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Le FORUM



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

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“Photo by Annette Paradis King”

New Website: francoamericanarchives.org

another pertinent website to check out -

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 et Naomi,

*This issue of Le Forum is dedicated in loving memory to Irène Simoneau.
Ce numéro du "Forum" est dédié à la douce mémoire de Irène Simoneau, voir page 3...*

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In memoriam...

Circa. FAROG 2009

**Irene M. Simoneau**

BREWER - Irene Simoneau, 69, died Jan. 23, 2010, at a Bangor health care facility. She was born Feb. 11, 1940, in Boston, the daughter of Edward J. Simano and Theresa B. (Pratt) Simano Andreoli. She was raised in Lowell, Mass., where she lived in the Little Canada section of the city. She graduated from the local schools and was valedictorian at St. Joseph High School for Girls, Class of 1961. Irene graduated cum laude in history at Lowell State College and pursued her education at the University of Virginia, receiving a master's degree in international relations in 1969. She then enrolled in the doctoral program in Canadian-American history at the University of Maine. Irene was a member of the Foster Grandparent program and had been elected to the school board in Northwood, N.H. She was most recently affiliated with Franco-American Center at the University of Maine. Irene was a longtime history and French language teacher at St. Joseph Regional High School and Lowell Catholic High School, Lowell, Mass. Surviving are two brothers and sisters-in-law, Robert and Sandra Simano, and Thomas and Debra Andreoli of Lowell, Mass.; two nephews, Thomas Andreoli and his wife, Nancy, and Michael Andreoli of Hudson, N.H.; and two nieces, Susan and Jennifer of Idaho. Also surviving are two beloved cats that brought her much joy. She was grateful to her dearest friends, Jessie Bidol and Lee White for their loving care and compassion. Funeral services will be held 4 p.m. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at St. John's Episcopal Church, 205 French St., Bangor, with the Rev. Marguerite A.H. Steadman, rector, officiating. A service of Brookings-Smith, Clark-Piper Chapel, Brewer.



Circa. FAROG 1974

**I'M FREE**

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free
I'm following the path God has chosen for me.
I took His hand when I heard him call;
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day,
To laugh, to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way;
I've now found peace at the end of day.

If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joys.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss;
Oh yes, these things, I too will miss.
Be not burdened with times of sorrow
Look for the sunshine of tomorrow.

My life's been full, I savored much;
Good friends, good times, a loved ones touch.
Perhaps my time seems all to brief;
Don't lengthen your pain with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and peace to thee,
God wanted me now-He set me free



(N.D.L.R.: Irene Simoneau began writing for *Le Forum* in the early 1970's. Here are some of her early writings).

ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION AND OUR ENDANGERED SPECIES: THE FRANCO- AMERICAN CASE

Le F.A.R.O.G. FORUM, Wednesday, September 18, 1974

Circa. FAROG 1974



In 1940, 16.3% of Maine's population used French as their mother-tongues. In 1970, this percentage has declined to 14.2%. In 1940, Franco-Americans spoke reasonably fluent French, or English with an accent. They and their children attended Church-sponsored bilingual schools where French was taught for half a day. They returned home at the end of a hard day's work to read a French newspaper. At night, the older members of the group attended the meetings of a French club or society of their choice. They enrolled in a French national society which took care of their insurance needs. They still remembered some of the old songs and sang them in their schools or festivals. And they frequently traveled to Canada where they naturally and unembarrassingly communicated with their French relatives.

Today, the average Franco-American speaks a halting French with a noticeable English accent if she/he speaks it at all. Only one Franco-American newspaper in all of New England survives and it certainly cannot be said that it serves the needs of the younger generation. The Church, the longer preserver of the French language, now serves exclusive religious needs. Parochial schools have been closed. Bilingual programs are rare, except for the fledgling St. John Valley model. The national societies rarely attract the young. Ethnic festivities are almost non-existent. And many Franco-Americans who still claim the use of their French mother tongue report embarrassment and insecurity in the use of their language when confronted with a fluent speaker from Quebec for instance.

With a non-supportive and often hostile climate that undermines language maintenance, with a culture reduced to

looking backward to its greatness, and with all of the traditional supports for cultural survival in disarray or badly languishing it is somewhat of a miracle that some vestiges of a once strong and vital culture are still left. But it is a matter of time before this species vanishes and it isn't all the Franco-American's problem.

Maine is blessed with innumerable natural resources. In many instances these resources have been placed under environmental protection regulations so that future generations can enjoy Maine's bounties as we do. But what of one of the greatest of our natural resources: our people? What of our Franco-Americans, our Indians, our other minority groups? Will Mainer's continue to neglect the plight of these minorities? All of these groups are in danger of being destroyed to make way for "progress" (i.e. assimilation). Yet, they too are part of the Maine heritage. Once their culture is gone, it cannot be resurrected except in a museum, like so many dinosaur bones.

The extinction of a people's culture is never a pleasant prospect. The "melting pot" experience is not only painful it is a shameful waste of our heritage. The Franco-Americans have had a strong tradition of survivance (survival) in the face of innumerable obstacles to their continuance as a people. But they have suffered the ravages of the "melting pot" and it shows only too well. The pot has been too hot, the flames too consuming. "There is a message which immigrants, other ethnicities and their children get – that ethnicity is foreignness, that both have no value, that they are things to forget, to give up." Our heritage melts before our eyes and still we cannot see the loss. A culture will die: its language, its customs, its songs its sense of the tragic and comic in life. Perhaps we'll find it again in the archives, perhaps not.

In Canada, the French population has some base of support to assure continuance. The French culture not only merely survives it flowers. French writers, poets, musicians, artists, entrepreneurs are given free reign to express the elements of their culture. Even Anglophones attempt to interpret the French

experience, many of them quite successfully. While the conditions of minority survival and expansion in Canada are by no means perfect there is at least room for a minority's growth and well-being. The French population of Canada, at least in recent times, has not been given permission to self-destruct.

The French population of Maine will self-destruct if nothing is done to encourage its growth. Franco-American youngsters cannot even read the contributions their fore-father and fore-mothers have made to Maine's history in their state's history textbooks. How can they know themselves? It goes without saying that non-Franco-American youngsters are also deprived of a significant part of their state's heritage. The Franco's dialect (a non-standard form of the French language) is derived instead of prized as a distinctive, colorful and beautiful art form and communication system. This dialect cannot be duplicated anywhere else, not even in Canada. It is distinctive to New England and Maine and is vanishing fast. Its preservation should be one of our top priorities. We have not come to the point of considering the Franco-American heritage as ours, not just theirs. This culture belongs to all of Maine's people and everyone should have a stake in preserving it or on one will. All Maine citizens should lay a proud claim the Franco-American culture and then pass "environmental protection" laws, if need be, to protect and defend it against distinction.

By "environmental protection" I mean just that: making the environment supportive and conducive to a culture's life. This can be done in several ways: instruction of bilingual education programs for Francos and non-Francos alike if they so choose; the training of bilingual teachers at the University level; encouragement of Franco and Francophile artists, writers, musicians, playwrights, sculptors, historians, educators, entrepreneurs; support for career opportunities for qualified bilinguals because economic survival is at the core of the cultural maintenance; study of the Franco-American culture at all levels of the educated process; acceptance and encouragement of
(Continued on page 5)

What's In A Name?

A Woman Returns to Her French Name

Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum, Volume 5, Issue Number 1, October 1977

For it was evident that your given name belonged to you; and if you changed it, it was your own business. But if you changed your family name, the one you inherited from a long line of ancestors, it was a bit like repudiating your descent and stripping the name of its honourable reputation for hard work and persistence in the face of every obstacle, which generations of the family had built up.

Ringuet, Thirty Acres

Translated from the French by Felix and Dorothea Walter

I was born and baptized in February of 1942 in an Irish American administered hospital in Boston, Mass. I was also privileged to be born on the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. Because of this happy incident the Irish nuns who ran St. Kevin's Hospital endeavored to persuade my parents to name me either Bernadette or Mary. My mother was opposed to Bernadette and favored the name Irene instead. The nuns were of course pleased that my mother had narrowed the choice to Mary and so I was duly baptized and officially named Mary Irene Simano. I would wager that no one would have assumed that the baby who left St. Kevin's Hospital bearing an Irish first name, an Italian looking family name and a little bit of Greek thrown in as a middle name was really French.

For two years I attended St. Michael's school in Lowell. There, the Irish Dominican nuns insisted on addressing me as Mary, a name I failed to respond to. French stubbornness met Irish persistence and a compromise was reached: I would be called Mary Irene and I would have to respond to it. The period lives on in my memory as my Irish years.

My parents soon moved to St. Jean Baptiste parish and I was enrolled in a French school where the nuns were more than happy to drop the name Mary. But I no sooner resolved the problem of my Irish name when I started being plagued with the problem of my surname. My teachers constantly reminded me that my last name didn't look very French. This fact must have been of great concern to them. It probably wouldn't have affected me at all if it hadn't troubled them.

Most of my teachers contented themselves with passing references to my strange looking family name but my sixth grade teacher decided to take some definite action to "normalize" my name. When report cards were issued this Sister made it a point of crossing out Simano while at the same time informing me that "on n'epelle pas simoneau comme ca." I thus temporarily became Irene Simoneau by edict of my sixth grade teacher. All this commotion over my name left me with the impression that some of my teachers considered me a contrary child who deliberately warped her good French name for the sheer fun of it.

In actuality my father had been responsible for the change in my family name, not I. My father had changed his name legally during the period when many Franco-Americans were undergoing name changes. I was never privileged to know the reasons which prompted my father to adopt a new form to his name but I suspect that one of his decisions to change may have been connected with my widowed grandmother's conversion to Protestantism. In those days of a tightly knot ethnic and religious community, it may have been difficult to survive with a clearly recognizable French name combined with a clearly unacceptable religious affiliation such as the Baptist faith.

All this history which preceded me left me and my younger brothers with an Italian-looking name, Simano, which my entire family and the rest of our French community pronounced in a French manner, Simoneau. While we remained in our French community our name was assured of familiar pronunciation regardless of the many objections to its spelling. But once I left the confines of my ethnic community and my name was no longer recognizable French and, in fact, sounded alien and no longer a part of me and my history.

For many years after leaving the French community of Lowell I expended much energy in correcting people's pronunciation of my name: "I pronounce it like Simoneau not Siman[a]o." Some people obliged and pronounced it in the manner of my choice but many more pre-

Circa. FAROG 2009



ferred to correct my correction or simply pronounce it à la Italienne and be done with it. I consoled myself with the thought

(Continued on page 6)

(Environmental Protection continued from page 4)

the spoken Franco-American dialect(s).

These steps are only a beginning and cannot cover all measures that need to be taken to ensure a people's cultural life. I would assume that similar steps must be taken to ensure other minority's survival in Maine, for they too are endangered species.

Franco-Americans are fond of saying "J'aurais ben du, j'aurais ben du." When they regret not having taken a certain action in time to meet their needs. If the Franco-American culture of Maine is allowed to disappear it will not be the time to consider "If only I had acted sooner." We can assuredly invest in the culture of a people who have themselves so heavily invested in Maine life.

Irene M. Simano
F.A.R.O.G. Coordinator for Research and Information

1. *Madeline Giguère, Social and Economic Profile of French and English Mother Tongue Persons: Maine, 1970. Unpublished study Based on 1970 Census of Population, Univ. of Maine at Portland-Gorham, 1974.*

2. *Joshua A. Fishman, "Planned Reinforcement of Language Maintenance in the United States; Suggestions for the Conservation of Neglected National Resource" in Joshua Fishman, Ed. Language Loyalty in the United States. The Hague: Mouton and Co., 1966.*

(What's In A Name? continued from page 5)

that at least my name sounded ethnic even if it was unrelated to the particular ethnicity of my birth and upbringing.

After I became involved in the Franco-American Renaissance in Maine in the early 50's my Italian looking name was of some use. I remember one occasion in particular when I was doing research on some aspect of Franco-American community life and became involved in a discussion with a prominent member of an important Franco-American community. The man assumed I was Italian from the appearance of my name and proceeded to take me into this confidence to inform me of all the displeasing characteristics of Franco-Americans. Needless to say I learned much from this encounter.

But for the most part I was getting weary of correcting other people's pronunciation of my name or apologizing to other Franco-Americans for the novel spelling of Simoneau. On the other hand, I refused to consider changing my name for the fear of dishonoring my father.

Finally, after careful consideration an arrival at a clear conviction that I was honoring my grandparents, rather than dishonoring my father I retook possession of my family name by changing my name legally thereby reversing my father's legal action of many years past. Mary Irene Simano is now Irène Marie Simoneau.

My next step after putting the legal process in motion was to inform my family and friends of my decision. My brother's responses were hardly supportive. "If you want to change your name so badly why didn't you hurry up and get married". I quickly realized that the tone of my

brother's statements that it would be a life-time chore to make feminists of them.

My mother's response however was far more supportive: "T'es française après toute".

Many of my feminist friends said very little. I supposed I was expected to take my mother's maiden name if I was to change my name at all. But for me, the capacity for resilience, strength and self-actualization was closely identified with my father's family hence the need to recapture my paternal grandparent's name.

When I did decide to legally change my name I did so for political as well as personal reasons. I was and am presently the director of a fair-sized historical museum, at least by Maine standards. It was important to me to inform the public that not only was a woman in charge of this operation but that the woman in question was a French woman. The possession of a clearly recognizable French name was one of the surest ways of accomplishing this objective.

I still find people who make varied attempts at mispronouncing my name. I receive frequent requests to speak to Ms. S(eye)moneau. But I have found an effective way of channeling creative efforts at mispronunciation. I carefully repeat Simoneau several times and if it appears that I'm not heard, I say it several times more in French. Since most people get rattled easily when they hear French spoken they quickly find the way to pronounce my name the way I want it pronounced in English.

After so many years of frustration I am finally at peace with the name that seems natural to me and that leaves me thoroughly connected with my heritage. There is only one other Simoneau in the Greater-Bangor area and many people now ask me if I and

he are related. The question itself pleases me because it helps establish a feeling of common lineage and common heritage.

I was asked to write this article about my experience in changing my name for the benefit of those Franco-Americans who have had similar frustrations in living with the inheritance of a changed name. So for all the Willetts who might want to be Ouellettes again, for all the Bakers who want to resume the name Boulanger, for any remaining Simanos who wish to be Simoneaus and for the Franco-Americans with a name problem they'd like corrected this is the very simple process to follow:

1. Go to your county courthouse to obtain a form for a certificate of name change. In Maine this costs about 75 cents.
2. Write to the clerk of records of the city or town of your birth for an official copy of your birth certificate.
3. Fill in the form of the certificate of name change as accurately as possible. For instance, be sure to record your exact present legal name, not the name you're familiarly known by. In the space reserved for "Reason for Name Change" you may simply state that you wish to resume your grandparents' name.
4. Return the completed name change form with your birth certificate to the clerk in the county courthouse. In Maine you will be charged about \$15.00 to have your name published on two successive weekends in the county's largest newspaper.
5. Wait two weeks to a month and you will receive a certificate of legal name change. That finishes the process and you have your new (old) name. You then have the responsibility for changing all your important records and papers but this too is an easy process.

Cher Yvon: May 16, 2008

Just want to share a perception which is not new to me---I've had it for 20 years.

The Maine experience of being Franco (being discriminated against, feeling "used and belittled, etc.") is, I suspect, peculiar to Maine. At least in MA, CT and RI, I have never heard such sentiments from Francos.

Maybe it's because I grew up in a town that was 35% Franco, 40% Polish, 85% Catholic---but I NEVER felt or heard of anyone being put down or discriminated against because we were Franco!

I would not generalize that what happened to Francos in Maine was repeated or experienced elsewhere in the US Northeast.

Best regards, Paul L., MA

An Email Response from Irene Simoneau
Re: Discrimination in MA, CT & RI
 (see letter to the left)

May 20, 2008

Dear Yvon:

Glad you passed on Paul L.'s comments to me. I can sure answer for Lowell, MA, which when I last checked was in Paul L.'s domain of non-discrimination.

Would I have noticed any discrimination in my hometown as I was growing up there if I had not first come to the University of Maine in the '70's, gotten involved in my own people's history and been exposed to and participated in the FAROG project

then? No, probably not, because I had little awareness then. Was I then able to look back and see this discrimination in my life and community. You bet. The following is just a brief look at the discrimination in my life and community. You bet. The following is just a brief look at the discrimination patter in MA, as exemplified by the Lowell example. And, if you would like to share these comments with Paul L., I am happy to allow you to do so. (Continued on page 7)

*(An Email Response from Irene Simoneau
Re: Discrimination in MA, CT
& RI continued from page 6)*

When I arrived at the University of Maine to take part in the Canadian-American history program in the early 1970's I was carrying the discrimination with me and inside me. I was taught self-hate, that Francos were not worth very much and so when I faced my Yankee academic advisor here with the enthusiasm of someone who wanted to study only English-Canadian history, preferably the history of the British Empire, it became a head-to-head battle with an advisor who didn't want me to lose my French but rather use it and study and concentrate in, not just French-Canadian history but also, the history of my own people, the Francos. My answer to the famous Alice Stewart at the time was to almost tell her to get lost. I found the history of my people to be "no history", no fun and "no go" because it was "too boring and not worth it." As you now know, she pushed on me until I relented and was willing to at least give it a try. Did I acquire these notions in Maine when I didn't even know anything about Me at the time? I sincerely doubt that. I had no pride in my own people and didn't even want anyone to know I was a Franco-American. And quite frankly, people here didn't even know that there were large communities of Franco-Americans in other New England states, primarily in the southern N.E. States. And certainly no one, even in the FAROG office at the time, was barely cognizant of Lowell or that Jack Kerouac came from that large Franco center.

By the way, just as an aside, I just told this story again about arriving in Maine for the first time a long time ago and hating myself as a Franco-American. I told it to a "discernment" group of Episcopalian church people who are trying to discover their vocation in the church, as well as myself. I certainly made them aware that not only are there Francos in Maine but that I had come

for a LARGE Franco community in Mass. But this time, there's a lot more pride in my telling the story. So, where did get that hatred of myself as a French in that earlier period?

1) The Lowell of my up-bringing was about 90,000 people, the 4th largest city in Mass. with about one-third of its population French, Greeks making up the 2nd largest component, followed by the Irish, Portuguese, Polish, English and some Italian. If you look at the ethnic groups, you can see a pre-dominance of poor, under-educated folks of the time. So, there were very poor French enclaves in the city: Little Canada, Centralville where my mother's family came from and where Kerouac came from. I was raised in those two sections. There were other poor French enclaves, such as the area surrounding Notre Dame de Lourdes parish but there were also areas that were just beginning to rise above the poverty line in St. Jeanne d'Arc parish, across the Merrimack River. Was it then, being raised in poverty that made a difference in self-perception, rather than ethnic affiliation? Some would argue that line of thought. I prefer to believe it was both being French and poor that mattered or perhaps that others looking upon you would join the tow together as inseparable, and didn't like what they saw. Perhaps this was subtle, but as a child you pick up subtleties.

2) And so the discrimination was subtle, and not so subtle. I remember my last year in high school being recruited by one of the wealthiest matrons in town to take care of her grandchildren precisely because I was poor and of French-Canadian background living in Little Canada, because I would be appreciative of even a low-paying job. She recruited only Franco girls.

3) Then there's the case of going on to a college in town, Lowell State at the time, and being placed in advanced French classes

at college along with all the other Franco students who knew a lot of French. At first glance, that sounds great. But you were placed in these classes so that you could unlearn the French of your community and get to listen to the good French of teacher who wound up mangling the French language in front of you. There you were taught to speak "properly" and you were informed that was the case. I hated French after that.

4) Lastly, and only because I'm running of time and need to get to my work here, there's the case of the leadership of your community and adults older than yourself who had already ingested that low appreciation for themselves as Francos and were transmitting that to you of another generation. I could never discount that part in my own low appreciation of myself as a Franco. And all this by the time I arrived in Maine. I sure didn't hate myself as a Franco because someone was always patting me across the back and reminding me of how great it was to be French. But why was it more subtle in Mass. but less so in Maine when I arrived and finally saw what people really thought of Francos, with their own lips. I believe it was because of the STAT'S high or low concentration of French, not necessarily of your city's or town's concentration. In Mass., you vied with many, many other ethnic groups in standing out in the state's total population. You couldn't do that in Me. where Francos were in every major pocket of community concentration, except Portland. Now compare Portland to Boston, which is overwhelmingly larger than any other city in New England, capital city or otherwise. Whether other ethnic groups suffered discrimination or not at the time that you did does not take away from what happened to you as a person of one particular ethnic group.

Irene Simoneau.

(Submitted by Ann Berubé Desjardins)

TRIVIA Question:

Who sings the song in the "Travelers Insurance" commercial where the dog tries to hide his bone?

(See answer on page 8)



La Biographie de Soeur Olla Laplante (1924-2009)

(Soeur Marie de Saint-Conrad)

Par Harry Rush Jr.



Soeur Olla Laplante de la Congrégation des Soeurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski, Québec passa 66 ans comme religieuse. Olla Laplante, dixième enfant de Théophrase et Julia (Dionne) Laplante, naquit le 4 octobre 1924, à Soldier Pond, Maine. En 1928, la famille déménage à Millinocket, Maine où elle fréquente l'école primaire publique et Stearns High School. Alors qu'elle était en onzième année, elle a eu la douleur de perdre sa mère. La dernière de la famille, elle demeure seule avec son père veuf; c'était un homme profondément croyant et généreux. En 1938, les religieuses de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire arrivent à Millinocket. C'est là que naît en elle le désir de se faire religieuse. Heureusement, son père encourage sa petite mignonne à réaliser sa vocation.

Le 4 juillet 1942, à dix-huit ans, elle entre chez Soeurs du Saint-Rosaire à Rimouski. À Rimouski, elle a appris un français différent de celui qu'elle a entendu chez elle. La maîtresse des novices lui demande d'aller chercher une vadrouille. Olla cherche partout ce que pouvait être l'objet demandé, jusqu'à ce qu'une compagne lui montre une vadrouille. Olla répond: "Pourquoi n'a-t-elle pas demandé une mop?" Elle

revêt l'habit des novices le 2 février 1943 et reçoit le nom de soeur Marie de Saint-Conrad, prénom de son frère qui deviendra Franciscaïn. Le 2 février 1945, elle termine son noviciat et prononce ses vœux de religion.

La vie en paroisse commence à Gaspé où elle enseigne au primaire jusqu'en juin 1946. Après Gaspé, elle est allée à Frenchville, Maine. Après avoir lavé un plancher, elle commence à tousser et un peu de sang apparaît dans la bouche. On la transporte à l'hôpital d'Edmundston, N-B où on diagnostique la tuberculose. C'est avant Noël 1949. Elle est placée au sanatorium de Mont-Joli, Québec. En avril 1952, elle entre à l'hôpital de Cartierville pour une trachéostomie: on lui enlève sept côtes et le poumon droit. En janvier 1953, elle retourne au sanatorium pour continuer son repos et passe ensuite l'année 1954 à l'infirmerie de la maison mère à Rimouski.

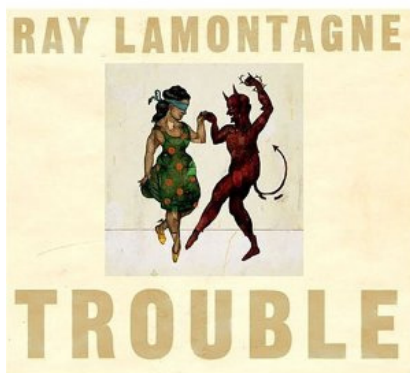
De 1955 à 1965, elle travaille à Millinocket comme adjointe de la directrice de l'école de Saint-Martin-de-Tours. En 1965, elle sera supérieure à Pointe-Navarre en Gaspésie et de 1966 à 1968, directrice au cours primaire à Gaspé. Elle retourne enseigner à Millinocket pendant trois ans. Désormais, elle sera affectée à

des tâches comme supérieure et trésorière de maisons locales, puis assistante, conseillère et secrétaire à l'administration régionale au Maine. De 1982 à 1985, soeur Olla est supérieure régionale à Portland, Maine. Elle travaillera ensuite en pastorale paroissiale comme coordonnatrice et catéchète à Millinocket, Portland, Kittery, Nashua, Biddeford et à Old Orchard Beach dans la paroisse de St. Margaret.

Elle a écrit à un élève lors de son 60e anniversaire de vie religieuse: "Commences-tu à croire aux miracles: Moi, oui. J'ai vécue la plus grande partie de ma vie avec seulement un poumon. J'ai aimé tout ce que j'ai fait. Si c'était à recommencer, je ne changerais rien. J'essaierais simplement de mieux accomplir ce que j'ai fait."

En 2003, elle subit une mastectomie et se trouve chanceuse de ne pas avoir besoin de radiothérapie ni de chimiothérapie. Remise de son opération, elle accepte d'être ménagée à Old Orchard Beach. Elle s'implique une
(Suite page 9)

TRIVIA Question Answer from page 7:



Ray LaMontagne, 35, is the voice you hear singing "Trouble", from the album of the same name, in the commercial that features a male Terrier mix from a rescue shelter, according to an agency spokeswoman. The American Folk Singer resides in Maine.

To purchase Ray's CD: <http://www.amazon.com/Trouble-Ray-LaMontagne/dp/B0002S947K>

Website: <http://www.raylamontagne.com/index.php>

(La Biographie de Soeur Olla Laplante
suite de page 8)

fois de plus dans la paroisse de St. Margaret, comme lectrice et ministre de la communion.

L'année 2008 est particulièrement difficile pour elle au point de vue respiratoire. En octobre, le médecin lui prescrit de prendre de l'oxygène continuellement. Elle est tombée dans le coma le 6 mai 2009 et elle est morte le 8 mai à l'âge de 84 ans au couvent à Old Orchard Beach.

Soeur Olla est exposée à l'église de St. Margaret à Old Orchard Beach le 11 mai. Les funérailles sont célébrées le len-

demain. Les célébrants étaient Père Coleman O'Toole, curé actuel de St. Margaret, Conrad Laplante, O.F.M., frère aîné de soeur Olla, Raymond Coolong, S. M., neveu de la défunte et d'autres prêtres. L'homélie est prononcée par son frère Conrad Laplante, O.F.M. Soeure Olla Laplante, R.S.R. était enterrée au cimetière de Biddeford, Maine.

C'était une personne ordinaire, mais une religieuse fervente. Elle a toujours été une femme de foi profonde. Elle a gardé l'enthousiasme d'un enfant. Elle avait un amour profond pour sa congrégation et l'église. Elle a gardé l'enthousiasme d'un enfant. Elle avait un amour profond pour sa

congrégation et l'église. Elle avait une dévotion spéciale envers la Vierge Marie. Comment ne pas admirer la vaillance, l'ardeur, le don de soi dont cette religieuse a fait preuve pendant tant d'années! Elle a honoré la paroisse de Saint-Martin-de-Tours à Millinocket avec sa vocation. Le Seigneur a été bien généreux en nous donnant cette bonne religieuse. Puisse-t-elle reposer en paix!

(Cet article par Monsieur Harry Rush, Jr., Millinocket Est, ME est un résumé de la biographie de soeur Olla Laplante par les Soeurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski, Québec.)

Olla Laplante 1924-2009

OLD ORCHARD BEACH Maine - Sister Olla Laplante went home to her loving God May 8, 2009. Born Oct. 4, 1924, at Soldier Pond, Olla was the 10th and last child of Theophrase and Julia Laplante. When Olla was 4, the family moved to Millinocket, a mill town at the foot of Mount Katahdin in central Maine. It was in Millinocket that Olla encountered the Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. Though she attended the public school, Olla enjoyed spending time with the Sisters and helping them with their class http://www.johnfishersr.net/images_fia/fia1994cover.jpg srooms after school. Upon her graduation from Stearns High School in 1942, Olla heard the call to leave home, family and country to follow Christ. She entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Rimouski, Quebec, and made Religious Profession Feb. 2, 1945. During her 64 years of religious life, Sister Olla, faithful to the mission of the Sisters

of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, served the people of God in various ways; as an elementary school teacher, a principal and religious education, as well as other pastoral ministries in Maine and in the Gaspé Coast of the Province of Quebec. It was a great gift for Sister Olla to bring Communion to sick and to volunteer for various parish functions. Sister Olla also served as regional treasurer of her community for 10 years, as the regional superior and as the local superior for a number of years. She enjoyed traveling, especially the recent trips to Mississippi, Grand Canyon, across Canada and the cruise on the St. Lawrence River with her brother, sister and niece. To all that Sister Olla has accomplished she did so with great enthusiasm and "joie de vie." In 1950, Sister Olla was hospitalized for tuberculosis. With complications, Sister Olla lost two lobes of her right lung and then seven ribs were removed to collapse the remaining lobe. More recently, in 2003, Sister Olla underwent a mastectomy for breast cancer. Throughout Sister Olla has

facéd her illnesses with great faith, courage and enthusiasm for a life filled with hope. She has been a beacon for the people of Old Orchard Beach these past 24 years and with the RSR lay associates for the same amount time. Sister Olla will be remembered for her sense of humor, her gracious hospitality, her leadership, her courage, thoughtfulness, enthusiasm and high energy spirit. Sister Olla was predeceased by her parents; her sisters, Alva, Lorraine and Irma; and her brothers, Leo, Lionel and Everett. She leaves her sister, Dolores Nickless of Lynn, Mass.; a brother, the Rev. Conrad Laplante, OFM, of Montreal; as well as her Sisters in Community. She has 26 nieces and nephews and their children. Sister Olla will be waked 4-8 p.m. Monday at St. Margaret's Church, Old Orchard Beach, with prayers 7 p.m. A Mass of Christian burial will be held 11 a.m. Tuesday at the church. Donations in her memory may be made to Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary Retirement Fund, 20 Thomas St., Portland, ME 04102. Arrangements with Old Orchard Beach Funeral Home.



LETTERS/ LETTRES

At the request of Albert J. Marceau, of Newington, CT, I am writing to address certain errors and omissions in his recent article about the meetings leading up to the foundation of La Bibliothèque nationale franco-américaine (*Le Forum*, vol. 34, no. 3, pp. 11-13). Whatever this present text may add to Albert's article, it comes from my unique point of view and, as such, will hardly be the "whole story"; it is rather another collection of minute details. I am bas-

ing it on my own recollections as well as on documents in my possession (personal notes and agendas and minutes). I will proceed in the order in which Albert presented his text.

First, about halfway through the first paragraph, Albert credits Charles Martel with having filled in, by hand, the Articles of Agreement that created the Bibliothèque nationale. I am trying in no way to detract from Charlie's role in the creation of the Bibliothèque nationale, but that is not his handwriting. Rather, because I am an employee of the NH Department of State, which regulates nonprofit corporations, it was decided by the group at the Wed., July 25, 2008, meeting that I should be responsible for obtaining and completing this paperwork. And so it

was I who filled in, by hand, the Articles of Agreement. Charlie has much knowledge of and experience with this same process, but his task was already the design and creation of an Internet website, while this other task fell to me. And it was at the third meeting, on Fri., Aug. 29, 2008, with help and input from those present, that I began to pen a first draft of what eventually became the Articles of Agreement filed with the State of New Hampshire on Wed., Nov. 26, 2008.

Anyone interested in seeing a scanned copy of these Articles may view them by following this link <https://www.sos.nh.gov/corporate/soskb/Filings.asp?1006927> and by clicking on the "N" under "Image." (Continued on page 19)

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

Waterbury L'exilé

par
Alice Gélinas
Waterbury, CT

CHAPITRE 4

*De toi, cher Canada, je garde la
souvenance, je ne puis t'oublier.*

Toujours, je te chéris.

*Quand je reviens vers toi, je sens
mon espérance renaître dans mon
coeur, comme au jour de jadis.*

*Pourquoi t'avoir quitté
beau pays que j'adore.*

*En toi, j'ai trouvé la vie et
le bonheur.*

*Oh ! Beaux jours d'autrefois,
reviendrez-vous encore ?*

*Je veux vivre et mourir où j'ai
laissé mon coeur.*

*Quand j'étais au pays,
Tout était plein de charme,
j'étais toujours heureux,
j'étais toujours content.
Mais dans mon lieu d'exil,
j'ai versé bien des larmes.*

*Car, il faut bien l'avouer,
Je ne suis pas heureux.*

*Pourquoi tant m'attrister,
allons prenons courage.
Après les jours de pleurs,
viendront les jours heureux.
Ne voit-on pas toujours,
lorsqu'à cesser l'orage,
un beau soleil brillant
reluire au fond des Cieux.*

Mon père décida de rester au Canada.

Au Grand-Quatre, la première maison de mon père, située sur la ferme de grand-mère Annie était vide. Nous l'avons habitée.

Il l'avait habitée après son mariage, et c'est là qu'Yvonne, Armand, Irène et Henri (celui-ci n'avait vécu que quelques mois) étaient nés. Elle n'était plus à nous, mais papa était fier de dire: "Ce fut ma première maison".

Nous y avons passé le reste de l'été.

Année 1928 ! Jamais nous ne pourrions l'oublier. Nous vivions l'absence de maman, la rupture des tendres habitudes.

Nous allions chez tante Adrienne qui demeurait voisin. Cet année-là, fatiguée, elle faisait de la chaise longue. On récitait le chapelet avec elle. Elle savait qu'on avait beaucoup de peine, et pour nous consoler, elle nous disait que maman était au Ciel.

Irène s'est attachée au petit bébé de ma tante. C'était une petite fille qui s'appelait Madeleine. Elle commençait à marcher. Elle avait l'air d'un petit ange. Papa lui, c'était André "le sien". Il l'avait surnommé POIL BLANC, parce qu'il était si bon et si beau. C'était la dépression.

Le gouvernement finançait des recherches pour trouver de l'or dans les montagnes de St-Boniface. Des ingénieurs ont monté des chantiers, et des hommes furent engagés pour creuser dans les rochers. Papa faisait exploser la dynamite. Le projet tomba à l'eau. Il n'y avait pas d'or. Les recherches ont cessé.

Nous sommes allés demeurer à Shawinigan. Papa espérait qu'en ville, il trouverait quelqu'un qui l'engagerait.

Nous fûmes inscrites à l'école, Rosa et moi, mais nous n'y sommes pas allées bien longtemps, car la famille retourna à Waterbury, rejoindre les autres: Yvonne, Armand et Irène.

En arrivant là-bas, papa est allé s'entendre avec les religieuses. Elles ont accepté de recueillir Rosélia dans leur couvent pendant le jour, et elle pouvait même jouer dans leur cour.

Émile alla au jardin d'enfants.

J'avais douze ans, et Rosa neuf ans. Le matin, nous avions la responsabilité des deux petits. On déjeunait avec des toasts, des bananes et du chocolat chaud. On gardait les mêmes habitudes qu'avant. Puis, je les lavais, les habillais, et tous les quatre, nous partions pour l'école. Nous revenions pour dîner, et le soir, j'épluchais les patates pour le souper.

C'était tout un drame, chaque fois que je devais me séparer d'Émile pour



Alice Gélinas

qu'il se rende en classe. Ça faisait pitié ! Le fait de le quitter me chagrinait. Pauvre petit ! Il n'avait plus de mère, tandis que nous à leur âge, nous avions une maman.

Les religieuses étaient anglaises.

Elles furent bonnes pour nous. Elles nous donnèrent des vêtements chauds, mitaines, bonnets, etc.

Après la classe, nous ramenions les petits à la maison.

Un jour, Émile avait reçu un vaccin et il s'est débattu. La Soeur avait dû le maintenir de force. Il saignait. On le ramena tout en larmes ! Si maman avait vu cela ! !

Nous vivions sur la rue Dover, en face de l'école.

En revenant du travail, papa ar-rê-tait à l'épicerie et il apportait ce dont nous avions besoin. Avec l'aide des plus vieux, il préparait le souper.

Irène et Yvonne faisaient l'entretien de la maison pendant les fins de semaine.

Nous n'avons jamais été privés de soins. Yvonne s'est toujours souci-ée de nous laver la tête. C'est elle qui nous coupait les cheveux. Nous étions propres et vêtus convenablement.

Papa nous répétait: "Dina va nous aider", et dans notre naïveté, on le croyait. Tout le monde faisait sa part.

Lorsque les plus jeunes tombaient malades, je les gardais à la maison. Ils étaient de bons petits enfants.

La lessive se faisait à la buanderie.

Aie ! Quel vide dans nos coeurs et notre maison.

Émile et Rosélia jouaient ensemble et ils parlaient à maman. Ils lui prêtaient leurs jouets. Ils mettaient la table avec des petits couvercles de tôle qui leur servaient d'assiettes, et ils laissaient une place pour maman. Papa disait: "Laissez-les faire, Dina est avec eux".

Yvonne était une belle fille au visage toujours souriant. Elle avait de belles toilettes, et elle était bien habillée tout le temps. Rosélia aimait jouer avec les souliers à talons hauts d'Yvonne.

(Suite page 11)

(Waterbury L'exilé suite de page 10)

Un jour, ça cogne à la porte. On alla ouvrir, et quelle ne fut pas notre surprise d'apercevoir sur le seuil de la porte l'oncle Gédéon Lavergne. Comme nous étions heureux de le voir arriver.

C'était notre grand-oncle maternel. Le frère de grand-papa Alphonse. Il fut un ange pour nous.

Il entretenait la maison, faisait l'ordinaire et il veillait sur nous. Surtout, le fait d'arriver de l'école avec quelqu'un qui nous attendait.

Cet oncle était célibataire, et il avait voyagé dans l'ouest canadien et américain. Entre ses voyages, ça lui arrivait de se rendre à St-Sévère, à leur maison familiale qui tenait encore debout. Mon grand-père avait aussi un autre frère: Zotic dit John, qui s'était établi au Manitoba.

Oncle Gédéon avait, lui aussi, passé une partie de sa vie au Manitoba et au Minnesota.

Le soir, lui et papa parlaient ensemble et c'était intéressant de les entendre. On aimait écouter parler les grandes personnes. Je regrette de ne pas avoir été assez curieuse, au sujet de la lignée maternelle.

Il y avait l'histoire de son héros: Louis Riel. Oncle Gédéon disait que Riel avait été un homme instruit, professeur d'école. Il ajoutait qu'il était mort en brave, et qu'il n'avait pas plié devant les anglais. Il avait défendu les canadiens-français et les indiens qui se faisaient toujours reculer plus loin.

Papa avait ses propres histoires sur les Irlandais. Sa mère lui en avait parlé. Les Irlandais avaient été bien maltraités par les anglais. Ainsi que les Acadiens. Il disait que les grands aristocrates anglais avaient même vendu un grand nombre d'Irlandais à n'importe qui, comme serviteurs, et selon la légende, à un certain moment dans leur passé, ils auraient été leurs esclaves.

Les anglais avaient voulu se débarrasser des Acadiens, et papa trouvait épouvantable le fait qu'ils aient été éparpillés sur des bateaux différents. Des familles qui ne se retrouveraient jamais.

Papa disait: "Veux, veux pas, on est leurs serviteurs à ces maudits Block Head là: tête de Bull dog!" Il continuait en disant que durant la première guerre mondiale, des soldats patrouillaient toute la province de Québec: défense de faire son Whisky, défense de dire son idée contre le roi d'Angleterre.

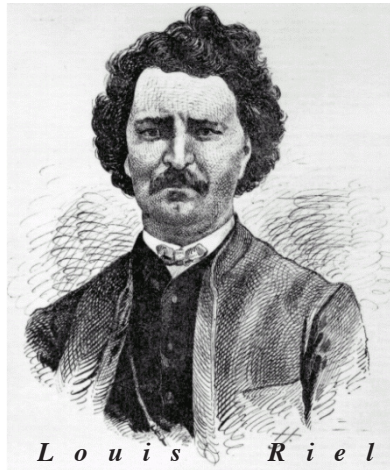
"Les Coulistes!" disait-il, "il faut prendre notre trou, faire les petits chiens et se fermer la gueule".

C'est pour cela qu'il avait caché mon

oncle William. Papa avait vécu ce temps-là, lorsque les gens se disaient entre eux: "ils nous mènent par le bout de la fourche ici, dans le Québec, qu'est-ce qu'ils vont nous faire dans l'armée?" Puis, il y avait le fait que les canadiens-français n'étaient pas exercés pour aller à la guerre. Il leur fallait partir contre leur gré, les soldats anglais fouillaient partout à la recherche des Conscrits.

Dans les chantiers, partout où il avait travaillé, c'était toujours des anglais qui étaient à la "cache" (office). À part de bosser, ils ne savaient absolument rien faire, se plaignait-il. Il ajoutait: "Si ça ne marche pas avec les têtes de Block, ils vont nous faire crever".

Papa disait que l'on s'instruit en travaillant, et qu'il fallait apprendre à se servir de ses mains. Il était aussi allé à la drave, bien



L o u i s R i e l

jeune, mais il était capable et orgueilleux et de constitution robuste en plus. Il avait coupé cent billots par jour. À dix sous le billot!

Ses racines étaient là-bas. Dans la forêt ou sur la terre où son grand-père Izaak avait un jour posé le pied sur le sol à Shawenegan le canton. Avec deux de ses frères: Joseph et Abraham, et Justin leur oncle, ils avaient été, avec d'autres aussi, bien sûr les premiers. Ils avaient tout créé.

Chacun avait fondé des foyers, et les enfants naquirent nombreux.

Grand-père Elie fut baptisé à St-Etienne, ce qui fait présumer que la construction de l'église St-Boniface, n'était pas terminée.

Le couple Elie Gélinas et Annie Hill, avait eu une douzaine d'enfants, ce qui n'était pas rare à l'époque.

Tant qu'à papa, sa compagne de vie, avait été aux États avec ses parents à New-Bedford, Massachusetts. Elle s'était fait photographeur là-bas, à l'âge de huit ans. Comme elle était belle! Les cheveux relevés vers le haut, formaient une couronne,

retenus par un anneau ou des peignes, et sur le tout dessus de la tête, elle avait posé une grosse boucle, en satin, probablement. Sa robe ou sa blouse montait jusqu'au cou, sous le menton et une petite épinglette en forme d'étoile ornait le devant. Cette femme, au doux regard, c'était notre mère, jeune fille. C'est sûr qu'en émigrant aux États Unis, papa a travaillé à des tâches dures et sales, mais c'était mieux que de crever de faim à St-Boniface. C'est ce qu'ils disaient, lui et oncle Gédéon en parlant et en regardant le portrait de maman. Papa se sentait seul. Nous étions cinq filles, mais aucune, selon lui, était aussi belle que sa Dina. Il n'a jamais caché sa tristesse. Il n'a jamais cherché à être une image de lui-même.

Il demandait à Irène de lui chanter une des chansons de maman:

*J'ai rêvé d'une fleur qui ne mourait jamais
J'ai rêvé d'un amour qui durerait toujours
Mais il est insensé le rêve que j'ai fait
Pourquoi, pourquoi faut-il que sur la terre
Les amours soient éphémères.*

Papa pleurait.

Yvonne avait un ami de coeur: Pete Fortier. Ils faisaient des projets de mariage pour Juillet.

Armand sortait avec Lucia Lamy.

Irène lisait dans ses temps libres, ou bien, elle allait au Lyric: un petit théâtre situé sur la South Main Street. Rosa et moi, on y allait avec elle.

Le premier film parlant que nous avons vu, fut: A star is born, avec Janet Gaynor et Charles Farrel. Nous avons vu aussi: The Queen of the North. Nos acteurs préférés étaient: Claudette Colbert, Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power. Plus tard, ce fut: Maurice Chevalier, Danelle Darioux, Henri Garat, Tino Rossi, etc. On raffolait des "vues".

Les jours passèrent.

Vint le temps pour Émile de faire sa première communion. Papa dit comme cela en passant: "Dina lui aurait fait un petit costume". C'était une simple remarque, mais pour moi, c'était bien évident qu'Émile avait besoin d'un habit.

Souvent, j'ouvrais la machine à coudre de maman et j'essayais d'assembler toutes sortes de choses, qu'auparavant j'avais taillées.

Durant la semaine, Armand m'apporta un habit bleu-marine qui ne lui servait plus, pour en faire ce que je voudrais.

(Suite page 12)

(Waterbury L'exilé suite de page 11)

J'ai prié. J'ai demandé à maman de m'aider et de me montrer comment faire un habit pour Émile.

Et ... Je l'ai fait et réussi sans aucun patron. J'avais cousu un pantalon, veston, chemise et même une petite boucle noire. C'était parfait !

Papa n'en revenait pas. Je lui ai dit: "C'est Mom qui m'a conduit la main". J'avais treize ans. Il avait eu raison quand il avait dit: "Dina va nous aider".

Plus tard, un missionnaire vint à Waterbury. Il demandait aux Canadiens-Français de revenir sur les terres du Québec qui avaient été abandonnées.

Papa acceptait mal d'être exilé, loin des siens. Ses racines, son village d'autrefois, sa mère, sa famille . . . Il se mit à y penser sérieusement. Il tournait et retournait dans sa tête, le pour et le contre. Finalement, il a écouté son cœur.

Recommencer à neuf !

Le gouvernement aiderait tous ceux qui reviendraient, avait dit le prêtre.

Donc, le 15 avril 1932, nous revenions au Canada avec lui, Rosa et moi, Émile et Rosélia.

On s'installerait, et ensuite, Yvonne, Armand et Irène viendraient nous rejoindre. Un ami, à lui, avait un char qui lâchait des suites de pets. Il nous amena en Canada. Papa était assis sur la banquette avant, et nous, Rosa et moi étions à l'arrière avec Émile. Il n'y avait pas de toit sur ce bazou.

Durant le trajet, on s'échangeait les petits qui fatiguaient. Rosélia venait en arrière et papa prenait Émile en avant.

En avril, c'était encore très froid la nuit.

Nous sommes arrivés chez tante Délina, la soeur de mon père. Elle demeurait à Shawinigan. Nous étions à bout, et nous avions tous le rhume.

Le jour suivant, mon oncle Albert est venu nous chercher avec son cheval et sa carriole. Ici et là, on apercevait de la neige. Le climat étant plus doux à Waterbury, l'air frais du Canada traspérait nos vêtements trop minces. Nous grelotions de froid, et nous nous pressions les uns contre les autres pour avoir plus chaud.

Tout de suite, papa se mit à la recherche d'une terre. Pour nous, les enfants, c'était encore un autre grand changement.

Nous avons perdu la coutume du gros déjeuner le matin, avec crêpes, fèves au lard, etc. La grosse nourriture de grand-maman Annie ne nous plaisait plus. Nous aurions préféré les toasts et le chocolat chaud. C'était de nouveau, le poêle à réchaud, le

"boiler" à l'eau, la pompe et les toilette dehors avec le catalogue Eaton comme papier.

Ça faisait bien dix ans que nous demeurions en ville et que nous profitions de ses commodités, et là revoir la fameuse chaudière, puis le pot de nuit, et le "Spitton" pour les chiqueux, c'était tout un changement.

Oncle Albert était très autoritaire. Il donnait des ordres à tout le monde. Pour parler, il employait un ton sévère et sans tendresse, auquel nous n'étions pas habitués.

Il nous donna l'ordre de faire nos lits, et surtout de ne pas le déranger. Il nous a fait savoir de ne pas se trouver sur son chemin.

Après le dîner, on devait faire la vaisselle, pendant qu'eux faisaient un somme.

Malgré tout, je dois dire que tante Imelda fut très gentille avec nous.

Grand-mère tournait sa boule comme elle l'entendait, et ça avait l'air de très bien aller entre elles. Tante Imelda demandait toujours l'opinion de grand-mère pour savoir si elle devait conserver ceci ou cela, faire des fèves au lard ou de la soupe aux pois.

Oncle Albert prenait tante Imelda dans ses bras, et il l'appelait: "Ma Blonde". Mais, malgré ses gestes d'affection envers sa femme, nous en avions peur quand même. Quand nous ne comprenions pas, on se disait: "C'est étrange".

Avant, je ne savais pas ce que ça voulait dire: avoir peur de son père, et là, avec ses propres enfants: Antonio et Antoinette, encore très jeunes, ils devaient aller chercher les vaches, et faire toutes sortes de petites besognes. En plus, il fallait que ça se fasse vite !

Je ne l'ai jamais vu battre quelqu'un, mais il était exigeant envers ses enfants. Et quand on le voyait détacher sa "sling" (ceinture) comme pour leur en donner des coups, Rosa et moi, on devenait morte de peur.

Nous n'avons pas vu dans cette maison, l'amour et la protection que nous, nous avons reçu de la part de nos parents, du temps qu'on formait une famille.

Papa allait ici et là, recherchant des contacts. Il connaissait pourtant bien du monde. Aussi, il s'aperçut que ce que le missionnaire avait dit, rendu sur place, ça ne signifiait plus rien.

Il revenait tard le soir, pas plus avancé que le matin. Nous étions déjà au lit quand il arrivait.

Nous nous sentions à charge dans cette maison.

Un soir, papa est revenu plus tôt. Il tenait Rosélia et Émile sus ses genoux. Rosa et moi étions assises dans les marches de l'escalier. Voyant clair dans la situa-

tion, il mentionna que lui aussi, avait travaillé sur la ferme pour aider son père.

Grand-maman a renchéri en disant que Lisée avait été le seul à aller dans les chantiers et qu'en revenant, il déposait l'argent sur la table. Oncle Albert ne pouvait dire le contraire, et il n'a plus parlé.

En effet, il nous avait raconté que mon oncle Borromée s'était essayé à partir dans le bois, mais qu'il n'avait pas la capacité de couper cent billots par jour. Donc, papa l'avait ramené à la maison où il y a vait de l'ouvrage en masse. Je ne sais pas pour quelle raison, papa pensait que mon oncle Borromée avait une maladie de cœur. Il avait été très malade et la parenté était allée aider tante Léa à le veiller. Papa y était allé.

Pour aller dans les chantiers et y rester assez longtemps pour faire de l'argent, il fallait être bâti solide, ne pas se laisser gagner par l'ennui surtout.

Les jours passèrent.

On avait aussi la responsabilité de soigner les poules, d'arroser le jardin, mais privés de support, habitués à participer tous ensemble, nous n'avions pas senti le lien de parenté qui nous unissait à cette famille.

Un dimanche, après avoir lavé Rosélia et Émile, on se rendit à la grand-messe, à pied, sur la ligne des chars (voie ferrée), avec les enfants du voisin: les Lacerte.

Nous n'avions pas calculé la distance, c'était très loin pour les petits.

La messe terminée, on en profita pour s'inviter chez tante Rébecca. Nous l'aimions, car elle avait été si bonne à la mort de maman qui était sa soeur. Nous nous sommes tout de suite liés d'amitié envers nos cousins qui étaient nombreux. Leur maison n'était pas loin de l'église, et nous quatre, nous avons passé un bel après midi du dimanche.

Oncle Olivier vint à nous pour nous dire de partir. Il nous fit aussi comprendre de ne plus revenir, car le docteur était à l'intérieur avec une femme. Tante Rébecca était en train d'accoucher. Ce fut son dernier fils qui s'est appelé Aimé.

Nous sommes retournés chez mon oncle Albert, passant par dessus la ligne, nous sommes descendus au "tracelle", pour nous retrouver dans le Grand-Quatre, enfin !

Fatigués, épuisés, nous sommes tombés dans notre lit.

Peu après, les petits n'étaient pas bien. Ils toussaient. Émile avait l'air de faire de la fièvre.

Rosa et moi, après s'être consultés, on s'est souvenue de tante Angéline. Elle aussi, avait été bien bonne pour nous, et (Suite page 13)

The Three Franco-American Monuments in the Promenade Champlain, Quebec

By *Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT*

There are three monuments in Jetty Park in Sillery, a suburb of Quebec City, at the easternmost end of the Promenade de Samuel-de-Champlain, that commemorate three separate aspects in the relations between the United States and the Province of Quebec. The Promenade Champlain itself is a 1.5 mile park along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence River, from its western end at Quai du Cagoux, near the Pont du Québec, to its easternmost end at the road, Côte de Sillery. The names of the three monuments are the Monument of the United States, the Monument of Vermont, and the Monument of New England.

The Monument of the United States is made of black granite, and its plaque has the Seal of the United States, along with text commemorating the good relations between the U.S. and the Province of Quebec.

The Monument of Vermont is made of dark gray granite, and carved into it in capital letters: "L'ÉTAT DU VERMONT CÉLÈBRE L'EXPLORATEUR SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN." The other text on it is from Champlain's journal in July 1609, when he discovered the lake that bears his name, Lake Champlain.

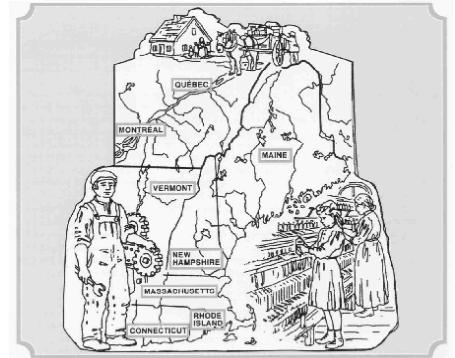
The Monument of New England is made of light gray granite, and it has three separate plaques on it. The most prominent plaque is made of bronze that has a map of New England and southern Quebec, with three other reliefs on it. On the area of southern Quebec is a relief of a farm house and a horse-drawn wagon. In the area of western Massachusetts and Connecticut is a relief of an adult man wearing a work apron, with a wrench in his right hand, while standing next to a couple of gears. In the area of eastern New England is a relief of a girl, maybe twelve years old, and an older woman, both threading bobbins in a textile mill.

Below the plaque with the map of New England is a plaque with text in English and in French that is entitled: "Homage to the Mother City of the Franco-Americans/ Hommage à la Ville-Mère des Franco-

Américains." The English text below the title is: "New England, which welcomed the hundreds of thousands of Québécois who emigrated to our six states in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, pays tribute to the mother city of Franco-Americans who continue, still to this day, to pledge their loyalty to the ancestral values their forebears brought with them to the United States. We extend our hand in friendship to our Québec neighbors by associating ourselves with them in commemorating the 400th anniversary of the founding of the city of Québec, the starting point of a permanent French presence in North America."

On the reverse of the Monument of New England is extensive text in English and in French cut into the granite under the title "Migration 1840-1930." Under the title is a four-paragraph history in English and in French of the migration from the agricultural Province of Quebec to industrial New England. Below the history is a list of the "Cities and towns of New England where Franco-Americans had settled according to a 1940 survey," and below the heading, which is also given in French, is a list of 170 cities and towns in the six New England States that were Franco-American population centers.

The third plaque, also on the reverse of the Monument of New England, is a list of donors to the Monument of New England, divided into three sections, of donor organizations, donor individuals and individuals remembered through donations. The first name on the list of the 18 donor organizations is the Société Historique Franco-Américaine (SHFA). Some of the other donor organizations are the standard Franco-American societies, (Union-St-Jean-Baptiste, a Division of Catholic Family Life Insurance, Association Canado-Américaine Assurance, Comité de Vie Franco-Américaine, Institut français at Assumption College, Union des Franco-Américaines du Connecticut), while some are local Franco-American organizations, (the Basin Harbor Club in Vergennes, Vt.; Post 26 of the Franco-American War



Depiction recalling the French - Canadian migration to the United States from 1840 to 1930
Représentation commémorant la migration des Canadiens français vers les États-Unis de 1840 à 1930

"A drawing based on the relief plaque on the Monument of New England, taken from the pamphlet *Monument de l'Amitié/ Friendship Monument*, designed and created by Jacques E. Staelen and David Amaral, circa 2008."

Veterans in New Britain, Conn.), while two are businesses (Rock of Ages Corp., Barre, Vt., and West Hartford Stairs and Cabinets of Newington, Conn.). The last of the 18 donor organizations is the St. Croix Island International Historic Site in Bar Harbor, Maine, in the Acadia National Park of the U.S. National Park Service. Curiously, none of the Franco-American genealogical societies in New England sponsored the monument.

There are 30 individuals who donated money for the Monument of New England, and one-fifth of them are associated with the Société Historique Franco-Américaine – Claire Quintal of Worcester, Mass., (former director); Marthe Biron Peloquin of

(Continued on page 14)

(Waterbury *L'exilé* suite de page 12)

comme elle n'habitait pas loin d'oncle Albert, nous avons marché jusque là.

Elle nous donna à manger, puis, elle et notre cousine Marie-Rose, ont soigné les enfants. Émile était très malade. Ma tante lui donna du sirop pour sa toux et elle en donna aussi à Rosélia. Elle frictionna Émile et le berça pendant que Marie-Rose s'occupait de la petite.

J'avais vu ma mère faire cela si souvent! J'ai monté les marches jusqu'à la chambre de Marie-Rose, et là, mon chagrin creva d'un coup. J'ai pensé à toute la famille dispersée. Maman, papa, Yvonne, Armand, Irène. Je ne pouvais m'empêcher de pleurer à gros sanglots. Marie-Rose me ramena à sa mère.

Toutes le deux, elles tentaient de nous consoler, Roger et Raymond, nos cousins, ont manqué l'école pour rester avec nous.

Comme nous avons aimé tante Angéline!

(The Three Franco-American Monuments in the Promenade Champlain, Quebec continued from page 13)

Lowell, Mass., (Honorary President); Prof. Gerard J. Brault of State College, Penn., (member); Robert R. Fournier of Suncook, N.H., (former Vice-President and Secretary); Marcel Raymond of Worcester, Mass., (current Vice-President) and Trudy Lamoureux of Woonsocket, R.I., (current Secretary). Other individuals may have been members of the SHFA at the time, such as Jacques E. Staelen, formerly of North Smithfield, R.I. (Staelen died on Aug. 17, 2009 in the Rhode Island Hospital in Providence.)

There are eight entries under the “In Memoriam” donations section of the plaque, and two are associated with the Société Historique Franco-Américaine. One is Judge Louis Arthur Eno (1892-1965) of Lowell, Mass., who was an officer of the SHFA, and the other is Pauline Clapin, whose husband, Jean-Louise Clapin of Westport, Mass., made a donation in her memory. Jean-Louis Clapin is a current Trustee of the SHFA.

The three monuments were formally unveiled on July 2, 2008 amid numerous dignitaries. (The Promenade Champlain itself was formally opened nine days earlier, on June 24, 2008.) The Prime Minister of Canada, Jean Charest, opened the event with his words: “Today is the occasion to celebrate one of the greatest friendships in the world – that of Canada and the United States.” David Fetter, the General Consul of the United States in the Province of Quebec, gave the speech for the unveiling of the Monument of the United States. Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont, and the Governor of Vermont, Jim Douglas, spoke at the unveiling of the Monument of Vermont, and they invited the Quebecois to visit Vermont for the 400th anniversary of Champlain’s founding of the lake in 2009. Claire Quintal, the former director of the Institut français at Assumption College, Worcester, Mass., and a director of the SHFA, spoke at the unveiling of the Monument of New England, and the kernel of her speech is: “By means of this monument, we have sought to demonstrate... [that] ... we have not forgotten our origins.” Other dignitaries at the event were Regis Labeaume, Mayor of Quebec City; Jean Leclerc, President of the Board of Directors of the 400th Anniversary Society of Quebec; Mario Dumont, the Leader of the Opposition in the National Assembly of Canada; Monique Gagnon-Tremblay, Minister of International Relations and La



“Dignitaries stand next to the Monument of the United States in Jetty Park, Promenade Champlain, Sillery, Quebec. From left to right are: Dr. Yvon Bolduc, U.S. Consul David Fetter, Quebec Mayor Regis Labeaume, Dr. Claire Quintal, Prime Minister Jean Charest, Min. of International Relations Monique Gagnon-Tremblay, Vermont Gov. Jim Douglas, Marcelle Pomerleau-Leahy, Quebec Delegate France Dionne, and Sen. Patrick Leahy. Photo taken from the website of the U.S. Consulate in Quebec, [<http://quebec.usconsulate.gov/content/index.asp>] [<http://quebec.usconsulate.gov/content/index.asp> . ”

Francophonie; France Dionne, the Representative of the Quebec Government in Boston, as well as representatives of the governors of Maine and New Hampshire. Approximately 60 people attended the unveiling.

Marcel Raymond of Worcester, Mass., and the current Vice-President of the Société Historique Franco-Américaine, was one of the attendees at the unveiling of the three Franco-American monuments in Jetty Park in the Promenade Champlain. He has almost 30 slides of Jetty Park and the three Franco-American monuments. The first slide in his collection is of the sign at the entrance of the park, where one can read that it is open from May 1 to October 31 and then December 1 to March 31 of the year. Aside from walking, bicycles are permitted, as well as cross-country skiing, but no motor vehicles. Also on the sign is the original website address about the park – [<http://www.promenade2008.qc.ca>] [www.promenade2008.qc.ca]. (The website has since been updated to: [<http://www.capitale.gouv.qc.ca/realisations/promenade-samuel-champlain/>] [<http://www.capitale.gouv.qc.ca/realisations/promenade-samuel-champlain/>].) Marcel Raymond did not photograph the ceremony of the unveiling of the monuments itself.

On Monday, April 26, 2010, I interviewed Marcel Raymond, and I viewed his collection of slides of the monuments. Aside from being proud that he had witnessed the unveiling ceremony, he made two statements

about the value of the monuments as able to teach the general public about the history of the Franco-Americans. His first statement was short, for he said the monuments were: “A history lesson for the Quebecers themselves, because they don’t know about us [Franco-Americans].” As for the three monuments, he was most impressed with the Monument of New England, which he called the “Franco-American monument.” Mr. Raymond said: “The Franco-American monument is the most eloquent, the most telling, the one most revealing of the three. The other two monuments are commemorative; good relations between the U.S. and French-Canada. Champlain did not reside in Vermont. The Franco-Americans reside in the New England States, and the monument, in the names of the cities and states and the list of donors, reflect this fact, forever.” We continued to converse for a while, and I mentioned to him that the SHFA has a precedent for erecting plaques in commemoration of historical events, although I admitted to him that I could not remember who or what was honored, nor where the plaques were placed.

In the Bulletin de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine 1955 (BSHFA 1955), one can read the preparations for, and the speeches for the dedication of a plaque in commemoration of Samuel de Champlain’s landing on Noddle’s Island in Massachusetts Bay on July 15, 1605. The plaque was erect-

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(The Three Franco-American Monuments in the Promenade Champlain, Quebec continued from page 14)

ed at Gate 16 of Logan International Airport in Boston, and it was dedicated on July 15, 1955. The officer of the committee within the SHFA that oversaw the preparations for the 350th anniversary was Judge Arthur L. Eno, the same man whose name appears on the Monument of New England in Jetty Park. Judge Eno said at the dedication of the plaque in Logan Airport: "The story of Champlain's founding of Quebec and his discovery of the great lake which now bears his name, is well known to every student of American History. What is not as well known, however, is that he also visited Massachusetts at least on two occasions, the first being in 1605, or 15 years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." (BSHFA 1955, page 14.)

In the BSHFA 1958, one can read about a plaque named "Mémorial Franco-Américain," placed on the grounds of Fort Ticonderoga in Ticonderoga, New York. The plaque was dedicated on July 13, 1958 on the bicentennial of General Montcalm's victory celebration held on July 13, 1758 for his conquest of Fort Carillon, which occurred on July 8, 1758. The means Gen. Montcalm celebrated his victory was through the erection of a large wooden cross. The means the plaque was dedicated was not only through speeches, but a mass said by the Primate of Canada, Archbishop Maurice Roy of the Archdiocese of Quebec, who also blessed a large wooden cross on

the grounds of the historic site. (Archbishop Roy later became Cardinal Roy on Feb. 22, 1965, and he died on Oct. 24, 1985.) The plaque itself was sponsored by la Comité de Vie franco-américaine, and Fort Carillon is better known by the name it was given in July 1759 when the British retook the it, Fort Ticonderoga. (BSHFA 1958, pages 11-46.)

In the BSHFA 1963, one can read about the dedication of a plaque in commemoration of General Lafayette at the Wayside Inn in Sudbury, Mass. The board of the SHFA chose to put a plaque in the Wayside Inn because of the persistent legend that Gen. Lafayette stayed in it in 1825 while en route to the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument ceremony. (BSHFA 1957, page 49.) However, due to a fire at the inn, the installation of a plaque was delayed until May 19, 1963, when it was placed at the entrance of the grounds to the inn. The ultimate reason for the plaque was given in the dedication speech: "This memorial presented by La Société Historique Franco-Américaine should help to entertain in some measure the everlasting friendship that binds two great peoples, France and the United States as a symbol of the common liberties we cherish." (BSHFA 1963, page 14.)

In the examination of the two earlier plaques dedicated by the SHFA, on the 350th anniversary of Champlain's landing on Noddle's Island near Boston, and in honor of Lafayette at the Wayside Inn in Sudbury, Mass., it is clear that the SHFA has a tradition of sponsoring historical markers. However, unlike either marker,

or the "Mémorial Franco-Américain" at Fort Ticonderoga sponsored by the Comité de Vie franco-américaine, the Monument of New England in Jetty Park commemorates not a famous person, but a migration of a people. As such, the Monument of New England can be easily criticized as being incomplete. It is incomplete, for how can a history of a migration of one million people, over one century, be complete in four paragraphs of text? Rather, the Monument of New England should be thought of as a first step, a stepping-stone perhaps, in learning about the history of the Franco-Americans. Marcel Raymond considered the monument: "A history lesson for the Quebecers themselves, because they don't know about us [Franco-Americans]." He is correct, for the monument is available to anyone walking past it, and as museums have been called places for voluntary learners, the Monument of New England can teach anyone willing to read the text on it, while stopping to take a break from walking, biking, or cross-country skiing along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence River. The current board and the members of the Société Historique Franco-Américaine should take some measure of pride that the previous board of the SHFA completed such a project, for it is keeping in the tradition and goals of the SHFA, and it is not a commemoration of famous French figures from the 17th and 18th Centuries, but of the Franco-American people of the 19th and 20th Centuries.

14 Months of the New Board of the SHFA

*By Albert J. Marceau,
Newington, CT*

The current board of the Société Historique Franco-Américaine came to office in an election held on Sun. Feb. 15, 2009 in La Maison Française at Assumption College in Worcester, Mass. The following report is a summary of activities of the new board for the past fourteen months. However, the following report is not one hundred percent complete, which is to write, there will be another report in the future.

For the matter of record, I am the person who coined the term "Resurrectionist," be-

cause I felt that Roger Lacerte, Charlie Martel and I were trying to resurrect the SHFA. The term was meant to be both serious and flippant, and the source of inspiration for the term was the title of the short story by H.P. Lovecraft, "Herbert West – Reanimator." Since I felt that "Reanimator" sounded too sinister, I coined the term "Resurrectionist."

The goals of the Resurrectionists, at least as I saw them since the Summer of 2008 were to stop the SHFA from dissolving, to have the membership involved

in the life of the SHFA, to hold semi-annual meetings and lectures, and to publish a new edition of *Le Bulletin de la SHFA*. The SHFA has not dissolved, but the new board has fallen short of the other goals.

Problems with the Bylaws

On the day of the controversial election, Sun. Feb. 15, 2009 held at Assumption College in Worcester, Mass., the latest set of bylaws known to the Resurrectionists were those published in *Le Bulletin de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine* 1959. The 1959 bylaws mandated that the four officers of the Executive Board are elected for a term of one year and without term limits, while the nine directors of the Lower Board are elected for three-year terms and with a limit of one term. The clause can be found on page 238 of the BSHFA 1959, Titre III, *(Continued on page 16)*

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Article 9: "... les officier sont élus pour un terme d'un an à la première réunion semi-annuelle, sauf les neuf conseillers, dont trois élus chaque année pour un terme de trois ans. Un conseiller n'est pas rééligible pour un second mandat succesif." Therefore, the people who were elected on Sun. Feb. 15, 2009 to their various offices, with the date of the end of their terms of offices are: President Roger Lacerte Lowell, Mass., (2010); Vice-President Marcel Raymond of Worcester, Mass., (2010); Secretary Trudy Lamoureux of Woonsocket, R.I., (2010); Treasurer Donald Chaput of Manchester, N.H., (2010); Dir. Armand Chartier of Achusnet, Mass., (2012); Dir. Charles Martel of Manchester, N.H., (2012); Dir. Ronald Heroux of Middletown, R.I., (2012); Dir. Benoit Pelletier-Shoja of Concord, N.H., (2011); Dir. Paul Papineau of Woonsocket, R.I., (2011); Dir. Richard Deslauriers of Longmeadow, Mass., (2011); Dir. Georges-Andre Lussier of Salisbury, Mass., (2010); Dir. Michel Michaud of Lynn, Mass., (2010); Dir. Albert J. Marceau of Newington, Conn., (2010). Due to the chaos at the election, the last people to be elected to the board of the SHFA were the three trustees, and names were called from the floor. Two men in attendance at the election withdrew their names from the pool of candidates – Robert Fournier of Pembroke, N.H., and Lionel Frappier of Slatersville, R.I. Since there were three names in the pool and there were three offices open, those nominated were elected by default, and they were Real Gilbert of Manchester, N.H., Louise Champigny-Boulanger of Woonsocket, R.I., and Jean-Louis Clapin of North Westport, Mass. Of the three people elected to the Board of Trustees, Louise Champigny-Boulanger did not attend the election.

The Resurrectionists made a couple of errors at the controversial election of Feb. 15, 2009. One error was the oversight that the trustees are elected just like the directors of the Lower Board. The clause can be found on page 239 of the BSHFA 1959, Titre VIII, Article 16, paragraph one, which is in English in the original text: "Each of said Trustees shall be elected by ballot for a term of three years excepting as to two of the three first elected so that one of these shall be elected for a term of one year, one for a term of two years, and one for a term of three years and thereafter at each annual election the membership of

the Society by ballot shall elect a trustee to serve for a term of three years to succeed the trustee whose office expires at the time." Therefore, the term of office for one of the trustees ends in 2010, the second in 2011, and the third in 2012. The election of Feb. 15, 2009 did not assign terms of office for Gilbert, Clapin, or Champigny-Boulanger.

The Board of Honorary Officers, which is implied in the 1959 bylaws, were not even considered during the election of Feb. 15, 2009. Nevertheless, on page 238 of the BSHFA 1959, in Titre III, Article 9, one can read: "Les officiers honoraries sont élus à vie." The two honorary officers are listed in the inside front and back covers of the BSHFA 1992, and they are Marthe Biron-Peloquin and Arthur L. Eno Jr., both of Westford, Mass. The bylaws are not specific as to what the honorary officers are supposed to do, but Hon. Pres. Biron-Peloquin was supposed to have chaired the election of Sun. Feb. 15, 2009, since Pres. Paul Chasse died on March 26, 2008, but she appointed Dir. Claire Quintal of Worcester, Mass., to be her representative at the meeting, and so, Dir. Quintal chaired the election.

The Resurrectionists discovered their other major error at the first meeting of the new board, held on Sunday, March 15, 2009 in the office of Vice-President Marcel Raymond, when Sec. Trudy Lamoureux produced a copy of the latest set of bylaws of the SHFA, passed on April 20, 1985. The consensus of the board was to follow the latest set of bylaws, but the board did not pass a resolution to follow the latest set of bylaws. Also, the board collectively failed to examine the differences between the two sets of bylaws. The two most important differences in the two sets of bylaws are the terms of office for the board members, and the definition of a quorum. In the 1985 bylaws, the Executive Board and the Lower Board have two-year terms of office, and the clause is found in Titre III, Article 8: "Les officiers et les conseillers sont élus pour un terme de deux ans à la première reunion semi-annuelle." The most practical solution concerning the terms of office would be to let the terms of office stand as they were on the day of the controversial election, and then elect the officers and the directors under the terms of office under the 1985 bylaws at the next election. As for the Honorary Board and the Board of Trustees, the 1985 bylaws simply repeated the text from the 1959 bylaws. The other problem that the current board has accepted by practice and not by

resolution is the different definition of a quorum between the bylaws of 1959 and 1985. The 1959 bylaws defined the minimum for a quorum for board meetings as six (Règlements article 11: "Le quorum de réunions du bureau est de six."), while the 1985 bylaws concentrated more power into fewer officers, for it defined the minimum for a quorum as four. (Titre V, article 15b: "Le quorum requis aux réunions du bureau sera de 4 membres.") The lowering from six to four officers to achieve a quorum in the bylaws of 1959 and 1985 is evidence that the fewer officers in the later period were truly interested in the board meetings of the SHFA.

A List of the General Membership and Board Meetings

From February 2009 to May 2010, the SHFA held two general membership meetings (GMM), and six board meetings. The first GMM was the controversial election held on Assumption College in Worcester, Mass., on Sun. Feb. 15, 2009, and the second GMM was the "Reunion Gala" held in Le Foyer in Pawtucket, R.I., on Sun. Nov. 22, 2009. The dates and places of the six meetings of the Board of Directors of the SHFA are: Sun. Mar. 15, 2009, Marcel Raymond's Office, Worcester, Mass.; Fri. May 8, 2009, Westford Grille, Westford, Mass.; Thurs. July 16, and Fri. Sept. 25, 2009, both held in the Allora Restaurant, Marlborough, Mass.; Sun. Jan. 31, 2010, J.V. Fletcher Library, Westford, Mass.; Sun. Feb. 28, 2010, Acton Memorial Library, Acton, Mass.; Wed. March 31 and Thurs. April 22, 2010, both held in the former ACA Building, 52 Concord St., Manchester, N.H.

Three Newsletters

The SHFA sent three newsletters to its members. The first, the unofficial, was written and mailed by me, Albert Marceau, and dated June 25, 2009. The second, the first official, was written and mailed by Dir. Benoit Pelletier-Shoja. It is dated "été 2009," and it was mailed around Aug. 2, 2009. The third, the second official, was also written and mailed by Dir. Shoja. It is dated "automne 2009," and it was mailed in October 2009. Possibly to make the newsletter the voice of the SHFA, Dir. Shoja did not credit himself as the editor on either newsletter.

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Changes in the Board of Directors

Two directors were replaced at the board meeting of Sun. Jan. 31, 2010, held in the J.V. Fletcher Library in Westford, Mass. Armand Chartier and Charlie Martel were replaced by Roger Brunelle of Lowell, Mass., and Mary Chaput of Manchester, N.H.

On Sun. Feb. 14, 2010, Benoit Pelletier-Shoja sent an e-mail to the board members of the SHFA at 12:56PM that stated he resigned from the board. On Wed. Feb. 17, 2010, he resigned from the Publications Committee, which comprised of himself as head, with Dir. Michel Michaud and me, Albert Marceau. Shoja's resignation has not been accepted by the other members of the board.

On Mon. March 29, 2010, Louise Champigny-Boulanger sent an e-mail to all the board members of the SHFA at 5:03PM that stated she was resigning her office of trustee of the SHFA "effective immediately" because of her commitments at Catholic Family Life Insurance due to its merger with the Catholic Knights that occurred on April 1, 2010. Her office was filled by Don Chaput at the emergency board meeting of Wed. March 31, 2010, held in the former ACA Building on 52 Concord St., in Manchester, N.H. Trustee Real Gilbert proposed to make Don Chaput the Treasurer of the Board of Trustees, and the motion passed with a quorum of four – Gilbert, Brunelle and Lacerte in favor, Marceau against.

It must be noted that Trustee Gilbert admitted at the emergency meeting of March 31, 2010 that he did not meet at all with Jean-Louis Clapin and Louise Champigny-Boulanger since the election in order to choose among themselves who has the offices of Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Trustees. Trustee Gilbert claimed at the meeting of March 31, 2010, and during informal conversations with other directors at earlier meetings, that he could not reach Trustee Jean-Louis Clapin for a meeting. On May 6, 2010, I telephoned Jean-Louis Clapin, whose name, address and phone number can be found on [<http://www.whitepages.com>], and I asked him, if he were ever telephoned by Trustee Gilbert. Trustee Clapin clearly stated to me that Trustee Gilbert never contacted him in order to have a meeting of the board of trustees. The 1985 bylaws clearly state that the board of trustees must meet among

themselves, and choose their own officers, in Titre IV, Article 12, paragraph one: "Each of said trustees forthwith after the election, shall meet with his co-trustees and organize by selection of a chairman, a secretary and a treasurer." It also must be noted that the board of the SHFA voted to make Real Gilbert the Chairman of the Board of Trustees at the meeting held on March 15, 2009, a vote which also did not follow the bylaws.

The Fall '09 "Réunion Gala"

One can look through the various issues of the BSHFA and note that the SHFA held two general membership meetings (GMM) a year. The Spring GMM was called the "réunion annuelle," and the Fall GMM was called the "réunion gala." (The terms "réunion annuelle" and "réunion gala" do not appear in either bylaws of 1959 or 1985.) Pres. Lacerte kept the tradition of the "réunion gala" because he wanted a positive experience for the members, and he wanted to avoid a business meeting where the membership could have debated and accepted the meeting minutes of the controversial election of Feb. 15, 2009.

Dir. Benoit Pelletier-Shoja planned all aspects of the réunion gala that was held in Le Foyer in Pawtucket, R.I., on Sun. Nov. 22, 2009. The two speakers were Albert Marceau (myself) and Gregoire Chabot, the Franco-American playwright, known for "Un Jacques Cartier Errant."

My lecture was "A Brief History of the Role of Fr. Jean-Baptiste Proulx in the Danielson Affair and the Manitoba School Question," and it was based upon my master's thesis from Central Connecticut State University in New Britain, Conn. About two weeks before the lecture, I spoke to the head of the History Department at CCSU, Dr. Glenn Sunshine, who advised me that a 30-minute lecture would be typewritten as 18-pages, double-spaced. Due to my inexperience at editing a lecture for a public lecture, I attempted to include as much as possible, and so, I edited my lecture to fifteen pages long, single-spaced, or roughly one-fourth the length of my master's thesis. I attempted to read it at a breakneck speed before the audience, and at about 40 minutes into the lecture, Pres. Lacerte stopped me, and I had to improvise the remainder of the talk.

The two most important statements or questions from the floor were from Trudy Lamoureux and Ernest Guillet.

Lamoureux's statement was that

Rumilly's history, *Histoire des Franco-Américains*, was a censored work, and she knew this information from her own life experience. In the 1950s, she worked as a typist in the home office of Union Saint-Jean-Baptiste d'Amérique in Woonsocket, R.I., and she would see the latest installment of the manuscript by Rumilly, who would send approximately ten pages to the home office, and then Lamoureux would take the original, and retype multiple copies of it, so the board of USJBA would be able to read it during the week, and then discuss the latest installment at the next board meeting. (Photocopy machines did not become common until the 1970s.) After the members of the board discussed the latest installment, and made deletions, or corrections, Lamoureux would gather them, and then send them back to Rumilly, who would rewrite his text, which would be sent back to the USJBA, along with new pages, and so went the process, until the manuscript was complete.

I responded to Lamoureux, stating that I interviewed her by telephone several years earlier, in which she explained the process of how the manuscript was developed. (I interviewed Trudy Lamoureux on Feb. 23, 2001 for a survey of the historical literature about the Danielson Affair for an Independent Study with Dr. Norton Mezvinsky, for Fall 1999 at CCSU. The paper has a long title: "A History of the Danielson Affair: A Study in the Power Politics of a French-Canadian People versus the Bishop of Hartford, Connecticut. Part One: Catholic History in Connecticut Written by the Religious, A Study of History as Propaganda." I turned-in the 72-page paper to Dr. Mezvinsky, and a second copy to Dr. Stanislaus Blejwas, on April 25, 2001.) I said that the censorship of Rumilly's *Histoire des Franco-Américains* was not part of my thesis, for Rumilly did place important information in his text that slipped past the censors at USJBA. Since I knew the process as to how the book was written, I knew to look for clues within his text. In particular, Rumilly gave the true end of the Danielson Affair, not at the end of the 17th chapter of his book, which is entitled "L'Affaire de Danielson," but in the opening of the 19th chapter, which is entitled "Fondation de L'Union St-Jean-Baptiste d'Amérique," where he wrote that the Diocese of Hartford won the court case concerning the election of lay-trustees at the Superior Court in Putnam, Conn., but that the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors (Continued on page 18)

(14 Months of the New Board of the SHFA
continued from page 17)

reversed the decision of the lower-court. Rumilly wrote in an obtuse manner that the French-Canadian laity at Danielson won the court case concerning the election of lay trustees at the Parish of St. James in Danielson, Conn., but he wrote it in such a way that the censors at USJBA did not realize its significance. I also told Lamoureux, and the audience as well, that I used Rumilly's *Histoire des Franco-Américains* and the seventh and eighth volumes of his *Histoire de la Province de Quebec*, where Rumilly clearly wrote that Fr. Proulx used the Danielson Affair as a cover story for his covert diplomatic mission to the Vatican on behalf of Prime Minister Laurier of Canada in order to settle the matter of religion in the schools in Manitoba, which is known as the Manitoba School Question.

The question from Ernest Guillet was about the Missionaries of LaSalette, and in particular about Fr. Zotique Chouinard who founded the Franco-American Province of the Missionaries of LaSalette. Unfortunately, I cannot remember his exact statement or question, but the following is an improvement upon the answer that I gave.

Fr. Donald Paradis, M.S., wrote on page 87 of his history, *The Missionaries of LaSalette: From France to North America*, that three Franco-Americans entered the LaSalette College in Hartford, Conn., on Fri. Sept. 16, 1898, named Zotique Chouinard, Emile Plante, and Armand Potvin. Each of the three made their perpetual vows in 1904. Fr. Armand Potvin M.S., died on the morning of May 11, 1916 in St. James' Church in Danielson, Conn., and his obituary in the *Catholic Transcript*, (May 11, 1916, page two), states that he was born in Holyoke, Mass., on Sept. 17, 1883, and he was ordained as a priest on July 3, 1910. Fr. Emile Plante M.S., according to his obituary in the *Catholic Transcript*, (Jan. 21, 1954, page eight), states that he was born in the Province of Quebec on May 5, 1884, that he was ordained on July 9, 1910, and that he died on Jan. 13, 1954 in Attleboro, Mass. Fr. Zotique Chouinard M.S., according to his obituary in the *Catholic Transcript*, (Sept. 24, 1964, page 14), states that he was born in the Province of Quebec in 1883, that he was ordained in Rome in 1910, and that he died in East Brewer, Mass, on Sept. 18, 1964. Of the three, Fr. Chouinard is the most significant, for he was instrumental in the establishment of the Immaculate Heart of Mary Province

within the Missionaries of LaSalette, which was also known as the Franco-American Province since it was French-speaking, and it was based in Enfield, N.H. On May 31, 1960, he was awarded the *Ordre du Mérite Franco-Américain* by the SHFA, given to him by Adolphe Robert of the SHFA, in Enfield, N.H. Robert's speech is found in the BSHFA 1960, pages 65-68. One can read in the obituaries of the day that his two fellow Franco-American priests were forgotten at the time of his death, for the title of his obituary in the *Catholic Transcript* is "Funeral Mass Sung for First American La Salette Priest," while his obituary in the *Hartford Courant* (Sept. 22, 1964, page four), contains the text that he was: "... the first American Seminarian recruited by the French LaSalette priests...." The reality is that Fr. Armand Potvin was the first true, Franco-American LaSalette priest, since he was born in Holyoke, Mass., but he has been forgotten, due to his death in 1916.

A facet of the death of Fr. Chouinard which may indicate that he is a saint, is the day of his death, for he died on the day before the major feast day of his order, the Feast of Our Lady of LaSalette, which is September 19. St. Maximilian Kolbe, who was highly devoted to the Virgin Mary, was martyred on August 14, 1941, the day before the highest of the Marian feasts, the Feast of the Assumption of Mary, which is August 15. Also, Pope John Paul II, who instituted Divine Mercy Sunday for the entire Catholic Church, died on Sat. April 2, 2005, the day before Divine Mercy Sunday in 2005.

After the question and answer period, there was a break for lunch.

Gregoire Chabot began his performance of "Tabarnak," sitting in a chair, simply speaking, as if off the cuff. He was performing Armand, the narrator of the one-act play, who was telling the audience of his life, with the repeated theme of change not for the better. Since the performance was in French, I could not understand all of it, and a few times, I would miss the punch-line of a joke, because I could not understand the last words. Nevertheless, his performance was effective, for I spoke to Ernest Guillet a couple days after the reunion gala, and Guillet told me that he initially thought that Chabot was talking about Chabot's own life.

Le BSHFA on the Internet

Former Director Charlie Martel was instrumental in the digitization of nearly all of the old issues of *Le Bulletin de la SHFA*, (BSHFA). In April 2009, he knew that the first issue of the BSHFA 1906 was already digitized by the Page Delivery Service of Harvard University Library at [<http://pds.lib.harvard.edu>] [<http://pds.lib.harvard.edu>]. In order to have the later editions of the BSHFA digitized, he contacted Tom Blake of the Digital Imaging Lab at the Boston Public Library, who in turn, digitized the following issues of BSHFA: 1937 No. I, 1937 No. II, 1938 No. II, 1939 No. I, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944 et 1945, 1946 et 1947, 1948 et 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, and 1973. The digitized issues of *Le Bulletin* can be found through the catalog of the Boston Public Library at [<http://www.bpl.org/>] [<http://www.bpl.org/>] or through the Internet Archive at [<http://www.archive.org/>] [<http://www.archive.org/>]. The list has some missing issues of the BSHFA, which are: 1935 (le séance de 9 mai), 1935 (le séance de 19 novembre), 1936 Nos. I et II, and 1938 No. I. As one can examine the digitized copies of the BSHFA, it is apparent that the master images of the BSHFA were from bound volumes, for between the issues 1938 No. II and 1939 No. I is a program for the banquet and reception sponsored by the SHFA for the French Ambassador to the U.S., Rene Doynel de Saint-Quentin, which occurred on Oct. 26, 1938 at the Statler Hotel in Boston.

The only publications by the SHFA that were not digitized by the Boston Public Library was the book *Les quarante ans de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine, 1899-1939*, published in 1940, and the last four publications of the SHFA – *Le Cahier 1983*, "The Spirit of Laws and the American Constitution" by Alain Briottet in 1988, *Le Cahier 1990*, and BSHFA 1992-93.

Conclusion

In the past fourteen months of the new board of the SHFA, the successes that it could count are, that the society did not dissolve, that it made an attempt to involve the general membership in the life of the society with the three newsletters and the reunion gala on Nov. 22, 2009. Possibly the most accessible accomplishment is the digitized copies of *Le Bulletin de la SHFA*.

(Continued on page 19)



**(LETTERS/LETTRES
from page 9)**

The business identification number assigned by the NH Department of State to the Bibliothèque nationale is 605527.

Next, to give credit where credit is due, it was Albert who created that whimsical designation, “Pizza Meeting,” mentioned in the second paragraph; he is likewise the only person who uses it. Personally, I am not convinced that this alleged other meeting took place—at all, never mind in the summer of 2008—, and I will explain why. First and foremost, I do not remember such a meeting. Next, each proposed agenda and subsequent set of minutes notes its chronological order in its heading. So, after the “Première Réunion” on Wed., July 9, 2008, a “Deuxième Rencontre” took place the following Wed., July 25; a “Troisième Rencontre” took place on Wed., Aug. 29; a “4e Rencontre” took place on Fri., Sept. 19; a “5e Rencontre” took place on Sun., Nov. 2; and a sixth and final meeting took place on Fri., Jan. 30, 2009 (and not January 20, as Albert says, which was in fact a Tuesday).

One will note that nowhere in this progression is there room for an additional meeting. Besides, no meeting could have taken place on Wed., Aug. 6, 2008 (as Albert suggests), without the following meeting, on Fri., Sept. 19, being designated the “5e rencontre” (in addition to the agenda and minutes headings, an e-mail from Roger Lacerte, dated Wed., Oct. 29, 2008, refers to the November 2 meeting as the “5e rencontre”).

As further proof of why the so-called “Pizza Meeting” did not occur during the summer of 2008, an e-mail from Roger Lacerte, dated Sat., Jan. 24, 2009, relative to the upcoming January 30 meeting, reveals the relaxed atmosphere that one would find there: “On fera venir de la pizza et on jaserà.” Likewise, an e-mail from the Franco-American Institute of Salem, dated January 30, mentions “LA PIZZA,” in capital letters.

So, there is no “Pizza Meeting.” There was simply a meeting that took place on Fri., Jan. 30, 2009, and at which pizza happens to have been eaten. I remember that it was Domino’s Pizza, but I can assure you, having been there, that this was hardly central to our getting together.

Now, in the fifth paragraph, when Albert notes that “[Charles] Martel brought the paperwork to Concord, N.H.,” he omits that Charlie had company. It was Roger Lacerte

who drove from Manchester to Concord with Charlie as his passenger, stopping first at the NH State Archives (where I work) to collect me before heading downtown to the NH Corporate Division office, located on the third floor of the State House Annex, 25 Capitol Street. By that time, it was already mid-to-late afternoon and we were in a hurry to get there and file the paperwork before the end of the business day and the start of the long Thanksgiving break. In my rushed departure from work, I forgot to bring with me the typed copy of the Articles of Agreement that I had prepared in advance, which error I realized en route to the Corporate Division office. This explains the handwritten paperwork, filled in with a pen provided by the State of NH. Roger had brought along the sheet of incorporators’ signatures (previously signed by the people Albert names in his article), and we simply attached it to the completed document, along with a check for \$30, which funds Roger likewise provided.

In the seventh paragraph, Albert twice mentions the presence of one “Bernadette Bernard” of Manchester, NH, but this person’s name is in fact Bernadette D. Bé-nard. He also mentions the office of Marcel Raymond in Worcester, MA, as being the site of the fourth meeting (on Fri., Sept. 19) without adding that Mr. Raymond’s office is called the Franco-Centre. Further, at that same fourth meeting, Georges-André Lussier was not a participant, but this last error is hardly Albert’s fault, for the minutes for that meeting erroneously list Dr. Lussier as having been there. These minutes were later amended, at my request, at the next meeting, on Sun., Nov. 2, in Lowell, MA.

Finally, at that fifth meeting, on November 2, there was not “only [one] mention” of La Bibliothèque nationale franco-américaine, as Albert advances later in the seventh paragraph. One mention did come from Charles Martel, who reported on the status of the Internet website he was creating, but it was I who spoke about the incorporation of the Bibliothèque nationale and explained that the State of NH distinguishes between an *organization* and a *corporation*. Any group of people can work together as an *organization* (the very fact of organizing makes this so), but it is necessary to file paperwork and pay a fee in order to create a legal *corporation*. The majority of the people present that afternoon thought it was important to create, legally, a nonprofit corporation, and this is of great significance, I think, because it demonstrates the level of

commitment and concern of those willing to incorporate such an entity by putting their signatures to the Articles of Agreement.

In conclusion, apart from these minor errors and omissions, I am thankful to Albert for having written about the creation of La Bibliothèque nationale franco-américaine. I likewise applaud him for championing the cause, critical to all us incorporators, of identifying and collecting, promoting and preserving documents, books and other items important to the history of Franco-Americans.

It is vital that we understand our past if we are to continue to create our future. I encourage all those who read this article—and the other articles featured in *Le Forum*—to look around your homes and to recognize the historical and cultural significance and the craftsmanship inherent in the otherwise simple and everyday items and articles found there: books, art, toys, photographs, tools, utensils. Think of how many of these things have appeared and disappeared in your own lifetime, in your parents’ and grandparents’ lifetimes.

Think of how such unobtrusive examples of living human creativity and artisanship might one day disappear without any future generations ever having laid an eye—or a hand—on them. Their significance to previous generations, instead of being felt and understood first hand, is in danger of being lost. Our hope in creating and promoting the Bibliothèque nationale franco-américaine is to save from ruin, neglect and obliteration those simple, everyday items that populate our basements, attics, dens, kitchens, workrooms and sheds, and which are testaments to the lives and enduring spirit of Franco-Americans everywhere.

**Benoît Pelletier Shoja
Concord, NH**

LaFranceLaPerse@gmail.com

**(More LETTERS/LETTRES
on page 20)**

*(14 Months of the New Board of the SHFA
continued from page 18)*

However, the new board failed to hold its 110th anniversary in 2009, and as of the board meeting of April 22, 2010, the next general membership meeting will be held in the Fall of 2010, which is in violation of the 1985 bylaws. The next issue of *Le Bulletin de la SHFA* is no longer discussed at board meetings. Nevertheless, the work of the board of the SHFA will continue.



(LETTERS/LETTRES
from page 19)

Salut!

Je cherche les nombreux articles généalogiques qu'a préparé Bob Chenard pour la revue Le Forum. En auriez-vous un index?

Encore, les articles du Forum sont-ils accessibles sur l'internet, sur CD, ou seulement en bibliothèque? Et peut-on y faire des recherches par mots-clés?

Y a-t-il projet de numériser Le Forum et les journaux franco-américains du Maine?

Merci!

Robert Gagné
Englewood, NJ

Dear Le Forum;

Enclosed is a check for renewal and a donation for the work you all have done over the years on behalf of the Franco community. I would like to continue to receive "Le Forum" via the US mail. (Yes, I'm over thirty and still like to read a paper print). When the "FORUM" arrives I quickly peruse the pages and then take my time in reading both the French and English versions of each article. My mother is 90 plus and I do share Le Forum with her, thus I need a printed copy. Thank you and I do hope and pray that your meager funds from the State of Maine will be augmented in the near future.

Is your organization a not-for-profit (501c3)? If so, maybe readers need to know that any donations made to the Forum are tax deductible. And if tax deductible how and where to send donations.

Sincerely,
Lucille Langlois
Quinebaug, CT

THE NAME FAROG

Annette Paradis King



I was the mother of four teenage sons when my brother sent me my first copy of FAROG. There is a memory of flipping its pages disinterested, mostly because the funny name FAROG had me wondering what kind of a paper would have the name of that particular amphibian? You probably know where I'm going but let me continue, please. The word FAROG took me back to when I was called one. I remember it being spoken in anger, disgrace, and more often than rarely when making fun of me. The name pushed me back into my old inferior slot. I can't put a date on these nightmarish times but the confusion is felt as strongly writing this morning at my desk. There were other incidences similar that took place in my childhood seven decades ago. There were no explanations that I remember as to why we were called 'frogs' or why kids yelled out frog with such resentment.

Anguish like those are not news anymore, but the courage to share them is new. I wasn't such an open minded person not long ago. I remember how it all began to change. It was after reading those early issues of FAROG. Once I got past the disagreeable name I found it to be a friendly magazine, accenting pride and dignity that was shared by people who spoke

Dear Le Forum;

I enjoy the Le Forum publication so much! However, the last time I received the magazine was this past early Spring I believe it was in April.

I do not have a computer and cannot receive "Le Forum" on line. I did notify you immediately that I would have to continue receiving the publication via snail mail. I sent 2 checks to cover my subscription plus a little extra for expenditures incurred through "snail mail" for myself and perhaps others who could not afford the extra cost. I'd

of their heritage in honesty and candor.

Years later, the name was changed from FAROG to Le Forum, a softer gentler heading in my view. I had my own subscription by that time, fascinated over the occasional stories of how new rulings in public schools had affected children and how our Franco American history was excluded from the Maine history books. People who wrote what this meant to them as children were writing what I had hidden from myself. What was different was that their non-fiction stories carried self admissions and how they overcame taught me to examine my own attitudes, which were boastfully negative at the time. What followed was the discovery of a new vocabulary to describe my identity. It couldn't have happened without reading Le Forum. How wonderful to have had the curiosity to look through my first copy a brother had sent to me. My ancestors have become honorably important to me because of this darling magazine. And on a more personal note, it continues to be a reliable source of information that on occasion lets me express my thoughts, as well.

like to continue my support in the future.

If you have already sent out the latest publication and it might be in the mail, then ignore this note. If I've been inadvertently omitted from the list of subscribers, please check your records. I do look forward to my next issue.

God Bless You!

Love and Prayers,
Ann E. Romano
Newington, CT

Les Français d'Amérique / French In America

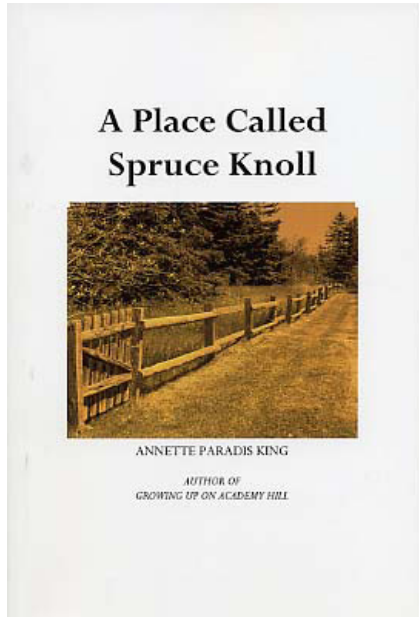
1605-2010 = 405 ans passés les Français s'implantaient au Nouveau Monde.
Le temps est opportun de rappeler leur histoire (300+ photographs).
All texts are bilingual

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

Project of: Virgil Benoit, Red Lake Falls, Minnesota
Planning & Execution by: Marie-Reine Mikesell, Chicago, Illinois



LES FRANÇAIS D'AMÉRIQUE - 1605-2010 - 405 ans passés les Français s'implantaient au Nouveau Monde. Le temps est opportun de rappeler leur histoire (300+ photographes). All texts are bilingual. Photo: On either side of the car, Marie-Reine Mikesell, Chicago, Illinois.

BOOKS/LIVRES...

Announcing a new book:
A PLACE CALLED SPRUCE
KNOLL -- by Annette Paradis King

An excerpt: August 20, 2004

And when all else about them has been forgotten, the tradition of the grace remains, as much a part of the house as the bricks of the chimney and the boards of its floor.

— E. Coatsworth

What will be remembered this anniversary? Surely, one thing will be the house we made into a home for all who come. The sons with their families who keep in touch driving long distances, and the grandchildren who have grown like spring greens. Here we are on the beach remembering things that happened long ago, feeling like old warriors, which of course we are.

Gerry offers his arm for stability. We walk slowly on the cool wet sand watching the white caps roll up to our sandals. The ocean floor is bare as the tide is way out. It's not a sandy beach making it less popular for swimmers, possible. A few people stroll around and about the seaweed brought in by a recent storm. The huge fluffy gray clouds move in and out of different shapes working my imagination. Mussel shells along the shoreline are inches deep.

Shortly, my spouse went back to the car to carry what we packed from kitchen to an unoccupied picnic table: I watch.

Without his support, placing one foot after the other is done cautiously, but thoughts are of our first years together. I look down choosing and picking stones or an occasional sea urchin shell. I amuse myself until both feet make it known I need to end walking. Gerry has placed my chair as close to the water as possible, knowing I needed to breathe and hear the sounds of the sea.

His chair is placed next to mine and he's poured himself an ice cold martini from the L.L. Bean silver thermos bottle, so old it doesn't keep his drinks cold for very long. Bottled water is taken from the picnic basket. Gerry unscrews the cap and pours me a drink. We lift stemmed-glasses taken from home toasting the wonders of arriving fifty-three years together.

The waves rolled in the closer. The freshness of the summer breeze reinforced my affection for what surrounds me—there is no place I'd rather be. The sea's familiar sounds of rocks pulled back and under until they find a deeper place to settle are reminders of our years together. There were times we went back to step or two, and when lucky, forward again bringing us to this day.

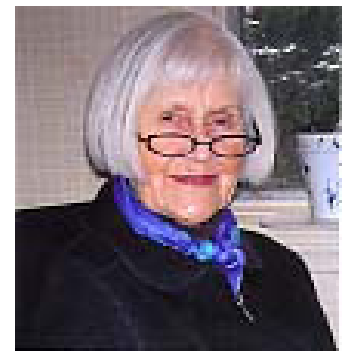
The happiest of times can be just the ability to grasp or clutch a happy moment. A good example is the time I sat in the car and watched Gerry walking across the parking lot pushing a week's supply of food. I noticed the big grocery sign behind him and momentarily, I knew we had opened a new and different chapter of togetherness. Another moment is remembered when watching him coming up the driveway carrying the morning mail. Without warning in some deep place inside a thread of devotion became known and for the remainder of the day I rejoiced.

That's what happiness is that moment when the present is grasped. The kind of happiness I'm speaking of isn't something you can take a lump of anytime you want to. Happiness can be a time when you catch your breath over something so insignificant that if you're not aware you'll miss it and if you catch it, it's enough to last a long time. Many levels of this new place keep coming to light. I mulled over how much longer it takes to accomplish what's important. Are we just slower? I like to think that people of retirement age are slower because they want to go deeper, not like younger ones who tend to go faster and farther. It's a new place in the cycle of life. It has a deeper aspect concerning imagination, curiosity, and in a sense even relationships like ours

have a more philosophical connection.

We relax there on the beach repeating stories of old, watching the actions of the surf and simultaneously finding amusement discussing the changes our roles have taken. Gerry points the camera at me freezing the moment. We look out to the sea, now a mirror for an August sky on this hot afternoon. It's an unforgettable celebration. I know it can and does happen' but no more than once or twice between a multitude of concerns, disappointments or losses, which are as certain. We spoke of our blessings there in sunlight. For me., the memory that Will last longest is how I clung to the present while continuing to day dream and for long moments my eyes went from the horizon to spouse; if they closed there was solace; opened again, there was in front of me all that is familiar and true.

- August 2003



ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Annette Paradis King lives with her spouse Gerry in Gouldsboro, Maine. For more than fifteen years, she has enjoyed sharing with family and friends her non-fiction short-stories. She believes that even insignificant moments are jewels and surely as valuable as every important documented development. She is devoted to poetry and continues to create one on occasion. A second chapbook is in progress.

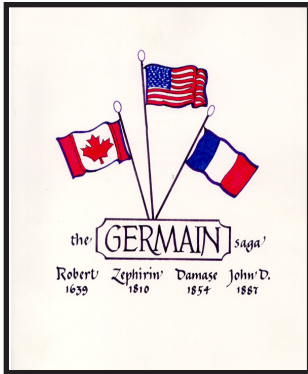
"A Place Called Spruce Knoll" can be ordered from the author, for \$8.00 plus \$3.00 shipping, at:
 454 South Gouldsboro Road
 Gouldsboro, Maine 04607

Or by via email: "Annette King"
 spruceknoll@midmaine.com

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The Germain Saga

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



DELORE

After two years of teaching, Delore decided to look for a better paying job. In 1933, he went to St. Paul, and was hired at Seeger's Refrigerators. When the weekend came Delore was happy, because he drove to New Richmond to see his girl friend, Elsie Knutson. During their courtship, Elsie took instructions, and became a Catholic. This was a great joy for Delore and our family.

May 17, 1935, was the day chosen for Delore and Elsie's wedding in St. Anne's Church in Somerset, Wisconsin. Sister Claire and I were in Bourg, France, for our Novitiate when we received the news in Mom's letter. She described the wedding at the church, the festivities, and she con-

cluded her letter by saying that our oldest brother was happily married. Claire and I read and re-read the letter including the New Richmond News clipping. Elsie's sister Bernice was the bridesmaid, Delore's brother, Andrew, was the best man. The flower girls was Ruth Holmquist, and the ring bearer was Delore's youngest brother, Ralph.

The newly married couple rented a farm house east of New Richmond. Here two sons were born, Arlin and Richard. Delore's job was in St. Paul about 30 miles away. To be closer to his work the family moved to St. Paul in 1937.

Both Delore and Elsie loved the country and the outdoors. After renting for some time, they bough a house with a few acres of land off Minnehaha Avenue. There Delore had a large garden, an orchard, chickens, bees, and two goats. I often wondered how my brother could take care of all this besides his regular job at Seeger's and then at Hamm's Brewery. On the side he sold Electrolux Vacuum Cleaners, Fuller Brushes, and Aluminum Windows. Delore also spent many hours at a laundromat which he owned in partnership with his brother-in-law, Thomas Mitchell.

Elsie was the loving mother who cooked delicious meals for the family. She went about her work quietly and efficiently. Delore and Elsie were blessed with eight children: Arlin, Richard, Joy Marie, Judy and Janice (twins), Robert, Mary Gail and David. The family frequently visited Grandma and Grandpa Germain on the

farm where the children had loads of fun.

After five years of suffering from cancer, Elsie died on April 27, 1972. She loved her family, and remains very close to each one. Her son, Richard, preceded her in death after years of suffering also from cancer. It was sad to see a young man leave his young wife, Frances, with three small children: Thomas, Marjorie and Julie.

Delore was lonely after Elsie's death. He joined the Don Bosco Singles' Club in Minneapolis, and met Alcie Blackwood. Later that year they were married on October 6, 1972. Delore sold his house on Minnehaha. They lived in a McKnight Apartment for many years.

For fifteen winters Alice and Delore enjoyed nearly perfect weather in Hawaii. Delore collected, crushed, and sold enough aluminum soft drink cans to pay for trips to the sunny island.

In 1997, Delore and Alice celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary with their children, family and friends. They both looked young and happy. After almost twenty-eight years together, Alice died in February of 1998.

Delore is alone again. His children are very good to him. In May of 2001, Delore went to live in the Good Samaritan Home in Stillwater. He enjoys playing cribbage with his sons and relatives.

On August 7, 2002, his children and family met at his daughter Judy's home to celebrate his 91st birthday. Delore is the proud grandfather to 23 grandchildren and 28 great grandchildren.



Alice & Delore's Wedding Anniversary - 1997



Delore, Elsie, and Twins Judy & Janice



Elsie Knutson Germain & Delore Germain



Four Generations:
Baby Tommy, Richard,
Delore & Grandpa Germain



Four Generations — 2002 —
Delore with Janice Roe, Lee
Ann Locken, and the twins,
Lauren & Michaela Locken



Judy, Arlin, Robert, Delore,
David, Janice, Mary Gail, and Joy

(Continued on page 23)

(The Germain Saga continued from page 22)

ANDREW GERMAIN

After Andrew's graduation in 1932, he worked with Uncle Phil Laventure in his machine shop in New Richmond. Here Andrew began learning the trade of a mechanic.

Always active and eager to try something new, Andrew joined the Walk-A-Thon Contest during the summer 1933 at the Terrace in Somerset, Wisconsin. Crowds gathered to watch the contestants walk and walk. Mom did not like this because she was worried about Andrew's health for lack of sleep. After it was all over, Andrew told us that they slept all night after the crowds dispersed! Who won? The winner was Andrew Germain!

In 1936, Andrew went to California. Uncle Phil sent a letter of recommendation to Griffin Wheel Company in Huntington Park, and he was hired. Andrew worked there until 1941 when he was drafted. He went for training in Shepherd's Field, Texas where he attended the Army Airforce Instrument School. From there, he was sent to Scottsman's Field, California to work on Aircraft Instruments. In Chicago, Andrew studied Radio Mechanics and the International Morse Code. It was in 1943 that Andrew married Venita Fortune in Chicago. She was a widow with a small child named Bruce.

During the war, Corporal Andrew Germain transmitted the secret codes to all bases in Liecester, England. After D-Day, Andrew and his group were transferred to La Val in southwestern France. As territory was gained, the group advanced usually 40 or 50 miles behind the front lines.

At the Battle of the Bulge, British troops bombed at night, and the Americans during the day. After this battle, Andrew's outfit occupied a hole built by the Germans. German fighter planes fired

missiles at them. Andrew saw one coming right toward him. He jumped in the 50 foot hole, and got to the bottom without touching a step, and came out unhurt!

Andrew's division of the International Morse Secret Codes successfully transmitted messages, and eventually were of prime importance in winning the war.

After the war, Andrew went to Antwerp to wait for a return boat to the United States. While waiting he played poker, and won \$2000. On his return he used the money to buy 12 cows and 100 sows. He bought a farm east of New Richmond, and lived there until 1951.

Andrew was a successful farmer, but decided to sell his farm and return to California. He was rehired at Griffin Wheel. It was only after three months that he was named foreman. Ten years later he was transferred to the new plant in Bensenville, Illinois. On his way to Chicago, Andrew had a heart attack in Kansas. He was hospitalized for three weeks, and then recuperated at Mom and Dad's home for two months. While there Dad gave Andrew a book to read, Old Folk Medicine. The book stated the benefits of taking apple cider vinegar and honey. Andrew has been taking it ever since.

It was several weeks before Andrew went back to work at Griffin Wheel as General Foreman and manager of the plant in Chicago. In 1979, at the age of 62, Andrew retired. At his retirement party, Andrew was praised for his achievements especially for his inventions which saved the company millions of dollars, for his loyalty and fairness in dealing with his employees, and for his friendliness toward everyone.

The year 1979 was the beginning of a new part of Andrew's life. Divine Providence directs and guides the events of each day. What happens has a purpose and leads ultimately to God. Andrew's marriage to Venita

was not meant to be. Years later they were divorced, and the marriage was annulled. In God's plan Andrew and Ruth Montbriand were brought together. The marriage took place on January 3, 1980, in Hawaii.

Ruth and Andrew bought some land from Urban on County Road C. They built a beautiful country home nestled in tall pine trees. North of the house Andrew planted a large garden. He spent several summers bringing his produce to markets in Hudson, New Richmond, and Stillwater. Ruth kept the bird feeders well supplied, which attracted a variety of birds.

In their spare time, Andrew and Ruth play a little poker with the family. The cold winter months led them to Las Vegas for twelve winters. In 1992, Andrew and Ruth sold their country home to Jeanne and Ted Germain. They bought a town house on Raymond Street in Somerset. It is in a quiet area and close to St. Anne's Church.

In his retirement years, Andrew is very active. In 1946, Dad spoke to Andrew about the Knights of Columbus. He joined in New Richmond where Uncle Phil Laventure was a Grand Knight. In 1975, Andrew was reinstated as an active member in Somerset. Today he is Fourth Degree Grand Knight and trustee. He has received several awards—"Knight of the Month" for his services. St. Anne's School receives scholarships from the Knights. Andrew is a prayer partner with his grand nephew, Gavin Germain. They celebrate their birthdays together on March 19.

Andrew is a life time member of the American Legion and Chaplain for the Somerset chapter. Since 1987, Andrew is the president of the Somerset Senior Center. His active service and his hearty laugh keep him young at the age of 88!

(Continued on page 24)



Ruth Montbriand Germain and
Andrew Germain



In Andy's California
pool: Andy, Mom,
and Dad




Andrew and Urban, Fourth Degree Grand Knights



Corporal Andrew Germain

United States Army



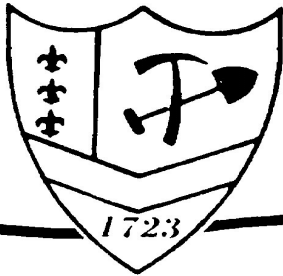
Army Air Forces Technical School

Be it known that
Andrew G. Germaine, ASN 37209702
has satisfactorily completed the course for
Radio Operators and Mechanics
as prescribed by the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command
and given at Chicago, Illinois
In testimony whereof and by virtue of vested authority
I do confer upon him this

Diploma

Given on this 10th day of July in the
year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty three

John P. Temple
Colonel, Air Corps.
Commanding
Chicago Schools, AAFTC



THE DIGGIN'S
les Piroches



287 ans des Français dans le comté Washington
(287 years of the French in Washington County)

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Old Mines Area Historical Society, Inc.
La société historique de la région de la Vieille Mine

Spotlight Biography

Of Days Gone By Harry Dapron

On May, 15, 1986 my father, Harry Nicholas DaPron was laid to rest in Calvary Cemetery in Desoto, Mo. As I stood by the grave site I began to examine the other tombstones in our family plot. It was then I realized how little I knew about our family history. We decided with the encouragement of my cousin Harry Douglas Allen and my wife's curious nature. So we began the arduous task of tracing the DaPron name back to the early American settlers.

Nicholas Duperon married 1748-Isabelle Chardonnet, Quebec, Canada.

Guillaume DaPron born 1750 married 1768 Sandwich, Detroit

Nicholas DaPron born 1804 married 1830 Marie Louise Racine, New Madrid, Missouri.

Nicholas DaPron born 1834 married 1856 Marie Eugenie Soutia, Carondelet, Missouri.

Nicholas John DaPron born 1864 married Eugenia Schmitt, Manchester, Missouri.

Harry Nicholas DaPron born 1904 married Edna Wischropp Desoto, Missouri.

Harry Alvin DaPron born 1931 married 1951 Rowena Akins Desoto, Missouri.

David Andrew DaPron adopted 1963 single, Harry Nicholas DaPron born 1966. Single

The name of **Guillaume DaPron** first appears in the Catholic Church Parish of Sandwich of Windsor, Canada where he

married **Mary Louise Clermont** in 1768. Her family can be traced to the first settlers from France which was lead by Jacques Cartier. The names of those early settlers are on a monument in Quebec. Soon after they were married they traveled down the Wabash River to the small French trading post of Vincennes, Indiana. It was there they established their home and raised a large family. Guillaume DaPron died at an early age and Mary Louise remarried.



Edna K. Dapron

Their sons Peter and Nicholas DaPron journeyed down the Ohio River to a trading post at New Madrid on the Mississippi River. In 1799 they obtained a Spanish land grant because at that time the territory west of the Mississippi River was under Spanish rule. **Nicholas DaPron** married **Mary Louise Racine** and they made their home on the

crossing in Ste. Genevieve and had several children. Records show Mrs. Boldoc and Mrs. St Gemme were godmothers for two of the DaPron children. The family moved to Carondelet where more children were born. Their son Nicholas married **Mary Daganet** and they had a son Nicholas, who was my great-great grandfather. He married **Eugenia Soutier**, a young lady who had just arrived from France with her twin brother Eugene, who married Nicholas's sister and they settle in the small French community of St. Paul, which is located north of St. Charles on the Quiver River. We believe they moved there to be near the Daganet family, who owned land on the river just east of the present day bridge over the Quiver River near Old Monroe. It was quite a surprise to find in the church records that in 1864 my grandfather Nicholas John was born there. He also had sisters, Clementine, Rose, Julia and brothers, Theodore and Narsis.

The family moved to the Lemay area where Nicholas and Theodore entered the insurance business for a short time. During this period the rest of the family moved to Shibboleth in Washington County, Missouri. Nicholas John opened a dry goods store in the booming town of Wellston, Missouri on Derby Ave. He met and married Sophia Schmitt from Valley Park, Missouri. They had a son, **Harry Nicholas DaPron**. When he was one year old, the family moved into a log house Nicholas John built in the Old Mines Area. His early childhood was spent at Happy Hollow, were his father, **Nicholas John DaPron** had moved in a futile attempt to make a living mining lead in the early 1900's. This land joined his sister, Clementine and Charles Wall's
(Continued on page 26)

*(Spotlight Biography Of Days Gone
By continued from page 25)*

property. After several years and with little success, he traded the property for Tony Koch's home in Desoto. Nicholas John and his young son Harry Nicholas built and operated Fountain City Lumber Co. They provided the material for Washington State Park during the W.P.A. days.

Nicholas John died in 1937 and the lumber yard was sold to Newell Hopson. My father, **Harry Nicholas DaPron** built a road house in Racola and called it Racola City in 1937. It was like coming back home for him, for me it had many new and exciting experiences.

I was six years old when we moved to Racola. I started the second grade at Racola School. The school was located across the swinging bridge and up the hill behind the tavern. My teachers were **Miss Cartona Dougherty** and **Mrs. Marie Higginbotham**. I loved them both.

The school had no electricity and a large pot bellied stove for heat, one of the older students was paid 25 cents a week to come in early and start the fire. If we wanted a drink we went to the pump house and the toilets were down the hill. During recess we would play softball, we also had a red rubber ball but it always needed air. There was a large wild cherry tree on the play ground with a basketball rim grown in it. I could never figure out what it was for. How sad! When I graduated the eighth grade, there were thirteen students in the school. They were **Grace Declue, Rose Declue, Francis Declue, Catherine Declue, Henri Ann Hargus, League Hargus, John Coleman, James Wilkerson, Nancy Wilkerson, John Bequette, Dennis Coleman and I, Harry Alvin DaPron.**

Moving to Racola in 1937 was like going back to the 1800's. No electricity, no telephone, no running water and no inside plumbing. All farming was done with horses. I fondly remember the families in the area and how gracious they were to me even though they had very little. It took a lot of know how to raise a family on those farms.

I spent a lot of time in the Old Mines Creek, especially the old swimming hole below the church in Old Mines. I would swim all day and on the way home I would

stop at **Red Roderick's** store and buy a Royal Crown Cola and a Tip Top cake,



Picture #1 students top row r to l: Adrain Jack Coleman, Roy Reder, Walter Reando and Sidney Coleman.



Picture #2 r to l: Joe Coleman, Agnes Kincade, Leona Coleman, Vincent Kincade, Henri Ann Hargus, Rose DeClue, League Hargus, and Grace DeClue.

That's the best I can do on names. If you have nay questions, feel free to email us.
(Harry)



Racola City

then coast my bicycle down Highway 21 to **Racola City**. Occasionally I would ride down to **Noah Bequette's** store and the black smith shop. I would watch with

amazement how those belts that hung from the ceiling would drive those different machines that could hammer red hot steel into horse shoes, sharpen picks and make wagon tires and repair wagon wheels. What would we have done without **John Boyer's Store** and **Joe Bourisaw's Jot Em Down Store**. What a treasure those stores would be today.

I spent a lot of time with the **Carrick Bourisaw** family, which I admired very much. Mr. Bourisaw would let me go with him and Pauly when they plowed, cut and put up hay, haul pole wood or butchered hog. Mrs. Bourisaw's brother, **Pat Declue** would use his trucks rear wheels attached to a saw rig to cut the winter wood into stove length. She would always cook a big chicken and dumpling dinner, which I looked forward to be invited. Mrs. Bourisaw would bake biscuits every day and where light bread was a treat. On rare occasion I would spend the night. We would play cacina under the light of a lamp around that big table, then kneel down on a chair and say the rosary before bed.

It was a lot of fun to wade in the Old Mines Creek and hand fish or go hunting with **Meesh and Joe (Baleash) Coleman**. All we had to hunt with was an axe, some strips of old inner tube to set on fire and drop down in the hole to run the squirrel out after the dog treed. Some days we would go all the way back to Mineral Fork and maybe kill a squirrel, a groundhog or a fish caught in middle branch. Meesh's mother Irene could cook anything we brought home. On the way home we would stop by **Paul and Evelyn Flynn's** house on Middle Branch. That would bring us home after dark and it always worried my mother who would be calling for me.

During the war years the tavern was only open on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, **Charlie Pashia** with his fiddle would arrive on Saturday night in his Model A truck. The dance would begin. Who could forget **Lou Coleman** doing his jig or **Boose Bourisaw** playing the beer barrel polka on the piano, occasionally; **Roy Queen's** band would play on Saturday night. I can remember his pretty wife dressed in that

western outfit. She stamped your hand, as you entered the dance hall.

On Sunday morning after church the pool game would start around that big pot
(Continued on page 27)

(Spotlight Biography Of Days Gone By
continued from page 26)



Left: Harry A. DaPron
Center: Joe Coleman and Vincent Pulet
Kincaide
Right: Harry N. DaPron

bellied stove. The coal was always delivered by **Daley Courtaway**. There were some rumors that some gambling went on.

I graduated from the eighth grade in 1945. Mother and dad sold the tavern. We moved back to Desoto, Missouri so I

could attend high school and bought the Commercial Hotel. I felt it was a privilege to have lived there during my early years. I have a warm spot in my heart for all those people who shared their life with me. Those memories are priceless.

My deepest thanks and sincere appreciation for the dedicated people who make the Old Mines Historical Society possible.

HARRY ALVIN DAPRON

Pennies of HOPE... *for Edgar J. (Guy) Paradis* *Cancer Fund*

The Edgar J. (Guy) Paradis Cancer Fund, originally known as the Paradis Leukemia Fund, was founded in 1978. It is named in the memory of Guy Paradis, a resident of the St. John Valley who had erythro-leukemia. Guy often had to leave the familiarity of the Valley in order to receive treatment in hospitals that were unfamiliar and far from family. While his family was able to be with him throughout most of his hospital experience, there were times when he was alone and despaired of the loneliness and isolation he felt while separated from loved ones.

When he died, he wanted those who were in similar circumstances to have the comfort of having family nearby. He willed start-up funding so that other patients receiving cancer treatment therapy would have members of their families

with them, especially when treatment was required great distances from home.

Throughout the years, Guy's "seed" money, in conjunction with such annual fundraising events as the Paradis Fund Annual Auction, the Tour de La Vallee, and the Van Buren Support Group Walk-A-Thon, provide assistance to St. John Valley families.

In order to accommodate as many people as possible and in accordance with Guy's wishes, there are no financial parameters that must be met in order to qualify to receive assistance from the Fund.



*Please send your pennies of
HOPE to:*

Theresa (Terry) St. Pierre
108 Cyr Avenue
Van Buren, ME 04785

Or for more info:
207-868-5206

Les jours d'innocence manqué

par Bob Rivard

Amherst, MA

- 1 -

Pendant ma jeunesse je demeurait à Lowell dans un coin qu'on appelait Pawtucketville. Dans ce temps là, mille neuf cent cinquante, tous le monde sur la rue était francophone, le sermon se disait en français le dimanche, et les Soeurs Grises de la Croix enseignaient à l'école Ste Jeanne d'Arc. J'ai commencé l'école quand on enseigna tous les sujets en français.

Beaucoup de nos Soeurs ne savaient pas parler anglais, où s'ils connaissaient la langue, elles évitaient de nous répondre en anglais. J'ai soupçonné très tôt qu'ils nous comprenaient quand nous parlions anglais ensemble, mais il y avait toujours un peu de doute, et pour savoir la vérité j'ai conçu un projet de les tromper.

Un bon jour j'ai approcher 'ti Jean et Jean-Claude mes meilleur copains quand on était en chemin à l'école le matin.

-Hey guys, wait up!-

J'e balbutiait comme un fou.

- Robert Léon, qu'est-ce que tu as manger pour ton petit déjeuner ce matin. Tu est exciter comme un chien fou.-

-J'ai songé un poisson d'avril! On commencera comme toujours à la dérobe, et quand on finira on va savoir sans aucun doute si la Soeur Agnes comprends l'anglais.-

-Mais alors, nos oreilles brûles, dis nous quoi faire pour mettre le mis en scène.-

Pour un dizaine de jours, chemin faisant à l'école, le plan se peaufinait. Nous trois, les mousquetaires de la rue Robert, jurait nos grands dieux de ne jamais admettre, sous peine de l'enfer, qu'aucun de nous avait fabriqué l'affaire.

Deux fois par jour on prenait quinze minute de récréation dans la cour près de l'école. Les garçons filait au petit coin quand les filles finissait leur écriture, et on descendait l'escalier en avant. Pendant quinze minutes on avait la cour de l'école à les gars.

A leur tour, les filles faisaient leur besoin aux cabinets et descendaient l'escalier en avant au même temps que les gars montaient en arrière. C'était absolument nécessaire de nous séparer pendant la récréation dehors. Les Soeurs savaient bien que les jeunes de huit et neuf ans pouvaient attraper un coup de folie s'ils nous laissaient jouer ensemble.

Quand les garçons finissaient aux toilettes, le capitaine du jour, invi-

taut la maîtresse à faire l'inspection. Si tout était à l'ordre, la maîtresse claquait sa claquoir et on déboulait l'escalier.

Le capitaine du jour, comptait les têtes, distribuait les petites bouteilles de lait, ramassait les devoirs, et souvent il avait le grand honneur de prendre le pupitre en arrière. C'est à dire pas de devoir ce soir là. Tous les élèves luttaient, vrai dire, conspiraient de se faire nommer...

-Le Capitaine du Jour.-

Les trois mousquetaires, selon notre pacte, mettraient notre plan en marche quand le premier de nous soit nommer -Capitaine-, où manquant l'occasion au plus tard le premier avril.

Ma tante Gracieuse tombe pour la troisième fois

-2-

La maison où j'habitait avait deux étages. À la mort de mon père, deux jours après ma septième fête, c'est devenu absolument impératif de louer le deuxième étage. Ma mère, une veuve avec cinq enfants, espérait contre toute raison, de trouver une famille francophone locataire qui pourrait nous rendre service. Deux fois manqué, la troisième famille qu'on à trouvé, avait le même surnom que nous. C'était une grande dame, Gracieuse Langlais Rivard, et son neveu Raymond. Je dis grande dame, grosse dame est peut être un peut plus précis.

Ma tante Grace, ce qu'on l'appelait, chancelait avec une canne du chambranle au bureau, du bureau au lit, du lit à la vitrine, de la vitrine à la porte, de la porte à la fauteuil. De temps en temps elle tapait au plancher avec sa canne, et ma mère m'envoyait en haut pour l'aider. La fauteuil était si creuse que ma tante Grâce pouvait pas se lever. J'avais davantage que quatre-vingt-dix livres, et ma tante pesait deux cents quatre-vingt-dix livres. C'était là, à la fauteuil de ma tante, que j'eus ma première leçon de physique. Le principe d'Archimides.

-Une canne au cul fait lever la plus grosse dame au monde-

Une fois à pied, Grâce pouvait faire ses besoins à la chambre de bains tout seul parce qu'on avait installé une main courante

tout autour de la chambre et en plus on avait haussé la toilette sur une petite tribune. C'était là dans la chambre de bain que ma tante avait tombé la première fois, quand elle enjambait la baignoire et ma mère ne pouvait pas la soulever du plancher sans mon aide. J'ai perdu mon innocence de la forme féminine ce jour là, quand j'avais seulement huit ans et demi; l'affaire a failli de m'aveugler.

La deuxième fois était moins grave. Ma tante était en train de se maquiller un beau Dimanche en printemps quand le tapis a commencé de glisser et ma tante ne pouvait pas s'arrêter de se coincer au ralenti entre le bureau et la coiffeuse. Au moins elle portait sa peignoir et j'évita un coup d'oeil mortel. Je ne sais pas pourquoi, mais Raymond n'était jamais là au moment du dérangement, et sa tombait sur mes épaules de dresser la grande dame époustouflante. C'était l'épreuve de ma jeunesse et de ma puissance.

La troisième fois, un lundi avant l'école, il y avait un coup de tonnerre qu'ébranlait la maison. Je songeait que les Russe commençait la troisième guerre mondiale. Ma mère a poussée un cri perçant, un hurlement vraiment effrayante...

-ma tante s'est cassée la figure!

Ma mère a bondit l'escalier en avant, j'ai bondit l'escalier en arrière et on c'est rencontrer dans la cuisine où on a trouvé ma tante, les quatre fers en l'air, une main sur la poignée du poêle, la porte sur l'estomac, et une sauce piquante d'un bout à l'autre dans la pièce. Inutile de dire que je sera en retard à l'école ce jour là.

Bien sur c'était avantageux, j'avais pas fait mes devoir pendant trois jours. Après qu'on avait installé ma tante dans sa fauteuil, une propre robe de chambre au dos, et une tasse de thé à la main, je dis à ma mère - Maman, je finira de nettoyer ici, il est presque midi, il me faudra une note pour la Soeur Agnes.

La Maîtresse ne faisait pas le poids dans ces circonstances difficiles.

J'avais neuf ans au quatrième. Dans ce temps-là aux écoles catholiques les Soeurs savaient mener les élevés avec un bâton, une petite lanière de cuir, et un pupitre en arrière avec des crayons de couleurs. C'était le pupitre du Capitaine du Jour; la chaise sans douleur, sans chagrin, sans devoir.

La bonne Soeur était une nerveuse. On était quarante dans la classe. vingt filles et vingt garçons. La Soeur était

(Suite page 29)

(Les jours d'innocence manqué suite de page 22)

toujours deux pas de l'asile. Elle avait installé deux autres pupitres en arrière, les pupitres à gauche, les pupitres nulles, faces au mur. Je les connaissais bien.

J'ai rentré à l'école après midi ce jour là, manquant mes devoirs, avec une note d'or.

- Chère Soeur Agnes; S'il vous plaît, mon enfant Robert Léon est en retard aujourd'hui parce qu'on a eut un éclat chez nous qui m'a rendue au bout. Ma tante Gracieuse eut une crise épouvantable et mon cher enfant a traversé des moments très difficiles pour mettre de l'ordre à la maison.

*Veillez agréer mes sentiments,
Emelia Rivard.-*

La Soeur Agnes a mis la note dans son bureau et à voix douce m'a donné un congé - Alors, Robert Léon, prenez le pupitre à droit en arrière, il est vide maintenant, et dessiner à votre gré.

Le plan s'est lancé.

Chez une heure quarante cinq, les garçons filaient dans le couloir pendant que les filles faisaient une écriture, et c'était moi, Le Capitaine, qui dirigeait les affaires à la toilette. J'envoyait deux garçons à la fois au petit coin et de temps en temps deux

autres, gérant mes soldats dans l'armée du bonheur. Une fois dans la cours de l'école, j'ai pris mon post près de la porte et quand j'apercevais la bonne Soeur Agnes je disais à mes copains pour qu'elle pouvait entendre, -You'll never guess what Stongee did! Parbleu! François St.Onge c'est un peu loin en français de son nom de guerre en anglais. Aucune personne à dit aucune chose de plus. Les filles sont descendu dans la cour quand nous sommes rentrés à l'escalier opposé. Pas un mot s'est passé de l'un à l'autre.

Le lendemain, un Mardi que je ne vais jamais oublier, nous nous sommes rendu à l'école pour découvrir que notre maîtresse ce jour là était la Soeur Melanie.

-Monsieur St. Onge!-
-Présent, ma Soeur.-
-Est ce qu'il y a quelque choses que vous voulez dire aux jeunes filles?-
-Pardons, ma Soeur?-

La Soeur Melanie a sorti sa lanière de cuir et balançait d'une jambe à l'autre. Ça c'était pas une bonne signe.

- Venez ici s'il vous plaît.-

Déjà, sans aucune hésitation, François a commencé de pleurer. Lentement il se dressait devant la classe, et la Soeur Melanie lui a demandé s'il voulait faire une confession.

-Pourquoi?-
-Etes-vous le coupable qui a enlever le papier hygiénique de les cabinets des filles?-
La peur lui tordait la langue. Par trois fois la lanière tombait sur sa main ouvert.
-Allez vous asseoir dans le pupitre à

gauche!-

J'ai passé un coup d'oeil à mes copains. Ont le savait maintenant. Sans aucune doute la Soeur Agnes comprenait l'anglais. Ont avait réussi! L'affaire était fini.

-Une chose en plus, - La Soeur Melanie menaçait!

- C'était qui le Capitaine hier?-
- C'était moi ma Soeur - je me levais.
- Venez ici s'il vous plaît.

Savez vous quelque choses pour éclairer ce qui c'est passé hier?-

- Le seul que je peut vous dire Ma

Soeur, c'est que les responsables ont démontré l'organisation, la planification, et l'exécution d'une équipe. Alors, ils étaient si méticuleux, jusqu'à vous faire pensée que l'élève que vous avez juste puni était le responsable. Je jure que François ne pourrait pas être le coupable, j'avais un oeil sur lui la pleine après midi.-

- Vraiment! Alors, je peut pas les défaire les trois coups mais je peut les augmenter. Ouvrez vos mains!-

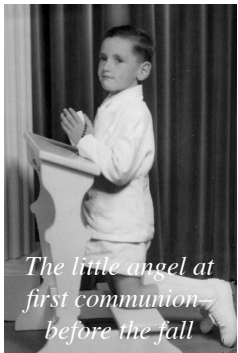
J'ai reçu trois coups chaque main.

Je n'ai pas pleurer une goutte ce jour là.

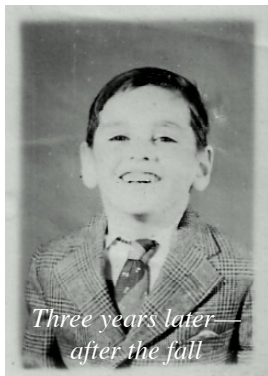
Quand j'ai repris conscience, il était déjà trop tard.

Je ne suis pas fier de vous dire qu'on n'a jamais vu la Soeur Agnes après le lundi de la tombé de grâce, et je connais aujourd'hui que c'était moi qui tombai ce jour là.

Je pleur chaque fois que je pense à la bonne Soeur Agnes.



The little angel at first communion—before the fall



Three years later—after the fall

CHARACTERE
Prend bien la correction: Oubie généralement et généralement au règlement de l'école; est là où il (elle) doit être toujours.
Est Courtois (e): Est poli (e) envers ses maîtresses et autres supérieurs; leur parle toujours avec un bon comportement.
Est Sociable: Respecte les droits des autres; est serviable au jeu et ailleurs, est toujours prêt (e) à rendre service.
Prend Soins de Bien d'Autrui: N'émoussait pas et qui lui appartient, ni ne qui appartient aux autres.
Travaille avec ordre: Ses livres, ses cahiers sont toujours soignés et en ordre.
Est Ponctuel: Rentre, ses devoirs à temps; fait toujours bien ses leçons.
Persévérance: Explique habituellement très bien ses travaux; fait des efforts pour réussir.
A le Sens du la Propreté: A toujours la tenue impeccable; les crayons et les ciseaux propres.

AUX PARENTS OU GARDIENS.
Les parents ou les responsables doivent toujours le savoir, POUR RIEN, quand l'enfant est en retard ou a été absent tel.
L'élève et les devoirs doivent se faire avant que l'enfant soit fatigué. Les parents peuvent frustrer la réaction de l'élève, mais ne doivent pas donner des explications qui embrouillent l'enfant; si cela se passe bien et vite, il sera capable de faire le devoir aussi, par LUI-MEME.
Encourage l'enfant à faire son devoir. L'enfant se sent facilement attiré à l'école habituellement quand on le guide très facilement à la maison. Il faut aussi que l'enfant sache à l'avance qu'il n'y a aucun mal à ne pas venir le samedi et l'école habituellement.
Veir à ce que l'enfant apporte son cahier ou un livre de notes à l'école, le dimanche.
L'élève ne peut venir la première fois dans la dentelle ou le 1^{er} jour pendant les heures de classe, les rendez-vous doivent être faits tout d'abord pour obliger l'enfant de venir avant la fin de la classe.
L'école partiellement peut que vous, dans parents, vos amis et vos collègues - ne font pas de caractère; ne peuvent pas le faire, que vous êtes les MEILLEURS AMIS et que les parents comprennent avec vous et vous, en tout temps et en tout lieu.

PERSONNALITE

	Quatre Trimestres	Deuxième Trimestre	Troisième Trimestre	Quatrième Trimestre
Intelligence (IQ)	B	B	C	
Conscience (CI)	A	A	D	
Copie (CP)	B	A	C	
Expérience (EX) avec le professeur d'école	B	B	D	
Apprentissage (AP) normal	B	B	C	
Ponctualité (PT) au travail	B	B	C	
Tenue impeccable (TI) Soeur d'élève normale	B	A	C	
A—Excellent B—Très Bien C—Passable D—Faible				

Les parents sont priés de prendre connaissance de ce bulletin, de le signer eux-mêmes, et de le retourner le plus tôt possible. Nous les prions aussi de bien vouloir compléter avec nous en facilitant l'étude à la maison.

Premier Trimestre: *Emelia Rivard*
 Second Trimestre: *Emelia Rivard*
 Troisième Trimestre: *Emelia Rivard*

Sanctuary

by Beverly Sheres
Bonita, CA

In the heart of the forest, settled on a slight rise and sheltered by sugar pines, stood the cabin. Long abandoned, with its sunken roof and empty windows, it seemed a forlorn sight. But for Claire's father, it had been special.

As a young man, nearly forty years ago, in a burst of youthful independence, he'd lived there.

"Built it myself," he'd told her in his many stories of his life there. "Even built that fieldstone fireplace...rock by rock... well, with a little help from Ed Down the road. Living in the outdoors...well I felt like I belonged there. Won't soon forget it."

Eventually, after going to trade school and getting married, he'd moved to their present home, in a village only a few blocks from the woods.

As a young child, Claire recalled bumping along with her father in their old Ford pickup to different building sites, where he helped in construction. Though short and stocky and with a baseball cap jammed down on his head, he scaled those ladders with agility, hammer and nails at the ready and the sharp sound of nails driven deep echoed and reechoed. She was happy to just watch him and later they would share lunch of fired chicken and blueberry cake or maybe just peanut butter sandwiches...whatever her mother had at hand. She so missed those days and her father's quiet love.

But this cabin...his first "creation," a beginning of what was to be his life's work.

Though the family wanted to tear it down, he'd refused. "Now, it belongs to nature and to God." He proclaimed.

But, since his death a few days ago, Claire wondered about the fate of that cabin.

So sudden, her father's passing...the hear, so strong and yet so fragile. Claire still couldn't believe it...didn't want to believe it.

And today, at his memorial service at the grave site, she'd left early.

Heads turned.

But, she needed to walk away from the long faces, the weeping, the overpowering scent of hothouse flowers. Her father wouldn't have wanted this. She knew him so well. Rather in remembrance, a simple bouquet of wild flowers, picked from their fields... daisies...buttercups, might have pleased him.

She'd waited in the pickup for her mother

and later, the ride home was filled with silence.

Now, as they sat across from each other at their kitchen table, a pitcher of lemonade between them, she waited for the inevitable question.

Her mother, maybe a bit angry, with a tiredness around her eyes and a pallor to her skin, sighed deeply before speaking. "Claire why did you leave the cemetery before the services for your father was over? People noticed."

"I just can't explain it, Ma." Yet in her thoughts, lines from a poem she'd heard and somehow had never forgotten had seemed fitting:

"Do not stand at my grave and weep. I am not there, I do not sleep...."

"I don't understand you," her mother said, as she blinked away threatening tears. "While you were there, did you at least say a prayer for him?"

"I wanted to...I tried."

No more questions, and Claire was grateful.

Outside their kitchen window, chickadees in the trees, called to each other. Their sounds magnified the silence between them.

Claire desperately wanted to comfort her mother, to say what was in her heart. Finally, she reached over to squeeze her mother's hand. "Mom, we won't forget him... we'll get through this together...we will."

A slight nod from her mother.

Then, a few moments later, her mother leaned back in her chair, gazing out the window. "You know, you and your father were so alike. When you went with him to his work on building those houses, I swear if he'd let you, you'd climb those ladders with him, hammer in hand."

"Yes, but of course, he'd never let me. But, you're right, I wanted to!"

Her mother smiled...a good thing to see.

That night, Claire's sleep was restless, filled with guilt and a kind of emptiness. She awoke early the next morning, knowing what she needed to do, leaving her bed before her mother was up. After throwing on some clothes, she left the house quietly. She walked through empty streets, then down a hill where a path through the fields lead to the forest. Early morning mist drew from the pines their pungent scent before settling on the meadow. Song sparrows and warblers, long up, sang lustily as a squirrel hustled up a tree when she passed by. These woods, those sounds, lifted her spirits as she breathed deeply of the morning air.

At last, she reached her father's cabin.

Gazing at it, she felt both a surge of joy and of sorrow. Her mother had told her more than once, "Don't even think about going into your father's cabin...that roof is about to collapse at any time and you don't know what kind of animal or other wild creatures could be living in there."

"Sorry, Ma," she said as she approached its door.

Partially ajar, it hung on rusty hinges. When she stepped inside, old boards creaked under her feet and the musty smell of mildew and rotting timbers permeated the room still, she'd expected that.

Rushes of memories, of her father's many stories, his voice excited in the telling.

The fieldstone fireplace, covered with cobwebs, still had chunks of pine logs in it. Across those stones and reaching for the roof, clung some kind of wild ivy. The old pot belly stove, rusted yet still standing erect, squatted in one corner. She recalled stories of her grandmother, visiting with him every so often, and bringing with her the fixings for a meal. His favorite was her fresh haddock fried in an old cast iron pan. They would sit at his rickety table and enjoy it together. (Her mother never approved of his Thoreau-like leanings and seldom visited the cabin.) Near a back wall, a cot still with faded blanket, that may have been a nest for the birds. And on several walls, fastened with thumb tacks, old newspaper clippings, brown and fading, heralding the Red Sox, his favorite team. And near the door, snowshoes hanging from a nail, brought thoughts of those snowy days of the past.

And then, through a crack in the floor, she saw a flash of colors, green and gold... reaching for the light...a lone daisy. Amazing.

Overwhelmed, she felt her father's presence, in this room. Being there softened her grief, giving her a kind of solace. As long as she could, she would try to save this cabin, this place...his place.

And as she stood listening to the sighing of the wind, the scent of bayberry leaves filled the room, like incense from the altar stair. And the music, birdsong.

At last, a place to pray.

Filled with joy and with sorrow, she knelt on the fireside hearth, and bowed her head.





HENRY JOSEPH LABORE, Sr

Dec. 19, 1878 – July 5, 1954

He was born on the family farm, located on Schuneman road, White Bear Lake, MN. He was the 3rd child in a family of 11. Not much is known of his childhood or his education. I assume he attended a one room school house in the vicinity of the family farm and was taught English. French only was spoken at home. He stayed on the farm till he married Marguerite Paul, Jan. 3, 1899. The farm was not big enough to support all the married children so Henry & Marguerite rented a house in White Bear Lake.

Henry worked as a bartender. He drove horses for White Bear Lake Mercantile store. Delivering goods to and from St Paul, MN. An all day trip in those days. He loved animals of all kinds but horses were his very favorite. I remember him talking of his horse Ginger and how he courted Marguerite. It was 15 miles each way and in the winter it was a real challenge. Henry (Pa) moved his family to St Paul about 1916 and got a job at Griffin Wheel Works. It was less than a mile from where we lived and he walked to work for almost 29 years. Pa was a one of a kind individual. A man of excellent character and morals who taught his children by example not words. When his children broke the rules they were punished yet we all knew how much he loved us. I have always been proud to be one of his sons. He was a strong Catholic who practiced his religion in a quiet yet loud (by actions) manner.

As I did with Marguerite (Ma), lets go back to the year 1924 and relive a day in the life of Henry (Pa). We are living at 1117 Sims St. St Paul, MN. It is the middle of January, 10 below zero. They are sleep-

ing in their converted sewing room on the main floor. It is 5am and they climb out of their warm bed. Pa immediately attends to the big space heater in the archway between the dining & front rooms. When that is taken care of he gets some hot water from the kitchen range, hauls it upstairs to the bathroom (a sink with running cold water and a toilet commode) and shaves. Heads back downstairs to eat breakfast. Goes outside to feed and take care of the various animals that we have. Back inside to dress for work, one piece long underwear (longjohns), heavy shirt & pants, big work shoes, huge overcoat, cap with earmuffs, homemade mittens and off he goes to work. It is about 7:15am, his work schedule is 8am to 5pm, Monday thru Friday. The first several years he worked in the foundry section of Griffin Wheel Works, pouring molten steel into molds to form wheels for various boxcars, etc. It was very hot and dangerous work. Later he worked on the wheel press machine. He and his partner Bill would roll wheels onto a platform, a by hand hoist would position an axle, the machine would press the wheels to the exact distance apart. They would roll the pair off the platform and go get two more wheels. He worked that machine till he retired. When the whistle blew at 5pm, all machines were turned off and the men went home. He would bundle up again and start for home, down the railroad tracks till the alley between the coal yards and on to our house on the corner of Sims & Frank. Now comes a memory that I will tell here because it fits so well. Pa would come in the house, take all his outer clothing off on the porch, peel

to the waist and wash in the kitchen sink. Remember – we had no bathtub or warm water in the upstairs bathroom. Water splashes all over as Ma tries to keep supper going and attend to Pa doing his cleansing ritual. It was something out of a storybook and I can see it unfold very clearly to this day in 2007.

He goes into his bedroom, changes clothes, puts on his slippers and comes to the kitchen table for supper. Pa was a creature of habit. He sits at the head of the table, has his own knife, fork and spoon. The youngest son is to his right and by age around the table. Ma and the daughters sat to his left so they could serve the food, etc. We say our “grace” and eat. When the meal is over, He retires to the front room to sit in his leather easy chair. We had no radio or telephone and many times he would play his harmonica. Ma might make popcorn and bedtime came about 8:30pm. Pa stokes the big heater for the long night ahead. It has been a typical hard working day for him, to be repeated many, many times before he retires. They sell the house on Sims in 1949 and build a small 2 bedroom one on a half acre of land that his brother Duesty gave him on Schuneman Road, across from the farm where they were born. He has chickens, ducks, geese and a huge garden to tend too. Duesty builds a home next door and it is a special time for all of them. They have 5 wonderful years before Pa dies in 1954.

I repeat what I said about Marguerite (Ma). Pa lived a very full life, enjoyed every minute and left a legacy to be proud of. He was a special person who lives in my heart and memory every day.

*Written by Henry J. LaBore, Jr.
Feb. 23, 2007*

MARGUERITE PAUL

Dec. 13, 1879 – April 27, 1974

She was born on a farm in the small community of French Lake near Osseo, MN. Most of the farmers having migrated from Quebec, Canada in the mid to late 1800's. It was a French speaking community with very large families being the norm,. Marguerite's parents, both born in Quebec, had 19 children. Marguerite was the 8th child, all children were born at home. The following are some of the names of her siblings, Eugenia - Narcisse - Nazarene - Mose Celina, all have a French

sound. Marguerite grew up on the farm and was educated in a one room schoolhouse where she was taught to speak English. French was the spoken language at home. We know very little of her younger years.

She met Henry LaBore at a barn dance in 1897 at age 18. They were married January 3, 1899 in St. Mary's of the Lake Catholic Church, White Bear Lake, Minnesota. They settled in White Bear and started a family, ten children in all, with 9 living to
(Continued on page 32)



Marguerite Paul - age 14 - 1894

(MARGUERITE PAUL continued from page 31)

adulthood. The first 7 were born at home with a family relative or a midwife attending.

Marguerite or "Maggie" as she was called by her many friends and relatives was an excellent wife, mother and friend. She was "Ma" to her large family and always put them before her own health and safety. So much can be said about her character, religious convictions, family commitment, but let's just say "They were without blemish".

Let's go back to the year 1924. We are living at 1117 Sims St.. on the East side of St. Paul, MN. It is the middle of January, 10 below zero. Henry and Maggie are sleeping in their converted sewing room on the main floor. It is 5 a.m. and Maggie climbs out of the warm bed to start the wood burning kitchen stove to warm the kitchen and prepare for cooking breakfast. Two boys - ages 2 & 4, a daughter age 7, son age 11 and 3 adults, including Pa to feed and get ready for school and work. No time or actions are wasted as she starts cooking oatmeal, frying eggs & potatoes, toast, coffee. While they eat she makes lunches for all to carry to school or to work. She oversees the table as everyone eats and the adults of off to work. She bundles the children up well and sees them off to school, everyone walks as they did not own a car. Dishes are piled up in the sink. She has been going full tilt for 3 hours already. When the baby is fed she sits down for a steaming hot cup of coffee and eats the leftovers.

Her day slows down a bit with the family members off to work and school. She starts cleaning up the kitchen. Remember - water had to be heated on the kitchen stove. She does dishes, puts the kitchen in order and starts making beds, picking up dirty clothes at the same time. When things are in order upstairs she starts cleaning the main floor. The house has warmed up nicely now but she has to keep adding wood to the kitchen range and coal or wood to the big circulating heater in the front room.

Dinner is a quiet time as it's just her and the year old. She starts working on the supper meal. There are usually 8 to 10 people for supper time so it's a real challenge to get it prepared and ready to serve about 5:30 p.m. She will have a "Booya" for supper, a favorite dish of Pa's. She puts a big beef bone in the kettle, adds a couple whole onions and many, many peeled and halved potatoes. This boils all afternoon and is ready to be served at supper time.

It is served with home made bread, butter, coffee or milk to drink. Every one eats their fill and there is some left over, just what Pa wanted. Ma will warm it up the next day.

The dishes are done - kitchen is cleaned up. Maggie sits down for another steaming hot cup of coffee, she loved her coffee very hot. The time is 7 p.m. and it's time to get the small children ready for bed. All the children are in bed by 8 p.m. and she goes into the kitchen to put things in order the next day. Bedtime at 9 p.m. comes for Maggie and Henry. The circulating heater is banked up with coal to last the night and the kitchen wood bin is checked to make sure it's ready for tomorrow morning. They kneel by their bed say their evening prayers in French. Climb into bed, cover with the feather filled comforter and to sleep.

Maggie has been non-stop for 9 hours and will sleep soundly. Tomorrow is a repeat of today.

Marguerite (Maggie) lived a very full life and left a wonderful legacy filled with many beautiful memories. She was a very special person.

MEMORIES

I remember many things about my Mother, Marguerite, (Paul) LaBore. It seems that I can still hear her calling us to get out of bed in the morning and get ready for school, "Joe - Junior. Time to get up". It is were winter, we would grab our clothes and race downstairs into the kitchen where it was warm. We would dress in the warmth of the kitchen with its mouth watering smells. The big double boiler pot was on the stove filled with bubbling oatmeal. Slices of homemade bread were toasting on the top of the stove. Milk, jams, jellies were on the huge kitchen table. Some mornings there were some fried potatoes left over from the early bird eaters who had to get to work. There were 3 of us to eat and get off to school, in order, Dolores, Junior (me), Joe. Ma would bundle us up warm, give us our lunch bag and send us off to school, always with a big hug. There was a lot of love passed around in our family but we also had to toe the line set forth by our parents. Ma's favorite way of getting out attention was to grab one of our ears and say, "Now listen to me, etc. etc." The only time I remember her really getting angry is when brother Joe and I were fighting. She came outside, grabbed our ears and said, "Now each of you will slap me in the face". That really got our



Marguerite Paul - age 15 - 1895 - Osseo, MN.
Note: the short hair style, very unusual 110 years ago.

attention. Crying we took turns doing what she said. When we were done, she hugged each of us and said, "Now there will be no more fighting". We never fought again.

She was a wonderful cook. I vividly remember her booya & potatoes, ragu - pork hocks in brown gravy & potatoes, baked beans with home made ketchup, vegetable soup and more, always served with many, many slices of homemade bread. Ma did not make many cookies or cakes but her pies were really good - raisin - apple - syrup - sliced pumpkin. We did not have much dessert during the week as she did most of the baking on Friday & Saturday. I can still smell the aroma of fresh baked bread. Oh, what a treat when we came home from school or from swimming at Lake Phalen. We have to remember that all cooking and baking was done on or in the wood burning kitchen range. It was a very large appliance and served our family well for many years. I remember the stove pipe coming out of the back of the stove, up to the ceiling, across the kitchen and out the chimney located on the North side of the house. If Ma had a dish for supper with meat as an ingredient, the adults were served first, if any meat was left in the dish, the younger children could have some. This time frame is from 1915 to 1930, very lean years for working families. We always had a huge garden to supplement the meager income of the times. Ma would can, pickle, preserve everything she got her hands on. I remember my brother Joe

(Continued on page 33)

(MARGUERITE PAUL *continued from page 32*)

and I helping to make sauerkraut. What a busy time that was. Cutting cabbages into wedges and pushing them by hand thru the kraut maker. Filling the large crock, salting it all down and putting a wooden cover weighed down the heavy rock. All of the above items would be stored in our cellar that had an outside entrance. None of us kids wanted the chore of going down into that dark cellar and get some canned goods but we all had to take our turn.

Marguerite (Ma) had a pedal sewing machine that she used with great skill. She was always making a shirt, dress, suits, and constantly mending something. The rare time that she sat down, a glass or light bulb would appear in her hand for mending socks, etc. This activity brings another memory to mind - QUILTING. An afternoon would be set aside and the quilting ladies would gather to make a quilt. Material was stretched out on the quilting frame and the ladies, sometimes as many as 7 or 8 would sew by

hand the patches of materials, making different patterns, etc. to complete the quilt. Of course, there was much talk and coffee drinking going on too. Most of the ladies were of French descent so French would be mixed in with the English making for noisy and interesting conversations. It would be difficult to count the number of quilts the ladies made. There were wedding gifts, baby gifts, shower gifts, and just plain gifts. It was an activity that all the ladies thoroughly enjoyed. This leads to another activity also thoroughly enjoyed by all. Playing cards - a game called 500 - They would walk to one another's house to play. Our family belonged to St. John's Catholic Church located about a mile or so from our home on 1117 Sims St. in St. Paul, MN. Many of the quilting ladies also belonged to St. John's and members of the Alter Society that cleaned the alter and linens a couple times a month. Marguerite (Ma) would walk to church in the heat of summer, rainstorms, snowstorms and 20 below weather to help clean. They would hurry through



the designated chores and than play cards. Ma was a very good card player and remained so until she was past 90 years of age.

About the year 1937 a new kitchen range is installed and Marguerite has to learn how to cook all over again. Soon a refrigerator replaces the old icebox and hot water is piped to the kitchen sink and the upstairs bath where a new bathtub was just installed. It is a whole new environment and relieves her of so many chores during the course of the day.

She was a special lady, I think of her every day.

Written by her son Henry Jr.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 2010

Changes from the Past to Now

Last week two of my grandchildren did their Confirmation which got me to thinking about how things have changed from the time of my youth.

When I did my first communion, it was mandatory, the girls had to wear a white dress, a white veil, white stockings and white shoes as you can see in the picture on the right. And it was a beautiful ceremony, we all walked down the church's main aisle all the girls together, and then the boys dressed in little suits or sport coats and dress pants followed behind us. Today it isn't like that, the girls and boys wear their everyday clothes. For our confirmation it was the same thing we had to wear a white dress. The boys dressed in shirt and tie or sport coats and dress pants. I attended my grandchildren's confirmation as I said, and I was so very proud of them during this ceremony. I would have loved to see my granddaughter in a little white dress and veil. But times have changed and we have to change with the times. Of course this can be said for my things that have changed. When the first wood stove came out, imagine what our great grandmothers thought, or when the washing machines came out after our ancestors had been washing their clothes on a scrub board and rinsing them in a tub by hand. We don't have to go back that far even,

when the men would use a bucksaw to cut down trees and now they have chain saws. I wonder what kinds of changes there will be fifty years from now, we won't see them but some of our descendants will. Will they say "If only grandmother Cormier could see this new gadget. She would be some pleased.

Now the image on the upper right is a first communion card I created, what a nice way to have the old tradition remembered, by giving such a card to your special little girl. You can find it in the greeting cards at http://www.zazzle.com/allicor*

Thanks for the visit do stop by again.

Have a great day!

Aline Cormier



My blog page:

<http://www.blogspot.com/acadianroots>

The following is my website, lots to see

<http://www.acadian-roots.com/>

This is my store, lots of stuff that would make great gifts. T-shirts, Mugs, funny stuff, fishing, hunting, postcards, greeting cards, acadian, cajun, Irish and much more

<http://www.zazzle.com/allicor>

Email:

mrsormier@hotmail.com



Donna Hébert, Franco-American artist

“Outstanding artistic achievement” – Massachusetts Governor Deval Patrick, 2009 Commonwealth Awards.

In Full Bloom/en pleine floraison:
“Un vrai délice!” Benoit Bourque,
La Bottine Souriante



Donna’s NEW CD *In Full Bloom / En pleine floraison* - French-Canadian fiddling with Pascal Gemme, Max Cohen, André Brunet, Rachel Aucoin, Sabin Jacques, Stuart Kenney, Marie Soleil-Pilette and Denis Fréchette. Online downloads of the last song, “A Place Called Beautiful,” benefit the Ovarian Cancer Research Fund in honor of Franco-American artist Martha Pellerin.



NEW! Band with Irish accordionist John Whelan, exploring the boundaries between Irish and French-Canadian music. 6/23 concert in Lowell MA for Franco-American Heritage Center, other dates in October include NYU’s Blarney Star Concert Series, Old Songs Concert Series and Blackstone River Theatre in RI >> Donna’s other bands

NEW! “Fiddling Demystified should be required reading for all string teachers hoping to branch out into fiddling.” Laura Risk, Strings Magazine, 9/09. Now available online in fiddle, viola, cello editions >> Donna’s other books

NEW! Amherst College - Donna’s 2/28 Faculty Recital streamed online on Amherst Community TV and broadcast locally in May 2010 >> Donna’s other dates

NEW! Summer Camps: Fiddle & Strings July 5-9 for ages 6-18 with Donna, Jane Rothfield & Max Cohen | Fiddling Demystified Aug 9-13 with Donna, Liz Carroll & Jane Rothfield | French Music Camp Aug 16-20 with Donna, Pascal Gemme, Steve Normandin, Marc Maziade, Marie-Soleil Pilette & Daniel Boucher, Donna’s other teaching programs

NEW! Online fiddle lessons through Skype video chat. This is catching fire with students from far away! Sign up for one lesson or a series >> Donna’s other lesson materials

NEW! May 2010 Newsletter - new bands, summer camps, book & CD releases
NEW! Donna’s musical partner Max Cohen has a new website! Check it out! His new “In the Wood” CD is also available.

MA Artist’s Fellow for Franco-American fiddling, MA Cultural Council Creative Teaching Partner: certified for school residencies in fiddling, Massachusetts Cultural Council Fiddling Demystified channel on YouTube. >> Donna’s other media samples

Upcoming

23 Jun 2010

Donna Hébert, John Whelan and friends – The Irish-French Connection in Lowell MA at Immaculate Conception School Hall

25 Jun 2010 - 27 Jun 2010

Groovemama in Altamont NY at Old Songs Festival – coaching the Great Groove Band of young musicians BUY TICKETS



CONTACT:

donna@fiddlingdemystified.com
• 413-231-3107

Dragonfly Farm & Winery



LOCATED APPROXIMATELY 20 MILES NORTHWEST OF BANGOR AND 7 MILES EAST OF NEWPORT ON THE MULLEN ROAD (ROUTE 222)

We are a small family run vineyard, winery and maple syrup producer. We have taken our love of German Riesling Style wines and started a vineyard right here in Maine! Most of our white wines are hybrids of the Riesling Grape. Our reds are French Hybrids. We have seven varieties of whites, four reds and two fruit wines; a selection that will satisfy most palates! Take a look around our site and see what we have to offer. If you love the thought of grape growing in Maine, where it's not expected, then browse around and see how we do it. If you love Maine Maple Syrup, and are interested in how it's made, then you've found it here. But most importantly, if you want to see how dreams can become reality, look no further. Dragonfly Farm & Winery is our proof that if a family can dream, a family can do.

OUR HISTORY

When we first started in the spring of 2005, we planted 275 vines. This spring, we will have 600 vines. When we started our Wine Garden, our goal was to produce a Riesling Style Wine that was affordable and easy to drink. So far, we think we are meeting our objectives.



Above is the Wine Garden in late June.

OUR CABANE À SUCRE



Tapping of the trees



Maple Syrup for Sale! It's hard to beat the syrup that comes from the Cabane!

GIFT BASKETS



Dragonfly Farm & Winery can make Gift Baskets for any occasion. Contents can include homemade jams, maple syrup and our wine. We can even make custom labels! Prices will vary depending on the contents.

Contact Todd & Trenea Nadeau for more info. and to verify availability

of the above products at email: tnadeau@tds.net

or check out their website:

http://www.mainewinegrower.com/Home_Page.html

OUR WINE

FRUIT WINES

Dragonfly Farm & Winery



Estate Bottled
Raspberry Riot

Raspberry Wine
15% Alc. by Vol.
Produced and bottled by Dragonfly Farm & Winery, L.L.C.
Criston, Maine 04468

GOVERNMENT WARNING: (1) Abstinence from alcohol is the best way to avoid all risks and dangers of alcohol. (2) If you drink and drive, you risk your life. (3) Drinking too much alcohol can lead to alcoholism and other health problems.

CONTAINS SULFITES 750ml 15% Alc. by Vol.

Raspberry Riot~ Raspberry Riot is the first wine we made when we started experimenting with wine making. The raspberries come from my parents raspberry patch. Every year it is a challenge for them to keep the deer and other small animals from destroying the bushes before they bear fruit. Raspberry Riot makes a great dessert wine, and is very popular with our customers.

Dragonfly Winery



Blueberry Bliss

Blueberry Table Wine
15% Alc. by Vol.

Produced and bottled by Dragonfly Farm & Winery, L.L.C.
Criston, Maine 04468

GOVERNMENT WARNING: (1) Abstinence from alcohol is the best way to avoid all risks and dangers of alcohol. (2) If you drink and drive, you risk your life. (3) Drinking too much alcohol can lead to alcoholism and other health problems.

CONTAINS SULFITES 750ml 15% Alc. by Vol.

Blueberry Bliss~ Blueberry Bliss is made from Maine Blueberries. It is a sweet dessert wine, that is best served cold!

RED WINES

Dragonfly Farm & Winery



Estate-Bottled
Sabrevois

Red Table Wine
15% Alc. by Vol.
Produced and bottled by Dragonfly Farm & Winery, L.L.C.
Criston, Maine 04468

GOVERNMENT WARNING: (1) Abstinence from alcohol is the best way to avoid all risks and dangers of alcohol. (2) If you drink and drive, you risk your life. (3) Drinking too much alcohol can lead to alcoholism and other health problems.

CONTAINS SULFITES 750ml 15% Alc. by Vol.

Sabrevois~ Sabrevois grapes produce a medium bodied complex red wine with good tannins.

Dragonfly Farm & Winery



St. Croix

Red Table Wine
15% Alc. by Vol.

Appellation of Origin-Maine
Produced and bottled by Dragonfly Farm & Winery, L.L.C.
Criston, Maine 04468

GOVERNMENT WARNING: (1) Abstinence from alcohol is the best way to avoid all risks and dangers of alcohol. (2) If you drink and drive, you risk your life. (3) Drinking too much alcohol can lead to alcoholism and other health problems.

CONTAINS SULFITES 750ml 15% Alc. by Vol.

St. Croix~ St. Croix is a deep red, smooth, dry Rhone Style Wine

Other Red Wines: Frontenac, Jelly Juice

WHITE WINES

Dragonfly Farm & Winery



St. Pepin

White Table Wine
15% Alc. by Vol.

Produced and bottled by Dragonfly Farm & Winery, L.L.C.
Criston, Maine 04468

GOVERNMENT WARNING: (1) Abstinence from alcohol is the best way to avoid all risks and dangers of alcohol. (2) If you drink and drive, you risk your life. (3) Drinking too much alcohol can lead to alcoholism and other health problems.

CONTAINS SULFITES 750ml 15% Alc. by Vol.

St. Pepin~ St. Pepin has a fruit quality that is similar to Riesling. One of our most popular wines this past Christmas. We expect to triple our production of St. Pepin this fall.

More white wines: "Shorty", Edelweiss, By The Numbers, Clarity.

BOOKS/LIVRES...

FEMME SUR UNE MISSION/ WOMAN ON A MISSION

Comme petite fille au nord du Maine, j'étais curieuse et j'aimais taquiner. Jusque à l'âge de sept ans, j'étais enfant unique, tout a fait adoré par mes parents et ayant l'habitude d'être le centre de leur univers. Dans ce petit paradis, je parlais français et je comprenais un peu d'anglais—une situation commune dans la ville de Van Buren, partie d'une société solidement franco-américaine durant les années dix-neuf-cent cinquantes et soixantes.

All that changed on my very first visit to Sacred Heart Elementary School. There, amid the Lilliputian chairs and tables of my future kindergarten class and surrounded by the smell of paste and crayons and the cool spring breezes that blew them through the classroom, reality quickly and unexpectedly set in.

On that day in 1958, I glanced around me at boys and girls whose names I didn't know, children whose faces would soon be as familiar to me as my own, and I took satisfaction in the sight of them clinging to their mothers' hands in much the same way I was holding tight to mine. When it was my turn to move forward, I set aside shyness and approached the teacher's desk to register for "baby grade," as it was known then. I wore shoes scuffed slightly at the heel, dimpled knees, and a favorite dress with a "flarey" petticoat. My pretty teacher-to-be, a family friend named Lorraine, smiled and asked me, "What's YOUR name?"

I answered in a voice that wasn't much more than a whisper, "*Tu sais mon nom.*" I understood what Lorraine was asking but wasn't confident enough in my English-speaking skills to readily respond. Besides, I'd heard her speaking French in my home many times and wondered why she wasn't doing so now. *Pourquoi pas me parler en français?*

"Why don't you remind me what your name is," Lorraine urged, again in English, and like the relatively obedient child that I was, I responded, though on my own terms, "*C'est Anne Marie.*"

A smile played at the corners of her lips, and I thought for a moment she might relent, that she might speak to me in French, but there followed a

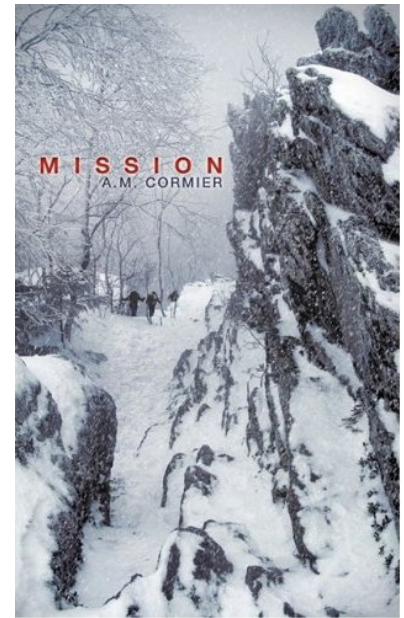
second question, "Anne Marie what?"

"*Tu sais,*" I insisted again. Lorraine was only teasing me, I suspected, trying not to let on in front of the other students and their parents, that she knew me.

Our verbal *pas de deux* went on for a few minutes and while the precise details of the exchange have been muddied by the passage of time, I've long retained the emotional memory of that day, one foot in my parents' French-speaking world, the other in the world controlled by the English-speaking powers that be.

At some point, my parents must've explained to me the new facts of my life, or more likely, I pieced them together. Over time I surmised that while they could speak English, my parents had chosen, in their native northern Maine, to speak the French of their forbearers. Once I started school, however, they'd switched over to English-only because they thought it important, in that way, to help me do well in school. Other families in the small and culturally insulated Acadian enclave that was our world fell into the linguistic schizophrenia to which two generations had already been subject, living in a place where business was conducted mostly in English, the official language of the land, and at home speaking mostly French, the language of family and fun.

Ultimately, I came to be grateful for the advantage that my parents' sacrifice bestowed. Because they compromised comfort and familiarity in favor of my academic performance, because indeed they were able to make this compromise, I became the beneficiary of a legacy that, to this day, makes me love and appreciate my native culture even as I embrace the things that make me uniquely American. While I've been away from northern Maine for almost four decades, I can state categorically that hearing the language of my early childhood spoken aloud in our local elementary school's immersion classes here in Virginia or catching a few familiar words as transplanted Canadian, French, or Haitian shoppers pass me in the grocery store, makes my heart seize just a little. In my first visit to France last year, I reveled in the language of my fore-fathers and mothers because its cadences are home



to me; solace; the familiar in a world that moves ever faster, and where landmarks of our past often disappear before we do.

In those moments when I hear Valley *patois*, or French of any kind, I am forever thankful that I grew up on the shores of the upper St. John—*dans la Vallée St. Jean—un endroit qui est au bout du monde et à la même fois, qui reste toujours au centre de mon être*—a place that is at once on the "edge of the earth," and, more important, at the core of my being.

INVALUABLE LESSONS

A number of years ago, a popular little book called *ALL I REALLY NEED TO KNOW I LEARNED IN KINDERGARTEN* was published and quickly rose to the heights of the New York Times Best Seller List. Readers were attracted to its simplicity and to its truths.

I thought at the time if I were to author a similar book for myself and for my Acadian friends, I might call it something like *EVERYTHING I NEED TO KNOW I LEARNED FROM THE NUNS . . . pi ma Me'mere Cormier.*

Among the more useful pieces of advice in this, my imaginary book, would be the following:

1. *Fait toujours la grande fille/le grand garçon.*
Be a big girl/boy.
2. *Attends ton tour.*
Wait your turn.

(Continued on page 37)

(FEMME SUR UNE MISSION/
WOMAN ON A MISSION continued
from page 36)

3. *C'est pas bon d'avoir les yeux
plus grands que la panse.*

Don't have eyes bigger than your stomach. This bit of wisdom is often spoken in my grandmother's voice (or that of a surrogate aunt or neighbor) even as she encourages or bullies me (ironically) into eating every last bit of food on my plate.

4. *Chaque guenille a son torchon.*

This is a pearl that defies direct translation but colorfully expresses the thought that there's someone, in romance, for everybody.

In my theoretical book, I might also have described for the reader the unique educational system that was the norm in my hometown, many of our public elementary and high school classes taught by the Good Shepard sisters (*Société du Coeur Immaculé de Marie*) and Marist priests whose discipline was consistently imposed and pretty much undisputed.

"Don't come home complaining about being scolded," my parents warned very early in my academic career. "You'll get a double dose of it at home." A related corollary went something like, "*Viens pas nous conter des paquets des maitresses.*" Don't tattle on your teachers. Things did not go well for that kind of snitch.

But I digress.

The blended educational environment of sacred and secular in which I came of age, together with two sets of grandparents, and by extension, aunts, uncles, and cousins, who rarely hesitated to say what was on their minds—all of these contributed to the adult I eventually became.

"*Benh. Weyons! Vingt-cinq piaces pour une paire de p'tit soullier! C't'enfant la va etre gater pourris!*" my parsimonious grandmother was heard muttering on a long-ago family shopping trip. Twenty-five dollars for shoes! (By way of explanation, they WERE "corrective.") The child will be spoiled rotten!

While I don't believe my grandmother's prediction was borne out in reality, her style of Acadian candor had a lot to do with the individual I am now. She and other family members rarely spared me their frank assessments, and—big surprise—when I got out into it, the world didn't either. Similarly, if memory serves, I was never (you heard

me, NEVER) told how special I was, and yet my grandmothers' hugs, my aunts' frequent fawning, and the good-natured teasing that was a hallmark of Cormier and Picard family gatherings assured me that, in fact, I was.

"*Dis y pas ça; ca va y monter a tete!*"

This warning was often repeated by my parents to friends and family who dared compliment me on a nice report card, a decent stage performance, or an especially flattering outfit. Don't tell her such things; it'll go straight to her head. The technique was my parents' well-intentioned way of keeping me humble that, by today's standards, would be deemed at best inadvisable and at worst, cruel. Somehow though, I survived the practice.

No, I did more than survive.

I became the little girl who, despite the fact that no one in her family before her had gone to college, planned all the way through elementary and high school that she would find her way there. There was no money for such an extravagance and certainly no expressed expectation that I pursue a college degree. Further, I didn't know how, when, or where this ambition would be fulfilled, but I had an intuition, a sense of assurance (not entitlement) that higher education was in my future. And so it was that, as I waited for that future to arrive, I read, often voraciously. In the summer before my Freshman year of high school, I consumed thirteen books AND wrote up all the reports that would be expected during the school year, in that way making time for Drama Club, basketball, and assorted other extracurriculars.

From the time I was tiny, I stayed up late reading and imagining myself in the places where my heroes and heroines went. I was a solver of mysteries (à la Nancy Drew) or a nurse (like Cherry Ames). Through various characters, I was a teacher, a businesswoman, a judge. The love of reading I learned from teachers like Stella Chasse, or Sister St. Charles Regis, or Martine Pelletier (the town's librarian and later, its unofficial historian), served me well. It similarly played a major role in the lives of those little friends I'd seen on my first day at Sacred Heart and led them to success as well.

If you asked my early elementary school classmates their opinion of our educational experience, you might find that many still chafe at the memory of compulsory First Friday confessions and (the infrequent) use of corporal punishment. Those who have turned away from our common Roman Catholic faith, focusing on the restrictive rather than the redeeming, however, even

they will admit, if challenged, that we had a pretty spectacular preparation for life at the hands of the men and women who taught us. Armed with the strong skills they provided and an enviable work ethic that I consider emblematic of our home region, we ventured into the world. We took personal and professional challenges in stride, and we accepted responsibility as it was required of us. "*Pi on a fait notre chemin,*" as our ancestors might say; *On a laissez nos marques.* We made our way in the world and left our marks—our uniquely Acadian marks—on it.

LA DIFFERENCE

In the final analysis, how did a young life spent straddling the Acadian and English-speaking worlds, affect me? In brief, I think it made me hungry for experiences, for knowledge, and for the world that was, "away."

Specifically, after high school, I completed a two-year program in radiologic technology at New Hampshire's Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center. Following that, I earned a bachelor's degree in political science from Brigham Young University and was later awarded a Master's degree from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. At various times, I've worked as a radiologic technologist, a writer/editor, a background investigator, and more recently, as a French tutor.

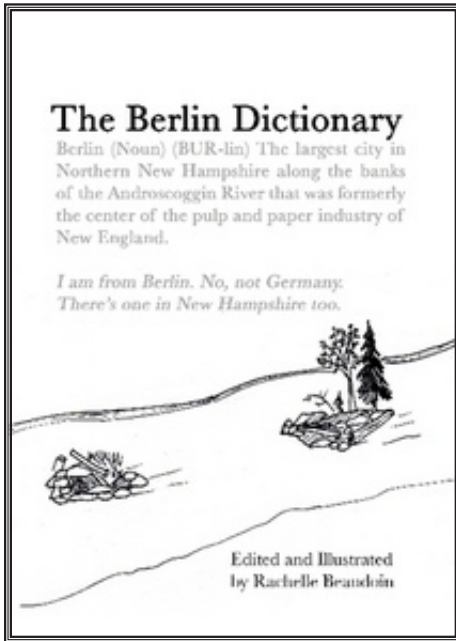
In my personal life, I married, gave birth to two sons, and proudly (nostalgically) enrolled both boys in the French immersion programs available to us, first in Maryland and later in northern Virginia.

Je n'ai jamais trop aimer habiter Washington, D.C., mais j'étais au paradis la journée que j'ai pu enrôler mes enfants a l'école d'immersion. Ce morceau de mon héritage que j'ai passé a mes fils, cela ma fait chanter l'esprit!

In October of 2009, I attained the goal I'd set for myself several years ago: I published my first novel, a medical adventure story entitled, **MISSION**, a book that draws on my years as a medical radiographer, on my knowledge of the Washington area and the political air one breathes here morning, noon, and night, and most important, brings to life my fondness for things and for people Acadian.

MISSION's heroine, Parise "Parry" St. Amand, is a native of northern Maine. She lives in a suburb of Washington, D.C.

(Continued on page 38)



Can you press that, er um, /piton/? Let me get that /mousse /off of your sweater. If you know what the words /piton/ and /mousse/ mean and if you have no idea what the words /piton/ and /mousse/ mean, the Berlin Dictionary is for you.

The Berlin Dictionary
edited and illustrated by
Rachelle Beaudoin
Is now available!

The Berlin Dictionary is a participatory dictionary written by over seventy contributors who submitted their favorite and most memorable “Berlin Words.” With definitions ranging from the /Arena /to /the Yoko/ and everything in between, /The Berlin Dictionary/ is a must-have for current and former Berlin New Hampshire residents. Featuring over thirty illustrations.

According to Beaudoin, “Considering the changes and challenges facing the city in recent years, the dictionary seemed like a fun way for citizens to take pride in or poke fun at aspects of the community while recognizing and enjoying its uniqueness.” The book is part historical document, part reference and part humor.

With contributions from:

Ken Adair, Justin Aube, Jerry and Jill Aube, Lucille Barr, BeatriceBeaudoin, Claude Beaudoin, Frank Bellefeuille, Dave Bergeron, Rene Bergeron, Rachel Berube, Dan and Darlene Blais, David Blais, Muriel Blais, Susan Boucher, Tim Brannen, Rita Breton, Dan Campagna, Cecile Chabot Wester, Janie Chartrand, Lousie Connelly, Roberta Conway, Eric Cote, Jesse Croteau and Keith Blanchette, Romeo Danais, Clark Danderson, Lisa Dodge, Sister Theresa Dube, Michael Dumont, Jim Duncan, Bill Dyer, Don Fournier, Dr. Barry Gendron, Jeanne Ivory, Shirley Jackson, Rebecca L’Heureux, Louise Lachance, Carla LaPiere, Lucille Lavoie, Tracy Lefebvre, Dan Mackin, Shawn Marquis, Chris Martel, Jasmine Montminy, Rachel Montminy, Theresa Morgan Perry, Roberta Morin Migetz, Lorraine Morin Pasciak, Benita Morin St. Pierre, Sister Cecile Morrisette, Jackie Nadeau, Rev. Gerald Oleson, Linda Paquet, Melanie Payeur, Dick Poulin, Linda Poulin, Dave Ramsey, Kris Richards, Jennie Roberge, Larry Roberge, Susan Roberge, Kelly Ross, Ben Roy, Darlene Roy, Guy Sanchargin, George Stanley, Celia Nicotra Sullivan, Jan Szumierz, Lisa Thompson, Angela Vaillancourt and Becky Roberge, Carolyn Vasquez, Claire Villeneuve Rennison and Amy Welch.

Rachelle Beaudoin is an interdisciplinary artist and professor of art at Chester College of New England and Saint Anselm College. She was born and raised in Berlin NH and is currently living in Peterborough NH. She is interested in video, performance and socially engaged art. This is her first book.

The Berlin Dictionary is available at the Wonderland Bookstore, 10 Exchange Street in Gorham NH, Savoir Flare at 52 Main Street in Berlin NH, at the Berlin Historical Society Moffet House, 119 High St, Berlin NH and online at Lulu.com. It will be available on Amazon.com in 6-8 weeks. The ISBN is 978-0-557-19739-2.

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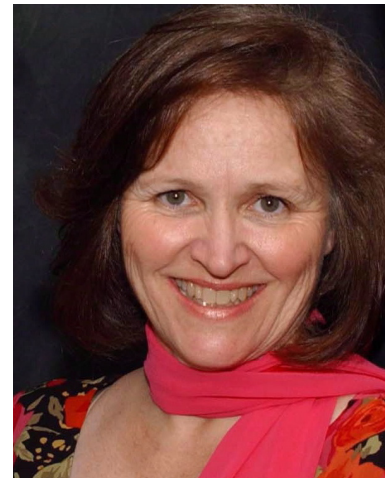
(FEMME SUR UNE MISSION/
 WOMAN ON A MISSION continued
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and, like many Acadian women before her, is gutsy and hardworking. Most notably, she retains a love for her native culture that colors everything she does: how she thinks; the things for which she yearns; the ways in which she gives of herself to the world.

Parry, in truth, is a composite of the many wonderful women who populated my early years in the Valley, women I’ve known, admired, and loved. She accepts what life sends her way and rises to challenges in ways that are surprising to others, if not to herself.

En effet, Parise St. Amand est la meilleure de nous et le meilleure qui est dans nous. Parry is the best of us and the best that is in us. She is the person I wish I could be.

Anne M. Cormier lives and writes in a suburb of Washington, D.C. She has been married for almost twenty-seven years and is the mother of two grown sons. Her first novel, MISSION, is available on Amazon.com and BarnesandNoble.com under her pen name, A.M. Cormier. Interested parties may contact Anne at amcormier01@aol.com if they would like to purchase an autographed copy of MISSION or by calling 703.904.7246.



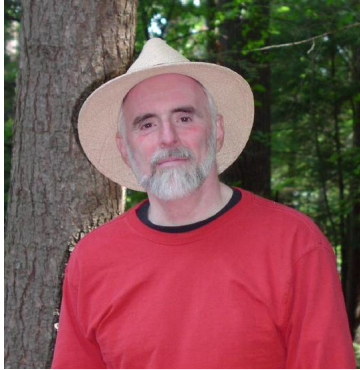
The book is available via the link:

<http://www.lulu.com/content/paperback-book/the-berlin-dictionary/7915941>

MUSIC/MUSIQUE

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October 15-17: The Forest Storytelling Festival, Port Angeles, WA

For information regarding performances, including school assemblies and residencies, contact Michael at michaelparent@maine.rr.com or (207) 879-0401

Lucie Therrien



<http://www.LucieT.com/>

For exact time, please keep checking my website [<http://www.LucieT.com>] <http://www.LucieT.com>

- Hampton, NH: Hampton Seniors Annual banquet, June 10th, 1:15, concert. Members only.
- Portsmouth, NH: The Press Room, Beat Night, Poetry recitation to the music of Larry Simon's Groove Bacteria band. 6/17, 7pm
- Biddeford, Maine: La Kermesse Festival, Authors and Composers' Tent June 25 to 27.
- MONTREAL, Quebec, Canada: International Jazz Festival, "Le Carre des

Spectacles" Beginning of July (dates t.b.a)

- Springfield Massachusetts : for the 5TH TIME: The Big E (Eastern Expo for all New England States) the NH building, 9/17, 1 & 3pm
- Manchester, NH: New Hampshire World Assoc. of Language Teachers, Radisson Hotel, 10/29, exhibitor & speaker (to be confirmed)

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 e-mail: lth@star.net***

Josée Vachon



- June 20, 2010
 Reading, PA - with the Reading Pops Orchestra, Reading Museum outdoors, 3pm
- June 26, 2010
 Lowell, MA - Franco-Americain Day, Lowell Senior Center, 276 Broadway St., 6pm
- July 10, 2010
 Augusta, ME - Festival de la Bastille, Saturday 3:45, Sunday 1pm
- July 11, 2010
 Greenville, ME - Holy Family Catholic Church, 7pm
- September 11, 2010
 Putnam, CT - French Festival, Rotary Park, 1-6pm (concert tentatively at 3pm), www.putnamct.us or www.winyradio.com

***<http://www.joseevachon.com/index.php>
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MUSIC MUSIQUE

'King of the Banjo'

Maurice (Joseph) Bolyer (b Beaulieu). Banjoist, composer, b Edmundston, NB, of Acadian parents, 1 Dec 1920, d Toronto 18 Aug 1978. Bolyer, who was to become known as 'King of the Banjo,' began playing the instrument in his late teens with a country band in Edmundston after becoming proficient on various other string instru-



ments and piano. He played on radio station CKCW, Moncton, NB, with Hank Snow in the early 1940s, and was heard regularly on the 'CKNX Barn Dance', from Wingham,

Ont, in the late 1940s. He also performed on 'Main Street Jamboree' (CHML radio, Hamilton, Ont) and on various US TV shows, before joining the CBC's 'The Tommy Hunter Show' as a regular on radio 1963-5, and on TV from 1965 from until his death. A virtuoso of the banjo, Bolyer attempted in his last years to extend its stylistic range. He was interested, for example, in exploiting it as a solo (rather than rhythm) instrument in jazz. Several of his own tunes are included on his LPs King of the Banjo (Arc 252), Country Banjo (Banff SBS 5324), Golden Banjo Classics (Cachet 1005), and Pure Gold Banjo Favourites (RCA KNL-0108). He also may be heard on LPs by Hunter, Graham Townsend, and others. Bolyer was inducted posthumously into the Canadian Country Music Hall of Fame in 1989.



La Famille Arseneault is a family unit of 3 generations and they claim their Acadian roots in New Brunswick, Canada. La Famille Arseneault are proud Acadians who have traced their roots back to Pierre Arseneault who was born in France around 1650 and settled in Acadia (Amherst, N.S. area) around 1671. This group has a unbelievable renewable source of energy that has come from deep in the heart as they continue to excite audiences throughout Atlantic Canada and the United States. Their awesome Kitchen Party shows of songs, music, dance and stage choreography is ever changing, as no two shows are ever the same.

There was always music and dance going on in the Arseneault kitchen as the children were growing up as the parents bought all kinds of instruments to try and interest the kids at a young age. Their Acadian Kitchen Party shows are drawing in new generations of people as they continue to nurture the live roots of Acadian music and dance. This group draws on Acadian traditions, old

and new songs and the combined talents of the family propel Acadian dance and music to there present day capturing the imagination of audiences of all ages and cultures.

No audience gets bored at one of their two hour Kitchen Party shows as they draw on almost 20 different instruments and an array of percussion instruments (fiddles, guitars, mandolin, spoons, harmonicas, drums, congas, tambourine, washtubs, washboards, step shoes, etc. etc. etc. Their performance has the ability to make you want to join them on stage for a rousing step dancing performance of good cheer, singing, foot tapping and clapping along. They are known to ask members of the audience to join them on stage as well. Their performance brings you back a little in time and will touch you like no other show as they promote their Acadian Culture on stage. La Famille Arseneault are passionate about performing and will continue to tour and entertain their legions of fans and a good time will be had by all...

Lorsque vous consultez la définition de « famille » dans le dictionnaire « Webster », on peut lire « unité sociale formée d'un ou de deux parents et leurs enfants ». La « Famille Arseneault », une unité familiale constituée de 3 générations et 5 familles formées de grands-parents, leurs enfants et petits-enfants, affirme que ses racines acadiennes se trouvent au Nouveau-Brunswick, Canada. La Famille Arseneault est fière de ses origines acadiennes, lesquelles remontent à Pierre Arseneault né en France vers 1650 et qui s'est établi en Acadie (région de Amherst, N.-É.) aux alentours de 1671. Cette formation musicale, qui est animée d'une énergie renouvelable tout à fait inouïe, joue avec ses tripes, ce qui lui permet de continuer à enthousiasmer les foules à travers le Canada atlantique et les États-Unis. Leurs spectacles de chansons, de musique, de danse et de chorégraphie sur scène de style « party de cuisine » évoluent sans cesse et chaque spectacle est unique en son genre.

L'idée de se produire en spectacle sur le plan professionnel a pris naissance dans l'esprit des grands-parents Émerie et Bella qui rêvaient de s'adonner à cette activité en compagnie de leurs enfants et petits-enfants. La cuisine des Arseneault vibrait toujours au rythme de la musique et de la danse à mesure que les enfants grandissaient et Bella a cru bon d'acheter toutes sortes d'instruments de musique afin d'inciter les enfants à s'y intéresser dès leur plus jeune âge. Les spectacles acadiens de style « party de cuisine » de la famille at-

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MUSIC MUSIQUE



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teignent de nouvelles générations d'adeptes et continuent d'alimenter les racines de la musique et de la danse acadiennes. Cette formation tire son inspiration des traditions acadiennes, qu'il s'agisse de chansons bien connues ou de nouveautés, et du mariage des talents familiaux, ce qui a contribué à propulser la danse et la musique acadiennes jusqu'à aujourd'hui en interpellant des publics de tout âge et de différentes cultures.

Il est impossible que le public se morfonde aux spectacles de « party de cuisine » dont la représentation dure deux

<http://www.famillearseneault.com/welcome.html>

heures puisque les membres de la famille font appel à une vingtaine d'instruments différents en plus de recourir à une panoplie d'instruments à percussion (violons, guitares, mandolines, cuillères en bois, harmonicas, batterie, congas, tambours de basque, bacs à laver, planches à laver, souliers à claquettes, etc. etc. etc.). La prestation offerte par la famille vous donne le goût de la joindre sur scène pour participer à une gigue énergique dans la joie de vivre tout en chantant, en tapant du pied et en frappant dans les mains. D'ailleurs, la famille est bien connue pour inviter des gens du public à la joindre sur scène. La prestation de la famille vous fera remonter dans le temps et saura vous charmer comme nul ne peut le faire puisqu'on y fait la promotion de la culture acadienne sur scène. La Famille Arseneault éprouve une passion pour le spectacle et

DAYS

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Telephone: (506) 855-0357

NADEAU FAMILY BAND

<http://www.thenadeaufamilyband.piczo.com>
<http://profile.myspace.com/index.cfm?fus>

NADEAU FAMILY BAND
A ROAD LESS TRAVELED



About the BAND:

Five piece band, Butch Nadeau, Wayne Nadeau, Glenn Nadeau, Mike Nadeau and Jay Green. The band started in the 60's, when Butch and Wayne started first with each a guitar. Butch singing and Wayne singing harmony. They did this for a couple of years. Then their sister Debbie came into the picture as a singer and a dancer. Not too long after, the youngest brother, Glenn started drumming. This went on for years. Debbie stopped singing in the early 70's. Butch, Wayne and Glenn played on as a trio for five more years or so. The first new member that started with the band was Gary Sirois, a bass player. Gary also played a mean harmonica and sang some

songs to help Butch out. Gary stopped playing with us in the late 80's. Harold Lausier was the next bass player to start with us. He also sang songs to help Butch out. In 1991 Harold stopped playing with us. Then came the great Mike Nadeau our last bass player. Mike played with us till we all stopped playing in 1993. In 2004 the band started back to get together and just have fun playing music. We made it a point to get together on thursday nights to jam. It was fun again to try new songs and old ones. One night Jay Green came to one of our jamming sessions. He liked jamming with us so much that he came almost every thursday night. One day Jay said he would like to join the band. We welcomed Jay with open arms. Now a five piece band, we are going to play as long as we are having fun.



The Road Less Travelled CD

1. Chevy Ford Pick-up
2. She Don't Know (What She's Got)
3. Listen
4. Shady Lady
5. Lost
6. Hearts On Fire
7. County Girl
8. She's Goin Down
9. One More Day
10. Boys In the Band

FOR MORE INFO;

BUTCH 1-207-498-2204
GLENN 1-207-498-3170
MIKE 1-207-498-8417
JAY GREEN 1-207-492-1609
WAYNE 1-506-473-5277

MUSIC MUSIQUE Brian Nadeau

Trumpet

It all began as a three year old dragging an antique cornet around the house and honking away. Brian Nadeau began playing trumpet in jazz combos and big bands as a performer and soloist at the age of seven in 1974. His first gig was with Don Doane at the Bridgeway Restaurant in South Portland. At age 12 Brian was asked to be a special guest on the Milton Berle Show at Lake-wood Theater. Mr. Berle, impressed with the young Nadeau's talent, said "you're a coming star"! Early on, arrangements were created for Brian to perform with the Al Corey Big Band as an elementary school musician. Mr. Nadeau has played with the Corey Band for most of his life. For the past 15 years he has been the lead trumpeter. Mr. Corey selected Brian to be his successor to lead the big band which has a 60 year history. When Mr. Corey passed away in 2003 Brian became the band's sole leader.

Mr. Nadeau is an in demand brass instructor and big band phrasing clinician having studied with Wayne Bergeron, Jim Manley and Stan Mark (all of whom played for Maynard Ferguson). His clinics focus on the breathing and embouchure techniques that contribute to efficient and enhanced mastery of the instrument.

Performances include: solo

performance of the National Anthem for the Boston Celtics in 1985,

Jerry Lewis Labor Day Telethon live on WCVB TV in Boston, a performance with Jerry Auerbach of NBC's "Law and Order" who sang with Mr. Nadeau's band, and a big band contractor for "Late Night's" Conan O'Brien when he visited Bangor. Brian has also appeared at the Press Room in New Hampshire as a featured soloist, and has performed with many groups as lead trumpeter, including Portsmouth's Seacoast Big Band, the Mt. Washington Hotel Big Band, Maine's Bellamy Jazz Band, Shrine Circus Band, Bo Winiker Band from Boston, MA, the Gene Krupa Big Band, New Trad Septet, the Blue Hill Brass, Bangor Symphony Orchestra, and many more. Previously he played in pit orchestras for the following shows: "The Music Man", "Cabaret", "Mame", "Brigadoon", "Guys and Dolls", and "Bye, Bye, Birdie". Recent show appearances include The Manhattan Transfer Christmas show in 2004 in which he was lead trumpet and featured soloist. In 2000 he played lead trumpet for the Leslie Gore show.

Most recently, Nadeau brought world renowned trumpeter Wayne Bergeron to Maine for the first time to give a clinic to area musicians and perform in concert with Mr. Nadeau's big band. A duet featured the two trumpeters playing in tribute to the late Maynard Ferguson on "Maynard and Waynard". Ferguson and Bergeron recorded this selection on "Plays Well With Others", Mr. Bergeron's latest CD. Another recent engagement included playing for Noel Paul Stookey (of Peter, Paul, and Mary) and family last July at his Blue Hill residence.

Current musical projects include Mr. Nadeau directing the Queen City Big Band,



a group of talented community musicians from all walks of life in the Bangor area. This group has been rehearsing and performing under Nadeau for eight years. Many area schools utilize his expertise in teaching jazz phrasing and style and many have placed in the top three at state jazz festivals as a result. It's notable that in 1998 Mr. Nadeau auditioned for and was offered the lead trumpet chair of the Glenn Miller Orchestra led by Larry O'Brien. However, around that time he met his love and future wife Lanissa, a music educator in Brewer, and decided to stay home and make music a part time hobby. Brian and Lanissa celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary in December of 2008.

CONTACT:

Brian Nadeau
207-944-7274

<http://mainstreetmusicstudios.com/>
briannadeau@mainstreetmusicstudios.com



Michèle Choïnière

April 7, 2010: Good Times Cafe, Hinesburg, Vermont.

May 1, 2010: St. Albans Maple Festival - a tradition of fiddle music and Franco-American songs in my hometown.

May 28, 2010: Farewell Reunion Concert, hosted by Mark Sustic at Grace Church, Sheldon.

June 5, 2010: Haskell Opera House - Stanstead, Quebec/Derby Line, Vermont. With Don Roy Ensemble, Will Patton and the boys. This double bill is a fundraiser for the Memphramagog Arts Collaborative - and a must see concert!

June 24, 2010: One Longfellow, Portland, Maine. More information to come.

July 23-25, 2010: Lowell Folk Festival, Lowell, Massachusetts.

Aug. 8, 2010: Skye Theater, East Dixfield, Maine. With the Don Roy Ensemble!

Aug. 22, 2010: Alburgh, Vermont Heritage Festival.

November 6, 2010: Blackstone River Theater, Cumberland, Rhode Island.

<http://www.michelechoiniere.com/index.html>

ARTIST/ ARTISTE



Lulu Pelletier

Portraits By Lulu

“There are no failures when creating art, the only failure is never trying.”

Celebrities:



From the Kids Gallery:



Expressing myself through art is as natural to me as breathing. My life is simply not complete without art. I wouldn't want to exist in a world devoid of creativity. My earliest recollections are of pencils, paper, scissors and paint. My whole family was creative and artistic. We each strived to complete a project that each would be proud of and anxious to show to everyone.

I grew up in a predominately French speaking rural community in Northern Maine with three older siblings. I learned very early in life that I had to be capable of amusing myself. Finding ways to keep myself busy has served me well throughout my lifetime.

I've always been fascinated with drawing. It is difficult to recall one day in my life that some type of art activity didn't make up the bulk of my day. I received encouragement from family, neighbors and friends, and this was the catalyst in my effort to improve each drawing, painting or project that I completed. My preferred mediums range from pencil, oils, watercolors, and presently colored pencils. Graphite and colored pencil are my primary modes of expressing my self at the moment. I still enjoy working in other mediums from time to time. The details that colored pencils provide fascinate me. It enables me to achieve dramatic effects of light and shadow. I use graphite and colored pencils to develop into the fine detailed style you see here.

My formal training consists of years of classes with Claude Picard, a Canadian portrait artist. I also did undergraduate work at the University of Maine at Fort Kent, Maine. I continue to participate in specialized classes as frequently as I am able. Mostly, however, I am self-taught and have been refining my art skills for over 40 years.

Portraits:



Black and White:



From the Animal Gallery:



Drawings created from your photographs.

These are some examples of my work; some previously sold, some still for sale, but the majority of my work is commissioned special orders.

I just added a new section of people you just might recognize, I hope you like them.

Your orders for commissioned work may be requested by contacting me by email or to my postal address. I had to remove my guestbook because it was getting filled with automated stuff but please mail with your greetings!

If there is any artwork displayed here that you would like to purchase, please contact me as well to check on its availability.

My preferred medium ranges from pencil, oil painting, watercolor and now colored pencil. Graphite and colored pencil are my primary means of expression right now, but I still work in other mediums from time to time.

lulu@portraitsbylulu.com
<http://www.portraitsbylulu.com>

ARTIST/ARTISTE
Lucie Therrien

ART WORK BY chanteuse
LUCIE THERRIEN
www.LucieT.com

Well-known chanteuse, recording artist, and author/poet Lucie Therrien has another side! After a twenty-year hiatus, she has resumed painting. Her preferred mediums are watercolor, gouache and pen and ink. In her student days, she studied fine art for 4 years at l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts, followed by 2 more years of commercial art, and professional photography, in Montreal, before graduating with a B.A. and Masters at UNH. Lucie worked for various printers as a graphic artist, and painted, exhibited, and sold paintings for several years, until becoming so involved with a music career, that she had to put her brushes away. She designed her CD, DVD & publication covers, and became a videographer for her videos and DVDs. She has taken awards for her art, film making, as well as her music. Last year she decided to start painting again. Her most productive month is February, which she spends in Southern Spain. All paintings are copywritten 2010 by Lucie Therrien

OEUVRES D'ART par la chanteuse
LUCIE THERRIEN
www.LucieT.com

La chanteuse, auteure/poète Lucie Therrien a un autre côté! Après trente ans, elle a décidé de se remettre à peindre. Elle préfère la peinture à l'eau, la gouache, et plume avec encre de chine. Antérieurement, elle a complété 4 ans à l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts, plus 2 ans de dessin commercial et de photographie professionnelle, à Montréal, avant de graduer avec un brevet et une maîtrise en musique, à UNH. Lucie a travaillé pour maintes imprimeurs comme artiste, et a exposé et vendu ses tableaux pour plusieurs années, avant de se plonger dans une carrière de musique, à plein temps! Elle a créé les designs de ses couverts de CD, DVD, et publications, et est devenue cinéaste pour ses vidéos/DVDs. Elle a gagné des prix pour son art, ses films ainsi que sa musique. L'an dernier elle a décidé de se remettre à peindre, surtout durant les mois de février, qu'elle passe au sud de l'Espagne. Tous droits d'auteurs des peintures sont la propriété de Lucie Therrien 2010



"Flamenco Dancer"
Cost unframed \$165.00 + shipping, watercolor/pencil/pen & ink, copyright 2010, Lucie Therrien



"Carnaval" framed, part of the Dr. D. Morris collection. 11/09 copyright 2010, Lucie Therrien



"Act 1, Scene 1" framed \$350., pen & ink, copyright 2010, Lucie Therrien



"A Bushel and a Peck", matted, \$180.00 + shipping copyright 2010, Lucie Therrien



"Koala" matted, watercolor, pen & ink, pencil, \$250.00 + shipping, copyright 2010, Lucie Therrien



"Mixed Arrangement" Sold in France to F. & Maryse Cornet-Carayol 8/09 copyright 2010, Lucie Therrien



"Lady with a Black Hat" unframed \$145.00 + shipping copyright 2010, Lucie Therrien



"Lakeview" matted, \$175.00 + shipping copyright 2010, Lucie Therrien



"Rhonda, Espana" unframed, \$165.00 + shipping copyright 2010, Lucie Therrien



"Portland Maine I" framed, \$495.00, + shipping copyright 2010, Lucie Therrien



This matted, unframed watercolor/pen & ink, is called *"Cat on the Bed"* priced at \$225.00 + shipping copyright 2010, Lucie Therrien

POÉSIE/
POETRY



Postcard from P-town

Poetry. Postcard from P-town, Steven Riel's third chapbook, has been selected as the first runner-up for the inaugural Robin Becker Chapbook Prize and was published in March 2009 by Seven Kitchens Press.

Robin Becker, who served as judge, wrote, "What do Tennessee Williams, Lena Horne, Chris Evert, Robert Goulet and Kitty Carlisle have in common? Steven Riel celebrates them all in this stylish collection of poems that examines the social construction of 'effeminancy' with an ironic artfulness, looking at gender performance in fresh and probing ways."

ISBN: 978-0-9820372-5-6

Format: 28 p., hand-trimmed and hand-tied

Language: English

Order from:

» the author using this order form - \$7 - Autographed and inscribed
 » or online from SevenKitchens
<http://sevenkitchens.blogspot.com/2009/02/steven-riel-postcard-from-p-town.html>

Steven Riel
 P.O. Box 679
 Natick, MA 01760

MEDITATIONS ON YELLOW v.
 by Steven Riel

i.
 A frowzy blaze of forsythia:
 scrawled alephs aflame,
 hint of a hatchway torched open,
 a fiery blink each spring
 once stone is rolled

from the entrance to
 winter's tomb.

ii.
 Honest soul at last, propose an autumn
 of grown-up games of Candy Land
 so you can be Yellow.
 Hope the card you draw
 sends you to a yellow square
 to emphasize you've aligned
 Where with What you wanted to be.

iii.
 Easter's raiment almost too rich
 to be deserved: a surfeit
 of yellows snug in the grass:
 fuzzy chicks, ducklings,
 pale eggs, and peeps
 this sweet overwhelming,

iv.
 its nested pledge
 defenseless against late
 blizzards and crows,
 when all but one plucked feather
 goes black.

A lifetime's passion
 for detailing suffering
 in minute exactitude
 couldn't the same be done
 for joy?

Where to begin?
 A '57 Plymouth's yellow fins?

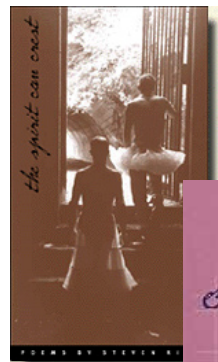
vi.
 A calculated abundance of shine
 gets shot through a stage-set window,
 brushes a cornucopia with a buttery cast
 so Peppercorn Farm can remember.

No, Madison Avenue,
 though you use what's most dear
 as coinage to seduce,
 I won't let you prostitute
 the power of light.

vii.
 Even if yellow was the color of forgiveness,
 could we ever honestly
 forgive ourselves? *Keep walking*

toward the light,
 one self-help guidebook says.

viii.
 Midnights throb with peepers' song
 while distant daylight bathes the moon.
 Blossoms of forsythia glow in rows;
 branches trace each constellation.
 Fleshy petals flare out wide,



ORDER FORM FOR CHAPBOOKS BY STEVEN RIEL

Autographed and inscribed copies can be obtained from the author: Steven Riel, P.O. Box 679, Natick, MA 01760. Please indicate if you want a copy autographed and/or inscribed, and if inscribed, to whom.

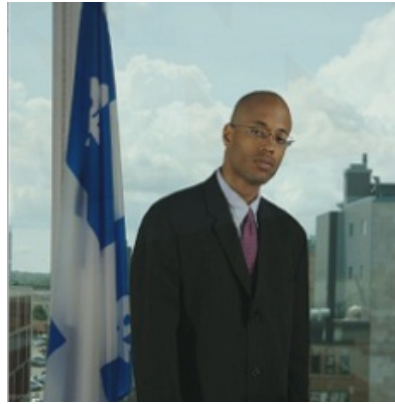
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The Spirit Can Crest		\$16.00	
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Shipping Charge		\$2.50 1 st book; \$.50 for each additional book	

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Qc History X remix
Webster avec Karim Ouellet

J'vous ramène dans l'temps
Pour quelques instants
Vous dévoiler des faits
Qu'on n'apprend pas forcément
J'vous entretiens d'une autre histoire
Celle qu'on ne voit pas dans les cours
Amérindiens et les Noirs
Celle qu'il faut remettre à jour
Par où commencer
Pour vous dire comment c'est
D'abord faut nuancer
L'Histoire est romancée
Manipulée
Elle est écrite par les vainqueurs
Dont une partie dissimulée
Les hypocrites ne datent pas d'hier
Back in the days
Autour de 1604
Champlain débarque
Avec à son bord un Black
Mathieu Da Costa
dit l'Interprète
Il parlait micmac
Français et hollandais
En 1629
Arrive Olivier Lejeune
Premier esclave répertorié
Dans la jeune ville de Québec
Au moins 10 000 esclaves
Au Canada
Jusqu'à l'abolition de ce droit
en 1833
C'est fou
À force de fureter en masse
J'ai découvert que Lionel Groulx
Prônait la pureté des races
C'est la même pour Garneau

F.X.-Garneau
Québec History X
Ils nous ont effacés du tableau
Mais pourtant
Il y avait des hommes d'affaires noirs
On était dans les régiments
Et d'autres étaient coureurs des bois
Il y avait aussi des aubergistes
Et ils veulent nous faire croire
Que les Noirs sont ici
Depuis les années 70
1779
Pointe-du-Sable Jean-Baptiste



Un métis antillais
A fondé un poste de traite en Illinois
Nowadays on l'appelle Chicago
Un Black francophone a fondé Chicago
Jackie Robinson
Oliver Jones
et Oscar Peterson
La liste est longue
Mais pas tant que ça
Trop d'héros oubliés
Qui ont contribué à notre passé
Mais peu veulent le souligner

400 ans d'histoire
6 millions de raisons
De nous faire oublier de croire
Et puis se souvenir
C'est tout ce que j'ai peur de devenir
Quand on y pense 10 minutes
L'ignorance diminue

Au 19e siècle
C'est pas du tout fini
Ils ont envoyé les Chinois
Faire les chemins de fer dans tout l'pays
Détonateurs vivants
On les envoyait creuser la roche
Avec d'la nitroglycérine
Et ça sautait à leur approche
Le pâté chinois
Ça vient de là
Boeuf, maïs et patate
Tout ce qu'on retrouve dans le Westside
Entre toi pis moi
Ça n'a rien d'oriental
C'est une mixture qu'on leur donnait
Pour les nourrir en tas
Maintenant les Indiens
Ah les Indiens
Man, ils l'ont eut bad
Les Indiens
Genocide à grande échelle
À trop grande échelle
La mémoire des Amériques

Est à jamais entachée
Les premières armes bactériologiques
On leur donnait des couvertures
Imbibées d'varioles
Tu vois la suite
Un choc microbiologique
Et viol culturel
Être vu en étranger
Sur sa propre parcelle
De Terre ancestrale
C'est l'ère industrielle
Qui fait qu'encore au 21e siècle
L'âme des ancêtres rôle
On parle de viol, de colle
Et d'alcool dans les fioles
Le haut taux d'suicide
Démontre un ras-le-bol
Dans les réserves
J'comprends qu'il en ait qui aille s'attaquer
Au gouvernement
Comme dans le temps à Kanasatake

Webster est né et a grandi dans le quartier Limoilou à Québec. D'un père Sénégalais et d'une mère Québécoise, il a toujours été fier de ses origines et se présente comme un SénéQueb métis pure laine. Sa passion pour l'Histoire l'a amené à faire des études universitaires dans ce domaine. Militant hip-hop et anti-raciste, Webster s'implique beaucoup socialement : il fait régulièrement des conférences sur l'influence du hip-hop chez les jeunes et la question multiculturelle à Québec. Côté musical, le Web est actif depuis 1995; il est un des pionniers de la scène hip-hop de la Vieille Capitale. En 2000, il offre un premier projet au public : Winter Walk avec son groupe de l'époque, Northern X. En 2002, il élabore Limoilou Style avec le collectif Limoilou Starz. L'année suivante, il sort le premier album double de rap québécois : Shoddy & Webster présente L'Album Double. Ce projet englobait les projets solos de deux artistes de l'avant-garde de Québec. En 2006, LS revient en force avec l'album Les Boss du Quartier. Webster rap d'une façon particulière. Son style unique est issu d'une fusion entre 8 ans d'expérience de pose en anglais et 7 ans en français. Son riche vocabulaire et sa manière de vulgariser des concepts compliqués font de lui un artiste universel pouvant toucher plusieurs types de personnes. Pour Web, son art est un outil qu'il affine depuis plus d'une décennie afin d'étayer de la manière la plus cinglante son bagage culturel et intellectuel. Avec des textes et des flows hors du commun, Webster s'impose comme un artiste révolutionnaire.

POÉSIE/POETRY

La Femme du Buffle Blanc*Par Virginie SAND*

Un jour, lorsque je faisais ma méditation,
 Dans ma chambre très tranquille et silencieuse,
 J'ai reçu une petite visitation,
 Et avec un message tellement sérieuse.

Là, où je me permettais de sentir la paix,
 Voici une image d'une femme réelle,
 Alors, dès que je peux percevoir mes pensées,
 Dans sa robe blanche, je vois qu'elle est très belle.

Peut-on voir une image avec les yeux fermés ?
 Cette femme, ses cheveux longs et bruns; un ange ?
 Bien sûr, dans mon troisième oeil, la femme est vraie,
 En portant une robe longue avec la frange.

Surtout, cette vision m'a montrée un foulard
 Turquoise, qui embrassait doucement son cou,
 Et j'ai compris son message important plus tard,
 Que je dois développer ma voix, après tout.

L'image est-elle la Femme du Buffle Blanc ?
 La Sacrée Amérindienne, « Lakota Sioux, »
 Qui apporte le calumet de paix, je sens
 Pour m'apprendre à vivre dans une sacré façon.

The White Buffalo Woman*By Virginia SAND*

One day, as I was doing my meditation,
 In my very tranquil and silent room,
 I received a little visitation,
 And with a very serious message.

There, where I was allowing myself to feel calm,
 Here is an image of a real woman,
 In that case, as soon as I am able to collect my thoughts,
 In her white dress, I see that she is very beautiful.

Can one see an image with closed eyes?
 This woman, her long, brown hair; an angel?
 Of course, in my third eye, the woman is real,
 In wearing a long dress with fringe.

Above all, this vision showed me a scarf
 Turquoise, which was softly embracing her neck,
 And I later understood her important message,
 That I must develop my voice, after all.

Is this image the White Buffalo Woman?
 The Sacred Indian Woman, Lakota Sioux,
 Who brings the peace pipe, I sense
 For teaching me to live in a sacred way.

UN DIALOGUE DE PRINTEMPS

Par Virginie SAND

LA FILLE

Hélas, Maman, le printemps,
 Chantons comme les oiseaux,
 Danser dans le grand gazon,
 J'aime ce temps, il fait beau.

LA MERE

Ben, oui, ma belle fille,
 Le printemps est gratuit,
 Célébrons la saison,
 Pour beaucoup de raisons.

LA FILLE

Faites-vous les grosses crêpes,
 Moi, le sirop d'érable,
 Le souper est une fête,
 Les saveurs agréables.

LA MERE

Le Mardi Gras, bien sûr,
 A Pâques avec ses oeufs,
 Puis la Fête de Mère,
 Et le Fête de Père.

**A SPRING DIALOGUE**

By Virginia Sand

DAUGHTER

Alas, Mother, the spring,
 Let's sing like the birds,
 Let's dance in the tall grass,
 I love this weather, it's pleasant.

MOTHER

Of course, my beautiful daughter,
 Spring is free,
 Let's celebrate the season,
 For many reasons.

DAUGHTER

You do the large pancakes,
 Me, the maple syrup,
 Supper is a feast,
 The flavors pleasing.

MOTHER

Fat Tuesday, of course,
 At Easter with her eggs,
 Here is Mother's Day,
 And Father's Day.



POÉSIE/POETRY

Mon Totem, la Baleine*Par Virginie SAND*

J'avais six ans quand j'ai rencontré la baleine.
Je passais les jours à l'école maternelle,
Où la salle à sommeil était toujours pleine,
Et les religieuses étaient les personnels.

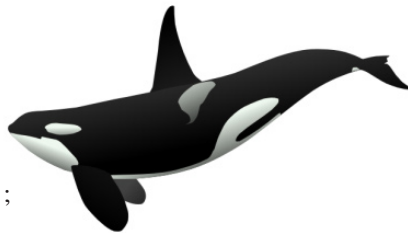
Après-midi, nous tous faisons la sieste,
Sur les matelas dans la salle à sommeil,
Aussitôt que les religieuses ont fait un geste ;
Rideaux fermés et l'absence du soleil.

Moi, je détestais l'absence de la lumière.
Puis, un jour, je me suis réveillée de bonne heure,
Mes camarades demeuraient en arrière,
Je me suis levée et je suis sortie sans peur.

Ensuite, je me suis approchée du tableau,
Dans la chambre vide à côté, pour dessiner
Une image de la baleine, mais sans eux ;
Le grand animal noir dont je viens de rêver.

Je croquais la baleine à la première fois,
Pour que mes amis aient pu se sentir la joie,
Dès qu'ils ont vu l'image forte comme un roc,
Mon totem, la baleine à la Nation micmac.

Là, la baleine m'a apportée quelques dons,
Tels que le grand pouvoir de chant et des chansons,
Et de couleur, de lumière, de magie,
Et de l'inspiration créatrice de vie.

**My Totem, the Whale***By Virginia SAND*

I was six years old when I met whale.
I was passing time at nursery school,
Where the sleeping room was always full,
And the nuns were teachers.

Afternoons, we were all taking a nap,
On the mattresses in the sleeping room,
As soon as the nuns made a gesture;
Closed curtains and the absence of sunshine.

Me, I hated the absence of light.
Then, one day, I woke up early,
My classmates stayed behind,
I got up and I left without fear.

Following, I approached the chalkboard,
In the empty room next door, for drawing
An image of whale, but without water;
The great, black animal of which I was dreaming.

I was making my first sketch of whale,
So that my friends could feel joy,
As soon as they saw the picture, strong like a rock,
My totem, the whale of the Micmac Nation.

There, whale brought me some gifts,
Such as the great power of song and the songs,
And of color, of light, of magic,

Housing Discrimination circa 1955*by Caroline LeBlanc*

Before the war, I married well.
After the war, I was put out
by my wandering husband
and our devout mothers,
shamed by my shame.
No longer a young woman,
I knocked door to door,
looking for rooms to rent.

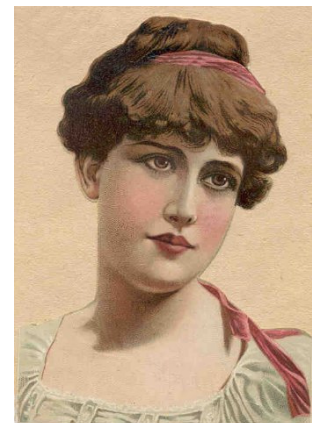
Everywhere, good Catholic
women shunned me and my children.
Their lesser misfortunes in marriage
left them secure with husbands
they only feared would be led astray
by a divorced woman in an upstairs flat.

A GOOD FRENCH WOMAN*by Danielle Laliberté*

A good French woman marries a Frenchman,
gives him all the love that she can
makes sure his dinner is on time
cooks chicken with bread and wine,
all dishes served hot and made by hand.

She helps him tend the fertile land
her face growing hard and tan,
hangs the wash to dry on the line
a good French woman.

She bares him as many sons as she can
throughout her short and fruitful lifespan,
teaches them to be good and kind
raises them Catholic and keeps them in line,
leaves time to take care of her man
a good French woman.



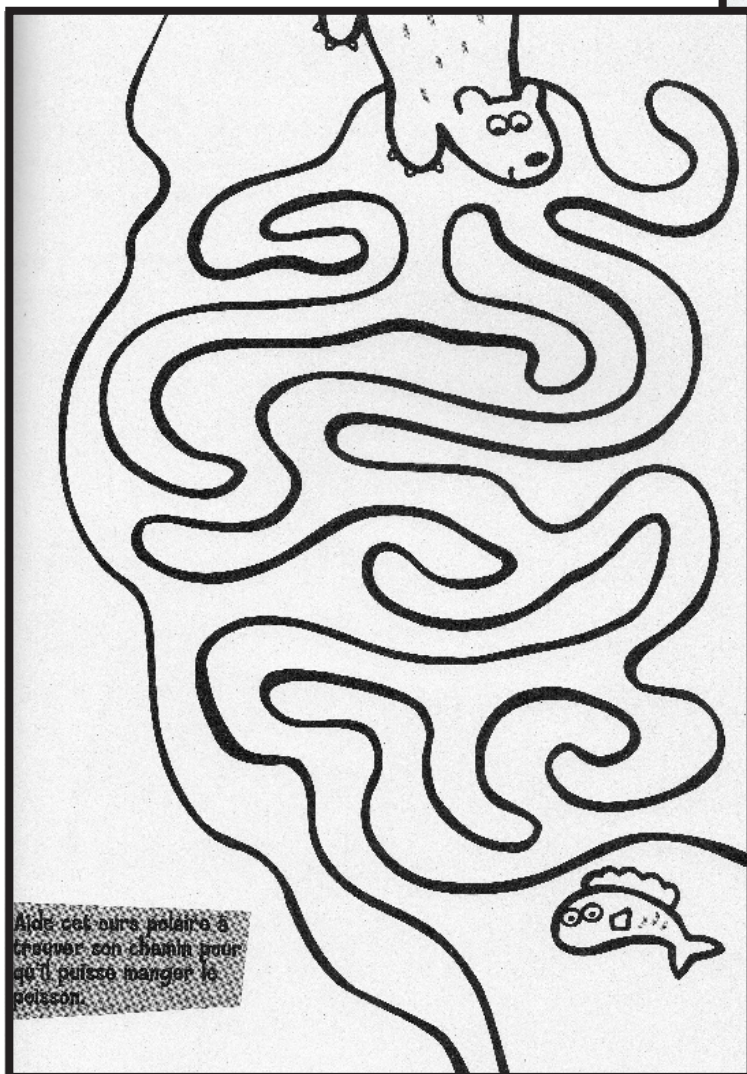
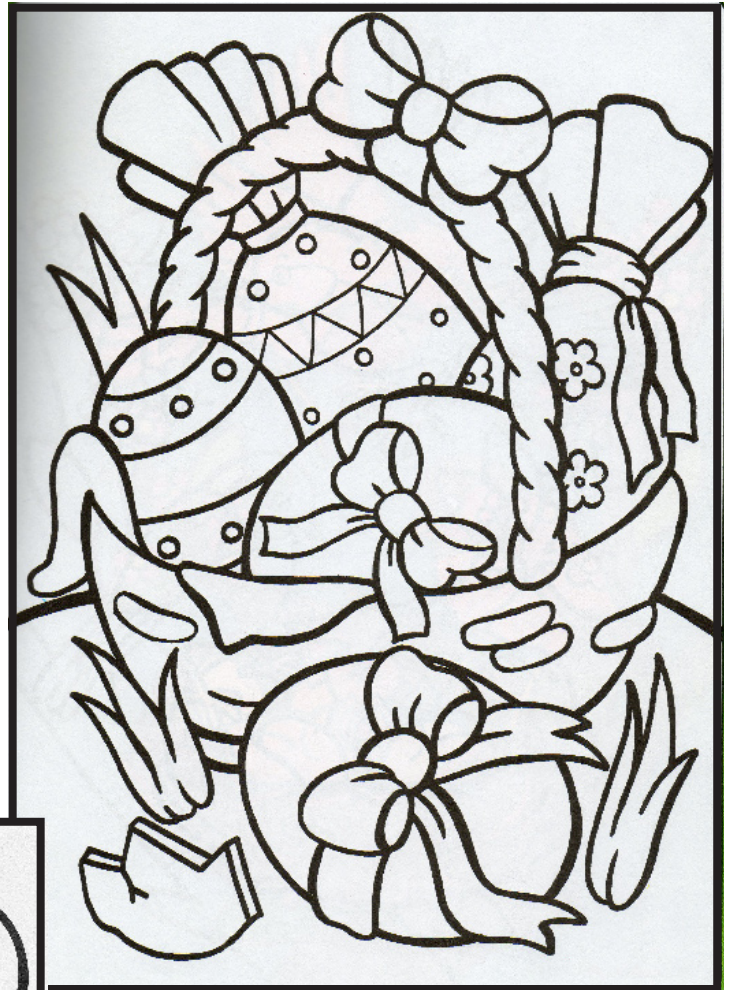
Coin des jeunes...



(Cette page de Coin des jeunes soumise par
Virginie Sand)

“Children are one third of our population and all of our future.”

~Select Panel for the Promotion of Child Health, 1981



Aide cet ours polaire à trouver son chemin pour qu'il puisse manger le poisson.

Kids Word Search Puzzles

Farmyard Friends

Words can go across and down only.
Words do not overlap or share letters

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

www.puzzle-club.com

- | | | |
|-------|------|-------|
| cow | goat | hen |
| horse | pig | sheep |



**DESSINER UNE LIGNE
DU MOT À L'IMAGE**



melon d'eau

fraise

bleuets

cerise

framboise

pêche

pomme

citron

orange

banane

poire

ananas

raisins



RÉCIPES/ RECETTES



*Recipes submitted by
Rita Nadeau...*

St. Aurille's Sugar Camp Maple Syrup Pie

1 cup Half and half
1/4 cup flour
3/4 cup maple syrup
dash of salt
1 egg
1 tbs. butter

Heat half and half, stirring in the flour, syrup and butter. When heated (stirring constantly) add the beaten egg yolk and boil until thickened. Pour into an already cooked pie shell and cool. Top with whipped cream or topping.

Note I like to add a spoonful of vanilla and use dark syrup for a more maple flavor.*



Rita's Mustard

1/2 cup brown pub style mustard
1 cup dark maple syrup.

Blend well and keep in the refrigerator

** I love this on pork and chicken...great as a BBQ sauce.*



Grand-Pères (dumplings cooked in maple syrup)

2 cups maple syrup 1/4 cup milk
1 1/2 cups flour
2 tsp. baking powder
2 1/2 tbs. butter
1/2 cup water

Combine dry ingredients and cut in the butter, then add the milk, stir well. Add water to the syrup and bring to a boil in a deep pot. Drop batter in the syrup as large as you wish, then cover pot. Turn down the heat slightly and simmer. Takes about 15 mins...dumpling should be dry inside when done. Before serving cool slightly.



Maple Popcorn

2 cups sugar and 1/2 cup maple syrup
1 1/2 cups water and 1 tsp. vinegar
1/2 tsp salt and 1 tsp. maple flavoring
5 quarts popped popcorn

Butter the sides of a large saucepan. Combine sugar, syrup, salt, vinegar, and water. Cook until hard ball stage (use a candy thermometer). Add the maple flavoring then slowly pour mixture over the popped corn, mixing gently. Butter hands and shape into small balls...Yummy stuff.

There are many versions of these recipes because in French Canada, the "fin becs" (gourmets) are everywhere. Some of the best food in the world comes out of the French Canadian tradition.

Hope you enjoy some of my favorite recipes made with Maple Syrup from my Cabane à Sucre.

— Rita Nadeau



RECIPES/
RECETTES



Maple Fudge
— *Lumina (Cyr) Morin*

Mix: 1 Tbsp. flour
1 Cup sugar
Add: 2 Cups Maple Syrup
1/4 Cup White Karo
1/4 Cup Milk or Cream

Cook 232° on candy thermometer.
Remove, add 1 Tbsp. Butter. Let cool to lukewarm and beat until glossy look starts to leave. Pour into buttered pan.

Maple Drop Cookies
— *Lumina (Cyr) Morin*

Sift together:

2 1/4 cups of flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt

Cream:
3/4 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar

Add:
1 egg and 1 tsp. maple flavor

Measure 1/2 cup maple syrup and add alternately with dry ingredients to the creamed mixture, blending well after each addition.

Add:
1/2 cup chopped walnuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto ungreased baking sheet. Makes 5 dozen. Bake at 350°.



Maple Cheesecake Recipe

Easy cheesecake is rich with the flavor of maple syrup. Since it is the main flavoring ingredient, make an effort to use real maple syrup and not imitation. You will not regret it.

Prep Time: 15 minutes
Cook Time: 10 minutes
Ingredients:

Crust:
1-1/2 cups graham cracker or vanilla wafer crumbs
5 Tablespoons butter, melted
2 Tablespoons sugar

Filling:
1 (8-ounce) package cream cheese, softened
1 (14-ounce) can sweetened condensed milk
1/3 cup lemon juice
2 Tablespoons maple syrup

Topping:
1 cup maple syrup
1/2 cup water
1 egg, beaten
1-1/2 Tablespoons cornstarch
1/2 cup chopped walnuts
Preparation:

To make the crust: combine the graham cracker or vanilla wafer crumbs, sugar and butter. Mix well. Press into a 9-inch pie pan. Chill the crust while you make the filling.

To make the filling: beat the cream cheese until fluffy. Add the condensed milk, lemon juice, and 2 tablespoons maple syrup. Beat well. Pour into the prepared pie crust. Chill for several hours.

To make the topping: bring the 1 cup maple syrup and 1/2 cup water to a boil. Mix together the egg and cornstarch. Add a little bit of the boiling syrup to the mixture so the egg does not cook before before incorporating it all together. Stir and cook until the syrup is thickened. Spread over the cream cheese filling.

Garnish with the chopped walnuts. Keep refrigerated until served.
Yield: Serves 8.

**Maple Syrup Cake —
Blanche Cyr**

Cream:
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar

Add:
1 egg plus 1 yolk (use egg white in icing)
1 cup maple syrup
Blend and add in thirds with cup hot water:
2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. soda
2 tsp. soda
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. ginger
1/2 tsp. salt
Bake at 375° in a 9" x 13" pan for

30-35 minutes.

Maple Icing

1/2 cup maple syrup
1 egg white
1/8 tsp. salt

Boil syrup until it forms a 3" hair
Pour slowly — beating constantly
—into the stiffly beaten egg white with salt added. When cool spread on cake.





<http://www.acadian.org/>

Hi Cousin(e):

By now you must be wondering if I've died and gone to... actually, the 'ole boy' is alive and doing well. Thanks to one of Microsoft's security (?) update, my previous Newsletter Program crashed and IT has gone to 'heaven'. <grin>

Many of you on my mailing list, have sourced one (or more) "specific family" genealogy CDS from me and, again thanks to Microsoft, you are no doubt aware that their introduction of Vista (especially) and Windows7 has created havoc with many software programs. If you are one of those who has moved to Vista or Windows7, I'm pleased to announce that Brother's Keeper has recently issued an update to their program which is available "free-of-charge" and corrects all the issues created by the two most recent Microsoft operating systems. For complete details, connect to my [<http://www.acadian.org/familyCD.html>]<http://www.acadian.org/familyCD.html> and view the detailed instructions (including the link to source the new version 6.4.5 of Brother's Keeper). If you purchased a CD from me _after_ April 2010, then you may have the latest version of BK.

While you're at it, be sure to view the many changes I have made on my [<http://www.acadian.org>] Acadian Genealogy Homepage web site (including the new "menu" on each page. For example, you will find many new Power Point Presentations as well as Acadian and Cajun songs. My site can now easily be 'searched' and even translated (well, sorta...) to French at the click of a button, using Google's translation service.

I've also been very busy updating the "specific surname" CDS, to conform with the published data in Stephen White's Dictionnaires. Connect to [<http://www.acadian.org/family.html>]<http://www.acadian.org/family.html> for added information.

Finally, I invite you to visit the [<http://www.cafepress.ca/acadstore/460851>] Acadian-Cajun & French-Canadian Online Boutique, to which I have added many new family crest.

Here's wishing you a wonderful (and safe) Summer.

Yvon Cyr



The Guillemet Family...

The Franco-American Centre received two CD's filled with the following information: Nicolas Desendant Book, Association newsletters, Federal Census 1840-1930, Canadian Census 1911, Social Security Death Index, WW1 Draft Registration Card, Maine Marriages, Marriage/Birth Missing List. We have added these resources to our Genealogy library. We would like to thank Richard "Rich" Guillemette for his generosity.

Aroostook County Genealogical Society

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

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

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

Société de Généalogie du Comté d'Aroostook

La Société de généalogie du comté d'Aroostook présente sa première publication: *Les recensements et l'inventaire des décès du comté d'Aroostook 1850-1880* compilé par Allen J. Voisine, membre no 4.

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

Le prix de cet ouvrage à l'intérieur de l'État du Maine est de 55\$, ce qui comprend le prix du CD avec les taxes de vente, la manutention et les timbres. Le coût pour les non-résidents des États-Unis est de 52,52\$ plus envoi et manutention. Pour les résidents canadiens le coût est 55\$ (en argent américain). Faire le chèque au nom de: A.C.G.S., Census Order, P.O. Box 142, Caribou, ME 04736-0142.

(N.D.L.R. This is the third installment of the Marquis family genealogy.)



Franco-American Families of Maine

par Bob Chenard, Waterville, Maine

Les Familles Marquis

Welcome to my genealogy 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.

MARQUIS (Markee) FAMILY #1

	David		17 Feb 1868	Christine Morin	Frenchville	
	Anna-Marie		18 May 1868	Napoléon Roy-Lauzier	Frenchville	
	Emélie		18 Jan 1869	Octave Ouellette	Frenchville	
	François		07 Feb 1869	Priscilla Nadeau	Frenchville	104
	Philomène		02 Aug 1875	Eugène Gagnon	Frenchville	
38	Jean-Baptiste		23 Aug 1853	M.-Louise LaRouche	Cacouna	105
42	Emma		12 Jan 1868	Michel Lajoie	Frenchville	
45	Pierre		28 May 1871	Louise Caouette	Frenchville	118
46	Alexandre		1868	M.-Anne Ouellette		121
	Amable "Abel"		1862	Emma Conard-Mazzerole	Ft.Kent !	122
	Théodore		16 Jan 1882	Adèle Michaud	St.David, Me.	
49	Sophie		13 May 1850	Théophile Lavoie	Van Buren	
50	Marie		19 Oct 1879	Sifroid "Cephus" Ouellet	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
	Florent		28 Jul 1885	Médée Plourde	Benedicta	
	John		22 Jun 1890	Catherine Desrosiers	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
53	Henriette		08 Nov 1859	Georges Thiboutot	Frenchville	
	Alexandre	1m.	26 Oct 1868	Marcelline Ouellette	Frenchville	
	"	2m.	16 May 1869	M.-Euphémie Ouellette	Frenchville	130
	Catherine		25 Oct 1880	Pierre Blier	Frenchville	
	Delphine-Elvine		16 Feb 1895	Octave Martin	Frenchville	
54	Saturnin	1m.	14 May 1877	Euphémie "Phemie" Michaud	Frenchville	131
	"Frank" 2m.		16 May 1897	Céline Ouellette	Frenchville	132
	Anna		06 May 1878	Germain Roy	Frenchville	
	Moïse		10 Aug 1880	Clarisse Chassé	Frenchville	133
	Ozithée		20 Nov 1880	Nicolas Bouchard	Frenchville	
	Elvine-Adéline		11 Jul 1881	Simon Martin	Frenchville	
	Jules	1m.	04 Jul 1887	Henriette Caouette	Frenchville	134
	"	2m.	24 May 1897	Eléonore Fournier	Grand-Isle	
	Firmin		24 May 1897	Dosithée Pelletier	St.Agathe, Me.	
55	Georges		20 Jul 1863	Catherine/Vic. Michaud	Frenchville	134a
	Clarisse		30 Jul 1866	Charles Couturier	Frenchville	
	Calite		06 Apr 1874	Raphaël Soucy	Ft.Kent	
56	Rémi	1m.	29 Feb 1892	Justine Morneau	St.Hilaire, NB	137
	"	2m.	20 Aug 1906	Virginie Dick	St.Hilaire, NB	
	Eusèbe		09 Oct 1900	Léopoldine St-Pierre	Sheridan	
57	André		10 Jan 1843	Léa Deschênes	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	141
58	Chrysologue		29 Nov 1855	Jane Dall	Riv.-Lp.(Anglican)	144
	Joseph		10 Aug 1868	Marie Tardif	Van Buren	
63	Pierre-Étienne		15 Feb 1870	Joséphine Paradis	St.Alexandre, Kam.	153
67	Joseph		08 Jun 1886	Palmyre Raymond	St.Patrice	158
	Alice-Alexandrine		27 Sep 1892	Léon Beaulieu	St.Patrice	
	"	2m.	20 Aug 1895	Napoléon Bolduc	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Elzéar-Isidore		06 Sep 1897	Dorcina Croteau	Lewiston(SPP)	159
	Aurèle	1m.	29 Oct 1900	M.-Anne Deschênes	Lewiston(SPP)	160

MARQUIS (Markee) FAMILY #1

	“	2m.	07 Sep	1914	Lydia Massé	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
69	Adélar		19 Aug	1913	Élizabeth Boucher	Lewiston	164
74	Gédéon	1m.	20 Feb	1871	Arthémise Ouellette	St.Léonard, NB	169
	“	2m.			Louise Ouellette		
	“	3m.	22 Nov	1914	Marguerite Levesque	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Joseph		24 Jul	1876	Cédule Magnan	Lewiston(SPP)	170
	Honoré-E.	1m.	25 Feb	1878	Céline Gilbert	Lewiston(SPP)	171
	“	2m.!	14 Jul	1884	Mathilda Levasseur	Winn(JOP)	
	“		28 Jul	1888	“ “	Winn(SH)	
	“	3m.	24 Feb	1897	Clara-Belle Pelletier	Waterville	172
	John	2m.	18 Jul	1913	Marie Latulippe	Waterville(Prot.)	
	Florent	1m.	07 Jan	1879	Malvina Nadeau	Lewiston(SPP)	173
	“	2m.	23 Jun	1884	Rebecca Boisvert	Lewiston(SPP)	174
	Angélique	2m.	21 Jul	1892	Joseph Beauchesne	Lewiston	
75	Romuald	1m.	11 Feb	1878	Anais Bérubé	St.Honoré, Témis.	175
	“	2m.	26 Jan	1904	Henriette Robichaud	St.Modeste	
	“	3m.	29 May	1919	Apolline Ouellette	St.Épiphane	
	William		28 Feb	1881	Claudia Bérubé	St.Antonin	176
77	Edouard		21 Nov	1877	Philomène Côté	ND-du-Lac	178
79	Eudoxie		20 Feb	1871	Achille Dumont	Isle-Verte	(185)
	Edmond		12 Aug	1873	Élise Thériault	St.Frs.-Viger	186a
80	Louis	2m.	07 Apr	1902	M.-Délina Charron	Lewiston(SPP)	
82	Georgiana		24 Feb	1873	Éloi Beaulieu	Van Buren	
	Cyrias	1m.	8 Mar	1886	Angélique Pagé	Grand Falls, NB	
	“	2m.	14 Oct	1889	Marguerite Nadeau	Grand Falls, NB	190
	Octave	1m.	14 Sep	1886	Angélique Durepos	Grand Falls, NB	
	“	2m.	07 Sep	1913	Sophie Thériault	Van Buren	
	Métaïde		30 Jan	1890	Félix Francoeur	Van Buren	
	Clara		26 Sep	1892	Pierre Desjardins	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
85	Alphonse		22 Aug	1880	Césarie Desjardins	Old Town(St.Jos.)	193
	“Alfred”				“Serenia Gardner”		
	George			1898	Mary ____ (b. 1876 MA)	Massachusetts !	
	Henry-Napo.		01 Oct	1905	Alice Chouinard	Old Town(St.Jos.)	194
	Amable “Amos”		11 Feb	1899	M.-Orphélie Ouellette	Old Town(St.Jos.)	195
94	Palmyre		02 Aug	1893	Hilaire Drouin	Somersworth, NH	
	Ludovic		25 nov	1895	Graziella Lebland	Somersworth, NH	
	Annonciade		13 Jul	1896	Jérémie Auclair	Somersworth, NH	
	Arthur		16 Aug	1903	Mary Stokes	Somersworth, NH	
	Joseph		18 Jun	1907	Emma Perron	Somersworth, NH	
	Edmond	1m.	19 Feb	1912	Angélique Desharnais	Somersworth, NH	
	“	2m.	22 Oct	1919	Olida Lessard	Somersworth, NH	
	Albina		24 Nov	1919	Timothy Collins	Somersworth, NH	
96	Philomène 1m.	16 Nov	1862	1862	Paul Caron	Frenchville	
	“	2m.	17 Feb	1868	Antoine Gagnon	Frenchville	
	(problem here - see Caron file)						
	Modeste		21 Jul	1863	Éloi Lagacé	Frenchville	
	Nathalie		24 Jul	1866	Alexandre Chassé	Frenchville	
	Narcisse		16 Feb	1868	Anastasia Pelletier	Frenchville	224
					“Nancy”		
	Paul		03 Aug	1868	Euphémie Picard	Frenchville	225
	Joseph		20 May	1878	Marguerite Lagacé	Frenchville	226
97	Honoré		25 Nov	1889	Elizabeth Michaud	Frenchville	228
	Maxime		20 Jul	1896	Alice Rioux	Ft.Kent	229
98	Georgiana		25 Apr	1871	Joseph Dubé	Frenchville	
	Joseph		01 Aug	1874	Lucie Fortin	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Maxime		18 Jun	1877	Véronique Côté	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Benoît		25 Jul	1880	Catherine St-Germain	St.François, NB	230
	Adolphe		26 Jun	1882	Edith Marquis	St.Hilaire, NB	231
	Henriette		04 Jul	1887	Jules Bourgoin	Frenchville	
99	Sophie		19 Nov	1882	Anthime Lucas(Ducasse)	Frenchville	
	Octave		08 Nov	1886	M.-Aglacé Bérubé	Ft.Kent	232
	Nazaire		03 May	1887	Ozithe “Edith” Guimond	St.Hilaire, NB	233
	Joséphine		28 May	1896	Pierre Blier	Frenchville	
101	Vital-J.		19 Feb	1901	Alesse Martin	Frenchville	
	Benjamin (b. 15 Apr 1873 St.Hilaire, NB - d. 4 Aug 1954 Lewiston, single)						
102	Joséphine			1885	Abraham Saucier	Kinnon, Me.	
	Marie		07 Nov	1887	Frédéric Paradis	Caribou	
	Kate		23 Dec	1895	Ubald Martin	Presque Isle	
102a	Denis		30 Apr	1896	Laura Ouellette	St.Agathe, Me.	236a

(See the next issue for more...)



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THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

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

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

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

MISSION

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

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

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

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

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

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

OBJECTIFS: 1 – D'être l'avocat du Fait Franco-Américain à l'Université du Maine, dans l'État du Maine et dans la région.

2 – D'offrir des véhicules d'expression affective et cognitive d'une voix franco-américaine effective, collective, authentique et diversifiée.

3 – De stimuler le développement des offres de programmes académiques et non-académiques à l'Université du Maine et dans l'État du Maine, relatant l'histoire et l'expérience de la vie de ce groupe ethnique.

4 – D'assister et de supporter les Franco-Américains dans l'actualisation de leur langue et de leur culture dans l'avancement de leurs carrières, de l'accomplissement de leur personne et de leur contribution créative à la société.

5 – D'assister et d'offrir du support dans la création et l'implémentation d'un concept de pluralisme qui value, valide et reflète effectivement et cognitivement le fait dans le Maine et ailleurs en Amérique du Nord.

6 – D'assister dans la création et la publication de la connaissance à propos d'une ressource importante du Maine — la riche diversité