided to produce this edition containing over 500 listings with proven and suspected Metis connections from over 43 sources. As in previous works I always recommend checking and verifying your findings with other sources when possible. This helps us all validate the material we are working with. I did not stay within the time frame of 1600-1800. There are some records going into the late 1800's plus several mid-continent locations (Detroit, Mich., Manitoba, etc.), but with Quebec or Eastern Canada connections. And as always, I hope this edition will help you locate your Metis heritage, one that we are all proud of. This book was produced by the author and can be purchased through him: Paul J. Bunnell, 45 Crosby St., Milford, NH 03055. ISBN 0-9779682-4-3. Printed by King Printing, Lowell, Ma., May 2006, 125 pages. Cost \$19 (US) plus S/H \$3.75. (Canadian \$22 plus S/H \$4) My website: <http://bunnellgenealogybooks.citymaker.com> My email: Bunnellloyalist@aol.com

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BOOKS/LIVRES...

(Talking Acadian continued from page 29)

century. The church has served Acadians and Acadian Americans, along with others who emigrated from Canada, for the past one hundred years. The Acadians are people who came from Eastern Canada, generally to find work. The majority of the Acadians came in the twentieth century to the city of Gardner to work in its mills. At the church fair, the items that draw the most interest, and generate the most funds, are prepared dishes of traditional Acadian foods. I initially entered this community as a participant-observer and volunteered by helping with food preparation. On my first day at the fair, I stood in line peeling potatoes with approximately twenty members of the church. The talk around the table was about work. Members recounted and shared their stories about their first jobs, best jobs, and difficulties they had encountered while working. There was laughter and joking about how hard they, and other members of their community work. The Acadian Americans even talked about how “outrageous” their actions must appear to others outside of their community.

I have lived among Acadian Americans for several years, and when I have been with Acadian Americans, I am deeply struck with their talk about working, how much of their life story is about working, and how important working appears to be to them as members of a community. There is something interesting about how pervasive the term work is among members of this community, and their awareness that their ways of working are different from those of others. As will be shown, “working” refers to more than a paid job for the Acadian Americans. Working, and especially working hard, is a way of being in this culture. Personal success and competence are not measured by what a group member does for work, but by how hard they work at it. Work extends beyond the boundaries of a job and touches leisure time, social life, and family life.

I chose to study the concept of

working among members of the Acadian-American community. The Acadian Americans were selected because of how intently work is featured in their interactions and lives. I recognize that work is not the same in all places, but this is an exceptional starting point to explore the grammar of the term working because of its prominence among these people. The Acadian Americans do not represent all cultures, but they show us that the meaning of “working” is not bounded by accomplished tasks. They can show how the meaning of the term extends into rules and practices that are made in interaction among a community of people. I have found the Acadian Americans’ understanding of working is much more than of a word with a common definition. In fact it will be shown that working, the act or process as well as the word, has an inseparable link to many aspects of their lives. I chose to study the concept of working among members of the Acadian-American community. The Acadian Americans were selected because of how intently work is featured in their interactions and lives. I recognize that work is not the same in all places, but this is an exceptional starting point to explore the grammar of the term working because of its prominence among these people. The Acadian Americans do not represent all cultures, but they show us that the meaning of “working” is not bounded by accomplished tasks. They can show how the meaning of the term extends into rules and practices that are made in interaction among a community of people. I have found the Acadian Americans’ understanding of working is much more than of a word with a common definition. In fact it will be shown that working, the act or process as well as the word, has an inseparable link to many aspects of their lives.

Because of the inextricable link between working and the life of an Acadian American, this book also serves as a study of Acadian Americans’ culture. For various reasons there is little research devoted to the Acadian-American culture. There are excellent sources that discuss the lives of Franco-Americans, but usually the focus of these works is the experience of the Quebecois. The two groups share many similarities, yet they differ in

as many significant ways. This text makes a contribution by presenting and analyzing the life stories of Acadian Americans. Their stories provide a meaningful and valuable perspective about their community and how a person lives as a member of this rich and unique culture.

**About the Author**

John Chetro-Szivos is a communication scholar and chair of the Department of Communication at Fitchburg State College in Massachusetts. He received bachelor's and master's degrees from Assumption College, a master's from Anna Maria College, and his doctorate in communication from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. He has published several works in the field of communication, specifically on the Coordinated Management of Meaning theory and American pragmatism.

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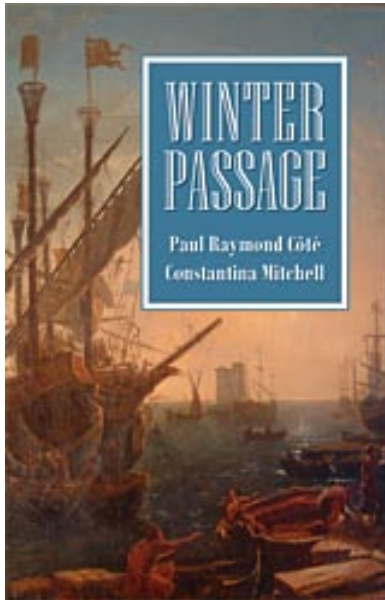
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Winter Passage

by

Paul Raymond Côté & Constantina Mitchell



PAUL RAYMOND CÔTÉ



CONSTANTINA MITCHELL

Bordeaux, 1734. To honor a dying man's request, the Baron Jean Luc de Montigny sets sail with his young son for Quebec City, the gateway to France's North American colonies. Within hours of his arrival, he is swept into an ethical and emotional maelstrom when he meets a woman born in the French settlement who takes him on a journey through the tormented landscape of her past. And his. Both have suffered irreparable violence and are haunted by the ghosts of remorse and carnage. Amidst accusations of sorcery and infanticide, their passion drives them to defy the barriers that separate them.

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About the Authors

PAUL RAYMOND CÔTÉ and CONSTANTINA MITCHELL both hold doctoral degrees from McGill University. They resided in France and Canada before moving to Washington, D.C., where they taught French language, literature, and culture for twenty years.

Constantina was a Professor at Gallaudet University. Among her other accomplishments in Washington, D.C. are two Smithsonian Institution lecture series and a one-year stint at the U.S. Department of State Foreign Service Institute teaching French language and culture. Paul was a Professor at American University where he headed the French-to-English translation certificate program. He is a Chevalier in the Ordre des Palmes académiques—an honor conferred by the French Ministry of Education in recognition of exemplary service to the field of education

In addition to independently authoring a significant number of critical studies and book reviews on contemporary writers in France and Québec

and serving on the editorial boards of several scholarly journals, they have collaborated on numerous literary projects which include a book entitled *Shaping the Novel: Textual Interplay in the Fiction of Malraux, Hébert, and Modiano* (Berghahn, 1996). Their articles have appeared in *The French Review*, *Québec Studies*, *Modern Language Studies*, *The American Review of Canadian Studies*, *Francographies*, *Romance Languages Annual*, and *L'Esprit Créateur*.

They co-translated from French into English *The Cry of the Gull* (Gallaudet University Press, 1998), *Deaf Planet* (Infinity Publishing, 2002), *Letter from Morocco* (Michigan State University Press, 2003), and *I Nadia, Wife of a Terrorist* (University of Nebraska Press, 2006).

They now live in Montreal where they work as freelance translators when they aren't writing fiction.

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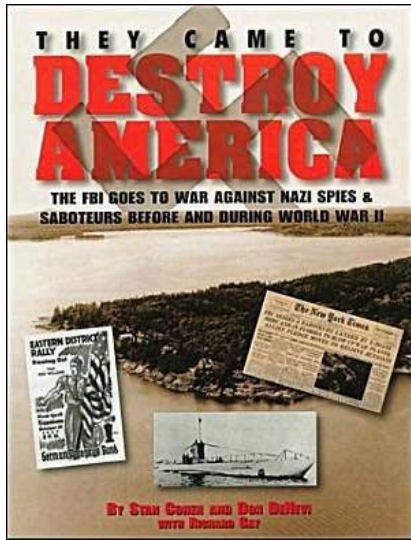
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BOOKS/LIVRES...

They Came to Destroy America

by Stan Cohen and Don DeNevi with Richard Gay



While the greater part of this book deals with the German landings on the east coast of the United States-Operation Pastorius, June 1942 and Operation Magpie, November 1944- it also delves into some pre-war Nazi spy operations, the subversive organizations in the United States and several other operations planned but not executed such as Operation Pelican. Other stories and photographs pertinent to the subject are

also included. The stories of Pastorius and Magpie have been well documented through the years and are important today as a predecessor of future military tribunals proposed for accused terrorists. This, however, is the first time that a thorough photographic search of these operations and other Nazi incursions within and on American shores has been attempted, with the stories and photo evidence put together in one volume. The authors have searched FBI files and dozens of books and documents to piece together the stories included in this book. Even with this search, some facts could not be found; but work will continue to update the stories in future printings. Although a great quantity of defense-related information was relayed to Germany prior to the Pearl Harbor attack, the FBI also turned several spy operations to their advantage sending much false information to Germany. Only three landings of Nazi spies or saboteurs on American shores occurred during the war. All were quickly rounded up due to traitorous actions by the saboteurs/spies themselves.

About Richard Gay

Richard Gay is a native of Maine, born in Bar Harbor and currently living in Blue Hill. He is an alumnus of Lafayette College, Université Laval (Québec), University of Maine, and University of Maryland. He speaks a number of European and Asian languages, and since returning to Maine has taught languages at Husson College, the Maine Maritime Academy, and College of the Atlantic (Bare Harbor). He is a pilot and member of the Bar Harbor squadron of the Civil Air Patrol. He is a former CIA and NSA operations officer, and special assistant to the president of AFIO. He is a member of the *Phoenix Society* of ex-NSA officers, and is vice president of the New England chapter of ex-CIA officers. He served in that agency under Allen Dulles, John McCone, William Raborn, Richard Helms and William Colby. His writing an espionage novel and has two autobiographic short stories being published in a book, *Spies Lives*, to out soon. Helms, right, home in Georgetown, DC

This plaque is located on the fifth floor of the Justice Department building on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C.



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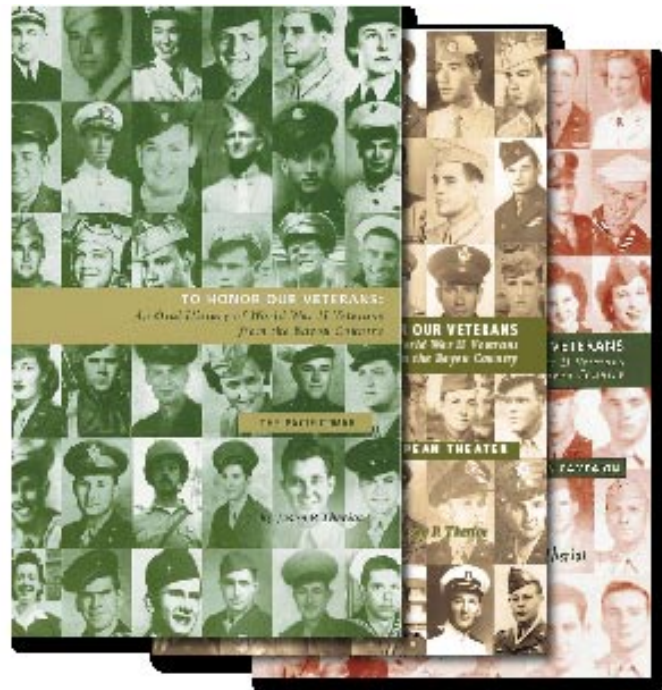
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BOOKS/LIVRES...



Marie Major a vraiment existé. Cette Fille du roi, arrivée en Nouvelle-France en l'an de grâce 1668, a épousé Antoine Roy dit Desjardins, un soldat du régiment de Carignan. Seize ans après leur mariage, Antoine fut assassiné dans le lit de sa maîtresse. Le meurtrier, on l'aura deviné, était le mari trompé. Il y eut procès, l'assassin échappa de justesse à la pendaison, la maîtresse d'Antoine fut condamnée au bannissement perpétuel et tous les biens de Marie furent saisis. Issue d'une famille bourgeoise de la Normandie, Marie Major connut, dès son arrivée en Nouvelle-France, une véritable dégringolade sociale. Dégringolade qui atteignit son point ultime après la mort de son mari, car elle perdit non seulement tout ce qu'elle possédait, mais aussi son honneur, lequel était, à l'époque, aux dires de nombreux historiens, "le bien le plus précieux". Quand, enfant, j'ai entendu pour la première fois des bribes de son histoire, j'ai été touchée par le destin de cette femme trompée et déchue qui, je l'ai appris plus tard, vivait à une époque où les femmes étaient jugées coupables des écarts de conduite de leur mari. Tout au long de ma vie, épisodiquement, il m'arrivait de penser à Marie. Plus je vieillissais, plus le destin tragique de cette femme me touchait car, c'est un truisme de le souligner, les années exacerbent souvent notre sensibilité. J'ai donc essayé de reconstituer sa vie à partir de récits

fragmentaires, de documents d'archives et d'écrits historiques. J'ignorais alors à quel point cette tentative de retisser les fils que la trame du temps a déliés était une tâche colossale. Colossale, mais ô combien passionnante et instructive! Marie Major m'a propulsée à une époque dont je ne connaissais auparavant que les héros de guerre ou les figures religieuses. Grâce à elle, j'ai appris ce que pouvait être la vie non seulement des Filles du roi mais, de façon plus globale, des femmes qui ont vécu au XVIIe siècle. Vies qui n'ont rien à voir avec l'image manichéenne charriant l'idée qu'elles étaient soit des filles de joie, soit de saintes mères de famille. La liberté de plusieurs d'entre elles était soigneusement circonscrite. Il leur suffisait d'être un tant soit peu marginales pour être enfermées ou corrigées par leur mari avec l'assentiment des hommes d'Église. Il n'était pas bien vu non plus qu'elles affichent leur savoir. À un point d'ailleurs, écrit la professeuse Josette Dall'Ava-Santucci, que l'on répétait qu'il "était grotesque pour une femme de savoir signer son nom, [...] grotesque de vouloir lire, étudier, penser à autre chose qu'aux lancinantes magies d'amour et [aux] empoisonnements passionnels". Quant au sort jadis réservé aux femmes adultères, c'est un euphémisme de dire qu'il était peu enviable. Marie Major m'a entraînée dans les cours de justice où régnaient des méthodes inquisitoriales. Elle m'a ouvert les portes des prisons du XVIIe siècle et j'y ai trouvé une foule de gens emprisonnés pour des raisons qui nous apparaîtraient aujourd'hui saugrenues. J'ai été consternée par la dureté des mœurs et par la complexité des procédures judiciaires. J'ai été abasourdie de constater comment on gravissait les échelons de la hiérarchie sociale: un boulanger pouvait devenir juge, comme ce fut le cas pour l'un de ceux qui ont jugé le meurtrier d'Antoine. Plus ma recherche avançait, plus je mesurais l'étendue de mon ignorance sur le XVIIe siècle, tant en Nouvelle-France qu'en France. Pour la combler, j'ai bénéficié du travail de nombreux historiens et historiennes qui ont écrit sur cette époque. Grâce à eux et à elles,

j'aime passionnément l'histoire. Pas celle de la petite école où nous devions souvent ne mémoriser que des dates et des lieux de guerre ou des noms de personnages illustres, mais l'Histoire qui dévoile les mœurs, les croyances et les mentalités qui modulent le quotidien de gens moins connus certes, mais tout aussi importants et intéressants. J'ai été surprise de découvrir certains faits tels que des animaux excommuniés par Monseigneur de Laval, certaines croyances magiques, des pendaisons par effigie, des corps jetés à la voirie, des suicidés emprisonnés, des méthodes de guérison déconcertantes, des castors dont on disait qu'ils étaient des poissons afin de pouvoir en manger le vendredi et durant le carême. Ces faits historiques, et bien d'autres, s'ils ne servent qu'à nourrir la trame de mon roman, n'en sont pas moins véridiques.

- Sergine Desjardins, Avril 2006.



Je suis née en avril 1954, au Cap-à-la-Baleine, un lieu magnifique, à l'est du village de Sainte-Félicité (près de Matane). J'avais à peine quinze ans lorsque j'ai quitté cet endroit afin d'aller étudier le secrétariat médical à la polyvalente de Rimouski. J'ai vécu à Montréal et à Québec où j'étais secrétaire. Je n'aimais pas vraiment ce travail, j'étais attirée par l'écriture, mais je croyais alors que devenir auteure m'était inaccessible. J'ai emprunté bien d'autres chemins de traverse avant d'oser m'y aventurer : J'ai été fleuriste, j'ai complété un baccalauréat, j'ai fondé Les Grand(e)s Ami(es) de Rimouski et j'ai vécu l'expérience la plus intense de ma vie en mettant au monde mon fils, Philippe. J'ai poursuivi des études de maîtrise à temps partiel. J'ai été ensuite (Suite page 36)

BOOKS/LIVRES...

(Marie Major suite de page 35)

assistante de recherche et j'ai collaboré à deux ouvrages. Ce n'est qu'après avoir complété ma maîtrise que j'ai osé soumettre à un éditeur un manuscrit sur la pratique de la sage-femme. J'ai ensuite écrit plus d'une centaine d'articles pour différents magazines. Mais l'expérience d'écriture que j'ai la plus aimée fut la rédaction d'un roman historique inspiré de la vie de mon ancêtre, Marie Major. J'offre aussi mes services dans les domaines de la recherche et de la rédaction.

Roman historique inspiré de la vie d'une Fille du roi dont l'époux, Antoine Roy dit Desjardins, fut assassiné

Sergine Desjardins
sergine@cgocable.ca

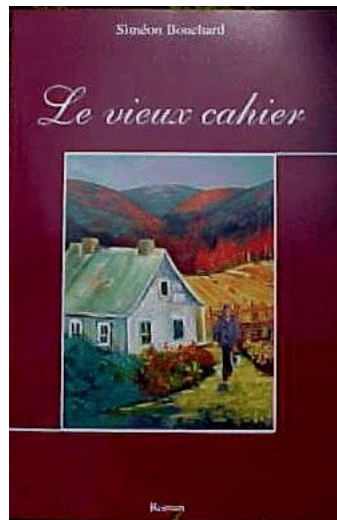
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Siméon Bouchard dans son troisième volume continue à raconter ses souvenirs et nous entraîne en plus dans l'histoire de ses ancêtres. Ce roman n'est pas un récit historique, mais a ses sources dans l'imaginaire de chacun de nous.

Siméon Bouchard nous a livré dans un premier livre son inquiétude concernant la faune et la flore de chez nous. Son deuxième livre nous a permis de découvrir quelques-unes des anecdotes et aventures de la vie de nos ancêtres.

Voilà qu'avec son troisième livre, il nous propose d'entrer librement dans la vie intime de ceux-ci. Ainsi nous pouvons vivre avec eux leurs joies, leurs réussites et aussi leurs espoirs déçus et leur crainte du lendemain. Nos ancêtres ont jeté les bases de ces villes et paroisses dont nous avons héritées. Ils ont souvent regardé le fleuve et envié

cette eau qui courait vers leur patrie.

Profitez de cette lecture pour découvrir les personnages dans le plus profond de leur être. En les connaissant mieux il se peut que je me connaisse mieux aussi. Remontons à la source et aussi nous retrouverons notre entité propre. Laissons notre imaginaire nous conduire aussi loin que l'auteur et peut-être même plus loin. Aujourd'hui nous traversons l'Atlantique en quelques heures. Traversons en compagnie de ces valeureux pionniers sur des bateaux à voiles et en plusieurs semaines le même océan et remontons le même fleuve. Suivons-les ensuite à la recherche de leur nouvelle patrie. Alors qu'ils trimaient dur pour défricher la terre afin d'assurer à leurs enfants un avenir prometteur. Des arrivants venant de France leur rapportent la phrase de Voltaire : « Pourquoi se battre pour quelques arpents de neige ! ».

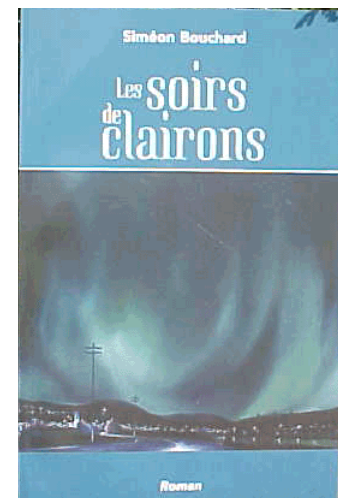
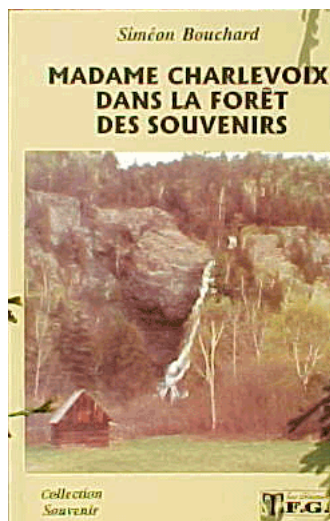
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Lettres/ Letters



Dear Editor;

Thank you for the copy of "Le Forum". I also want to thank you for all the information you sent me about the "The Good Regiment". I found the book "The Good Regiment", by Jack Verney at the state library, in Augusta.

I would recommend it to all the old French Families. Even those who don't realize that they are descendants of the men of the Good Regiment.

I found the progeniture, not only of my fathers maternal line, "The Roys", as in Antoine Roy dit Desjardins, but also the progeniture of my mothers maternal line "the Soucys", as in Jean Soucy dit Lavinge.

In my family histories, the name Hudon-Beaulieu, keeps showing up. I found that Pierre Hudon dit Beaulieu was also in the regiment.

Everywhere I resided I found the name Chabot. I thought that it was a french version of Cabot. I found that name in the roll of the regiment as Cherbot dit Des Moulins. This is an excellent book for anyone interested in Franco-American history.

Our families were remiss in allowing the English Sector to Malange our history. Our history has been distorted, even in the registry of the Maine Legislature, it distorts the history of the Maine tribes and the exploration of the North East. They give no mention of Jacques Cartier's claim of the North East for the king of France, from the Atlantic to the Hudson River.

Thank you again for the information. If you give me the names of your parents and your grandparents, I maybe able to locate them in my book of Roys's.

Your Distant Cousin,

Joseph F. Langlais
 661 Center Rd.
 Garland, ME 04939-5211

Dear Joseph;

Thank you for sharing the above information with our readership. I have included your mailing address, perhaps one of our readers has information for you.

The book you mention in your letter can be purchased at Amazon.com (<http://www.amazon.ca/Good-Regiment-Jack-Verney/dp/0773518185>).

La rédactrice



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En effet, cette toute nouvelle version fut enregistrée sur le site même du Pays de la Sagouine, à Bouctouche au Nouveau-Brunswick, en décembre 2005 et janvier 2006. La Sagouine, ce personnage de l'auteur Antonine Maillet, qui est toujours brillamment interprété par la comédienne Viola Léger, et ça depuis plus de 35 ans, sera à tout jamais préservé pour les générations futures.

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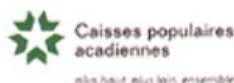
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Leo Cyr reflects on his career in the foreign service at his home in Bethesda, Maryland.

“Mr. President, I think that I am perhaps your appointee from the farthest north in the United States. I’m from the northern part of Maine,” declared Leo George Cyr when he was received at the White House to shake hands with President Lyndon B. Johnson, who had just appointed him to serve as Ambassador to Rwanda. The President replied: “Oh that’s true. That’s wonderful. I love the people of Maine. They’ve always been good to me.” The picture taken on that occasion shows them of equal height and standing nose-to-nose. “But, my ears aren’t as big as his,” joked Leo. The appointment to Rwanda culminated a distinguished career in the foreign service for this son of the St. John Valley, born and brought up in Limestone, Maine.

I came across Leo Cyr’s Madawaskan Heritage several years ago, in my readings on the origins of the St. John Valley, in which he recounts the travaux of his ancestors’ emigration from France in the early 1600s. His extensive research at the National Archives enabled him to trace his family’s lineage, and in the process recount the history of the French through Acadie and Québec to the St.

FROM ACADIE TO KIGALI... VIA LIMESTONE

by Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso

(Photographs courtesy of the Cyr Family and the author)

(N.D.L.R. This article first appeared in Echoes Magazine, Caribou, ME Issue 72, April-June 2006.)

John Valley. Madawaskan Heritage has taken its place amongst the important historical records of the Valley. This 20-year project received the prize for “the best genealogy or family history in the 1985 Percy Foy Competition,” sponsored by La Société Généalogique Canadienne-Française. I was fascinated and wanted to find out how a young man from northern Maine had risen in the foreign service making his way to central Africa. Looking for successful role models who had used French-English bilingualism to their advantage, I wrote to him asking for an interview. He graciously accepted.

Leo Cyr, scholarly in wire-rimmed glasses, a ring of white hair and an engaging smile, greeted me at the door of his Bethesda, Maryland home with a warm “bonjour.” I sat down while he draped long limbs into his chair for a four-hour interview.

His parents, Louis Cyr from Lille Village in Grand Isle and Laura Franck, were married on July 24, 1897 in Frenchville. Laura had been a school teacher and Louis had taken a commercial course at St. Joseph’s Academy in Memramcook, New Brunswick. He went to work at Honoré A. Gagnon’s store in Van Buren, and later managed Gagnon’s branch store in Limestone. Shortly after, Louis bought out the branch store and the family was established in Limestone one mile from the Canadian border. There

was no hospital in Limestone, so their nine children were born in the house where Laura and Louis lived until their deaths. Leo George, the 6th child, was born in 1909 and weighed 12 pounds! Leo explained that he still had the forceps marks to prove it; and that, of course, les sauvages (the Indians) had brought them all, according to the North-American French legend imparted to children to explain where babies came from.

When he was growing up, the parish priest would come to their house every week to join his parents and aunt in a game of Charlemagne, a bidding card game played in almost every North-American French home. When he was seven or eight, the family spent a week’s vacation at Valcour Lake near Temiscouata in the Province of Québec. A bewhiskered old French Canadian who operated the “resort” was forever singing a little ditty which Leo never forgot:

Ne pleurez pas, ma belle,

Je vous la chanterai,

Je vous la chanterai sur le bord de l’île,

Je vous la chanterai sur le bord de l’eau,

Sur le bord du vaisseau.

[Do not cry, my lovely,

I will sing it to you,

I will sing it to you on the shore of the island,

I will sing it to you at the water’s edge,

On the rim of the vessel.]

(Continued on page 39)

Nouvelles

Pour toute personne, descendante de Français arrivé en Nouvelle-France avant 1763, intéressée à obtenir une confirmation de nationalité française par l’obtention d’un passeport français, bien vouloir communiquer avec le signataire du mémoire:

Me Christian Néron

594, rue St-Patrick

Québec (Québec)

G1R 1Y8

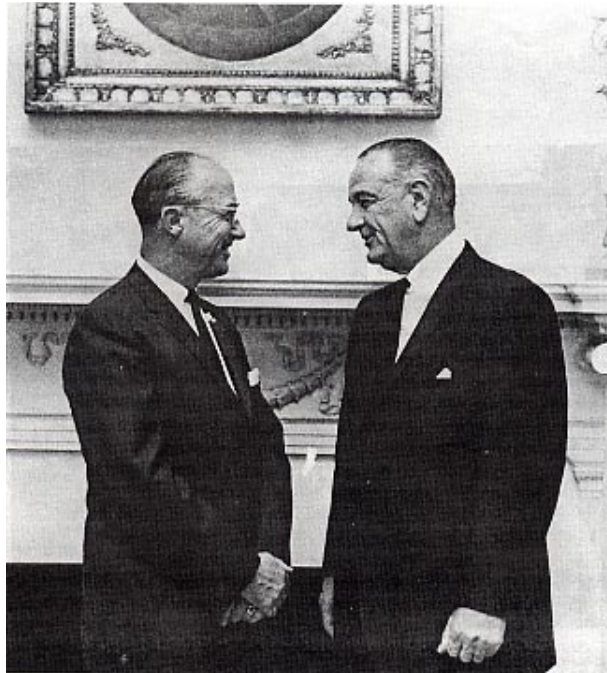
(From *Acadie to Kigali* continued from page 38)

As a 10-year old, he followed his father from the store to their house accompanied by Maine State Senator Patrick Therriault, who was contacting prominent Acadians seeking patrons for the publishing of *L'Histoire du Madawaska* by the Reverend Thomas Albert, the first comprehensive history of the St. John Valley.

Louis and Laura took their Catholic religion and French language seriously. Laura used to admonish him and his siblings to “parlez français à la maison.” They would tease her and answer in English, “yes mom, we will.” Although French was their maternal language, like most French speakers who had moved south of the Valley, English became their dominant language once they stepped out the door into the anglophone world. Leo grew up mostly bilingual, but with English dominant. French was not taught in grammar school in Limestone.

Leo was an altar boy when he reached his freshman year in high school. The parish priest, Father Aimé Giguère, probably sensing Leo’s intelligence or “wanting to put a collar on me, backwards” as Leo put it, had him come to the rectory every day after school so that they could work on his French and correct his pronunciation by reading the works of Alphonse Daudet which the priest called “the most perfectly written French that I know.” The priest and Louis arranged for him to go to a Catholic private school, *Collège de l’Assomption*, in Worcester, MA, where the French priests taught all the classes (except mathematics and English) in French including Latin, Greek, history and religion. It was total immersion. His

previous lack of formation in French made it difficult for him, and he protested to his father, explaining that he needed to make a living in English. But, even though the year was difficult, he was grateful later because he had learned in spite of himself. He spent his last two high school years at St. Mary’s, a Marist school in Van Buren, where classes were taught in English, except for French. He graduated as Valedictorian in the last



Leo Cyr receives his appointment as ambassador to Rwanda from President Lyndon Johnson in 1966.

year St. Mary’s was a Marist School. It became a public school with the priests still teaching and gradually leaving. There he learned why they spoke French and English at home. He realized that the family had come from Van Buren and the people there were different from the people in Limestone who were predominantly of English, Irish and Scottish descent. Although he loved the people in

Limestone, he felt a particular bond with the people of Van Buren. From there he went on to Holy Cross College in Worcester, MA, a Jesuit school. Having breezed through the French classes – often being consulted by the priests on French vocabulary – he graduated in 1930.

Leo would spend another year in Maine. Father Sullivan, who had befriended him at St. Mary’s, asked him to come back and teach there – English to seniors, plane geometry to juniors, American history to sophomores and religion to freshmen. He then asked his father if he could go to the two-year Georgetown Foreign Service School. His father said that they would work on trying to arrange that. Leo remarked what a wonderful unselfish man his father was to send him there while he was sending his brother, Sylvio, to Georgetown Dental School, all of this during the depression. At Georgetown, he roomed with his brother and added Spanish to his language repertoire. On New Year’s day 1932, they both went to the White House, along with the general public, to shake hands with President Herbert Hoover, a custom discontinued by President Roosevelt because of his infantile paralysis.

Getting ready to write his thesis, Leo discovered the stacks on *Acadie* at the Library of Congress. After reading, reading, reading, he went to his advisor and inquired about changing his subject from economics to “a historical subject having to do with my ancestors.” He wrote his master’s thesis on *Acadie*, the expulsion, its causes and effects on the U.S. His interest started then, but had been triggered by his en-
(Continued on page 40)

News

For all people who are descendants of French who arrived in New France before 1763, those interested in obtaining French nationality confirmation by obtaining a French passport, Please contact M. Christian Néron at the following address:

*M. Christian Néron
594, rue St-Patrick
Québec (Québec)
G1R 1Y8*

(From Acadie to Kigali continued from page 39)

counter with Senator Patrick Theriault and his stay in Van Buren. Leo's father had always been curious about the family background, and Leo's research helped provide answers for both of them. They learned that the Bourgeois line of the family came to Acadie in 1642. His scholarship and research and the writing of Madawaskan Heritage told the history of the Valley and his family because the Cyrs, who were the Smiths of Madawaska, permeated the history. Madawaska, of course, does not just refer to the Town of Madawaska, or to Madawaska County in New Brunswick; it refers to both the Canadian and American sides of the upper St. John river valley settled by Acadians and Québécois during the latter part of the 18th century. Leo declared, "I would like to have Valley youngsters read that book so they'll know. I don't want them to get depressed about it. I just want them to know their background." He agreed that it's futile to wallow in one's past, but one shouldn't forget it either. We ought to know who we are and where we came from.

From 1933 to 1935, Leo worked for the National Recovery Administration, the first of the Roosevelt New Deals, until the NRA was declared unconstitutional. While working at the National Archives, he decided to go to law school. His decision to work at the Archives would have a profound influence on the rest of his life, since it was there that he met co-worker, Katherine McCormick, whom he married in 1941. She recalled that a lot of their "dates" were spent at the Library of Congress where she quickly learned about Acadie. Leo received M.F.S. and LL.B degrees from Georgetown University.

Six days after Pearl Harbor, on December 13, 1941, Leo finally reached the goal he had studied and prepared for when he was asked to work at the State Department where he would stay for the next 30 years. His first job was in the Economic Warfare Section. The assignment was to publish a blacklist which made it illegal for American firms to sell to pro-Nazi companies, effectively putting them out of business. As the Columbia-Venezuela man, his Spanish came



Louis A. Cyr



Laura Franck

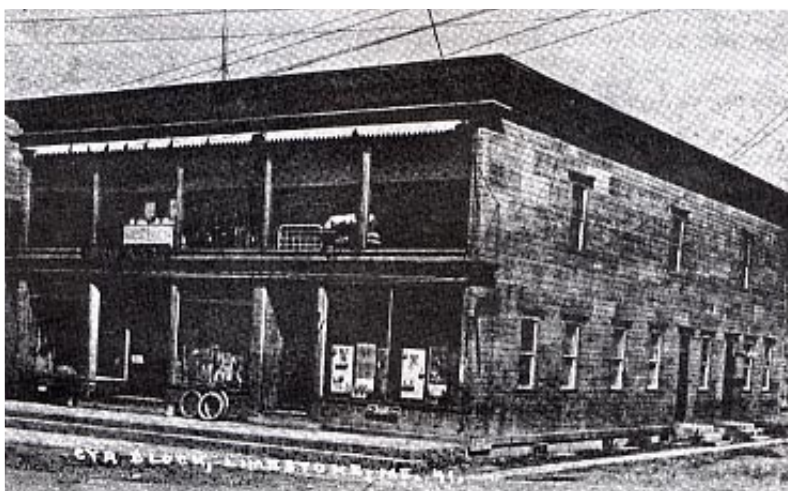
in handy. Walking by the rear entrance to the White House one day, he and two other men received a wave and a "V" sign from Winston Churchill who was leaving in a car with President Roosevelt.

After the war in 1945, Leo became involved in disposing of surplus Lend-Lease war property specializing in aviation facilities, having a hand in declaring the Burma Road "surplus" and abandoning it. In 1949, he was accorded what he considered his greatest privilege – being chosen to attend the National War College for nine months at Fort Leslie McNair. President Truman presented the diplomas and Leo returned to his work at the State Department.

1957 brought Leo his first field assignment as Consul Général to Tangier, a cosmopolitan crossroads with hundreds of languages. His assignment started during the process of consolidation of the

International, French and Spanish Zones into the old Sherifian Empire. This was the end of colonialism with Morocco gaining its independence, an event he considers one of the highlights of his service. In 1960, he was sent to Yaoundé, Cameroon to replace the Chargé d'Affaires, who was ill. During his stay, a rebellion erupted against the central government. Being alone at the time, he slept with a revolver under his pillow.

From Cameroon, Leo obtained the post of Deputy Chief of Mission in Tunisia in 1961. The family lived in a villa totally surrounded by ruins in Carthage, a suburb of Tunis. It was there that, after leaving a soirée at the Lebanese Embassy and arriving at a party at an American residence, their host informed them of President Kennedy's assassination. They set up a book for signing in the Embassy, and people poured in to extend their



Louis Cyr's store in Limestone

(Continued on page 41)

(From Acadie to Kigali continued from page 40)

condolences. He considered Tunis and Tangier his two finest assignments. During the Viet Nam War in 1965, he was recalled so he could be re-Americanized. He told his daughters that they were “going to Athens.” “To Greece?” “No, to the University of Ohio in Athens, Ohio” under the Diplomat-in-Residence program.

After a year, he was asked if he would be interested in being Ambassador to Rwanda, a small country in central Africa, the one place which was “still Africa in the raw.” At that time it was Ruanda-Urundi which became the two states of Burundi and Rwanda. When Leo met the President at the White House, Mrs. Johnson quipped, “I wonder if Lyndon knows where Rwanda is.” Because of the high altitude, the temperature hovered around 72 degrees year-round, with the variation of rainy and dry seasons – a huge contrast to Northern-Maine.

Katherine remarked several times how much they loved Africa. She had attempted to learn French, but gave up when she once introduced Leo as her father rather than her husband. In Tunis, she was very much involved with the School for the Blind, and spent a good amount of time involved in civic affairs in other postings. When asked about raising children while moving from one African country to another, Katherine said that their first posting away from the U.S., when Leo was 14, Kitty 10 and Nancy 7, was the hardest. They found it difficult to leave home. At this point Ambassador Cyr, always the optimist, stated that they were able to take things in stride, especially after they got involved. An amateur radio operator, he was able to stay in touch with family and friends in Limestone. Their children learned to speak some

French, Spanish and Arabic. Young Leo graduated in the first high school class of the American School in Tangier. He went with them when the family made its way to Cameroon in June, but left in the Fall to go back stateside to attend Georgetown. Kitty and Nancy, like their father, were immersed in French – in a Belgian convent school – while they were in Cameroon, and then went to the American School in Tangier. Although French had been Leo’s native language, for his daughters, it was not, making it a lot harder for them. Nancy retained more of her French, and would often tease Leo about his Madawaskan accent.

After nine months in Rwanda’s



The Cyr family home in Limestone where all nine children were born.

capital of Kigali, they gave their first reception to celebrate the 4th of July. Everything went fine until the Russian Ambassador got into an argument with someone from the Canadian Embassy. The next morning, Radio Rwanda announced that the European mercenaries in Mobutu’s army in the Congo had revolted against Mobutu asking for higher pay. Because many of the boundaries in Africa were set by Europeans, there was always fear of tribal fragmentation. “That was a real can of worms,” Ambassador Cyr recalled. “Bukavu was much closer to our Embassy than it was to Kinshasa, so we got the burden of the reporting. Eventually, the Red Cross came into the area to serve as an intermediary between the two

parties. They came, not to Kinshasa, but to Kigali because we had a wonderful communication system in our Embassy. I got a wire from Secretary of State Dean Rusk saying: ‘Do everything possible that you can to serve the International Red Cross.’ We were on 24-hour alert. Eventually the situation was straightened out, and the mercenaries, brought overland from Bukavu, were provided two or three C-130s at Kigali Airport and flew off to Europe. We were glad it was over.”

Dealing with that situation, keeping it cool, reporting and helping the International Red Cross turned into one of the highlights of Leo’s posting in Kigali. Secretary Rusk spent 45 minutes on the phone with him congratulating him on his handling of the affair. A sleepy posting had turned into a challenging one. He also had fond memories. In 1970, he climbed the 10,000-foot Mount Visoke in Rwanda to visit the camp of gorilla expert, Diane Fossey with Ambassador de la Boissière from France. Daughter Nancy, and her friends also did the climb. As an American citizen,

Diane visited the

Embassy on a regular basis and would often drop in to visit Katherine. Diane was later murdered in her cabin.

Ambassador Cyr was respected at home and abroad. Emperor Haile Selassie decorated him with the Star of Ethiopia. When he retired from the Foreign Service in 1971, Richard Nixon’s Secretary of State, William P. Rogers, cited him for his 37 years of loyal and devoted service and for earning the gratitude and respect of his Government. After serving under six Presidents, he then spent a year as a visiting fellow in the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship program at Princeton University.

When asked about the recent genocide in Rwanda between the Tutsi
(Continued on page 42)

(From Acadie to Kigali continued from page 41)

(tall Ethiopians) and Hutu (natives), he mentioned the genocide of approximately 200,000 Hutus in Burundi, but replied that he only knew what he read in the papers. He had been back to the State Department only a few times since his retirement. His papers are classified State Department property which may be published after a certain number of years.

Although he had not lived in Aroostook County since 1923, he said that he never thought of himself “as not being up there.” Leo became a member of the Madawaska Historical Society and he and Katherine attended the Cyr reunion in Madawaska in 1981. They thought it was wonderful. She said she had never seen so many Cyrs in her life. [There were approximately 4,000.] He is a direct descendant of Jean-Baptiste Cyr, one of the petitioners requesting land in Madawaska and whose progeny were among the original Acadian families to settle in the Valley in 1785.

When asked for a definition of an Acadian, Leo replied: “An Acadian today is the descendant of the people who in 1604 settled Acadia. They were Frenchmen and they were so secluded that they became a rather distinct people – distinct from the Canadians [Québécois]. They suffered all sorts of tragedies, the primary one in 1755 – their expulsion. About 7,000 of them were sent to Europe, to the American coast and many of them finally wound up in Louisiana as Cajuns. Every refugee group has attained its own characteristics. One group, the one we’re most interested in, the Madawaskan, landed up there in 1785. There were some 16 families. They were soon joined by Canadians. And the Canadian element eventually outnumbered the Acadian. But, by that time, the colony had its Acadian character, and I think that it still has.” He stated that Acadian was an inclusionary term taking in the Canadians who had arrived and intermarried with the Acadians. He also pointed out that in the fabric of America thousands of people who have Acadian ancestors have lost their identity – children orphaned by the expulsion who were brought up and given family names that were not theirs.”

That is important as a matter of history.”

During the interview, I recognized that Leo shared my views with regard to bilingualism. In my classes, I always told the students that if they were new to America, it was necessary to learn English so that they could function in their new country. But learning English should not mean forgetting their language and culture because it is a part of them and should not be denied. If you lose your native language and culture, you lose a part of yourself. That is what happened to school children in the Valley when they were forbidden the use of their language in the 1950’s. The psychological scars persist.

Languages are great weapons when you’re looking for jobs. I’m sure that I wouldn’t have got the assignments that I did.

After years of the culture and the language being denigrated, many of the young people in the St. John Valley think that it’s not “cool” to speak French. There is the availability in the Valley of easy access to learning and nurturing French because it is still spoken by people in the stores and restaurants. I asked Leo what he would say to them about the importance of knowing other languages in today’s global community? “I think it’s tragic if you have the opportunity to be able to know any language – French, Spanish, Italian, what have you – and you don’t cherish that and stimulate it. If you absolutely lose it, you have lost an asset, and it’s something you may regret. Now, it’s true that it’s very difficult to hang on to something of that kind. I feel that I did what I could to hang on to the French that I had, and it proved extremely useful to me in my work. Languages are great weapons when you’re looking for jobs. I’m sure that I wouldn’t have got the assignments that I did. You’ll notice that all my assignments were in francophone countries. Before that it was very useful to me in my economic warfare work. All through my career in the State Department, the fact

that I was able to use French reasonably well helped me. The country is enriched by different ethnic groups. You know, I trace my interest in, and my recognition of, the importance of language to my great-grandfather, Paul Cyr, Jr. He was the first one born in Madawaska in 1796. Paul, Sr. had brought the family, but he died in 1812. Paul, Jr. went on. He was the first American, and he was the third man who represented Madawaska in the Maine State Legislature. Now just stop and think what a row to hoe that man had, from Madawaska, not knowing a word of English and with his rough clothing. He was the product of three generations of fugitive existence, living in the New Brunswick woods, just a few feet ahead of the British Army. He must have gone there, been embarrassed hundreds of times; and he said to himself: ‘brother, I’m going to have my son learn English.’ He did say that because we have evidence of it. In 1857-58, my grandfather, Alexis, went to Holy Cross College as a special student of English for one year. That just shows that his father recognized the importance. Now Alexis had become a member of the Maine State Legislature many more times than his father had. And he would have gone many more times, but he died at the age of 51. His widow educated her children as much as she could. My father got, somewhere, a smattering of English. My mother understood it but didn’t speak English much, because she felt her pronunciation was not good.” When Leo first brought Katherine to meet his family, he and his father went fishing at Lac Temiscouata and left the two women who managed to communicate and entertain each other for an afternoon.

Leo said his knowledge of Madawaskan French assisted him in understanding regional French languages in Africa. “I understood the Cameroonians, I understood the Moroccans, I understood the Tunisians. All of them had different accents. And that was one thing that made me relax in a sense because we all had accents. We had our own.” In Rwanda, he and Ambassador de la Boissière would rotate three days a week in each other’s Embassy to speak English for half an hour and French for

(Continued on page 43)

(From Acadie to Kigali continued from page 42)

another half hour, correcting each other.

Ambassador Cyr's advice to young Madawaskans was to encourage them to know more about their heritage and to make every effort to retain their French language. As Franco-Americans, they simply cannot afford to let bilingualism slip out of their grasp. It is more than a part of their heritage; indeed, it can pave the road to greater self-esteem. It is an invaluable resource that produces wealth, both economic and cultural; and it is indispensable to making a decent living. The U.S. has many uses for a ready-made bank of French-English speakers. Obviously, therefore, the community must address itself to ways and means of reversing the declining use of French. French must be taught along with English in the public school system of the community. This won't just happen. Work will be needed to bring it about. It is an urgent task for the present generation.

Former U. S. Ambassador, Leo G. Cyr, passed away on July 27, 2003, at the age of 93 in Sterling, VA, survived by his wife, Katherine, to whom he had been married for 62 years; a son, Leo M. Cyr; two daughters, Kitty Godlewski and Nancy Keplinger; four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Daughter Nancy recalled how, conscious of languages, he had taught her son, Richard, to sing "Twinkle, twinkle little star" in latin.

An offspring of the Valley, Leo Cyr had spent a great deal of time in Washington and in Africa, but had never forgotten his roots. "I have always cherished the memory of the great State of Maine, my birthplace and the refuge of our Acadian ancestors. I shall never forget the sound of Aroostook's dry December snow crunching under the weight of winter boots, the spectacle of northern lights playing in its January heaven, the smell of its wet snow melting in April, or the great intensity of its rumbling thunder and crackling lightning on a hot July day."

Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso was born and brought up in St. Agatha, Maine, and now lives in New Jersey. A retired professor of French who has been published in French and English, she can be reached at jline59@earthlink.net.




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Life Comes-Life Goes

First breath taken signifies "life",
Time ticks, days, weeks and months pass,
years seem to linger when one's young.
Then after the "teen-years", humans
quickly search high and low to full-
fill their goals, "what's ahead for me?",
"what should I do, which way is best for my future?"

Life Comes-Life Goes
Some succeed, others stay idle
and dream of an easy solution of life's trials, enjoying fun and partying
the pleasure-path is wide and inviting,
much easier to follow. While the narrow road
means hard work, long tedious hours, tiresome boring days
but builds moral strength and character

Life Comes-Life Goes
After a while the sinking quick-sand is pulling on you,
sucking you in a bottomless pit.
Although you grab for help, no one's around,
"Where's everybody?" "Where are my friends?"
Nobody is there to help.

Life Comes-Life Goes
But there's a safety-net, yes, someone can and will save you, GOD.
Yes, He's stronger than your weaknesses, your pain and your
sickness, because GOD is there to help you.
"Ohhh, I see a tall figure walking towards me, approaching
with an extended hand, a bright light surrounding HIM with a "smile"
that means LOVE & TRUST

My BEST FRIEND is coming to help me, to save me from drowning.
My LORD JESUS loves and cares for my security and my salvation.

Take my hand and come with me...

by a heart broken Mémère
Nov. 18, 2006





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xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx also below..... xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Joël A. Morneault --- at the Piano [One Hour] ONLY PIANO for Disc # 6.

DISC # 6 - For Lise - (2005) 01-I'm In The Mood For Love -- 02-For All We Know -- 03-Smile -- 04-Autumn Leaves -- 05-You're My Everything -- 06-Embraceable You -- 07-The Nearness Of You -- 08-Misty -- 09-The Very Thought Of You -- 10-Days Of Wine And Roses -- 11-Moonglow -- 12-Crazy -- 13-Star Dust -- 14-I'm Getting Sentimental Over You -- 15-Dream A Little Dream Of Me -- 16-Try A Little Tenderness -- 17-Unforgettable -- 18-Till There Was You -- 19-I'll Be Seeing You. = One Hour.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx also below..... xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

DISC # 5 - Dolly - (2004) 01-Dolly (Hello) -- 02-Rose-Marie -- 03-Diane -- 04-Dinah -- 05-Rosalie -- 06-Maria Elena -- 07-Margie -- 08-Lilli Marlene -- 09-Peg (O' My Heart) -- 10-Mexicali Rose -- 11-Mona Lisa -- 12-Cecilia -- 13- Louise -- 14-Coquette -- 15-Laura -- 16- Peggy O'Neil -- 17-Tangerine -- 18-Ida -- 19-Charmaine -- 20-Mame -- 21-Monica -- 22-Marie. = One Hour.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx also below..... xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

DISC # 4 - Silver and Gold - (2003) 01-When You're Smiling -- 02-Singing In The Rain -- 03-The Girl From Ipanema -- 04-We'll Meet Again -- 05-Tennessee Waltz -- 06-Blue Skies -- 07-Moonlight Serenade -- 08-Lazy River -- 09-N'Oublie Jamais (French) -- 10-Close To You -- 11-Jingle, Jangle, Jingle -- 12-When Irish Eyes Are Smiling -- 13-At Last -- 14-September In The Rain -- 15-Le Bonhomme Et La Bonnefemme (French Reel) / The Old Man And The Old Woman -- 16- Sweet Georgia Brown -- 17-Twilight Time -- 18-It Happened In Monterey -- 19-Over The Waves / The Loveliest Night Of The Year -- 20-Chacun Garde Dans Son Coeur (French) / Have You Looked Into Your Heart? -- 21-What A Diff'rence A Day Made -- 22-Silver And Gold Two-Step. = One Hour.

(Continued on page 47)

«Et lorsque vous
serez triste, regardez
à nouveau dans votre
coeur et vous verrez
en vérité que vous
pleurez sur ce qui fut
vos délices.»

Khalil Gibran, Le Prophète

"When you are sor-
rowful look again
in your heart and
you shall see, that in
truth, you are weep-
ing for that which
has been your de-
light."

*Khalil Gibran, Le Prophète
soumis par Rita Roy-Drouin
Témiscaming, Québec*

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MUSIC MUSIQUE

Origins of popular

Christmas carol

Probably the most well-known Christmas carol, Silent Night was written and first performed on Christmas Eve at St. Nikolas Church in Oberndorf, Salzburg, Austria, in 1818.

According to legend, the church organ was broken and the town was snowbound.

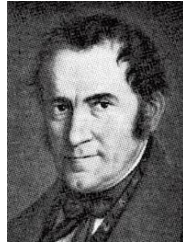
Church Vicar Joseph Mohr wrote the lyrics on the spot and handed them to organist Franz Gruber, who composed the original melody for two voices and choir with guitar accompaniment, just in time for midnight mass.

By 1955, Silent Night had become the most recorded song of all time.

Source: Indiana University.



Vicar Joseph Mohr



Franz Gruber

Les origines d'un chant de Noël préféré

Ô nuit de paix, le chant de Noël probablement le plus connu, a été écrit et chanté pour la première fois la veille de Noël en 1818 dans l'église St. Nikolas à Oberndorf, Salzburg en Autriche.

Selon la légende, l'orgue de l'église était brisée et la ville était enfouie sous la neige.

Le vicaire Joseph Mohr a écrit les paroles séance tenante et les a remises à l'organiste Franz Gruber, qui a composé la mélodie originale pour deux voix et une chorale avec un accompagnement à la guitare, juste à temps pour la messe de minuit.

En 1955, Ô nuit de paix était devenue la chanson la plus enregistrée de tous les temps.

Source: Indiana University.

submitted/soumis by/par
Rita Roy-Drouin
Témiscaming, Québec

LUCIE THERRIEN RELEASES TWO DVDs

Lucie Therrien is simultaneously releasing two DVDs "Carnavals, Fêtes & Festivals Francophones" and "Les Peuples Français en Amérique," formerly videos.

Both DVDs have the same format: vignettes containing French traditional songs separated by English anecdotes, relating the history and traditions associated with each vignette. They are both entertaining and educational. "My videos and DVD's are viewed in many homes, bringing back cherished memories, as well as in schools and libraries across the country," says Therrien. The two films have national distribution with thousands of copies sold to date.

DVD 1: "Carnavals, Fêtes et Festivals Francophones" is a year-round celebration, beginning with Mardi Gras in February and winding up with the French traditional Holidays from December to January 8th. The visuals are an eclectic collection of international footage, music and history, from countries with French cultures. The DVD covers 16 major feasts and orchestrated TRADITIONAL songs for over 52 min.

DVD 2: "Les Peuples Français en Amérique" - The History & Music of the French-Canadians, Acadians, Franco-Americans and Cajuns. The delightful and captivating visuals filmed in Quebec, Louisiana and France, with music and history from these countries, as well as other parts of the US and Canada, are period re-enactments of gems of history.

The DVD contains 12 orchestrated TRADITIONAL songs and vignettes, for over 53 min.

As always, Therrien sensitizes her audience to the ethnic differences in the various French cultures of America. "When a culture is transplanted to a new environment and climate, with new neighbors and influences, a new ethnic shade is added to the palette!" comments Therrien. As in her past videos, now being launched on DVD, Therrien directs, films, edits, scripts, produces, appears and sings on the DVDs, along with many other participants.

Lucie Therrien has published 2 DVDs, four videos, thirteen recordings, two researches, and a songbook; all are distributed nationally and internationally. Therrien frequently performs nationally and abroad, and has appeared in France, Quebec, Vietnam, Martinique, North Africa, and Cuba. She, along with colleagues, represented N.H. at the Smithsonian festival in Wash. D.C. in 1999. Therrien is included in the "Who's who in International Music." In 1993, she received nominations for both the Folk Heritage Fellowship of the National Endowment of the Arts, and the NH Governor's Arts Awards. She has been the recipient of four Traditional Arts awards from the NH Council on the Arts, the latest being in 2005. Her media interviews are archived at the New Hampshire State Library. Lucie Therrien maintains a studio in Portsmouth, where she teaches piano, guitar, voice, French conversation and French folk singing.

A companion 25-page booklet with lyrics, projects, dances, recipes and cultural discussions, helps to study the music, history, geography and heritage simultaneously; something Therrien is often called upon to do when giving conferences in universities, schools, historical societies, artist-in-residencies, as well as teacher and student workshops. Grants are available for performances and conferences in New Hampshire, through the state agencies.

To order the all-color DVDs or Videos (lyrics included) Carnavals, Fêtes et Festivals Francophones, or "Les Peuples Français en Amérique," go to her Website to order online: www.LucieT.com, or send \$29.95 plus shipping \$5.00 for one item, or \$6.95 shipping for two items.

The 25-page study-guide booklet is \$9.95. (no charge for shipping if ordered with the DVD or video), add \$3.95 shipping if ordered separately. Make all checks payable to French American Music Ent., P.O. Box 4721, Portsmouth, NH 03802.

MUSIC MUSIQUE

(The Latest by Joël Morneauult continued from page 12)

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx also below..... xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Joël A. Morneauult --- at the Piano [One Hour] ONLY PIANO! for Disc # 3.

DISC # 3 - Piano Medley - (2003) (No other instruments, such as Violins, Guitars, Drums) 01-Facination -- 02-Melancholy Baby -- 03-As Time Goes By -- 04-The Dawn -- 05-I'll Get By -- 06-Whispering -- 07-O Danny Boy -- 08-The Norwegian -- 09-Tenderly -- 10-Don't Take Your Love From Me -- 11-I Only Have Eyes For You -- 12-I Don't Want To Walk Without You -- 13-Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime -- 14-Scenes From The Finland Woods -- 15-So What's New? -- 16-I'll Never Smile Again -- 17-Blue Moon -- 18-Red Roses For A Blue Lady -- 19-San Francisco -- 20-To Love Again -- 21-If I Could Be With You -- 22-Laura -- 23 -- You Were Meant For Me. = One Hour.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx also below..... xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

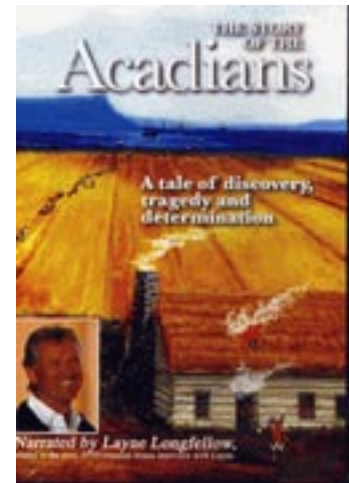
DISC # 2 - Christmas - (2002) 01-Here Comes Santa Claus -- 02-It's Beginning To Look Like Christmas -- 03-Jingle-Bell Rock -- 04-Silver Bells -- 05-Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer -- 06-Christmas Medley = The First Noël- Angels We Have Heard On High-O Come All Ye Faithful -- 07-Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas -- 08-White Christmas -- 09-Joy To The World -- 10-I'll Be Home For Christmas -- 11-Winter Wonderland -- 12-I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus -- 13-Frosty The Snow Man -- 14-Auld Lang Syne -- 15-Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town -- 16-Rockin' Around The Christmas Tree 17-Let It Snow, Let It Snow -- 18-Blue Christmas -- 19-Jingle Bells -- 20-I'll Be Home For Christmas -- 21-The Christmas Song -- 22-O Holy Night. = One Hour.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx also below..... xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

DISC # 1 - English & French - (2002) 01-You're Nobody -- 02-C'est Magnifique -- 03-White River Stomp -- 04-La Mer / Beyond The Sea -- 05-It Had To Be You -- 06-J'attendrai -- 07-Deep Purple -- 08-Que Reste-t-il de nos amours? / I Wish You Love -- 09-Avalon -- 10-La Vie En Rose /You're Too Dangerous, Chérie -- 11-Old Jig -- 12-C'est Si Bon -- 13-Release Me -- 14-Joël's Boston Fancy -- 15-Sur La Plage Tous Les Deux -- 16-Five Foot Two -- 17-Et Maintenant /What Now My Love -- 18-Down Yonder -- 19-Les Yeux Fermés /I'll Close My Eyes -- 20-Two Step (Medley) -- 21-Chanson D'Amour / Song Of Love -- 22-Bye Bye Blues. = One Hour.

About Joël: Joël Morneauult originates from Madawaska, ME. His early studies were in the St. John Valley. He attended the Sacred Heart University in Bathurst, New Brunswick. This was followed by the Boston Conservatory of Music where he graduated with a Bachelors Degree in Music Education. His teaching career, for 31 years, was in the public schools as a Band and Choral Director. He taught in Bucksport, ME, Edmundston, N.-B., Falmouth, and Fort Kent, ME. He now resides in Bangor with his wife Lise.

To place an order contact:
Joël Morneauult
812 State Street, Apt. #2
Bangor, ME 04401-5636
Phone: (207) 947-JOËL (5635)
E-Mail: morneauult31@wmconnect.com



The Story of the Acadians Narrated by Layne Longfellow

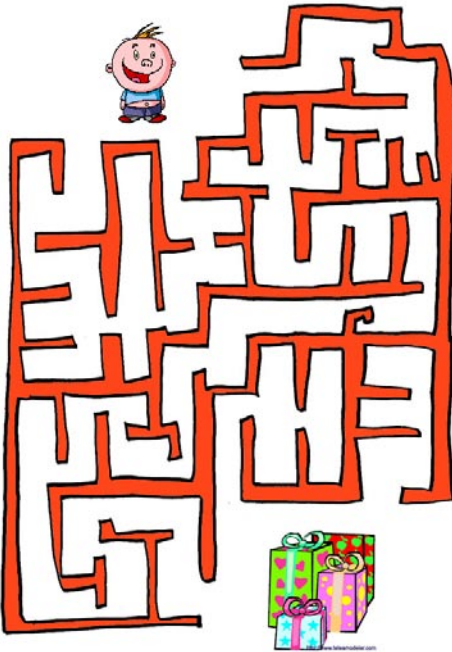
The Story of the Acadians begins with the arrival of the French at Isle St. Croix off the coast of Maine in 1604. Learn how the first French settlers brought with them pre-fabricated homes, hear about their strong relations with the native people, and witness the intricate system of dykes they introduced into North America. Most of all, learn how the French became Acadians with a culture of their own - of family values, of hard work and of determination never to be destroyed despite numerous attacks by the British, which culminated in their Deportation from Nova Scotia. Narrated by Layne Longfellow, whose relative Henry Wadsworth Longfellow immortalized the story of the Acadians in his poetry. Available in DVD.

Contact Brenda Jepson
by e-mail at
abjepson@nci3.net for
more information.

Colorier le bonhomme de neige



Aide l'enfant à trouver ses cadeaux de Noël



Christmas Party Game

Pin The Nose on the Reindeer

Holiday variation of Pin the tail on the Donkey. Create a picture of a reindeer's head. You can draw it or use construction paper, make sure you draw an outline for the nose, but don't complete it. You'll want the picture to go on a wall or flat surface. You'll also need to make noses to be placed on the picture. Red or black work great, or use different colors for each child so you can tell who placed which one where or just number the noses.

To play: Each child will be given a nose, you can use tape on one side of the nose so it sticks to the board. Blindfold the who's turn it is and spin them around 3-5 times, (so there a little dizzy) now point them in the direction of the reindeer (2-3 feet in front of it) and tell them to walk forward and place the nose on the reindeer. The one closest to the actual reindeer noses wins!



How to Play:

At the top of each game is a grid with two rows of letters. All of the letters of the alphabet are set out in the first row of the Secret Decoder. The second row of letters is the key. Use the key to unscramble the Christmas words.

An example of one decoder key might be:

- e=t
- o=r
- h=e
- b=a
- e=t

The word unscrambled would be "treat."

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z
q	y	t	g	o	d	w	a	l	j	v	i	z	u	b	f	r	n	p	e	k	m	h	x	c	s

1. taqnlec _____	11. taopeukep _____
2. hbnvpabf _____	12. enoo _____
3. nkgbifa _____	13. tqugiop _____
4. uketnqtvon _____	14. pubhdiqvo _____
5. oimop _____	15. jbiic _____
6. toioynqeo _____	16. ebcpc _____
7. fnopoueap _____	17. zlpeioebo _____
8. zonncc _____	18. nolugoon _____
9. piolwa _____	19. llttio _____
10. pqueq _____	20. tanlpezqp _____



Word List

Christmas
candles
celebrate
charity
chestnuts
icicle

jolly
merry
mistletoe
nutcracker
presents
reindeer
Rudolph

Santa
sleigh
snowflake
toys
tree
workshop
elves

Coin des jeunes...

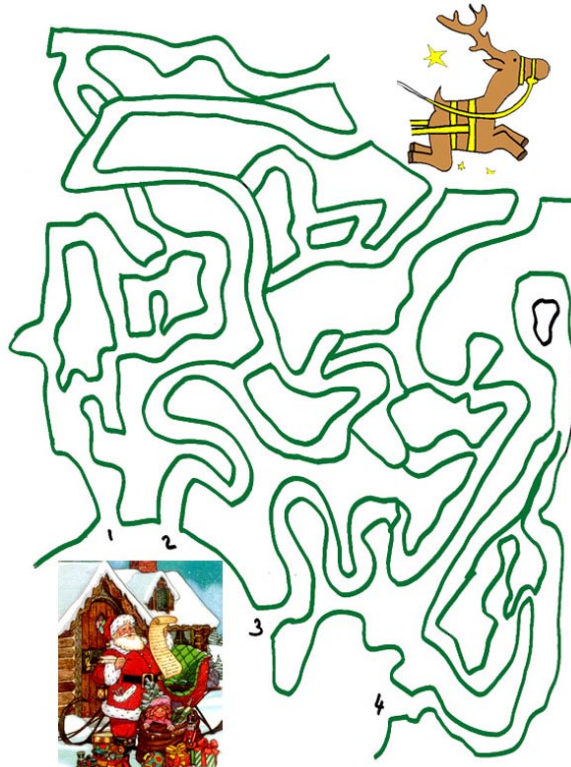
D'où viens-tu Papa Noël?

Jusqu'à la Seconde Guerre Mondiale, on fêtait Saint Nicolas le 6 décembre et la naissance de Jésus le 25 décembre. Saint Nicolas, dont de nombreux miracles lui seraient attribués, était vêtu de rouge et voyageait à dos d'âne.

La Fête de Saint Nicolas, très largement fêtée dans les pays Nordiques, a donné son nom à Santa Claus aux États-Unis lorsque les nordiques ont émigré aux USA.

Plusieurs écrivains ont contribué à l'apparition du Père Noël: un écrivain parlait de lutins et de distribution des cadeaux par la cheminée, un autre revêtit Santa Claus en rouge et blanc, un autre racontait que sa manufacture de jouets était située au Pôle Nord, dans la neige, le vent et le froid!

Mais le Père Noël est véritablement né en 1931 avec Coca-Cola! C'est Coca-Cola qui a habillé le Père Noël tel que nous le connaissons aujourd'hui: il reprenait des forces en buvant cette fameuse boisson lors de sa distribution de cadeaux!



Aide le Père Noël à trouver le chemin qui le conduit à son renne



The Origin of Santa Claus

Up until the Second World War, we celebrated Saint Nicholas on December 6th and the birth of Jesus on December 25th. Saint Nicholas, to whom numerous miracles have been attributed, was dressed in red and traveled on a donkey.

The feast of Saint Nicholas, very greatly celebrated in the Nordic countries, gave Santa Claus his name when they immigrated to the U.S.A.

Many writers are responsible for the birth of Santa Claus; one writer talked about elves and the distribution of gifts down the chimney, another writer dressed Santa Claus in red and white, another said his making of gifts was carried on at the North Pole in the snow, the wind and the cold!

But Santa Claus was really born in 1931 with the Coca Cola Company! It's Coca-Cola who dressed Santa as we know him today: he replenished his energies by drinking the famous Cola while handing out gifts!



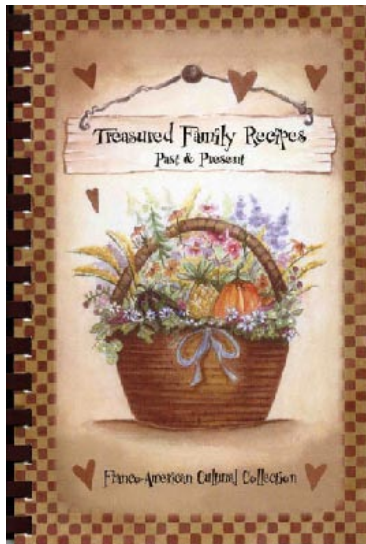
Les mots de l'Avent

D	E	C	E	M	B	R	E	
A	T	F	E	U	L	S	B	R
V	I	C	A	E	S	N	O	E
E	U	L	O	E	R	O	U	I
N	N	N	N	E	U	T	G	M
T	N	A	D	R	O	N	I	U
H	I	V	E	R	J	A	E	L
E	H	C	E	R	C	S	S	I
E	R	N	I	C	O	L	A	S

- âne
- feu
- noël
- nuit
- avent
- hiver
- jours
- crèche
- bougies
- nicolas
- santons
- lumière
- décembre

Retrouve tous les mots de la liste dans la grille. Attention ils peuvent être dans tous les sens. Avec les lettres restantes trouve le mot caché: "il est utile pendant l'avent!"

Recipes/ Recettes



Treasured Family Recipe Cookbook Past & Present

The Treasured Family Recipe Cookbook has been a labor of love for me. As a young girl, I discovered the pleasures of cooking for others. I was raised in a family of nine children in which, for the last 7 or 8 years of my stay home, both parents were working. I began observing my mother as she prepared the family meals. Every once

in a while, I would surprise my parents and siblings and I would make an attempt at a meal and much to my surprise, I succeeded. I was happy to have helped out my parents and every time I had compliments on what I had prepared, it gave me incentive to try another recipe. As the years went by my recipe box grew and grew. Every time my sons or daughter would say, "Mom this is so good," the recipe would automatically be saved along with my other recipes. My grandmothers on both my father and mother's side were wonderful cooks who between the two of them had a diversity of gourmet and country recipes with backgrounds of both French Canadian and St. John valley Acadians of Northern Maine. So you see, the love of cooking was handed down.

Now, many years down the road, my brothers, sisters and my children, occasionally call for a recipe. Sharing these has been my biggest compliment and my greatest pleasure. Over the years I have always wanted to put together a cookbook of all my grandmothers', mother's, and my recipes along with those acquired from good

friends and acquaintances, to be handed down to my children and grandchildren to share with friends and family. It is important to preserve these recipes. They are part of our heritage. They are treasures that must be kept alive. And so this is why I decided to put them in a book and preserve them for future generations.

The recipes preserved in this book are all tried and true and I want to thank everyone, especially my family, who contributed and helped make this cookbook whole. I hope one day some of these recipes will be a treasured family favorite of yours.

*Portions of the sales of this cookbook are being donated to the Edgar J. Paradis Cancer Fund. If you wish to make personal donations to the Cancer Fund, you may contact them at: Edgar J. Paradis Cancer Fund, Northern Maine Medical Center, 194 E. Main St., Fort Kent, ME 04743.

To purchase a Cookbook:
Theresa Charette
410 Winter Street A/101
Madawaska, ME
04756-1624

Evangeline's Holiday Meatballs

(Taken from the Treasured Family Recipe book)

Meatballs

- 2 lb. lean ground beef
- 1 c. regular or Italian bread crumbs
- 2 eggs
- 6 tsp. soy sauce (low sodium if you like)
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/2 c. ketchup
- 2 T. minced onion or onion powder

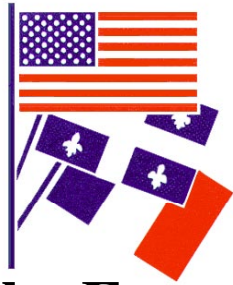
Sauce

- 1 can jellied cranberry sauce
- 2 T. brown sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. lemon juice

Mix meatball ingredients and shape into small meatballs (about 1 inch each). Place them in a 9 x 13 inch pan. Prepare sauce ingredients and pour over meatballs. Bake at 350° oven for 45 minutes to 1 hour.



(N.D.L.R. This is the fourth installment of the Paquette family genealogy.)



The French Connection

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

Les Familles Lagacé

Welcome to the seventeenth year of my column. Numerous families have since been published. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as the one below are never complete. However, it does provide you with my most recent and complete file of marriages tied to the original French ancestor. How to use the family listings: The left-hand column lists the first name (and middle name or initial, if any) of the direct descendants of the

ancestor identified as number 1 (or A, in some cases). The next column gives the date of marriage, then the spouse (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same number in the right-most column above. For example, if it's #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with the rare exception of small letters, e.g., "13a." If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere apologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible.

Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

LAGACÉ

(Lagassé & Lagassey)

André Mignier [dit Lagacé], born 1640 in France, died 1727 in PQ, son of Michel Mignier and Catherine Masson from the town of St.Martin-de-Ré, Ile de Ré, department of Charente-Maritime, ancient province of Aunis, married on 23 October 1668 in Québec city to "Fille-du-Roi" Jacqueline Michel, born 1630 in France, died 1710 in PQ, widow of Jean-Baptiste Grondin and daughter of Jacques Michel and Jeanne Dupont from the parish of Ste.Catherine, village of la Flotte on the Ile de Ré. St.Martin-de-Ré is 8 miles west-northwest of the city of La Rochelle and la Flotte 7 miles west-northwest of La Rochelle.



A	Michel	before	1640	Catherine Masson	France	1
1	André	23 Oct	1668	Jacquette Michel	Québec city(ND)	2
2	André	1m. 10 Nov	1693	Charlotte Pelletier	Rivière-Ouelle	
	"	2m. 31 May	1701	Françoise Ouellet	Rivière-Ouelle	3
	Michel	1m. 28 Jul	1705	Angélique Thibault	Cap St.Ignace	4
	"	2m. 06 Aug	1736	M.-Louise Lafrance	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	
3	Bernard	05 Oct	1739	Josette Dubé	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	7
4	Michel	09 Jan	1736	Marguerite Pelletier	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	8
	Joseph	1m. 29 Aug	1740	Geneviève Caron	Islet	
	"	2m. 19 Nov	1750	M.-Anne Ouellet	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	10
7	Jean-Bernard	18 Nov	1771	Madeleine Ouellet	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	15
	"	2m. 31 Mar	1788	Elisabeth Dubé	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	
8	Joseph	09 Jan	1769	Catherine Bérubé	Rivière-Ouelle	18
	Basile	1m. 14 Jan	1772	Madeleine Leclerc-Franc.	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	19
	"	2m. 11 Oct	1779	Catherine Dubé	Rivière-Ouelle	20
	François	1m. 14 Jan	1772	Angélique Leclerc	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	21
				[dit Francouer]		
	"	2m. 06 Aug	1787	Marguerite Morin	Kamouraska	

(Continued on page 52)

LAGACÉ

10 François	10 Feb	1777	Catherine Deschamps	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	24
Jean-Clément	12 Nov	1781	M.-Anne Grondin	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	25
Pierre	07 May	1792	Gertrude Ouellet	St.Roch-Aulnaïes 29	
Jean-Baptiste	01 Aug	1792	M.-Anne Corbin-Lacroix	Kamouraska	30
Lambert 1m.	27 Nov	1786	Monique-Jud. Marcereau	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	31
“ 2m.	25 Jul	1835	Angélique Rousseau	Kamouraska	
Germain	13 Feb	1787	Josette Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	32
15 Joseph	03 Aug	1807	Victoire Bossé	St.André, Kam.	36
18 Benjamin 1m.	21 Oct	1805	Charlotte Ouellet	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	40
“ 2m.	11 Feb	1817	Émilienne Gagnon	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	
19 Joseph	13 Jul	1795	Josette Pelletier	St.André, Kam.	41
20 François	07 Oct	1811	Reine Pelletier	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	42
21 François	28 Oct	1799	Angélique Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	43
Michel	01 Mar	1802	M.-Rose Michaud	Kamouraska	44
Joseph 1m.	24 Jul	1809	Modeste Pelletier	Kamouraska	45
“ 2m.	12 Feb	1816	Léocadie Dionne	Kamouraska	46
24 Augustin	25 Jan	1802	Thècle Michaud	St.André, Kam.	47
25 Hilaire	02 Oct	1826	Scholastique Ouellet	St.André, Kam.	48
29 Honoré-O.	28 Jan	1828	Lucie Boucher	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	51
30 Éloi	10 Jan	1826	M.-Lucienne Chassé	St.Basile, NB	30A
31 Pierre	05 Nov	1821	Josette Ouellet	Kamouraska	

LAGACÉ

32 Clément 1m.	03 Nov	1835	Angélique Ouellet	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	
“ 2m.	08 Jul	1838	Théotiste Marquis	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	54
36 Sifroid	08 Apr	1839	Virginie Bérubé	St.André, Kam.	36A
40 Benjamin	02 Feb	1835	Justine Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	64
41 Germain	04 Nov	1823	Marie Leclerc	St.Basile, NB	41A
42 Julien	19 Nov	1833	M.-Victoire Gagné	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	66
François 1m.	03 Oct	1843	Julienne Dufour	St.Basile, NB	67
“ 2m.	23 Sep	1861	Lucie Bérubé	St.Basile, NB	42A
43 Pierre 1m.	11 Feb	1850	Henriette Pelletier	St.Pascal, Kam.	43A
“ 2m.	31 Jan	1882	Emilie Plourde	St.Denis, Kam.	
44 Michel	29 Jan	1822	M.-Rose Bouchard	Kamouraska	70
45 Joseph	12 Jan	1857	Philomène Milliard	Isle-Verte, R.-Lp.	45A
46 Edouard	05 Feb	1850	M.-Desanges Bérubé	Trois-Pistoles	72
47 François	28 Apr	1829	Lucie Lebel	St.André, Kam.	74
Jean 1m.	17 Sep	1830	M.-Rosalie Beaulieu	St.Basile, NB	75
“ 2m.	01 Feb	1853	Salomé Beaulieu	St.Basile, NB	47A
Jacques	15 Sep	1835	Stéphanie Boucher	St.André, Kam.	47B
48 Michel 1m.	22 Nov	1853	M.-Métholdée Castonguay	Cacouna	
“ 2m.	03 Nov	1863	Virginie Dickner	St.Arsène, R.-Lp.	77
51 Jean-Bte.-H.	08 Feb	1864	Henriette Moreau	Ste.Hélène, Kam.	85
54 Adolphe	02 Aug	1886	Virginie Lebel	St.Honoré, Témis.	54A
64 Benjamin	15 Oct	1866	Césarée Dionne	St.Pacôme, Kam.	64A
66 Firmin	23 Sep	1861	Henriette Bérubé	St.Basile, NB	66A
Julien 1m.	04 Oct	1862	Justine Dionne	St.Basile, NB	66B
“ 2m.	12 Nov	1887	Clarisse Lagacé (#42A)	St.David, Me.	
François	21 Feb	1871	Vénérande Dionne	Grand Isle	66C
Georges 1m.	21 Nov	1871	Délina Bérubé	Grand Isle	
“ 2m.	17 Jun	1895	Léanne “Léa” Bellefleur	St.David, Me.	
“ 3m.	26 Apr	1921	(da. of Xavier & Ozithé Thibodeau per d. record)		
			Vénérande Hébert	Madawaska	

(Continued on page 53)

LAGACÉ

Joseph 1m.	14 Nov	1881	Marie Levesque	Frenchville	66D
“ 2m.	08 Apr	1902	Marie Michaud	Frenchville	66E
67 Onésime	10 Jan	1865	Clarisse Bérubé	St.Basile, NB	67A
70 Michel	09 Sep	1862	Julie Roy	St.Pascal, Kam.	70A
72 Joseph	03 Jul	1895	Rose-Anna Ouellet	Trois-Pistoles	72A
74 Grégoire	10 Jan	1859	Hermine Bérubé	St.Alexandre	91/74A
75 Hilaire	30 Sep	1851	Mathilde Michaud	St.Basile, NB	75A
Isidore !	03 Mar	1862	Desanges Beaulieu	St.Alexandre, Kam.	75B
77 Omer	28 Jul	1903	Céline “Alma” Bujold	Carleton, PQ	77A
85 Jean-Bte.-H.	29 Feb	1892	Vitaline L’Italien	Ste.Hélène, Kam.	85A
91 François	21 Feb	1887	Élise Bernier	St.Éleuthère	91A

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

30ADocithé	24 Jun	1851	Elisabeth Fraser	Frenchville	30B
David	12 Jan	1863	Césarie Michaud	Frenchville	30C
Éloi	21 Jul	1863	M.-Modeste Marquis	Frenchville	30D
Joseph 1m.	03 Sep	1867	Sophie Desrosiers	Frenchville	30E
“ 2m.	10 May	1869	Victoire Desrosiers	Frenchville	30F
Elzéar	12 Apr	1869	Elisabeth Desrosiers	Frenchville	

LAGACÉ

30BWilliam	07 Jan	1878	Maxite Dufour	Frenchville	
Joséphine	01 Nov	1886	Paul Albert	Frenchville	
Maxime-D.	29 Apr	1895	Ozithée Marquis	St.Agathe, Me.	
Pierre	02 Aug	1896	Victoire Michaud	St.Agathe, Me.	30G
Jean-Baptiste	31 Mar	1913	Annie-T. Violette	Lewiston(SPP)	
Joseph	05 Jun	1923	Henriette Dubois	Ste.Anne, Madaw., NB	
30CDamase	12 Jun	1894	Edith Daigle	Ft.Kent	
William	26 Apr	1898	Ozithée Caron	Frenchville	
30DAnnie	14 Feb	1897	Louis Saucier	Frenchville	
(b. 9-12-1878 Frenchville-d. 5-11-1921 Ft.Kent)					
Joseph	02 Jan	1912	Edwidge Bourgoïn	Frenchville (to Augusta)	
30EGeorges-E.	26 Jun	1891	Amanda Ouellette	St.Agathe, Me.	30H
30FÉloi	27 Oct	1897	Euphémie Hébert	St.Agathe, Me.	30J
Maxime-J.	07 May	1900	Clarisse Lizotte	St.Agathe, Me.	
Paul-J.	05 May	1902	Alice-Rosalie Hébert	St.Agathe, Me.	30K
George	20 May	1918	Lena Thibodeau	Millinocket	
Elizabeth	04 Nov	1925	Joseph MacDonald	Madison(St.Seb.)	
30GElisabeth-Lse.	20 Jun	1923	Albert-Frs. Thibodeau	Skowhegan(OLL)	
Victor	18 Jun	1924	Bl.-Yvonne Violette	Skowhegan(OLL)	
Agathe-Hélène	25 Nov	1929	Joseph-M. Poulin	Skowhegan(OLL)	
Cécile-Hilda	26 Dec	1932	Rosaire-J. Caouette	Skowhegan(OLL)	
M.-Alice-Ella	03 Jul	1933	Edouard-J. Dugas	Skowhegan(OLL)	
30HErnest	17 Sep	1917	Agnès Daigle	St.Francis, Me.	
30JElvine	31 Aug	1933	Amédée Caron	Madison(St.Seb.)	
30KArmand-J.	05 Jul	1927	Evelyn-May Lambert	Skowhegan(OLL)	30L
Léona-Cécile	28 Jul	1928	Michel-Frs. Breton	Skowhegan(OLL)	
M.-Béatrice	03 Jun	1929	Adolphe-Arthur Fluet	Skowhegan(OLL)	
M.-Oliva	18 Apr	1932	Lionel-Henri Michaud	Skowhegan(OLL)	
Joseph-John	03 Aug	1940	Mildred-May Breton	Skowhegan(OLL)	30M
Albert-Henry	06 Jul	1957	Pauline-M. Barriault	Skowhegan(OLL)	30N

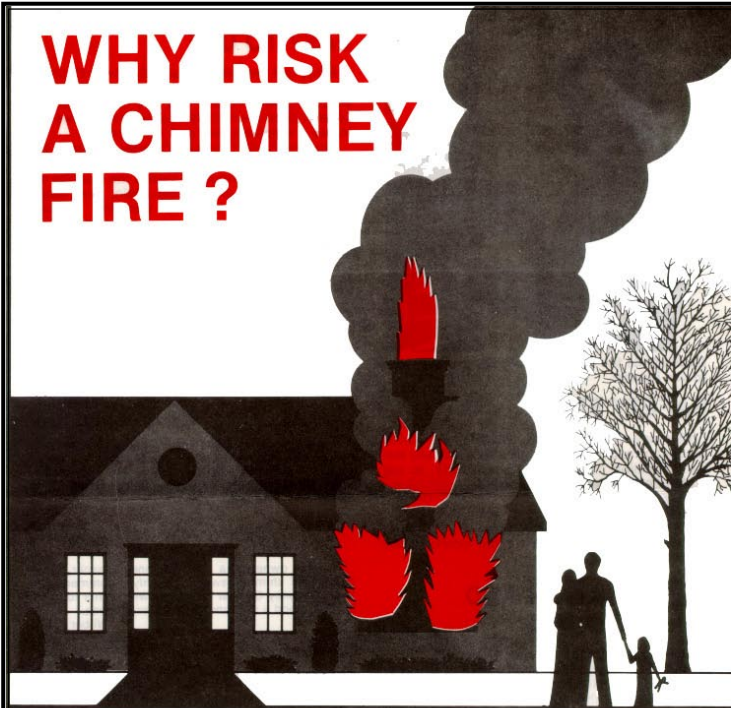
(See the next issue for more on the Lagacé family)



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L'esprit de Noël

L'esprit de Noël nous rappelle que nous sommes tous vivants ensemble sur la même planète, tous participants de la même vie. Cet esprit de Noël nous rappelle que quelque chose de plus grand que nous nous enveloppe. Peu importe que l'on croie en Dieu ou non, il faut reconnaître que la vie est plus grande que nous, que les enfants nous survivent et avec eux l'espérance. Et c'est ça Noël: un grand souffle d'espérance.

Pour préserver cet esprit, beaucoup de familles perpétuent des traditions ou des rituels de Noël. Ce sont eux qui récréent la magie instantanément 30 ans plus tard, quand on voit ses enfants tracer à leur tour de petites étoiles en pâte de sel...

Source:
Le petit Paradis

The Spirit of Christmas

The spirit of Christmas reminds us that we all live together on the same planet, all part of the same life. This Christmas spirit reminds us that there is something bigger than us that surrounds us. Whether we believe in God or not, we must recognize that life is bigger than us, that our children outlive us, and with them there is hope. And that's Christmas: a big breath of hope.

To conserve this spirit, lots of families follow through with Christmas traditions and rituals. They are the ones who recreate the instant magic thirty years later, when we see these children in their turn cut out small stars.

Source:
Le petit Paradis

Submitted/Soumis par

Rita Roy-Drouin
Témiscaming, Québec



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One way to support Le FORUM while at the same time reserving life income is the establishment of a charitable gift annuity with the Franco-American Centre Le FORUM Fund at the University of Maine Foundation. Call 1-800-982-8503.

**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



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